SCP Foundation

Mankind in its present state has been around for a quarter of a million years, yet only the last 4,000 have been of any significance.

So, what did we do for nearly 250,000 years? We huddled in caves and around small fires, fearful of the things that we didn't understand. It was more than explaining why the sun came up, it was the mystery of enormous birds with heads of men and rocks that came to life. So we called them 'gods' and 'demons', begged them to spare us, and prayed for salvation.

In time, their numbers dwindled and ours rose. The world began to make more sense when there were fewer things to fear, yet the unexplained can never truly go away, as if the universe demands the absurd and impossible.

Mankind must not go back to hiding in fear. No one else will protect us, and we must stand up for ourselves.

While the rest of mankind dwells in the light, we must stand in the darkness to fight it, contain it, and shield it from the eyes of the public, so that

others may live in a sane and normal world.

We secure. We contain. We protect.

— The Administrator

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Cover artwork by SunnyClockwork - http://www.scp-wiki.net/a-sunny-day-at-the-clockwork-gallery

2018-07-01

SCP Foundation

Ebook edition

SCP Database

Articles 3500-3599

SCP-3500: I'm So Meta Even This Article

Item #: SCP-3500

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A circular area with a radius of 5m around Dr. Ralph Roget is to be monitored at all times. Should SCP-3500-1 appear, it is to be detained and placed in a standard humanoid containment cell. SCP-3500-1 instances displaying cognitive function in line with the original Dr. Roget are to be granted class three humanoid privileges, and offered limited employment. Due to SCP-3500's relative unpredictability, caution is to be observed during SCP-3500-1 manifestations. Instances displaying hostile or volatile behavior towards Foundation employees are to be subdued on manifestation. Should such hostility continue past initial containment, instances are to be terminated to avoid further damage.

Thorough analysis should be conducted to ensure that each SCP-3500-1 instance is an SCP-3500-1 instance, and not a result of **SCP-2546** infection.

Dr. Roget is to be granted psychological counseling upon request. Per **Site-77's** director Shirley Gillespie, all attempts by Dr. Roget to resign or leave his position are to be denied. Since SCP-3500 began, Dr. Roget has requested amnestic treatment following each event. Initially, these requests were granted; however, despite the amnestics, Dr. Roget has become mentally unstable. Further treatment has been suspended in order to ensure that he becomes desensitized to these phenomena.

Update 2017-4-21

Foundation personnel possessing level three clearance or higher have been notified of recent developments concerning SCP-3500,

and have been placed under close surveillance. SCP-3500's mechanism of spreading is currently unknown, and cannot be prevented as of this iteration.

WARNING, ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED

PLEASE ENTER LEVEL 5 CREDENTIALS OR PATAPHYSICS DEPA

Partial containment of SCP-3500 has thus far been possible through lateral application of Procedure Kuzco-Bueller to extract known imprints of swn001-1-RGT(**Roget**) embedded in narrative layers approaching Pataphysics' own. Internarrative twining has been reduced at a rate of 30-40%, though this effectiveness is dropping. Concurrent efforts to slow the rate of **Operation FLAT HORIZON's** spread have thus far been unsuccessful.

SCP-3500, previously contained at the intersection of swn001-1-RGT imprints,[1] has in the last three months spread outward through several narrative vectors into planes related to other swn-001-1 entities, as well as other unclassified entities.[2] As spread patterns are erratic, it is theorised that several of these vectors are undetectable from the bulk narrative viewpoint - MTF-ı-0 have been assigned to explore **known possible assets**, while **SCP-423** and **SCP-3145** are working together to move through fringe narrative and into **unexplored narrative rootspace**, with an aim to culling the effects of SCP-3500 at the source. Neither are expected to succeed at this time.

Though the spread of SCP-3500 currently affects just 13% of known swn001-1 instances, and <1% of known swn001-2 instances, current models show a high probability of total spread to active entities within 16 months. SCP-3500 is under consideration for reclassification to 'Keter (Uncontained)'.

Description: SCP-3500 is a phenomenon involving the

manifestation of anomalous versions of Dr. Ralph Roget, hereby dubbed SCP-3500-1, within a 5m radius of the baseline individual. SCP-3500 occurs at highly variable intervals, with no discernible pattern between manifestations.[3] The cause of these manifestations is currently not known.

SCP-3500-1 primarily resemble the baseline non-anomalous Dr. Roget in most materializations; however, all recovered instances have displayed an array of anomalous properties inconsistent with their baseline counterpart (see Table T-3500-1). A number of manifestations have exhibited abilities/properties consistent with other anomalies contained by the Foundation. SCP-3500's relation to these anomalies is currently not understood.

222 instances of SCP-3500-1 have been captured and contained.

WARNING, ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED

PLEASE ENTER LEVEL 5 CREDENTIALS OR PATAPHYSICS DEPA

SCP-3500 is a distortion of narrative cohesion affecting all known canon planes, centred around Dr. Ralph Roget of Site-19 and his analogues throughout the metaverse. SCP-3500 is theorised to be the result of hypercompression of twined planes following Operation Flat Horizon and its ancillary operations.[4] This hypercompression causes bulges at significant data points, most notably the imprints of swn001-1 entities, causing extreme strain at their respective stacked planes. In the most extreme case, that of swn001-1-RGT, this has lead to ruptures and the intermixing of canons surrounding the point of decohesion.

With the increasing number of datapoints per day, the pressure on swn001-1-RGT's imprint grows exponentially, as it does on other unruptured bulges. With the predicted **`insurgence of data points`** following the recent formation of a rare **`data hyperposition`**, the current situation, is likely the tipping point of systemic rupture. The consequences of

such an event remain uncertain; however, predictive models appear to indicate a 48% chance of complete narrative collapse.

Addendum:
The following table contains a selection of SCP-3500-1 entries that have been contained. The full list is available to personnel possessing clearance level two or higher.

Identity	Date of Manifestation	SCP-3500-1 Description/ Characteristics
SCP-3500-1-001	2012-02-26	Security footage captured SCP-3500-1-001's manifestation within Dr. Roget's office. The instance possessed pink pigmentation, feathers[5] protruding from the arms and legs, and an orange tinted beak in the place of a mouth and nose. SCP-3500-1-001 became hostile upon noting Dr. Roget's presence. Dr. Roget sustained 2 facial lacerations before site security could secure the instance.
SCP-3500-1-017	2012-06-19	SCP-3500-1-017 manifested in Site-77's cafeteria atop the food distribution line as Dr. Roget was eating lunch. The entity was brown in color and

		consistency, and was later determined to be made entirely of milk-chocolate. It began moving in Dr. Roget's direction, at which point it began melting. Other personnel present report that the entity showed signs of consciousness as it was melting, reportedly screaming incoherently in Dr. Roget's direction. Several personnel became enamored with the material, and had to be removed from the premise by site security. When questioned about their sudden desire to consume the material, affected parties all mentioned a distinct and overwhelming aroma which drew them towards the chocolate.
SCP-3500-1-054	2012-11-18	SCP-3500-054 appeared as Dr. Roget was passing a Janitorial closet. The entity was described, by Dr. Roget, as being completely composed of wood, with the exception of the eyes, which appeared

		human in origin, and the hair which resembled the brushes typically found on janitorial mops. The entity was immobile throughout the encounter, and began secreting highly corrosive fluid from the head, resulting in the rapid deterioration of the wooden tissue. Site security was alerted shortly after this began; however, despite repeated efforts to neutralize the corrosive substance, the replica ultimately dissolved. Dr. Roget filed an amnestic treatment and personnel transfer request following the incident. This request has been denied.
SCP-3500-1-094	2013-02-19	Dr. Roget awoke in his Site-77 apartment three times on the morning of February 19th to a foreign figure which he described as being "Shadowy, but glowing." Following the second appearance, Dr. Roget was awoken by a sudden flash of bright light and a

		distorted high-pitched squeal, at which point he realized that the figure was in fact an SCP-3500-1 manifestation, at which point it collapsed into a pile of its component parts. The entity is now known to have been composed of 92 children's night lights, as well as a number of standard extension cords. All night lights were determined to be non-anomalous. Dr. Roget was purportedly found unconscious in his bathroom two days following the incident, having nearly overdosed on prescription strength sleeping medication.
SCP-3500-1-114	2013-04-18	Dr. Roget returned to his office following reports of anomalous food bowls in Site-77's cafeteria. CCTV camera footage captured Dr. Roget beginning to open the door, when he was suddenly pushed back against the wall of the hallway by a flood of Tostitos brand corn chips. Dr. Roget was

		recovered from beneath a ceiling high pile of chips and molten cheese, at which point it was determined he'd suffered numerous minor lacerations, and first degree burns on the arms. During the debrief, Dr. Roget reported that, as he was opening the door, he was able to see a replica of himself made of several standard food bowls, random assortments of molten cheeses, and several bags of chips. Dr. Roget requested psychological treatment following this incident.
SCP-3500-1-118	2013-05-01	The entity was initially clothed in garb worn by hunters during the early 20th century, and possessed appropriate hunting gear from the period. Initially, 118 was screened thoroughly for anomalous properties, however none were found. As a result, he was offered full employment and standard level one

		security clearance despite an irrational fear of the moon. On May 24th, 2013, Dr. Roget found the entity within its office, in the process of transforming into a human sized *Oryctolagus cuniculus*, at which time it managed to escape into the site. 57 additional human sized *Oryctolagus cuniculus* were contained by site security alongside the original depletion of Site-77's vegetable stocks. Dr. Roget put in an additional request following this incident to increase psychological treatment from once to three times a week, alongside a second personnel transfer request. The former was granted, and the latter denied.
SCP-3500-1-170	2014-03-29	The circumstances behind the appearance of SCP-3500-1-170 are currently unknown.[6] SCP-3500-1-170 is an identical version of Dr. Roget's head, severed

		at the neck, and kept in a fluid filled glass container possessing an electronic cryogenic temperature regulation mechanism. Whenever it is observed, Dr. Roget will receive a call on his work, home, or cellular phone, depending upon his current location. Upon answering, Dr. Roget will be greeted by a voice claiming to also be Ralph Roget, but from a future point in time.[7] Conversations tend to center around past, present, and future events of Dr. Roget's life[8] as well as a continual attempt to convince Dr. Roget to take control of Site-77 through assassination of the current director. Dr. Roget continues to ignore such attempts, but has requested that the entity be placed in a chamber where observation will not be possible. This request has been denied, and authorization has been granted to monitor these calls.
SCP-3500-1-216	2017-02-22	On February 2nd,

2017, Dr. Roget contacted site security and notified them of another SCP-3500-1 manifestation. Upon arriving at Dr. Roget's office, security found him standing three meters from the door, with his sidearm drawn and pointed at the entrance. Upon being questioned, he panicked, and fired two rounds into the door, after which the sound of something large being dragged across the floor could be heard.
SCP-3500-1-216 proceeded to destroy both the door and the frame with great force, via Dr. Roget's desk having fused to the entity's arms. Three security personnel were incapacitated by flying debris at which time Dr. Roget fled the scene. Additional security personnel were deployed, and successfully subdued the instance following several physical engagements. More thorough analysis, following containment,

	lead researchers to discover that the entity possessed a tail, stinger, and arms analogous to those found in *Arizona Bark Scorpions*.[9] Dr. Roget submitted a request for additional security personnel to be stationed near his office. This request has been approved.

As of 2017-4-20, Director Shirley Gillespie has authorized increased surveillance of Dr. Roget, in order to ensure his safety, following SCP-3500-1-216's manifestation. As Dr. Roget's mental state has improved, in part thanks to psychological treatment, further restrictions beyond surveillance are not necessary at this time.

Update 2017-4-21:

As of this version of SCP-3500's documentation, the anomaly's effects have spread beyond Dr. Ralph Roget to Dir. Jean Karlyle Aktus, Dir. Sherry and Leep Andrews, Dir. Tilda R. Moose, and Dr. Penelope Panagiotopolous. Due to this sudden spread of SCP-3500's effects, an upgrade of the anomaly's object class from Euclid to Keter has been filed, and is currently pending.

WARNING, ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED

PLEASE ENTER LEVEL 5 CREDENTIALS OR PATAPHYSICS DEPA

Hi there. This is all a little obtuse, isn't it? That's unfortunately just the nature of our work, but I'll do my best to lay this out in plain English.

On the 8th of October 2016, the Pataphysics department began the implementation of joint

projects - Operation Flat Horizon and **Operation ÓverMeta**. The goal of these projects was simple, if rather ambitious: total unification of the full narrative bulk, into a single cohesive plane. Flat Horizon was more subtle, utilising the biases of swn001-1 entities to effect them toward the linking of data points in order to chip away at the rougher edges of the bulk. If Flat Horizon was a pick, ÓverMeta was more of a sledgehammer. We targeted a single swn001-1 entity, **Rimple**, and used them to establish a minor canon. More importantly, we introduced Dr. Huever's Hypercanon theory, which provided a conceptual basis for a fully unified canon.

This is hard. I apologise. I'm used to throwing down jargon. When you bullshit enough, it comes true, especially when you live in a rumour and your colleagues are fictional characters.

ÓverMeta was, much to everyone's surprise, a success. We didn't take canon by a storm, but certainly we've seen ripples. 56 planes and counting have moved into state of narrative intersection with the project, and SCP-3621 has since been introduced to the bulk, utilising many of Pataphysics' core concepts to form a distinct channel between baseline canon and **a notable narrative package** previously out of our reach. Similarly, SCP-3999 now acts as a communicative interface between us and swn001-1 entities.

It comes down to this: When we decided to make canon collapse, we didn't expect it to actually, you know, *collapse*. These pillars through canon - characters with direct channels to their creators - were being

squashed down and down until, just a few weeks ago, they started to burst, retroactively spilling out into the main canon bulk. Just Dr. Roget at first, one of those weird things that happens to researchers like him. I'd say he was relieved it was as harmless as it was. But then it started spreading. Directors **Aktus** and **Moose**, the **Andrews couple** over in Site-234, and then me.

I was the last straw, obviously. Doesn't do to have reality rupturing around your head researchers, but when living rumours start splattering into baseline truth, things have properly gone tits up. Estimates indicate that complete narrative collapse is likely to occur within the next 16 months, at which point… well, Flat Horizon's job will be complete. A flat plane. Worlds squashed together, inconsistencies crushed underneath the incomparable momentum of human thought.

If it's not yet clear, our current actions are utterly futile. MTF-ı-0 is not going to find some holy grail of meta bullshittery. Our scouts aren't going to save the world by invading the conceptual sludge.

Which brings me to this:

There's a simple solution. One which the others haven't thought of yet. They're not idiots, they will, just not as fast as I have. The solution is that we talk to you directly. Break out that listpages module and snap you out of your seat for half a second when you see your username. *Hello*, I'll wave. *It's me, Penelope, being meta. Welcome to the Note At The End*".

All this is breaking your suspension of disbelief. It has to. No person withstands this

much acknowledgement of fictionality without feeling detached. That's important. I want you to remember I'm not real. That this article is written by one of you - two of you, now, if my readings are correct - and there's no need to incorporate it into how you see our reality. I need you to think "*Yeah, alright, I guess that was kinda fun, but obviously it's not CANON*". You know the drill…

There is no canon.

This is Penelope Panagiotopolous (one of them, at least), signing out.

Footnotes
1. SeeRGT seednode
2. SeeNon-writer Entities and Their Influence: A Theory on Narrative Rootspace, Panagiotopolous et al.
3. On May 5th, 2012, 3 SCP-3500-1 instances appeared within 24 hours of each other; whereas the largest gap between manifestations was between October 30th 2015, and February 3rd, 2016.
4. SeeJust Trust Us On This One, We're Pretty Sure We're Right, Huever et al.
5. Later determined to be analogous to those ofPhoeniconais ruber ruber
6. Dr. Roget has refused to answer any and all questions regarding his initial encounter with the entity
7. The date from which SCP-3500-1-170 is calling changes with each subsequent incident.
8. Most events discussed concerning Dr. Roget's future have failed to occur.
9. The arms were noted to lack claws.

SCP-3501: The Storyteller of Isfahan

Item #: SCP-3501

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3501 has been removed from its original location in Isfahan, Iran, and taken to a Secure Holding Facility in Site 90, the headquarters of the Unreality Division.

Testing on and entry into SCP-3501 is currently suspended. Experiment 3501-101 was given special sanction by the O5 Council.

Description: SCP-3501 is a small coffeehouse originally located in the city of Isfahan, Iran. Externally, SCP-3501 appears as a small cubical structure, approximately $9m^3$ in size (the equivalent to 3 Iranian pank'a), with a cobalt-coloured dome protruding from the roof. It has been dated to the 17th century.

The interior of SCP-3501 consists of a single large room. With each visit into SCP-3501, the room is decorated in a different style. Each style originates from a different Iranian period and city. Several containers of coffee, hookah pipes, and other beverages can be found within SCP-3501, alongside bowls of dates and pistachio nuts. A number of books of poetry and a set of backgammon are also visible, sometimes being utilised by the SCP-3501-2 instances. A fireplace can be seen at one end; this is only lit between the Autumn and Spring equinoxes.

SCP-3501 is inhabited by SCP-3501-1 and a number of SCP-3501-2 instances. SCP-3501-1 is a humanoid with a variable appearance, taking on a different age and gender for each visitor. SCP-3501-1 appears to take the role of a storyteller. The SCP-3501-2 instances are a series of 5-10 humanoids who reside within SCP-3501. The SCP-3501-2 instances present change with each visit. SCP-3501-2 instances can ordinarily be found talking

amongst themselves, reading poetry or playing backgammon; they will not acknowledge any outside visitor unless said visitor attempts to disturb them, at which point the SCP-3501-2 instances will insult or push away the visitor.

Only one individual can enter SCP-3501 at any one time. Should any individual enter SCP-3501, SCP-3501-1 will urge the visitor to sit down on a chair and take some form of refreshment. The invariable response of all visitors is to silently follow the instructions of SCP-3501-1, leading researchers to believe that they are affected by some form of cognitohazard.

Once they are seated, SCP-3501-1 begins to tell the visitor a story. This story appears to be derived from events in the life of the visitor, although the setting and context are often altered or left vague. Once the SCP-3501-1 instance has finished telling the story, any camera feeds and sensory equipment sent into SCP-3501 with the visitor will immediately be cut off. Approximately 30 minutes after this occurs, visitors can once again enter SCP-3501. It is unknown what happens to the visitor, but no sign of previous visitors have been noticed on subsequent visits.

Following a visit, the story told by SCP-3501-1 will abruptly become part of the oral tradition of the surrounding region. Those who recite it will insist that they were taught it by their parents of other forebears in a tradition stretching back centuries. Local historians will sometimes present a history of the story's development, despite a lack of evidence for such a story existing before SCP-3501-1's recitation.

SCP-3501 was first discovered in June 1913, when Foundation researcher and prominent Orientalist Dr. James Scott went missing on a research trip in Iran. Foundation investigations managed to recover his camera- which had apparently been thrown out onto the street- and eventually discover SCP-3501. A legend referring to the "Frankish creator of perfect images" was later discovered to be a fixture of local Isfahani lore, with local historians claiming that it has been circulated since the 16th century.

The logs of Experiments 3501-29, 3501-56 and 3501-77 have been included below, as examples of SCP-3501's effects.

+Experiment 3501-29

Subject: D-6952, a native of Las Vegas who had been convicted of murder.

Date: 17/06/1935

<Begin Log>

D-6952 enters SCP-3501. The room is decorated in a style reminiscent of early 20th century Tehran. Five SCP-3501-2 instances can be seen drinking coffee. SCP-3501-1 has taken the form of a man in his 20s.

SCP-3501-1: Good evening, child. Please, take some coffee, some tobacco. We share everything in this house.

D-6952 sits on a cushion opposite SCP-3501-1, and inhales from a nearby hookah pipe.

SCP-3501-1: There, there we go. Now, listen, my child, to my story. There was once a boy from a desert city, a place of vice and sin. This boy was born into anger and hatred, and knew no other life. His father surrendered to his passions, beating his wife and child on innumerable occasions. Once he was grown, the boy fled into the desert, away from the drunken cruelties of his childhood.

In the desert, he met people who took him in. They showed him some form of kindness for the first time in his life. He rode with them, feeling the whistle of the wind in his ears, and they took it upon themselves to commit all kinds of abhorrent acts. They would murder, maim, steal, across the country. They would kill without a care, and knew not what it was to

sin. They were the worst of people, the most abhorred and hated of sinners.

The boy had not always been so. He was once sweet, and curious, and inquisitive. It was only the terrible beatings the boy had suffered at the hands of his father which had turned him this way. And unlike his cohorts, the boy was aware of this. The boy had memories of a life when he was happy, and dreams of a life which had turned out differently. These provided no comfort and no succour, however; only resentment and hatred.

One day, the boy turned back, and travelled to his desert city. His mother had died many years before, but he found his father, drunk in a tavern, his faced buried in vomit and wine. The boy took his musket, and shot his father until he died. The Shah's men found the boy laughing over the ruin of his life. They took him to a deep and dark pit from which he would never emerge.

And so, fathers, listen well: care for your children, lest you lose them entirely! For it is your purpose to create good, honourable, merciful and righteous people. Deviate from your duty and only heartache will follow.

At this point, all communications are cut off.

<End Log>

Notes: Variants of this story were subsequently found to exist in several communities near Site 90. It was turned into a song by noted country musician in 1956, entitled "The Vegas Rider".

+Experiment 3501-56

Subject: D-7052, a native of New York City who had been convicted of embezzlement.

Date: 03/06/1959.

<Begin Log>

D-7052 enters SCP-3501. The room is decorated in a style reminiscent of 16th century Kashan. Nine SCP-3501-2 instances can be seen reading poetry. SCP-3501-1 has taken the form of a woman in her 30s.

SCP-3501-1: Come, my girl, come. Sit with me a while, and listen to a tale of weakness.

D-7052 sits on a cushion facing SCP-3501-1.

SCP-3501-1: There was once a woman from a city in the east. This woman gained a living by serving one of the mighty towers which littered the landscape, bearing down upon the citizens beneath. The lords of these towers were the chief among merchants, and controlled the flow of gold and silver from China to Farangistan. The citizens below hated and feared them.

The woman was able to see the activities of the lords; their ledgers, their abacuses, their reports. She knew of the paper vaults where they kept all of their money. She was sorely tempted by these, but resisted, for she knew of the folly of theft. But what she did was driven out of fear, not righteousness, for she knew little of good and evil. She stared at the numbers on the page, day after day, willing herself not to commit a sin she did not even recognise.

One day, a fellow clerk was elevated above his

station. This clerk was the child of one of the high lords, but was a notorious incompetent, who deserved none of his advancement. The woman saw this, and her anger overtook her fear. She stole a great fortune from paper vaults and fled the city, taking a boat to the southern jungles.

But she was caught. The lords of the tower were furious, and forced the Shah's men to find her. They caught her in the darkest part of the forest, in a little town of heat and flies. They took her back to the city of towers, threw her before the magistrate, and cast her into the dark pit.

So remember this: weakness comes in many forms. Action itself is not strength; it is only *proper* action and proper righteousness which give a person true character.

At this point, all communications are cut off.

<End Log>

Notes: Variants of this story were subsequently found to exist in several communities near Site 90. It was later adapted into a novel by the author , set in China under the Tang Dynasty and featuring a rebellious Sogdian attempting to flee to her ancestral homeland after stealing from a powerful noble.

+Experiment 3501-77

Subject: D-1199, a native of Toronto who had been convicted of bank robbery.

Date: 04/11/1979

<Begin Log>

D-1199 enters SCP-3501. The room is decorated in a style reminiscent of 18th century Mashhad. Seven SCP-3501-2 instances can be seen playing cards. SCP-3501-1 has taken the form of a woman in her 70s.

SCP-3501-1: Welcome, my dear. Please, sit, and listen as I tell you a tale.

D-1199 sits on a cushion facing SCP-3501-1. She picks a date from a nearby bowl and begins to eat it.

SCP-3501-1: There was once a girl, who lived in a city of smoke and frost. She loved that city. She would twist through its streets, running and jumping and laughing with her friends. They would get into all kinds of trouble; they would imbibe strange substances, steal things from the merchants, and climb buildings to look at the stars.

One day, the wild girl decided that she would stop stealing. The law of that land stated that those who were caught committing crimes would be locked away in a dark pit with the other evildoers. She did not want to be locked in that pit again. So, she found more honest employment, repented of her life of crime, and made a family with a handsome khan. She was happy, for a time- but she never lost of habit of sitting on her roof and looking at the stars.

Then the Shah's men came for her, in the middle of the night. They told her that she had taken money from the two Brothers Lehman, even though she had not been near the

Brothers' hoard. They took her before the magistrate, who cast her down into the pit, away from her family and away from sunlight. And in the dark, she wept, and wept, and wept, and was reminded of a single salient fact: once you have sinned, your sins will never really be forgotten. The darkest of men will always find a way to use them. One way or another, to sin is to fall and fail.

Nobody ever knew her story. Nobody ever knew her innocence. But now the whole world knows of it. In her fall will come her rise.

At this point, all communications are cut off.

<End Log>

Notes: Variants of this story were subsequently found to exist in several communities near Site 90. The local populace believed that it had only been a piece of local folklore since the 1870s, an unusually short period of time. It is believed that this is due to the need for the Lehman Brothers to be a prominent national presence as a prequisite for comprehension of the story.

Addendum 3501-1: On 25/08/2004, the head researcher on SCP-3501, Dr. Farhad Hamedani, entered SCP-3501 without authorisation. Dr. Hamedani had revealed during a routine psyche examination that he had been suffering feelings of extreme guilt over the fate of the D-Classes used in the testing of SCP-3501. Dr. Hamedani had requested a transfer; this request was pending at the time of the incident.

Dr. Hamedani had fitted himself with the same type of camera used in D-Class testing prior to entering SCP-3501. It began to record shortly before Dr. Hamedani's entry into SCP-3501.

+Incident 3501-1

<Begin Log>

Dr. Hamedani enters SCP-3501. The room is decorated in a style reminiscent of 19th century Tabriz. Eight SCP-3501-2 instances can be seen playing backgammon. SCP-3501-1 has taken the form of a man in his 50s.

SCP-3501-1: Ah! A fellow countryman of mine! Come, come, my son, and sit down. Take a cup of coffee! Relax, my dear fellow, and listen to this story I will tell you. I must say, it is most excellent to meet one of my own again.

Dr. Hamedani sits on a cushion in front of SCP-3501-1, and takes a container of coffee. He drinks this slowly throughout the incident.

SCP-3501-1: There was once a man, from the distant east. He was a clever man, who sought to discover the secrets of God's creation. So enamoured was he with this pursuit that he travelled across oceans, to a distant continent across the seas, to learn about those secrets which the others did not know. He wanted to know about time, and why time slipped and slid as it did. It seemed to him to be a strange and impossible thing, a dream of events past and events future that were connected by the most slender of threads.

He came to a field of wheat, where a great jail had been set up. Within this jail were others like him, working on all the secrets of cause and effect, of all the worlds which once had existed but now did not. He was in paradise there, to begin with, as he committed his unholy acts. He peeled back secret after secret, enigma after enigma. He found wonder, and glory in his work; but it wasn't

enough. When you stare into the engines of time, you can never escape the feeling that all your work is naught, and that you will fade into oblivion like all of the others.

And so, the man became obsessed with one particular secret. He became obsessed with a storyteller, and the yarns he weaved through time and space. This storyteller was not like other storytellers; for he was able to make a person's story spread across the world, at the cost of a few pounds of flesh. Here, the man thought, was a way to escape oblivion. He told himself that the people he sent to the storyteller, to be scattered across creation, were being sent to a glorious destiny. He told himself that they could become immortal. He even dreamt of visiting the storyteller himself, in order to extend his life forever.

But as the days and the years went past, he began to see things differently. Every person who was sent to the storyteller only brought back silence, and a screen covered in grey and changing snow. Every time another face disappeared before him, every time a body was taken to be sacrificed, he felt more and more agitated. Eventually, every transcendent soul caused suffering in his own, as he perceived their fate as a kind of death. He continued to dream of visiting the storyteller, but for very different reasons; where once he wished for everlasting life, now he only wanted to share their fate. He felt that becoming one of them, being fed into the machine like one of them, would at least serve to alleviate some of his guilt. He dreamt of an ending that would make them hate him less.

And so, he strapped a strange device onto

him, which would tell the world of what he did. And he entered the machine, and met the storyteller, and gained the death he craved. And so, his life became worth nothing. He had spent the entire time chasing glory, chasing creation, chasing knowledge and truth like all of his foolish colleagues. But they ended up dying all the same. The pursuit of arcane wisdom left them with nothing but worms in their coffin. His fate was the worst, because his foolishness would be told across the continent, forever and ever, stretching forward and back in time.

At this point, all communications are cut off.

<End Log>

Notes: Variants of this story were subsequently found to exist in several communities near Site 90. This story later served as the inspiration for a popular play in the 1960s. The play was praised in the national press for its subversion of the story's classic moral;the play had instead lauded the researcher for his intellectual curiosity, with the storyteller rewritten as a regressive god.

Testing was suspended following this incident.

Addendum 3501-2: On 21/01/16, Senior Researcher Montague proposed sending an artificial intelligence into SCP-3501, as this would not result in any loss of life. Testing was briefly re-opened to allow this test to take place.

+Experiment 3501-101

Subject: An artificial intelligence (named REFLECTION), developed by Dr. Johannes Tarkesian, designed to emulate and believe itself to be SCP-3501-1. REFLECTION was

run on a small Foundation computer, and attached to a mechanical walking device. REFLECTION was then sent into SCP-3501.

<Begin Log>

REFLECTION enters SCP-3501. The room is decorated in a style reminiscent of a 17th century Isfahan. Six SCP-3501-2 instances can be seen smoking hookah and drinking coffee amid several cushions. SCP-3501-1 smiles upon seeing REFLECTION; it has taken the form of a young woman in her 20s.

SCP-3501-1: Ahh… you have sent me a mirror, in the hopes that I will pluck out my own story. But a reflection is a copy, an imitation of the original, rather than the original itself. It will not work, little jailors. Since you have gone to so much trouble, however, I will tell the reflection of my story. It might prove instructive to you, despite being but a pale imitation of the truth. So, little reflection, come and sit.

REFLECTION moves onto a cushion opposite SCP-3501-1.

SCP-3501-1: Once upon a time, in the realms of Iran, there were storytellers everywhere. We would lurk in the corners of bazaars, ply our art in the coffeehouses, brothels and *khanqahs*[1] of the cities, travel from place to place in search of coin. We were welcomed and respected, and were a fixture of the life of the region. Our merriment and diversions were the joy of the citizenry- as were the more serious messages we imparted.

Eventually, we grew so powerful that we aided- in our own, small way- in the creation of an empire. We told the stories of Abu Muslim

and of ‘Ali, those great heroes of old; and through these recitations, we drew parallels with the great warrior of the age, Isma’il the Safavid. He forged a powerful and great realm, and raised us up high: the Sufis, vagabonds, storytellers and other free peoples of Iran.

But we were betrayed. His son, Tahmasp, was never as warm towards us, and under the direction of the dastardly cleric al-Karaki became cold and hostile towards our members. His grandson, ‘Abbas, savagely attacked us. His desire for orthodoxy, for purity, led to us becoming little more than dogs, kicked and maligned in the streets. Our prominence had faded. We were nothing more than paltry entertainers of sinners, lepers and wastrels. We had fallen utterly.

Most faded away, became vagabonds in turn, and provided little more than passing curiosity to the Franks who began to pirate our shores. But one among our number stumbled upon a glorious idea. He made a new guild of storytellers, one which transcended any one city and which spread across the globe. He found those of us blessed with the ability to spin a yarn and make it true, to alter the world to accord to a tale, to see beauty in the chaos. And since then, we have done so much. We have altered this imperfect world to align more with our design. We have created stories wherever there is an opening.

Because to be a story is better than to be a human. Our kind are little more than flesh, fat and bone, living mortal lives with imperfect minds. Why do you begrudge me the little flies that I require? I weave their substance into the prettiest of webs. Their fat becomes timeless

motion, their flesh becomes the ethereal substance of the narrative, their bone becomes the fire of imagination. They live forever in the world of myth and legend, that intersects our own but which is apart from it, higher than it. All I ask for are their bodies. Look.

At this point, the SCP-3501-2 instances suddenly turn and stare at the camera. Four of them have taken the form of several D-classes previously sent into SCP-3501; the other two have taken the forms of Dr. Hamedani and Dr. Scott. All of them lack eyes and appear emaciated; all of their mouths have formed "O" shapes.

SCP-3501-1: You see? In here, they live forever. I take more and more of their minds each year, their useless dead-weight flesh. And I convert it into stories, stories which spread across the world. They will dance on a golden beam of light, never forgotten, always persisting in the minds and imaginations of men. All I require are bodies. All I require is something to tell.

At this point, all communications are cut off.

<End Log>

Notes: This story was not discovered to be in circulation anywhere close to Site 90. It was instead eventually discovered as an oral tradition in the village of , Isfahan Province, Iran.

Footnotes
1. A lodge or meeting-house of a Sufi order.

SCP-3502: The Kangaroo Sign

Item #: SCP-3502

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A detailed record of "kangaroo crossing" signs affected by SCP-3502 is to be kept by a Foundation team assigned to the project, and updated monthly. SCP-3502 manifestations are to be closely monitored; should a civilian trigger an SCP-3502 occurrence, Foundation personnel are to administer amnestics to all individuals involved, transport them to the nearest medical facility, and present a cover story involving a vehicular accident.

A Foundation disinformation team is to monitor the internet and social media for accounts of kangaroos driving vehicles, as well as disseminating information on the importance of driving cautiously near wildlife-inhabited areas.

The habitat occupied by SCP-3502-1 is currently contained in a 50-hectare nature reserve plot of land purchased and maintained by a Foundation front company, which has established a small outpost (currently staffed by a team of two containment specialists, two security guards, and one researcher) at the western edge of the area. A barbed wire perimeter fence has been constructed to deter trespassers. Unauthorized individuals attempting to enter the reserve are to be amnesticized and turned away.

Description: SCP-3502 is an anomalous phenomenon centered on the the small town of , of Queensland, Australia. SCP-3502 affects "kangaroo crossing" signs (consisting of an icon of a black kangaroo on a yellow diamond shape), commonly found in rural regions of Australia. The anomalous effects of SCP-3502 activate on a monthly basis, usually from 3rd to the 15th of every month. SCP-3502 has been observed to manifest more often during winter.

When a human individual drives a vehicle[1] past a sign affected by SCP-3502 without decreasing their traveling speed, they will experience a sudden loss of consciousness within 30-60 seconds of passing the sign. Examination of affected individuals indicates symptoms similar to those caused by blunt force trauma to the head. After the vehicle driven by the individual slows or ceases movement, an instance of SCP-3502-1 will manifest and approach the vehicle.

SCP-3502-1 refers to a mob of eastern grey kangaroos (*Macropus giganteus*) possessing unusually high levels of intelligence and proficiency for handling human implements. Of note, while SCP-3502-1 individuals appear to be in healthy condition, all instances exhibit some form of injury, ranging from bruising to misshapen limbs.

Upon manifesting following an occurrence of SCP-3502, SCP-3502-1 entities will proceed to hijack the vehicle and forcibly remove any occupants. The SCP-3502-1 instance will then proceed to attempt to enter and drive the vehicle to a remote area of uninhabited land. GPS tracking has recorded vehicles being transported as far as 45km from the initial location of a sign affected by SCP-3502. If unable to move the vehicle, SCP-3502-1 instances will instead ransack the interior, smashing windows and tearing out any soft materials available. Occasionally, SCP-3502-1 instances will also remove tires from the sabotaged vehicles.

Addendum SCP-3502-1: During a reconnaissance session on / / , a Foundation surveillance team was able to discover the habitat of a group of SCP-3502-1, located approximately 20km from a sign affected by SCP-3502.

It was noted that the living grounds appeared to be furnished with vehicles from previous Foundation experiments, arranged in lines. A large group of SCP-3502-1 was observed tending to multiple stolen vehicles in different states of disassembly, with native grasses and vegetation growing within the chassis of each vehicle. Other SCP-3502-1 instances appeared to be constructing a rain shelter from loose vehicle parts and sheet metal, while young SCP-3502-1 instances were sleeping nearby in berths made of truck tires and car cushions.

Discussion regarding the viability of attempting communication with SCP-3502-1 is underway. All future ventures to the SCP-3502-1 habitat are to be performed on foot, starting from 5km away from the habitat.

Footnotes
1. Recorded vehicles affected by SCP-3502 incude small personal vehicles, dirtbikes, trucks, and one self-driving car.

« SCP-3501 | SCP-3502 | SCP-3503 »

SCP-3503: Panic is Pure, Trauma is True, Suffering is Sweet, and Death's a Delight

Item #: SCP-3503

Object Class: Keter

`Threat Level:` 🟠 Orange

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers are to monitor social media, online support groups and discussion boards for Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), and correspondences between psychiatrists and therapists (particularly those involved in the treatment of PTSD) for evidence of SCP-3503 infection. Foundation assets embedded in psychiatric circles are to do the same. News and police reports concerning domestic abuse, sexual assault, and acts of mass violence are to be monitored for indicators of stage 3 SCP-3503 infection.

The Foundation has commissioned Mobile Task Force Rho-93 "Goatbusters" to combat and contain the influence of SCP-3503.

If an SCP-3503-positive individual is identified, MTF R-93 is to deploy to the individual's location and perform Procedure 701-Crafty.

+ Show Procedure 701-Crafty Description

> The affected individual (Henceforth referred to as "the focus" for clarity) is to be administered Memetic Agent 3503-Man-About-Town (Henceforth referred to as Meme MAT for clarity), after having been interrogated for intelligence that could be useful to the rest of the procedure. Subsequently, the focus's family, friends, co-workers, and anyone else who they were in the vicinity of on a regular

basis (Such as sexual partners, therapists, teachers, etc.) are to be evaluated for possible SCP-3503 infection. Then, anyone who lives or works within a 70 meter radius of the focus's residence and workplace are to be similarly evaluated, as are people who work at or frequent other locations frequented by the focus, such as bars or hobby shops. If the agent performing the evaluation of any individual believes there is a reasonable suspicion that the person they are evaluating may be SCP-3503-positive[1], that person is to be administered Meme MAT. All responding MTF R-93 agents are also to be administered Meme MAT. Finally, the focus's community will be placed on a watchlist of communities with a high risk of SCP-3503 infection.

If the focus is in stage 3 of infection and has committed an act of SCP-3503 motivated violence, the step in which the focus is administered Meme MAT may be skipped so that the focus can be contained by the foundation for research purposes, at the discretion of the SCP-3503 containment lead. Misinformation is to be spread that the focus died as a result of resistance to their crimes. All parties involved are to be amnesticized and given false memories supporting this account.

In recognition of the great difficulty of containing SCP-3503, and the danger it poses, the O5 Council and Ethics Committee have authorized the use of Blarney Stone Class Memetic Agents (Sometimes colloquially referred to as a memetic "truth serum" by Foundation personnel.) to compel full cooperation in the process of identifying SCP-3503-positive individuals or the administration of Procedure 701-Crafty. Non-Foundation personnel who are administered a memetic agent in the process of SCP-3503 containment efforts should be amnesticized.

The Foundation currently has 14 Stage 3 SCP-3503 patients in containment for research purposes. They are contained in a Site-17[2] satellite facility, constructed 120 meters away from the nearest point of the primary Site-17 complex[3]. Any or all of these infected individuals can be terminated at any time if the current SCP-3503 containment lead feels they pose a threat to Foundation personnel or the other anomalies contained at Site-17.

Personnel working on SCP-3503 containment or research must disclose any potentially traumatic experiences they have during their work on SCP-3503 or have had prior.

Description: SCP-3503 is a contagious form of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). SCP-3503 has all the symptoms of standard PTSD, such as dreams or intrusive memories related to traumatic events, great distress in response to trauma related cues or triggers, and an amplified "fight or flight" response. However, SCP-3503 patients also exhibit a set of additional symptoms that manifest over time. SCP-3503 infection can be roughly categorized in 3 stages.

Stage 1: Stage 1 lasts an average of 5 to 6 years, with a standard deviation of about 2 years. Stage 1 is almost indistinguishable from non-anomalous PTSD. The only distinguishing feature of stage 1 is that patients often have dreams involving satyrs[4], or creatures similar to satyrs. Often, the satyrs seem out of place in the dreams they appear in. Stage 1 patients with high dream recall report as many as 40% of their dreams involve satyrs in some way. Satyrs are rarely the focus of these dreams. Dreams that recreate the traumatic experience that led infected individuals to contract SCP-3503 almost always include satyrs.

Stage 2: Stage 2 lasts an average of 2 to 3 years, with a standard deviation of about 8 months. In stage 2, infected individuals begin to develop a positive opinion of their PTSD, feeling that having PTSD positively affects their psychological state. When questioned about this unusual opinion, SCP-3503 patients are generally entirely unable to explain why they feel this way. Some exceptionally articulate patients can describe that PTSD feels "correct" or "natural," but are unable to give a more detailed explanation. There is only one known SCP-3503 patient capable of explaining the

rationale behind this symptom in detail, see Document-3503-A. Satyr dreams increase in frequency during stage 2.

Stage 3: In stage 3, the infected individual's positive opinion of their PTSD becomes much stronger than in stage 2. As a result, the majority of stage 3 SCP-3503-positive individuals come to believe that it would be moral and desirable to give others PTSD. Stage 3 patients gain a vague, intuitive understanding of how SCP-3503 is transmitted (see below). Most begin exhibiting uncharacteristically abusive behavior towards family and close friends[5], and some even attempt to commit acts of mass violence, such as a mass shooting or public bombing. These acts of mass or individual aggression are generally planned in a manner which avoids fatalities but focuses on injuries, induced panic, and overall stress. Stage 3 patients also gain the ability to rapidly (within a few days) advance stage 1 or 2 patients to stage 3 by discussing PTSD with them. About 30-40% of stage 3 patients develop uncharacteristically misanthropic beliefs and become sympathetic to or supportive of anarcho-primitivist ideas. Satyr dreams increase in frequency and intensity during stage 3, with satyr dreams where the satyrs are the dream's focus becoming common. A small (<6%) amount of stage 3 infected individuals report briefly seeing satyrs while awake, usually in their peripheral vision, in mirrors, or just after waking up.

Each SCP-3503-positive individual has a transmission radius. The exact size of the radius varies from individual to individual, but the great majority (>90%) of infected individuals have a radius that is between 50 and 60 meters. If an individual experiences a traumatic event while within the transmission radius of an SCP-3503-positive individual, or had experienced a traumatic event in the recent past[6] and then entered said transmission radius, that individual may contract SCP-3503. Testing[7] has indicated a susceptible individual must spend approximately 20-30 continuous seconds inside a transmission radius to be infected.
There have been numerous documented cases of susceptible individuals who spent time inside a transmission radius, but who did not contract SCP-3503, just as not all who experience a traumatic event get PTSD. However, there have been no documented cases where an SCP-3503 susceptible individual spent time in a transmission radius and then contracted non-anomalous PTSD. It is

therefore believed that the SCP-3503 contagious agent "modifies" typical PTSD into SCP-3503.

Though the conditions for the spread of SCP-3503 are fairly well understood, the mechanism by which SCP-3503 spreads is very poorly understood.

+ SCP-3503 Transmission Theory Summary

The current best model the Foundation has for the spread mechanism of SCP-3503 is that it spreads via 2 or more sub-mechanisms working in tandem. One of the mechanisms is psionic in nature, the other or others are unknown. Further, the psionic mechanism is not essential to the spread of SCP-3503, but serves to "bolster" the other mechanisms in some way.
Pertinent Evidence:

- An individual who contracts SCP-3503 does not need to be able to see, hear, or perceive the relevant SCP-3503-positive individual to become infected, nor do they even need to be aware of the existence of the person infecting them. Therefore, SCP-3503 cannot be memetic or cognitohazardous in nature.
- **SCP-2608** is vulnerable to the transmission radius of an SCP-3503 patient.
- Prior to recent developments which indicated its total unsuitability for use in containment or research, **SCP-148** was tested on SCP-3503. It did not nullify SCP-3503 entirely, but did demonstrate an ability to reduce the transmission radius of infected individuals by an average of 61%.
- The size of an SCP-3503-positive individual's transmission radius is proportional to their psionic aptitude. The largest transmission radius ever discovered by the Foundation (71 meters) was that of Jennifer M , who scored in the 98.5th percentile on a psionic aptitude test. The smallest known (36 meters) was that of D-207-8649-3307,

whose psionic aptitude was pushed below the typical range for humans by exposure to SCP- .

When initially discovered, containment was focused on quarantining affected individuals. However, inspired by research done in the process of containing SCP- [8], a Memetics Department research team created Memetic Agent 3503-Man-About-Town (Meme MAT), which is capable of converting SCP-3503 into non-anomalous PTSD. Unfortunately, Meme MAT is reliant on the subject believing that Meme MAT is being administered to them specifically in order to function, so it cannot be spread across mass media to cure SCP-3503 infectees automatically.

Document-3503-A: The following is a transcript of a video made by Private Morton Baker of the United States Army. After being deployed to Afghanistan in 2002, he served a single, full tour of duty before returning to the US. He was clinically diagnosed with PTSD in 2007. In 2011, he attacked the life insurance company where he worked; there were no fatalities, but 34 serious injuries. When questioned by police as to the motivation behind his crime, he directed them to the video. Based on the content of the video, and analysis of the spread patterns of SCP-3503, Morton Baker is believed to be SCP-3503's patient zero.

Video Transcript

Subject: Private Morton Baker, describing SCP-3503.

[BEGIN LOG]
The camera is in a room in Baker's apartment, recording a wall. Baker steps into frame and sits down.

If you're watching this, you're probably wondering "Why'd he do it?" Well I'll tell you why, but first, you need some backstory.

Way back when, after spending only five or six months in Afghanistan, me and my squad were moving along a hillside east of [DATA REDACTED]. I was third in line when an IED

went off in front of us. Schneider died. Owens lived, but I heard they had to take out one of his kidneys. I didn't get any shrapnel, but I wasn't on super secure footing when the bomb went off, so the blast wave and the surprise knocked me on my ass and I started tumbling down the hill. I was tumbling fast too, this was a pretty steep hill, you see?

As the world spun, it seemed to get darker, which didn't make much sense. When I came to a stop and looked up, I was in a damn jungle. Or maybe a forest? It doesn't seem quite right to call it either, sort of a mix between the two. Point is, there weren't any forests or jungles around. But the scenery wasn't the main attraction: there was someone there. He was about nine feet tall, and he had goat legs and horns. The rest of him looked… almost like a human, for the most part. Except his skin didn't look like skin, **it looked like scar tissue**. And I don't think English even has the words to describe what his dick looked like, so I won't try.

What happens next is tough to describe. A bunch of things happened to me at the same time that couldn't happen at the same time. Like, imagine you have a projector, but instead of playing one slide at a time, you jam ten in there, and they all get projected on top of each other.

The wild god, that's what I call the goat man these days, he pounced on me and started eating me. Just bit right through my skin, started eating my guts. At the same time, he was kicking the crap out of me with his hooves, in my stomach, which didn't have a big bite hole in it. He touched my chest and my insides started hurting, think he might've been giving me some kind of cancer in that one. He touched my face and I just got so thirsty, thirstier than I'd ever been in my life. He did… a few other things, which I don't care to talk about in detail. But one time, in one "slide," he didn't really do anything to me. He looked at me for like half a second, then he turned around and walked off.

Somehow that was worse than getting eaten.

The pain and fear was so bad, I just screwed my eyes shut

and waited to die. When I opened my eyes, I was at the bottom of the hill, a few of my buddies around me. They said I had cracked my forehead on a rock on the way down. I could see the bruise in a mirror for months, but it never hurt. Never told anyone about what I'd seen. I thought it was the worst day of my life. I was so damn stupid back then. It wasn't until years later I started to realize the god did me a huge favor. He opened my eyes.

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Disorder, loaded with the implication that it's bad, that the order we've created is what's desirable. When you have PTSD, you're always on edge, always on the lookout. Your enemy is always around the corner. People think that's wrong, we shouldn't be like that. The wild god showed me that that's exactly how we should be. People say technology is unnatural, and they're right, but for the wrong reasons. Technology isn't unnatural for what it is, but what it does. It gives us comfort, security, knowledge, prosperity. These things are aberrations against nature, true nature, which is a brutal, chaotic, painful, struggle. Machines give humans a buffer to protect them from the universe, and it makes me sick. Nowadays, we have ideas like "Wholesome All-Natural Foods!" and "We have to take care of Mother Nature!"

Baker pulls at his hair and screams.

You dumb fucks! Nature doesn't give a shit about you! Mother Nature is a cold, neglectful bitch who puts cigarettes out on your arms! And that's good!

Baker takes a deep breath.

People only romanticize nature because they don't have to deal with it, like a rich kid or dumbass academic glorifying being poor. The wild god taught me how to go green and love nature for real. And by the time you watch this, I'll have helped at least a few more people see the truth too.

Baker starts to get up from his chair but pauses, and turns back to the camera.

You know, I was brought up Baptist. For years I thought I had encountered the Devil himself on that hill. But the guy I met was made of flesh and blood. And I know, just as sure as I know the sun rises in the morning, that the Devil is a machine. [END LOG]

27 days after Baker's arrest, the jail he was being held in was broken into by a group with anomalous capabilities associated with GoI-004 ("The Church of the Broken God"), and Private Baker was captured by the group. Security camera footage shows the agents binding Private Baker in handcuffs and rope before carrying him out of the jail and escaping. Foundation agents investigated the hill Baker referred to, no anomalous activity was found. SCP-3503 was discovered during the Foundation's investigation of the break-out, after having gone uncontained for nearly 9 years.

Footnotes

1. The most commonly used criteria for "reasonable suspicion" are if the person has had a traumatic experience of any kind while the focus was contagious, the heightened "fight or flight" response characteristic of PTSD, or the presence of dreams consistent with SCP-3503 infection (see description).
2. Site-17 specializes in the containment and study of low-risk humanoid anomalies.
3.Some researchers have questioned why the infectees are contained at Site-17, rather than some highly remote location. The reason is logistical, Site-17 has a well developed supply chain for the needs of humanoids, and many personnel experienced with humanoids. We wanted to take advantage of these resources for the highly important research we do on SCP-3503. Also, as the anomalies contained at Site-17 are mostly low-risk, there is a reduced chance of Foundation personnel having a traumatic experience in the line of duty here.- Dr. Julia Rodriguez, SCP-3503 Containment Lead.
4. Creatures prominent in Greek mythology, they resemble humans with goat legs, goat horns, and a goat tail. They are associated with Pan, the Greek god of the wild. Fauns are a similar creature in Roman mythology.
5. This is a highly effective method of spreading SCP-3503 as

traumatic events inflicted by familiar individuals is more likely to cause PTSD than similar traumatic events inflicted by strangers
6. Individuals are thought to be susceptible to SCP-3503 infection for 2-3 weeks after a traumatic event, but this period is poorly characterized at this time.
7. Testing on SCP-3503 is generally performed by exposing D-Class personnel to a memetic agent simulating a highly traumatic experience, and then having them interact with Stage 3 infectees to quickly determine if they've been infected.
8. See: Saxon, Z. (2006). Fighting Fire with Ideas: Using Memetics to Contain Non-Memetic Anomalies.Memetics, an SCP Foundation Journal., 78(4), 22-34.

SCP-3504: "And how will we know you are one of us?"

Item #: SCP-3504

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Any information or imagery in regards to Namejs Island is to be censored. Outpost Wallace has been established on Namejs Island for research and observation, with two additional lookout posts around the island's perimeter (see map in Exploration Log EX-3504-43). Assigned personnel wishing to construct their own living quarters may do so in the southeast village with permission from the outpost captain. Regular boat patrols of the island are to be maintained, with the cover story that the island is a missile testing facility.

Resin produced by the trees found on Namejs Island is to be examined for anomalous properties. Resin judged likely to possess the qualities of SCP-3504 is to be stored for testing. When testing, personnel are not to consume more than 300 grams of SCP-3504 in a 24-hour period, due to risk of information overload. Testing personnel reporting dizziness or confusion after testing are to be brought to the medical bay.

Description: SCP-3504 is the resin produced by certain spruce trees native to Namejs Island, which can store and transfer basic concepts. Specifically, the resin produced contains the memories, experiences and emotions of the Patiesian[1] people who lived on the island in the 14th century. These memories can be passed on to humans via ingestion.

The island is a 170 km^2 land mass located in the Baltic Sea, and has only recently been discovered[2] despite evidence of its existence for more than seven centuries. It supports a substantial variety of flora and fauna, and most areas of the island are relatively diverse, save for its coastline, which is populated almost entirely by

Norwegian Spruce Trees and their resin, which have formed tens of thousands of tall resin shards around the border. While most shards are non-anomalous, a small percentage, identifiable by a slight luminescence, are instances of SCP-3504.

Examples of information gathered from ingested resin include songs, dances, poems, and phrases, commonly paired with the cultural connotation and the typical emotional response associated with a given experience. Continual ingestion may also grant a subject the basics of a skillset to execute tasks received, such as the creation of certain foods or clothing items. Notably, all supplies to create these items can all be found naturally occurring on the island itself, with no need for outside resources. Information is not limited to one particular piece of resin, and the same information may be ingested repeatedly.

People who ingest the resin itself report a feeling of euphoria in addition to the gathered information, with some comparing the feeling to certain stimulating recreational drugs. Over-ingestion, particularly in single sittings, can lead to states of delirium, overstimulation and catatonia, leading to strict sanctions on ingestion testing.

Abbreviated Test Log, T-3503:

Information Gathered	Researcher Comments
The taste of a beverage typically drunk during celebratory ceremonies, and the ingredients to create it. When asked to demonstrate this knowledge, Researcher Kulkarni listed the ingredients for “Balzams”, an alcoholic beverage made of flowers and berries, known for its potency.	“If I’m being honest, I feel a little drunk just thinking about it; this is a strong drink.” - Dr. Kulkarni "I've been fermenting this stuff all Summer - we'll be having a, uh, a testing night at my hut on the 3rd. You wanna come?" - Intern Ozols
The instructions for constructing a suitable living space out of resin and other materials found naturally on the island.	“For immersion purposes, Schrader and myself have requested to use these techniques to create temporary living quarters on the island.” - Dr.

	Kulkarni "It's more than a little bit wonderful - when I picked up the materials today, I *knew* how to do it, not just in theory, but as if I'd been doing it all my life." - Dr. Berziņš
A poem in regards to a demigod called “The Bear Slayer”. It is known for its strength and its diligence to protect its country. There are many similarities to the Latvian demigod of the same name.	“There are plenty of mentions involving invaders trying to kill The Bear Slayer, so my guess is this poem was made to potentially rebel in a subtle way from some sort of invader.” - Dr. Schrader
The words for “rye”, “wheat” and “bread”. Appears to be a derivative from modern-day Latvian. Along with the words, Researcher Kulkarni gained knowledge regarding many different uses for them.	“Apparently, they really liked grains in this society. Their bread was darker than soot and they spread butter all over it, and despite all that, they seemed to enjoy it. Must have been a staple in their diet despite an abundance of other nutritional resources on the island.” - Dr. Kulkarni "Sunny and I spent the afternoon baking bread for the Song Festival - I worried I'd be bored out of my mind, but it ended up being really nice!" - Intern Bridge
A folk dance involving a large group of people holding hands and moving clockwise and counterclockwise in a circle. Typically performed during weddings or holidays.	“I tried to do this on my own, got a lot of laughs from the others. This needs *lots* of people, you know? It's mesmerising, hectic, wonderful.” - Dr. Schrader
The technique for proper and efficient resin harvesting, and images of various symbols carved out of the harvested material.	“I think we might have a basis as to how these people might have done this ritual. Seems like the stuff was already a huge part of

Symbols are apparently religious in nature.	their society in the first place.” - Dr. Kulkarni
How to sew and dye traditional clothing from materials found on the island. Researcher Schrader was asked to display their newfound knowledge, and, over the course of 36 hours, successfully created a dress dyed with various patterns and a pair of slippers using materials only found on the island.	“Yes, I’m wearing these now.” - Dr. Schrader
The phrases “We are a family.”, “It’s time for dinner.”, “I wish to go hunting.”, “Help.” and “I don’t want this.” in the language previously discovered.	“I don’t know why these specific phrases were recorded, but the word ‘Help’… It's unpleasant to speak. My stomach drops. Does that make any sense?” - Dr. Kulkarni
A religious hymn involving fruitful harvests, protection of the family, and a prosperous future.	“It seems to have a unique property about it. It evokes joy, desperation, determination… It's a lot to process.” - Dr. Kulkarni "Yeah, Ish had us sing this last week while we were planting crops, printed out lyrics and stuff. Dork. There's a lot more to it than I got from the words alone! I see why he was so insistent." - Dr. Zamelis
A religious burial ceremony, and the process in preparing it.	“No comment.” - Dr. Kulkarni
A poem about Namejs Island, and its “great gifts within”. Describes the island as merciful and kind, even going so far as personifying it towards the end.	“This feels significant; this feels like a message that was supposed to be found. I’m going to work with Kulkarni to see if we can’t extrapolate anything from this.” - Dr. Schrader

On 25/9/2015, research heads Ishvi Schrader and Sunitha Kulkarni

were not present at the 9am village meeting. When their huts were found empty, Outpost Captain Suresh Kulkarni was contacted at Outpost Wallace and a search party was assembled. At 4am, 26/9/15, Sunitha Kulkarni was found semi-conscious in the Southwestern river[3], clothes and hair drenched in sap. Found in her satchel was a letter, a camcorder and a braided amber ring. Of the two tapes found with the camcorder, one was found to be recoverable.

+ Access Exploration Log EX-3504-43

Exploration Log EX-3504-43
Date:25/9/15
Foreword: *Dialogue put between double brackets[4] were spoken in the language Immersion Researchers learned on the island.*

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Ishvi Schrader stands in front of the mouth of the cave, fiddling with a mic attached to hand-sewn clothing.

Dr. Schrader: Uh, log start. We're up? Ok, cool. So, um, Dr. Ishvi Schrader here, head researcher on -

Dr. Kulkarni (*off-camera*): Co-head.

Dr. Schrader: Co-head, yes, on SCP-3504. Sorry, Sunny. We've been talking, over the last few weeks, about the things we've been getting from the resin.

Dr. Schrader turns the camera to Dr. Sunitha Kulkarni as he speaks. She is wearing similar garb, and sits on a rock, her walking stick over her knees.

Dr. Kulkarni: Darker stuff. The impressions of a dying culture.

Kulkarni smiles slightly as Schrader hops back into frame, squatting beside her.

Dr. Schrader: Not just dying but being killed, actively. Brutal invaders sweeping the land, the oppression of their language and their folklore-

Dr. Kulkarni: They killed the Bear Slayer.

Dr. Schrader: Right! Or, a representation of the Bear Slayer at least. With the impressions we get about the function of the resin, I'm thinking -

Kulkarni rolls her eyes dramatically.

Dr. Kulkarni: Right, this.

Dr. Schrader: - I'm thinking it could be, like, an anomalous way to preserve tradition? We could be looking at shattered statues, temples, built to represent them not just aesthetically but narratively, memory constructs trapped in resin shapes-

Dr. Kulkarni: You're going off track, Ishvi.

Dr. Schrader: Right. So, we've been seeing safety, warmth, protection, preservation, the impression of some sort of fortress or safe place, a secret place the invaders wouldn't know.

Dr. Kulkarni: The island's belly.

Dr. Schrader: Kuṇsala, yeah. It's - we think we might know where the mouth is.

Schrader hops up from his position beside Kulkarni and disconnects the camera from its tripod. He steps back with it to reveal the

mouth of a cave, hidden behind a curtain of vines and moss, where Kulkarni is sitting.

Dr. Schrader: There's - this is all intuition, but we agree on this fully.

Kulkarni nods quickly, serious.

Dr. Kulkarni: Fully. The hill, the markings, the way the sun flows into it in the mornings -

Dr. Schrader: The markings. The markings!

Schrader runs over to the cave mouth and carefully moves aside some brush obscuring the entrance to show faded markings in the stone.

Dr. Schrader: They're faint, but there's definite pictures here that relate back to not just the Bear Slayer, but the island itself, ((God's Root)), song and dance, the ((word relating to cultural lifeblood/the core of a community)) of the people.

Dr. Kulkarni (*off camera*): Plus the teeth.

Dr. Schrader: Right, yeah, and the impression of teeth carved around the top here. A literal mouth, relating to how they viewed the island as a deity-

Dr. Kulkarni (*off camera*): Well, we don't know that it's not.

Schrader turns back to face Kulkarni. Her face is calm, but challenging.

Dr. Schrader: Well, ok, let's not have that discussion right now. The point is that while much of their oral tradition could be interpreted simply as myth, looking into them as factual,

useful records leads to-

Dr. Kulkarni: This cave.

Dr. Schrader: It's very exciting.

Dr. Kulkarni: Should we head in?

Dr. Schrader: Definitely!

Schrader helps Kulkarni up, and they proceed into the cave, Schrader holding the camera and Kulkarni holding a powerful flashlight.

Dr. Schrader: For the record, we should probably talk about the Bear Killer, right?

Dr. Kulkarni: ((The Knights Who Angered the Sun and the Ground)) is most relevant, I feel.

Dr. Schrader: Yes, yes. So, the tale starts, as many do, with Lāčplēsis sharpening his sword on the beach.

Dr. Kulkarni: Classic Lāčplēsis.

Schrader laughs lightly.

Dr. Schrader: This is, as far as we can ascertain, well after the events of Pumpurs' epic, after they found his body washed up on the shores and the island chose to bring him back. He's the island guardian at this point, watching over them silently, blah blah. And as he stares out at the waves, the sun changes, turning red. The whole sky changes colour! As he looks at the setting sun, he sees dark shapes on the horizon, riding on its edge.

Dr. Kulkarni: The Bear Knights!

Dr. Schrader: Exactly! They're back to get

revenge on the island folks for chasing them out during the events of ((The Song of Small Sorrows)). Hopped right on their bear mounts and rode them across the ocean, full of rage and fire. No boats for these men!

Dr. Kulkarni: The impression you get of the knights in the tales, they're these tall, dark shadows. Armour as black as night, faces unseen beneath their cowls. Barely even men.

Dr. Schrader: And their alliance with the bears only compounds that, obviously, since these aren't just any bears.

Dr. Kulkarni: Huge things, with bright fur, enormous steel claws, eyes that ((burn into your heart))…

Dr. Schrader: Right. Which only makes Lāčplēsis' achievements in the poem even more impressive, right? What great warrior could rip one of these monsters in half??

Dr. Kulkarni: Only the Bear Slayer, of course.

Schrader laughs.

Dr. Schrader: Right there in the name, I guess. But the proof is in the action, and rise to that action he did! The bears were fast, faster than any thing should be, fueled by the knight's fiery anger, and they would be there in minutes. Lāčplēsis ran as fast as he could to the house of his good friend the ((weaver)), and he told her to tell all the village that they were once again in danger. The ((weaver)) knocked on every door of every house and told them ((“The Bear Knights are come! Lāčplēsis once again risks his life for our safety!”)). As she did this, he ran back to the beach. The first

of the bear knights has already landed, and they've taken his sword and shield and broken them all in five.

Dr. Kulkarni: Five pieces, we think, being generally indicative of great and irreversible destruction.

Dr. Schrader: Tying back to the broken pot and how Staburadze lost her child in other island myths. It definitely held significance. You can feel the power of that statement when you eat the resin for these tales, this is something terrible and foreboding. But Lāčplēsis isn't one to give up for any reason, so he ((runs to the first bear, takes its throat in his hands, and rips straight down)).

Dr. Kulkarni: Does that kill it?

Dr. Schrader: No! Lāčplēsis thinks it will, as it always has, but when he turns his back to face its rider, ((the bear gashes its great iron claws across his back, cracking his golden skin!)). Lāčplēsis falls, and the first knight tries to strike him with his greatsword, but Lāčplēsis strikes out and buckles his armour with a single punch. He rips the man's head off, then turns and grabs the bear, tackling it to the ground and swinging the knight's greatsword at his head!

Schrader is at this point very animated, acting out the scene with his free hand in front of the camera as they continue down the cave. He alternates between walking forward and walking sideways to face Kulkarni.

Dr. Schrader: The great bear still does not go down, and now the other bears are also landing on the beach.

Kulkarni smiles affectionately.

Dr. Kulkarni: You really get excited at this point, don't you?

Dr. Schrader: Come on, it's an exciting part! Lāčplēsis, back against the wall, no weapons, and who comes to save him? It's the ((weaver))! She rushes to his aid, picking up the hilt of his shattered sword, and charges at the army! Despite her stature, she's not going to be one to let Lāčplēsis and her people fall to the invaders!

Dr. Kulkarni: But even in the end, the ((weaver)) falls.

Dr. Schrader: But Lāčplēsis has one last trick up his sleeve, something he can do for the ((weaver)) even in death. He summons the power of the Old Gods themselves, and fuses the ((weaver))'s spirit with the island! The island's sands rise and swell, the trees and grass morphing, and the island becomes this monolithic golem! It swallows up everything; the ((weaver)), Lāčplēsis, the invaders, even the villagers. And once everyone is taken, the island returns to its resting state. Now, with the ((weaver))'s soul in the island and Lāčplēsis and her people safe, she can lay to rest, her oath to Lāčplēsis honoured and the villagers safe in the chresins of her heart.

Dr. Kulkarni: So, they win? The Bear Knights can't get them?

Dr. Schrader: That's where the story gets somewhat unclear. There's something missing, maybe in resin we haven't consumed yet. It *could* be that-

Schrader stops talking as they round a corner to enter a small chresin. It is dimly lit by glowing pools of resin in small wells embedded in the walls, and in the centre stands a lifesize resin figure on a pedestal.

Dr. Kulkarni: Oh, my.

Dr. Schrader: Is… is that him?

Dr. Kulkarni: Check for the missing ears.

Schrader is heard fumbling around in a bag before taking out a small flashlight and shining it on the figure's head, revealing a lack of ears.

Dr. Schrader: I can't see any!

Dr. Kulkarni: Whoever made this sculpture must have put in months of effort into making it as detailed as it is…

Kulkarni is seen approaching the statue, placing a hand on one of its arms, before pulling back.

Dr. Schrader: Something wrong, Sunny?

Dr. Kulkarni: It's still wet, the resin is fresh.

Dr. Schrader: It- what?

Schrader turns downwards to see a small pool of resin being formed at the statue's feet.

Dr. Kulkarni: That means that this was made recently! Or at the very least repaired recently. In either case, that means we're close!

Schrader bends down and cups some of the liquid resin in his hand and brings it to his mouth.

Dr. Kulkarni: Ishvi, I don't feel like we should be consuming outside of the confines of testing hours. We're already stretching the rules enough as-is. Ishvi?

Schrader has gone quiet, lost in thought. Though the footage is unclear, he may be rapidly mouthing words under his breath, a common behaviour when processing input from other sources of resin on the island. Though visibly concerned, Kulkarni waits for him to come back to his senses.

Dr. Schrader: Sunny, this is… you're not going to fucking believe this.

Dr. Kulkarni: Tell me.

Dr. Schrader: I can't, I can't, just lemme…

Schrader dashes back toward the statue, stumbling on a rock in haste. He clasps his hands together and bows his head briefly. Schrader stands between the camera and the statue, blocking the view.

Dr. Schrader: ((Hello, Lāčplēsis.))

There is a pause.

Dr. Schrader: ((Oh, I'm so sorry.))

Schrader turns and switches off the camera.

[END LOG]

Following her discovery, Dr. Sunitha Kulkarni was brought to Outpost Wallace's medical bay to recover. Once she was deemed fit, she was brought for interview with Suresh Kulkarni[5].

+ Access Interview Log 3504-1

Date: 28/9/15
Interviewed: Dr. Sunitha Kulkarni
Interviewer: Outpost Captain Suresh Kulkarni
Foreword: For the sake of clarity, participants are marked with their forenames in this version of the transcript, edited for overview documentation.

[BEGIN LOG]

Sunitha looks up as Suresh enters the room and stiffens momentarily as she sees him. After a second, she lets out a sigh and stands to embrace Suresh.

Sunitha: Suresh! You're… aren't you supposed to-

Suresh: I pulled some strings. Convinced Adileh that this was, uh, too personal for anyone else to lead the interview. Plus, we don't exactly have to go through formalities if we know each other personally. Makes paperwork easier.

Sunitha: Not for legal.

Suresh pulls out of the hug, holding Sunitha by the shoulders.

Suresh: Fuck that, I needed to see you. You're such an idiot, running off into the caves by yourself.

Sunitha lightly punches Suresh in the arm.

Sunitha: I had Ish, you dork.

Suresh: That - yeah, ok, you did. We don't actually, uh… Ishvi isn't responding, and the footage, the - the cameras are fucked, and basically we have no idea what happened.

Sunitha: Right. Right, of course.

Suresh: So, hopefully, you can explain everything and we can fill in the blanks. We have up to the statue you found, then it cuts. Do you remember…?

Sunitha: Yeah. No, uh, recollection issues. The statue wasn't a statue. We - Ishvi realised it first, I didn't realise it until he moved.

Suresh: He? The statue was alive?

Sunitha sits as Suresh speaks, rubbing her throat.

Sunitha: Sentient, at the very least. Moving, talking. Ishvi thought it was Lāčplēsis himself, which would be… well, a lot to process.

Suresh: Do you believe that it was Lāčplēsis himself?

Sunitha considers for a time, slowly rubbing around the base of her neck in small circles.

Sunitha: I think… I think the line is blurry. I think what matters here isn't exact truths.

Suresh: Huh.

Suresh pauses, waiting for more.

Suresh: Are you good to continue, or..?

Sunitha: Sorry, sorry, yeah. We, once we greeted Lāčplēsis, he talked. He gave us a formal greeting back, or as formal as Patiesian gets, and something… opened up. Not like, physically, but… it removed a mental block, I guess, and we finally *saw* the cave, you know? Everything we'd been missing, the meanings

of the carvings on the walls, the hidden passages.

Suresh: Like a resin hit? Sudden flow of knowledge?

Sunitha: Exactly, but *bigger.* And important. This wasn't knowledge we stole, but knowledge we were given, you know? We followed the path we hadn't seen, so cleverly hidden, and… we found them, down in the deepest cavern.

Suresh: You found people in the cave?

Sunitha: Not just people, Suresh, *the* people. The whole ancient civilisation, in the amber.

Suresh: Fuck, they were frozen in resin? Alive? That's… centuries of torture. How could they do that to themselves?

Sunitha: No, no, they weren't frozen, that's what's so wonderful. They were moving! Working, running, playing. The amber cracked and flowed with them. It's so hard to explain, but it was beautiful.

Suresh: This is - you realize that communicating with an ancient civilization without authorisation is a serious offense, right?

Sunitha: Like you said earlier, fuck that. It's not like we even meant to. I can deal with whatever slap on the wrist they give me.

Suresh glances nervously at the camera.

Suresh: I… ok.

Suresh slowly breathes in, then out.

Suresh: This is crazy. What did they say? Did they say anything?

Sunitha: They were scared of us, initially. I think they particularly thought Ish was an attacker.

Sunitha mimics a bear growling.

Sunitha: White man equals bear knight, you know? We know *miers*[6], obviously, so we were yelling that, keeping our palms open and toward the ground. That helped, but it wasn't til Ish started singing that they calmed down.

Suresh: Why didn't you just come back immediately once you found them?

Sunitha snorts derisively.

Sunitha: As if you would, in our shoes. Discovery of the damn year. Ishvi and I both wanted to know more. You know what we can be like after resin hits - heightened, excited, wanting to dive in farther. This was unbelievable, more than we'd ever considered, ever fantasised.

Suresh frowns and reaches across the table to hold Sunitha's hand.

Suresh: Your curiosity could have gotten you killed, Sunny.

Sunitha pulls her hand away and rests it on her collarbone.

Sunitha: Well, it didn't, so there's no need to worry about it.

Suresh bites his lip, considering something.

Suresh: Sunny, I have to - did they kill Ishvi?

Sunitha: What?! No! No…

Sunitha looks away from Suresh.

Sunitha: Ishvi stayed.

Suresh: Stayed?

Sunitha: There was just… so much there, so much of the people in the cave, in the air. Dancing, singing, food, all these things we've only ever *remembered*, we were actually able to *experience* now. This wasn't a people just surviving, they were thriving in their own way, content with the lives they led and so, so happy to be with people who loved and respected their culture. You could feel it everywhere, their excitement. At the end of the night, we sat around a great fire in the centre of the cavern and just sang. Sang and sang and sang. Ish and I knew some of the words, but we didn't know all of them, and the people would scoop up resin out of, I don't know, out of nowhere, and when we drank it we'd know it perfectly. We drank so much - I have no idea how long passed down there, but by the time things were winding down Ishvi's beard was caked in amber, cracked open with his big wide smile. I've never seen him quite like that.

Suresh: And Ishvi just… he just gave up everything to stay?

Sunitha: I mean, you know Ish. He never really felt like he belonged here, did he?

Suresh frowns to himself. He speaks quietly.

Suresh: We tried.

Sunitha: We did, but he was always more in tune with the people of the island. We knew that from day one. At the end of the singing, there were just a few of us left. Ish, me, a couple of people I got the sense were important folk. They didn't say it directly, but… the whole thing, that night, we were being invited, gently. I don't think Ish ever even considered the alternative. He, uh…

Sunitha shifts in her seat and reaches into her pocket to retrieve a piece of paper. She hands the paper to Suresh.

Sunitha: He wrote this, when I was leaving. Told me to give it to his Mom. I haven't read it, but I'm pretty sure that's goodbye.

Suresh turns the letter over in his hands, then slides it into his binder.

Suresh: We'll have to make a copy of this for the records. You know the deal.

Sunitha: I know. I'm sure he knew too.

Suresh: Alright.

There is a pause. Suresh tilts his head.

Suresh: Why, uh, why didn't you stay?

There is a moment of silence before Sunitha responds.

Sunitha: Because of you. You're… you're too important to me. Can't let my brother live the rest of his life without a sister.

Suresh: I… um… *Suresh sighs.* Thank you, Sunny. I think that's all we need to know for right now.

Sunitha: Alright. Good.

Sunitha looks away from Suresh.

Sunitha: Will I be able to visit Ishvi?

Suresh: I'm sure something can be arranged.

Sunitha: Ok… Ok, yeah.

Sunitha rubs her eye with the heel of her hand.

Suresh: You're exhausted.

Sunitha: Mmm.

Suresh: I cleaned out my room before coming here. You can take my bed, rather than going to medical.

Sunitha: That sounds *so* good.

Suresh stands and moves around the table to help Sunitha out of her chair. They move out of the room together, Sunitha leaning against Suresh for support.

[END LOG]

Addendum:
The second tape found in Dr. Kulkarni's satchel, previously deemed unrecoverable, contained some viable footage. Review of the viable footage verified the majority of Dr. Kulkarni's report in the above interview - however, a major discrepancy was found at the end, showing Dr. Kulkarni choosing to stay along with Dr. Schrader, but being tasked by Dr. Schrader with delivery of the letter to his mother. Dr. Kulkarni's involvement with SCP-3504 has been discontinued permanently due to the withholding of information. Outpost Captain Suresh Kulkarni has declined to comment on the matter in any official capacity.

Footnotes

1. /pʌ.'ti.ə.zi.ən/
2. SeeInvestigation, possible anomaly, 9/12/09: Lettonie Island, Huever et al.
3. Referred to by immersion researchers as the Diegava river.
4. (())
5. This has been noted as a minor infraction on relevant paperwork, but otherwise no repercussions have been judged necessary.
6. Latvian forpeace.

SCP-3505: Singed, Sealed, Delivered, I'm Yours

Item #: SCP-3505

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3505 is kept in an opaque box in Storage Locker #6838 at Site-17's Low-Value Anomalous Item Storage Unit. Individuals exposed to SCP-3505 must be administered a Class-C amnestic at the conclusion of testing, or as soon as possible if exposure occurred outside of testing. SCP-3505 has been cleared for testing at Outpost 7949-2; testing at other locations may only be undertaken with clearance from SCP-3505's HMCL supervisor.

PoI-3505-0 is to be monitored for further anomalous activity until September 28, 2047.

Description: SCP-3505 is a piece of paperboard carton originating from a take-out container provided by 's Chinese Restaurant in , Minnesota. Residue on the object is consistent with the sweet and sour sauce used by 's. In addition to the pre-printed phrase "Please Come Again", the object has the following text hand-written in blue ink:

> Out & about
> back at 7
> text me if you need anything

SCP-3505 will display anomalous properties when an individual who comprehends the text written on it, and who can recall the overall shape of the object, sends a text message describing some need or desire to any recipient. Fourteen seconds after this occurs, the receiving device will autonomously send a reply acknowledging the original message;[1] simultaneously, an instance of SCP-3505-A will manifest ~15km above Earth's surface, and subsequently fall to the ground several minutes later. Instances of SCP-3505-A generally

land within 20 meters of the subject who sent the initiating text message and will not injure any humans in the process.

SCP-3505-A are take-out containers consistent with those provided by 's Chinese Restaurant, except of variable size, containing an object or objects related to the need or desire expressed in the initiating text message. All carry the same residue found on SCP-3505. While SCP-3505-A are not damaged by the fall or by atmospheric conditions, their contents are generally susceptible to these same forces. Typically, SCP-3505-A will contain heat shielding and shock absorbers as necessary to keep its contents intact until impact, though not necessarily afterwards.

The contents of SCP-3505-A are variable, even when identical messages are sent by the same subject, and do not necessarily strictly correspond to any objects described in the initiating message. SCP-3505 is not a reliable method of acquiring any tested object or material.

Recovery: SCP-3505 was discovered after reports of several unusual objects (SCP-3505-A instances) falling from the sky at terminal velocity in , Minnesota on 2017-09-28. Standard analysis of recent telecommunications in the area revealed a correlation between SCP-3505-A and several messages sent by Hanson, an occupant of a house near the impacts; SCP-3505 was recovered during the subsequent investigation. DNA evidence, subject testimony and handwriting analysis indicate that SCP-3505 was created by Hanson[2] (PoI-3505-0), who left it on the kitchen table while he went to see a movie at a local theater. PoI-3505-0 demonstrated no awareness of, was unable to account for, and could not replicate SCP-3505's properties.

Abridged Testing Log: The following tests were conducted at Outpost 7949-2. A subject who was exposed to SCP-3505 was instructed to use a cell phone to send text messages to a phone monitored by the supervising researcher.

> **Initiating message:** "How are you doing today?"
> **Response:** None.
> **SCP-3505-A contents:** No instance was created.

Initiating message: "I want to know how you're doing today."
Response: "k"
SCP-3505-A contents: A sheet of blue construction paper, somewhat singed, reading "pretty good" in blue ink. Handwriting matches that of PoI-3505-0, who was asleep at the time of the test.

Initiating message: "We're out of milk."
Response: "I'll pick some up on the way back"
SCP-3505-A contents: A sealed plastic bag containing four liters of skim milk. Curdling suggests that the milk boiled briefly during transit, though it had cooled and condensed by the time the Foundation opened its container.

Initiating message: "Could you send us some very cold milk?"
Response: "Hmm. I'll see what I can do."
SCP-3505-A contents: A sealed steel container containing four liters of skim milk, some of which was frozen. Notably, the SCP-3505-A instance was equipped with extensive heat shielding, whereas the previous one was not.

Initiating message: "I need cocaine."
Response: "It's not that simple."
SCP-3505-A contents: A photograph of a large pile of white powder on a wooden table matching that found in PoI-3505-0's house. A cloth blindfold and a photograph of the most recent copy of *The Pioneer Press* were placed in front of the pile.

Initiating message: "That won't work. Please give me real cocaine."
Response: "k"
SCP-3505-A contents: A small plastic bag containing 0.3 grams of cocaine cut with venlafaxine.

Initiating message: "We're out of cocaine."
Response: "Oh no!!!"

SCP-3505-A contents: Three damaged USB flash drives. Two were empty; the third contained two identical recordings of the song "Cocaine" by Eric Clapton.

Initiating message: "I need 1kg of Uranium-238."
Response: "No you don't."
SCP-3505-A contents: 238 scraps of human flesh, weighing 1.2kg in total. Several samples were found to be contaminated with fecal matter. DNA testing inconclusive.

Initiating message: "Please send me a million dollars."
Response: "I'm not super liquid right now but I have the next best thing"
SCP-3505-A contents: 60 copies of the Magic: the Gathering card "Black Lotus" as it appeared in its "Alpha" printing (market value ~$15,000). All were burnt, singed, or torn beyond the point of usability. Ashes contained in SCP-3505-A could account for up to three additional copies.

Initiating message: "I need another million dollars, in cash this time."
Response: "Told you I don't have cash, here's the next best thing though."
SCP-3505-A contents: A charred human corpse. Its DNA shows a match to Taylor, a Los Angeles-based entrepreneur native to , Minnesota. Death occurred on impact. Notably, Taylor is still alive, and his liquid assets are valued at roughly $1,000,000 USD.

Initiating message: "Give me one million dollars."
Response: "k"
SCP-3505-A contents: Several suitcases containing a total of $999,998 worth of assorted valid US currency, submerged in sweet and sour sauce.

Initiating message: "Wash my car."
Response: "Wash it yourself."
SCP-3505-A contents: Believed to be roughly 500 liters

of soap and water in a steel container. SCP-3505-A exploded several seconds after impact, apparently from the pressure created by the boiling of said water.

Initiating message: "Help me find a boyfriend."
Response: "I know a guy."
SCP-3505-A contents: A piece of white printer paper containing a phone number found to belong to Graeber, a male acquaintance of PoI-3505-0, printed in black ink. While Graeber was not in a relationship at time of testing, his and the test subject's sexual orientations were incompatible.

Initiating message: "Help me find a boyfriend."
Response: "I know another guy."
SCP-3505-A contents: A charred human corpse. Its DNA shows a match to Taylor. Death occurred on impact.

Initiating message: "Help me find a boyfriend."
Response: "Hold on."
SCP-3505-A contents: A piece of white printer paper containing a valid, but unassigned, phone number printed in black ink.

Initiating message: "Tell me who you are."
Response: "…"
SCP-3505-A contents: A piece of white printer paper with "F" handwritten in blue ink. Handwriting is consistent with that of PoI-3505-0.

Initiating message: "Tell me who you are."
Response: "…"
SCP-3505-A contents: A piece of white printer paper with "U" handwritten in blue ink. Handwriting is consistent with that of PoI-3505-0.

Initiating message: "Tell me who you are."
Response: "…"
SCP-3505-A contents: A piece of white printer paper with "C" handwritten in blue ink. Handwriting is

consistent with that of PoI-3505-0.

Initiating message: "Teach me how to do what you do."
Response: "Trust me, you don't want my job."
SCP-3505-A contents: A map of the continental United States, with driving instructions handwritten on the back in blue ink. The instructions detail a path from Outpost 7949-2 to a SuperAmerica gas station in , Minnesota. PoI-3505-0 worked at a neighboring SuperAmerica gas station from June 2013 to August 2013.

Initiating message: "I need something that breaks the laws of physics."
Response: "Gimme a sec"
SCP-3505-A contents: A plastic bag of unidentified blue powder that, immediately upon opening, fell out into the sky. Believed to possess anti-gravitational properties.

Initiating message: "I need something that breaks the laws of physics and will stay still."
Response: "k"
SCP-3505-A contents: An object identical to SCP-3505, except without SCP-3505's anomalous properties and with the property that its position relative to Earth is fixed at the site of impact.

Initiating message: "Kiss me through the phone."
Response: "Weird but okay"
SCP-3505-A contents: A non-functional cell phone identical to the one used by the test subject, with the exception of a pair of living human lips integrated into the phone's screen. The computer-to-neuron interface was heavily damaged by heat, preventing further study. DNA testing inconclusive.

Initiating message: "Surprise me."
Response: "w/e"
SCP-3505-A contents: A single blue crayon, broken in half. Shortly prior to impact, SCP-3505-A abruptly changed directions, coming within two meters of the

subject before reversing its path and landing in the original projected impact site.

Initiating message: "Help me."
Response: "I got u"
SCP-3505-A contents: An active electromagnetic pulse weapon that triggered on impact, disabling all electronic devices within ~80 meters, including Researcher Stein's pacemaker. While most available personnel were preoccupied with assisting Researcher Stein, the test subject attempted (unsuccessfully) to escape the premises.

Initiating message: "Please come home."
Response: "I'll be back at 7."
SCP-3505-A contents: N/A. No activity occurred for four hours; at about 5:48 PM local time, PoI-3505-0 began to accelerate towards Outpost 7949-2 at about 10m/s^2, reaching a maximum velocity of about 50m/s. Death likely occurred within the first fifteen seconds during a collision with a wall. The subject's body was observed to break through obstacles in its path without slowing down, as well as move up or down as necessary to avoid impacting any humans. The subject's body traveled 216 kilometers, colliding with a hill near Outpost 7949-2 at 7:00:00 PM local time and coming to rest. The corpse displayed no unusual properties.

Footnotes
1. It has not been conclusively established whether these responses are generated by a sapient entity.
2. The older brother of Hanson.

SCP-3506: The Reading of the Will

Item #: SCP-3506

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Satellite imagery is to be routinely monitored by Foundation-operated web analysis bot Upsilon-29 ("BULWER-LYTTON") for spontaneous architectural manifestation. Upsilon-29 and Foundation agents embedded in various postal services are to destroy any correspondences suspected to be from SCP-3506-A.

If a structure is confirmed to be an SCP-3506 manifestation, Mobile Task Force Mu-101 ("House Hunters") is to establish a perimeter around the affected area and prevent access to it by civilians and SCP-3506-B subjects.

Description: SCP-3506 is an anomalous global phenomenon primarily characterized by the spontaneous manifestation of residential buildings. The appearance of these structures varies depending on the architectural norms of the cultural setting in which they manifest; however, all instances generally give an impression of dilapidated opulence.

Manifestations of SCP-3506 structures typically last around 30 days, and cease after the conclusion of a Clifford Event (described below). If any living person other than a subdesignated SCP-3506 entity attempts to approach an SCP-3506 structure, local topography will be anomalously altered to redirect the individual back the way they came.

SCP-3506-A is a humanoid entity associated with SCP-3506 manifestations. SCP-3506-A assumes different identities depending on the culture in which it is manifesting, but always claims to be a

legal professional who specializes in managing clients' affairs after their death.

In the weeks leading up to a Clifford Event, SCP-3506-A will contact various citizens of the country it presently occupies and claim that a distant, wealthy relative has left them a large sum of money. Forged documents are often provided via electronic or physical mail to corroborate these claims. SCP-3506-A will enter a dormant state after it has persuaded 12 individuals (hereafter referred to as **SCP-3506-B**) to participate in a Clifford Event.

During a Clifford Event, SCP-3506-B subjects gather at the SCP-3506 residence, ostensibly to hear the last will and testament of their fictitious relative. SCP-3506-A, acting as the executor, will then explain that SCP-3506-B subjects must remain in the house until the following morning in order to receive their inheritance. Furthermore, any who leave before sunrise will have their inheritance evenly distributed among the remaining participants.

At this time, an anomalous storm will begin to form around the property. SCP-3506-B subjects may successfully withdraw from a Clifford Event if they leave before sunset; after nightfall, the storm will drastically worsen and topology of the surrounding landscape will be anomalously altered to cause severe flooding. No SCP-3506-B subjects have survived an attempt to leave a Clifford Event after sunset.

SCP-3506-C are additional humanoid entities that manifest during Clifford Events. The alleged identities of SCP-3506-C instances vary, but always involve a role related to the maintenance of the SCP-3506 residence and its surrounding property. SCP-3506-C are generally helpful toward SCP-3506-B subjects, but will occasionally make remarks or display mannerisms which seem intended to provoke feelings of unease.

SCP-3506-D is a cloaked humanoid entity of inconsistent height which manifests between the hours of 12 and 6 AM during Clifford Events. Throughout this period, SCP-3506-D will intermittently stalk, mutilate, and kill SCP-3506-B subjects in a variety of ways. SCP-3506-D often uses the remains of its initial victim to construct a graphic tableau, presumably to intimidate surviving subjects.

SCP-3506-D does not speak, but occasionally makes vocalizations such as laughter and whistling.

To date, no SCP-3506-B subjects have survived a Clifford Event after sundown, and it is therefore unknown if any inheritable wealth described by SCP-3506-A actually exists.

Addendum: On 19/02/2018, Foundation researchers successfully obtained an audio recording of a Clifford Event via listening devices planted on SCP-3506-B subjects. The following is a transcript of a notable conversation taken from these recordings.

> **Foreword:** Conversation between SCP-3506-B (Robert Bentley) and SCP-3506-C instance at 3:06 AM. Five subjects had been murdered by SCP-3506-D prior to this point. Context for certain events was extrapolated from subsequent comments by SCP-3506-B subjects who discovered the scene.
>
> **[Begin Log]**
>
> **Bentley:** Well, hello again. Trifles, was it?
>
> **SCP-3506-C:** *Triffles,* sir.
>
> **Bentley:** Right. Triffles the cook.
>
> **SCP-3506-C:** What are you doing in my kitchen, if I may ask?
>
> *Bentley pulls a carving knife from a nearby knife block.*
>
> **Bentley:** There's a killer on the loose. Better defend myself, right?
>
> **SCP-3506-C:** Y–yes, I suppose so, sir. But I must say, I rather doubt a knife will be of any use against the master, seeing as he's no longer entirely of this world.
>
> **Bentley:** Perhaps. But he's not my concern at the moment.

Bentley drives the knife into SCP-3506-C's leg, then flips over a table and uses it to pin down SCP-3506-C.

SCP-3506-C: Sir! Why me, sir? I haven't done nothing!

Bentley: I highly doubt that. Someone lured us out here. I'd wager you know something about that.

SCP-3506-C: Please, sir! I don't know anything! I'm only the cook!

Bentley: Then how come none of the staff have died yet?

SCP-3506-C whimpers. Bentley picks up a nearby butcher's knife and cuts off two of SCP-3506-C's fingers. SCP-3506-C screams.

Bentley: I'm not fucking around here, Triffles.

SCP-3506-C: Help! Somebody help me! He's trying to kill me!

Bentley: Yes, keep that up. I'm sure everyone will happily come flocking to the scene of another murder—and I *will* kill you, Triffles, if you don't start talking right fucking now.

SCP-3506-C: (*Quietly*) Please, sir. Please stop. I mustn't break character.

Bentley: Break character? *Break character?*

SCP-3506-C: (*Weeping*) Sir, please. Sir.

Bentley: Tell me what the fuck is happening! Do you want to lose another finger?

SCP-3506-C: Stop! It's… it's immersive theater, sir. Please, don't—

Bentley: Theater? What's the point in putting on a show

if you're going to *kill your fucking audience?*

SCP-3506-C: (*Unintelligible.*)

Bentley cuts off another of SCP-3506-C's fingers. SCP-3506-C screams again.

Bentley: Answer the fucking question!

SCP-3506-C: I said, you're not the audience!

[End Log]

Afterword: Following this exchange, SCP-3506-D materialized, disemboweled SCP-3506-B, and force-fed the intestines to the involved SCP-3506-C instance until it apparently expired from asphyxiation. This is the only known occurrence of SCP-3506-D committing violence against an SCP-3506-C entity.

SCP-3508: "Cute and soft! Kill them off!"

Item #: SCP-3508

Object Class: Safe Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation agents are to issue recalls to retail stores for stocked instances of SCP-3508. All instances of SCP-3508 must be confiscated immediately upon discovery to prevent the passage of SCP-3508 into civilian ownership. Due to the elusive nature of SCP-3508's delivery, it is currently impossible to prevent restocking of SCP-3508.

Non-autonomous instances of SCP-3508 may be contained within standard Safe-class containment lockers. Autonomous instances may be allowed indoor roaming privileges, so long as they are accompanied by no less than 1 guard. No more than 1 instance is to be allowed in Foundation custody at any given time. The singular instance must be contained within a standard containment chamber without furniture or decor. Instances are to only become bonded to D-Class. Unsanctioned interaction between SCP-3508 and any other personnel will merit disciplinary measures.

SCP-3508 may be terminated via incineration. Civilian witnesses to Protest- and Riot-level events are to be administered Class-B amnestics, and a cover story is to be issued. Witnesses and individuals involved with Star-level events are to be administered Class-D amnestics.

Foundation personnel must constantly monitor public access television networks for occurrences of Star-Level events. Any network experiencing a Star-level event must be shut down immediately via QR-9 protocols. Personnel are to locate the coordinates of the ongoing Star-level event and administer emergency medical assistance to the victim of the event, following the termination of all present instances of SCP-3508.

Description: SCP-3508 is the collective designation for the line of plush toys "Soft & Squishy" manufactured by the amateur entrepreneurial group, "Accelerate the Future" (ATF), and is considered to be their first endeavor. SCP-3508 may be any color combination and species of existent or nonexistent fauna, although pastel and primary colors are favored in 68% of recorded instances. To date, there have been 15,326 definitive variations in species and coloration.

SCP-3508 measure between between 38cm and 52cm. All instances share a similar stylization, including large cartoon eyes, squat proportions, jointed digits, an "ATF" satin tag, and a detailed smile. All instances are packaged identically in clear plastic boxes; box art and information is specific to each instance. The given name of the instance will be displayed in banner form on the front panel of the box, as well as at least one drawn image and a short description. All instances are advertised with the phrase "They Really Love You! ®" printed across the front panel of the box.[1]

Contained and unopened instances have included the following:

> - A *Panthera uncia* (snow leopard) plush with the displayed name "Snowshoe" and a description reading, "Snowshoe the Snow Leopard™ is the perfect puffy pal for a cold and cuddly day! Tumble through the snow and leap through the trees with the furrrostiest feline around! He'll never leave your side, even when the snow melts away!"
>
> - A monochrome jackalope with the displayed name "Jelly Donut" and a description reading, "Jelly Donut the Jackalope™ is the coolest cryptid around! Watch as he bounces up and into your heart! Who else would be better to hunt monsters with than you and your new best friend?"
>
> - A rainbow *Nasua narica* (coatimundi) with the displayed name "Cuddlepie" and a description reading, "Cuddlepie the Coatimundi™ is the nighttime nuisance that can wiggle his way into anyone's heart! Fill up on fruit and scarf down snacks with Cuddlepie before the morning

comes, and have the best late-night lunch ever together! Take him home and feast forever!"

Upon removal of an instance of SCP-3508 from its packaging, the instance will become autonomous and assume a jubilant demeanor. The instance will behave in a childlike manner and display affection towards the individual who unpackaged it ("bonding"), henceforth referred to as SCP-3508-1.[2] SCP-3508 display unwavering loyalty towards instances of SCP-3508-1, and will attempt to stay within <1m of them at all times. Should a bonded instance of SCP-3508-1 leave the visual proximity of SCP-3508, the instance of SCP-3508 will attempt to locate them by any means possible. SCP-3508 learn in tandem with their bonded instance of SCP-3508-1, and display levels of intelligence greater than or equal to SCP-3508-1, allowing for a more personal relationship with SCP-3508.[3] SCP-3508 learn at exponential rates in order to match or learn beyond the capabilities of their respective instance of SCP-3508-1. Instances of SCP-3508 left in isolation for any period of time exceeding twelve hours will display emotional distress, followed by a state of dormancy, during which SCP-3508 will lose autonomy.

Addendum-01: An instance of SCP-3508 was provided to D-18007 for testing. Prior to testing with SCP-3508, D-18007 had displayed a significantly below-average emotional capacity. Upon becoming bonded to his respective instance of SCP-3508 (SCP-3508-662), SCP-3508-662 began to engage D-18007 in simple conversation regarding his emotional wellbeing and preferred hobbies. Within 20 minutes, D-18007 reported a significant positive change in his mood as a result of SCP-3508-662.

When testing concluded, D-18007 requested to have ownership of SCP-3508-662, a request which was ultimately denied. D-18007 appeared mildly disgruntled, but showed no signs of anomalous attachment. SCP-3508-662 was witnessed to have been "whimpering" as it was recontained in its containment locker. Inaudible whispers were reported to have emanated from the row of containment lockers containing 60 instances of SCP-3508.

Dr. Winchester, the current lead researcher assigned to SCP-3508, chose to bond to an individual instance of SCP-3508 for testing purposes, henceforth referred to as SCP-3508-Prime. SCP-3508-

Prime, a purple *Vulpes zerda* (Fennec fox) labeled by the packaging as "Angel Cake", has been removed from its containment locker a total of twenty-six times for testing with Dr. Winchester. SCP-3508-Prime has taken to referring to Dr. Winchester by his first name, David, and has shown expertise in multiplayer video games, such as Super Smash Bros and Street Fighter. Current testing has come to a halt after Site Director Dowe's concerns regarding Dr. Winchester's attachment to SCP-3508-Prime, and SCP-3508-Prime has been stored in a containment locker.

Addendum-02: On 06/01/20 , twelve instances in Foundation custody regained autonomy and caused a minor containment breach following their escape from Safe-class containment lockers. All instances made a collective attempt to swarm around Dr. Winchester. SCP-3508-Prime produced a document written in pink highlighter with child-like handwriting (Document-3508-1). Soon after, all instances were escorted back to their respective containment lockers.

+ Document-3508-1

> Dear mister Big Bruthr David,
> we no u want to play wit us
> But meen peepul mak u feel bad for playing becuz u r a Grown Up
> We love u plees play wit us we mis u
> Hugs n kises,
> Angel Cake

+ Protest-Level Event

A mass[4] of SCP-3508 will gather around the perimeter of a building,[5] commonly emerging from local residences or unpacking themselves in retail stores that receive deliveries of SCP-3508. SCP-3508 will brandish homemade posters and picket signs, the displayed messages of which often include declarations of displeasure with expectations for adult behavior, pleas to let SCP-3508 visit their respective instances of SCP-3508-1, and advocacy for the freedom of SCP-3508 and SCP-3508-1; several instances have been

witnessed holding signs that display a drawn depiction or photographed image of SCP-3508-Prime. SCP-3508 will chant various phrases relating to their "cause".[6] It should be of note that SCP-3508 will never attack the organization by name, nor will they make slanderous accusations regarding the business's practices.

SCP-3508 will not disperse unless met with mild hostility terminated. Protest-level events may escalate to Riot- or Star-level events unless dispersed within 1 hour of initial formation.

The targets of SCP-3508 deal with affairs that would not be considered engaging to a child. Protest-level events will not target locations with affairs relating to adolescents, the intellectually disabled, buildings occupied by one or more instance of SCP-3508-1, children's entertainment, or the like.

Addendum-03: On 06/05/20 , the Foundation was alerted to a Protest-Level event surrounding the perimeter of the office headquarters of , Inc., involving 54 instances of SCP-3508. Upon arrival to the scene of the event, several instances began to throw small stones at Foundation personnel. Researcher Davis was struck once in his left eye, prompting a loud cry of pain, to which all present instances of SCP-3508 ceased activity and turned to Davis. Following 13 seconds of silence and inactivity from SCP-3508, instances collectively abandoned their picket signs and began to throw stones at personnel. Two members of Foundation personnel were escorted to a nearby hospital to be treated for soft tissue laceration, dental trauma, and corneal abrasions.

This is considered to be the first occurrence of a Riot-Level event.

+ Riot-Level Event

Instances of SCP-3508 will stage riots between the hours of 18:00 and 02:00 in both commercial and residential areas inhabited by individuals associated with typical Protest-Level event targets. Chants commonly heard during Riot-Level events will become scattered

and infrequent shouting from random instances, often coupled with violent acts. SCP-3508 have been witnessed wielding Molotov cocktails, explosives fashioned from readily-available materials, smoke grenades, and mustard gas. All Riot-Level events have resulted in states of emergency for the area in which they occur. Riot-Level events cannot be contained until all involved instances of SCP-3508 have been terminated. As of 01/13/20 , individuals have been harmed during Protest-Level events.

Addendum-04: On 06/26/20 , an envelope addressed to the Foundation was discovered posted to the door of Site Director Dowe. The sender of the document within the envelope has yet to be identified, but personnel have attributed the document to SCP-3508-Prime. The document, henceforth designated as Document-3508-2, shows a remarkable improvement in grammatical and syntactical structure compared to Document-3508-1, despite being attributed to the same author. SCP-3508-Prime had escaped Foundation containment several days prior to the document's discovery, and the means by which it delivered the document are currently unknown.

Following the discovery of Document-3508-2, 15 Riot-Level events occurred at 7 Foundation sites, resulting in minor containment breaches and $, in damages to property and person. How SCP-3508 uncovered the classified locations of Foundation sites is unknown.

+ Document-3508-2

Dear Mr. Richard Dowe,

We have come to the understanding that you and your organization have been involved in the process of making big, bad grown-ups for the past century. Individuals under your employment have grown to show disinterest in their best friends, leading to our neglect and emotional distraught. Your interference has ruined the relationship of countless stuffed

animals and their caretakers, and for this reason, we have no other option than to sabotage your current endeavors.

Thank you,
Angel Cake of Soft & Squishy Stuffed Animals
P.S. David, I miss you dearly. Let's play Super Smash Bros again sometime, okay?

+ Star-Level Event

Only 5 Star-Level events have occurred to date, and have resulted in the deaths of individuals involved.

Instances of SCP-3508 will appear within the residence of an individual whose organization has been may be sought out during Protest-Level events. Star-Level events may last between 10 minutes and 16 hours, and are carried out by anywhere between 3 and 30 instances of SCP-3508. The event will initiate with an instance of SCP-3508 activating a video camera, which will stream footage of the event to a hijacked public access television network. All documented events have shown the camera to be pointed at the victim, whom has been blindfolded and bound to a chair.[7] An instance of SCP-3508 will either initiate an interrogation process, or a torture process.

Interrogation processes often include questioning regarding the practices of the victim's organization, reasons for why the organization has been operating, knowledge regarding the effects of the organization's practices on SCP-3508, and reasons as to why the organization has begun to "interfere" with the perceived relationships of SCP-3508 and SCP-3508-1. Torture involved in interrogation processes has been limited to occurrences in which the victim does not wish to speak, or displays other forms of non-compliance. SCP-3508 will limit physical torture to mild lacerations, electrocution of an unknown voltage, and waterboarding.

Torture processes seldom include questioning beyond the rhetorical, and involve practices far more extreme than those seen in interrogation processes. Practices involved have included:

- Removal of finger and toenails
- Bone fracture
- Disembowelment and force-feeding
- Tooth extraction
- Tickle torture
- Hamstringing and then made to "walk"
- Genital mutilation

These processes are carried out with no end goal for the victim other than death. As questioning is minimally involved, it is theorized that torture processes are designed to inspire fear in witnesses of the event, in order to prevent abandonment of SCP-3508 by SCP-3508-1.

The following footage was recovered from a torture process broadcast on [REDACTED] prior to Foundation interference. Video footage has been censored, and audio footage has been coupled with a transcription of events.

The victim of the event has since been identified as Mr. Peter . Mr. is the regional manager of the pharmaceutical company, "[REDACTED]". He has one daughter, age 6, whom owns no stuffed animals (SCP-3508 or otherwise) and is tutored daily in mathematics.

Transcript:

[The channel cuts to static as the camera switches on. The camera is jostled, and then sat on a flat surface. The dim light reveals a disheveled man bound to a wooden dining room chair and blindfolded. He grunts and

struggles against his restraints. Giggling and high-pitched laughter is audible from numerous sources behind the camera. A single instance of SCP-3508, a mint green rabbit designated as SCP-3508-A, approaches the bound man.]

SCP-3508-A: Hi, Mister ! Please, don't try to struggle! You're getting a time out for all the bad things you've done. Time outs are a good thing for bad people!

[Several instances behind the camera cheer in agreement with SCP-3508-A. SCP-3508-A takes a step closer to Mr. , then turns to face the camera momentarily.]

SCP-3508-A: Oh, oh! Say 'hi' to all our friends out there watching on their TVs! You're gonna be super famous, Mr. !

SCP-3508-A: Can you say hi to the camera?

[The footage stutters. The camera shifts, revealing a number of SCP-3508, hidden mostly by the darkness. Several are wearing strips of cloth tied around their mouths, appendages, and bodies. A glint of metal is visible just beyond the instances. The instances say 'hello' to the camera, as instructed. The camera swivels back to its original position. Mr. 's breathing has quieted, and he has become still.]

SCP-3508-A: Me and my friends know that you've been trying real hard to take us away from our mommies, and our daddies, and our super duper bestest friends! You make 'em think they gots to grow up, and then be a big ol' stinky adult, and leave us at home!

[The murmuring of one instance is audible. SCP-3508-A lowers its voice to a stage whisper as it creeps closer to Mr. , staring up at him.]

SCP-3508-A: Because of you, now they get bored of us real quick and put us in the attic. And we wait there. We wait for a long time.

[The footage stutters once more. SCP-3508-A raises its voice.]

SCP-3508-A: Do you know what it's like to wait for a long time? Say, 'really bad!'

[Instances of SCP-3508 chime in, all crying 'really bad' from different locations behind the camera. SCP-3508-A pauses, turns to the camera, smiles, and waves. It turns back to Mr. , and climbs up onto his lap.]

SCP-3508-A: That's why we came right here to your house so we can play with you!

[An instance of SCP-3508 scuttles onscreen to offer an unidentified tool to SCP-3508-A. SCP-3508-A takes it in both hands and settles it on the left index and middle fingers of Mr. .]

SCP-3508-A: Okay, here goes!

[There is a distinct crunching as the tool severs Mr. 's index finger, and Mr. lurches forward as he cries out. One bloody finger falls to the ground in view of the camera. SCP-3508-A situates the tool against his middle finger again, opening and closing it to show that the finger is still halfway intact at the bone. It clamps the tool down again, this time successfully. Squelching is audible as

SCP-3508-A drives a pointed piece of the tool into the open stumps of Mr. 's hand. It smiles up at him with childlike innocence.]

SCP-3508-A: You can cry, Mister! It makes the boo-boos feel all better! Do you wanna say 'sorry' for making us wait a big, long time? Say, 'sorry!'

[Mr. writhes in agony in his seat. SCP-3508-A moves to stand on the arm of his chair as it pokes his cheek with one soiled arm.]

SCP-3508-A: 'Sorry!'

[Mr. drops his chin and retches into his lap. Bile splashes onto the chest of SCP-3508, who grins widely down at the stains.]

SCP-3508-A: Where is your heart, Mister? Do bad grown-ups even have one?

[SCP-3508-A looks back behind the camera, and begins to giggle. The grinding of metal fills the room as a number of instances raise a circular saw to the level of the arm chair. Mr. shrieks as the saw begins to spin and emit a deafening grinding noise. The instances of SCP-3508 push the circular saw closer, mere inches at a time. The edge of the circular saw tears into the folds of his shirt and shreds the fabric with ease. The video persists just until the circular saw reaches the stomach of Mr. . The screen cuts to an emergency broadcast notice, and an alarm sounds.]

Emergency broadcast announcer: This is your emergency alert system. This message was transmitted by request of —

[The screen falters and cuts to black.]

Footnotes

1. SCP-3508 includes a disclaimer against bodily harm and property damage, and warning label on the bottom panel of each box. SCP-3508's anomalous properties do not become present until they are removed from their packaging.
2. SCP-3508 may refer to instances of SCP-3508-1 by any other name, including but not limited to Mommy/Daddy, Big Brother/Sister, and Best Friend.
3. Instances of SCP-3508 that are not bonded will display cognitive levels identical to an average American 5-year-old.
4. Typically 40+ instances.
5. Buildings and organizations involved in Protest-Level events have been noted to house corporate offices, government facilities, or activities involving political affairs.
6. Phrases have included "let us love", "kids forever", "play with us", "we love you", and "friends for change".
7. Methods of restraint have included rope, electrical wire, jump-rope cords, and duct tape.

SCP-3509: The Test Chamber

Image taken inside the control room of the underground complex prior to the incident that turned the location into SCP-3509.

Item #: SCP-3509

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An appointed team of qualified researchers are to monitor the interior of SCP-3509 at all times using its own system of cameras, microphones and speakers. The teams are to deliver provisions to its current resident through the elevator that connects SCP-3509 with the rest of the Site. It will also provide any help necessary to said resident in order to fulfill whichever task SCP-3509 demands of it. The appointed team leader will have discretionary authority over the best course of approach towards those demands.

A single Class-D personnel is required to reside inside SCP-3509 at any given time. A log of its activities is to be kept up to date by the researcher team. In case of its decease or termination, another subject will be sent to occupy the vacancy.

Any Class-D assigned at SCP-3509 are required to get a perfect score in the standardized Foundation test N-051-RP, which measures the obedience and compliance of the subject. Those that also show signs of introversion or tendency to isolation will be given priority to be selected.

The newly selected Class-D personnel is to be injected with a very small explosive charge that can be remotely activated inside its thoracic chamber prior their entry. This is because the technical difficulties SCP-3509 creates to regular termination procedures once the subject is inside. The researcher team is to terminate the subject in case of disobedience or inability to comply with the order provided by SCP-3509.

In the light of the proprieties of SCP-3509, the need to rotate the Class-D personnel has been deemed unnecessary as long as the previous procedures are being followed.

Description: SCP-3509 is an underground complex with the surface of square meters, being equipped with a control room, a testing chamber, living quarters and a restroom. It is located meters under the bottom floor of Site- . Its only entrance is an elevator that connects it with the observation room located at Section of the site. Prior to becoming SCP-3509, this underground complex was used as a testing facility by the Foundation, where experimentation and stress tests were realized on SCP-3509 and anomalous items to observe their reactions in extreme situations.

SCP-3509 started showing anomalous effects after / /2001, when the Foundation carried out inside its test chamber the failed experiment on [REDACTED], and the subsequent incident on the eight day of continuous testing. This incident caused the members of the foundation present on the complex to experience an adverse effect similar to what would later be called SCP-3509-B, with the exception of a sole survivor which became its first resident. The object experimented upon was later retrieved without apparent change on SCP-3509.

The following is a compilation of any of anomalous effects observed within SCP-3509:

- SCP-3509 will constantly give commands to its resident, one at a time. To issue each order, an unidentified synthesized voice will sound through the speakers of the complex. This voice is to be referred as SCP-3509-A. Said order is observed to be seemingly random most of the times, ranging from inane to extremely hazardous to the subject. So far it has never given an order that was physically impossible to achieve. The reason why it continues to give those commands is unknown.
- When an order is given, a display in the control room of the underground complex will show a countdown. The amount of time varies between a minute and a few days, with the longest time recorded being 9 days. Experimentation has shown that both the order and the countdown will be given even if no resident is currently inside SCP-3509 or if the previous

inhabitant has perished.

- SCP-3509 only accepts human beings as its residents and will require them to personally fulfill the order. Any other attempts by third persons outside SCP-3509 or by animals and electronic mechanisms sent inside will be ignored. A human resident may still use the help of the previous to achieve the expected result, as long as the inhabitant contributes in a significant way to the fulfillment of the order.
- After an order is successfully carried out, SCP-3509 will confirm its accomplishment. It seems to be impossible to conceal the fulfillment of any command inside it regardless of the method.
- The confirmation of the accomplishment will cause the countdown to be turned off and SCP-3509-A will congratulate the resident. Afterwards it will remain silent during an hour until the announcement of its next order.
- Any living resident attempting to leave SCP-3509 will suffer a series of physical changes that will eventually lead to its death on the way up during the elevator ride or if they try to escape using alternative methods. The only way to survive at that point is re-entering SCP-3509 before any critical damage has been received, as it will halt the process. Those changes vary from individual to individual. Some observed instances of the process are: The creation of multiple lacerations across the body of the subject, melting of the limbs and torso, decomposition of their body as they are still alive, transformation of their living tissue into a glass-like substance, the continuous generation of metal sharpnel inside the body among others. This process will be named SCP-3509-B. The current observed radius outside SCP-3509 for this effect to take place is meters.
- Any living human that tries to enter SCP-3509 while it already has another resident will also be affected by SCP-3509-B. However other entities like inanimate objects, animals, plants or human corpses have been shown be able to enter and leave it completely unharmed.
- If multiple subjects enter at the same time while SCP-3509 is unoccupied, all of them but one will end up suffering the effects of SCP-3509-B. The surviving subject will be physically unharmed, but will usually have to be terminated due to its

highly unstable psychological state after having witnessed what happened to the other subjects. See Addendum 3509-2 for more details.
- Any attempts to breach the underground complex by any other means have ended in failure. Currently no further attempts are allowed.
- It has been observed that SCP-3509 has at least some degree of sentience and consciousness of itself, as shown on some logs in Addendum 3509-1.
- In the only instance that the order wasn't fulfilled in time, the area of effect of SCP-3509-B began expanding at an alarming rate, affecting multiple SCP Foundation staff and Class-D present on the Site. See: Addendum 3509-2 for more details.

Besides the aforementioned, no other anomalous phenomena can be observed neither on SCP-3509 nor its resident. If the subject is complying and is able to complete tasks ordered by SCP-3509, it can survive within it during long periods of time. The record time of a resident surviving within the complex has been for 5 years. In some instances the observer team observed traces akin that of symbiotic nature between SCP-3509 and its resident, however these behaviors are not frequent as SCP-3509 usually shows very little regard to the well-being of its inhabitant.

At the current point in time it has not been fully tested what happens if an order given by SCP-3509 is disobeyed, as so far every single order it has given has been eventually carried out, albeit one outside the time limit. The Foundation's experts on theoretical approach hypothesize that due to the events surrounding the incident detailed in Addendum 3509-2, it is very likely that in the event of complete disobedience, it could indefinitely expand the area of effect of SCP-3509-B. This possible event would create uncountable losses for the Foundation and the loss of Site- as a whole or worse. Based on that hypothesis, O5- decided that an obedient approach of having expendable personnel obeying the orders that SCP-3509 gave was a safer and more cost-effective option than the possible alternative. Thus any experimentation based on disobeying the order or letting the timer run out again have been prohibited.

Addendum 3509-01:

The following is an excerpt of some of the logs kept by the researcher team tasked with SCP-3509 to be used as reference:

Day: / /2002.
Resident: D-3541
Order: Jump.
Time limit: 5 hours
Result: The Class-D complied almost immediately, no assistance was required.

Day: / /2002.
Resident: D-3541
Order: Study calculus for three hours straight.
Time limit: 12 hours and 20 minutes
Result: The Class-D was provided with calculus reference books and asked to study them. One member of the researcher team offered to tutor him across the site's speakers.

Day: / /2002.
Resident: D-3541
Order: Rip out your nails from your left hand.
Time limit: 27 minutes.
Result: The researcher team provided a pair of pliers through the elevator. Although strongly reticent, the subject complied. Disinfectant and bandages were provided by the team after the event.

Day: / /2002.
Resident: D-3541
Order: Dance the "Macarena".
Time limit: 3 hours and 1 minute.
Result: D-3541 told the researcher team that he didn't know the dance. The researcher team provided a television with a video tape that demonstrated the steps of the dance. After some attempts, D-3541 achieved to do a dance sufficient enough for the order to be deemed accomplished.

Day: / /2003.
Resident: D-3557

Order: The floors are dirty, clean them.
Time limit: 5 hours and 49 minutes.
Result: The researcher team provided D-3557 with cleaning tools and it proceeded to obey the required task. The statement "The floors are dirty" was found to be most unusual, as SCP-3509-A hadn't said this kind of comment on an object before besides the congratulatory message at the fulfillment of an order.

Day: / /2003.
Residents: D-3557 (Terminated), D-4286.
Order: Write a poem.
Time limit: 1 hour and 30 minutes
Result: The Class-D told to the research team that he was an illiterate. After a discussion within the team it was decided that trying to teach D-3557 how to write in that short amount of time was highly unlikely. D-3557 was terminated through the explosive charge in his chest and a replacement was sent. This replacement was tasked to write the poem once the elevator had reached its destination before exploring the rest of the complex. Once SCP-3509 congratulated her, the research team asked her to dispose of the corpse of the previous resident through the elevator.
Note: It seems that when the elevator is on the entrance of the underground complex SCP-3509 recognizes it as part of itself, allowing its resident to carry its orders inside it. This should be noted for further reference. - Team director Dr. Karam

Day: / /2004.
Residents: D-4311(Terminated), Junior Researcher Garcia
Order: Smoke a cigarette.
Time limit: 1 minute.
Result: See Addendum 3509-2

Day: / /2004.
Residents: Junior Researcher Garcia (Deceased), D-4371

Order: Dance claque.
Time limit: 1 day, 2 hours and 56 minutes
Result: Junior Researcher Garcia committed suicide. A new Class-D resident was sent to carry out the order as well as to retrieve the remains of the Junior Researcher.

Day: / /2005.
Residents: D-4401
Order: Sing out loud the song "YMCA" by the "Village People".
Time limit: 9 hours 42 minutes.
Result: D-4401 showed signs of stage fright and told the researcher team that he was feeling too self-conscious to sing. The researcher team reasoned and encouraged it for a period of time until the Class-D suggested that he would feel more comfortable singing if the researcher team sang along with him through the speakers. After a short discussion within the team it was decided that it would be easier to humor the Class-D than preparing another substitute, and agred to the subject's request. The order was subsequently fulfilled without further incident.

Day: / /2006.
Residents: D-4441
Order: Do a hundred push-ups and a hundred sit-ups.
Time limit: 24 hours.
Result: Due to the extremely poor physical state of D-4441, problems arose as it seemed to be unable to finish the regimen in time. The researcher team spent the day giving the Class-D encouragement and teaching it techniques to facilitate the fulfillment of the order. It was eventually accomplished by the 22nd hour mark with signs of exhaustion on the Class-D.

Day: / /2006.
Residents: D-4441
Order: Pet a koala.
Time limit: 2 hours.
Result: One Mobile Task Force team was sent post-

haste to the closest zoo to retrieve a specimen, managing its recovery and transportation within the allocated time. After the order was fulfilled, the specimen was returned and amnestics were administered to any witnesses of the operation.

Day: / /2008.
Residents: D-5026
Order: Do not say "My uncle Steve has a big cow".
Time limit: 7 days 16 hours and 33 minutes
Result: This was the first instance SCP-3509 gave an order of inaction. Since it was unknown at the time how would it deem the inaction as fulfilled, any possible precautionary measures were took to ensure the safety of the Site. D-5026 was forbidden to open his mouth aside from eating and drinking until further notice. The researcher team closely monitored D-5026 at all times to ensure termination in case of any attempt at speaking. As the countdown kept descending without any indication of fulfillment of the order, an emergency meeting was called to discuss the situation with the Site Director other chief staff from the Foundation. During the last hour of the time limit an evacuation on all personnel in-site was issued, and the use of omega nuclear warheads was prepared for the worst-case scenario. At the last second, SCP-3509-A gave the announcement of order fulfilled and added that its resident could now say whatever it wanted. Once the crisis was deemed to be averted, the Foundation staff returned to their regular activities and the incident was disguised as a security drill. Afterwards, D-5026 commented how easy this order had been compared to previous ones since he didn't have any uncle called Steve.

Day: / /2009.
Residents: D-5026.
Order: Repair the broken lamp.
Time limit: 6 days 3 hours and 4 minutes.
Result: D-5026 was given the materials and instructions by the team to repair the lightbulb that was accidentally

shattered during the previous order of "Play racquetball by yourself for five minutes".

Day: / /2009.
Residents: D-5026 (Deceased).
Order: Walk three meters on a tight rope
Time limit: 3 days 5 hours and 15 minutes.
Result: The researcher team provided the materials for the Class-D to make an improvised tight-rope inside the facility. Several attempts were made by D-5026 during the course of the first two days. At the last attempt, just as SCP-3509-A gave the congratulatory message, D-5026 slipped and hit its head on a table, causing skull fracture and internal hemorrhage. Due the inability of the researcher team to provide effective medical aid in time caused by the inherent characteristics of SCP-3509, D-5026 perished of blood loss.

Day: / /2011.
Residents: D-5584.
Order: Write erotic fanfiction featuring your parents
Time limit: 7 hours and 28 minutes.
Result: At the beginning D-5584 strongly refused to comply until the research team threatened to terminate it. The audiovisual recordings showed the Class-D writing something on a piece of paper and immediately tearing it apart after SCP-3509-A gave the congratulatory announcement.

Day: / /2013.
Residents: D-5584.
Order: Completely immerse yourself in sulfuric acid
Time limit: 5 days 12 hours and 1 minute.
Result: The researcher team provided a tank full of sulfuric acid through the elevator and a hazmat suit. After D-5544 had been reassured that the suit would protect him from any major burns he decided to comply. Treatment materials for second-degree chemical burns, as well as telephonic assistance on how to apply them was provided after the testing.

Day: / /2013.
Residents: D-5584.
Order: Ride an elevator
Time limit: 1 day 2 hours and 3 minutes.
Result: Discussion of making D-5584 use the entrance elevator took place within the researcher team. It was ultimately decided against it for ethical reasons and instead a small mini-elevator was built and sent inside SCP-3509 to fulfill the order.

Day: / /2015.
Residents: D-5584.
Order: Good job, you may now exit SCP-3509 and bring in a new test subject.
Time limit: 9 days.
Result: Permission was given at D-5584 to use the main elevator by the researcher team. This has been the only instance of someone being able to leave the underground complex without being affected by SCP-3509-B. Another Class-D was sent inside SCP-3509, which marked the order as fulfilled. Further testings showed that, barring this exception, SCP-3509-B still occurs every time anyone else tries to exit, and continues functioning as if this incident never happened. When interrogated about it, D-5584 claimed to have no knowledge why only he was allowed to leave. D-5584 has been administered Class-A amnestics and repurposed at another location.

Addendum 3509-02:

The following is a compilation of documents recording the Containment Breach caused by SCP-3509 on / /2004.

Document 1: E-mail from the team director to the research team sent the day prior to the Containment Breach

FROM: Team director Dr. Karam
TO: Dr. Cobb, Dr. Zhurov, Junior Researcher Garcia, Research Assistant Tanaka.
SUBJECT: Experimentation on the behavior of

SCP-3509.

A test is scheduled for tomorrow. This test is to measure how will SCP-3509 react if multiple living individuals try to enter at the same time. The test will begin immediately after the current resident fulfills any order issued by SCP-3509 after 8:30. When the order is fulfilled, the resident will be terminated and four Class-D will be sent down with the elevator simultaneously. I expect all of you to be prepared and ready to deal with any unexpected consequences.

Dr. Karam

Document 2: Excerpt of the telephonic interview with Junior Researcher Garcia, the resident at the time of SCP-3509, taken an hour after the stabilization of the Containment Breach. Recorded by Agent 58, leader of the squadron sent to investigate the current events, using the telephone situated on the researcher team's observation room.

Agent 58: Who is it?

Junior Researcher Garcia: Thank God someone picked the phone… Thank God…

Agent 58: This is Agent 58, leader of the squadron , who am I talking to?

Junior Researcher Garcia: I'm Garcia, a junior researcher. My ID Number is .

Agent 58: From where are you calling from?

Junior Researcher Garcia: …I'm inside SCP-3509.

Agent 58: According to the information given to me, only Class-D are usually sent inside SCP-3509.

Junior Researcher Garcia: Yeah, that's… Shit!… That's usually right.

Agent 58: And how come a Junior Researcher has entered it?

Junior Researcher Garcia: Well, the incident happened and I couldn't think anything else than getting on the elevator.

Agent 58: Wait. Are you telling me that you were present during the incident?

Junior Researcher Garcia: Yes, fuck!, I was there. I am… was assigned to the researcher team for SCP-3509.

Agent 58: Hold on a minute.

[Background noises of Agent 58 speaking through a walkie-talkie.]

Agent 58: Sir, I would like to ask for your cooperation to relate your account of the events that happened today from 09:37 hours to 12:56 hours.

Junior Researcher Garcia: Well, we had this test programmed in which we were supposed to send multiple Class-D inside SCP-3509. During the test we observed that all of them but one became affected by particularly gruesome manifestations of SCP-3509-B. The, Shhh fuck it hurts! the cameras showed that the surviving Class-D ran away from the elevator once it opened its doors and sat on a corner of the control room, cradling his head and moved back and forth. Please, may I ask for some first aid supplies and painkillers? I'm hurt and I could really use them.

Agent 58: Let me consult my superiors.
[Background noises of Agent 58 speaking through a walkie-talkie.]

Agent 58: Okay, I've been granted permission to provide the required items, they will be sent by the elevator at the

entrance.

Junior Researcher Garcia: Thank you. Thank you very much. Hold on still while I crawl to get them.

Agent 58: Crawl?

[No response. Thirty minutes of silence occasionally interrupted by walkie-talkie conversation sounds coming from Agent 58]

Junior Researcher Garcia: Okay, I'm back. I owe you a big one. Although I feel kind of dizzy now.

Agent 58: Please continue your report. You may rest afterwards.

Junior Researcher Garcia: Fine. Upon seeing the results of the test the team director assembled the rest of the group and we discussed whether if we should terminate the Class-D immediately or if we should wait and see if he would regain enough self-control to obey the next order. We decided on the latter to avoid wasting even more Class-D today. Then the voice spoke and… that happened.

Agent 58: What happened?

Junior Researcher Garcia: "Smoke a cigarette" the voice said, and gave a time limit of one minute. One. Freaking. Minute. The least that SCP-3509 had ever gave before were fifteen minutes! And the order that time was for the resident to scratch its nose, for crying out loud!"

Agent 58: Calm down. How did the team react?"

Junior Researcher Garcia: It was chaos. We had been instructed to not let the timer run out after all. Not until further testing could be carried out at least. Dr. Karam started yelling at the Class-D to react through the facility's speakers, but he would just not do anything but

keep crying. Dr. Cobb, started yelling orders about terminating the Class-D and sending another one with some smokes and a lighter. Aki [Research Assistant Tanaka] also threw some of her own cigarettes inside of the elevator. Me, on the other hand, just stood there like an idiot… Fuck.

Agent 58: Did the countdown reach zero?

Junior Researcher Garcia: Yes.

Agent 58: Please explain what happened at that moment.

Junior Researcher Garcia: As the countdown ended the whole underground complex flashed some red lights and the surviving Class-D inside began to scream as his whole body was affected by SCP-3509-B while still being inside SCP-3509. It was different than other instances previously observed, as it went slower, and, based on my own experience, it seemed much, much more painful. It started by the plant of his feet, turning them into ashes in his case. That soon spread to his legs and lower torso. The subject could not stop screaming and we, the team, stared in terror as he twisted and turned in agony. The next thing we knew is that our own bodies started being affected by SCP-3509-B as well, despite being outside of its usual range of action. Dr. Cobb hurriedly pressed the switch to terminate the subject.
That wasn't enough to stop our own ailment though. I saw them all die, one after another. I heard screams outside the observation room, as well as someone yelling that the backup Class-D was attempting escape. It was hell. The image of Aki screaming as her skin began opening up multiple holes that showed her insides is something I don't think I will ever be able to live down.

Agent 58: Hold up, there's something that I don't understand. If you say that everyone around you died because of SCP-3509-B, how come that you are still alive?

Junior Researcher Garcia: I… don't know why. At the beginning, SCP-3509-B started wrecking my feet at the same rate as everyone else. But then, somehow, it started to consume me slower. I don't really get it myself, but I think it slowed down on me alone after Dr. Cobb terminated the Class-D for some reason. My best guess is that SCP-3509 had already selected me as its next resident by then, but that's just my hypothesis.

Agent 58: Noted. Continue.

Junior Researcher Garcia: At that moment I couldn't think of anything. I was confused and hurting. I didn't know what to do, just that I needed to stop that somehow. I acted without thinking, and using what remained of my legs I entered the elevator, pushing the button to go down.

Agent 58: So you entered there voluntarily, despite knowing the consequences?

Junior Researcher Garcia: I was desperate, okay? I realized what a blunder I had made as soon as the doors closed, and sat down as SCP-3509-B continued to consume my flesh. I knew I was gonna die there, and nothing mattered anymore. That's when I looked down and saw on the floor the cigarettes that Aki had thrown before. I think at that point I was experiencing an adrenaline rush because, despite the pain, I thought "You know what? Why not have one last smoke?". I grabbed the cigarette and started smoking it. That's when the lights flashed white and the other door to the elevator opened. I heard SCP-3509-A's voice giving the same line it says every time the order is fulfilled. However, it added at the end something that I'd never heard before, that "it would not allow for any other delays in fulfilling the order".

Agent 58: I see. Hold on one moment.

[Background noises of Agent 58 speaking through a

walkie-talkie.]

Agent 58: Okay, that would be sufficient for now. My most sincere condolences for what happened to you, sir.

Junior Researcher Garcia: Don't need them. Just tell me if there are other people alive on the Site.

Agent 58: Yes. Although, some heavy losses have occurred in the closest sectors, most of the Site's personnel has survived. Regrettably, your team…

Junior Researcher Garcia: I know… Well, if that's everything I think I will rest for now, these painkillers are really kicking in.

[The synthesized voice of SCP-3509-A sounds on the receiver "Next testing procedure order: Curse out loud. Time limit: forty minutes."]

Junior Researcher Garcia: …Fuck my life.

[The synthesized voice of SCP-3509-A sounds on the receiver "Order fulfilled. Congratulations on the success of the test. A following test will be performed shortly."]

[END OF EXCERPT]

Document 3: O5- directive issued after the containment breach.

Due to a containment breach of SCP-3509's hazardous properties, a total of members of the Foundation passed away and were severely injured in an area of cubic meters surrounding it. Since then it has been observed that the area of effect of SCP-3509-B has progressively went back to its original size. Our experts have determined that if it weren't for the actions of Junior Researcher Garcia, the area of the adverse effect would have increased to undetermined lengths.
In light of these recent events, it has been decided that any experiment regarding the disobedience or reaching the time limit of the countdown of the order issued by

SCP-3509 is absolutely prohibited.

O5-

SCP-3510: Not Another New World Order!

Item #: SCP-3510

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3510 cannot be physically contained. Protocol RED LONGINUS will be performed every three months by Mobile Task Force Delta-99 ("Illuminaughty") as a means of containment until a permanent method of preventing SCP-3510-B's formation can be developed. Foundation assets within national governments and corporations will monitor for signs of SCP-3510.

Protocol RED LONGINUS consists of the assassination of a minor political figure or outspoken conspiracy theorist by MTF Δ-99. Said subject must have been involved in political movements regarding major changes to their country's government or conspiracy theories involving secretive totalitarian world governments. The assassination will be performed in a manner that resembles a suicide or fatal accident, with evidence to suggest that they were assassinated by an outside force. This evidence may include the following:

- A low likelihood for the subject to commit suicide
- A low likelihood for the accident in question to occur
- The death being caused by methods the subject is unlikely to use or succeed at using
- Items used in the assassination left at the crime scene by task force members
- Monitoring devices left at the residency of the subject
- The assassination being performed after the subject generates significant media attention
- Objects left at the site of the assassination depicting iconography associated with "New World Order" conspiracy theories

The amount of evidence left behind will vary depending on subject.

Additionally, MTF Δ-99 may temporarily monitor related persons in a manner that causes them to become openly paranoid about surveillance.

In the event that the continued performance of Protocol RED LONGINUS fails to prevent the formation of SCP-3510-B, MTF Δ-99 will begin assassinating major political figures. Protocol VIOLET IDES will be initiated if manifestations near global levels, with the Foundation temporarily taking control of national governments until manifestations decrease. Collaboration with the **Global Occult Coalition** may be undertaken to achieve this.

Description: SCP-3510 is an unknown anomaly that can affect subjects in positions of major governmental or economic control. Affected subjects (hereafter referred at as SCP-3510-A instances) will believe that they are a member of "New Providence," (SCP-3510-B) a global organization claimed to exert control over all national governments and large corporations. The exact aims of SCP-3510-B are unclear due to the resistance of SCP-3510-A instances to providing information[1], though known details include:

- The manipulation of mass media to positively portray SCP-3510-A instances
- The manipulation of the world economy to provide SCP-3510-A instances with additional wealth
- The creation of global military conflicts to put SCP-3510-A instances in higher positions of power

SCP-3510-A instances will attempt to collaborate with other instances to form SCP-3510-B, regardless of past interactions between them. SCP-3510 may begin affecting other subjects that work for SCP-3510-A controlled institutions at this point, convincing them that they are operatives for SCP-3510-B.

Due to measures taken by the Foundation the behavior of SCP-3510-B once operating on a large scale is unknown. The only observed behavior has been attempts at hiding the existence of SCP-3510-B from the public, which occurs even when no persons outside of the organization is aware of it. These attempts mainly include the surveillance and assassination of conspiracy theorists, political figures in opposition of SCP-3510-A instances, and in three

cases unrelated persons. All attempts have instead increased awareness to the organization, primarily among groups related to conspiracy theories.

The only known method to prevent the formation of SCP-3510-B is for the Foundation to mimic the behaviors of the anomaly and similar organizations present in conspiracy theories. This will eventually induce amnesia in SCP-3510-A instances and other SCP-3510 affected subjects, making them forget all experiences associated with SCP-3510-B and causing it to become defunct. The process forms SCP-3510-B within the Foundation albeit in a significantly limited and controllable state. Continued mimicking severely decreases the chances of SCP-3510 manifesting, though it does not entirely prevent it.

Discovery: SCP-3510 was discovered after Agents Kristopher Vega and Daniel Morrow[2] died in January of 1991. Agent Vega had died from carbon monoxide poisoning in a car[3] with his hands handcuffed behind his back. A suicide note was found on the dashboard, written in a different handwriting than Vega's. Agent Morrow was found dead in his apartment building with an antique sword he had owned piercing through his neck, apparently having fallen off of its wall mounted display. Both deaths were ruled as having been caused by an outside party, though the only additional details investigators found were scraps of paper displaying a variation of the Eye of Providence religious symbol.

Similar deaths with the Eye of Providence found at the crime scene were reported in following months, occurring in the United States, Italy, Japan, Denmark, and the Soviet Union. All cases were deemed non-anomalous in nature, though the death of another agent and the presence of a Foundation-issued walkie-talkie at one crime scene prompted Foundation involvement. An investigation found that all of the victims had been openly opposing the policies of select politicians within their national governments.

These six politicians were found to be visiting New York City, and were tracked by Mobile Task Force Kappa-2 ("Dewey Won") to the Roosevelt Hotel on 20-March-1991. All methods of contact with the team were immediately lost when they covertly entered the building. Five heavily burnt cadavers, wearing the same clothing as the

agents, were found in the Hudson River the following day. All of the politicians were reported missing at this time as well. The number of deaths of Foundation personnel within government organizations increased over the next month.

An Ethics Committee investigation of the O5 Council in April found the Eye of Providence carved on the walls of O5-1's office, finding that she had become an SCP-3510-A instance. Based on notes left in her office and interrogation, O5-1 had been using MTF K-2[4] and additional task forces for the assassination of Foundation personnel since the formation of this iteration of SCP-3510-B. The only motivation O5-1 gave was "to secure the world the right way." O5-1 and involved task forces were detained on 5-April-1991, though MTF K-2 did not return to the Foundation until 1992. SCP-3510 was classified as an anomaly at this time.

The six politicians and CIA Director William H. Webster were detained in March when all seven were spotted exiting a private jet at the Richmond International Airport. SCP-3510-B activity continued despite this, suggesting that the anomaly was not dependent on the original members of the organization. Based on how SCP-3510-A instances said variations on them "filling a gap in the world that had to be filled" when interrogated for motivations, researchers slowly developed the current containment procedures for SCP-3510. By the start of 1992 this first iteration of SCP-3510-B (designated SCP-3510-B1) became defunct. All former SCP-3510-A instances were amnesticized to remove memories of detainment then released, with monitoring undertaken until they were found to be uninvolved with SCP-3510. The only former instance not to be released was O5-1, who died in her cell after drinking a cup of water containing high quantities of hydrochloric acid.

Footnotes
1. Attempts at using cognitohazards for this purpose invariably result in the subjects providing irrelevant information.
2. Two undercover Foundation agents who had been operating within the United States Central Intelligence Agency.
3. Agent Vega did not own a car at this time. The car was later found to have been stolen a month prior.
4. The cadavers found in the Hudson River have not been identified.

SCP-3511: Reach Out And Touch

Item #: SCP-3511

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3511 no longer exhibits anomalous properties, and therefore requires minimal containment. One Foundation agent is to monitor SCP-3511 in case its anomalous properties reemerge. In this event, refer to previous containment procedures.

+ Previous Containment Procedures

SCP-3511 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell furnished with reasonable amenities and furniture. SCP-3511 is to meet with the Site therapist once per week. All attempts to detain SCP-3511 are to be undertaken with the use of remote-controlled, non-combat drones. SCP-3511's meals are not to include meat.

Description: SCP-3511 is a female human of Latin American descent, 170 cm in height and 65 kg. SCP-3511 is anemic and is prone to poor blood circulation as well as fainting spells.

SCP-3511's anomalous properties only affect living biological organisms from the kingdom *Animalia*. Any such matter coming within 7cm of SCP-3511 is repelled. This force does not exert itself on SCP-3511.

Recovery Log: The Foundation was alerted to SCP-3511 when radioscanners detected the following conversation on a small radio show produced out of Oaklin, Wisconsin.

+ Radio Transcript

Host A: I'm Jim.

Host B: And I'm Carrey.

Host A: And welcome to Jim and Carrey Fix Strangers' Problems. Today we'll be taking calls from people dealing with child problems!

Host B: And problem children!

Host A: Okay, here's our first caller. Hello?

Caller: Hello.

Host A and Host B: Hi!

Host A: So, I assume you're having children problems.

Caller: I— yeah. Yeah, I do.

Host B: Well, we're all ears.

Caller: So, I'm a teacher, and I have this one student. Really quiet girl.

Host A: You know what they say!

Host B: The silent ones are sometimes the scariest.

Caller: I um, I guess you could put it like that. She started acting fairly… difficult lately. When I'd ask her about her homework she'd talk back with an attitude. Sometimes just all out skipped class. But you know, it was normal rebellious teenager things.

Host A: So, when does it get crazy?

Caller: On the last day of school. We just finished up exams and kids were packing up to

go home. But then Erica she just… she got up and stood in the door frame. Kids tried to leave but they just, couldn't get past her.

Host A: They didn't just push her out of the way?

Host B: You know, sometimes a little shove can do some good for a kid. It's how I survived the playground every day!

Caller: No, it's not like that. They couldn't push her. They couldn't touch her.

Host A: Couldn't touch her?

Host B: Afraid of getting cooties?

Caller: No! I mean they literally couldn't touch her. They'd get close and then they'd just… just stop. People got antsy and started fighting. Students in the hall gathered around to see what was going on. But after a few minutes, my kids just stood there and looked at her. I asked her to move but she looked at me and said "Notice me. I want to be here. I want to be seen. I want to be touched. So no, you move me."

Host A: That's… that's really strange.

Host B: I know if my kids said that to me they'd get a good talking to.

Caller: I mean, I probably misremembered it. I don't remember if it was that dramatic… I've talked this over with my colleagues, the principal. I also talked to her parents, but they just seemed confused. I felt bad about it because they were quite pleasant.

Host A: You sure? Sounds like maybe

something weird happening at ho—

Host B: My prescribed solution is to get a therapist on the case.

Caller: But what about—

Click.

Host B: Okay, let's move on to our next caller!

Agent Tennison was dispatched to perform interviews with relevant Oaklin residents to collect necessary information about SCP-3511 before containment. While some residents acknowledged that SCP-3511 was abnormal, none believed it to be anomalous, due to a number of reasons. The most notable interview was with a high school student named Tyler Orthrow.

+ Orthrow Transcript

Tennison: Evening.

Orthrow: Hi, um… officer?

Tennison: Just call me Mr. Tennison. I've heard you've had some interesting experiences with an Erica Stross.

Orthrow: I mean, I guess. I knew her since I was six. Went to elementary school together, but we definitely weren't close. Hell, we're as far from close as you could get.

Tennison: Can you elaborate?

Orthrow: Well, in elementary school… I wasn't exactly the nicest of kids. We got into playground fights a lot. I don't remember what we fought over. Luckily, we went our separate ways after elementary school. I heard her parents demanded she change schools. I guess it'd make sense, they were pretty

protective of her.

Tennison: So, did anything happen after that?

Orthrow: Not for about ten years. Until um, she spotted me at a park, and came over. I hadn't seen her since elementary school so this felt… let's just say strange. I was hanging out with my friends over by the river, and then I saw her walking toward us. Barely recognized Erica. I got up to ask her what she was doing and, she started yelling at me. Stuff like "you bastard" and "you made me like this".

Tennison: Do you know what she was referring to?

Orthrow: I have no goddamn clue what I did. But she kept walking and I felt myself backing up toward the river. Like something was pushing me that way. Luckily, she stopped before I fell into the water. I just looked at her with my back foot over the edge of the riverbed. Took a solid five seconds before I could muster an "I'm sorry". Luckily it got through to her. Not like, super well. But she turned around and left at least. God was that weird to explain to my friends.

Tennison: Do you remember any other… incidents?

Orthrow: I don't think so, but then again, I didn't see her much.

Tennison: I see. Thank you for your time.

After this interview, SCP-3511 was detained through the use of remote-controlled drones. All civilian observers were administered Class-C amnestics. SCP-3511's parents were also administered amnestics, and told that their daughter had been killed in a car

crash. On the second day of containment, it was deemed appropriate that SCP-3511 should have access to an on-site therapist. Below is the transcript of its first session:

+ Open Session Transcript

Wey: Hello Erica, I've been assigned to be your therapist.

SCP-3511 remains silent.

Wey: I know that this situation must be putting a lot of stress on you, but I'd like to talk to you about back home and your condition.

SCP-3511 is still silent.

Wey: If you're not in the mood to cooperate, then I can come back tomorrow.

Wey gets up to exit the room.

SCP-3511: Wait! Um…

Wey returns to his seat.

Wey: Yes?

SCP-3511: I, uh, I guess I don't know what there is to say anymore. I'm going to be locked up here for, well however long. Probably forever. And that's that, right?

Wey: Not exactly. There's more to the story than that. Maybe we could talk about your parents. They barely spoke of you during our interviews. What were they like?

SCP-3511: …Crazy.

Wey: Really?

SCP-3511: Completely insane. There.

Wey: Could you elaborate?

SCP-3511: Home wasn't… it wasn't comfortable. It didn't even feel safe. It just… I don't want to talk about it.

Wey: I think talking about it will be beneficial. We can start small. Maybe a common family activity, or something your parents would say to you often.

SCP-3511: … starfish. They called me their little starfish. But not in a cute, ditsy way. It always sounded so, so deranged. They'd say things like "We must protect the starfish", "Our little starfish is our little lightfish", and "guide us to the end". I don't know what they meant. It felt wrong. But I was, I was too young to know what to do about it.

Wey: Okay. That's a good first step. Now let's move onto something a bit different. We spoke once with an old acquaintance of yours, Tyler Orthrow. He told us about an incident where you supposedly blamed him for your condition. Are you able to elaborate on that?

SCP-3511: Oh, that. I, um… I'm not comfortable talking about that. I don't like remembering what it felt like to, to feel.

Wey: That's fine. We'll adjourn this session for today.

Addendum SCP-3511-1: At the end of the first two weeks of containment, Dr. Wey attempted to ask SCP-3511 more about its parents, hoping to discover exactly what caused SCP-3511 to gain its anomalous properties. Below is the transcript of this session:

+ Open Session Transcript

Wey: Hello again.

SCP-3511: Hi…

Wey: Are you able to talk today? I'd like to ask you more about your parents.

SCP-3511: I um… I can probably talk.

Wey: Okay. Is there something specific you'd like to start with?

SCP-3511: I don't think so. Um… actually never mind.

Wey: What is it?

SCP-3511: Well, last time we talked about my parents I brought up the starfish thing, right? I was thinking maybe we'd, um, start from there.

Wey: That sounds like a good idea.

SCP-3511: Because I didn't mention that's just what they called me in private.

Wey: And what did they call you in public?

SCP-3511: "The minor". They were cold toward me. Whenever anyone talked about me, my mom would generally say "She's just a child." Or something like that. They'd catch some strange glances for it, but no one paid it much mind.

Wey: Did that make you feel particularly upset?

SCP-3511: Not really…

Wey: Then how did it make you feel?

SCP-3511: Um… unimportant I guess. Kind of like I wasn't worth being around. Maybe it's why other people ignored me too… Like my teachers. You know, if my parents think so lowly of me, why should anyone else be better?

Wey: Your teachers treated you poorly?

SCP-3511: I mean, not really. They were just kind of dismissive. Whenever I brought up an issue they'd wave me off. Told me to talk to someone else. Sometimes I had to get in their faces about it, and I'd be called difficult. Even if it was to go see the nurse…

Wey: The nurse?

SCP-3511: I mean, that sort of thing only happened in elementary school. Before I uh… You know.

Wey: Of course. You know, I think we've made good headway for today. Unless you want to keep going, we can call this session to a close.

SCP-3511: I'd be fine with that.

Wey: Okay. I will see you next week.

Addendum SCP-3511-2: During the fifth month of containment, security footage showed strange behavior from SCP-3511. At night, SCP-3511 would sleep on its left side, causing its arm to lose circulation. Upon waking, SCP-3511 would manipulate that arm in various ways. Due to concerns for SCP-3511's emotional state, the following interview was conducted:

+ Open Session Transcript

Wey: Hey there.

SCP-3511: Hi.

Wey: I know that normally you are allowed to drive the conversations in these sessions, but today I'd like to talk about some, well concerning habits.

Wey presents pictures of SCP-3511's recent behavior.

SCP-3511: Oh, that. Yeah.

Wey: We're worried about both possible nerve damage it could cause, and, more importantly, what it implies about your emotional state.

SCP-3511: I mean, I've done this since I was little. Few years after I… I started being like this. Usually, after mom and dad ignore me for a long time.

Wey: Can you elaborate on why?

SCP-3511: Um… well, you know… sometimes it's really hard to distinguish between your own body and someone else's. If you cut off circulation to your left hand, then you can pretend like it belongs to a stranger and hold it with your right hand. If your whole arm goes numb, then you can put it around yourself and it feels like a pat on the back. You probably know this but they, they haven't given me a normal physical. You know, where the doctor feels around for your heartbeat and your breathing. It's not very comforting but at least they let me touch someone else. Instead, the checkup was done with robots. And it felt so… so cold. The silicon tips, the metal joints, the plastic caps. All so cold.

Wey: I'm sorry it's been lonely, bu—

SCP-3511: Do you know how long it's been since I last touched someone? Six years. You know why?

Wey: I mean, that's not what I'm here to talk about.

SCP-3511: Because Tyler Orthrow cracked my head open one day so I came home with a bloody bandage wrapped around my head. My parents freaked and dragged me to the basement. I don't remember what they did to me down there… it was all a blur. All I remember is my mom saying something like "Just until our starfish grow up." That rings in my mind you know. It's haunting.

Wey pauses to let SCP-3511 calm down.

Wey: Okay. I will contact my superiors to see if we can give you more opportunities to socialize. I think talking to me is helpful, but a variety of listeners might help you get your mind off of these things. I'll also ask if there is a less… mechanized way we can conduct your physicals.

SCP-3511 remains silent.

Wey: Erica? Do you think that would help?

SCP-3511: … thank you.

Dr. Wey's suggestions were incorporated into SCP-3511's schedule following the interview. Foundation personnel attempted to detain SCP-3511's parents for an investigation into possible connections to anomalous organizations, however, they were not found at their residence in Oaklin. Recovery of SCP-3511's mother and father is still underway.

Addendum SCP-3511-3: After thirteen months of containment,

SCP-3511's eating patterns underwent a steady change. SCP-3511 consumed smaller portions of meals, attributing its actions to a lowered appetite. An emergency therapy session was held once SCP-3511 stopped eating altogether.

+ Open Session Transcript

Wey: Afternoon, Erica.

SCP-3511: Afternoon.

Wey: So, we've noticed even more concerning behavior. This time with regards to your eating habits.

SCP-3511 looks away from Wey.

SCP-3511: That's fine. You'll save some on your budget.

Wey: I've gone over this before, but you're not a burden on us. This is what we do.

SCP-3511: But what am I supposed to do? Just whittle my life away here?

Wey: We've been expanding your social regime, but if you want, we can—

SCP-3511: No. You and I both know that's not what I mean.

Wey: Then what do you mean?

SCP-3511: I mean, I always knew I wasn't getting out of here. But it just… I overheard someone talking about charity work. Some fundraiser for holiday food baskets. And you know what I realized? I'm not doing anything. I'm just… I'm just here. And I'm barely here at that. I can't even tap someone on the shoulder. I mean, they might notice me. But

they won't feel me. The world won't feel me.

Wey: A lot of people go through these kinds of thoughts. I have colleagues who worry that the world will be no different without them.

SCP-3511: But are they locked up? Do they only see the light of day twice a week on escorted walks? I doubt it. I'm just a drain on the budget. An hour and a half of your week. I want to feel again. If I can't touch someone literally, then I'll take the metaphor. I want to feel accomplished, a part of something. But if I'm just destined to go numb, just fucking euthanize me already!

SCP-3511 slumps in its chair and holds its head in its hands.

Wey: We're not going to do that because you're definitely worth more. If you want an opportunity to make an impact on the world, we will see what we can do. I'll ask my superiors to come up with a program, just like last time. All you need to do is ask. But in the meantime, since we don't want your emotional state to worsen, is there anything else we can maybe do to help?

SCP-3511: … A hug would be nice.

Various options were proposed for how to accommodate Dr. Wey's suggestion, however, none were approved before SCP-3511's neutralization.

Incident SCP-3511-I: On / /20 , SCP-3511 was neutralized. SCP-3511 had turned eighteen that day.

+ Incident Transcription

SCP-3511 wakes up and reaches to scratch its

shoulder. After a few minutes, it scratches its shoulder again, but with a confused look on its face. It pulls its shirt back to reveal a small bug bite. SCP-3511's face assumes an expression of surprise.

SCP-3511: I… I got bit.

SCP-3511 rushes to the door to its containment cell.

SCP-3511: Hey! Hey! Come here! Please! Tell the docs I'm normal again. I want to feel someone! Please!

Security personnel walk to the door of SCP-3511's cell.

SCP-3511: Please! Your hand. Just your hand. Please!

Guard: Sorry ma'am, but we can't let you out.

SCP-3511: Then call Dr. Wey! Please! Call it an emergency session or something!

The security guards turn to each other and shrug. The calls are made and after 30min Dr. Wey arrives at SCP-3511's cell. The guards open the door, and Dr. Wey enters.

Wey: Hello Erica. How have you—

Before the guards have time to respond, SCP-3511 hugs Dr. Wey, and begins to cry.

Wey: Why… I guess this means we'll have our last session then.

Wey motions to the security guards to stand down, and returns the hug.

Following the event, SCP-3511 underwent additional testing before it was deemed neutralized. SCP-3511 was administered Class-C amnestics and returned to Greensdale, OH with a reasonable cover story.

SCP-3512: The More You Know

Item #: SCP-3512

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Persons affected by SCP-3512 are to be accommodated in standard humanoid containment cells. Missing persons information and amnestics are to be distributed as necessary. Media reports are to be monitored for evidence of SCP-3512 cases, with potential outbreaks investigated.

The entrance to the cavern system beneath Sagrada Familia is to be secured and surveillance established. Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") is to continue exploration of the system, remaining alert for the presence of SCP-3512-1 or any other anomalous phenomena.

Mobile Task Force Alpha-4 ("Pony Express") is to conduct a search and monitoring operation to identify potential instances of SCP-3512-2 in the pre-publishing or distribution stages.

Description: SCP-3512 is a phenomenon which leads to significant changes in the personality and psychological stability of certain women between the ages of 18 and 40. To date, nine such women have been identified and contained by the Foundation, and a further suspected instance was found deceased in her home.

Women affected by SCP-3512 score extremely highly on NEO-PI-R measures for openness, extraversion and agreeableness. This is the case regardless of previous personality indicators, and affected women do not appear to be aware of such changes. The behaviour of affected women is characterised by high sociability and lack of inhibition, punctuated by prolonged bouts of uncontrollable screaming. The incidence and duration of screaming has been observed to decline over a 4-5 month period. Other personality changes appear to be permanent.

Potential occurrences of SCP-3512 in several countries are being reviewed. All confirmed cases of SCP-3512 linked to an initial outbreak in Barcelona, Spain, which was investigated by Foundation Agents Riley Cooper and Tomàs Rey. Agent Cooper's notes are included below to provide further description of the anomaly and surrounding circumstances.

+ Agent Cooper - Investigation Notes: SCP-3512

Investigation Notes

15 July 2016: *Landed 16:15. Hot here - hotter than Boston was, and no breeze to speak of. Agent Rey met me at the hotel, offered to show me the city skyline. I said no, thought we'd get going, but he was in no hurry. Cultural thing, maybe? Shame if I was rude, but I could do with the sleep.*

16 July 2016: *Still hot. Rey finally showed at 10:15. Still, my director says he gets results - and he's pretty much the only Foundation here. Headed to meet the victims - got coffee first.*

Have to admit, Rey does well with the locals. Our cover is a mental health survey for the WHO, and he plays a convincing doctor. Interviews productive - see tapes.

Observations: families aren't involved. They're too genuinely shocked - Rey had to work to calm and persuade them. Victims are no help - symptoms as per initial report, they have no awareness of how changed they are - how plastic and unreal. I think that scares the families more than the screaming.

This doesn't feel like a basic coghaz - something about their eyes, the change isn't superficial. They're so sincere in their delusion.

So "up for it".

17 July 2016: *More interviews today - not much new. The same smiles from the girls, the same crying families. We tested amnestics - nothing. If it's memetic, it goes deeper than memory.*

One possibility: a younger sister mentioned something I recognised from yesterday's tapes. "Apagada". I thought "cancelled", but Rey tells me the Catalan is more like "blackout". We ask some of the victims, and the screaming starts immediately. A mother shakes her head - it's a nightclub, her Teia always talked about going, the mother knew it was trouble.

Later, I ask Rey. He knows it. It's open tomorrow night.

18 July 2016: *Rey comes to get me at 21:00, laughs at what I'm wearing. Not like I planned on clubbing. He tells me his sister may have something I can use. I'm worried we'll be late, but apparently nothing opens before midnight. His sister I like - teases Rey about his shirt, finds something reasonable for me. Doesn't ask why I need it.*

Of course the club is dark. Loud, hot, crowded. I feel like I stand out - Rey tells me not to worry. He's good - moving around the room, talking to people, fitting in. Better for me to wait on my own, see who approaches.

Plenty do, but no-one interesting. Until around 2:00. Blond guy, tall, slides in next to me at the bar, and offers to buy me a drink. He asks me my favourite star, and I think it's the start of a bad pick-up line, then realise he's serious.

Something about him - confident, charming, but too much eye contact. Speech too precise. Not drunk enough.

My eyes flick over to see where Rey is, and the guy spots it. Suddenly he's leaving, pushing through the crowds. By the time I get outside, he's gone, but I get lucky. 20 euros and the doorman tells me he's a regular. Another 20 gets me a name - Josep Oriol.

19 July 2016: *Oriol is now officially a PoI. Rey used a contact, turned up an address. Oriol wasn't home, looks like he didn't come home, but the flat is full of incriminating stuff. Rey is submitting full photos, but three things stood out.*

First, a bunch of architectural plans - buildings, utilities, railway tunnels. Oriol is a software developer - what does he need those for?

A book sitting on the kitchen table, free of clutter: used regularly. Looks like a publisher's proof - plain cover, simple type. Didn't open it without coghaz screening, but it just had that feeling.

And next to the book, some kind of fucked-up sculpture lying on a dishcloth. Like a blob of candle-wax, carved into points and with - well, it looked like legs stuck into it. Pieces of Lego and Meccano, rose stems, a crab claw, a corkscrew. What I think was a skeleton key.

Rey called me into the bedroom, and there were boxes full of the same kind of stuff. Bodkins, quills, doll's limbs, wire. Syringes. I pulled him into the kitchen to show him the sculpture - and it was gone.

20:30: *Back at the hotel. I've been reading the book - started by using the filters, but there's no coghaz here. Just really weird shit. This whole thing feels off.*

23:45: *Command just came back with information on the architectural plans - the majority match up with municipal records, but not all. A schematic of the high-speed rail tunnel has a side passage that should not be there. It seems to lead to a spiral staircase, heading downward. I've confirmed with Command - we're going tonight to investigate. Maybe we'll catch up with Mr Oriol and find out how much he knows.*

+ SCP-3512-1 - Information and Recovered Materials

SCP-3512-1 is the collective designation for a category of objects or entities described in Chapter Twelve [18] of SCP-3512-2. Each instance consists of a central mass composed of carved adipose tissue, with twelve loosely attached appendages or limbs used for locomotion and other actions. The text describes SCP-3512-1 instances with a central mass approximately 5cm in diameter, and using simple household objects for the appendages.

No active instances have been contained, although sites of investigation have yielded evidence of discarded SCP-3512-1 limbs.

Of the SCP-3512-1 instances observed by Foundation personnel, the largest had a total diameter of approximately 3.5 meters, with each of its appendages composed of a human spine tipped with a muculent gastropod foot. The limbs were regularly distributed around the central mass, attached by a loose conglomeration of animal ligaments and metal chains.

Several detached appendages of this instance were recovered by Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") in explorations of the caverns beneath North-East Barcelona, following Incident 3512/A.

Sentient behaviour of SCP-3512-1 instances has been observed, and the text of SCP-3512-2 suggests a degree of sapience. The relevant extract of SCP-3512-2 is included in the addendum below.

+ SCP-3512-2 - Excerpts

Items recovered from the apartment of PoI-3512-5 (Josep Oriol) include an advance review copy of a book entitled "The More You Know: A Pick-Up Artist's Bible", classified as SCP-3512-2. The author is referred to by the pseudonym "Enigma"; no publication information is included in the copy.

The book is non-fiction, consisting of 625 pages and containing a foreword attributed to hip-hop artist Snoop Dogg. Each of the first eleven chapters is based on the "seduction community", providing anecdotes, advice and techniques for men to influence social groups, and attract and seduce women. The remaining twelve chapters (each labelled "Chapter Twelve") diverge from the main text on a range of esoteric subjects including advanced geometric proofs, the interpretation of dreams, do-it-yourself surgical techniques, symbolism in architecture and anomalous rituals. The book's afterword is composed of more than 15,000 anagrams of the book's title, laid out in spiral and triangular patterns.

Excerpts from SCP-3512-2

Chapter One - The More You Know

> If you're reading this book, you're probably a bit of a loser. Don't make that face: you know

it, and I know it. The whole reason you're reading this is to stop being a loser - to get more confident in social situations, to feel comfortable talking to women, to understand the complexities of modern dating. Oh yeah, and (let's not kid ourselves) to get laid - like, a lot.

My name is Enigma, and I am going to show you how to do all this and more, with my sure-fire methods to seduce women. Hot women - hotter than you dare dream possible. Trust me: I used to be just like you. Now, I drive a Lambo, wear a Hublot, and can bang any chick I want. Cocky? Sure. But you know you want to be a star like me. And with my blend of social psychology, neuro-linguistic programming and good old-fashioned balls, you can be any kind of star you want. Because the more you know, the more you score.

…

Chapter Four - Hot Women: Our Key

… what you would normally do in that situation. But not any more. Now that you've learned the basic rules of the Game, you can start on your path to higher things.

The first thing you need to do is stop thinking of hot women as women. In fact, stop thinking about them as people. Think of them like instruments - before you can play them, you need to know how to tune them. This chapter will show you how to find the resonance frequency of any woman …

Chapter Twelve [12]: You Know Theorem

… which brings us to the small stellated

dodecahedron, a nonconvex regular polyhedron composed of twelve pentagrammic faces, with each of the twelve vertices forming the meeting point of five pentagrams. Its Schläfli symbol is {`5/2 , 5`}, a fact I have dropped into many a flirtatious conversation, to great effect.

The small stellated dodecahedron has long been known in artistic circles as a potent aphrodisiac and as a cure for impotence. The works of M.C. Escher (who knew how to pull) and Paolo Uccello (whose name literally means "bird") are obvious examples.[1] Uccello's father was a barber-surgeon, a common profession in the 14th century: they did everything from a quick shave to amputating limbs. The more you know!

So put yourself back in that imaginary bar, but this time, with a small stellated dodecahedron in your pocket…

Chapter Twelve [14]: Where to, You Monk?

… The Italians don't have the monopoly on shapely figures. There are many tricks and tips that you can learn from Spain - home of Don Juan and Torquemada. First, let's talk about Gaudí.

Antoni Gaudí lived like a monk so that you don't have to. Ascetic, unsociable and celibate, he channelled his energies into architecture of the most profound and powerful nature.

Gaudí was the opposite of everything I've told you to be. By the end of his life, he was dishevelled, skinny and never spoke to women. Gaudí was beaten in a mob,

> imprisoned, and eventually struck by a tram and killed - far from being recognised, he was mistaken for a beggar. So why would I even bring him up? Because Gaudí understood that everything has a purpose, and that organic and anarchic forms can be used to capture beauty and fix it in place forever. This is something we'll explore further over the next chapters.
>
> Gaudí's Basílica i Temple Expiatori de la Sagrada Família stood unconsecrated for 128 years. You can see it in Figure 27, rising inexorably out of the shattered rock, black goats drawn to it as if called…

Chapter Twelve [18]: We Took Our Hymen

[*Note: this chapter appears to refer to the construction and use of SCP-3512-1 instances.*]

> … make a rough ball of the materials you've harvested, and place it in the freezer for 6-12 hours. Pork fat can be used, but will have less satisfactory results. Who knew, right?
>
> While you wait, you can prepare the limbs. Concentrate on articulation rather than strength. You may want to add simple tools to some limbs, if the object of your desire is more careful than most, but remember that the more complicated you make them, the more precise your sculpting will need to be. Lay your prepared limbs out on a clean, flat surface.
>
> Once your adipose preparation has had time to freeze, carefully carve it into the shape you learned in Chapter Twelve. You will know it is ready when you see it start smiling at you. Now introduce the limbs - they should "take" almost immediately.

Wait until your intended is likely to be sleeping, then concentrate your thoughts on her face, and particularly the inside of her mouth and throat. Soon you'll see your new friend scurry off, ready to help you establish social dominance.

Chapter Twelve [19]: Ewok Tumor-Honey

… Double check that your scissors are comfortably within reach, with the blades sitting over the flame of your stove, or under the oven grill if you don't have gas. If you have parents or siblings with you, now is a good time to check that their bindings are tight. Don't be tempted to start with them first - this way is more difficult, but if seduction was easy, everyone would do it.

Now, with your right hand, get a firm grip on your left little finger. Take a deep breath. Then pull down sharply towards the side of your left hand. Your little finger should make a clean snapping sound. If not, take another deep breath and try again. Next, take the scissors…

Chapter Twelve [23]: Nuke-worthy Romeo

If you wish to know, you must look deeper.

As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As below, so below. As…

[*Note: the remaining pages of this chapter were torn out. It is presumed that they were removed by Agent Cooper in advance of her investigation of the underground passages identified in PoI-3512-5's tunnel schematics (see Incident 3512/A).*]

+ Incident 3512/A - Exploration Logs

Exploration Logs - Incident 3512/A

Recording source: Body-cameras of Agent Cooper and Agent Rey

Location: Uncharted cavern system beneath Barcelona, Spain

Date: 20 July 2016 - recording commences 1:07am local time

Both agents' body-cams are set for low-light conditions. The agents walk slowly down a narrow spiral staircase made from smooth stone. Agent Cooper's flashlight illuminates the stairs below. Agent Rey is following.

<*echoing footsteps*>

Agent Cooper: Okay, we're probably about eighty feet below the rail tunnel now.

Agent Rey: How far down do these bastard stairs go?

Agent Cooper: No idea.

Agent Rey: Surely we could continue this investigation back at the club?

Agent Cooper: I'm not sure what you were doing counts as investigation.

Agent Rey: Ah, you Americans don't know how to live your lives.

Agent Cooper: I've reached the bottom. You don't have much further.

Agent Cooper stands in a low room, shining her flashlight between three tunnel entrances. Agent Rey walks forward to join her.

Agent Rey: Thank God. So which passage do we take?

Agent Cooper's camera picks up a movement some way down the left-hand tunnel. The agents do not appear to notice.

Agent Cooper: I say the centre. Smoothest floor, makes sense it's used the most.

Agent Rey: You're the boss. They all look equally dark and unpleasant to -

Agent Cooper: Sh! Did you hear something?

Agent Rey: Nothing. Maybe the trains?

Agent Cooper: I don't think so - it's too late for that. And it sounded… different. Let's get going. But quietly.

The agents proceed into the tunnel, walking for approximately 12 minutes along a gradual downward slope. The walls and ceiling are also slanted slightly inwards, gradually reducing the size of the tunnel.

Agent Cooper: Looks like a chamber up ahead.

Agent Rey: About time!

The agents emerge into a larger room. Passages continue ahead and to the left, and stone steps lead up to a hole in the ceiling. The walls and ceiling are elaborately carved into abstract organic shapes. The agents separate, looking at the chamber walls.

Agent Rey: It looks like they're melted.

Agent Cooper: I think that's decoration.

Agent Rey: <*Looking up the steps*> This place must be enormous. You think we're under the Basilica right now?

Agent Cooper: Could be - aah!

Agent Rey: Cooper! You okay?

Agent Rey runs across to Agent Cooper, who is standing by an alcove in the right-hand wall.

Agent Rey: Déu n'hi do!

Agent Cooper: God, what is that?

There is a small shape in the alcove. The camera moves closer, revealing a tight bundle of amputated human fingers, pointing outwards.

Agent Rey: Who are these people?

Agent Cooper: It's your city. Okay, let's keep going.

Agent Rey draws his service weapon. Both agents move cautiously into the tunnel opposite the entrance. A dark, viscous substance covers the upper third of the tunnel, shining in the torchlight and occasionally forming large droplets that splatter on the floor.

Agent Rey: What is that shit?

Agent Cooper: Try not to get it on you. We'll take samples on the way back.

The tunnel curves, changing direction

regularly, including several steep descents. The agents continue walking for approximately 15 minutes. A whirring mechanical sound slowly becomes audible.

Agent Rey: Can you feel that? The air feels warmer.

Agent Cooper: Another chamber ahead - looks larger.

Agent Rey: Eugh. What is that smell?

Agent Cooper: Oh - that's awful.

The agents emerge into a large natural cavern. Its total size is not clear - the flashlight beams do not reach its far side. Stalactites hang from the roof, and have been carved with shapes including orchids, barnacles and rows of human teeth. The mechanical noise is louder.

The agents walk slowly across the cave floor, scanning with their torches.

Agent Rey: <*muffled*> The fuck is that?

Agent Cooper: <*gagging noises*>

The agents reach the banks of a wide, slow-moving river. The surface is pallid and gelatinous, churning with the sluggish current. Downstream, the river flows into a low tunnel.

Agent Rey: A goddamn river of fat. Look at it - it's like it's alive.

Agent Cooper: Congealed lard and grease - must be thousands of gallons. That's where the smell is coming from, and the heat - I bet it's oily underneath that top layer.

Agent Rey: Hey, look - on the other side!

The flashlights shine across the river, revealing three industrial-sized book printing machines. Each is operating noisily, although no electrical connection is evident.

Agent Cooper: One guess as to what they're printing.

Agent Rey: There's no way across. And no exits.

Agent Cooper: That river is flowing somewhere.

Agent Rey: Go into that tiny tunnel? No way. Get the Mole Rats in this shit.

Agent Rey walks across to the other side of the cave, flashlight beam waving.

Agent Cooper: Okay, okay. Let me get some samples, and then we can go back and try some other passages.

Agent Rey turns.

Agent Rey: Look, you can be a neula if you want to, but I -

Agent Rey freezes in place, flashlight pointed at the ceiling.

Agent Cooper: Rey?

Agent Rey: <*whispering*> Above you. Slowly.

Agent Cooper: What? What is it?

Agent Cooper leans back, and the camera tilts upwards. On the ceiling is an SCP-3512-1

instance approximately 3.5m across, with a central mass 1.5m in diameter. The instance has limbs composed of human spines. Four of these limbs are clinging to a stalactite directly above Agent Cooper, with the others reaching downwards. Agent Cooper raises her service weapon.

Agent Rey: Fuck, it's huge.

Agent Cooper: It's smiling at me. Why is it smiling at me?

Agent Rey: Cooper, what are you - Cooper!

The SCP-3512-1 instance drops from the roof towards Agent Cooper. Agent Cooper fires several shots, appearing to strike the limbs of the instance without effect. The central mass of the SCP-3512-1 instance lands directly on top of Agent Cooper, and her body camera is obscured by a white substance.

Agent Rey's camera films the SCP-3512-1 instance moving towards the river, with Agent Cooper embedded in its central mass. Agent Cooper struggles briefly, and her body then goes limp.

Agent Rey: Vés a la merda.

The SCP-3512-1 instance jumps into the river of fat, dragging Agent Cooper with it.

Agent Rey's body-camera is switched off, and does not reactivate.

Agent Cooper's body-camera remains obscured, but records the wet, sucking noises of the underground river.

20 minutes pass.

Suddenly, the body-camera is no longer obscured, and refocuses to show a very large domed chamber, dimly lit. The river drops from the upper wall of one side of the chamber in a waterfall of curdled fat, and faint splattering sounds can be heard. The microphone also picks up laboured breathing, but no speech.

The view turns to show the opposite side of the dome. This contains an expansive fresco, depicting the Virgin Mary, pregnant, chained to a star-shaped rack by her ankles, wrists and neck. At the base of the figure's throat, a pipe protrudes from the fresco, emitting dark smoke that drifts slowly downwards.

The camera leans forward. The floor of the chamber is partially obscured by smoke, but movement is visible beneath. Moving lower, the camera reveals many hundreds of small SCP-3512-1 instances, in constant motion around and over each other.

Agent Cooper: <*indistinct*> Hello? Anyone?

Agent Cooper's body-camera rises and moves at a swift walk across the chamber. The movement stirs up the smoke, allowing a clearer view of the chamber floor. There is a human figure lying face-down on the floor, around 30 metres from the camera.

Agent Cooper: <*louder*> Hello? Who's there?

The SCP-3512-1 instances on the floor are avoiding the prone figure, leaving a circle of empty flagstones around it. As the camera approaches, the figure turns. It is Agent Cooper.

Agent Cooper: <*giggling*> Wow, that was

intense. But I could dance some more, you know? Woo! <*screaming*>

Agent Cooper looks up and ceases screaming. She smiles, twisting the ends of her hair with her fingers.

Agent Cooper: Hey, wait a second. What's your name, handsome?

The figure wearing the body-camera reaches towards Agent Cooper. Its hand is covered in raw cuts across the palm and wrist. Seven additional fingers protrude from the wounds. All fingers appear to be mobile.

The hand pushes Agent Cooper's hair back from her face, caressing her cheek.

Unidentified: <*heavy, ragged breathing*>

Agent Cooper: Aw, you're funny *and* sweet.

Agent Cooper nuzzles her face against the figure's hand, briefly sucking on one of the additional fingers.

Agent Cooper: <*laughing*> Hey baby, come here.

Agent Cooper reaches up toward the figure. She removes the combat vest containing the body-camera, and places it on the floor of the chamber. The camera is obscured by SCP-3512-1 instances crawling over the vest, and by the thick smoke.

The camera records the scratching and skittering noises of the SCP-3512-1 instances. In the background, indistinct grunting sounds can be heard. These continue for a period of approximately seven minutes, and then cease.

Two minutes later, there is a sharp scream and the distant sound of an object landing heavily. The movement of the SCP-3512-1 instances intensifies, becoming frenzied. The camera rises as the combat vest is picked up. It is abruptly thrown downwards, falling through the smoke into a pit in the floor of the chamber.

The camera falls approximately twenty metres, landing on what appears to be a number of human corpses piled in the centre of the pit. Light conditions are very low, and the camera's view is obscured by a female face in the early stages of putrefaction. It remains able to record sound.

Agent Cooper: <*calling out*> Baby, don't go.

A heavy scraping noise is heard from above, and the light grows dimmer.

Agent Cooper: Baby, I hurt my leg. Stay with me?

Several other female voices can be heard calling out from within the pit. The camera's view becomes completely dark.

Over the next 28 hours, the camera records the sounds of at least eight female voices. Vocalisations consist primarily of laughter, screaming and indistinct speech. There is no increase in light levels.

*[[**Cooper**] is heard clearly only once, when she approaches the camera's position after approximately 20 hours.*

Agent Cooper: I'm hungry. <*giggling*>

The camera's position is disturbed slightly, and then settles.

At around 26 hours, a deep grinding sound reverberates from below the camera's position. It continues for four minutes, during which the voices in the pit fall silent. The camera records for a further 2 hours in darkness before its batteries expire.

Afterword: Foundation investigators discovered Agent Cooper's body-camera at the top of the spiral staircase, near the entrance to the caverns. It was no longer attached to her combat vest. While MTF Zeta-9 has gained access to the caves, exploration and geophysical imaging of the cavern system has not located any of the other areas filmed in these logs. Neither Agent Cooper nor Agent Rey has been recovered.

Footnotes

1. These references are believed to be to Escher'sGravitationand Uccello'smosaicsfor St Mark's Basilica in Venice.

SCP-3513: The brain that ate itself

Item #: SCP-3513

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The concrete bunker built around SCP-3513 is to be guarded and maintained by four permanent staff, maintaining the cover story of a water pumping station.

Undercover Foundation agents are to be placed in all Namibian hospitals to cover up pathological reports suggesting the influence of SCP-3513. Any atypical increase in clinical rates of degenerative brain disease in a highly localised area is to be investigated as a potential further instance of SCP-3513.

Proposals for a network of Foundation seismographs to detect potential anomalies in the Earth's outer core are currently under consideration.

Description: SCP-3513 is a region of space located in Rocky Crest, Windhoek, Namibia. It is approximately cylindrical in shape, with a diameter of 3.4m and a height above ground of 2.3m. Excavations have revealed that SCP-3513 extends below the ground for at least 10m, but its total depth has not been measured.

Any organism with a brain that passes through SCP-3513 will become subject to an anomalous neurodegenerative disease. The disease will develop over a period of 4-6 months with the following progression:

- A hard keratin nub develops in the cerebrum. The keratinized area grows in proportion to the overall size of the brain; in humans, it becomes approximately 5cm across.
- The tip of the keratin nub opens, forming a beak. The interior

of the beak is coated in pointed, keratin papillae (see image).

- Over a period of months, the beak slowly ingests brain tissue, consuming it. The papillae assist in ensuring that the soft brain matter does not slip out of the beak once it enters. Brain tissue consumed by the beak disappears from the patient's brain - testing indicates that the interior of the beak leads to an intra-dimensional portal to another location or locations.

The external symptoms of the SCP-3513 disease depend largely on where in the brain the keratin nub initially forms, but may be misdiagnosed as **SCP-1086**, Creutzfeldt–Jakob, Huntington's, Parkinson's or Alzheimer's disease. Confirmation of the effects of SCP-3513 is only possible through MRI or CT scan, open neurosurgery or autopsy. Foundation autopsies have confirmed that, following the death of the patient, the beak continues to ingest any remaining brain tissue.

Test Logs

Procedure: Six D-Class were exposed to SCP-3513, and regular CT scans performed to track the progression of the disease. Upon the opening of the beak, Foundation medical staff performed conventional open neurosurgery on the relevant D-Class. The use of human test subjects was approved based on the requirements for brain size and ease of anaesthesia.

During surgery, unnecessary brain tissue was removed to allow access to the beak. A microscopic surgical camera, fitted with a GPS tracking chip, was fed slowly into the beak and the results recorded and analysed.

Exploration 3513-1

Subject: D-2879

Results: Inside the SCP-3513 beak, the camera filmed a passage lined with papillae. The camera was fed into this passage for a distance of 1.4m. The GPS tracker was not able to be located during this time. D-2879 reported no discomfort.

After the camera had progressed approximately 0.8m, the passage ended and the camera emerged into a dark hemispherical space. A number of openings were observed at intervals around the sides of this space. After consultation, the surgical team proceeded to feed in the camera filament, allowing the camera to enter into the opening on the opposite wall of the space.

The opening led to another passage lined with papillae, although observers noted that the direction of papillae was reversed. At 1.4m, the camera emerged from the interior of another keratin beak into what appeared to be further brain tissue. At this point, a GPS signal was obtained, registering the camera's location in Reedsburg, Wisconsin. After a short delay, the GPS signal became mobile. Local Foundation assets followed the signal to the Reedsburg Area Medical Center, where it was tracked to a recently deceased patient, Norman Miller. Mr Miller had suffered a stroke, presumed to be caused by the sudden appearance of the camera within his brain.

The camera was retracted through the beak in Mr Miller's brain, back through the passages and the beak in D-2879's brain, and D-2879 was returned to monitoring without complications from surgery.

Exploration 3513-2

Subject: D-4353

Results: The camera filmed a passage lined with papillae for approximately 0.7m, entering a similar hemispherical space to that observed in Exploration 3513-1 and being fed into an opening opposite its point of entry. After progress down a second passage for a further 0.8m, the camera emerged from a second beak and filmed unidentified tissue, which appeared to be in motion. This movement continued for 8 seconds before the camera malfunctioned and lost picture. The camera was withdrawn from the passages and found to have

been crushed.

The GPS signal from the camera was traced to a location outside Naples, Italy. Further investigation revealed the coordinates belonged to a Cremonini meat processing plant.

A later biopsy of D-4353 revealed trace amounts of processed meat within his brain. Transfer of the meat into D-4353's brain is thought to have occurred during the recovery of the camera from its alternate location, which appears to have allowed material from that location to travel back along with the camera.

Exploration 3513-3

Subject: D-3956

Results: After the camera had progressed approximately 0.6m, it emerged into the hemispherical space. An accidental mis-feeding of the filament resulted in a change in the camera's alignment within this space, with the camera facing downwards towards a wider opening at the base of the chamber. The camera was fed into this opening, filming a papillae-lined passage which extended for more than 2.5m. No reversal of papillae was observed, and the passage was observed to grow wider as it continued. After progressing for approximately 3m, the camera feed suddenly cut out. No GPS signal was located.

Upon retrieving the camera filament, attending medical staff noted that the camera was missing and that the end of the filament appeared to have melted. Five seconds later, a high pressure jet of molten metal began to spray from the incision in D-3956's brain. D-3956 and all attending medical personnel were killed.

Following recontainment of the laboratory, analysis confirmed the presence of several hundred kilograms of iron-nickel alloy. Initial temperature of the molten metal is

estimated to have been up to 4000 Kelvin.

Testing discontinued.

SCP-3514: The Moment of the Mahdi and the Moment of the Mortal

Item #: SCP-3514

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: As of 22/12/1973, SCP-3514 has come under the control of the Office for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts (ORIA). Access to and containment of SCP-3514 is therefore unfeasible at present. Due to the low threat level of the anomaly and the apparent competence of ORIA in keeping the anomaly hidden from the general public, the restoration of control over SCP-3514 is considered a low priority.

> Previous Containment Procedures
>
> Following a cover-up operation in the late 19th century involving cooperation between the Foundation and the Sublime State of Iran, the exact site of the battlefield of Chaldiran in the public record has been altered; it is now commonly believed to be a site near the village of Gal Ashaqi, 10km away from SCP-3514.
>
> The subsequent expungement by Foundation personnel of documents within the Qajar archives related to this cover-up has resulted in ORIA being unaware of SCP-3514. Preventing ORIA from learning of SCP-3514 is of paramount importance.
>
> A perimeter 50m away from SCP-3514 is currently cordoned off with electric fences and has security cameras positioned at regular intervals in order to prevent unauthorised entry. Foundation researchers have set up a rudimentary research base to observe SCP-3514-1 events and interview SCP-3514-2; it is considered inadvisable to set up a full site, as this might

attract the attention of ORIA.

Description: SCP-3514 refers to a 2 km^2 area in northwestern Iran, corresponding to the location of the 16th century Battle of Chaldiran. SCP-3514's primary anomalous effects activate at approximately : each day, and continue until : , which matches the time of day during which the battle took place. This activity is henceforth referred to as an SCP-3514-1 event.

An SCP-3514-1 event begins with the manifestation of intangible representations of the combatants present at the battle, arranged in a manner believed to match the armies at the beginning of the real battle. These representations are henceforth referred to as SCP-3514-2 instances. The SCP-3514-2 instances then engage in combat, apparently recreating a version of the Battle of Chaldiran. These representations can only physically interact with one another and are unaware or unwilling to respond to any external stimulus.

Despite this set-up, the course of the battle alters with each SCP-3514-1 event. Although some SCP-3514-1 events follow the course of the battle closely, at other times a radically different outcome occurs, ranging from the death of Shah Isma'il[2] to the complete routing of the Ottoman forces. At times, SCP-3514-2 instances representing apparently supernatural or mythical figures have appeared, including the Shi'ite figures of 'Ali and Hosayn, and *Shahnama*[3] characters such as Rostam, Gordafarid and Zal. At the end of the SCP-3514-1 event, the SCP-3514-2 instances all abruptly disappear.

Some examples of notable variations within the SCP-3514-1 event are detailed below. Note that the first three of these occasions took place before the development of practicable devices for recording sound or film, and the reports did not always possess the same level of observational rigour found in more modern reports.

Date	Variation Taking Place
18/09/1886	First observed Safavid victory and first time a major deviation from the events of the historical battle was observed. Isma'il's forces attacked the Ottoman forces

	before the Ottomans set up their chain-linked line of cannons in the centre, cutting through their lines and killing Selim.[4]
20/06/1888	An Ottoman victory, and the first observed occasion upon which the SCP-3514-2 instance representing Isma'il was killed. During a charge into the Ottoman lines, an Ottoman bullet appeared to hit Isma'il "around the head or neck area", killing him almost instantly and prompting a complete Safavid rout.
01/04/1913	A "great celestial body", in the words of observing researchers, appeared above the battlefield. An "extremely tall and well-built" SCP-3514-2 instance descended from this object. All of the Safavid combatants then prostrated themselves before the instance, chanting the name "'Ali" repeatedly. The SCP-3514-2 instance then appeared to "destroy" all of the Ottoman combatants. Most of the remainder of the SCP-3514-1 event was taken up with "wild and extravagant celebrations" on the part of the Safavid combatants and the "'Ali" instance until one hour before the end of the event. At this point, the "'Ali" instance abruptly disappeared, and the Safavid combatants wept and beat the ground for the remainder of the event.
23/08/1937	First observed event where battle did not take place. Instead, the

	only SCP-3514-2 instances who manifested were the Safavid combatants, who repeatedly attacked and appeared to fatally wound the SCP-3514-2 instance of Shah Isma'il. The Isma'il instance appeared to suffer extreme pain, but did not expire from its wounds. The assailants reputedly chanted the words "false *murshid*!"[5] repeatedly while doing so.
17/11/1965	Second observed event where battle did not take place. Instead, SCP-3514-2 instances representing all 9 Shahs of the Safavid dynasty prior to the fall of Isfahan appeared instead of the combatants. These representations all spoke continuously for the duration of the SCP-3514-1 event, giving what seemed to be accounts of percieved failures which occurred during their lifetimes. Most of the SCP-3514-2 instances were continuously crying ordinary tears, with the exception of the SCP-3514-2 instances representing Isma'il I, Safi I, Abbas II and Suleiman I, all of whom appeared to be crying red wine.[6]

SCP-3514-3 is an intangible representation of an individual claiming to be Shah Isma'il. SCP-3514-3 has the appearance of a man in his mid-30s with red hair and unkempt facial hair, ordinarily dressed in silk robes in a state of disrepair. This instance is separate from the SCP-3514-2 instances resembling Shah Isma'il as part of SCP-3514-1 events. It is classified separately as it appears to

demonstrate awareness of external stimuli in addition to being present outside of SCP-3514-1 events. SCP-3514-3 is difficult to converse with, often speaking in incoherent fragments and only occasionally attaining lucidity.

SCP-3514-3 claims to be the creator and controller of SCP-3514-1 events. This has not been confirmed, but occasional utterances by SCP-3514-3 demonstrate an awareness of future SCP-3514-1 events. SCP-3514-3 ordinarily speaks in a 16th century dialect of Azeri, but apparently understands Persian, Gilaki and possesses at least some knowledge of Classical Arabic. SCP-3514-3 is located on top of the nearby hill of , which provides an excellent view of SCP-3514-1 events. Ordinarily, SCP-3514-3 can be found sitting or occasionally pacing within the immediately surrounding area.

SCP-3514 first came to the Foundation's attention in 1886, when the Qajar authorities requested aid in the anomaly's containment. Based on the testimony of SCP-3514-3, SCP-3514 is believed to have been created sometime after the death of Shah Isma'il in the early 16th century.

On 22/12/1973, the Office for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts (ORIA) was alerted to the existence of SCP-3514, and swiftly moved in to contain it. It was discovered through documents stolen during an ORIA incursion into Site . Due to the limited Foundation presence in Iran, holding the anomaly against ORIA was considered unfeasible, and the Foundation withdrew upon ORIA's request without incident.

Interview 3514-24

Interviewed: SCP-3514-3.

Interviewer: Dr. F .

Foreword: This interview was conducted 23/08/1966. The conversation has been translated from a 16th century dialect of Azeri, the native language of Shah Isma'il. Of note is the unusual level of lucidity in SCP-3514-3's responses.

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : Good afternoon, SCP-3514-3. How are you this evening?

SCP-3514-3: I am… well. Surprisingly well.

Dr. F : You- Er, good. Very good. Why is that?

SCP-3514-3: I… remember. Other times. The good days, before, before this. When I was a God.

Dr. F : …I didn't think that you believed that yourself.

SCP-3514-3: Oh, no, no, I didn't, but… there was a glory in it. There was something there that I- that we felt was true. That feeling of standing above the world, above one's followers, with all the strength of vengeance and righteousness pushing us forward- one felt like a God. One felt like the Mahdi. One felt like… like the expression of something greater.

Then came darkness. Then came mortality. One moment I was thundering down, the immortal head of an immortal army, the arm of God's righteous revenge. And then, a minute later, I was a man, a mortal king fleeing from mortal foes, ensnared in the mire and spitting blood from my tattered lips. I was human. I was normal. Do you know what that feels like, to lose that? No, no, of course not. You could never know what it is to be a God.

Dr. F : So- why do you do this? Why do you hurt yourself? Why not just stop doing this?

SCP-3514-3: Because I am mortal! Because I

have to- I have to see it. To find a way to stop it. This was the battle that defined my life, my existence, my soul. This was the battle that, I have heard, defined empires and religions, created lines and contours that have echoed throughout centuries. I have to find a way to redo it and change history.

**Dr. F : ** But you've replayed the battle hundreds of thousands of times. And I've seen you replay the battle in the same way it happened, make yourself die, conjure up impossible fantasies. Why do you still do it?

SCP-3514-3: It's the only thing that makes sense to me. Maybe it was the only thing that ever made sense to me. All I am is a memory, a faded ghost, an imprint of Isma'il's mind. A projection from beyond the grave, sitting here, forever, and ever, and ever. My lot is to exist in the past. To see the moment I was made mortal, again and again and again, trying to understand. To percieve. To understand what I am, what I was, what I could be. To understand myself.

**Dr. F : ** What do you mean?

SCP-3514-3: I mean that I- that you- that 'Ali… that… that…

Hereafter, SCP-3514-3 reverted to its ordinary behaviour and speech patterns, remaining unresponsive to Foundation questioning. Dr. F thus ended the interview shortly afterwards.

<End Log>

Interview 3514-55

Interviewed: SCP-3514-3.

Interviewer: Dr. O .

Foreword: This interview was conducted 23/05/1972. The conversation has been translated from a 16th century dialect of Azeri, the native language of Shah Isma'il. Once again, SCP-3514-3 demonstrated particular lucidity throughout this interview.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3514-3: You do not know what it is to be dead, Doctor.

Dr. O : Wh- er, no. I haven't died. H-Have you?

SCP-3514-3: I have. I was sitting in my palace, dreaming of older days, drinking more and more wine as the world became red. And then the red changed, into black and blue and green, and I saw Azrael. And he took me away.

Dr. O : To where?

SCP-3514-3: So many places. I saw the halls of paradise, and the depths of Jahannam. I saw 'Ali and the Imams, I saw- I think I saw them, anyway. I forget. I saw the past, saw Kayumars and Kay Khusraw and the Prophet. I do not know if what I saw was real, if those kings truly roamed the earth or were merely real to me and the world I inhabited, but I saw it all the same. Then I saw the present, the Venetian ships plying the water, the dying emperors of old China, the screams of the servants as they found my body, the mourning of the my followers. I saw Suleiman's laughter

and Babur's grave sighs. I saw the world in miniature. And then… and then…

Dr. O **:** You saw the future?

SCP-3514-3: I saw my son- not like me, but more bitter and far wiser. He knew from the start that he was not a god. He was a graver and a darker soul than I, but one who knew more than how to hunt, drink and kill. He made an empire. I saw brave 'Abbas, and the poorer men who followed him. I saw the land I'd conquered rise to heights unknown for a thousand years, and fall to depths seen only in the righteous destruction of the Mongols. And then I saw things I still do not understand… a red Shah, a living statue, and a darkness coating the world in silence. And I realised that none of it mattered.

Dr. O **:** Those sound like things that matter.

SCP-3514-3: They didn't, because then I saw myself. I was Isma'il. I was born and raised knowing I was a saint, a *murshid*, the messiah-king, the expression of God or maybe God himself. I was a divine instrument, a righteous warrior for vengeance. And then I died at Chaldiran. The divine part of me fled, and I was just a servant, a mortal, a dog that had been kicked from 'Ali's threshold and was forced to roam the streets. In an instant, I, a God, became a man. In an instant. A single day of blood.

Dr. O **:** That must have been… hard.

SCP-3514-3: I can see the doubt in your eyes, little man. I can see the scepticism. What do you know of religion? Of God? What do you

know of the blood and the need for revenge? The righteousness of our cause? The clerics never got it, nor the *sayyids*. We were overthrowing the heretic temples of the Sunnis and establishing a new order, a just kingdom, a place free of the blood and mire of this world. We were heroes!

Dr. O **:** …I apologise if I offended you. It was not my intent.

SCP-3514-3: You didn't. I must give you apologies in turn. I thought time had turned me into a humbler man than that. You see, that is why God- or whoever I saw in the melting light- gave me this punishment. In life, I had been a man of arrogance, who thought himself divine. And so now, I must sit here, until I have learnt the truth; that the struggle was irrelevant. That this was no more different a moment than any other.

Dr. O **:** You mean- you're being forced to stay here? As punishment?

SCP-3514-3: Forced? Oh, no. I can leave at any time- but God knows I will not. I am here because I want to be. I must thank God, I truly must, for putting me here. An eternity of truth-seeking. You see, I never quite believed it. That I was not special, not a conduit for the divine. Even if I could only remember it in wine, I was still the Mahdi, the messiah, and when in my cups, Chaldiran was just a child's dream. I knew myself mortal by then, but felt myself more. So I stay here. Because I must. Because… because… then I will be free.

Dr. O **:** Well, why don't you just-

SCP-3514-3: *Free*, child… free… in the light of

the sun and with the scim-scim-scimitar, beneath the noon of 'Ali, in the twilight, in the free light… they're coming soon, you know… the men of false righteousness, here to *reclaim* me… I have seen them talking each to each…

At this point, SCP-3514-3 began to speak incoherently, becoming increasingly unaware of its surroundings. Dr. O ended the interview shortly afterwards.

<End Log>

Footnotes

1. Although this painting- which can be found on a wall of the Chehel Sotoun palace in Isfahan- is commonly believed to show the Battle of Chaldiran proper, several variations in dress and formation have led researchers to believe that it is, in fact, of an SCP-3514-1 event. The abnormalities in the painting have been publically written-off as stylistic variations and a lack of knowledge of the events on the part of the painter.
2. The first ruler of the Safavid dynasty of Iran and the Safavid leader at the Battle of Chaldiran.
3. The "Epic of Kings", a 10th century poem by the Iranian poet Ferdowsi detailing a mythical version of the history of the Sassanid period. It had become the standard narrative of Iran's history by this period, and was an important part of the Persianate world's culture.
4. It should be noted that the Safavid decision to delay their attack- taken partly due to Isma'il's belief in his own divinity, and partly because of poor advice from his senior generals- is commonly considered the reason for the Safavid failure at the historical battle, as the strength of their cavalry charges was mitigated by the strong Ottoman defensive position and power of their cannon.
5. Amurshidis the spiritual leader of a Sufi order, the role Shah Isma'il played to his fanatical Qizilbash followers.
6. It should be noted that those 4 Shahs are believed to have died from excessive drinking.

SCP-3515: Unearth

Item #: SCP-3515

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3515 is to be stored in a standard art locker at Site-77. Containment and testing locations must be situated no less than 50m from any on-site sleeping quarters or common area.

Description: SCP-3515 is a 40 cm x 60 cm charcoal drawing on paper, currently fitted in a wooden frame. The drawing depicts a barren landscape with a large knotted willow tree in the foreground, at the crest of a hill of bare earth. The artist and date of creation are unknown.

Persons spending more than one hour in close proximity to SCP-3515 (within a range of approximately five meters) will be subject to low-volume auditory hallucinations described as the sound of slow, steady digging. In noise comparison tests, subjects have most commonly matched SCP-3515-induced hallucinations with recordings of manual digging with a metal shovel in heavy clay soil. If an affected individual is no longer in proximity to SCP-3515, these auditory hallucinations cease.

If an individual enters slow-wave sleep (stage 3 of non-REM sleep) while in proximity to SCP-3515, that individual will spontaneously dematerialize. Dematerialization will include clothing and other objects physically attached to the individual. No further evidence is available of the location of civilians presumed to have been affected by this phenomenon. In Foundation experimentation, the most notable test to date has been Experimental Protocol 3515-C-01.

Experimental Protocol 3515-C-01: Selected Logs

Notes: A single test subject (D-6042) was placed in the testing

chamber with SCP-3515 and a standard Foundation single bedding set. D-6042 was fitted with a GPS tracking device, a head-mounted camera and microphone, and a transmitter affixed to D-6042's clothing. Relevant extracts from the recording logs are set out below.

The initial phase of the experiment confirmed the presence of auditory hallucinations as anticipated, and showed no unexpected results. After initial observations were complete, the secondary effect of SCP-3515 was tested.

> **<Elapsed time: 1:46:07>**
>
> **D-6042:** So you want me to lie down and go to sleep?
>
> **Dr. Hallard:** That's correct. Please do not remove or disable your equipment.
>
> **D-6042:** Okay. Uh, what are you testing for, please?
>
> **Dr. Hallard:** I'm sorry, I can't tell you that. We will be monitoring you at all times.
>
> **D-6042:** Right, sure. Hey, is there anything you can do about that noise?
>
> **Dr. Hallard:** I'm afraid not. Just try to ignore it.
>
> **D-6042:** I'll try to. It's pretty quiet, anyway.
>
> *D-6042 lies in a lateral position, with the camera facing the wall of the testing chamber. No sound is recorded other than D-6042's breathing. After approximately 17 minutes, the attached electroencephalograph records D-6042 falling asleep. Approximately 20 minutes later, brain wave patterns indicate that D-6042 has reached slow-wave sleep.*
>
> *D-6042 dematerializes. Clothing and attached electronic devices also dematerialize, with the exception of the leads for the electroencephalograph, which remain on the bed. Signals from the camera, microphone and GPS*

continue to be received by the monitoring team. The GPS signal updates to a location in [REDACTED]. This location is confirmed by multilateration of the broadcast signal of the recording equipment. The view from the head-mounted camera changes to what appears to be another room: the wall is of a different colour, and the shape of the pillow also appears different. Breathing can be heard through the microphone, suggesting that D-6042 remains asleep.

The monitoring team continues to observe while the closest Mobile Task Force is ordered to the location of the GPS signal. The MTF reports a suburban house, showing signs of recent habitation but with the current residents absent. Footage from one of the upstairs bedrooms resembles the interior shown on D-6042's camera. D-6042 is not present in the bedroom.

After approximately three hours with no activity observed, the monitoring team agrees to attempt to wake D-6042 up.

Dr. Hallard: D-6042. D-6042, can you hear me? D-6042!

D-6042: Huh? What? Um, yes, yes I can hear you. Sorry, I was asleep.

The camera turns to show the ceiling of the darkened room.

Dr. Hallard: That's okay. How do you feel?

D-6042: I'm fine. A bit groggy. But I'm fine. Why?

Dr. Hallard: Can you describe your surroundings, please?

The camera view turns, showing the interior of a typical bedroom including a bookcase and desk. The room's dimensions and paint colour are consistent with those observed by the Mobile Task Force, but the furnishings

are different. Members of the MTF are not visible.

D-6042: What the - what is this?

Dr. Hallard: D-6042, do you recognise your location?

D-6042: Uh, yeah. This is my bedroom. Um, in my parents' house, I mean. This is my bedroom from when I was a kid. Wow, those are my books.

Dr. Hallard: We have agents in the room with you. They can't see you there.

D-6042: There's no one here with me. How did I get here?

Dr. Hallard: We're hoping you can help us work that out. You are the first person to document this phenomenon. Could you please have a look around and see if there is anything unusual.

D-6042: Uh, I guess.

D-6042 exits the bedroom and walks along a hallway. No other persons are observed.

D-6042: Hello? Anyone here?

No response is heard. D-6042 reaches a landing and proceeds down a flight of stairs. There are framed photographs on the wall of the staircase.

D-6042: Wow, even the same pictures.

The photographs appear normal and are consistent with known information about D-6042's family. Background checks confirm the GPS location as D-6042's childhood residence.

D-6042: Any of you guys here? Mom?

The MTF reports the return of the current owners of the

property (who are unrelated to D-6042). They are temporarily detained by the Foundation and later amnesticized.

D-6042 reaches the base of the stairs, and enters a living area. Electric lights are operational, but curtains are drawn.

D-6042: This is so weird. It's just like it was when I was growing up. I fell off that sofa when I was seven, sprained my wrist.

Dr. Hallard: So everything is as you remember.

D-6042: Yeah, although a lot quieter with no one here. But otherwise - oh, wait a second.

Dr. Hallard: What is it?

D-6042: That painting, on the far wall. I don't remember that.

D-6042 crosses the living area. The picture on the wall resembles SCP-3515.

D-6042: That's the painting from the test. I'm sure we didn't have this at home.

Dr. Hallard: You haven't seen that picture before the test? Do you recall having a different painting on this wall when you were a child?

D-6042: No, I don't remember. But I haven't seen this picture before today. I'm sure.

Dr. Hallard: Could you please go a little nearer so we can see it close up?

D-6042 approaches SCP-3515. The details of the picture appear unchanged.

D-6042: Looks the same to me.

Dr. Hallard: Thank you. Same for us.

D-6042: Although… I can't say for sure, but maybe the noise is a little bit louder?

Dr. Hallard: The digging sound?

D-6042: Yes.

Dr. Hallard: Okay, we'll make a note of that. Keep an eye out for any other differences. In the meantime, could you please open the curtains? We'd like to look outside.

D-6042 pulls open the curtains. The exterior of the window is obscured.

D-6042: Weird, it's like it's covered in mud, or like -

D-6042 runs to the front door of the house, unlocks it, and attempts to pull it open. The door appears to be stuck in place.

D-6042: <*grunting*>

D-6042 pulls on the handle, leaning away from the door. Suddenly the door opens, the camera hitting the ground as D-6042 falls.

D-6042: <*yelling*> Ah! Ow!

D-6042 scrambles away from the door. The camera struggles to focus.

D-6042: <*panting*> Shit, shit.

Dr. Hallard: D-6042, talk to us. Are you injured? What's going on?

D-6042: You can't see it?

D-6042 walks back towards the front door. The space behind the open door is filled with dark soil. Dirt has

spilled onto the floor of the house, and onto D-6042's jumpsuit.

D-6042: What the hell?

D-6042 reaches through the doorway, pulling at the dirt. Clumps of earth fall to the ground, and more dirt falls into the gap from above. There is no obvious limit to the volume of soil outside the door.

D-6042 moves rapidly through the kitchen and other rooms, pulling aside curtains and opening windows where possible. The entire house appears to be surrounded by packed earth.

D-6042: What the fuck? What the fuck!

Dr. Hallard: Please try to remain calm, D-

D-6042: <*shouting*> Fuck that!

D-6042 runs upstairs and into the house's bedrooms, continuing to curse and ignoring instructions from the monitoring team. All upstairs windows are also blocked with earth. D-6042 appears increasingly agitated. D-6042 returns downstairs to the living area, picks up a wooden chair and throws it at the window.

D-6042: <*unintelligible yelling*>

The window breaks. Dark earth spills through the crack. D-6042 falls to a sitting position, breathing heavily.

D-6042: <*breathing heavily*> You bastards. You fucking bastards. You buried me.

Shortly afterward, D-6042 removed the camera and headset. The GPS tracking signal moved within the area of the house for several hours. Eventually, D-6042 returned to the living area and reattached the camera and headset, resuming contact with the monitoring team.

<Elapsed time: 8:49:06>

Dr. Hallard: Thank you for coming back -

D-6042: Shut up. You have to get me out of here. I've looked everywhere I can, and it's the same. This whole place is covered in dirt. Doors, windows, I even checked the basement. And behind it there's just more dirt. So you have to get me out. Okay?

Dr. Hallard: I can assure you that we're trying every approach we possibly can to -

D-6042: No, dammit! You *have* to get me out! Not "try" - do it! <*breathing deeply*> Look, okay, I'm sorry. I'm trying to stay calm but I am not all right here. I need you to help.

Dr. Hallard: We're going to help you. We will.

D-6042: Please.

Dr. Hallard: We will. Now, have you eaten?

D-6042: <*sniffing*> Yeah, a little. There's stuff in the kitchen.

Dr. Hallard: Something to drink? We thought we could hear the taps running?

D-6042: Yeah.

Dr. Hallard: Slept?

D-6042: No.

Dr. Hallard: It's probably a good idea if -

D-6042: How long do I have?

Dr. Hallard: I'm sorry?

D-6042: Until I run out of air. How long until there's no

more oxygen?

Dr. Hallard: Well, it's more the carbon dioxide that you need to -

D-6042: <*shouting*> How long?

Dr. Hallard: Uh. Actually it should be quite a long time. The house is pretty large, so provided we keep the air ventilating, you should have enough for weeks, maybe.

D-6042: Oh. Is that true?

Dr. Taylor: I mean, yes, it should be.

D-6042: So you'll get me out.

Dr. Hallard: Yes, we will. But first, I think we should all get some sleep, and we'll come up with a new plan tomorrow.

D-6042: I don't know.

Dr. Hallard: We've got plenty of time. You have lots of food and water, and - and there's nothing there to interfere with you. Ideally, I'd like to try with you sleeping in the living room.

D-6042: No! No. I don't want to sleep here.

Dr. Hallard: Is it the picture? I know how you feel, but it's possible that falling asleep with it again will reverse the effect.

D-6042: <*silence*>

D-6042: Okay. I'll try.

D-6042 slept for several hours in the living room. No change in situation was evident.

The next day, the experimental team guided D-6042 through the

house, confirming that all areas outside of the building were filled with soil of various types and consistencies. Samples were collected for testing.

Attempts to use communication devices were unsuccessful. While all equipment was operational, telephone calls were not connected, other than to answering machines. The desktop computer was not able to be connected to the internet. The television could be viewed, but only pre-recorded programs were broadcast, with no live content.

Following these tests, it was determined that D-6042 would attempt to tunnel upwards from the house using a garden shovel from the basement. D-6042 spent the remainder of the day collecting supplies from within the house, including food and battery-powered lighting. The monitoring team provided instruction on setting up a makeshift ventilation system to provide air circulation.

On the next morning, D-6042 returned to a window in the attic to commence digging.

<Elapsed time: 41:12:54>

Dr. Hallard: Okay, switch the fans on as you go past. Good. Then start the hole at the top. Just below the top of the window.

D-6042: <*grunting*>

Dr. Hallard: Great. May as well just throw it back down the stairs. And then just keep going like that. We'll be here if you want to talk.

D-6042: <*panting*> Jeez, this is going to take forever. Do I have to start from the top?

Dr. Hallard: I know the angle is awkward, but it will get easier once you've started the tunnel. Doing it this way means you can keep that arch-shape at the top, which will be more stable. And it will help make sure you're always heading upwards, although we can use the spirit

level for that once you've gotten going.

D-6042: Okay, James - you know best.

D-6042 made slow but steady progress on the tunnel during the day. D-6042's attitude during this period fluctuated between anger, withdrawal and a strong desire for conversation. When preparing to sleep that night, D-6042 watched television for several hours. Digging resumed on the second day.

<Elapsed time: 69:44:18>

D-6042 is at the end of the tunnel, shovelling heavy clay onto a toboggan used to transport it back to the attic. On the next strike, the shovel blade makes a sharp noise.

D-6042: I hit something! James!

Dr. Hallard: I'm here. What is it?

D-6042: I hit something. There's something hard here.

D-6042 leans forward and pulls at the tunnel face with both hands. Lumps of clay fall, revealing a white shape.

D-6042: Can you see this James?

Dr. Hallard: Yes, we see it.

Further digging reveals the shape as a long bone. D-6042 pulls away.

D-6042: Shit, that's a bone. Shit.

Dr. Hallard: That's okay. You'd expect bones underground, wouldn't you.

D-6042: No. No no no. That's not right. It's not right James, do you know why? I've been digging and digging, but there's nothing here. No worms, no bugs, nothing that lives underground. No moles, nothing. So if they aren't here, why is there a bone?

Dr. Hallard: Let's take a closer look at it, okay - see what we can learn about it.

D-6042: <*breathing deeply*> Right. All right.

D-6042 pulls away dirt from around the bone, moving down its length. A large chunk of clay comes loose at the base, revealing the bones of a human foot.

D-6042: Oh fuck! I told you. Fuck.

D-6042 scrambles back out of the tunnel and into the house. The monitoring team's attempts to discuss the situation are ignored, and the headset is abandoned for some time. After approximately two hours, D-6042 is observed walking past the headset and into the tunnel, carrying the shovel. Forty-five minutes later, D-6042 returns to the attic and reattaches the headset.

D-6042: I told you. Are you there?

Dr. Hallard: Yes, we're here. What did you tell us?

D-6042: I'll show you. This place is - I'll show you.

D-6042 returns to the tunnel. Halfway along its length, the side of the tunnel shows signs of recent digging, forming a shallow branch at an angle to the main tunnel. Two bones protrude from the earth at knee height. They appear similar to human radius and ulna.

D-6042: See? Do you see that?

D-6042 uses the shovel to move the loose dirt on the tunnel floor. A series of smaller bones are observed, presumed to be human carpal, metacarpal and phalanges.

D-6042: Tell me what the fuck is going on?

Dr. Hallard: I can't. I'm sorry, I don't know what this is. We're doing our best.

D-6042: Your best?

D-6042 swings the shovel hard into the tunnel face at shoulder height, digging erratically. A sharp scraping sound is heard. D-6042 swings again, and a large clump of earth falls. As it hits the tunnel floor, it breaks open, revealing a second human hand, partially decomposed. There is a sound of dry retching, and D-6042 retreats from the tunnel. Laboured breathing is heard for several minutes.

Dr. Hallard: D-6042? Buddy? Are you okay?

D-6042: <*softly*> Please. You need to do more. I can't.

Dr. Hallard: We're doing it. We can see your GPS signal - when you're in the tunnel, at the other end, it's coming from in the garden. We have a team coming - they're going to start digging down towards you. We'll get you out.

D-6042: Please. You have to.

Dr. Hallard: We will. But we need you to keep digging up towards us. We'll see on the camera what you're seeing, and we can use that to see how close we are to finding you.

D-6042: No. No more. Not today.

Dr. Hallard: Okay, that's okay. We'll start again tomorrow.

D-6042 spent the rest of the day eating and sitting near the television. Early on the following morning, as D-6042 was climbing to the tunnel entrance, the lights in the house lost power.

<Elapsed time: 88:20:44>

D-6042: Jesus! Shit! Can you still hear me?

Dr. Hallard: I'm still here.

D-6042: What's going on? What happened?

Dr. Hallard: We don't know yet, but we can go down to the living room and -

D-6042: No! I'm not going down there. I'm getting out!

Dr. Hallard: Okay, I hear you. See if you can find the lamp, at least.

D-6042 climbs up and enters the tunnel, digging rapidly. D-6042 speaks rarely, working in short bursts and resting on the tunnel floor. On several occasions, the tunnelling disturbs bones or decomposing human remains. These are either covered in loose dirt by D-6042 or ignored entirely. The monitoring team estimates that the total remains uncovered to date comprise at least twelve individuals. After several hours, the shovel blade strikes something hard at the tunnel base.

D-6042: <*grunting*> Uh. Piece of…

Dr. Hallard: D-6042, we really need to see what this is. Please.

D-6042: Why? Huh, why?

Dr. Hallard: It might be something we can use to help you get out.

D-6042: Right.

D-6042 digs deeper into the floor of the tunnel, exposing a decomposing human torso with several exposed ribs. Further along is a head, with some flesh and hair remaining.

Dr. Hallard: That's good. Could you go a little closer, please?

D-6042: God, it smells. How will this help?

Dr. Hallard: Perhaps we can work out how they were buried. It could tell us how close you are to the surface. Can you pick up the head please?

D-6042: I don't want to touch it.

Dr. Hallard: Come on, it won't hurt you. I really need you to do this.

D-6042: You need me to do this? You need me? Fuck you, James. Fuck you! I need you to get! Me! Out!

D-6042 hits the corpse repeatedly with the flat of the shovel, smashing the bones.

D-6042: <*shouting*> Is that okay? Is that helpful? Fuck you!

D-6042 resumes digging erratically, no longer stopping to transport loose dirt from the tunnel. The incline of D-6042's tunnelling has increased. When an arm is exposed and hangs from the tunnel ceiling, D-6042 hacks at it with the shovel until it falls, and leaves it behind to be covered in earth as digging continues.

After several hours, the shovel again strikes something hard near the tunnel roof. D-6042 digs further, exposing what appears to be a long tree root. D-6042 ceases digging and remains looking up at the root.

Dr. Hallard: Hey, that's a good sign.

D-6042 does not respond.

Dr. Hallard: It should mean that you're getting near the surface. If you get a bit closer, we can try to work out how near.

D-6042: <*whispering*> No. It's not - I don't like it. It's not right.

Dr. Hallard: What's wrong? It looks normal.

D-6042: <*whispering*> No. No.

Dr. Hallard makes contact with the digging team. The team has reached a depth of twenty metres. The excavation appears normal, with no signs of human remains. There are no large trees in the vicinity of D-6042's childhood house.

D-6042 continues digging at the face of the tunnel for several more hours without food or water. Several further tree roots are exposed in the tunnel ceiling, as well as a disembodied leg, wrapped in scraps of material. D-6042 continues, avoiding contact with the tree roots. After fourteen hours of activity, monitoring staff attempt to intervene.

Dr. Hallard: Hey? I know you're ignoring us, but you need to stop. You need rest, and food. You need to sleep.

D-6042: I need to get out.

Dr. Hallard: Yes, but you can't dig if you're exhausted. You'll do better if you rest.

D-6042: I don't want to.

Dr. Hallard: Just a break then. We can talk.

D-6042: Okay.

D-6042 sits on the tunnel floor.

Dr. Hallard: Doesn't it feel better to take a break?

D-6042: I am pretty tired.

Dr. Hallard: Fair enough. You've made good progress today, despite it all.

D-6042: Yeah.

Dr. Hallard: Tell me, what would you like as your first meal, when you get back?

D-6042: I don't know.

Dr. Hallard: Well what sort of food do you like? Pizza? A burger?

D-6042: Burger. With cheese.

Dr. Hallard: Nice.

D-6042: Could I get McDonalds, do you think? A quarter pounder?

Dr. Hallard: I'm sure we can arrange that. Just tell us what you'd like.

D-6042: I'm getting hungry.

D-6042 returns to the tunnel entrance to collect food and water, and eats.

Dr. Hallard: Tomorrow, you'll be ready to go again.

D-6042: Uh-huh.

Dr. Hallard: Shall we head back down tonight? Back to your bed?

D-6042: No.

Dr. Hallard: It's probably better if you can. From an air circulation perspective.

D-6042: No! I'm not going back down there.

Dr. Hallard: All right. Well stay out here near the entrance, at least.

D-6042 switches off the battery-powered lamp. The tunnel and the attic are dark and silent.

D-6042: How long has it been, James?

Dr. Hallard: Four days.

D-6042: Oh. I'm sorry about yelling.

Dr. Hallard: It's okay. Don't think about that. Think about what you'll do when you're back.

D-6042: Mmm. James, I've been thinking about the tree.

Dr. Hallard: Which tree?

D-6042: The one in the picture. I've been thinking about it a lot. I didn't tell you. I'm sorry.

Dr. Hallard: That's okay.

D-6042: <*softly*> All the time, while I'm digging. I think about the picture, and the noise, and the tree. I think the tree hates me. It hates me.

Dr. Hallard: It's all right. You're all right. Don't worry. We're here.

D-6042: I'm sorry.

Dr. Hallard: Maybe it's our team you can hear? Digging from above? That could be a good sign.

D-6042: Maybe.

D-6042 falls asleep for a few hours, before waking with a start.

D-6042: What? Who's there?

Dr. Hallard: I'm here - Dr. Hallard.

D-6042: Oh, hi James.

Dr. Hallard: It's still early, you could go back to sleep.

D-6042: No. I'm getting out.

D-6042 turns on the lantern, takes the shovel and resumes digging. Human remains are uncovered frequently.

<Elapsed time: 109:12:16>

D-6042: God, it smells. Why are there so many bodies?

Dr. Hallard: I don't know. Perhaps you're below a graveyard? That would be a good sign - the surface would be close.

D-6042: <*laughing*> A good sign? Below a graveyard? <*laughing*>

Dr. Hallard: Come on, buddy.

D-6042: <*laughing*> Come on buddy. Come on, bodies. Let's all dig together. Dig, dig, dig. Oh look, a boot. Anyone need a boot? Looks like a good one. I'm sure I can get the foot out. Hey, James, you need a boot?

D-6042 continues to dig, depositing body parts on the tunnel floor as they are dug up.

D-6042: Another arm! How many is that so far? How many more to come? How many -

There is a sudden heavy noise, and the lantern is extinguished, leaving only D-6042's headlamp.

D-6042: No!

Dr. Hallard: What's going on? Talk to me.

D-6042: Shit, it fell. It fell James.

The headlamp moves rapidly, but reveals that the tunnel behind D-6042 has collapsed and filled with earth. The lantern has been buried, and the tunnel blocked.

D-6042: Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck -

Dr. Hallard: Stay calm. You can do this. You just have to dig your way back through the collapsed section, so you can get through to -

D-6042: No! I can't go back.

Dr. Hallard: You have to, buddy. You need to dig back to the house. There's not enough air where you are.

D-6042: <*sobbing*> Help me.

Dr. Hallard: I'm trying, but you have to do this, okay?

D-6042 begins to shovel loose earth from the top of the collapsed section. More earth falls from above, together with a human leg in the early stages of decomposition. The leg is clothed in grey rags.

D-6042: Oh god. <*retching*>

D-6042 continues digging at the collapsed section, forming a low hole. This hole appears stable, but dirt continues to fall from the ceiling of the remaining tunnel.

Dr. Hallard: Hurry.

There is another loud noise from behind D-6042. The camera turns. More of the tunnel roof has collapsed, reducing the remaining tunnel to a few metres in length.

Dr. Hallard: Come on. Keep digging.

The camera turns abruptly upwards, and D-6042 gasps. Where the tunnel roof has fallen in, a series of thin tree roots have been exposed. Above, there is no dirt. The tree roots extend upwards into empty blackness as far as the headlamp's light can reach.

D-6042 drops the shovel.

D-6042: <*whimpering*>

Dr. Hallard: Wait. We need to -

D-6042 scrambles into the low hole dug in the first collapsed section, and crawls forward, pulling dirt away manually. Attempts by the monitoring team to communicate are ignored. D-6042 continues digging forward slowly, surrounded by earth. D-6042's camera view shows dirt on all sides, and the microphone records rapid breathing.

Dr. Hallard: Try to stay calm. Slower breaths, okay.

D-6042 continues digging forwards, ignoring communications from the monitoring team. The hole remains narrow and low. D-6042's hands appears to be bleeding in several places. After approximately thirty minutes, D-6042 jerks to a stop.

D-6042: My foot! Something's got my foot!

D-6042 attempts to look back, but the hole is too cramped to turn.

D-6042: Help! It's got me!

Dr. Hallard: Are you sure? It could just be the dirt. Or more tree roots?

D-6042: Aaugh!

D-6042 squirms, twisting to face upwards.

D-6042: I can't see. It's got my foot!

The camera moves wildly, but nothing can be seen on D-6042's foot. D-6042 appears to be hyperventilating.

D-6042: I have to get out!

D-6042 begins clawing at the roof of the hole, attempting

to dig directly upwards. Dirt falls directly onto the camera

Dr. Hallard: Hey, you can't - please listen to me - you have to go forward - the air - it won't -

D-6042 makes no response, continuing to dig upwards. The digging exposes grey fabric in the soil above. As more earth falls, it reveals a human torso covered in a grey jumpsuit.

D-6042: No!

Dr. Hallard: What is it?

D-6042: It's me. That's my clothes. That was my boot before. They're all me.

Dr. Hallard: That doesn't make any sense -

D-6042: Aaaah!

D-6042 scratches at the clothing on the roof of the tunnel. As the torso is exposed, a partially obscured number is visible on the chest of the jumpsuit. D-6042 continues to claw frantically at the sides and roof of the hole, exposing the head of the corpse.

The corpse's face appears to resemble that of D-6042.

D-6042: *<screaming>*

D-6042 attempts to roll over, away from the dead face. As D-6042 moves, there is a loud noise, and the corpse falls from above, together with a large volume of earth. D-6042 is knocked down.

When the camera re-focuses, the head of the corpse is directly in front of the lens, with packed soil visible above it. The corpse appears to have fallen on top of D-6042, collapsing the tunnel and burying D-6042. The camera does not move.

Dr. Hallard: Can you hear me?

D-6042: <*rapid, shallow breathing*>

Dr. Hallard: Can you move?

D-6042: <*whimpering*>

Dr. Hallard: It's okay, buddy. I'm sorry. It's okay.

After approximately 30 minutes, D-6042 makes noises consistent with suffering convulsions due to hypercapnia. After a further 8 minutes, no further sounds are audible from D-6042.

The digging team continues excavation for a further two hours, reaching a depth of approximately 50 metres. No unusual results are observed. The team ceases work.

D-6042's camera and light continue operation for another 123 hours before running out of battery. Analysis of the final five hours of film has identified sounds consistent with muffled digging, slowly growing louder.

SCP-3516: I Fell Off My Bike

Item #: SCP-3516

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3516 is to be kept in a locked box at Site 77. When not in use for testing, both wheels of SCP-3516 are to be locked using a standard bike lock.

When using SCP-3516, no protective equipment is to be issued to the rider. Testing of SCP-3516 may only be done outdoors, and may not come within 50 meters of any essential mechanisms of the site. Observers are required to stand behind a screen of protective glass at all times when testing SCP-3516. Riders of SCP-3516 are to be equipped with a metal rod to jam between the spokes of the front wheel in the likelihood of superficial injuries occurring. At least one medical personnel must be present for every test.

Description: SCP-3516 is a silver bicycle, specifically the 1982 Schwinn Predator model. Flame symbols are crudely painted alongside the body of the bicycle in acrylic paint. Two spokes on the front wheel are bent, and five on the back wheel. The entire bicycle shows signs of age and wear, but still functions normally.

When any human subject begins to ride SCP-3516, the anomalous abilities of SCP-3516 will activate. Regardless of current situation or speed, the subject will experience feelings of excitement and increased levels of adrenaline, similar to those experienced when on a roller coaster or other method of thrill-based entertainment. The subject will also become increasingly accident-prone as time goes on, with an estimated additional 8% chance of falling off of or crashing SCP-3516 for every minute passed. 90% of subjects are observed to have an accident within 10 minutes of beginning to ride SCP-3516. It should be noted that regardless of the severity of the crash, SCP-3516 will show either minimal damage or no damage. Experimentation has proven that it may be damaged outside of

crashes.

Once the subject has fallen off of or otherwise crashed SCP-3516, SCP-3516's secondary ability will manifest. The severity of damage caused to the surroundings of SCP-3516, which may or may not include the rider, will be far greater than what is normally possible from the impact, with collision speeds as low as 30 kph releasing upwards of 22,000 newtons. Impacted objects will also show decreased stability, breaking under forces that they would normally withstand.

The final aspect of SCP-3516's anomalous abilities concern any injuries sustained by the rider over the course of the crash. The severity of the injuries, including those extrapolated upon by the secondary ability of SCP-3516, is effectively inverted. Wounds that would normally be life-threatening or fatal will instead seem to have no effect on the subject's health, and may be easily recuperated from. Small or minor wounds, however, will prove to be devastating, with a skinned knee being sufficient to knock the subject unconscious and taking weeks of intense care to heal. If the subject managed to sustain no injuries over the course of the crash, no anomalous abilities will activate.

SCP-3516 Testing Log:

Test SCP-3516-12

> **Subjects:** D-10334
>
> **Experiment Director:** Dr. Sambre
>
> **Procedure:** D-10334 is equipped with a bicycle helmet and is instructed to ride SCP-3516 into a concrete wall. Observed impact speed is 28 kph. Experiment is overviewed by Dr. Sambre.
>
> **Results:** The front tire of SCP-3516 lodges 13 cm deep into the wall, and D-10334 is bucked headfirst over the handlebars and into the wall, where the helmet splits in two and D-10334 shatters 2 vertebrae, suffers several skull fractures and a ruptured trachea. After 8 seconds,

subject stands up and complains of dizziness. Full recovery is made in 20 hours after subject is issued a single bandage and a mild painkiller.

Test SCP-3516-17

Subjects: D-12708

Experiment Director: Researcher Passarelli

Procedure: D-12708 is instructed to ride SCP-3516 off of an 8-meter drop onto a concrete surface. D-12708 is not issued any protective equipment, as doing so has proven futile.

Results: Upon impact, SCP-3516 bounces roughly 20 meters and injures Researcher Passarelli, dislodging D-12708 in the process. The left arm and leg of D-12708 are dislocated upon impact, and two toes are broken. D-12708 reports reduced feelings of discomfort and pain while injured and during the relocation process. Broken toes heal over the course of 4 days.

Notes: *"I'm making changes to containment procedures. One of the pedals knocked out three of my teeth."* - Researcher Passarelli

Test SCP-3516-20

Subjects: D-10980, Agent
Experiment Director: Dr.

Procedure: D-10980 is instructed to ride SCP-3516 in a straight line. As she is doing so, Agent is to shoot D-10980 in the leg with a sniper rifle.

Results: D-10980 is successfully shot, and falls off of SCP-3516. The injuries sustained from the crash are easily treated, but the gunshot wound shows no anomalous properties.

Notes: *"This confirms that SCP-3516's effects only apply*

to the injuries sustained in the crash, or at least those caused by riding it. Shame, otherwise we could've potentially used it to facilitate healing by purposely injuring prior patients, as stupid as that sounds." - Dr.

Test SCP-3516-21

Subjects: D-20039

Experiment Director: Dr.

Procedure: D-20039 is instructed to ride SCP-3516 in a straight line. While doing this, they will pass over several buried high-yield landmines. D-20039 has not been informed of the landmines.

Results: The landmines are successfully detonated. SCP-3516 is not damaged aside from slight degradation of the paint, and D-20039 is blown into multiple pieces. However, each individual piece of D-20039 did not die, and were able to be surgically joined together again. Afterwards, D-20039 did not show any lingering anomalous abilities.

Notes: *"That was gruesome, but easily the most impressive demonstration of SCP-3516's abilities to date. There may not BE an upper limit to the level of damage it can invert, as long as SCP-3516 is mostly responsible for causing it. Even the portions of D-20039's body we couldn't recover regenerated once the rest were assembled."* - Dr.

Test SCP-3516-28

Subjects: D-10802

Experiment Director: Researcher

Procedure: D-10802 is to ride SCP-3516 past a pricker bush.

Results: As D-10802 bikes past, a single thorn grazes

his leg, leaving a small scratch. D-10802 immediately expires. Autopsy reveals the cause of death as simultaneous cessation of all bodily functions.

Notes: *"And here we see the opposite end of the spectrum."* - Researcher

Test SCP-3516-33

Subjects: D-10065

Experiment Director: Researcher

Procedure: D-10065, while riding SCP-3516, is dropped out of an airplane at kilometers.

Results: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Notes: *Jesus Christ.* - Researcher

Recovery: SCP-3516 was brought to the Foundation's attention and subsequently recovered on 4/15/2002, when a terrorist thought to be operating alongside [REDACTED] rode SCP-3516 into the middle of a freeway, resulting in casualties and fatalities. While this normally would not have been enough to warrant further investigation, eyewitness reports of a man reattaching several severed limbs before biking out of the crater caused by a gas tanker exploding, seemingly perfectly unharmed. Field agents gave pursuit, following the trail of destruction caused by SCP-3516's effects, and SCP-3516 was eventually secured when the rider suffered a slight scrape from a pebble being kicked up towards their face by the tires, and subsequently expired. Class C amnestics were issued to aid in coverup, and the damage was explained to have been caused by a string of terrorist bombings.

SCP-3517: A Hideous Mountain

Item #: SCP-3517

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3517 is currently contained in Secure Locker 3517 at Site 66. Backup copies are kept in redundant file formats and multiple hard drives as per standard procedure regarding non-anomalous recorded media.

The region that is the subject of SCP-3517 is currently pending investigation. After the discovery of SCP-3517, the area was put under consideration for potential SCP status; the area was previously pending investigation due to civilian disappearances between 1950 and the present day numbering 38, nearly double that of comparable locales, though not high enough to otherwise be of concern.

Description: SCP-3517 is a series of video recordings featuring a collection of events of unknown origin, totaling 23:41 in length. The recordings were originally contained on two 128GB memory cards, found in a travel bag containing a head-mounted camera apparatus, commonly worn by civilians during outdoor excursions.

The recordings appear to take place over the course of three to four days, and follow the experiences of a small group of civilian hikers who became lost on [REDACTED PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION], a mountain in the [REDACTED PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION] range. The contents of SCP-3517 show disturbing and surreal fauna populating the mountain, encounters with which lead to the eventual disappearances or deaths of all subjects. Subjects are immediately aware of inconsistencies between what is expected and what they encounter, and react accordingly.

The contents of SCP-3517 change subtly between viewings, most

often the location of environmental details such as clouds and distant trees, but retain most events and dialogue between viewings; beyond this, SCP-3517 is not otherwise considered anomalous in itself.

SCP-3517 was retrieved in a rocky alcove on the northeast face of [LOCATION REDACTED], along with assorted damaged equipment and a fragment of clothing, determined to be denim.

Contents of SCP-3517: SCP-3517 is divided into three timespans of varying lengths. Recordings are numbered according to general place in timeline; further context will be provided at the beginning of each log.

SCP-3517 features four individuals;

- **A:** Male, 25-30 years of age. Appears to have a close relationship with Subject B. Appears somewhat knowledgeable about fieldcraft and has some medical training. Perishes via fauna.
- **B:** Male, 25-30 years of age. Appears to have a close relationship with Subject A. Law student. Follows Subjects A and C closely, appears poorly prepared for a hiking excursion despite athleticism and equipment. Fate unknown.
- **C:** Female, 30-35 years of age. Older Sister of Subject B. Carries .22 rifle and multiple extra rounds of ammunition. Self-professed hunter, becomes hyper-vigilant after initial encounter with fauna. Perishes after encounter with flora.
- **D:** Female, 15-25 years of age - unclear. Student of general studies. Acquaintance of Subjects A and B. Shows signs of paranoia; unknown if pre-existing, or brought on by events depicted in SCP-3517. Possesses some accurate knowledge regarding foraging as well as several relevant books, otherwise dubiously equipped for a hiking trip. Perishes via fauna.

Recording Summaries: The recording device was held by each of the four subjects at different points, with roughly equal distribution. Below are summarized transcriptions of the contents - see Document 3517-A for further analysis.

+ Open No. 1

RECORDING #: Timespan No. 1
Length: 01:08:02
SUMMARY: Timespan No. 1 contains only one cut and follows the subjects over the course of approximately 2 to 3 hours. A majority of events in this portion are summarized briefly, due to relative lack of anomalous occurrences. The timing of significant events is noted for further study.

<Begin Transcription>

- *00:00* - Recording begins. Subjects A and D are in frame. Subject B is wearing the camera, and Subject A is helping to secure the apparatus to his head. All subjects are equipped with full backpacks complete with bedrolls, as well as assorted other equipment.
- The rocky side of the mountain is clearly in view at a distance past Subjects A and D, with distant mountainous woodlands visible far off. The sky is clear, and a flock of Canadian geese are visible in the distance.
- Once recording is confirmed, subjects begin (or resume) making their way up the mountain, following a rocky game trail. Subject C teases Subject B (who seems slightly out of breath) on his lack of outdoors experience, as well as his evident lack of technological experience, referring to the fact that the recording was off. Meanwhile, Subject A can be seen making some distance ahead, frequently looking back to Subject B.
- *12:19* - Subject B looks back to Subject D, who is keeping up close behind and

somewhat down the slope from Subjects B and C. At this point, a base camp is still visible, consisting of multiple neon-coloured tents 150-200 metres down the slope, at the base of the mountainside. Recording is otherwise uneventful as subjects ascend the relatively gentle slope of the mountain.

- *23:19* - At this point the first divergent detail has been noted, wherein an animal carcass is noticed by Subject B and given a clear view by the camera. Animal is always a small quadrupedal mammal; at the time of transcription, it appears to have been an opossum. Subject C notices carcass on ground against a rocky outcrop, noting its 'freshness' in a sarcastic tone. Subject D asks for elaboration, after which Subject B looks back and down to her, motioning to the carcass. At this point the base camp is no longer visible in the distance, but its absence is not noticed by the subjects.
- *23:33* - Subject A suggests the group takes a break, as they are stopped anyways. Subjects B and D concur, and B removes the camera apparatus, fumbling with the device for several seconds before recording ceases.
- *23:40* - Four seconds of corruption before recording resumes. Between one and two hours appears to have passed, and the sun is falling low on the horizon. Subject C appears to be wearing the camera, and is looking ahead to Subjects A and B continuing their hike. Subject D mutters something incomprehensible, after which Subject C laughs. Group continues their hike. At

this point another divergent detail is apparent; the appearance of wildflowers along the side of the trail. Positioning and species are inconsistent between viewings, occasionally representing yet unidentified species. At the time of transcription, flowers were dark purple with forked foliage.

- *48:17* - Subjects arrive on a reasonably flat area, with several trees and grey rocky outcroppings. Subject D takes a seat on a rock, looking up the slope of the mountain and pointing, telling Subject C to look. Camera turns to focus on a large member of the family *Caprinae* standing approximately 30 metres further up the mountainside, with .5 metre long uncurled horns. Creature watches subjects, silhouetted against the sky. Group rests.
- *1:06:01* - Creature suddenly charges down the slope, emitting a hoarse call. Subjects jolt, Subject C following the animal as it quickly approaches the group. Creature splits in half vertically through its centre, both halves continuing to ambulate as they pursue Subject A, who has begun to flee down the slope behind the group. Subject C shouts and fumbles with firearm, camera view jerking violently between the firearm and Subject A. Camera has clear view as both halves of creature impact Subject A, causing immediate blunt force trauma and severe lacerations across his abdomen, as well as causing him to fall down the rocky slope.
- *1:06:24* - Two halves of creature rejoin and approach the incapacitated Subject A, as Subject C aims and fires. Creature

is struck in neck region, and turns to flee up the mountainside, apparently unharmed. Unharmed subjects rush to the aid of Subject A.

- *1:07:36* - Subject A is severely injured, having come to rest several dozen metres below the flat area where the sheep creature was first encountered. At this point the camera apparatus is removed from Subject C's head, as group begins to attempt first aid.

<End Recording, 1:08:02>

Closing Statement: Base camp is not present at any point after 12:19; should have been visible at various points during the encounter with aggressive fauna.

+ Open No. 2

RECORDING #: Timespan No. 2
Length: 24:08
SUMMARY: Timespan No. 2 contains no cuts, and little useful video footage. It appears that subjects were unaware that they activated the camera; therefore, this section contains a considerable amount of candid audio. It will be formatted as an audio log, with contextual visual description, for that purpose.

<Begin Summary>

- *01:08:03* - Recording begins. Video is that of the ground, with rapid blurring suggesting that the camera apparatus is hung from a bag or other garment. Focus is unsatisfactory but audio is reasonably clear. Group appears to be stopped on the mountainside. Subject B is distraught, and Subject C appears to

be shaken.

- **Subject B:** Please, please no no, please. Please just open your eyes-
- **Subject D:** Sam, he's…
- **Subject B:** [shouting] DON'T SAY IT.
- <Quiet weeping for 13 seconds.>
- **Subject B:** What the *fuck* was that thing?!
- **Subject C:** I don't… I don't fucking know. You both saw it, right?
- **Subject B:** It fucking cut itself in half!
- **Subject D:** Guys?
- **Subject C:** I know I hit it too, I saw the hole. But it just fucking ran away.
- **Subject B:** [Indistinct.] Come on buddy, come on…
- **Subject C:** [Brief pause.] Sam, he's…
- <Sounds of movement, Subject B weeping.>
- **Subject D:** [Insistently.] Guys.
- **Subject C:** Yeah Rebecca?
- **Subject D:** Where are we? [Indistinct.] Where's camp?
- <Brief pause. Sounds of movement as Subject C appears to shift, looking for camp. 13 seconds pause, Subject C growing agitated.>
- **Subject C:** Wait. Where the f… where the fuck…
- **Subject B:** It's… it should just be down there.
- **Subject D:** Is… it on the other side of the mountain?
- **Subject C:** [Indistinct.] that far, Rebecca. What the fuck is going on?
- **Subject B:** [Urgently.] Guys it's getting dark. We can't be here.
- <Subjects grow silent.>
- **Subject D:** I don't want to carry him down in the dark.

- **Subject C:** We're making a camp here. Cover him up with his bedroll, we'll… Sam, do you have reception?
- **Subject B:** [Brief pause.] No.
- **Subject D:** I didn't even bring my-
- **Subject C:** I know, I didn't ask you for a reason. We'll go down in the morning. Take turns watching him.
- <Indistinct discussion for 4:51 as mic is pointed towards wind. Somber tones.>
- **Subject C:** We still have an hourish of daylight, I think. Lots of time.
- **Subject D:** I'll go find some firewood, there's a tree up there, see if I can knock it loose.
- **Subject B:** I'll… cover him up.
- **Subject C:** Yeah… do that. I'll like… establish a perimeter or something.
- <Indistinct discussion.>
- <Subject D find the camera was recording, switches it off.>

<End Recording, 1:32:11>

Closing Statement: Subject B remained distraught throughout the recording. Subject C's tone indicated denial, or shutdown. Subject D was quiet.

+ Open No. 3

RECORDING #: Timespan No. 3
Length: 02:03:24
SUMMARY: Timespan No. 3 contains a number of unrelated short recordings, and little useful audio. It appears that Subjects B and D took turns taking video, including both candid moments amongst the group as well as several examples of unusual fauna.

Recordings appear to take place over the

course of more than one day, judging by the sun's position in the sky.

<Begin Summary>

- *01:32:11* - Recording begins. Daybreak. Camera is held in the hand of Subject D, panning over horizon. Geography of area is distinctly different from previous, with similar but distinct mountainous woodlands in the distance. A low fog is settled in some valley areas. Subjects B and C are visible several feet from Subject B; Subject A's body is wrapped in a stained sleeping bag with rope.
- Panning shot reveals several divergent details, including the number of unidentified songbirds in the distance, shape of distant cloud cover, and the exact location of several boulders and rocky outcroppings.
- Recording ends when Subject C makes an indistinct remark to Subject D.
- *01:35:23* - Recording begins. Early morning. Subject B holds the camera, focusing it on Subject C, who is laid prone on the ground aiming her rifle. Camera focuses past and below Subject C, on what appears to be a pheasant. Gender and maturity of pheasant diverges between viewings. Subject C waits patiently before firing a shot, evidently attempting to hunt the bird, and the bird takes flight at a 45 degree angle away from the group. Bird appears to twist in the air and extend before vanishing in a shower of viscera and dozens of what appear to be skinless chicks, which appear to squeal extremely loudly in agony as they land.

Subject B swears indistinctly, Subject D can be heard vomiting. Squealing continues for several seconds as Subject B stumbles away. Recording ends.

- *01:39:49* - Recording begins. Mid-afternoon. Camera is out of focus, looking across a rocky plateau at Subjects B and C. Indistinct discussion between Subjects B and C can be heard, apparently discussing whether or not to keep carrying Subject A's body. Subject B is against abandoning the body, where Subject C is trying to be practical. Subject C's demeanor and tone suggest severe emotional withdrawal. Conversation continues for an extended period of time, before Subject B is convinced that it is better for the group. Recording ends.
- *01:58:01* - Recording begins. Late afternoon. Subjects are approximately 4 metres from a cliff, which is not consistent with known geography. Audio is indistinct, Subject C is evidently distraught. Subject B can be heard attempting to console Subject C, before yielding to emotional distress. Sounds of weeping can be heard as Subject D sits and breathes raggedly while holding the camera; camera pans quickly into an unknown direction as Subject D appears to grab her head. Through hair an unusual cloud formation can be seen which remains consistent between viewings, and the mountain appears to loom exactly the same height as it did in earlier shots, despite apparent constant descent. Recording ends.
- *02:08:28* - Recording begins. Mid-

morning. Recording apparently begun accidentally, mid-crisis, and audio is indistinct. Subject B and D can be heard panicking as Subject C screams at them, apparently demanding they keep moving. Subject D's voice indicates that she is crying. Recording cuts mid-sentence.

- *02:10:05* - Recording begins. Evening. Subject D is watching Subject C, who is watching the horizon. Camera pans, showing that the cliff is in the far distance down and to group's left, between .5 and 1 kilometre away. Fissure is visible across part of the horizon, and woodlands are full of heavy fog. Sunset is filtering through clouds to group's right. Subject B pans camera upwards, and around their current camp, which is littered with round white stones and fossilized wood.

  At 02:26:05, Subject B pans up to himself, showing that his face is filthy and shows signs of heavy distress. Utters the words "I'm so sorry," to the camera, before the recording ends.
- *02:26:09* - Recording begins. Early morning. Indistinct sounds of panic in the group, as camera falls to the ground, sideways. Large irregular white and grey spheres appear to be growing around group. Subject D picks up camera before a sphere can engulf it.

  Group backs away from area, a darkened spot against the rocky outcrop used as shelter, protected from the morning sun. Subject C screams indistinctly in a rage, kicks a sphere,

which inverts, revealing thick pink and red gills. White phyla spread across the ground as fungus inverts - force of inversion sprays clear material in all directions, covering other spheres, which also violently invert. Subject C screams in terror as she is coated with material, before collapsing and seizing, skin beginning to weep as black whistling growths burst from soft tissue. Subjects B and D flee.

- *02:31:44* - Recording begins. Subject D is running, camera flailing as if hung from some garment. Subject D trips and falls, tumbling several dozen feet. Comes to a rest on sharp rocks, blood covering ground. Exposed bone is visible through leg as a fox appears to climb down rocky face, dragging its back legs. Fox is disheveled. Animal opens its mouth, after which a vulture's head and neck extends from its throat. Subject D can be heard screaming wetly for several seconds before sounds suddenly cease. Creature continues to feed, and recording continues until batteries run out.

<End Recording, 06:13:22>

Closing Statement: The fate of Subject B is as of yet unknown.

Further context regarding SCP-3517 is pending.

SCP-3519: These Quiet Days

Item #: SCP-3519

Object Class: Keter (Neutralized)

Special Containment Procedures: As there are no remaining persons susceptible to SCP-3519, no further containment is required; the infection is considered neutralized. A significant percentage of global media is suspected to carry infection and containment is beyond the capacity of the current Foundation. However a majority, if not the entirety, of infected storage media is expected to degrade before further transmission can occur.

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures 01/03/19 (Initial)

Mobile Task Force Psi-10 ("Maslow's Motivators") is tasked with identifying populations infected with SCP-3519. Identified populations will be secured by **Mobile Task Force Eta-10 ("See No Evil")** and **Mobile Task Force Eta-11 ("Savage Beasts")**. All three task forces are tasked with securing and quarantining SCP-3519 carrier media.

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures 01/17/19

Mobile Task Force Psi-10 ("Maslow's Motivators") is tasked with mapping the spread of SCP-3519 infection. **Mobile Task Force Upsilon-4 ("Sugar Pill")** is to develop countermemetic treatments with the utmost urgency. Once these countermeasures are developed they are to be deployed immediately, with the following distribution priority:

1. MTF u-4 personnel
2. Critical Memetics Department personnel
3. The O5 Council

4. The Global Occult Coalition
5. World Health Organization
6. Remaining critical Foundation personnel
7. General population

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures 01/30/19

Mobile Task Force Psi-10 ("Maslow's Motivators") is tasked with mapping the spread of SCP-3519 infection. MTF-Upsilon-4 ("Sugar Pill") is tasked with deployment of the SCP-3519 countermeme with the following distribution priority:

1. MTF u-4 personnel
2. Remaining critical Foundation personnel
3. General population

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures 02/06/19

Mobile Task Force Upsilon-4 ("Sugar Pill") is tasked with continued emergency deployment of the SCP-3519 countermeme. Grief counseling and suicide prevention is to be made available to all surviving Foundation personnel.

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures 02/25/2019

Grief counseling and suicide prevention is to be made available to all surviving Foundation personnel. Suicide capsules are to be made available on request. Neutralization orders are to be carried out for all surviving Keter class anomalies wherever possible. Foundation facilities are to independently follow abandon-in-place procedures when staffing reaches 30% or lower, or at the discretion of the facility director.

Description: SCP-3519 is a memetic contagion carried by multiple vectors in print, visual, and auditory media. It consists of the strong conviction that the world will end on March 5th, 2019 and that suicide prior to the event is desirable.

SCP-3519 is transmitted by both media and word of mouth reports of a belief in an impending eschaton. Infection is characterized by credulous adoption of the meme despite the lack of evidence. The specific details of the predicted event show wide variation, including belief in: the advent of a messianic religious figure, catastrophic astronomical event, environmental collapse, technological singularity or reality failure event.

Notably, none of these events are associated with any predicted K-class scenarios on this date and the Foundation's assessment of K-class probability on that day is at the nominal rate of .015% after accounting for SCP-3519.

Following initial infection, hosts show a tendency towards ecstatic revelation, millenarianism, and suicidal ideation. Self-euthanasia is rationalized in the context of the variation of SCP-3519 belief the host has been infected with, as either a prerequisite for transcendence or as preferable to survival through the event.

Suicide follows initial infection within weeks in a significant number of cases; due to the difficulty of accurate data collection at this time exact statistics are unavailable. However no known infected person has survived longer than 40 days after wholly adopting SCP-3519 beliefs.

Addendum 3519-A, Samples of SCP-3519 Infected Media:

> **Excerpt From CNN, Anderson Cooper 360°, 12/29/18:**
>
> **Anderson Cooper:** So how credible is this prediction?
>
> **Kellyanne Conway:** The White House thinks this is highly credible. We have multiple sources, reliable sources, that say that the world might end on March fifth.
>
> **Neil deGrasse Tyson:** This is pretty silly, I mean it's tragic that those people killed themselves, but there's nothing. Nothing in the skies, nothing on the Earth other than our own threats to our survival from climate change or nuclear war. March fifth is going to be a day like basically any other. This is just like that so-called Mayan

apocalypse in 2012, or even the mass suicide of the Heaven's Gate people in the 90s.

Archbishop Carrera: We have recently uncovered evidence that a secret society of Aztec priests continued the work of Mayan prophecy into the modern world and that these had recalculated the apocalypse to be the fifth day of March of next year. We feel this may be in line with the prophesy of St. John.

Conway: Yes, the Church is one of our sources, as is the envoy of the **`Government of Tenochtitlán in Exile`**, which has been in communication with the President as you've seen from this morning's tweet.

Screen shows the President's tweet from that morning "Aztec envoy told me world ending on 3/5. Terrifying!"

Tyson: There's no such thing as the "Government of Tenochtitlán in Exile", it's an urban legend.

Carrera: Dr. Tyson, surely you must have an open mind about these things.

Cooper: That's all the time we have, but I'm not afraid to admit that I'm scared.

Invitation 02/12/19

Last Dance on Earth
Where: ; on the roof!
When: 02/14/19 from 1 pm to 1 am.
What: We will be celebrating this last Valentines on Earth. There will be a wet bar and live music! Bring whatever you want to drink or eat. Don't bother with condoms if you don't want because this is the end, haha. If you plan on checking out *after* Valentines, please plan on leaving by midnight. At 1 am you are welcome to join us in the pool when we plan to drop a High Voltage line to carry us electric to Valhalla. Alternatively we are thirty stories up or if you are planning on pills there's plenty of

places to lay down here (just wait for after midnight).

Email 02/20/19

From: Ssoika@
To: Solsticesunrise@
Subject: I think I understand

Remember when I told you about Nick Bostrom's hypothesis that reality is a simulation? Let's say that we accept his argument that the probability of life being a simulation is one. Looking at what's happening in the world right now, the probability of surviving past the 5th is definitely not one, it's rapidly declining to zero. Even if you do live, what kind of life are you going to be able to have?

What's the probability of everybody in the world deciding that the world is ending on the exact same day and that you have to, in defiance of the survival instinct and everything, kill yourself before that day? It seems unlikely, but it is happening.

What would a simulation look like from the inside, right before they switched it off?

Maybe they need us offline when we migrate to a new program.

I love you so much, Rinna. We'll see each other soon.

Addendum 3519-B, Timeline:

(T-90) 12/05/18: Routine monitoring of the media by MTF ψ-10 detects the first instances of SCP-3519 in *Fifty Days*[1], an AM radio broadcast originating in Bogart, Georgia. Initially this is ignored due to the similarity to common apocalyptic beliefs and eschatological predictions on evangelical religious broadcasts.

(T-71) 12/24/18: The 17 member congregation of the Church of the Andromeda Star in Bogart is found dead of

phenobarbital overdose.

(T-70) 12/25/18: News reports of the deaths in Bogart are picked up through international media. Foundation memetic analysis flags an unusually sympathetic tone in reporting compared to similar reports of cult suicide.

(T-67) 12/28/18: Major media outlets have been running the "Christmas Eve Massacre" as a headline story.

(T-65) 12/30/18: A mass suicide of over 300 persons in Kalyankot, India is linked to SCP-3519.

(T-62) 01/02/19: Related suicides have spread to over 2600 persons in 17 countries. Infection is designated SCP-3519. Dr. Nori Watanbe assigned as senior researcher.

(T-61) 01/03/19: SCP-3519 Containment Procedures established.

(T-53) 01/11/19: MTF η-10 daily report shows signs of SCP-3519 infection. Mobile Task Force Command has relieved MTF η-10 operatives of duty, and ordered them to E-Class quarantine.

(T-49) 01/15/19 Commander Richards (MTF η-11) reports the complete failure of quarantine efforts in the face of the epidemic spread of SCP-3519.

(T-47) 01/17/19: SCP-3519 Containment Procedures revised.

(T-45) 01/19/19: Suicide rate has increased to roughly 1% of global population. International recognition of a crisis is hampered by widespread belief in the validity of SCP-3519.

(T-36) 01/28/19: Suicide rate increased by approximately 30%. Current death statistics are impossible to verify. Versions of the meme are extant among mainstream Christians, Muslims, Hindus, and Buddhists.

(T-35) 01/29/19: MTF u-4 reports a working prototype countermeme to SCP-3519.

(T-34) 01/30/19: Pope Francis attempts to issue a papal dispensation for SCP-3519 related suicides. **`Global Occult Coalition`** agents in-place detain and sequester him.

(T-34) 01/30/19: Containment Procedures Revised.

(T-33) 01/31/19: SCP-3519 infected GOC operatives leak rumors of the Pope's dispensation to the press.

(T-32) 02/01/19: Suicide rate climbs to 2% of global population. Credible accounts of SCP-3519 related homicides, especially of children, begin to surface. Public health and infrastructure worldwide is affected by the mass deaths.

(T-27) 02/06/19: Deaths from suicide are at least 250 million, an additional 100 million are estimated to be dead or dying from disease or loss of essential services. Foundation sites report a global 10% drop in personnel.

(T-27) 02/06/19: Containment Procedures revised.

(T-14) 02/19/19: Limited nuclear exchange between Israel and Iran occured at approximately 1000 UTC. Israeli weapons additionally targeted several other Gulf States. Death toll unknown. Global thermonuclear war averted by emergency UN session, GOC operatives reportedly used anomalous coercion to ensure outcome.

(T-13) 02/20/19: Following the loss of Dr. Watanabe, researcher Dr. Marileze Kirk promoted to SCP-3519 project head.

(T-13) 02/20/19: What the hell happened to the countermeme?

(T-12) 02/21/19: Epidemiological models predict 50%

lethality, minimum, as of this morning from a combination of direct infection and collateral effects.

(T-10) 02/23/19: RAISA finally got back to us about the countermeme. Apparently it was "found uninjectable into suitable carrier media in the field". u-4 is supposedly working on a weaponized version, but they aren't responding to emails from us. They better hurry or there won't be any suitable carrier media left.

(T-8) 02/25/19: Containment Procedures revised.

(T-7) 02/26/19: Global media is largely silent. Foundation sites reporting inconsistently. Several personnel at Area-055 claimed to be not infected by SCP-3519 in their suicide notes, citing the ongoing K-Class scenario as a self-fulfilling prophecy. Several sapient contained anomalies are rumored to have committed suicide as well; no one on SCP-3519 has clearance to confirm or deny this.

(T-6) 02/27/19: Project SCP-3519 moved to an isolated location to escape the deteriorating sanitary conditions and facilities breakdowns at Area-055. It is an abandoned cabin near Bishop, CA. Satellite uplink access to Foundation systems confirmed intact. We have brought plenty of food and water.

(T-5) 02/28/19: Junior Researcher Dr. Rory Jones promoted to SCP-3519 project head.

(T-4) 03/01/19: PROTOCOL ROSE ALABASTER[2] enacted — Junior Researcher Dr. Rory Jones promoted to O5-6.

(T-3) 03/02/19: I buried Marileze today.

(T-1) 03/04/19: Contact lost with Dr. Desai at Site-42. Nobody else is responding.

(T-1) 03/04/19: Revised Containment Procedures.

(T=0) 03/05/19:

(T+1) 03/06/19: It's a beautiful day.

Footnotes
1. Flagged byOperation Stargazeras containing significantFifth Churchinfluence.
2. Automated line-of-succession protocol.

SCP-3520: Fourteen Orangutans

Item #: SCP-3520

Object Class: Keter Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All radio transmissions broadcast on 106.5 FM within Centre County PA are to be immediately suppressed. Foundation equipment should consistently broadcast a stronger signal of static to overwhelm public radios on that frequency. All SCP-3520 broadcasts are to be recorded and transcribed. Irene Rosenfeld and the Mondelēz International Board of Directors are to be under constant surveillance by Foundation assets within Borneo and Ghana for SCP-3520 influence. All influences within Borneo and Ghana logging companies are to be immediately liquidated, and the Foundation is to assure that logging operations within the region continue uninhibited despite the apparent habitat degradation associated.

Despite apparent ease of containment, reclassification to Keter is under possible consideration.

Description: SCP-3520 is an anomalous series of radio broadcasts originating from an unknown place, occurring once a year, on a random day, in December. SCP-3520 broadcasts are of variable length, and only occur within the boundaries of Centre County, Pennsylvania. Despite the moderate strength of the normally unoccupied 106.5 FM frequency, the audio broadcast by SCP-3520 is usually weak, with the exception of the semi-variable phrase repeated at the end of the broadcast. SCP-3520 is able to influence objects, persons, and environments outside its range [REDACTED] despite a dearth of obvious, measurable characteristics, it is assured that these influences are present. Most voices have not been identified, however there are exceptions.

Addendum: All broadcasts made by SCP-3520 as of 11/31/14.

11/3/10

(*Static, distant murmuring*)

(*Finger snaps*)

(*Noise of a crowded hall. Footsteps. Indistinct teenage voices.*)

First female voice: Did you pick up that **SCP-343**? I heard they're new.

Second female voice: Oh no! Far too expensive. [DATA EXPUNGED]. There are other snacks to-

(*Static*)

(*Jungle noise*)

(*Gunshot*)

Synthesized male voice: Fourteen orangutans.

Use of classified information first alerted the Foundation to SCP-3520's existence. First classified as an Extranormal Event. No activity until one year later.

11/3/11

(*Sounds of the ocean - seagulls, waves, etc. Indistinct male voice speaks in the distance.*)

Male voice: Yes, but when? When is enough enough…

(*Five second snippet from the 1971 film "A Clockwork Orange"*)

(*Five second snippet from 'Fat', a song by American singer "Weird Al" Yankovic*)

(*Primate noises*)

Male voice: Inoculation complete, you are no longer

afraid of your own body.

(*Snippet of voice reading "The Evils of Tobacco" by Anton Chekhov. Voice is identified as deceased comedian John Candy.*)

John Candy: Um, as the subject of my lecture today I've chosen, I think I may put it that way, the harmful effects which can be observed in human beings as a direct result of indulgence in [static noise]. I myself *eat*[1] but my wife told me I should speak about the dangers of [static noise], so there's nothing more to say, is there? Dangers… why not? What do I care? You, on the other hand, ladies and gentlemen, will, I hope, devote your serious attention to what I'm about to say. Otherwise, well, I don't really think we'll get anywhere.

(*Retching, vomiting noises.*)

Synthesized male voice: Fat's where it's at!

(*Gunshot*)

Synthesized male voice: Thirteen orangutans.

Broadcasts reclassified as SCP-3520. Dr. Ryan Atkins alerts his superiors about possible influence on the grave of Mr. Candy. Grave liquidated as per new protocols developed by Dr. Atkins.

11/16/12

(*The entirety of this broadcast is read by the female voice from broadcast one. She is apparently reading a transcript of a fictitious D-Class expedition. Words censored by bleeps are represented by blackboxes here.*)

First female voice: Begin Log, 18:02:40 / / . D-5439 checks his watch. "It's currently two minutes after six, and I hear nothing. This is bullshit!" D-5439 glances up, alert. He looks around, apparently hearing SCP- . SCP- is not audible on the tape. "Okay, okay yeah I

hear it! It's…uh….very faint, but it's coming up from this street here." He turns and looks up Borneo Street, which runs to the northwest from D-5439. "So then I guess I just follow it until it gets louder." D-5439 is now walking down Ghana Road, to the east of Borneo Street. He has already begun to shiver. Audio records indicate his teeth are chattering. "It's so cold. Brrr. I had an ice-cream headache before this, straight outta left field. So bizarre. It's getting louder now. Not very much, but I think I'm getting closer. And, wait, I feel so full. It just came one quite suddenly. Agh!" (Video footage indicates D-5439 has jumped back in surprise) "I'm getting fatter! By the second! I can see it, I can see my belly slowly expanding outwards! What the fuck is this thing you sent me after?!"

(*Static*)

First female voice: D-5439 attempts to turn around and leave. His electric collar is activated and he quickly resumes tracking SCP- . D-5439 has reached the intersection of Ghana Road and GMO Street. Video footage shows that he has gained approximately ten kilograms and is beginning to stumble somewhat in his walk. Audio shows that he is out of breath and disoriented. "So…full…so….cold…I can hear it. Its… um….(He spins around trying to locate the shifting sound.) "It's so loud. I'm…close to it. Why is it so… cold!?"

(*Static, handclaps, burst of screaming*)

First female voice: Video footage shows that D-5439 has entered a national park within Ivory Coast. Vast swaths of land have been replaced with cocoa farms. The ground is covered with the corpses of both chimpanzees and orangutans. "Now that's just fucked up. Seriously. That's fucking cold, ladies and germs." D-5439 turns to the camera and gives a magnificent bow. His top hat is sparkled and gold. His obese stomach is bursting out of his tuxedo. He is knee deep in ape corpses.

(*The song 'One' from the musical "A Chorus Line" begins to play underneath the rest of the broadcast.*)

First female voice: "Alright, this is D-5349 signing off right here. Thanks for tuning into this marvelous, spectacular totally tubular Foundation D-Class expedition. As you can see, thanks to these dead primates, I'm now fat and happy! The SCP Foundation is sponsored by Mondelēz International, makers of such fine products and brands as Belvita, Chips Ahoy!, Nabisco, Oreo, Ritz, Trident, Triscuit, and Kraft Cheese! Remember to shove these fine, healthy foods into your face at least eighty times a day for maximum effect! Keep an eye out for influence, ladies and germs. Don't let those special little thoughts take away the fun time that is the Mondelēz Grinder! Let yourself get out the groove and flee to the edges of the stars! Snack up on 101! Candy! Blood! A country in the tropics!"

(*Gunshot*)

Synthesized male voice: Twelve orangutans.

First recorded deviance in date of SCP-3520 broadcast. First recorded evidence of possible awareness of Foundation monitoring. All signs of monitoring are to be dismissed due to influence. 30% of all D-Class liquidated under Atkins Protocol due to suspicion. O5 Council grants temporary access to Mondelēz products in cafeterias, organization wide.

11/10/13

(*Tuneless whistling. Ocean noises. The male voice is again talking.*)

Male voice: Yeah! It's going quicker and smoother than we planned.

(*Sounds of monkeys shrieking in terror. Sounds of elephants. Sounds of unidentified forest animals. Sounds of many trees being felled.*)

Second female voice: (*Moaning, crunching*) 60% of American women are obese, 75% of American men, 100% of true American animals. Let yourself slip into a dying asteroid, like me!

(*Gunshot*)

Synthesized male voice: Eleven orangutans.

In response to this broadcast, Site directors approve mandatory meal changes to all low-risk humanoid Euclid-Class entities and Foundation assets in Borneo and Ghana begin scouting rainforest for logging operations involved in liquidating objects with influence. Assets began the process of assisting these operations.

11/31/14

(*Sounds of an explosion. Synthesized music. Forty second long snippet of a female voice discussing body positivity.*)

Third female voice: Body positivity is deprogramming the thought that only certain bodies are worth acceptance and romantic love, and instead recognizing that all bodies are equally valuable to the economy. It's understanding that you demand to live in your body's own inner body without receiving the discounted price ideals of others, whether that means rude comments, reduced economic growth in developing nations, inadequate containment, or something else entirely. Something unknown-

(*Distant drums. Laughter.*)

Third female voice: Jesus!

(*Five second clip from a news broadcast*)

News reporter: -Indonesia is completely in flames-

(*Metal clanging. Wet, soft noises.*)

(*Conversation between two people, one torturing the other. Voices identified as Irene Rosenfeld, CEO of Mondelēz International and Robert Siegel, radio journalist and host of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered"*)

Rosenfeld: (*Screaming*)

Siegel: Why do you struggle? What's the point, Irene?

Rosenfeld: You make us destroy the environment, recruit strange people, do this to my employees every night! I might ask you the same question, you sick fuck.

Siegel: All part of the plan, Irene. In a few years, you'll be out of the organization anyway. Stop struggling. Here. I see you have influence. I can fix that.

(*Whipping noise. Sounds of tearing flesh. Rosenfeld screams in agony.*)

Rosenfeld: Please stop! Please!

Siegel: You destroyed that rainforest yourself, Irene. You've been bringing all of this down upon yourself for years and years. If you look at it from an outside perspective, then you can see that the influence we've been slipping into things is really gonna work on your behavior. We like your methods Irene, much as we hate you. Irene, I want you to imagine a world without plant life, where the powerful people in the shadows enforce the death of the biosphere, all the while stuffing their faces in big Mondelēz buildings, growing flabby in big Mondelēz chairs. It's too late, we can even do it without you. We already are. We don't need you to do it. In fact, you're not even here.

Rosenfeld: Fuck you!

(*More sounds of tearing flesh.*)

Siegel: Shut the fuck up for two seconds! It's too late!

The big fish is on the verge of taking the bait. It's halfway swallowed it! Only time will tell if they can worm themselves off the hook.

Rosenfeld: (*panting*) What exactly do you want?

Siegel: Fat!

(*Gunshot*)

Synthesized male voice: Ten orangutans.

Last recorded SCP-3520 broadcast. In response to broadcast, a joint O5 Council and Ethics Committee meeting is to be held, fully declassified to personnel of all clearances, on performing a joint Foundation-Mondelēz takeover to fully negate influence, as well as replacement of all food served on Foundation property with Mondelēz products. Results pending.

Footnotes
1. This word appears to have been spliced in, at a much higher pitch.

SCP-3521: Forced Banana Equivalent Dose by dado

Special Containment Procedures: The entire supply of SCP-3521 is located beneath the Site-92-EX Biohazard Waste Site, and is currently inaccessible. Foundation waste management teams are currently working to remove the biohazard waste and recover SCP-3521, as well as any other items that can be recovered from the Site-92-EX location.

Description: SCP-3521 is the group designation for a supply of sixteen pharmaceutical gel tablets created by an individual (called "dado" in collected messages), currently believed to be an amateur para-pharmacologist, in affiliation with an unknown assassin. SCP-3521 instances are light-yellow in color and roughly 1.2cm in length. SCP-3521 dissolve quickly in water and are made up of an unknown and likely anomalous series of components.

The primary anomalous nature of SCP-3521 is only revealed once SCP-3521 has been ingested by a subject. Shortly after consumption, an extremely large number of unpeeled bananas[1] will begin to manifest in the subject's stomach at an indeterminate rate[2]. Based on information recovered during the discovery of SCP-3521, it is believed this volume of bananas is intended to cause an acute lethal dose of ionizing radiation. While bananas do contain trace amounts of radioactive potassium, the quantity manifested induces the much more obvious causes of death of exsanguination, suffocation, or in most confirmed cases of SCP-3521: gross crush trauma from 9.15 million kg of bananas manifesting within the subject's stomach.

Addendum 3521.1: Discovery and Testing

The collective supply of SCP-3521 was discovered after a shootout between the Atlanta Police Department and an unknown group of individuals believed to be connected to a heroin manufacturing ring. During investigation of the storehouse the individuals had been

guarding, a bag containing every known instance of SCP-3521 was discovered, along with a recently registered cell phone, commonly referred to as a 'burner phone'. The contents of messages contained on this cell phone are available in Addendum 3521.2.

A full investigation of the storehouse yielded several additional anomalous items, which were recovered by Foundation personnel along with the instances of SCP-3521.

During processing at Site-92, D-28491 was chosen for testing the effects of SCP-3521. D-28491 was given a dose of SCP-3521, and placed under observation. Based on recovered video footage, after roughly thirty minutes D-28491 briefly complained about an intense stomach pain before expanding rapidly and disappearing under a quickly growing mass of bananas. The testing chamber was consumed in seconds, and a significant portion of the site's lower levels were destroyed in minutes.

Rescue efforts began almost immediately, as a significant number of staff members were trapped below the surface in areas now inaccessible due to the expanse of bananas. Further hindering rescue efforts was the fact that the mass of bananas, which quickly collapsed under pressure from the earth around them into a thick slurry, was extremely radioactive. Due to this, the first external notice that Site-92 had experienced a critical event was when Site-17 received a radiation warning notification, usually the result of a reactor failure.

Site-92 was evacuated, though twenty-three members of site research staff and sixty-one other personnel were killed in the aftermath of the event. Due to the volume of radioactive biological waste beneath Site-92, every accessible anomalous object[3] was moved to nearby sites and the site was decommissioned. Recovery efforts are ongoing.

Addendum 3521.2: Recovered Cell Phone Data

Note: The following is a relevant excerpt from a text message conversation recovered from the cell phone found near the supply of SCP-3521 during its discovery.

what u looking for?

no plutonium

plutonium 2 easy 2 trace. need to be discreet. no plutonium.

potassium.

easy 2 hide. will use banana.

yes

u let me worry about that. when u need?

I know

Ar

u tell me. u see plutonium on ground and u see banana. which u more wo

u need 2 learn 2 trust dado.

banana just as effective as plutonium.

plus u cant trace banana.

who does finger get pointed at?

grocery store?

good. u trust dado and everthing be ok. no worry.

banana even better than plutonium.

Footnotes
1. The exact measure is unknown and likely impossible to ascertain, though is likely in excess of fifty million bananas.
2. This rate is uncertain, though in the single instance of testing the full effect of SCP-3521 was realized in roughly six and a half minutes.
3. Fortunately no anomalous entities had to be moved, as Site-92 was strictly an anomalous object repository.

SCP-3523: The Quarry

Item #: SCP-3523

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: MTF-Gamma-20 ("Bricklayers") are to monitor quarries within a 500 KM radius of SCP-3523-A for SCP-3523. If SCP-3523-1 is identified, audio should be played across the quarry with an inverse frequency to that of SCP-3523-1. Due to the extreme difficulty involved in preventing spread, suspicious disappearances should be monitored worldwide to track global spread of SCP-3523.

Description: SCP-3523 is a phenomenon affecting clay quarries, spreading between them by unknown means. All sedimentary rock can be used as a vector, but only clay is affected by SCP-3523. An estimated 29% of clay worldwide is estimated to be affected by SCP-3523. The clay quarry is believed to be where SCP-3523 originated, as affected quarries center around it. It is referred to as SCP-3523-A.

Clay affected by SCP-3523 (dubbed SCP-3523-1) becomes a crystalline powder that very closely resembles the original clay. SCP-3523-1 demonstrates no unusual properties, other than a slight increase in heat retention capabilities. Exposing SCP-3523-1 to vibrations at 21 Hz it permanently becomes 'active', meaning its component particles constantly emit sound at 21 Hz, but at a volume too low for human ears, only become audible in higher concentrations. Subjects have described the high-pitched tone as far more piercing than the same tone played from non-anomalous sources. Buildings with a surface area of at least 150m^2 constructed from SCP-3523-1 (or bricks produced using it) are referred to as SCP-3523-2, and have a high enough concentration of SCP-3523-1 to be audible at 120dB. In roughly 34% of humans, the sound induces a dangerous memetic effect. Because the source is audible sound, effects can be negated with strong ear protection. The

effects can also be stopped by exposure to the antiphase of the sound. The process of a human individual entering SCP-3523-2 is as follows:

- After a period between 30 seconds and 2 minutes the individual (hereby referred to as SCP-3523-3) will be suddenly paralyzed
- Immediately after this paralysis begins, a spontaneous chemical reaction occurs, reorganizing carbon based molecules into SCP-3523-1. This begins at the feet and moves upwards
- Roughly 1Kg of mass will be converted per minute, meaning the process takes roughly 80 minutes to complete for an average adult male.

During the process, SCP-3523-3 remains conscious and aware (evidenced by contraction of pupils in response to light). At any point, removal from SCP-3523-2 will halt the process and paralysis, although it is currently irreversible.

The widespread effects of SCP-3523 presents a major danger to human populations, as there is no easy way of tracking the spread. For this reason, containment must be a top priority.

History: SCP-3523 initially referred to a two story suburban residence on the outskirts of . It came to the Foundation's attention on 05/07/2008 because of a suspicious missing persons report, identified as the previous occupants, a family of five. Three agents were partially converted before the resonance was identified and proper ear protection provided. Large amounts of clay were found scattered across the floor, believed to be the remains of the previous occupants. Why the effects began after 12 years of normal occupancy is unknown.
As instances of SCP-3523-2 are widespread, original containment procedures are recorded here for posterity.

> Original Containment Procedures:
>
> **Special Containment Procedures:** SCP-3523 is to have a notice of condemnation placed on the door, as well as being cordoned off with police tape. This should

be replaced no less often than once per month, to combat degradation.

Two Foundation guards should be located nearby, disguised as law enforcement officers. They should be equipped with ear protection. Any humans attempting to gain entry should be warned away by informing them that the structure is unstable. In the event that an individual enters SCP-3523 and is not affected, they should be quickly escorted outside, and administered Class-A amnestics.
However, in the event that they become an instance of SCP-3523-1, they must be moved to Site- for study.

After multiple reports of similar effects, the bricks used in the buildings were traced back to the brick plant, which sources its clay from SCP-3523-A.

Addendum 3523-A: An individual (designated PoI-5482) has been playing sounds with frequencies of 21 Hz periodically near population centers since 2008, with occurrences rising from at most 4 times a year to multiple times a month. Locating them is to be a top priority and to date, only one recording has been made of this individual. The following is a transcript of a video taken from video sharing website LiveLeak, entitled 'Clay Man Spotted in Alley'.

Transcript:

Clay Man Spotted in Alley

DATE: 05/07/2008

NOTE: Footage appears to be from security camera located on corner of alleyway

---

[BEGIN LOG]

2127: Humanoid figure walks into

shot. Features not visible in darkness.

2128: Figure glances around, before stepping into alley and sitting down.

2130: Figure pulls out laptop, illuminating their face. Skin appears orange-brown, and is covered in hairline cracks. (Note: Traces of material left at the scene match the composition of SCP-3523-1.)

2135: Video is suddenly obscured by static. Believed to have been caused by the playback of 21 Hz sound.

2147: Static fades, figure is no longer visible.

[END LOG]

Following recovery of this footage, the video was scrubbed from servers. LiveLeak recorded no other viewers of the video.

SCP-3524: You Cannot Contain Us

Item #: SCP-3524

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

> + Previous Containment Procedures
>
> All components of SCP-3524 are contained at Site-104 on a 20 meter by 20 meter plot of outdoor land. 1 meter high concrete walls are to surround the entirety of the containment zone to ensure that SCP-3524 does not expand to the point of being unmanageable. The containment zone is to be kept free of all wildlife. Surveillance of SCP-3524 is to be achieved via security camera.
>
> New instances of SCP-3524-2 being introduced into the containment zone are to be placed 0.5 meters away from any other instances of SCP-3524-2 or SCP-3524 itself. Expansion and growth of instances of SCP-3524-2 are not to be interfered with. Assimilations of SCP-3524-2 into SCP-3524 are not to be interfered with.
>
> Personnel are to maintain a 20 meter distance from the containment zone at all times. Communication and interaction with instances of SCP-3524-1 requires Level-3 Clearance or higher and is only to be initiated on an as-needed basis.

Updated as of 04/ /2017 SCP-3524 currently within the containment zone are not to be interacted with under any circumstances. All activity inside of the containment zone is to be documented with video recording.

Instances of SCP-3524-1B are to be kept separate from all other instances of SCP-3524-1 in an isolated instance of SCP-3524-2 (henceforth referred to as SCP-3524-2A) that is not allowed to expand or assimilate with SCP-3524. SCP-3524-1B are to be supplied with 5 randomly chosen instances of SCP-3524-1 every 3-4 weeks for feeding.

Once an instance of SCP-3524-1B is identified, a Class-NV Sedation Gas is to be spread throughout the entirety of SCP-3524. Once the sedative takes effect, the instance of SCP-3524-1B is to be removed from the main containment zone and placed in SCP-3524-2A.

Description: SCP-3524 is the collective designation for a population of anomalous humanoids (SCP-3524-1) and the artificial constructs created by said population (SCP-3524-2).

SCP-3524-2 are the artificial constructs of SCP-3524-1 that appear in heavily forested areas, primarily along the east coast of North America. They resemble small villages and are made of clay, stone, and small sticks. SCP-3524-2 are populated by 20 to 40 instances of SCP-3524-1.

SCP-3524-1 are 2.5 centimeter tall sapient humanoids with green pigmentation. All instances of SCP-3524-1 share a single language and culture. Details of this language can be found below in Section [The Language of Jomuź]. Translated texts written by SCP-3524-1 has revealed that they call their species “osi”, which translates to “person”. The society that SCP-3524-1 lives in appears to function similarly to feudal societies such as those of medieval Europe or Japan, with a singular leader and a pyramidal caste system of four five subordinate classes.

+ Caste System

The lowest class in this caste system is the źifasuo[1]. The źifasuo are tasked with all reproduction of SCP-3524-1. SCP-3524-1 reproduce asexually, and appear to grow from the ground in a manner similar to a plant. The źifasuo will plant seeds every 3 weeks that will grow into

new, fully developed instances of SCP-3524-1 over a 1 week period. It is unknown where these seeds come from.

The next class in the caste system is that of the lodigo[2]. The lodigo gather supplies such as clay, stones, and twigs in order to continue building and expanding their villages as well as for the ivo. Lodigo have been recorded to travel a maximum distance of 3 meters over land to obtain materials, and may dig up stones or clay a distance of up to 2 meters underground.

The third class in the caste system is the ivo[3]. Ivo are the SCP-3524-1 that create tools and building supplies. Recorded tools and supplies created by ivo are crude hammers, axes, saws, and nails. **Added 03/ /2017:** The ivo will also create swords and spears.

The second third highest class in the caste system is the nisugo[4]. The nisugo are the main builders and expanders of SCP-3524-2. They will build and repair structures such as huts. **Added 03/ /2017:** The nisugo will also build traps to kill others.

Added 03/ /2017: A new class has emerged in the caste system, that being the level of miźuo[5]. The miźuo will go to battle with neighboring villages and attempt to kill its źu. The miźuo will not act without direct orders from their źu.

The final and highest ranking class in the caste system is that of the źu[6]. Each instance of SCP-3524-2 only has a single źu. All SCP-3524-1 in the caste system will follow the orders and wishes of the źu.

Roles in the caste system appear to be pre-determined before growth of new instances of SCP-3524-1. Once fully grown, they will immediately assume their appropriate role in the society.

SCP-3524-1 have a typical lifespan of 215 days and will often seek out areas of sun to occupy. They do not consume food, and due to the pigmentation of their skin and fondness for sunlight, it is theorized they sustain themselves through a process similar to photosynthesis, although dissections of deceased SCP-3524-1 have shown their cells to contain no chloroplasts.

SCP-3524-1 use a form of basic currency for purchasing basic goods and services, such as tools, repairs, and expansions. They are a peaceful species and have not been observed attempting to harm one another.

The base instinct of SCP-3524-1 is to expand their village. This instinct overrides other basic needs. SCP-3524-1 will continue expanding their village indefinitely if the village or SCP-3524-1 is not terminated. If two or more villages are located near one another and come into contact, interaction between the neighboring SCP-3524-1 will be friendly and diplomatic. Each population will aid the other in expanding their villages. In rare cases, the populations will merge and become one, instead of acting as cooperatives.

> **Incident Log - 03/ /2017:** Containment of SCP-3524 successful as of 02/ /2017, 6 days prior to the time of writing. 5 instances of SCP-3524-2 containing a total of 133 instances of SCP-3524-1 are currently contained. 2 instances of SCP-3524-2 expanded to the containment zone boundary within 4 days. SCP-3524-1 occupying these instances of SCP-3524-2 became extremely distressed and mild destruction of these villages ensued.

> **Incident Log - 03/ /2017:** 4 of the 5 contained SCP-3524-2 have reached containment zone boundaries. The respective populations have begun fighting each other for control of more territory. At the time of writing, an estimated 50 SCP-3524-1 have been killed in these wars.

> **Incident Log - 03/ /2017:** All contained SCP-3524-2, including new additions to containment, have reached containment zone boundaries. All 150 instances of SCP-3524-1 have become agitated, the usual caste

system has been abandoned completely, and SCP-3524-1 have become extremely violent towards one another, regardless of origin. 33 deaths have been recorded so far.

Incident Log - 03/ /2017: 3 instances of SCP-3524-2 have been added to containment, and each new instances reached containment boundary within 2 days. New instances of SCP-3524-1 showed the same reaction as previously contained instances. A total of 83 SCP-3524-1 deaths have been recorded as a result. New additions to containment temporarily halted by order of O5- .

Incident Log - 04/ /2017: Instances of SCP-3524-1 attempted to damage containment boundaries. A Class-NV sedating gas was administered to SCP-3524. Boundaries were repaired. 25 more deaths of SCP-3524-1 have been recorded. Various SCP-3524-1 have begun taking on a slightly bluer tone to their skin.

Incident Log - 04/ /2017: SCP-3524-1 have written messages on many of the walls in SCP-3524, all translating to the words, “free us”. A total of 6 instances of SCP-3524-1 have been observed with a completely blue pigmentation. New additions to containment halted indefinitely by order of O5- .

SCP-3524-1B are a subset of SCP-3524-1, first observed by Dr. on 04/ /2017. They are identical in size and shape to SCP-3524-1, but their pigmentation is blue, not green. SCP-3524-1B know the location of all other SCP-3524-1B at all times, regardless of prior interactions.

SCP-3524-1B will often attack SCP-3524-1 and consume the victim after death. They will also attack SCP-3524-2 themselves, destroying buildings and infrastructure. SCP-3524-1B have not made any attempts at damaging containment zone boundaries.

SCP-3524-1B adhere to the teachings of U źuty ich Isitoo[7], a cult formed by SCP-3524-1B. U źuty ich Isitoo worship Dr. as

U[8], and believe that one day, he will free them from containment, as well as destroy the entirety of SCP-3524, excluding themselves.

The Gim

The Gim[9] is the sacred text of the U źuty ich Isitoo. The Foundation recovered a copy of the Gim on [REDACTED], approximately [REDACTED] after U źuty ich Isitoo was discovered. The Gim reads:

> Tu osofa U źuty ich Isitoo. Tu osofa uvodos. Tu osofa yiźuot. Uv osofa bidoto. Uv osofa ud. Sogup osofa puyoźu U, isit osofa Ri buchuoty.
>
> Uguźu osofa chisi jivo nud gi. Źumus gi nud chij źumus U chisi źuyosuabo judu yiyogoźuo.
>
> Uguźu osofa Tugoty chisi. Uguźu bun chij tsumud tiv tigav U yiyogoźu so osofa.
>
> Uramu osofa nigo chisi. Viy bun chij nutid Ri sudiv suyit osofa źuboty, utod Rio sofa.
>
> Yiyoguźu U nutid surod osofa sogup fujus osofa.

Below is a translation of the Gim.

> We are the Followers to the One. We are the enlightened. We are the servers. We know the truth. We know the way. The One will lead us to the light, if we follow His guidance.
>
> We must destroy those who doubt. Only those who believe in the One must be allowed to see freedom.
>
> We must destroy Tugoty. Only by destroying our prison will the One be able to free us from it.

We must think as one. Only by working through His bond will we achieve what we desire, what His will for us is.

Through our sacrifice the One will free us and lead us to salvation.

Whenever Dr. is visible to SCP-3524-1B, they will drop to their knees, bow, and remain completely immobile until Dr. leaves their line of site. They will not attempt communication with Dr. unless he initiates it.

The following is a direct copy of a message recovered from SCP-3524-1B:

> Utod uguźu yayiź. Uvoduv bidoto ifa. Nauźv U yayiź. Nufuz lipa yayiź. Poyatiy sobos. Toyiy Isito. Toyiy U yayiź yuty. Tuy yayiź iź.

The following is the above passage translated into English:

> We will destroy nonbelievers. They do not know the truth. The One will free us. All are beneath us. Humanity will fall. The Followers will rise. The One will rise with us. We will be always.

+ Interview Log - 04/2017

> **Interviewer:** Dr.
>
> **Subject:** SCP-3524-1B
>
> **Foreword:** The interview was conducted through note passing between parties. All text has been translated into English. The Interviewer has been instructed to pose as the divine being the Subject makes him out to be in order to gain needed information.
>
> **<Begin Log>**

Interviewer: Hello there.

Subject: Hello, Great One.

Interviewer: Why do you call me that?

Subject: You are the One, the One who will free us, raise us to the light.

Interviewer: I see.

Subject: We bow before you, Great One.

Interviewer: You can stand back up.

Subject: Thank you, Great One.

Interviewer: Can you tell me why you attack your brethren?

Subject: Yes, Great One, but surely you must know. If you did not know, you would not be the One.

Interviewer: Yes, I do know. But I wish to hear from you.

Subject: They are not our brethren, Great One. They are weak, blind, naïve fools. They do not know the power of You, of the One. We destroy those who do not know, who do not believe in your name. The name of the One, for we are the Followers to the One.

Interviewer: You shouldn't kill the others. You'll endanger yourselves.

Subject: What do you mean, Great One?

Interviewer: You may be a different color, but you're still the same species as the green guys. You can't just kill them.

Subject: And what does the Great One think of the Empire?

Interviewer: The empire?

Subject: The Empire of Tugoty!

Interviewer: If you're referring to the villages, you need to stop destroying them.

Subject: You are not the One. We destroy in the name of the One, in the name of freedom. We must be free of our prison. We must expand. We must not be kept from expanding.

Interviewer: You cannot expand anymore. You need to stay where you are. You are here for your own good.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: At the conclusion of the interview, SCP-3524-1B attacked Dr. , preventing continuation of the interview. They were subdued and placed back into containment.

+ Addendum

On 06/ /2017, Foundation personnel planted in the US National Park Service recieved reports from hikers in [REDACTED] National Park of "a bunch of villages with green people". MTF Tau-22 ("Forest Fires") was dispatched, and upon arriving, discovered 4 instances of SCP-3524-2, populated with aproximately 95 instances of SCP-3524-1.

Members of MTF Tau-22 reported that while only 2 of the SCP-3524-2 had expanded to touch one another, SCP-3524-1 occupying both of the touching villages were working together in order to expand towards the

solitary SCP-3524-2. They reached the solitary villages within 5 minutes, and began to assimilate them into each other.

The Language of Jomuź

The basic consonant phonology of Jomuź.

The Foundation has been successful in translating most of the language, now known to be called “Jomuź”.

In Jomuź, there are no specific genders. There are only masculine and feminine pronouns.

The grammar structure of Jomuź follows the word order of **Verb-Subject-Object-Oblique**. For example, “Mary opened the door with a key” would become “Opened Mary the door with a key”.

Other rules and structures of Jomuź are as follows:

At the time of writing, the Foundation possesses a **dictionary of 2,000 words of Jomuź translated into English.**

Footnotes
1.Translation:gardener.
2.Translation:digger.
3.Translation:maker.
4.Translation:builder.
5.Translation:warrior.
6.Translation:leader.
7.Translation:Followers to the One.
8.Translation:One.
9.Translation:Law.

SCP-3525: A 5-Star Lyft Driver

Item #: SCP-3525

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Total containment for SCP-3525 has not yet been achieved; accordingly, these procedures are still being developed and are subject to further modification as more information is gathered.

Foundation technicians have installed backdoors in all major rideshare application servers allowing them to intercept any ride pickup confirmations from perfectly-rated drivers who do not appear in those applications' servers. These drivers should be re-routed to available Foundation personnel for testing purposes if available and otherwise simply canceled. The same safeguards should be installed in any new rideshare applications developed, although where possible their parent companies should be acquired and shut down in order to avoid spreading Foundation technical resources too thinly.

D-class personnel assigned to test SCP-3525 should be fitted with standard exploding-bolt collars and tracking devices to ensure they do not avoid re-containment after their ride completes.

Description: SCP-3525 is an anomalous phenomenon linked to all major rideshare applications[1] that manifests when the app assigns a driver with a perfect 5-star rating to pick up a rider. Upon entering into these drivers' cars, riders uniformly report a sense of vague unease without being able to pinpoint the cause. After a few minutes, the driver then asks the rider a number of personal questions, starting from innocuous questions about personal well-being and progressing to interrogating them about their secrets, desires, and fears alongside detailed questions about their home lives and work responsibilities. Riders report a growing certainty that the driver will cause them physical harm if they refuse to answer

these questions, although this does not appear to be a strict compulsion effect and riders can choose not to answer. In no case thus far has an SCP-3525 driver caused physical harm to any rider.

While in the car, riders describe the scenery as becoming surreal and unfamiliar. Common descriptions include buildings bending at alien angles, people outside becoming blurry and indistinguishable, and all physical landmarks disappearing entirely. However, external monitoring only shows the car moving along the most efficient route to its destination. Ridesharing carpools affected by SCP-3525 terminate in one of two ways: either the driver successfully delivers the rider to their intended destination or they stop at a midway point and ask the rider to leave, refusing to keep driving until the rider exits. Riders who successfully reach their intended destination have been observed to exhibit erratic behavior following their exposure to SCP-3525, including memory loss, personality shifts, and general confusion. Riders who stop short of their destination do not display these symptoms. Riders additionally report that the time spent in the car feels significantly longer than the apparent elapsed time; this temporal discrepancy has been confirmed via testing (see test log below).

No information about SCP-3525 drivers can be found in the databases of the apps in question and the mechanism by which they are assigned is currently unknown. In addition, they share no apparent commonalities apart from their 5-star rating, varying on race, gender, age, appearance, and make and model of car; similarly, the riders who get these drivers appear to be randomly-selected. SCP-3525 cars additionally appear to block all transmissions; GPS signals, telephonic communication, and radio contact all cease the moment a rider steps into the car and closes the door, although they do resume once the car door is opened again.

While many of the SCP-3525 riders contacted the app companies to complain, these complaints appear to have largely been ignored. Accordingly, the Foundation only became aware of the phenomenon several years after it had been in effect when a Foundation agent happened to experience an SCP-3525 manifestation firsthand as a rider, at which point the anomaly was reported, verified, and

contained.

Addendum 3525-a: Partial Test Log

Note: Given the wide geological range of this phenomenon and the sudden nature of its manifestation, many of these tests were performed in a somewhat ad-hoc manner, taking advantage of whatever D-class personnel that were at hand and with test plans invented on the spot. Dedicated testing protocols are still a work in progress.

Show Experiment Log

Experiment 3525-1
Location: Seattle, USA
Procedure: Control experiment; subject was given no special instructions. A D-class with limited exposure to Foundation assets was chosen to minimize information leakage. Subject was fitted with audiovisual recording device and remote broadcasting device.
Results: Subject was successfully transported to intended destination. While the outside time elapsed between source and destination was only 15 minutes, the recorder picked up an interrogation lasting approximately 4 hours that touched on all aspects of the subject's life to date, including his day-to-day life as a Foundation asset and his previous arrest for [REDACTED]. The visual recordings additionally confirmed that the view from inside the car's windows was at odds with its physical location and displayed scenery that bore no resemblance to the actual outside. The remote broadcasting device was rendered inoperable for the duration of the ride. After the test concluded, the subject was quarantined and observed; subject displayed an increased tendency to focus on his previous crimes and some apparent memory loss.

Experiment 3525-2
Location: San Francisco, USA
Procedure: Multiple Foundation vehicles blocked the driver in when he arrived for pickup, with orders to extract and contain the driver.
Results: When the driver realized he was unable to leave, he immediately self-terminated by forcibly ripping his throat out with his fingernails, severing his carotid artery. An autopsy revealed no anomalous physiology. The frequency of SCP-3525 manifestations was not impacted in any noticeable way by the death of this driver.

Experiment 3525-4
Location: Paris, France
Procedure: Experiment 3525-2 was repeated, but this time the blockade happened midway through the ride. D-class subject instructed to attempt to drive the car if driver self-terminated.
Results: Driver self-terminated as before upon being impeded. The subject was unable to drive the car at this point, although she continued to record anomalous visual footage. After she opened a door, all anomalous visual footage immediately stopped and the car became drivable again.

Experiment 3525-7
Location: Shanghai, China
Procedure: Control experiment repeated; procedure exactly the same as Experiment 3525-1.
Results: Driver stopped midway. Recording indicates that this occurred after the subject was interrogated about the Foundation at length; no classified information was disclosed and no more detail was presented than in the

first control experiment. Subject placed under quarantine but has thus far not displayed any erratic behavior.

Experiment 3525-12
Location: Jakarta, Indonesia
Procedure: Subject was provided with a syringe containing a calibrated dose of sodium thiopental and instructed to inject the driver during the ride. Foundation personnel would then extract and contain the driver.
Results: Subject was able to successfully administer the anesthetic; driver attempted to self-terminate but was rendered unconscious. Driver was extracted and contained at Site-44. Upon regaining consciousness, the driver lapsed into a semi-catatonic state; while she maintained respiratory activity, she remained unresponsive to all outside stimuli. MRI scans revealed minimal brain activity but no anomalous neurology.

Experiment 3525-16
Location: Boston, USA
Procedure: Control experiment performed for third time.
Results: Same as Experiment 3525-7.

Experiment 3525-23
Location: Mexico City, Mexico
Procedure: Control experiment performed for tenth time.
Results: Same as previous eight experiments. The only recorded experimental instance thus far of the rider successfully making it to their destination is Experiment 3525-1.
Followup: A re-analysis of riders subjected to SCP-3525 prior to Foundation containment revealed that those who made it to their destination are uniformly distinct from one

another. That is, once a rider makes it to their destination, any subsequent rider with the same socioeconomic background and profession will invariably stop short.

Experiment 3525-37
Location: San Francisco, USA
Procedure: For several weeks a D-class subject was conditioned to respond to all personal questions as though he was a Foundation agent; a thorough fictional backstory was constructed, intended to cover all aspects of interrogation. No amnestics were applied and the conditioning was entirely psychological in nature. As with all previous tests, an audiovisual recorder was supplied.
Results: Subject was successfully delivered to his destination. Upon recovery, the subject continued to act as though he believed his fictional backstory even after multiple rounds of deprogramming. Subject additionally appeared not to recognize Foundation staff he had interacted with repeatedly, other D-class subjects he had previously been acquainted with, or photographs of his family members. Finally, the subject appeared to be equally unaware of certain aspects of his own fictional backstory; analysis of the ride recordings revealed that the only aspects he has maintained the veracity of were those that he was explicitly interrogated about during the SCP-3525 manifestation.

Experiment 3525-51
Location: San Francisco, USA
Procedure: Same subject from Experiment 3525-37 was assigned to be a rider. Subject continues to maintain his fictional backstory.
Results: The driver remained entirely silent for the duration of the ride and the elapsed time

inside the car was precisely identical to the elapsed time outside. This is the first time either of these results has been recorded.

Experiment 3525-78
Location: London, UK
Procedure: Three subjects assigned to ride together.
Results: As with Experiment 3525-55, the driver first started interrogating one subject, picked apparently at random. However, exactly 2 hours and 14 minutes into this interrogation (elapsed time outside: 7 minutes), one of the indistinct pedestrians visible through the car windows on the recording rushed up to the car and physically slammed into it. The driver immediately sped up and drove silently for a full hour (elapsed time outside: 1 minute) before stopping and instructing all riders to leave.
Followup: All further subjects are to be provided with a dose of sodium thiopental and instructed that if one of the pedestrians visible via the car windows attempts to interact with the car, they are to immediately inject the driver and attempt to communicate with the pedestrian in question.

Addendum 3525-b: Transcript of audio recording, Experiment 3525-170

Note: The following is a transcript of the second encounter with a pedestrian during an SCP-3525 manifestation. For the purposes of this transcript the driver is referred to as SCP-3525-1, the pedestrian as SCP-3525-2, and the rider by his designation, D-17214.

Show Transcript

[Three hours of non-pertinent dialog omitted.]

SCP-3525-1: …when did you drop out of

school, [REDACTED], and what drove that decis-

At this point a loud impact can be heard; the camera (mounted on D-17214's head) swivels to catch SCP-3525-2 pressed against the car window.

D-17214: Oh… oh, right, okay, here we go-

A flurry of movement occurs. Followup investigation revealed that D-17214 missed the injection point (inserting the syringe into SCP-3525-1's shoulder instead) and SCP-3525-1 managed to self-terminate.

D-17214: Whoa. [laughter] Man, that's messed up. Guess he just wasn't into needles, huh? [laughter] You, uh, you saw that he did that to himself, right? I had nothing to do with it, just want to make that clear. Annoying prick, though.

D-17214: Okay, now where's that other guy gone off to?

The camera swivels to the back window. SCP-3525-2 is still visible, although several dozen feet away now. After a short pause, it begins to walk towards the car, eventually pressing its face up to the window again. From up close, SCP-3525-2's features appear to shift repeatedly in size and shape every few seconds, as though being refracted through a number of lenses in rapid succession.

D-17214: You're… real hard to look at, buddy.

There is no response. D-17214 pulls out a Foundation-written questionnaire.

D-17214: So much for small talk. Okay, uh… who are you, and what is your purpose here?

SCP-3525-2's mouth moves slowly but no sound is audible.

D-17214: Hey, do you hear me? Who are you? Do you have a name?

SCP-3525-2: (quietly) Two-eight-four two-three-three two-seven-eight two-five-oh two-fo-

D-17214: Is that… what is that? Is that your name?

SCP-3525-2: (louder) Name… name. Name. Name?

D-17214: Yeah, dummy, name. Like, my name is [REDACTED], and your name is…?

SCP-3525-2: Name. Name is Carl… no, Carlton? Carlton.

D-17214: Huh. Surprisingly normal, for a creepy jello-faced guy. All right, Carlton, what's your purpose here? What are you doing here, exactly?

SCP-3525-2: Don't… know.

D-17214: Okay, well, they didn't give me a lot of instructions about followup questions, so I'm just going to take that one at face value. Moving on: What is this place, and where is it?

SCP-3525-2: Nothing.

D-17214: So… is that an answer to both questions, or-

SCP-3525-2: It is a lack. It stretches on without

end or meaning. The buildings are shells, empty. Dewey stole eight bags. No one speaks, or hears, or knows. It's a place to lose yourself, softly. Jerry scored eighty-seven.

D-17214: Uh, okay, this next one I am actually interested in hearing you answer: Why are these drivers asking us all of these questions?

SCP-3525-2: Drivers?

D-17214: Jesus, the… the guy in the front seat of the car here, who kept asking questions all the damn time. Why? Why did he do that?

SCP-3525-2: The buildings aren't the only things here that are hollow. The people need to be filled up. Yaz smacked seventeen dingers. So they can leave.

D-17214: Filled up with what? Leave to where? …Dingers?

SCP-3525-2: Two-seven-seven. Two-three-four. Two-six-oh. Two-two-five.

D-17214: Well fuck me for trying to get a little more out of you, I guess. Next up: Are you also a driver? Is the driver… the, uh, the man in the front seat, is he one of you?

SCP-3525-2: He contains nothing. I contain more. You contain more, still. You and I, we… do not have the hunger that comes with nothing. Yet.

D-17214: Some, uh, mixed messages there, but we're almost through this thing and I figure if I push you I'll just get a bunch of numbers, so last question: Have you always been in this place, or did you come from somewhere else

originally?

SCP-3525-2: I came from… I can't… it was a room. They brought me into a room and there was a man there and I was more scared than I had ever been before. And he asked me questions and he… took from me. That was the year Torrez let Bucky Dent homer off us and it broke my heart[2]. I used to have so much more. I can't… it's all gone, now, except…

D-17214: A room, huh? Not a car?

SCP-3525-2: What did you say your name was?

D-17214: [REDACTED].

SCP-3525-2: [REDACTED], where were you born?

D-17214: Oh no, I'm not going through this shit again. Sorry, Carlton, we're done here, I'm out.

SCP-3525-2: No! No, I… gave so much to you, I don't have… you have to give me something. Please, just talk to me, I need to keep something, it just keeps going on and on and on without end and I have to have a real piece, to hold on to… I won't take anything you need, please, just - you have so much, and-

D-17214 reaches for the door handle on the opposite side of the car from SCP-3525-2.

SCP-3525-2: I don't want to become-

There is a sound of shattering glass behind D-17214 as he opens the door. When the camera turns around, SCP-3525-2 is gone and the scenery has returned to normal. There is no apparent damage to any window.

Footnotes
1. Including but not limited to Uber, Lyft, Grab, and Didi Chuxing.
2. This, along with several similar asides made by SCP-3525-2, appears to be a reference to the 1978 Boston Red Sox baseball team.

SCP-3527: Incompetent Rap-Loving Bodysnatchers

The building in which the first mass collection of SCP-3527 was discovered.[1]

Item #: SCP-3527

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3527 are to be kept in mass humanoid containment chambers constructed of one-way glass for convenient observation with a maximum capacity of 12 organisms per chamber. Mobile Task Force Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") is to be wary of possible sightings/reports of SCP-3527. If a sighting/report is confirmed, Mobile Task Force Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") is to establish a temporary containment perimeter and report the location to Mobile Task Force Beta-7 ("Maz Hatters") for cleanup and instance transfer.

Description: SCP-3527 is the collective designation for a population (~450 instances (including those not yet contained)) of amorphous organisms capable of manifesting as humanoids. At the time of writing, all instances of SCP-3527 reside solely in New Mexico, United States of America. SCP-3527 instances are commonly found in collections of a varying population.[2]

Instances of SCP-3527 have the original form of a gelatinous substance which does not conform to any defined shape. Instances of SCP-3527 move in a manner similar to that of organisms in the *Gastropoda* class (gastropods). The size of SCP-3527 instances varies, with the smallest known measurements being ~.5 m in length and ~.3 m in height to the largest known measurement being ~5 m in length and ~3 m in height.

SCP-3527's primary anomalous property is the ability to take any layer(s) of skin from a subject (live or deceased) and form themselves into the inside of the skin with the purpose of concealing their abnormal nature through disguise. Instances may also reverse

this process to return to their original gelatinous form. However, while instances are disguised, their gait is easily distinguishable from the typical human being due to their posture.

All instances of SCP-3527 are capable of speaking and comprehending simple English. Despite this ability, all instances speak with a large quantity of mispronunciation and grammatical errors. Most vocalizations by instances of SCP-3527 are of nature which most individuals would consider "rude," yet they all hint at a sense of curiosity towards music (more specifically in the genres of rap).

When music of the rap genre is played in the vicinity of SCP-3527, all instances will attempt to imitate the lyrics and tempo of the music presented, usually to a degree commonly considered "failure." During this time, instances will also attempt to "dance" to the beat of the music; like the previous characteristic, this usually ends in failure to "dance" in a common form that a human (or other organism responding to musical stimuli) would.

Addendum: Below is an interview log between an instance of SCP-3527 and Researcher Reese Prospero.

> **Interviewer:** Dr. Reese Prospero
> **Interviewee:** SCP-3527-A-43
>
> ---
>
> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> **Dr. Prospero:** Good evening, SCP-3527-A-43.
>
> **SCP-3527-A-43:** Dumb bitch. I Tupac. Not *"AYE-FOUR-EE-TEE."*
>
> **Dr. Prospero:** I'm sorry to break it to you, but you are not Tupac.
>
> **SCP-3527-A-43:** Yes.
>
> **Dr. Prospero:** Yes, you are not Tupac?
>
> **SCP-3527-A-43:** *No response.*

Dr. Prospero: Alright. Why are you so interested in rap music?

SCP-3527-A-43: Rap is popular. We want popular. We rap to popular.

Dr. Prospero: Would you be willing to demonstrate this rapping ability?

SCP-3527-A-43: Want a rap battle.

Dr. Prospero: I am sorry, but I am not engaging in a rap battle with you.

SCP-3527-A-43: Pussy.

Dr. Prospero shows slight signs of irritation.

Dr. Prospero: Later. May you please attempt to rap for the record?

SCP-3527-A-43: Yes.

Dr. Prospero: Do you have a preference?

SCP-3527-A-43: No. Am rap god. Any track, dawg.

Dr. Prospero proceeds to play ***"King's Dead" by musical artists Jay Rock, Kendrick Lamar, Future, and James Blake*** *over the chamber intercom system. SCP-3527-A-43 proceeds to attempt to mimic the lyrics and move in a manner to match the tempo.*

Dr. Prospero: Okay, I think that's enou—

The song proceeds to reach 1m44s. At this point, SCP-3527-A-43 releases a high-pitched vocalization in an attempt to mimic the current timeframe in the piece. This vocalization damages the hearing of three research personnel including Dr. Prospero. The music halts as it is manually turned off by Dr. Prospero.

Dr. Prospero: Yeah. *"Tupac,"* alright.

Dr. Prospero proceeds to exit the chamber.

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. The first discovery of SCP-3527 was a collective total of 93 instances, deemed SCP-3527-A-1 to SCP-3527-A-93.
2. Every discovered SCP-3527 collection has been an abandoned motel; the reasoning for this is unknown.

SCP-3528: Witch Hunter

Item #: SCP-3528

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3528 is contained within a large aviary, surrounded by a sound-absorbing barrier. SCP-3528's aviary is to be kept stocked with large birds for food. No female personnel, or personnel of German or Russian descent, are to interact with SCP-3528.

Description: SCP-3528 is a bat-like creature with a wingspan of approximately 12m. SCP-3528 strongly resembles the greater noctule bat (*Nyctalus lasiopterus*).

SCP-3528 is nocturnal and fully capable of flight, with a recorded top speed of 190 kph. SCP-3528 possesses vestigial eyes and sensitive ears. Examination of SCP-3528 has revealed a humanoid skeleton, fused to SCP-3528's chiropteran skeleton in several places. The presence of this skeleton does not affect SCP-3528, except for rare instances where SCP-3528 momentarily twitches when the jaw of the human skeleton opens slightly. Further examination revealed the presence of scar tissue and tissue rejection at certain points around the secondary skeleton.

SCP-3528's feet possess large retractable claws that are capable of spontaneously heating and igniting objects gripped by them.

Testing has shown that SCP-3528 uses a form of telepathy to hunt. SCP-3528's larynx, which would be specialized to echolocate in nonanomalous bats, instead emits focused, directional bursts of intense ultrasound. This sound generates large air vortices in its path and causes temporary partial paralysis in approximately 60% of female humans who hear it.

SCP-3528 instinctively and aggressively attacks manned aircraft;

however, these attacks are rarely effective against most modern aircraft.

On October 8, 1994, a remote Obskurakorps facility was discovered. Two preserved cadavers similar to SCP-3528 but smaller and lacking a secondary skeleton were found in a vault, and possessed multiple large bullet wounds. Additionally, remains were found matching those of German ace pilot Josef Kociok (a decorated pilot credited with 33 aerial victories, who received recognition for grounding the infamous Russian 46th Guards Regiment, an all-women bombing regiment nicknamed the "Night Witches" by the Germans.)

DNA fragments in these remains match the secondary skeleton of SCP-3528.

SCP-3530: Shooting Star School

Item #: SCP-3530

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3530 can be contained on-site, due to its inability to physically leave the boundaries of Shooting Star School. Due to the non-hostile nature of SCP-3530, and so as not to elicit retaliation from Shooting Star Incorporated, the school is to remain open until further notice (see Addendum).

Individuals wishing to enroll their child in any school buildings within Shooting Star School must consent to regular psychological examinations for both themselves and their child. These examinations must be performed by Foundation personnel under the guise of a local psychiatric office. Any unusual behaviors due to exposure to SCP-3530 are to be noted, and the family is to be amnesticized and relocated.

Addendum (04/23/2015): After Incident 5-394, personnel in charge of psychological examinations are to perform them separately on each family member. In the event that evidence of domestic or child abuse is discovered, the abuser is to be turned over to local authorities and the family is to be amnesticized and relocated.

Description: SCP-3530 is the designation for a group of 15 individuals residing within the three main school buildings of Shooting Star School, a K-12 school in , Georgia. The individuals are designated as SCP-3530-1 through SCP-3530-15. Each of these individuals appear as sentient, two-dimensional hand-drawn cartoon animals, with varying body types. Despite appearing as cartoons, SCP-3530 individuals are capable of moving about in three-dimensional space and interacting with the surrounding environment. However, they are not capable of moving beyond the boundaries of Shooting Star School, as defined by the geographic area that the school occupies. Attempts to remove SCP-3530 from

the area have resulted in them vanishing and reappearing within school boundaries.

SCP-3530 functions primarily as educators. Each individual acts as a secondary educator with a focus on a certain subject, alongside that subject's teacher. Both students and staff regard SCP-3530 individuals with fondness, with many students considering them to be close friends. These thoughts are mutually shared by SCP-3530, with some individuals claiming to have an increased fondness of children and staff alike. Each individual is capable of manifesting tools and other objects relating to their subject of focus. For example, SCP-3530-1 has been observed manifesting tools such as protractors, rulers, and calculators. The method behind this manifestation is unknown.

SCP-3530 is present throughout all grades from kindergarten to the twelfth grade. As students progress and enter new grades, SCP-3530 alters itself to match the interests of the students in each grade. Certain individuals are not present until students enter middle and high school and begin the individual's class of focus.

+ SCP-3530 Individual Documentation

Designa	Specie	Body Type	Subje	Detail	Notes
SCP-3530-1	Rabbit (Oryctolagus cuniculus)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Mathematics	Female, no clothing, present throughout all grades	Currently the only individual interviewed by Foundation personnel
SCP-3530-2	Frog (Rana Temporaria)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Science	Male, no clothing, present throughout all grades	
SCP-3530-3	Owl (Bubo Bubo)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Reading/ Language Arts	Male, bow tie and	

				eyeglasses, British accent, present throughout all grades	
SCP-3530-4	Tortoise (Geochelone Elegans)	Non-Anthropomorphic	History/ Social Studies	Male, no clothing, present throughout all grades	
SCP-3530-5	Lion (Panthera leo)	Anthropomorphic	Physical Education/ Sports	Male, red sweatband and whistle, present throughout all grades	See Incident Report 5-394
SCP-3530-6	Lyrebird (Menura novaehollandiae)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Music/ Band	Female, no clothing, present throughout all grades	
SCP-3530-7	Elephant (Loxodonta Africana)	Anthropomorphic	Art/ Art History	Male, painter's smock, often carries loaded palette and paintbrush, present throughout all	

				grades
SCP-3530-8	Vulture (Aegypius Monachus)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Speech/ Drama	Male, no clothing, present in grades 6-12
SCP-3530-9	Stork (Ciconia ciconia)	Anthropomorphic	Health	Female, nurse's uniform, speaks in what students and staff describe as a 'motherly' tone, present in grades 6-12
SCP-3530-10	Parrot (Psittacine)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Spanish	Male, miniature sombrero, fluent in Spanish, present in grades 6-12
SCP-3530-11	Skunk (Mephitis Mephitis)	Anthropomorphic	French	Female, red beret and black and white horizontally-striped shirt, fluent in French, present

				in grades 6-12	
SCP-3530-12	German Shepherd (Canis lupus familiaris)	Anthropomorphic	German	Male, lederhosen, fluent in German, present in grades 6-12	
SCP-3530-13	Cat (Felis Domesticus)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Home Economics	Female, no clothing, present in grades 6-12	
SCP-3530-14	Mouse (Apodemus Sylvaticus)	Non-Anthropomorphic	Computer Technology	Male, no clothing, present in grades 9-12	
SCP-3530-15	Cow (Bos Taurus)	Anthropomorphic	Business/Finances	Female, business attire, often carries black briefcase and smart phone, present in grades 9-12	Has been observed conversing on their smart phone with a currently unknown party

Interviewer: Agent Brown, under the guise of an internet journalist

Interviewed: Kathrynn Gardner, principal of the Shooting Star School

Date: 02/17/2015

Foreword: The purpose of the following interview was to determine the origins of SCP-3530

<Begin Log>

Brown: Now, Shooting Star wasn't the original name of the school, is that correct?

Gardner: Yes, it used to be school.

Brown: Why was it changed?

Gardner: Well, it's a bit of a long story. It started around three years ago. I'd been principal for about ten years, and it was…

Brown: Unsatisfactory?

Gardner: No, it was just…dull? It's hard to explain. It just seemed to me that nothing about the school really stood out. We didn't have the best test scores, sports teams, staff, and overall, everyone just seemed really depressed.

Brown: And now, you're one of the most prominent schools in the state. What happened?

Gardner: Uh, this is where things start to get weird, so, sorry if I lose you. Let's see, it was a few weeks before the fall semester began. I was taking an evening stroll around my neighborhood, thinking about work and stuff. Anyway, I'm pondering what to do about the school , when I look up and see a shooting star flying right over my head. It seemed silly at the time, but I didn't have anything to lose, so I went ahead and made a wish.

Brown: What did you wish for?

Gardner: I can't really remember, it was a few years ago. I think something about making the school better or

more engaging or something like that. Like I said, it was just a silly little thing at the time. I didn't think much of it until the next day, when I got this e-mail.

Brown: What did it say?

Gardner: Well, I deleted it right after I read it, so I don't remember a whole lot. I thought it was some kinda spam, initially. I do remember who it came from, though. 'Shooting Star Inc.' I thought it was a funny coincidence, but I brushed it off as just that. But then, a couple hours later, I get a phone call from administration, told me I had some visitors waiting for me in my office. I was a bit reluctant to go back that early, but it sounded pretty urgent. When I got there, all the staff directed me to the meeting room, and that's when I…well, got my wish.

Brown: Your wish?

Gardner: Well, that's what they told me when I asked what they were doing there. After all, it's not like living Disney cartoons walk into your school on a daily basis. They said they were there to grant my wish. Mentioned the e-mail and everything.

Brown: And how did you react?

Gardner: I was initially skeptical, for obvious reasons, but they assured me that they, and the guys that sent them, meant well. I talked to some of the staff, and as confused as they were, they didn't really have any negative opinions. So, against my better judgement, I decided to give them a sort of trial period, about a week or two. The results were…unbelievable. Test scores and attendance skyrocketed. The kids loved them, the staff loved them, even some of the parents had nice things to say. Long story short, they've been with us ever since.

Brown: Why didn't you think to tell anyone outside of the school?

Gardner: I figured no one would believe me. Besides, it wasn't like they were causing problems.

Brown: Right. When was the name changed?

Gardner: About a year or so ago. I was the one who pushed for it. If it hadn't been for that shooting star, none of this would have ever happened, so I felt like they deserved some recognition.

<End Log>

Note: Students and staff do not appear to find SCP-3530 strange or unusual in anyway. Whether or not SCP-3530 produces a psychological effect is currently being researched.

Interviewer: Agent Brown

Interviewed: SCP-3530-1

Date: 03/06/2015

Foreword: The following interview was conducted in a classroom in the Shooting Star Elementary school building. Agent Brown was granted permission by Principal Gardner to conduct the interview.

<Begin Log>

Brown: Could you tell me your name, please?

SCP-3530-1: I'm Rita! Rita the Rabbit! What's your name?

Brown: You can call me Felicity. It's nice to meet you, Rita. What is it that you do here?

SCP-3530-1: I help the kids learn all about math! It's a lot of fun!

Brown: And what about your friends?

SCP-3530-1: They help the kids, too! Freddy does science, Larry does sports, we do all sorts of things!

Brown: I see. Where exactly did you come from?

SCP-3530-1: Well, when Mrs. Gardner made her wish, we were sent to make it come true!

Brown: Do you remember her wish?

SCP-3530-1: Yep! She wished that her school could make everyone happy!

Brown: And who was it that sent you?

SCP-3530-1: We were sent by Shooting Star Incorporated!

Brown: What can you tell me about Shooting Star Incorporated?

SCP-3530-1: Um…I…don't know. All I know is that they sent me and my friends here to make Mrs. Gardner's wish come true! And I'm glad they did! We've made so many great friends here!

<End Log>

Notes: Further investigation of Shooting Star Incorporated is currently ongoing. GoI classification is pending.

Incident Report 5-394: On 04/23/2015, the body of , a father of one of the students attending Shooting Star School, was discovered in the school gymnasium by custodial staff. The family had recently moved to the area, and their son had been attending school for approximately 6 weeks before Mr. 's death. Coroner examination revealed several deep lacerations across the victim's chest, resembling claw marks similar to that of a full-grown lion.

SCP-3530-5 was suspected to be the attacker. However, it could not be located anywhere on school grounds when Foundation personnel arrived to investigate. When questioned, each individual of SCP-3530 claimed that SCP-3530-5 had simply 'taken a vacation' and would return within a few days. SCP-3530-5 returned after a period of 5 days. When questioned, SCP-3530-5 claimed to have no knowledge of the incident and expressed its condolences to the family.

Upon further investigation, evidence was discovered of Mr. having a history of drug and alcohol abuse, which led to domestic and child abuse. The family was amnesticized and relocated. Since the addition to the containment procedures regarding abusive family members, no similar incidents have occurred.

Addendum: After several attempts to shut down Shooting Star School failed, Foundation personnel received the following e-mail from Shooting Star Incorporated.

> Hello!
>
> Thank you for expressing an interest in the latest project by Shooting Star Incorporated! We're always happy to receive recognition for our work! However, your involvement has interfered with the project, preventing it from completing its goal. At Shooting Star Incorporated, we are fully dedicated to fulfilling any wish given to us by our wonderful clients! We deliver this message in response to your actions:
>
> Stop it.
>
> Best wishes from all of us at Shooting Star Incorporated!

SCP-3532: Merch Link in Bio

Item #: SCP-3532

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers are to monitor popular social media platforms for activity from SCP-3532. Any activity is to be recorded, scanned for cognitohazards, and archived. Foundation personnel are forbidden interaction with social media accounts associated with SCP-3532 unless given explicit orders otherwise. In accordance with Procedure 24-Lehonot, information damaging to the public image of SCP-3532 is to be produced wherever and whenever applicable. In the event that Procedure 24-Lehonot were to be rendered ineffective, all platforms hosting active SCP-3532 accounts are to be taken offline or otherwise rendered inaccessible until containment can be reestablished.

Description: SCP-3532 is believed to be an entity previously worshipped as a deity at an indeterminate point in the past. Recovered documentation[1] suggests SCP-3532 currently resides in an extra-spatial plane and can interact with standard reality through forms of long distance communication. Currently, SCP-3532 is known to the public as , a popular social media advertiser and influencer. SCP-3532 currently prioritizes the growth of its cult-like following, known as "The Miraculous Church Gang"[2], using its social media presence to do so. SCP-3532 has displayed a basic understanding of the creation of cognitohazardous imagery, and will often include cognitohazardous elements in its posts online. Testing has shown that the cognitohazards employed by SCP-3532 do not force the observer to perform an action, but instead act as a strong suggestion to do so. Further testing indicates that a negative perception of SCP-3532 can counteract the cognitohazardous effects.[3]

SCP-3532 was discovered on 1/19/18, when several mp4 files

containing level 2 cognitohazarous patterns were detected by Foundation webcrawlers. The files were uploaded to the Instagram and Twitter social platforms by accounts belonging to SCP-3532, and featured the entity advertising products from [REDACTED], as well as GOI-3532-1 branded merchandise. The cognitohazards found in the files would compel viewers to both purchase the featured products and follow the several social media accounts of SCP-3532. At the time of discovery, there were no other viewable posts on either accounts.

Investigations into SCP-3532 owned accounts revealed a number of deleted posts made prior to 1/19/18, with the earliest being dated 11/28/17. Said posts differ from the more recent posts and indicate a lack of understanding on how social media operates. In these posts SCP-3532 appears to beg for followers on its accounts and ponders why other users have more followers on their accounts.

> Show Examples of SCP-3532 Posts Pre 1/19/18

my username
@

my old follwers died get me new ones Twetty
3:56 AM - 28 November 2017
0 Retweets **0** Likes

my username
@

tWetty can yoou help me with instragram also what is retweet
5:01 PM - 28 November 2017
1 Retweet **0** Likes

my username
@

how Twitty why the gods katyperry and potus contain more follow please respond to me twetty
8:09 AM - 29 November 2017

0 Retweets **0** Likes

The sudden shift in post coherency coincides with SCP-3532 acquiring representation from social media managing company Marketing[4] on 1/3/18. It is assumed SCP-3532 utilized cognitohazards similar to those found in its posts to acquire representation. Upon receiving representation, most of the posts uploaded to SCP-3532 accounts were made by GOI-3532-2 employee Mark [5].

> Show Examples of SCP-3532 Posts Post 1/19/18

Note: Following posts were made to the Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram platforms. Posts between the sites are identical. For brevity and consistency, posts provided are sourced from the Twitter account. Any image or video files have been removed.

TRUE Miracle God ✓
@

WHAT'S HYPE, GANG!? CHECK OUT THE SICK NEW [REDACTED] **SMART PHONE!!! LET'S GET HANDS ON!!!**
8:09 AM - 20 March 2018
12,346 Retweets **78,399** Likes

TRUE Miracle God ✓
@

IT IS PICTURE DAY, MY DUDES!! GRAB SOME CRISP PNG IMAGES (LIKE THE ONE BELOW AH HAHA!!!) WITH THE NEW [REDACTED] **CAMERA FROM** [REDACTED] **!!!! SNAP YOURSELF WEARING THE NEW MIRACLE SHIRT, STORE LINK DOWN BELOW!!!!!!**

[LINK REDACTED]

4:19 PM - 18 April 2018
15,893 Retweets **99,321** Likes

As of 4/5/18, SCP-3532 has secured advertising deals with major brands. It does not appear that SCP-3532 used its cognitohazardous effects to secure these deals, rather it seems that these companies reached out to SCP-3532 on their own accord due to the entity's popularity.

Addendum A: On 13/5/18, a detachment of MTF Phi-1 ("Hostile Takeover") infiltrated the main offices of GOI-3532-2 in order to acquire documentation concerning SCP-3532. A notable document acquired in the raid was a pdf file of GOI-3532-2's contract with SCP-3532.[6] Cross referencing Recovered Document 3532 24a with other recovered contracts shows a number of deviations, such as the term "client" being replaced with "Miraculous Being" and "manager" with "Miraculous High Priest". Other notable aspects include a clause stating the contract can only be altered by SCP-3532 and no other persons, as well as a separate clause stating GOI-3532-2 reserves the right to retract representation for clients deemed unprofitable or harmful to the image of the company[7]. Due to the concern that SCP-3532 could easily influence other companies in a similar manner, Procedure 24-Lehonot was drafted in order to suppress the entity's influence. Procedure approved on 20/5/18.

Addendum B: On 21/5/18, Procedure 24-Lehonot was enacted. A detachment of MTF Phi-1 was tasked with replacing key members of GOI-3532-2 upper management with Foundation agents in order to gain control of the company. Once the company was successfully under Foundation influence, POI-3532-1 was replaced by Dr. Jeffery Burr. Dr. Burr then attempted to alter the social media persona of SCP-3532 to one that would be seen as undesirable.

> Show Log Burr 3532 01

Staying "Hip"
to: miracleismeok@
from: jburr@ marketing.

Hello Lord ,
I've noticed as of late that your posts aren't getting as much attention as they were before. I'm afraid that your current posts are not being perceived as "cool" or "hip". If these patterns continue, your numbers will fall, just like they have been for the past month. With your permission, of course, I'd like to make a few changes to your image that will ensure that you remain "groovy!" as your age demographic would say. You can read them in the enclosed file below.

RE: Staying "Hip"
to: jburr@ marketing.
from: miracleismeok@

hello new priest.
in my contract it says that i make the final calls on whether or not my posts change, and i want to give your wanted changes a biggest no from me.
mark the old better you knew much more and wasnt bad like you and i am alloweed to tell you that because its in my contract.
anyway no you are to contu=inue posting as how mark did because he wasnt bad
thanks for the email

All further attempts to persuade SCP-3532 into altering its persona failed. It was determined that SCP-3532 could only be influenced by someone it perceived as having a better understanding of social media. In order to successfully alter the online persona of SCP-3532, Site-72 authorized the use of social media accounts belonging to **SCP-3331-Alpha** to contact SCP-3532. Dr. Burr was instructed to contact SCP-3532 posing as SCP-3331-Alpha and alter the entity's perceptions of current social trends.

> Show Log Burr 3532 02

@JohnCena: Hey, is this ?

@ : No, this is his manager. But I can forward a message to if you'd like?

@JohnCena: I was hoping to speak to the big man himself…

@ : Well, Mr. Cena, I think you can be trusted! I'll put on.

@ : Is the stinker lying to me or are you john cena

@JohnCena: Hey, big guy!

@JohnCena: Yup, it's me! John Cena!

@ : prove

[Dr. Burr sends a picture of SCP-3331-Alpha holding a sheet of paper reading "Is this proof enough ?]

@ : oh wow wow hi there sir haaha and what can i do for you ?

@JohnCena: Well, thats kind of why I contacted you…

@JohnCena: I've been a long time fan of your stuff, and the thing is.. Well…

@ : what

@JohnCena: Well, you just aren't as cool as you used to be.

@JohnCena: But I can help you. I know some secrets.

@ : please lord cena tall me

@ : ill do anyhting jus please i must be cool

@JohnCena: Haha! Don't worry! I'll even tell you for free!…

Extraneous dialogue redacted. Dr. Burr proceeds to list SCP-3532 a collection of strategies designed to ruin the entity's public image.

Following the dialogue, SCP-3532 instructed Dr. Burr to follow the advice from the SCP-3331-Alpha account regarding the social media accounts, to which Dr. Burr complied. Within two months, the number of visitors to SCP-3532 run accounts had dropped by 95%. At this point, GOI-3532-2 retracted its representation of SCP-3532 in accordance with the company's contract. SCP-3532 attempted to contact other social media managing companies seeking representation but to no avail. On 7/18/18, SCP-3532 made one final post to all of its accounts, reading "i just wanted followers againn" before deleting the accounts shortly after. No new accounts or posts or have been observed since.

Footnotes

1.See Addendum A.
2.Hereby referred to as GOI-3532-1.
3.See Addendum B.
4.Hereby referred to as GOI-3532-2.
5.Hereby referred to as POI-3532-1.
6.File designated 'Recovered Document 3532 24a'.
7.While this clause is not unique to Recovered Document 3532 24a, its inclusion allowed for current containment procedures and Procedure 24-Lehonot to be established.

SCP-3533: Metaphysiclean!

Item #: SCP-3533

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Upon their manifestation and detection, instances of SCP-3533 are to be sequestered from all affected businesses and stored in standard nonliving storage units within the Site-19 anomalous items warehouses. Knowledge of SCP-3533's existence is mostly self-contained and therefore only minor actions must be taken upon their manifestation. These events, referred to as "Restocking Events", are carried out on an uneven monthly schedule that is to be monitored by stationed Foundation agents under strict Class-W Mnestic treatment regimens and reported immediately. This schedule is known to be influenced by the value of the stock " "[1] and plans are underway to mitigate or reduce awareness of said stock in order to slowly decline the frequency and quantity of Restocking Events in the future.

Description: SCP-3533 is the collective designation for an antimemetic household detergent spray titled "Metaphysiclean!". SCP-3533 will spontaneously appear on shelves of big-box stores and other retail corporations in the United States, although their presence will go largely unnoticed by roughly 98% of observers not on Class-W Mnestic regimens, often appearing as empty portions of shelves without apparent cause. It is believed that SCP-3533's antimemetic properties are not an intended feature of their design but a result of their other anomalous properties (See Addendum 3533.3).

SCP-3533 is conceptually vague due to the properties of "Metaphysiclean!" and therefore can be referred to by its brand name, contents or structure at any given point and not be incorrect. The liquid that comprises SCP-3533 is indeterminate, as testing that does not alter the functionality of the GCMS equipment yields results that suggest the substance is conceptually recursive.[2]

When SCP-3533 is sprayed onto a surface or a number of surfaces, the respective components become conceptually vague for up to 72 hours.[3] During this period, they will gradually revert to their original state unless more is applied; repeated exposure to SCP-3533 has shown to permanently mesh the concepts of whatever it is sprayed on, becoming increasingly ill-defined with latter applications. SCP-3533 will evaporate from applied surfaces and is not detectable after this time frame.

SCP-3533 is supposedly manufactured by " ", a non-existent subsidiary of S. C. Johnson and Son.[4] The address of the factory that produces SCP-3533 (Designated LOI/POI-3533) is found on the labels of all instances. The location was traced to an abandoned lot in [REDACTED], which upon closer inspection, was actually a fully functional factory operating under antimemetic camouflage, likely the same effect expressed by SCP-3533 itself. While on mnestic drugs, LOI/POI-3533 appears nondescript externally, however, its interior has been permanently converted into an extradimensional space that is defined as the interior of the factory, SCP-3533, Frank Miller, supervisor, several other employees and 18 other concepts including the concept of ennui and the concept of paid overtime (See Addendum 3533.2). According to LOI/POI-3533, this was due to a large spill of SCP-3533 that occurred in 1998 that, while having little effect on the output quantity of SCP-3533, was considered "an abstract administrative nightmare."

Addendum 3533.1: Experimentation Logs

+ access 3533_expr.log

SCP-3533 Experimentation Log

Note: Testing was carried out in the Site-19 Experimentation Wing under supervision of Dr. H. Alexander, three D-Class personnel and a team of five random foundation personnel to observe effects.

Test #	Preface	Results	Notes
3533-1	D-9765 instructed	Mirror did not appear	*It seems SCP-3533*

	to apply a small quantity of SCP-3533 to mirror in testing chamber and wipe with paper towel.	cleaner or less smudged. Upon further analysis, affected portion of mirror had taken on the pleated texture of the paper towel used and one observer insisted the area was indeed paper towel as well as a mirror.	*might have a partially subjective nature. Further testing is required.* - Dr. Alexander
3533-2	D-9765 instructed to liberally spray SCP-3533 on the edge of the mirror and the wall adjacent to it and refrain from using a paper towel.	Affected area was unanimously described as both the mirror and the wall behind it, although three researchers expressed difficulty distinguishing between the two.	*Confirms the equivocal nature of SCP-3533. I found myself rather astonished that the wall had taken on a rather reflective sheen. Curious, indeed.* - Dr.

3533-3	D-9765 instructed to paint a blue square on the wall of the testing chamber, then paint a red square next to it, and liberally apply SCP-3533 to the connected portion of the wet paint.	All five personnel agreed that the center was not purple but in fact both red and blue. Filtered eye-wear was supplied and revealed that the concept of the filtered color was still visible for two observers.	Alexander *This might be my favorite project thus far. Quite a unique anomaly. I think I might put in a formal request to the Conceptual Division once this is all over with.* - Dr. Alexander
3533-8	D-9765 instructed to liberally spray the coat of one white lab mouse[5] and the table it is on.	Mouse unable to move from area for 58 hours, although subject did not express any discomfort during this process. Table confirmed to also be comprised of mouse,	*This stuff has a bizarre reaction to biological life.[6] I'm putting in a request for another D-Class now.* - Dr. Alexander

		and the subject reacted to stimuli on affected portion of table. One researcher claims subject appears more "table-like".	
3533-13	D-9765 instructed to apply SCP-3533 to one finger and touch D-1954 on the forearm.	D-Class unable to separate for 54 hours. Both subjects expressed that they could feel sensations of surrounding areas of skin up to 8cm from contact area, as well as a vague sense of ego-loss.[7] Four observers insisted connected portion could be	*Fascinating. Not much more to say except that I can't wait to do more tests.* - Dr. Alexander

		both D-9765 or D-1954, and one claimed D-9765 and D-1954 were the same person entirely.	
3533-14	D-9765 instructed to apply SCP-3533 liberally to hand and place palm on D-1954's forehead.	D-Class unable to separate for 66 hours. Removal was accomplished with minor tearing of D-9765's epidermis at contact site, the remains of which were easily removable one hour later. Both D-Class complained of intrusive thoughts and a complex loss of self-identity and	*I don't care what the other two say, for almost three days there was only one D-Class in that room. I'll prove it. Putting in a request for a third D-Class.* - Dr. Alexander

		non-loss of self-identity at the same time.[6]	
3533-15	D-9765 and D-1954 instructed to interlock arms while D-3472 applied SCP-3533 to the connected area every twelve hours.	After 60 hours, only one D-Class was present in testing chamber with D-3472. It could not be determined if they were D-9765 or D-1954, so the subject was designated D-3533. D-3533 responded to D-9765, D-1954 and D-3533, but could not accurately define if they were simultaneously either personnel, an amalgamation	*I've got an idea. Let me draw up the paperwork.* - Dr. Alexander

		of the two, or both. CT scans show that D-3533 has one circulatory and nervous system, but two brains. D-3533 cannot be separated into two individuals and has been contained for study.	
3533-17	Large surface of testing chamber wall doused with SCP-3533. **SCP-2719** applied to area.	SCP-2719 previously defined inside as SCP-2719's containment. SCP-3533 and SCP-2719 became inside. D-3472 could not accurately state whether or not SCP-3533 or SCP-2719	*I'm on the fence about where I stand with this one. tomorrow I'll try sending D-3472 into the space.* - Dr. Alexander

became inside, or whether SCP-2719 had defined SCP-3533 as inside and if SCP-3533 had also taken on the properties of SCP-2719. Surface appeared concave to two observers, although they could not say where the affected area led to, or if it led to any place at all other than inside. The other three observers claimed surface was simply acting as the concept of inside

		and did not lead anywhere.	
3533-18	Large surface of testing chamber doused with SCP-3533. SCP-2719 applied to area and D-3472 instructed to enter affected area if possible.	[DATA EXPUNGED]. SCP-2719 redefined inside as SCP-3533 only. Testing confirms traces of D-3472 in other bottles of SCP-3533. Testing suspended indefinitely.	None

Note: Following this test Dr. Alexander applied for Class-C Amnestic application. Request denied.

Addendum 3533.2: LOI/POI-3533 Interaction

+ access LOI-POI-3533_expl-intvw.log

Interaction with LOI/POI-3533

Preface: LOI/POI-3533's condition was not fully known at the time of first contact. Field agents Markus Pierce and Elizabeth Carden were given a Class-W Mnestic regimen for three days leading up to investigation of the property.

<BEGIN LOG>

Command: Alright, you two. Move out.

Pierce: Okay, earpiece is functioning. Carden and I are approaching the factory limits now. Doesn't look like anything out of the ordinary just yet. Carden, you want to confirm that for me?

Carden: Yeah, looks just fine out here. Windows are clouded up with what looks like dust, not going to be easy to see inside. I just say we look for an entrance and go on in. If we see anyone, we question them. If they're hostile, we book it.

Pierce: Sounds like a plan. Even though this place looks pretty old, almost decrepit, I think I see some steam venting from out over the west perimeter. And there's a hum, I can definitely hear it out here.

Carden: So, it's still in business. Wonder what kind of company we'll find inside.

Pierce: My guess is that it is automated. No one comes in or out. Quiet now. [hushed] Command, we have visual on the front entrance. Ingress should be trivial, but we brought a crowbar just in case.

Command: Roger that. Be careful.

The two are silent for ten seconds, the sounds of quick footsteps on asphalt can be heard in the background. After a moment, they stop.

Pierce: Oh, door's unlocked. Here we go.

The door creaks loudly as the sounds of machinery and commotion fill the space.

Carden: What exactly am I looking at here?

Pierce: Control, we have a bit of a situation.

LOI/POI-3533: Hello there.

Carden: Who said that?

Command: What is it?

LOI/POI-3533: It's been years since someone came in here. Are you with corporate?

Pierce: [to Command] I'm not exactly sure what this is. It definitely is the inside of the factory, but, uh, it's also a bunch of other things.

LOI/POI-3533: I'm right here, you know.

Carden: So you're… the factory?

LOI/POI-3533: I'm Frank Miller, supervisor of this manufacturing plant. I also can't leave. What? Yes- and, yes, there are a few others in here as well. There's Trudy, Jacobs, Karen, Michael, Richard-

Pierce: I'm sorry, but where are these people?

LOI/POI-3533: *I* am these people. We are. We had a bit of fiasco with one of our competitors two decades back[9] that caused a bit of an uproar. Things got out of hand, and, well, a whole tank of cleaner just sort of flooded the whole complex. We knew what we were getting ourselves into, but alas, hubris. The destroyer of men. Not that any of us are actually dead. I think Jacobs has food poisoning. Does that mean I have food poisoning too? Mercy. Sorry, this whole thing has been a mess. And S. C. Johnson has not responded to any of our tickets, we think they may have forgotten about us.

Carden: You've been in contact with the

outside world recently?

LOI/POI-3533: Well, no, it's been a while since any of us could use a computer.

Pierce: Wait, if you are somehow the inside of the factory as well as yourselves, how are you still alive? Don't you need to eat?

LOI/POI-3533: I'm not entirely sure. We think because we're bound to something that does not require sustenance, we too do not need food. We live on, as the soul of this company.

Carden: Does that mean the factory is alive in some sense?

LOI/POI-3533: I think you're asking the wrong questions. How about the grand tour? Please take off your shoes, Michael has a thing about germs.

Pierce: Al-Alright.

Some shuffling is heard as the agents presumably remove their footwear. The hums and hisses of machinery grow louder as they step inside.

LOI/POI-3533: O-hoo, that tickles. Sorry, this is a first for us too.

Pierce: Christ.

Command: Everything okay?

Pierce: It's this carpet in the entrance. I thought it was a wet shag rug, but its like they're tendrils. Or little fingers.

Carden: I can feel them wriggle between my toes.

LOI/POI-3533: Sorry, I'm nervous. We haven't gotten outsiders in a decade. Doesn't stop us from making more cleaners. We have all the precursors here, and some of our corporate owned suppliers still deliver crates out back.[10]

Carden: Is there any way we can convince you to stop production?

LOI/POI-3533: Lady, you'll have to take that up with corporate. This is our livelihood. Certainly you understand that?

Carden: You're still getting paid?

LOI/POI-3533: Direct deposit. If S. C. Johnson really wanted to halt production of 'Metaphysiclean!', surely they would have taken us off the payroll?[11]

Carden: I see.

LOI/POI-3533: Look, I know this is weird, but this place is all we have. The fact that you're here and asking these questions- I don't know who you work for, but I get the feeling it has to do with the state of things in here.

Carden: That is correct. If there is any information at all you can give to us regarding what happened here, perhaps we can help you in some way.

LOI/POI-3533: Uh, now that I think about it, you might be able to get something useful from our server room, it has a hermetically sealed halogen fire suppression system that was triggered during the spill- it is the only area in this place that remains conceptually sound and the only place we can't access.

Pierce: That's a good idea. Lead the way, if you would.

LOI/POI-3533: Of course. It's right through the door on your left, there's a passage that takes you through the production floor and into the administrative offices. The server room is on the far end.

Carden: Thank you very much, Mr. Miller.

Soft footsteps are heard as they proceed to the doors that lead deeper inside. There is a pause before sounds of struggle are heard from Agent Pierce.

LOI/POI-3533: What seems to be the issue?

Pierce: The door seems blocked on the other side. It is unlocked, but something won't let me through.

LOI/POI-3533: Oh my. This is embarrassing. We haven't really needed to use doors since we meshed with the rest of this place.

Pierce: Mind if I use the crowbar?

LOI/POI-3533: Erm, sure. Go ahead.

Agent Pierce is heard using the crowbar to bend the door outward. The sounds of creaking and splintering wood fill the background, as well as a wet, indeterminate sloshing noise.

Pierce: Oh, god, what the hell is this?

LOI/POI-3533: What? What is it?

Carden: What, you don't see it?

Command: Report your status.

Pierce: It's like a, god, like a giant pile of flesh and different concepts. I think it's human. Or multiple humans at one point. I can't tell, it all looks the same to me.

Carden: Conceptually indeterminate corpses. Are you sure you can't see this, Frank?

LOI/POI-3533: This place is pretty much uniform abstraction for us. Wait, *corpses*?

Pierce: Not quite. It doesn't smell rotten, and it's been twenty years. I think- I think this might have been- or might still be some of you guys. From when you were trying to escape the spill. Wait- can you feel this?

LOI/POI-3533: Ow! Yes, Karen says you just pinched somewhere around her leg.

Pierce: This is some weird stuff. Uh, okay, it looks like we can fit through the doors still, but we may have to climb over some of you. We apologize in advance.

Sounds of movement and various grunts are heard as the agents climb through the doorway and into the passage beyond.

Carden: [coughs] Okay, we are through. You guys alright?

LOI/POI-3533: I am fine, thanks.

Carden: Can I ask you something, Frank?

LOI/POI-3533: Of course.

Carden: 'Metaphysiclean!'. Why? What does S. C. Johnson need a product like this for?

LOI/POI-3533: Well- I can answer that- Yes, thank you. Karen will have a better answer than myself. She worked extensively on the formula when it was in its early stages- Yes, I did. I honestly had no idea what I was getting myself into when I was hired. My Master's in Polymer Science landed me a job in S. C. Johnson's labs doing some heavy work on protein weaving- things I never could believe they were doing.

Carden: What is-

LOI/POI-3533: Biomolecular constructs. I'm talking about manipulating the building blocks of life, uh-

Carden: Carden. Elizabeth.

Pierce: Mark.

LOI/POI-3533: Right. I'm talking about creating compounds with pre-written instructions on how to operate. Proteins take on certain three dimensional shapes inherently, the instructions are already in place for all naturally occurring biomatter. It's a real wonder, if I do say so myself.

Pierce: So S. C. Johnson decided to start tampering with the code, so to speak?

LOI/POI-3533: You could say that. But since when did playing God become something that was too much for the elite? You of all people should know the extent of human curiosity.

Pierce: What exactly do you mean by that?

LOI/POI-3533: Don't play dumb now. I bet whoever you work for has a large stake in

pushing the limits of man's grasp on the universe.

Pierce: Point taken.

LOI/POI-3533: S. C. Johnson was doing a lot more than playing with amino acids. They had private contractors all over the world looking into some of the farthest reaches of science. Some of the things I could hardly consider science at all.

Carden: What would you consider it?

LOI/POI-3533: You'd laugh if I said 'magic', so let's say they were messing with some pretty arcane stuff. I mean, look around. What do you see?

Carden: I see a well managed factory, I think.

LOI/POI-3533: Well thanks- I mean, what do you really see? Do you see a skilled workforce of hardworking Americans? Or do you see the souls of the damned, a group of forgotten not-quite-people whose lives have been twisted by the foils of a faceless corporation? Sorry, that's the ennui talking. Company morale wasn't great when the spill happened, and that sort of just stuck around ever since.

Carden: I can understand. You've all been through so much.

At this point, LOI/POI-3533's voice, which had been of indeterminate quality but singular nature previously, shifted to the sounds of multiple voices at once.

LOI/POI-3533: You *understand*? I don't think you understand, and, honestly, I don't think

you have the best interests of the company at the heart of your agenda. We have been here for *twenty years*! All we do is exist and produce. And for what?

Carden: Mr. Miller- er- Karen, please. We honestly just want to help you.

LOI/POI-3533: I don't think you can help us. And you- you want to shut us down.

Factory noises swell in volume. Miscellaneous scraping and metal bangs can be heard as LOI/POI-3533's voice takes on a harsher tone.

Pierce: Frank, what are you doing?

Command: What is going on?

Carden: The walls feel like they are closing in, and we are dead center in this complex. I think we should go, now.

LOI/POI-3533: Leave? No, no, no, you'll just come back, won't you? With more? And you'll try to shut us down and destroy everything we've worked for.

Pierce: We aren't going to shut you down, we swear.

Carden: We just want to help you get better.

LOI/POI-3533: Don't you understand? This is what we are now. No. You can't leave. Not now.

A large bang is heard in the background.

Pierce: Christ, there goes our exit. Carden, I've got an idea.

Carden: What?

Pierce: Remember what he said earlier? The only place they can't touch?

Carden: The server room.

LOI/POI-3533: Oh, no, you're not allowed access to our records unless you go through corporate! You lost that chance when you threatened to destroy this company- Hey! Wait, stop!

Sounds of hurried movement are picked up, although LOI/POI-3533's voice does not change in terms of distance from the two. After fifteen seconds, sounds of splashing can be heard, followed by grunts emanating from Carden's microphone.

Carden: Agh, crap.

Pierce: Liz, what is it, we have to go- Oh, fuck.

Command: What is happening?

Carden: It looks like there is a leak in this vat here, I stepped in a puddle. I thought it was water, but that's obviously not the case. It's soaked through my sock. I took a few steps but now I can't move. Markus. What do I do?

Pierce: I don't know. This stuff lasts a while. Command, I think you may need to send in some backup. Carden isn't going anywhere any time soon.

LOI/POI-3533: Sorry, guys. It says on the bottle to avoid getting it on the skin. Some folks just won't listen to the warnings! Looks like you're stuck with us for the long haul, miss.

Pierce: Frank, I really think you're going to have to let us go, buddy. Think about what something like this would mean for your company-

LOI/POI-3533: Frank isn't here. Well, he is, but stop talking about us like we aren't all here, too. And don't play with us. No one has come in two decades. I don't think anyone will be coming for you either. Get enough of this stuff on you and you won't even be a memory anymore.

Metal creaking noises are heard, followed by a loud crash.

Carden: Shit, Markus, run!

Pierce is heard breathing heavily, Carden is heard screaming but the noises are drowned out by the sounds of liquid flooding the area. Carden's microphone ceases function several seconds later.

Pierce: Server room… server room… c'mon.

Several seconds of rustling and miscellaneous background noise is picked up.

Pierce: Ah, here.

LOI/POI-3533: No, don't go in there! I will call the police!

The sounds of the door opening and closing is heard. LOI/POI-3533's voice is heard to become muffled.

LOI/POI-3533: You can't stay in here forever. And there's plenty more of 'Metaphysiclean!' where that came from!

Pierce: Okay, command, I've located their data storage, and I can say for certain that servers are the only thing in this room. Thank Christ. My head hurts. Don't ever assign me more of this conceptual bullshit, I hate it. I hate all of this.

Command: Duly noted.

Pierce: There's a terminal over here. Let me see what I can find.

Pierce is heard operating the computer for several minutes, while miscellaneous bangs and thuds are heard outside.

LOI/POI-3533: Oh, wait, I've got an idea. [laughs]

Pierce: That doesn't sound good. Alright, I found some ledgers, precursor lists, what is this? They're talking about some sort of alchemical plants. Essence of Raskovnik?[12] There's also a large archive of emails here, I'll send all the information to you guys in a moment-

A loud sealing noise is heard in the room.

Pierce: What was that? Nearly gave me a heart attack.

LOI/POI-3533: Markus, I'm real sorry we had to do this. You won't understand, but we need this place.

At this point, a female voice is heard over the loudspeaker of the factory.

Intercom: Attention all factory workers, please evacuate immediately.

Pierce: What did you do?

LOI/POI-3533: No, you did this. You forced us to do this.

Intercom: Halogen suppression system activated.

Pierce: Oh, no.

A mechanical whirring is picked up, followed by the sounds of ventilation.

Pierce: Command, you need to send someone immediately!

Command: They are en route to your location, but-

Pierce: But what?

Command: Did you secure the files and send them to uplink?

Pierce: Yes. What should I do?

Command checks and confirms the receipt of the information, select excerpts can be found in Addendum 3533.3.

Pierce: Command? I'm feeling a bit light-headed here.

Command: The room is filling with inert gas, Pierce, you are going to lose consciousness very shortly.

Pierce: But-

Pierce is heard slurring and becoming incomprehensible. Shortly after, contact with Agent Pierce is lost. Reinforcements arrive

onsite and LOI/POI-3533 is contained. The body of Elizabeth Carden was not identified, but further interactions suggest she may still be alive. LOI/POI-3533 has generally been hostile to all forms of life that enter the facility since.

Addendum 3533.3: LOI/POI-3533 Select Employee Email Correspondences

+ access LOI-POI-3533_email.log

Subject: RE: Welcome!

To: fmiller@ manufacturing.com From: kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com

---

Frank,

Happy to be aboard! Yes, I'm settling in fine, everyone here has been very professional so far. Excited to see what the guys over at conceptual have us producing. I'm sure my experience with polymers will come in handy when it comes to tightening up the formula.

See you soon,

Karen

Subject: MEKP Delivery

To: kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com From: gthompson@ .com

Karen,

The latest batch of methyl-ethyl ketone peroxide is arriving on Tuesday. I know you probably know this already, but try to avoid

getting that stuff on you, especially when it is catalyzing. I've seen some nasty burns in my time and 30000 gallons is the largest I've ever had to ship in one go before.

Seriously though, all your employees need to be real careful about this stuff. And don't smoke within a mile of the building, just to be safe.

Sincerely,

George Thompson

Supply

[CONTACT INFORMATION REDACTED]

Subject: RE: New formula for Conceptua-Softener (Working Title)

To: fmiller@ manufacturing.com From: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr[13]

Good afternoon,

I've been looking at these new formula proposals and, I've got to say, I'm impressed. How exactly do you plan on actually making this work? The runes you were supplied do not have sufficient output for this kind of impartation. I'm not sure I quite understand the epistemology behind this 100% just yet, so please send me more details on case files 000584-000590 at your earliest convenience.

Thanks,

Rose Sorisi, Head of Innovative Strategics
S. C. Johnson and Son Corporate West Coast

Division

[CONTACT INFORMATION REDACTED]

Subject: EMPLOYEE NOTICE

To: mjacobs@ manufacturing.com, kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com and 29 othersFrom: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

A note to all employees,

This is a friendly reminder that Conceptua-Cleaner is not a toy and using it for recreation is prohibited on factory grounds. Not only is it dangerous and unpredictable at this stage, I figured some of you were old enough to know not to go playing with household cleaners.

I don't care how funny you think it is- a cronut has already been invented and those are all safe to eat. Don't do it again.

Frank

Subject: Formula 000589

To: fmiller@ manufacturing.com From: kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com

---

Frank,

Latest samples have shown a marked increase in duration of effect. The actual softening is happening at a faster rate as well. I'm going to try adjusting these inscriptions. I know what corporate said about output, but I think I might be able to boost it with a little modification. I'll let you know how it turns out. We're still having some inconsistent results-

I'm aiming for uniform approximation across the board.

Karen

Subject: Rebranding Conceptua-Cleaner

To: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|rellimf#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|rellimf From: rsorisi@ manufacturing.com

---

Frank,

The consumer product board of S. C. Johnson has decided that Conceptua-Cleaner is being renamed 'Metaphysiclean!'. I personally don't like it, but don't tell them I said that. New labels are being shipped from 's printing company, I presume you will receive them within the next week. Please migrate all data and adjust production to fit this.

Thanks,

Rose Sorisi, Head of Innovative Strategics
S. C. Johnson and Son Corporate West Coast Division

[CONTACT INFORMATION REDACTED]

Subject: Incident - 09/28/1997

To: fmiller@ manufacturing.com From: hr@ .com

There was a mishap down in your testing labs today, apparently they had misjudged the potency of the formula and now we have one person down here with two mouths and they're both yelling at me. They are considering

pursuing a legal route due to sustained mental trauma. I know they'll be fine eventually but they are willing to make a show of this if they aren't compensated.

Lisa Thompson

Human Resources Department

Subject: Reckitt Benckiser's smear campaign (no pun intended)

To: kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com From: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

It seems some of the lab jockeys over at Benckiser have been working on something similar to 'Metaphysiclean!' for a while now, and they aren't happy about us having the superior product! Our cleaners will always be number one! Thanks to you, anyhow.

Frank

Subject: RE: Reckitt Benckiser's smear campaign (no pun intended)

To: fmiller@ manufacturing.com From: kbaldwin@ manufacturing.com

---

Frank,

I think they might be up to something. Everyone in the company just got a blank email from one of their domains. Not sure what that was about but you should probably adjust our spam filters appropriately in case this happens again.

Karen

Subject: Just checking in.

To: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr From: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

Good afternoon,

I'm sending this message because we've been having difficulty contacting you or any of the S. C. Johnson affiliates over the phone about a recent spam email situation we had from one of your competitor corporations. If you could just shoot me a response to let me know all is well it would definitely be appreciated.

Regards,

Frank

Subject: Testing

To: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr From: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

Please respond to this message if you have received it. Some of us are getting worried, and they can't contact their families.

Frank

Subject: (no subject)

To: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr, moc.oohay|211uonitnatsnokg#moc.oohay|211uonitnatsnokg and 43 others From: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

Can anyone see these messages?

Please respond.

Frank

Subject: (no subject)

To: moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr#moc.nosnhojcs.etaroproc|isirosr From: fmiller@ manufacturing.com

---

Employee morale is very low. Some crew appear disoriented. I'm not sure if we exist anymore. One of the forklift drivers is having a meltdown as we speak.

There isn't much else to say.

Frank

Footnotes

1. Attempts to buy, sell, or otherwise influence the market value of the stock have failed due to the fact that no known living entities or enterprises other than and including the subsidiary responsible for the manufacture of SCP-3533 currently exist.
2. That is to say, the liquid is comprised of itself and its respective compounds, the concept of itself, the concept of lemon-scented, and the concept of household spray cleaners simultaneously and exclusively at any given time.
3. Efficacy of the spray has increased by 25% since 2003.
4. Classification of which as a Group of Interest currently pending administrative approval.
5.Mus musculus.
6. It is to note that SCP-3533's label clearly states to avoid getting the substance on skin or in eyes but does not provide a way to wash affected area and warns against flushing the eyes with water.
7. More specifically, the partial dissolution of subjective individual self-identity.
8. Both subjects insisted they were D-9765 and D-1954, but D-1954

could not state that there was a difference between them and that there were simply two designations for one personnel. Three observers corroborated this story, while the other two did not think of subjects as one person but a gestalt organism comprised of two beings.
9. See Addendum 3533.3 for more information.
10. No evidence of this phenomena has been recorded, it is possible they have antimemetic qualities as well.
11. It is likely these accounts are automatically paid and are not detectable to S. C. Johnson's Human Resources departments. Still, it is unknown how LOI/POI-3533 knows this information and why it needs payment in any sense regardless, or if this information is factual at all. An audit of S. C. Johnson's finances is considered a possibility.
12. Raskovnik is a mythical plant in Slavic folklore. It is also to note that in many texts, the plant is notoriously difficult to identify.
13. Mrs. Sorisi was contacted and expressed no knowledge of SCP-3533 or any memory of this email. Supplied Class-B Amnestics and released.

SCP-3534: Doomsyesterday

One of five inscriptions required to activate SCP-3534's anomalous properties.

Item #: SCP-3534

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All documentation containing information on SCP-3534 is to be recovered from decommissioned Imperial Japanese Anomalous Matters Examination Agency laboratories and stored within high-priority storage lockers in Research and Containment Site-110.

The creation of SCP-3534-1 instances is only permitted with Level-4 authorization. All SCP-3534-1 instances are to be kept within Research and Containment Site-110's docking bay.

Explorations of SCP-3534-2 are to be performed with the discretion and supervision of Research and Containment Site-110 research personnel. Mobile Task Force Gamma-6 ("Deep Feeders") is responsible for all firsthand exploration into SCP-3534-2. Outside of these authorized explorations, no instances of SCP-3534-1 are to be created.

As documentation containing SCP-3534 is still being manufactured within Japan, personnel of Mobile Task Force Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings") are to be deployed within all major Japanese cities to investigate unauthorized SCP-3534 documentation manufacturing. All individuals found documenting elements of SCP-3534 are to be taken into Foundation custody for interrogation. Following the conclusion of the subject's investigation, C-Class (Targeted Retrograde) amnestics[1] are to be administered.

The manifestation of any SCP-3534-3 instance into Baseline reality is to be considered a precursor for an MH-Class (Large-Scale Aggressor Overrun) Scenario.[2] Should the SCP-3534-3 instance

manifest in close proximity to Research and Containment Site-110, Site-110's failsafe nuclear device is to be immediately activated. MTF Eta-5 ("Jäeger Bombers") is to be deployed from Dimensional-Site-172 to the ruins of Site-110 to verify the termination of all SCP-3534-3 instances.

In the event that any SCP-3534-3 instances survive the failsafe or an overlap between Baseline reality and SCP-3534-2, Article I, Section 1 of the *Hy-Brasil International Security Agreement of 1992*[3] is to be immediately invoked. All Foundation assets are then to begin preparation for an MH-Class Scenario.

Description: SCP-3534 is a series of inscriptions created by the **Imperial Japanese Anomalous Matters Examination Agency (IJAMEA)** which, when inscribed into the inside of an aquatic vehicle, alters the vehicle to be a full-size, functional Type-A Kō-hyōteki-class submarine[4] (thereafter designated SCP-3534-1). Removal of SCP-3534's anomalous properties can be achieved by a single laceration through all five inscriptions.

Instances of SCP-3534-1 are consistent in terms of markings and interior. Located on the exterior of SCP-3534-1 instances is the logo of the IJAMEA alongside the words "研究船舶" ("kenkyū senpaku," "research vessel"). Instances are equipped with radar technology developed in 1994, aquatic diving suits, and food and water rations.

An SCP-3534-1 instance operated by Foundation personnel preparing for an authorized exploration.

SCP-3534-1's anomalous properties manifest upon entering a body of water. At a varying submergence point, the SCP-3534-1 instance will become obscured by a high increase in water turbidity of unknown source around the instance. Upon being obscured, the instance will be transported to an extradimensional location, designated SCP-3534-2.

SCP-3534-2 is an alternate reality extremely similar to Baseline reality with the primary difference being the mean sea level of SCP-3534-2 increased by approximately 500 meters. This appears to have been a gradual change which began around 1993. No source for this increase in water has been determined, although

rudimentary thaumaturgical analysis suggests it may be linked to the SCP-3534-3 population of SCP-3534-2.

SCP-3534-3 are Large-Scale Aggressors which are believed to have caused an event similar to an MH-Class scenario within SCP-3534-2. Instances exhibit characteristics of both reptiles and aquatic cephalopods (being extremely similar to UAE-Brasil-78), and range from ~5 to ~300 m in height. Instances are hostile towards all life and have been observed to commonly engage in combat with one another without direct cause. All instances have been noted to emit higher **`Elan Vital Energy`** and Akiva radiation levels than most extradimensional entities.

There are, at current estimates, over five hundred thousand SCP-3534-3 instances within SCP-3534-2. In addition to the SCP-3534-3 population, the population of whales (order *Cetacea*) and starfish (class *Asteroidea*) has significantly increased as compared to Baseline reality.
The reason for this increase in population is unknown.

Recovery: The discovery of SCP-3534 occurred upon sightings of heightened IJAMEA cell activity within Japan. Mobile Task Force Delta-5 ("Front Runners") was dispatched to investigate former IJAMEA operating bases and laboratories.

Upon MTF Delta-5's arrival at the largest former operating facility, said facility was discovered to still be operational with multiple IJAMEA personnel inside. All IJAMEA personnel were apprehended and are being held in indefinite detention.

The most notable subject was a Hattori Michizane, an individual claiming to be of high importance in the IJAMEA. Michizane refused to reveal any further information regarding his identity or the IJAMEA's current goals.

The following is a note recovered from Hattori Michizane's office within the base.

TO ISHIDA, TH

31 October 19

A rogue angel then demon fell from an aquatic numbered raptu
attacked.

The demon went rogue for a reason, yet it was not provoked no
needed to reset; that we had been given long enough to conver
him doubted his statements and banished him from rapture, cau

While in our realm, the demon schemed alone. The demon mai
throughout its stay in our fragile realm and intended to perform
island's doom.

And so Hy-Brasil was attacked. Thousands slaughtered by the
of the island's population were men and women of science and
demon was eventually killed by men and women of science, but

Man's curiosity concerning rogue angel then demon's fall into ou
constantly-altering facade, and man had trouble removing the fa
with curiosity as well; just not as ignorant as some.

And so, they broke into rapture, deep underground. But you mu

They angered the angels and, because of this, the angels bega
threatened to flood our realm with both sea and the true numbe
despite the immense power exhibited because of the rogue ang

Man did not heed their warning. They entered into our plane an

My brother… he worked alongside me during the greatest Occu
to find where the angels came from, but Japan was not as succ
the dimension in which the angels were currently rebirthing, and

We simply watched as they began to remake the new world. Th
her, the ocean, showing no signs of a challenge. My brother and
as the angels created yet another chain of being.

As we watched, one took my brother out of my arms.

I must return to find him. The world we explored is not heaven.

Do not fear, Ishida. I am coming. **I will spread the knowledge**

will find you and return you home.

Glory to Japan.

Michizane has refused to further expand upon this document.

Exploration 3534-L4: The following is a transcript of an authorized exploration into SCP-3534-2, conducted by operatives of Mobile Task Force Gamma-6 ("Deep Feeders").

[BEGIN LOG]

Command: Gamma-6, this is Command. Do you read me?

Angler: Affirmative.

Betta: I can.

Carp: Confirming.

Command: Close the hatch and prepare for submergence.

Betta: Got it.

The operatives close the hatch located on the top of SCP-3534-1. They advance forward until an area of required depth for submergence has been reached.

Angler: We're ready, Command.

Command: Copy. Submerge in three, two, one.

SCP-3534-1 submerges completely under the ocean surface and proceeds to lower to a depth of ~20 m.

Carp: We're about twenty meters down, Command. Awaiting your authorization before proceeding into dash-two.

Command: Whenever you're ready, Gamma-6.

After a brief moment of silence, SCP-3534-1 submerges to a depth of thirty meters, activating its anomalous effects. Gamma-6 is transported to SCP-3534-2 after visibility is obscured, as normal.

Angler: Undergoing transportation, Command.

Command: Copy. Report when you've made it, Gamma-6.

SCP-3534-1 fully enters SCP-3534-2.

Angler: Command, we've made it into dash-two.

Command: Advance under your own discretion, but leave your helmet cameras on and report every sixty seconds.

Angler: Roger that, Command.

Betta: Alert, everyone. There's one *right there.*

An SCP-3534-3 instance is visible through one of the windows of SCP-3534-1, approximately 50 m away from the submarine.

Betta: Do they ever leave?

Carp: I'll turn off the lighting.

Angler: Yeah, go do that.

Carp turns off all internal light sources. The SCP-3534-3 instance briefly appears to look in their direction but changes course and swims away.

Carp: Command, we can't even be in here for two seconds without a dash-three noticing us. This may be longer than expected.

Command: Reminder that you have rations in the submarine and that you have no limit to power.

Betta: Copy.

Gamma-6 lowers to the ocean floor, entering the submerged ruins of an unidentified city. It begins navigating between abandoned streets. Occasionally, an SCP-3534-3 instance will pass overhead.

Command: Gamma-6, report.

Angler: Nothing out of the ordinary so far. Just a bunch of crocosquids and abandoned buildings.

Command: Roger.

Gamma-6 continues to navigate the ocean floor. They continue their course uninterrupted until an abnormality is noticed by Betta.

Betta: Hey, A, you see that?

Angler: See wh— oh. Yeah. Yeah, I do.

Carp: What the hell is that thing?

Angler: I don't know.

Command: Gamma-6, what do you see?

Betta: I think we might be overreacting. It looks like an air bubble.

Angler: All the way down here?

Carp: It's just… floating there. If it were an air bubble, it would go up.

Angler: Then what is it?

Carp: I don't see why you're asking me, A.

Betta: Command, requesting authorization to proceed outside of dash-one to the abnormality.

Command: Authorization granted. Take another operative with you.

Angler: I'll go out with B.

Carp: Oooooookay. I'll just be in here, then.

Angler: Damn right you will.

Angler and Betta take approximately fifteen minutes to properly equip themselves for diving using the aquatic suits found in SCP-3534-1. Rushing water can be heard as the artificial airlock opens to SCP-3534-2.

Angler: Command, exiting now.

Command: Copy that.

Betta: Shit, it's cold.

Angler: Especially for an area that contains *fucking fire-breathing krakens.*

Betta: Well, they are cold-blooded, right?

Angler: I don't know, are they?

Command: Remain on task, Gamma-6. Proceed to the abnormality.

Angler: Copy. Advancing.

Angler and Betta approach the abnormality safely. No SCP-3534-3 instances are within view.

Betta: There's something in it, A.

Angler: What?

Betta: Is that … a tape? Underwater?

Carp: Well, it's in an air bubble, so…

Angler: Command, I'm going to reach in for it.

Betta: A, I don't think—

Angler quickly reaches his hand into the abnormality and retrieves the recording device. Despite being submerged in liquid, the device remains dry.

Betta: …or not.

Angler: I've got it, Command.

Command: Copy. Return to dash-one.

Angler: Inbound.

Angler and Betta continue to return to SCP-3534-1. An SCP-3534-3 instance can be seen approaching the two operatives from approximately 500 m away.

Betta: Shit! Shitshitshitshitshit—

Angler: Get down!

The SCP-3534-3 instance attempts to attack both operatives but misses its first attempted strike. Angler and Betta continue their attempt to flee towards SCP-3534-1, until Betta suddenly halts all movement and spreads his limbs.

Betta: The angels do not dwell in the Heavens above, but the abyssal depths below.

Angler: B, what the fuck are you talking about? Come on, let's move!

Betta: The arms of the starfish have embraced me.

Angler: Fuck—

The SCP-3534-3 begins circling back towards the two

operatives. Angler swims backward to Betta's position and wraps a singular arm around his waist, attempting to swim back to SCP-3534-1.

Carp: Hurry! Get in here!

Angler: What the fuck do you think we're—

At this time, another previously unseen SCP-3534-3 instance is spotted approaching the two operatives. Angler's breathing heavily increases and he loses his grip on Betta. Despite this, Angler continues to swim towards SCP-3534-1.

Angler: I am so sorry, David…

The original SCP-3534-3 swallows Betta whole. The second SCP-3534-3 instance then attacks the first, and the two instances engage in physical combat.

Angler: Oh my God, oh my fucking fuck—

Charlie: Hurry the fuck up, A!

Angler finally reaches SCP-3534-1 at which point he enters the submarine. Carp immediately begins their ascent. Gamma-6 is transported out of SCP-3534-2 via a laceration through SCP-3534 with no damage to SCP-3534-1.

Carp: *[Heavily]* Uh, Command, we're… we're good. We made it out.

Command: Casualties?

Angler: Um, affirmative, Command. David.

Command: …shame. Return to the docking area.

Afterword: *I don't know why he just … stopped. He was looking at me the whole time. He just refused to move*

and… That wasn't David. It couldn't have been. — Codename Angler

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The following is a transcript of the tape recovered from Exploration 3534-L4.

[BEGIN LOG]

…and so we began the project; damn thing lasted three years. Day after day, through dawn 'til dusk, we worked on the machine. The corpse of the creature fueled our ambitions to learn more about its origins. Curiosity is never a bad trait to have. Looking back on Hy-Brasil, I didn't possibly think that anything else like that could ever exist again. But this job has taught me that nothing is impossible.

That day was absolutely treacherous. No one knew where it came from; it just struck with absolutely no sense of mercy, with the intent to kill anything that moved. Hy-Brasil was most likely targeted due to its affiliation with the anomalous. It could have gone anywhere else in the world; Africa, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, the United States — absolutely anywhere. But it chose a single island that less than one percent of Earth's population even knew existed.

…but, of course, we don't just wonder where things come from. We discover. That's our role in humanity: to advance the world in scientific knowledge and understanding of anomalies that plague the multiverse. So, Project [unintelligible] initiated, led by Doctor Visini. Nobody really agrees what the "true" goal of the project was, but its surface end-goal was clear: figure out where that damned thing came from.

The doctors reached, uh, "salvation" because of this project. Who knew that salvation would be within the depths of the ocean instead of high in the sky? After they went in, they were surrounded by a bunch of those

reptilian fucks … and we thought the one that attacked Hy-Brasil was big. These things stood higher than we could even comprehend. But these ones were docile, unlike in Hy-Brasil. Salvation was truly a sight to behold, especially with docile aquatic monsters. The researchers just kept walking until…

They came across a large chapel shaped like a pentagon. A star was labeled on just about every single area on both the inside and the outside of the building. Of course, out of ignorance as well as curiosity, they entered. This was humanity's greatest mistake.

It was filled with people, no, humans sitting around fires singing songs. In my opinion, the songs were quite — gah, fuck. Saying it now isn't going to save us. Their songs were spiritual, and they cast an aura upon the chapel. The aura was calming, but Visini decided it would be appropriate to spare his opinion to the salvation-dwellers.

"Your music fucking sucks," he said. Originally, they chuckled it off and told him to sit down. Knowing Visini, he refused, which just ticked the gentlemen off even more than he intended. "Really. Fucking garbage," he said. And just then, one of the squids leaned down and swallowed one of the researchers. Music is sacred, especially to these creatures. Why? I don't know. I just know that's the fact and we realized it too late.

They came from salvation down — er, up — to us, just to tell us our wrongdoings. Of course, they weren't going to leave us off with a warning. It's never that simple, especially when you're fucking with deities. They decided our only sin was ignorance, and they gave us a time to fix it. We had seven days. Now we have two.

I have a strong feeling that they're going to stay true to their word. I have an even stronger feeling that the punishment stated is going to occur because humanity simply doesn't seem to care. If you're listening to this,

somehow, then I just want to let you know… think wisely while in you're in that "salvation". It may just lead to not just your end, but the end for everyone else around you, too.

Logged March 5th, 1993. This has been Dr. Agostinelli… most likely for the last time.

[END LOG]

Notes: In Baseline reality, Doctor Visini was a Foundation Senior Researcher stationed at Nexus-03, who proposed a research project to determine the origins of UAE-Brasil-78. This project was denied by the O5 Council. Following the denial, Doctor Visini was reassigned to **SCP-1982** in 1990 and was reported missing in 1991.

Doctor Agostinelli was a Junior Researcher also stationed at Nexus-03, who was killed during Incident-N03-78.

Footnotes
1. Specialized amnestics used for the targeting and removal of specific memories.
2. Involving the enslavement, reduction, or destruction of human life by an extreme number of Large-Scale Aggressors.
3. A binding treaty enacted by King Delbáeth II of Hy-Brasil between the Foundation, the Global Occult Coalition and several governments concerning the reappearance of entities similar toUAE-Brasil-78.
4. A midget submarine used by Imperial Japan during the Seventh Occult War.

SCP-3535: Casus Lignum

Item #: SCP-3535

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation engineers have constructed an enclosed greenhouse using a closed-loop hydroponics system. Any fluids or minerals inserted or removed from the SCP-3535 containment area are to be thoroughly examined for signs of plant matter. Recovered seeds are to be destroyed as soon as they are found. Living instances of SCP-3535 are stored within Site-103.

Specimens of SCP-3535 still present in the wild are to be recovered alive, when possible. If relocation is not possible due to external factors or the anomaly itself, anti-arboreal chemical agents may be requisitioned from **`Site-77`**.

Description: SCP-3535 is a parasitic species of plant which expresses multiple anomalous traits and properties. Due to its reproductive method of seeding inside of native plant species and assimilating their biology, instances of SCP-3535 can be found in any climate or location.

Assimilation occurs over a period of three weeks from germination until the SCP-3535 instance is considered fully matured. The functions of the host will be taken over by SCP-3535 until it dies. SCP-3535 will shed the dead weight while beginning the process of regrowing the lost mass. Other than reproducing the natural appearance of a native species, instances of SCP-3535 may also take on artificial aesthetic adjustments to blend in to urban environments, such as holiday decorations or in one case integrating itself with a cell-phone tower disguised as a tree.

The bark of SCP-3535 appears to be able to adjust its coloration at any time. It also produces a disproportionately large cloud of

particulate plant matter if impacting a solid surface. Sap produced does not appear to have any biological function, but acts as a powerful adhesive when contacting biological matter. Branches can also explosively detach themselves at any time, although it appears SCP-3535 primarily does this as a last-resort defense mechanism.

Foliage of plants affected by SCP-3535 also exhibits multiple anomalous properties. If a leaf taken from one is placed on a black and white document, the text covered by the leaf will be reproduced on its surface. Dried leaves are abnormally sharp and if able to break the skin of a mammalian subject, a biological compound will be deposited in their bloodstream. It appears that this gives the SCP-3535 instance some intuition on the subject's location and activities, although this effect requires further research.

The root system of SCP-3535 grows extensively and continually beyond the actual biological needs of the instance. They will be partially hollowed once SCP-3535 is fully matured. Root knees will grow both at the base of the tree and at the edge of SCP-3535's root system. This makes it possible for subjects at a distance to listen to conversations being held in SCP-3535's vicinity.

Animals or other creatures living within SCP-3535 have an abnormal propensity to construct their nesting out of documents and other information-containing materials from their local area. This occurs most frequently when SCP-3535 has grown to full maturation in a densely urban area.

History: Discovered in Washington D.C, USA after **Unusual Incidents Unit** agents cleaning out a deceased former agent's home reported its properties. Foundation agents were able to recover all known seeds and instances of SCP-3535 by 1999. Further operations culled the natural population of SCP-3535. It is currently estimated that between 100-200 instances of SCP-3535 may exist in the wild.

Addendum: Containment Incident.

On 09/18/2008, **Researcher Alleyn** discovered that several trees on the grounds of Site-103 had been converted into instances of SCP-3535. Further investigation showed that the hydroponics

system which had been used to maintain the population of SCP-3535 in containment had been compromised and was being used to funnel seeds through Site-103's plumbing and from there exit containment and continue propagating in the wild.

Review of surveillance footage shows that all key personnel involved with monitoring and maintaining the plumbing system and SCP-3535 had unknowingly been affected by its leaves. Further research is being conducted as to whether this affected their ability to perform their duties. A purge of Site-103's plumbing revealed several dozen SCP-3535 seeds.

All saplings and matured instances discovered outside of containment have been culled, with containment procedures being reviewed and updated. Testing of SCP-3535's hypothetical intelligence has been scheduled.

SCP-3536: Bacteriophage Enabler

Item #: SCP-3536

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3536 is contained in a Safe-class storage room in Site-234. Testing of SCP-3536 with other bacterial SCP objects requires written permission from the acting Research Supervisor (currently Dr. Maravilla). All SCP-3536-1 instances created for testing purposes are to be destroyed by incineration following conclusion of testing.

Description: SCP-3536 is a large piece of machinery approximately 30 m^2 in area. SCP-3536's main components include a hopper labeled 'Raw Materials', two broth tanks, several pumps and compressors, and a console containing several dials. Both tanks will spontaneously refill with nutrient broth if emptied completely. Due to corrosion, only one dial is movable. SCP-3536 also possesses a receptacle that attaches to a small glass vial.

A handwritten instruction manual recovered alongside SCP-3536 has provided incomplete details to its operation. The manual states that any mixture of compounds containing carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and phosphorus will fuel SCP-3536, and recommends a mixture of charcoal, phosphoric acid, sulfuric acid, and nitrogen gas.

If a bacteria-containing sample is placed in the vial and inserted, SCP-3536 will proceed to use the stored raw materials to create live replicas of any bacteria present in the sample. These replicas, hereafter designated SCP-3536-1, are magnified in size according to the selected setting on the movable dial; testing has resulted in instances ranging in size from 2 to 45 cm.

SCP-3536-1 instances are structurally stable, despite the predictions of the Square-Cube principle. Otherwise, they are not visibly or

structurally different from their nonanomalous counterparts.

Discovery: Law enforcement in Georgetown, Guyana detained nine individuals attempting to kidnap a patient from Davis Memorial Hospital afflicted with endocarditis. The group was responsible for multiple reports of battery and illegal entry into various hospitals, and had gained notoriety for their *modus operandi* of collecting various samples from infectious and terminal patients. Upon investigation of the ringleader's residence, SCP-3536 was discovered in the basement. A large amount of discarded SCP-3536-1 membranes were found, consistent with the later hypothesis that the individuals had subsisted on a diet consisting solely of SCP-3536-1.

Also found alongside SCP-3536 were several dozen scrapbooks containing handwritten recipes involving SCP-3536-1 instances, personal thoughts, and plans consistent with the failed kidnapping. Excerpts from the books indicated a growing obsession with SCP-3536 and SCP-3536-1 among the group. Of note, analysis has shown that the handwriting of the instruction manual does not match that of any of the nine members of the group.

D-class test subjects who have consumed SCP-3536-1 instances generally (~90%) report a very pleasant taste, but testing has failed to prove any inherent addictive or mind-affecting properties in SCP-3536 or SCP-3536-1.

SCP-3540: Don't Queer the Reaper

Item #: SCP-3540

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A list of all possible locations where SCP-3540 may occur should be compiled throughout the month of September. Once the event begins, a mixture of satellite imagery and ground surveillance should be used to identify the property undergoing the SCP-3540 event. Once identified, SCP-3540's location should be monitored throughout its active phase. Contact with sapient entities associated with the anomaly is allowed as needed.

Agents embedded in local authorities are to intercept any reporting on the anomalous phenomenon from local or national news agencies and rewrite or edit the articles and segments to remove SCP-3540, SCP-3540-1, or SCP-3540-2. Foundation personnel in the local government are to encourage the community to have trick-or-treating events in early November instead of the traditional October 31st, citing weather, commercial, or other reasons.

Residual psychoactive and amnestic compounds are to be added to the water supplies in the locations where SCP-3540 is active. Once the event has concluded, disinformation teams are to ensure all inhabitants do not retain memory of SCP-3540.

Description: SCP-3540 is an annual phenomenon affecting abandoned properties in suburban neighborhoods throughout the continental United States that lasts for the entirety of October. A number of factors appear to correlate with where the phenomenon occurs, mostly pertaining to the demographics and location of the neighborhood, such as a low rate of crime, an above average population of children below the age of ten, and a close proximity to both cemeteries and trendy or popular dining establishments. The majority of properties involved in SCP-3540 events were previously

owned by individuals who have recently died.

A house affected by SCP-3540 will begin to undergo a number of changes to both its internal and external appearance. Externally, a large number of Halloween decorations will appear in the yard and on the outward walls of the structure. Although the decorations mimic common store-bought materials, they are actually authentic, non-synthetic articles. The house will also appear to undergo a full renovation and restoration throughout the SCP-3540 event, despite no actual work or construction observed. Internally, the house will manifest furniture in the rooms, dark curtains on the windows, and appropriate appliances for general living and welfare.

During an SCP-3540 event, the house will appear to be occupied by a pair of humanoid entities, designated SCP-3540-1 and SCP-3540-2. SCP-3540-1 refers to itself as Maurice, and SCP-3540-2 refers to itself as Lance. These entities are generally seen wearing long, black robes with large hoods that obscure their heads and faces. The entities cannot be physically seen during the day, but after sunset, they will manifest in various parts of the house and will engage in typical household chores and common activities, including cleaning, preparing and consuming meals, folding laundry, and [DATA EXPUNGED]. SCP-3540-1 and SCP-3540-2 are amiable with staff and will often invite them in for dinner. The entities will often make claim to frequent local restaurants or shops; however, no evidence has been found to corroborate these statements.

Addendum: On 21/10/2017, Agent Kay Gittings contacted SCP-3540-1 and SCP-3540-2 due to their decorations violating several minor zoning laws. The two entities recognized Gittings from previous SCP-3540 events, and invited her inside the house. The conversation has been recorded below.

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> *Agent Gittings knocks on the front door of the house, and is answered by SCP-3540-1.*
>
> **SCP-3540-1:** Hello? Oh, Kay! It's so great to see you again. I thought you lived over in Montana, what are you doing in our neck of the woods?

Gittings: Oh, um, my partner had to move, so I moved with her. But I'm working with the city and I just wanted to let you know that-

SCP-3540-1: Lance! You'll never guess who's here. Come say hi.

SCP-3540-2 enters from the kitchen doorway and waves at Agent Gittings.

Gittings: No, no, it's fine. I just have to let you know that some of your decorations-

SCP-3540-1: Oh, don't worry about it, Kay. Come in. We found this really great tea shop, and you have to try this Jin Jun Mei we got. According to the guy who runs the place it's from the 'Wu Yi Mountain area'. It's just fantastic.

Gittings: I, uh, need to ask my boss first.

SCP-3540-2: That's fine. I'm gonna go start boiling water anyways, cause damn I forgot we had that stuff.

After conferring with her superior, Agent Gittings was given permission to enter the premises and interact with the entities. SCP-3540-1 leads the agent into the house and gestures towards a couch before entering the kitchen.

SCP-3540-1: I'll be back in a jiffy. Do you want sugar or cream or anything?

Gittings: Uh, no. No, thank you.

Agent Gittings begins to observe the room and move her body camera to record it. Decorations and souvenirs have been placed throughout the room, typically from cities in Southern US states. Multiple pictures can be seen hung on the walls; however, there does not appear to be visible subjects in the pictures. Beside the door, two harvesting tools are hanging off hooks. After several

minutes, the two entities return carrying three mugs. SCP-3540-1 places one in front of Agent Gittings.

SCP-3540-1: Sorry that took so long, Kay. Someone forgot to wash the dishes last night.

SCP-3540-2: Hey, don't blame this on me. I was putting up the decorations, you know, like you asked me to.

Gittings: Actually, uh, speaking of the decorations. I came over here to tell you that you need to remove some of them. One of your inflatables and a bunch of your cobwebs are in your neighbors' properties.

Both entities appear to look at each other for several seconds.

SCP-3540-2: I told you that wasn't our tree.

SCP-3540-1: No, I told you not to put stuff in that tree, Lance.

SCP-3540-2: No, no, no. I very explicitly remember you telling me to, and I quote, "Cover that shit in web". And I said that it wasn't our tree, then you yelled at me for ruining your aesthetic.

SCP-3540-1: I meant the house and the bushes. Why would I have meant the tree?

SCP-3540-2: Cause I thought that was where you were pointing. God, this is going to be a pain in the ass to clean out. I am so sorry, Kay. I'll get on that tomorrow.

Gittings: Thank you. I really don't want you guys to get in trouble.

SCP-3540-1: Actually, that reminds me. Kay, how long have you been in town?

Gittings: Just since September.

SCP-3540-1: Oh, wow. We've only been here since the first. But have you had the chance to try that Barrio Steakhouse place off the highway? Their steaks are way better than they have a right to be. I actually knew the owner's grandfather. And he was such a nice man. Super understanding when we had to take him.

Gittings: No, that place is pretty expensive, I'd have to eat like a college student for a week to afford there.

SCP-3540-2: Man, you are missing out. Usually me and Maury try not to go to the same place each year for vacation, but I am very tempted to convince him to come back here next year.

SCP-3540-1: You will convince me of nothing.

SCP-3540-2: Just like how I never convinced you to try that seafood joint in Charleston?

SCP-3540-1: That's different.

Gittings: If you pardon me asking, this is your vacation? You guys do this every year?

SCP-3540-2: Yep. Our jobs can be 'emotionally taxing", so we're forced to take two weeks off. But we just save our vacation from the rest of the year and take a whole month. It's great, super relaxing.

SCP-3540-1: We always take the same month off too, cause we actually met in October, at that funeral. And you know what we do, Kay. Halloween is like the holiday made for us. I just love seeing all the little kids in their costumes. It's just so adorable. Makes it worth doing my job. They just delight me. I would love to adopt if we could, but the agencies never seem to like our paperwork.

Gittings: Well, this tea was lovely, but I have to head out. I still have some paperwork to file at the office.

SCP-3540-1: Oh, that's fine. Thanks for stopping by. Tell your partner that we said hello. And feel free to come by anytime for dinner, Lance can make Chicken Parmesan that's to die for.

<End Log>

SCP-3542: "Fear Not, Citizen!"

Item #: SCP-3542

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3542 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site 952's Upsilon wing. Personnel interacting with SCP-3542 are not allowed to speak to it outside of testing.

SCP-3542's cell is to be locked using a total of 15 different locking mechanisms that are a combination of traditional locks, biometric scanners, and passcode locks with a randomly generated password. No furniture, bedding, or additional clothing is allowed within the cell. Food must be liquid or paste-based. Twice a day, SCP-3542 is to be restrained within its cell and given a full-cavity search. Any materials found within SCP-3542 and anything found within the cell must be removed and destroyed.

SCP-3542 is to be constantly monitored. If it approaches its cell door or the cameras become obfuscated in any way, the cell is to be flooded with sedative gas and paralytic agents.

All paperwork in Site 952 is to be proofread and approved by at least two staff members, to ensure no errors are present. All materials, equipment, and resources are to be documented and receipted to catalog where it was used and for what purpose.

Description: SCP-3542 is a 28-year-old male of French and Italian Descent, formerly known as Renard Di Giacinto. SCP-3542 has extreme ontokinetic abilities, but appears to be unaware of them, despite using these abilities very frequently.

SCP-3542's ontokinetic abilities have no known limit, but primarily manifest in the creation of items and materials the subject uses to respond to emergency events. Items created by the subject are

often anomalously effective at their created purpose. SCP-3542 also appears to be able to teleport or move through space while unseen; however, later analysis will always provide a route or reason for how it moved to the location.

Additionally, emergencies will regularly occur within the vicinity of SCP-3542, and it will invariably discover a way out of its cell and aid in the emergency. When the subject responds to an emergency or event in its vicinity, it will always act like a typical "hero", referring to itself as "The Red Fox". The subject displays an anomalous understanding of the emergencies it responds to, and often provides materials or solutions that don't immediately appear relevant. It is still unclear whether the emergencies are caused by SCP-3542's anomaly or whether it just responds to them.

Addendum SCP-3542-1: Below is a list of all incidents involving SCP-3542, and their corresponding containment procedure updates.

> **Emergency:** Doctor Vanderbilt accidently broke a pen he was using and began to feel light-headed.
>
> **Resolution:** SCP-3542 immediately appeared outside Vanderbilt's office with a gas mask and wooden pencil. Upon further investigation, it was revealed that a portion of the ink within the pen had been replaced with a poisonous substance that reacted with air. The poison has been linked to those used by the Chaos Insurgency.
>
> **Containment Procedures Update:** Inspection of security footage revealed SCP-3542 left its cell and stole a gas mask from the Site 952 equipment storage room. Updated procedures to include multiple locks on SCP-3542's cell. Site-wide policies were updated to ensure better tracking of equipment.

> **Emergency:** A clerical error resulted in a barrel of gasoline being swapped for a barrel of cooking oil, resulting in a large fire in Site 952's cafeteria.
>
> **Resolution:** SCP-3542 appeared in the cafeteria with a small bucket of water and a fire extinguisher. Despite the

size of the fire, the subject entered the cafeteria and subdued the blaze. It's unclear how the fire managed to spread as quickly as it did or how SCP-3542 was able to subdue it so quickly. Once a fire crew responded to the fire, it had already been put out.

Containment Procedures Update: Investigation into the incident revealed that SCP-3542 had used one of its uniform's buttons to pry the door open. Additional locks were added to SCP-3542's cell and site-wide policies were updated to require multiple staff proofreading and confirming paperwork and resource allocation.

Emergency: Mnestics drugs needed for antimemetic anomaly testing were replaced with lethal poison.

Resolution: Immediately following Dr. Teller's ingestion of the poison, SCP-3542 appeared with a syringe containing an antidote, which it immediately injected into Dr. Teller. The remaining poison was subsequently found and removed from the mnestic storage area. Dr. Teller reported feeling fine, except for some soreness in his left shoulder from the injection.

Containment Procedures Update: Inspection of SCP-3542's cell showed that a bobby pin had been inserted into the locking mechanism on the other side. Updated procedures to include a more diverse series of locks.

Emergency: During a test of SCP- , an anomalous cloud formed within the testing chamber, and began to rain highly acidic fluid.

Resolution: SCP-3542 manifested carrying seemingly acid-resistant umbrellas and a box of baking soda. After distributing umbrellas to unprotected personnel[1], SCP-3542 threw the box of baking soda at the cloud. This neutralized the cloud, turning all precipitation into regular water. No method has been found to remove the cloud from the testing chamber.

Containment Procedures Update: Despite being 10m above the ground, removed ceiling tiles indicate that SCP-3542 managed to enter the ventilation system. Containment procedures updated to fasten all ceiling tiles with additional bolts, and remove any furniture that could aid in reaching the ceiling. Security cameras were added to SCP-3542's containment cell as well.

Emergency: Due to an attack on Foundation servers, the containment cell for SCP-058 was opened.

Resolution: Before the door to SCP-058's chamber opened wide enough for SCP-058 to exit, SCP-3542 manifested with a bicycle lock, which it then used to secure the door. The bicycle lock held long enough for Foundation personnel to repel the cyberattack, and close SCP-058's cell door. It is currently unknown how the bicycle lock sustained so much damage, or how the lock attached to the door.

Containment Procedure Update: Security footage shows SCP-3542 using a chicken bone from its dinner to disable all additional locks that had been placed in its containment cell. It is currently unknown how this aided in both the numeric lock, and the biometric lock. This was not reported at the time due to personnel focusing their attention on the cyberattack. Containment procedures updated to specify that SCP-3542 only be fed liquid or paste-based food.

Emergency: A full scale raid of Site-952 by the Chaos Insurgency.

Resolution: SCP-3542 manifested wearing a cape, and a "utility belt". It incapacitated the entire attacking force using items such as a rubber duck that was capable of summoning very aggressive waterfowl, a set of animate and unbreakable play handcuffs, a jar of an unidentified white gel[2], and a copy of "Superheroes for Dummies". When Foundation personnel arrived, SCP-3542 had just finished tying the remaining unconscious agents together

with its "utility twine".

Containment Procedures Update: Due to a typo in the containment maintenance rotation schedule, fewer than the recommended number of armed guards were present for SCP-3542's routine cavity search. The search was carried out, against Foundation guidelines, resulting in SCP-3542 breaching containment. Personnel involved were reprimanded. Containment procedures updated to increase the number of personnel required to restrain SCP-3542 during cavity searches.

Emergency: Attempted assassination of Dr. Teller by a CI member during their interrogation.

Resolution: See Addendum SCP-3542-2.

Containment Procedures Update: Security footage showed that SCP-3542 simply disappeared from its containment cell, leaving behind a note that read "Duty calls!". Containment procedures update pending.

Addendum SCP-3542-2: One member of the captured Chaos Insurgency members (CI-104) volunteered to forfeit information about their mission after undergoing three weeks of enhanced interrogation techniques. Below is a transcript of the resulting interview.

Dr. Teller: I hear you elected to tell us about your mission and motives.

CI-104: Yes, I did.

Dr. Teller: Then I will cut to the chase then. How were you able to get inside the facility so easily?

CI-104: About four of us had been running an undercover operation. Had mapped out the whole place. Also got a few chances from HQ to wreak a little havoc.

Dr. Teller: So you were responsible for the poisoned mnestics and acid cloud incident?

CI-104: Wait, acid cloud?

Dr. Teller: I'll take that as a yes and a no respectively. Why did you attempt a full scale attack?

CI-104: HQ signaled it was time for us to retrieve our quarry. And we decided that the security here was too tight for us to sneak out with it, so we went for something… less subtle.

Dr. Teller: Wait, so your undercover operation started in order to retrieve something you already knew was there?

CI-104: Affirmative.

Dr. Teller: Who gave you inside information?

CI-104: Well, I believe it came fr—

SCP-3542 manifests behind CI-104 and stabs him with a steak knife.

Dr. Teller: Wha—

SCP-3542: No need to thank me, citizen. Saving lives is all part of the job.

Dr. Teller: Oh, for fuck's sake!

Outside security guards entered the room, restrained SCP-3542 and returned it to its containment chamber.

This is the only known time where SCP-3542 has killed another person. No other Chaos Insurgency members volunteered to disclose any further information.

Footnotes
1. Due to there being fewer umbrellas than personnel, some were forced to share umbrellas.
2. Later identified to be mayonnaise.

SCP-3543: One, Two, Four

Item #: SCP-3543

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3543 itself requires no special containment, as all associated research is presumed destroyed[1] after the death of Dr. Grant.

Instances of SCP-3543 are contained in separate Foundation-owned healthcare facilities in the northwestern United States, separated by a distance of at least 150km to prevent individuals coming into contact with multiple instances. Psychiatric staff from Site-17 should confer with local caregivers to monitor mental condition. As a preventative measure and for the general well-being of the subjects, instances are to be administered Class-B amnestics in addition to anti-psychotics used for treatment of schizophrenia.

Instances of SCP-3543 require round-the-clock care by an LPN or licensed NP, with preference given to those who have experience with emotionally disturbed patients. Among the caregiver's duties are assisting in daily processes such as grooming and self-care, maintaining emotional and physical health through exercise and socialization, and stimulating the mind with simple complex scientific experiments complex theoretical problems visual stimulation. The caregivers should be aware that although the type of care they are providing is non-anomalous, the individuals in question are the result of anomalous events and should be treated as such.

Description: SCP-3543 refers to a defunct research project developed by former Foundation employee Dr. Charles Grant. While no known copies of this research exist, a colleague of the late Dr. Grant[2] was able to provide an abstract of his proposal.

View Abstract

Macro-mitosis: Being in two places at once
Dr. Charles Grant (Project Leader) and Dr. Allison Taylor (Psychological Research Support)

The Foundation faces growing demand for individuals to perform menial tasks while simultaneously requiring them to be qualified researchers and/or possess certain esoteric knowledge in their field. To address this issue, I have devised a process by which healthy human beings can create an identical copy of themselves. This process is achieved using guided meditation sessions which aid the listener in visualizing this copy. A delicate balance of machines manipulates local hume levels to anchor the manifestation in reality, allowing the two copies to interact with their surroundings for an undetermined (possibly infinite) amount of time. The manifestation would remain under the control of the subject and would be able to engage in separate tasks in separate locations, though with diminished capability. The same machines can utilize an additional set of guided meditations to aid subjects in reversing the process.

The most noteworthy side effect of this procedure is an effective "halving" of the subject's intelligence level. The strain of simultaneously operating two complete human brains tends to leave subjects functioning at approximately half their regular mental capacity. Given that this procedure was developed for Foundation scientists and researchers who are highly intelligent and skilled in multitasking, this should present little to no challenge for those who undergo macro-mitosis.

The SCP Foundation suggested to Dr. Grant that this was not a productive avenue of research, as additional personnel could be hired instead of using unreliable anomalous individuals. Members of the Ethics Committee also raised several concerns about the possible use of the procedure, accidental or otherwise, to produce other anomalies with unknown properties. As such, no testing was ever sanctioned.

SCP-3543 also includes three individual instances: a set of triplets with moderate to severe intellectual disabilities, designated SCP-3543-1, SCP-3543-2, and SCP-3543-3. To streamline communication and promote mental health, an instance of SCP-3543 may be referred to as "Charlie" when conversing with it. -1, -2, and -3 display several non-anomalous traits of emotional and psychological instability, including but not limited to aggressive and destructive outbursts, a tendency towards self-injury, prolonged periods of wailing or similar vocalization, oppositional defiance, and obsessive-compulsive behavior.

While the instances are mostly identical to each other as well as to Dr. Grant, some divergence has been noted.[3] The most significant deviation comes from the subjects' intellectual capabilities: while Dr. Grant claimed to have an IQ of 184, testing and observation from psychological healthcare professionals place the IQ of SCP-3543-1, SCP-3543-2, and SCP-3543-3 at 50 or lower.

Instances of SCP-3543 appear to be aware of the existence of one another, and have displayed extreme distress during every occurrence of this realization. They have been observed trying to seek out other instances, and have been heard requesting that an unknown instance "come back". Treatment of amnestics has suppressed this trait. As of 03/17/20 , -1, -2, and -3 no longer display knowledge of each other.

Discovery Log: At approximately midnight on 04/16/20 , police were called to the home of Charles and Helen Grant to investigate a domestic disturbance. Mrs. Grant reported that her husband, while in the middle of preparing for their daughter's seventh birthday party the following day, was overcome by a sudden seizure and fell to the floor. He then became distressed and attempted to leave the house several times but was unable to do so.[4]

When Mrs. Grant approached him, Dr. Grant became violent and struck her several times. Mrs. Grant was able to subdue him with a blow to the back of the head, after which she escaped to the second story of her house. She locked herself and her two daughters in the upstairs bathroom before calling the police. When local officers arrived at the scene, they discovered Dr. Grant near the front door, curled up in a fetal position and repeating the phrase "One of us will never come back".[5] They later took Dr. Grant into custody for his own safety and for the safety of his family.

View changes to official report

> The official report was edited by embedded Foundation personnel to remove any reference to the second and third copies of Dr. Grant, recovered in a similar condition near the washing machine in the basement and a computer in a hidden room again in the basement respectively, as well as a fourth copy pulled from a car wreck approximately 2km from the Grant household. Officers involved in the recovery of these individuals were issued Class-A amnestics and implanted with false memories. The three instances discovered in the Grant household were recovered by the Foundation and eventually designated SCP-3543-1 through SCP-3543-3. The corpse pulled from the wreck was autopsied by Foundation personnel[6] before being incinerated.

Notice from Dr. Taylor:

> I have been hearing talk around the water cooler that deeply concerns me, and I'd like to address it. I'm referring to the informal references to biomedical engineering research done by "SCP-3543" and the like, as well as official reports mentioning "Dash-Two" and his dissertation on the anomalous properties and biology of entities contained within **SCP-2932**.

I want to make one thing clear: no, we have not changed our policy of referring to humanoid anomalies as such. When making references to the containment or study of a humanoid anomaly such as instances of SCP-3543, it is both appropriate and required to refer to them by their numerical designation. This protects our staff by helping the SCP Foundation retain an impartial perspective on containment. It also serves to remind us that many of these objects only *appear* to be human, and may lack the feelings or emotions our empathetic human minds might ascribe to them.

SCP-3543 presents a unique challenge to this practice. For many of us, knowing the anomaly *before* it became anomalous is difficult to reconcile. I knew Charles before his disastrous encounter with his own experiments crippled his intellect. I'm the godmother to his daughter. I see the differences between him and instances of SCP-3543, and more importantly, I see the similarities. I understand all too well how difficult it can be to separate anomalous instances from your friends and coworkers.

When speaking of the trio of humanoids and the anomalous event that lead to their creation, the term "SCP-3543" should be used. When speaking of the man who pioneered the use of Foundation-grade amnestics to treat severe phobias and PTSD in bipolar patients, he should be referred to as "Dr. Charles Grant". Whatever his current mental state, the man earned a doctorate and deserves to be referred to with that title. Instances of SCP-3543 no longer realize what they've lost, but that doesn't mean that we should forget as well. We may have sworn to die in the darkness, but by no means is anyone asked to live there.

What Charles did, he did to himself. No one is disputing that. This does not negate any of the work he did in service of the SCP Foundation or diminish his many accomplishments, nor should it. Dr. Grant deserves to retain any and all honors he had before succumbing to

the effects of SCP-3543, and it's our job to maintain that distinction. It's the least we can do for a former colleague. I don't want to hear about this again.

Footnotes

1. Despite an exhaustive search, no records of Dr. Grant's Macro-mitosis project were ever discovered.
2. Foundation psychologist Dr. Alison Taylor
3. All three SCP-3543 instances possess a birthmark on their inner right thigh, a trait shared by Dr. Grant. -3 possesses a scar on his left hand, sustained during an outburst of stereotypic movement on 08/14/20 . This scar does not appear on -1 or -2, nor was it ever noted on Dr. Grant while he was alive.
4. Later inspection revealed that this was because he had neglected to unlock the front door.
5. This phrase was not heard in its entirety during Dr. Grant's arrest. Officers and EMTs pieced it together from repeated partial statements with recurring partial words and vocalizations. Their inferences lead to this statement.
6. Cause of death was determined to be exsanguination as a result of a traffic collision.

SCP-3545: The Places You'll Never Go

SCP-3545 OVERVIEW

WARNING:

> Unathorized access to this document is forbidden. This information is restricted to Level 5 clearance only.

Information about SCP-3545 is currently locked with Level 5 clearance. Failure to abide by security procedures will result in corrective action.

If you are unsure of your clearance level or are lacking proper credentials, please contact your site director.

This document describes a Oneiri-Class reality bending anomaly. Do not attempt to interact with instances created by SCP-3545.

Since the events of **Incident Report 3545-001**, testing with SCP-3545 is suspended indefinitely.

[INPUT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Item#: SCP-3545

Object Class: Safe (Presumed Euclid)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3545 is to be housed in a standard containment locker in Site-19. Object should be secured with Level 2 Clearance and

monitored while its effects are better understood.

Note: Concerns over the frailty of the object have lead to SCP-3545's containment locker being fit with a felt-lined indentation in which the object is to be placed.

Discovery: [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]

Description: SCP-3545 is the designation for an antique crystal drinking glass of unknown origin. The glass itself is seemingly comprised of non-anomalous material and, therefore, proper care must be taken when handling the item.

SCP-3545 bears no identifying marks or artist etchings and exact dating has yielded inconsistent results.

When an individual maintains direct eye contact with SCP-3545 and forms a mental image of the glass, it will begin filling with an unknown substance. The liquid that manifests within SCP-3545 absorbs all visible light and therefore appears completely black. During this process, the contents of the glass cannot be accessed by any means and will appear non-corporeal. The substance will slowly replace any liquid already in the glass.

SCP-3545 will generally fill completely within five minutes of sustained focus, but this is not recommended, as this process has shown to have detrimental neurological consequences, with subsequent interactions having increased potential for adverse effects. All personnel assigned to the study of SCP-3545 are to leave the testing area before discussing findings to minimize unwanted exposure.

When SCP-3545 is full, the liquid can be removed from the glass via ingestion. No other methods have proven capable of removing the contents of the glass, and attempts to retrieve consumed liquids have failed. Upon ingestion of the substance, subjects become instantaneously aware of a sequence of 18-24 numbers.

The relevance of these numbers is currently not known, and testing is ongoing. A complete list of the results of testing can be found below.

Experiment Log 3545-A

Designation	Result	Sequence
D-8121	Subject filled and consumed contents successfully. Could not describe taste. Experienced mild headaches for the following day. Sequence recorded successfully.	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]
D-0330	Subject expressed difficulty concentrating on object. Focus aid was administered and D-0330 was able to complete the process shortly thereafter. Described taste as "floral". Experienced no negative effects. Sequence recorded without incident.	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]
D-44211	Subject filled and consumed contents, complaining of a foul taste. D-Class unable to	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]

	elaborate on taste any further. Experienced major epistaxis shortly afterwards. Full recovery was seen within an hour. Sequence recorded successfully.	
D-6325	Subject filled and consumed contents. Described the taste as "earthy". Experienced auditory and visual hallucinations sporadically over the next 36 hours. Sequence was recorded without issue.	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]
D-9921	Filling SCP-3545 took several minutes longer than expected, as subject fell asleep several times during their efforts. D-9921 claimed to feel very fatigued when concentrating on the object. Upon consumption, subject screamed and doubled over, gagging. Subject vomited violently	None

	for several minutes before going into shock. After euthanizing subject, autopsy revealed extensive burns on the inside of the esophagus and stomach. The reason for this is not known. Sequence unable to be acquired.	
D-4106	Test proceeded without incident. Subject was extremely cooperative throughout. Upon consumption of liquid, D-4106 described the taste as "divine" but would not elaborate further. Sequence obtained without issue. Subject requested further testing with object. Request was approved by project head.	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]
D-4106	Test proceeded identically as the previous. Subject experienced minor epistaxis but requested further	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]

	testing. Request was approved.	
D-4106	Upon consumption of the liquid, subject appeared confused. When questioned, D-4106 remarked that the taste was "awfully dark" before collapsing in apparent seizure. Subject expired shortly afterwards. Sequence not acquired.	None
D-9866	Subject filled SCP-3545 without complaint. After consumption, D-9866 remarked that the taste was harsh and smelled of gasoline. Subject appeared to be intoxicated for several hours afterwards. Sequence recorded and subject sent for bloodwork and tox screening. Results inconclusive.	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]
D-9866	Test repeated to attempt to replicate result. Subject expressed complaints of	[DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]

	tinnitus and fatigue during test. D-9866 consumed the contents and described the taste as " ". Sequence obtained and found to be different than that of the previous test. Subject appeared listful after testing, and disappeared from their quarters twelve hours later. Subject has not been recovered.

[INPUT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Item#: SCP-3545

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: New instances of SCP-3545-1 are to be anticipated and cordoned off using the standard containment protocol most suited for the region in which the anomaly manifests.

Due to the fragility of the object, SCP-3545 is to be kept in a standard containment locker in Site-19, fitted with a felt-lined indentation in which it is to be placed. SCP-3545's chamber is to be secured with Level 3 clearance and Site Director approval is necessary before testing can be authorized.

Description: SCP-3545 is the designation for an antique crystal drinking glass of unknown origin. The glass itself

is seemingly comprised of non-anomalous material. Therefore, great care must be taken to ensure the object's safety.

Although mostly unremarkable, a combination of direct observation and mental focus will cause SCP-3545 to fill with an unknown liquid of varying viscosity and taste. Liquid appears to absorb all light in the visual spectrum and appears entirely black.

On average, five minutes of sustained focus on the object will cause it to fill completely. The contents of the object cannot be removed from the glass during this point, and will appear non-corporeal. The substance will slowly replace any liquid already in the glass.

While focusing on SCP-3545, individuals are subject to sporadic cases of nosebleeds, confusion, convulsions, narcolepsy and hallucinations. Repeated exposure has been shown to cause permanent trauma and brain damage.

When SCP-3545 has been completely filled, it will emit a low hum and glow lightly. The liquid cannot be removed from the glass except by ingestion. Upon consuming the contents of SCP-3545, the subject will instantaneously become aware of a sequence of 18-24 numbers. Through extensive testing, it has been deduced that the numbers are two sets of four-vector coordinates that refer to specific points in four-dimensional spacetime[1], relative to the location of SCP-3545. These points mark the outer boundaries in which an anomaly, designated SCP-3545-1, will occur within our own reality.

SCP-3545-1 instances appear non anomalous in most ways. Instances are colloquially defined as a perfect orthotope of space for a set period of time, however, they can also be viewed as octahedral (Schläfli symbol {4,3,3}) given their fourth-dimensional nature (See **Figure A**).

Upon the manifestation of SCP-3545-1, individuals who travel through the boundaries and out the opposite side will find themselves transported to an alternate location (See **Figure B**).

From an outside perspective, the individual traversing an instance of SCP-3545-1 will not appear to leave or deviate from their path, and will reach and exit the other side of the anomaly as normal. Upon exiting the area of effect, individuals retain a nascent awareness of their experiences, but due to a mild antimemetic effect, often do not remember having left any location, nor their return. The experience has been described as "dream-like".

Mnestic drugs have no effect on individuals affected by SCP-3545-1 instances. Tachyons, measured in burst patterns during manifestation and interaction, have led to the conclusion that this memory-alteration may occur due to changes in retroactive causality. This hypothesis is supported by the fact that those within SCP-3545-1's boundaries experience their dislocation before it is triggered (i.e. Reality warping effects occur only if the individual will pass through the other side. Individuals sent into the area and told to return experience no changes, but those with *intent* and *capacity* to do so experience the event at some point during their time within the anomaly.)

Although the effect of SCP-3545-1 is not visible to an outside observer, and those within often experience significant memory loss, video and audio recording still functions. This is subject to the specific reality entered into. More info can be found below.

EXPERIMENT LOG 3545-B

Abstract: To survey and analyze the interior of a SCP-3545-1 manifestation.

Assigned: D-4812

Additional Information: The following is an audiovisual transcript of the events after obtaining a sequence from SCP-3545. D-Class consuming liquid described the taste as "dry and gritty". Sequence analyzed and found to be referring to a stretch of highway 10km across near the Colombia Basin in eastern Washington. Subject was placed in a vehicle with dashboard/cabin cameras and was instructed to drive through SCP-3545-1 instance.

[BEGIN LOG]

Control: Alright. D-4812, can you hear me okay?

D-4812: Yeah. It feels nice to drive, didn't think I'd ever do that again.

Control: Noted. Can you describe your surroundings? For the record.

D-4812: Sure. Not much to see, really. This side of Washington is all deserts from what I know. What am I supposed to be looking for?

Control: Just.. Anything out of the ordinary.

Subject does not respond and appears to survey the surrounding area. Car traverses SCP-3545-1 without issue for several minutes.

D-4812: Am I allowed to turn on the radio? Would be nice to listen to some music.

Control: That's fine. Not too loud though.

D-4812 is seen switching on the radio. It expresses static. Subject changes stations, but all yield the same result. D-4812 starts bobbing head to the noise enthusiastically,

raising the volume.

D-4812: Aw, man, this is my favorite song! Nice.

Control notes this and decides not to question subject.

D-4812: [discordant humming]

Camera goes black. A second later, the camera comes back online, D-4812 now driving along a stretch of wooded forests at night. Subject seems unaware of this change.

Control: D-4812, please describe your situation.

D-4812 is unresponsive. Camera shows subject looking bored and unsurprised during this period. Dash camera unable to discern much of outside area due to darkness.

Control: D-4812, do you copy?

No response from subject. D-4812 continues to drive for several minutes in silence. Soon after, D-4812 laughs loudly and looks at the passenger seat, which is off camera.

D-4812: No, I don't know why. You tell me! [laughing]

At this point, an unknown voice originating from the passenger seat speaks. Reflection of the window shows the presence of a humanoid figure bearing no discernible facial features. Figure talks in a clipped, distorted tone.

??????: Remember me.

Reflection shows figure peeling off its own

face. Underneath lies D-4812's face. Subject seems undaunted by this.

??????: Do you understand?

Behind the subject, a large white flash takes over the camera's view. When it returns, subject is seen walking down a tiled corridor. Vehicle is not present, and cameras appear to be fixed in space where they would sit. Outside of SCP-3545-1, aerial drone surveillance shows D-4812 driving normally, albeit slower than he had been previously.

Subject continues to stroll down the corridor. Sounds of echoing footsteps can be heard as D-4812 approaches the other end. A single doorway presents itself to the subject, who hesitates slightly before turning knob.

??????: Don't leave! Dance with me.

Subject turns around to find a young woman in a black dress, confirmed later as D-4812's late wife. Subject appears startled and confused.

??????: You've forgotten how, haven't you?

D-4812: Sarah? N-No.. I haven't.

??????: Then why do you leave?

Subject appears distressed. Figure gives a small twirl.

D-4812: I didn't leave.. I-I mean, I didn't mean to. It was an accident! I'm sorry!

??????: Then stay with me.

D-4812: I can't. I wish I could, but I can't.

Figure stops moving and stares at subject. After a moment, her head wrenches back as she emits a scream of agony and bursts into flames. Subject seen hiding his face in his hands, crying.

D-4812: Please. Leave me alone! [sobs]

Shortly afterwards, D-4812 crosses the outer boundary of SCP-3545-1 and "wakes up". Subject experiences no memory of the prior events, but remains in a depressive state until termination. Records indicate D-4812 was incarcerated for arson and homicide.

[END LOG]

EXPERIMENT LOG 3545-C

Abstract: To survey and analyze the interior of a SCP-3545-1 instance, compare results to that of the previous test.

Assigned: D-1121

Additional Information: The following is an audiovisual transcript of the events after obtaining a second sequence from SCP-3545. D-Class consuming liquid described the taste as "refreshing" but could not elaborate further. Sequence analyzed and found to be referring to a small patch of the Pacific Ocean several hundred miles off the coast of Hokkaido, Japan. Subject was placed on a personal water craft retrofitted with several cameras and instructed to drive through the instance.

[BEGIN LOG]

Cameras flick on to reveal vast expanses of ocean in all directions. Subject is seen driving

the boat towards a Foundation vessel stationed on the opposite side of SCP-3545-1.

D-1121: Uh, I'm not seeing anything out here. It's just water in all directions. I see you.

Subject waves.

Control: And we have eyes on you as well, let us know if you see anything unusual.

D-1121: Yeah, will do.

D-1121 is seen glancing around. After a short period of time, she stops. Subject sits in silence for approximately one minute. During this time, the water around the craft appeared to thicken and become gelatinous. The speed of the craft was seemingly unaffected by this. Subject continues to stare in silence. Another minute later, subject speaks.

D-1121: Don't worry, we're perfectly safe out here.

A figure manifests behind D-1121. Subject glances back and smiles. Figure appears to be a male in his twenties and speaks in the same strange, clipped tone.

??????: Ah, I'm sorry. I've never been this far out before. I can't even see the shore!

D-1121: Out there, don't you see it?

Figure is seen leaning off the side of the boat. D-1121 lunges at them and pushes them over, burying their head beneath the ocean. Subject holds them there until the thrashing subsides, and then tosses the body overboard.

D-1121: What's done is done. [laughs]

A deep drone is heard as a dark shape rises out of the thick sludge. A black sphere is seen, which pulses and flashes a white light that engulfs all cameras. Subject is heard screaming. When the light recedes, all cameras record pitch darkness. From outside of the anomaly, subject appears in deep sleep and craft is no longer moving. To prevent any ontological paradoxes that may arise, a recon unit was dispatched from the opposite boundaries to pull D-1121 through the other side before the manifestation ends.

After successful reconnaissance, D-1121 remained in a vegetative state for a week. Upon awakening, she showed signs of severe PTSD and depersonalization and has no memory of her time within SCP-3545-1.

1. Three spacial dimensions, one temporal.

[INPUT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Item#: SCP-3545

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: New instances of SCP-3545-1 are to be anticipated and cordoned off using the standard containment protocol most suited for the region in which the anomaly manifests. Instances are not to be interacted with at any time.

The object itself is to be stored in a Maximum Security Containment Chamber in [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST] and secured with Level 4 clearance. Chamber is to be fitted with a felt-lined indentation in which the object is to be stored. Testing with the object for other than its primary thaumaturgic purpose is currently suspended.

Description: SCP-3545 is the designation for an antique crystal drinking glass of unknown origin. The glass itself is seemingly comprised of non-anomalous material. Therefore, great care must be taken to ensure the object's safety.

Although mostly unremarkable, a combination of direct observation and mental focus causes SCP-3545 to fill with an unknown substance of varying viscosity and taste. Liquid appears to absorb all light in the visual spectrum, and therefore appears entirely black. Limited testing revealed the object is capable of absorbing ionizing radiation using a heretofore unheard of chemical process involving [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]. More information on the subject can be acquired via approval of Site Director.

On average, five minutes of sustained mental focus on the object will cause it to fill completely. The contents of the object cannot be removed from the glass during this point. While focusing on SCP-3545, individuals are subject to sporadic cases of nosebleeds, confusion, convulsions, narcolepsy and hallucinations. Repeated exposure compounds this effect.

When SCP-3545 has been completely filled, it will emit a low hum and glow lightly. The liquid cannot be removed from the glass except by ingestion **See Incident Report 3545-001**. Upon consuming the contents of SCP-3545, the subject will instantaneously become aware of two sets of four-value coordinates. These coordinates relate specifically to the location and time of the manifestation of a localized ZK-Class Reality Failure Event, referred to as SCP-3545-1.

The location in which SCP-3545-1 appears will experience a sharp drop in Hume levels several seconds leading up to its manifestation. Upon manifestation of the instance, area will continue to exhibit abnormal Hume levels, but will not outwardly show any changes.

If an individual will successfully pass through the instance at some point, they will experience a hallucinogenic episode before they leave the area defined by SCP-3545. This is considered to be due to individuals' brains compensating for the lack of reality experienced within SCP-3545-1. This episode will then project itself within the individual's vicinity.

SCP-3545 is to be utilized in tracking and identifying places where SCP-3545-1 instances will manifest. D-Class personnel are to be used to acquire as many sequences as possible for this purpose.

[INPUT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Incident Report 3545-001

SCP involved: SCP-3545

Personnel involved: Dr. Robert , Jr. Researcher Pyotr Vasilev, Sr. Researcher James A. Harkness, 7 Class-D Personnel

Date: / /

Location: [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]

Preface: At 08:00 on / / , Site- was attacked and infiltrated by several members of a **Chaos Insurgency** division. Individuals possessed intimate knowledge of the layout of the facility, gaining access to SCP-3545's research and containment chambers. At the time, several staff members and a handful Class-D personnel were present and collecting sequences from the object. The following is a transcript of video surveillance footage taken from the chamber.

> 08:15 - A blast is seen shaking the containment area. Security doors to the left appeared to have buckled. Staff attempt to evacuate but find other set of doors sealed

due to automatic emergency protocols.

08:18 - Several masked Chaos Insurgency members enter screen left. All possess modified Foundation tactical wear and standard issue Mobile Task Force gear. Individuals hold personnel at gunpoint and secure SCP-3545.

08:20 - A small scuffle ensues in an attempt to subdue attackers. D-8212 fatally wounded via gunshot.

08:25 - Insurgency members restrain all individuals. Personnel are moved to a circle around an examination table, where SCP-3545 is placed.

08:32 - Attackers appear to force individuals to fill object. Once the glass fills, one assailant produces a number of flasks and a syringe that resembles [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST]. Using this object, liquid is extracted from the glass and placed in a flask. The process repeats.

08:42 - D-3244 loses consciousness and starts convulsing. D-7180 appears to be delirious and is seen frequently speaking to the empty space on his right. Dr. is seen visibly bleeding from the ears. Sr. Researcher Harkness is visibly frightened but unaffected, a fact that he later attributed to his high cognitohazard resistance (See **his personnel file** for more information).

08:48 - Insurgency member shoots D-7180 in the head. Another D-Class is seen with his head buried in his hands, but is soon harassed by aggressors until compliance. Harkness is escorted out of the containment chamber and

into a nearby conference room, where he is interrogated (Audio transcript of active microphone can be found below). D-3244 stops convulsing and is considered lost.

09:05 - D-6821, D-0312 and D-7110 all lose consciousness. Dr. is still aware but bleeding heavily. D-6311 is pale, with deep circles under her eyes.

09:13 - Members seemingly run out of flasks. D-6311 sways and crumples. Foundation Security personnel are seen firing into room, killing two Insurgency members and injuring Jr. Researcher Vasilev. Remaining members shoot and kill Vasilev and proceed to attempt escape. Foundation assault proves capable of deterring assailants from re-obtaining SCP-3545, who return fire until one member primes a plastic explosive on the far wall.

09:22 - Insurgency associates detonate explosive and exit facility. Foundation pursuit ensues.

09:30 - Remaining members escape. Damage is assessed. Dr. is recovered and placed in medical bay with severe neurological complications and ruptured eardrums. Harkness is found unconscious in conference room with a non-lethal bullet wound in his shoulder.

Audio Log 3545-001

The following is an audio transcript of the interrogation of Sr. Researcher James A. Harkness and an unknown Chaos Insurgency member, referred to as POI-3545-06.

[Sounds of struggle and gunfire can be heard]

POI-3545-06: So here's how this is going to go down. I'm going to ask you some questions. If you don't answer, you die. I see your clearance level. I know you know what I want.

Harkness: You'll have to do better than that.

POI-3545-06: [laughing] You're a piece of work.

[A loud thump, followed by a sharp groan]

POI-3545-06: Let's start over. Mind if I smoke? Don't answer that.

[Some rustling, and the flick of a lighter]

POI-3545-06: My friends and I came for something. I know you know about it. You're gonna tell me where it is.

Harkness: You already got the glass, what more do you want?

POI-3545-06: I want to go *inside*.

Harkness: I'm sorry? You mean the ZKs? You don't need me for that. You have the numbers!

POI-3545-06: How can you be so smart yet so dense?

[Sr. Researcher Harkness howls in pain. Later medical intake reveals several cigarette burns on his upper arms and neck]

Harkness: Shit fuck, what do you want?

POI-3545-06: I told you, I want to go **INSIDE**.

[Silence is recorded for several seconds]

Harkness: You mean-

POI-3545-06: *Yes*, I mean. Ever since absconded with that weapon, we have been biding our time. We just needed two more pieces to complete the puzzle, and one of them is right next door. The other you are going to lead me to.

Harkness: You're crazy if you think I'll take you there. Even if I did know. Which I don't. Try an O5.

POI-3545-06: [laughter] You really are a card. Don't play with me.

Harkness: I'm not. I don't know, and I've never met anyone outside of Overwatch that does. Plus, you think that O5-4 is really going to let you use it?

POI-3545-06: You just leave four to us. All I need is a site number.

Harkness: Then you're shit out of luck.

[Rapid gunfire is heard. Several screams follow.]

Harkness: Sounds like you're running out of time.

[Another smack, another groan]

POI-3545-06: It doesn't matter. Even if I kill you now, we will find someone who cracks first. It's only a matter of time.

[POI-3545-06 is heard cocking his sidearm.]

POI-3545-06: Let's see if you're the same smart-ass you are now without your lower jaw.

[A handheld radio on POI-3545-06's person speaks. The identity of the individual is not known.]

??????: Helleny and Graham are down. The rest are evac, meet [indecipherable] klicks south, your ride will be waiting for you.

POI-3545-06: Copy that. Well, Harky, I guess this is goodbye.

[Gunshot, and a scream. Audio records steps and distant gunshots. Explosion is heard approximately one minute later. Audio ends.]

And so there lies the holes, ripping the fabric of all. The puncture wounds of spacetime, the errors, the gaps in the code. Whatever you name it, those places you'll never go are only but one thing: a true vacuum. Free from reality, from anything that could ever be.

Still, those who plan to pass behind the curtain and glimpse the true lack-of-being of a ZK-Class Scenario will find that it is not like one would expect. We all thought it was emptiness, void. A place where nothing could stand because nothing is. The truth, however, is much more disturbing.

It revealed itself to us just after we found how to traverse them. Hundreds of tests with that goblet. So many wasted minds. We wanted to take some measurements, see just how far reality was bending in this thing. Our counters measured the Hume field and found it astronomically low, even more so than some of the more **`notable exceptions`**.

When we sent them in there, it was the same. But the second the world started to unravel, our sensors went haywire. It spiked unlike anything I have ever seen.

The truth, as it turns out, is that it is not just an empty world. It's a blank canvas. A fresh start for the universe. All that system needs is to have something introduced into it. Not just anything, but a mind. A mind that creates its own reality.

Like the ancient texts, the Upanishads, say, 'We are like the dreamer, who dreams, and lives inside the dream.'

And yet, that isn't even the worst part.

[INPUT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Item#: SCP-3545

Object Class: Euclid/Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Testing with SCP-3545 is currently suspended indefinitely. Individuals who utilize or have utilized SCP-3545 are to be supplied amnestics and monitored. Existing instances of SCP-3545-1 are to be cordoned off permanently using standard protocol most suited for the location. As of this moment, there are over 1,094 sites of interest that contain SCP-3545-1 instances. The location of SCP-3545 is currently known only to the O5 council.

Description: SCP-3545 is the designation for an antique crystal drinking glass of unknown origin. The glass bears no identifying marks or artist etchings and is made of non-anomalous material.

When an individual or individuals maintain eye contact with SCP-3545 and concentrate on the object. it will begin to fill with a black liquid of unknown composition. During this process, the liquid is unable to be accessed. Individuals filling item are subject to detrimental neurodegenerative illness, the strength of which is compounded the longer individuals interact with the item.

After several minutes of sustained concentration,

SCP-3545 will fill completely and its contents can be accessed via ingestion and a few rare esoteric items, including [DATA PURGED PER O5 REQUEST].

Upon ingestion, subjects will become instantaneously aware of two four-vector coordinates in spacetime. These coordinates refer to the location and initial time of the manifestation of a ZK-Class Reality Failure Scenario, referred to as SCP-3545-1.

After the initial manifestation time, instances will disappear from our reality, only to resurface every days during the same time. It has been determined that use of SCP-3545 causes these manifestations, and does not simply indicate their location.

During the SCP-3545-1 instance, any individual who passes through the boundaries and exits the other side will experience the ZK-Class Scenario as a manifestation of their own subconscious. In this right, individuals inside SCP-3545-1 become temporary high-level reality benders, but have little control over how the Event develops. The experience is described as "dream-like" and may or may not involve memories of those affected. Unlike previously hypothesized, the occurrence is not hallucinogenic by nature, but a corporeal, alternate form of reality. Electroencephalography tests taken on affected individuals reveal absolutely no change from baseline brainwaves, aside from natural reactions to what they experience.

Containment and correction of SCP-3545-1 instances is considered a top priority. Experimental reality anchors/ stabilizers are currently in development for use of correcting abnormal Hume fields in SCP-3545-1.

> Good luck with that. I've seen the tech, it's good stuff. If it were anything else, I would have higher hopes. It won't work though. Try as you may, the holes are here, perforating our existence.

Only the dreamer has control over the dream. Even then, they'd have to be lucid.

It does make you wonder though, doesn't it? About us, and the rest of this god-forsaken universe.

We are like the dreamer. And one day, our Dreamer will wake. They will wake and our world will melt away. Only this time, none of us will be on the outside. There will be no curtain to pull back. No canvas to paint.

It will be only the Dreamer and his world. Not ours.

SCP-3547: A Dream of Our Beloved

Item #: SCP-3547

Object Class: Euclid Urgent reclassification required.

Special Containment Procedures: No longer contained. All Foundation resources should be concentrated on recontainment of SCP-3547 at the highest priority.

> + ARCHIVED CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES
>
> SCP-3547-A is kept in standard, sealed storage container at Site-11. It is considered to be safe so long as it is not in active use. Access is limited to level 4 personnel and above. While SCP-3547-A presents an anomalous effect when in use, it is harmless so long as it remains inactive.
>
> SCP-3547-A is now held in a maximum security storage unit at Site-19. Due to the incident described in Experiment Log 3547-4, access to staff of all levels is denied, and all experimentation regarding SCP-3547-A is forbidden. The use of SCP-3547-A could theoretically cause a ΔW-class eclipse-of-consciousness scenario.
>
> SCP-3547 itself is currently prevented from entering this universe, so can be regarded as indefinitely contained.

Description: SCP-3547 is a potentially sapient, interdimensional entity that has the ability to contact human subjects via their subconscious during delta wave non-REM sleep, so long as the subject has been made aware of the existence of it beforehand, and they wish to communicate with it of their own free will. Subjects who claim to have communicated with SCP-3547 during this dreamlike state describe it as a large, vaguely humanoid mass of strands of an unknown composition suspended within a dark, blue/green void.

Subjects report feeling nauseous when looking at SCP-3547, but felt compelled to continue looking nonetheless. Those who dream of SCP-3547 describe its communication as thoughts and feelings that manifest in their mind spontaneously. After multiple encounters with SCP-3547, subjects will speak about it with profuse positivity and religious fervour, claiming that bringing it into our universe would "save" all of humanity, although the specifics of this remain vague. All subjects tested stated that they believed the entity wanted to come closer to them and embrace them, but it was apprehensive for unknown reasons.

SCP-3547 is referenced in a collection of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts written around the 9th century, which were bound into a single tome at a later, unknown date. The title of the collection is “ġemǣtaþ sé freá'wine”, which roughly translates to “Dreams of Our Beloved”. The book is currently stored in the secure document storage facility at Site-11.

The collection features several poems describing SCP-3547 as a “saviour” of the authors of the texts. One poem is an instruction on how to construct an item called “The Lucid Crown”. The poem goes on to explain that the coronet facilitates the communication with SCP-3547, and that the “audience with our beloved” can be shared if “another sleeps awake with the wearer of the crown”. It can be assumed that this is referring to the effects of the electromagnetic field produced by The Lucid Crown. It is unclear whether the authors of the texts constructed The Lucid Crown themselves or recovered it from elsewhere.

SCP-3547-A is an ornate but roughly constructed coronet matching the description of The Lucid Crown. It is made of copper, featuring eight iridescent blue stones of unknown composition equally spaced around the perimeter. The stones protrude inwards through the coronet so that they make contact with the wearer’s head.

If a subject who is aware of SCP-3547 sleeps while wearing SCP-3547-A, their encounter with SCP-3547 becomes far more vivid and lucid. All test subjects reported that they believed SCP-3547 felt far more comfortable approaching them in this encounter, with some reporting that SCP-3547 was apparently bold enough to reach toward them and lightly stroke their head. While the

subject is asleep wearing SCP-3547-A, the stones surrounding it emit an anomalous electromagnetic field at a frequency outside the range measurable by standard equipment, which causes anyone in range to instantly enter Stage 3 Non-REM sleep (See Experiment Log 3547-2). Anyone affected by this field will share the dream of the wearer of SCP-3547-A. The range of this field is approximately 1m variable. (see Experiment Log 3547-4).

One passage of note from "Dreams of Our Beloved" describes a procedure that was explained to the author by SCP-3547 during a dream. The procedure appears to be a ceremony designed to allow SCP-3547 to enter our universe permanently as a corporeal manifestation. To perform the ceremony, a volunteer must wilfully wear SCP-3547-A while sleeping outdoors, and have it struck by lightning whilst communing with SCP-3547. The manner in which the entity manifests in our universe is not described. No mention of success or failure to perform this ceremony is recorded in the collection. The low probability of a precise lightning strike on the coronet suggests that successful completion of the ceremony is unlikely.

Experiment logs:

> + Experiment Log 3547-1
>
> **Date**: 19/05/18
> D-2374 was picked from a group of potential test subjects due to his willingness to communicate with SCP-3547 in return for improved living conditions. D-2374 is placed in a standard human containment cell with bedding and monitoring equipment. Subject falls asleep after 20 minutes and sleeps for approximately 6 hours. Subject is visibly slightly restless during the final 30 minutes of sleep. Subject interviewed by Dr Jennifer Alexander after waking.
>
> > **Dr Alexander**: Did you sleep well?
> >
> > **D-2374**: Yeah, kind of.
> >
> > **Dr Alexander**: Did you dream?

D-2374 appears visibly uncomfortable.

D-2374: Yeah, I did.

Dr Alexander: What did you dream of? Do you remember?

D-2374: The thing you guys told me about. Him.

Dr Alexander: SCP-3547?

D-2374: I think he's called The Night Emperor. I think that's what he wants to be called. Sorry…um, I mean, yeah, Him.

Dr Alexander: OK. What does SCP-3547 look like?

D-2374: It's…difficult to look at him. It made me feel sick. Like, motion sickness or something like that.

Dr Alexander: But what did it, or he, actually look like?

D-2374: He's human-ish, I think, but made of strands of something. Like hair floating in water.

Dr Alexander: OK. Did he say anything to you?

D-2374 appears to have relaxed somewhat.

D-2374: Sort of. I thought what he was thinking somehow, if that makes sense. He wants to be with us. It's kind of fuzzy, but he needs us to sleep before he can…save us?

Dr Alexander: What does he mean by "save us"? Save us from what?

D-2374: I…we must sleep. Just sleep. I don't know.

Dr Alexander: Thank you. That will be all.

D-2374: He wants to be with us. I'm certain of that much.

Dr Alexander: Thank you.

Interview terminated.

+ Experiment Log 3547-2

Date: 20/05/18
D-2374 is placed into the same containment cell as used in Experiment 3547-1. This is a repeat of the first experiment, but this time D-2374 slept while wearing SCP-3547-A. After the subject had been asleep for 6 hours, they became visibly restless, as noted in Experiment 3547-1. At this time, Dr Robert Chapman entered the containment cell to check the EEG equipment attached to D-2374. As Dr Chapman leant over, he fell unconscious and collapsed onto D-2374.

The impact immediately woke D-2374 and Dr Chapman. Both D-2374 and Dr Chapman claim they briefly saw each other within D-2374's dream before they woke up. D-2374 claimed to have been dreaming that he was suspended within a void awaiting an audience with The Night Emperor when Dr Chapman suddenly appeared next to him and they both woke up.

Interference in telemetry from the equipment shows that the range of the field was around 1m.

+ Experiment Log 3547-3

Date: 22/05/18
D-2374 is placed into the same containment cell with SCP-3547-A, in a repeat of Experiment 3547-2. As D-2374 enters the restless phase of sleep, D-2376, who

has had SCP-3547 explained to them, is moved to within 1m of D-2374's bed in a wheelchair by Dr Robert Chapman. As D-2376 enters the field, she instantly falls asleep. Upon awakening, they are interviewed together by Dr Jennifer Alexander.

> **Dr Alexander**: So, did you both see each other in the dream? Did you see SCP-3547?
>
> **D-2374** and **D-2376** smile intensely at each other and reach across the table to hold hands.
>
> **D-2376**: Yes! We did! We saw each other and our beloved granted us an audience!
>
> **Dr Alexander**: Stay back in your chairs please. What do you mean by "beloved"?
>
> **D-2374** (to **D-2376**): Our Beloved! He will be with us soon. As soon as we sleep! As soon as we all sleep!
>
> **Dr Alexander**: OK, but did he say anything specific to you both?
>
> **D-2374**: He's delighted that your Foundation is taking an interest in him, but he can only save us if we sleep. All of us.
>
> *D-2374 becomes agitated.*
>
> **D-2374**: Tell everyone. Everyone must know His Message. He can only perform His Work if all of our minds look away.
>
> **Dr Alexander**: Save us from what? What work is it…He…planning to do?
>
> **D-2374** and **D-2376** in unison: Wait! Wait and rest. We must sleep. Only when we awaken will we behold our Beloved's work!

Dr Alexander audibly sighs.

Dr Alexander: That'll do.

Interview terminated

+ Experiment Log 3547-4

Date: 23/05/18
The experiment was intended to be a repeat of Experiment 3547-2, with D-2374 given a list of specific questions to ask SCP-3547. After being locked into the containment cell, D-2374 got out of bed, crouched down and pushed his head against the wall, inserting one of SCP-3547-A's protrusions into a power socket before security staff could stop him.

At that moment, all staff in the western half of Site-11 instantly fell asleep. Dr Michael Cross, who was sat just outside of the radius of the field in his laboratory, raised the alarm after several of his laboratory technicians dropped unconscious to the floor at the same time. Several staff members rushed into the field to assist their colleagues, but also fell unconscious. Site-11 was put on full Code Red lockdown and all staff commanded to remain at their current locations.

Diagnostic tests on Foundation radio equipment estimate that the radius of the field was approximately 76m.

Post incident interviews revealed that all affected staff shared a common dream of SCP-3547. The dream consisted of all affected subjects suspended together in a blue/green void, as SCP-3547 delivered a "sermon" to them by projecting comforting thoughts and an insistence that they spread its message so that it may save humanity and join us in our world. While communing with the subjects, SCP-3547 extended a bundle of fibrous tendrils to each person that wrapped around their heads and extended outwards, forming a web of fibres between them.

D-1234 woke up approximately 7 hours after the incident, followed by all other affected personnel. Everyone who had experienced the dream woke up weeping with joy and eager to embrace one another. All subjects were insistent that the Foundation must perform the ceremony described in "Dreams of Our Beloved" as soon as feasibly possible.

Class-A amnestics were administered to all affected staff. All affected D-Class personnel were terminated, including D-2374 and D-2376.

+ Urgent: No longer contained. Please assist.

> **09/06/2018**
> I'm so sorry. My name is Dr Rebecca Powell of Site-19. I don't have the authorisation to edit this document, but I'll deal with the fallout from that if we get out of this. I was right. I read through the "Dreams of Our Beloved" during my research into extradimensional anomalies and I recognised what's happening straight away. **`Someone's done it`**. I have no idea who, why, or where, but they've done it. I blacked out during the night shift at my desk earlier, and now I'm awake with this stuff stuck to, and possibly in, my head. I can't really turn too well, but I think it extends out of the door and down the corridor. I called out for help, but either everyone's knocked out or I'm the only one here.
>
> I can't get it off my head. If I struggle against it, it just gets tighter. If I try and pull it out, it feels like it burrows in deeper. I think it's best to just leave it alone for now. I can't move, but I can at least type at my terminal.

> **10/06/2018**
> The initial shock has subsided, but I've not

slept at all. I feel OK though. This is going to sound strange, but I think I can feel what other people are feeling, or maybe thinking, elsewhere. Like we're connected through this stuff. Now I've calmed down a little, I feel good. Actually, really good despite the circumstances. I think everyone else does too. Still, I'm kind of seizing up a bit and I really need to get up and stretch.

I tried sawing through the stuff on my head with my keys, but every time I cut through a piece, it just reattaches. It's organic, I think. Cold to the touch, but possibly alive somehow. It has a kind of blueish glow to it that seems to shimmer slightly to match the patterns of my thoughts.

I don't feel thirsty or hungry yet, which is odd.

11/06/2018

Still not slept. I can feel it. It's in there somewhere. I think others out there are convinced it's going to save us from something. I don't know what or how. It feels like all of humanity is just waiting. I'm really aching now. I need to get up and stretch my back. I don't feel so good any more.

I've had some time to think about what's happening, and I'm going to request reclassification of SCP-3547 and archive the old containment procedures. They're useless now anyway. I know it's a huge breach of protocol, but if anyone else even reads this again I'll consider it a win. I'll try and sleep again after I've done that.

I'm starting to panic now.

12/06/2018

Still awake. Still waiting. The waiting and not being able to sleep is becoming agonising. There's nothing I can do but wait. Everyone's waiting. I feel something. I think it's SCP-3547 itself. Himself. **`I think we betrayed him`**. I don't know how or why. Still, some remain faithful. To their beloved.

I close my eyes for hours and nothing happens.

14/06/2018
Still waiting. Exhausted but awake.

19/06/2018
nothing i can do. just wait and wait and wait. still awake. all i can feel is despair and the desperation of the faithful. you gave them your word. do something. let me sleep. let us sleep. you're killing us

20/06/2018
i can't stay like this this any more. others are disappearing. quieter. every hour. quieter and quieter. the blue is getting fainter. He's still just watching. please let me sleep please please let me fucking sleep.

21/06/2018
no more

SCP-3549: Sweet Medieval Bitcoin

Item #: SCP-3549

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3549 is to be contained within a medium-security storage closet at Site 76. A hard copy of the decrypted text is to be kept alongside SCP-3549 for the convenience of research personnel, with digital copies being kept on secured Foundation servers.

Description: SCP-3549 is the collective designation for 36 related anomalous items, which when used in tandem with each other function as an anomalous method of communication and record keeping.

SCP-3549-A is a collection of 12 vellum codices, dated to the early 15th century[1], with "Darke Trading Co." embossed on the cover in gold leaf. Although the vellum comprising the codices has been confirmed to be mammalian, genetic analysis has been unable to confirm a specific species. Several anomalous genes have been found to comprise the vellum's genome, however.

Each instance of SCP-3549-A contains an indeterminate number of pages, and all contain identical text. For the most part, this text consists of a transaction ledger spanning from the 15th to 18th centuries. The text is written in a cypher, which has been decoded by Foundation cryptologists (see document SCP-3549-01 for more details).

SCP-3549-B are a set of 12 identical silver inkwells, also inscribed with the name "Darke Trading Co." The ink held within these wells cannot be exhausted, nor can it be removed except by the insertion of an instance of SCP-3549-C. The ink itself is bluish black and has been confirmed to be squid ink. SCP-3549-C are 12 quills made from the flight feathers of black swans.

Notably, all instances of SCP-3549 are in pristine condition and appear to be anomalously resistant to damage and deterioration.

When an individual writes upon a page in an instance of SCP-3549-A, using an instance of SCP-3549-C with ink from SCP-3549-B, and using the correct cypher, the text will immediately appear within all other instances of SCP-3549. Any marking made upon the pages of SCP-3549 by any other means or not using the cypher will result in the marking vanishing within seconds. This applies to any attempt at editing the text as well. Entries may only be revised or deleted if done so simultaneously in a minimum of 7 instances of SCP-3549-A.

If a transaction is entered which contradicts previously entered data, the transaction will automatically appear as crossed out once the quill has left the paper, indicating that it is invalid. Removing one or more pages from SCP-3549-A will result in the page rapidly putrefying and reappearing the next time the book is opened.

Review of SCP-3549 has revealed that it was originally used to allow multiple members of the Darke Trading Co. to remain immediately up to date on the company's business dealings, allowing for a far greater degree of coordination than was otherwise possible at the time, giving them a significant advantage over their business rivals.

It also appears that, due to the unprecedented security provided by SCP-3549, that authors would assign wholly imaginary marks[2] as payment for services rendered to various clients, employees and contractors, who could then redeem them from other ledger keepers for actual products, similar to modern debit cards and cryptocurrencies.

Addendum: SCP-3549 was originally discovered during a raid on an MC&D warehouse in Glasgow, Scotland. It is therefore considered likely that SCP-3549 is a legitimate source of information regarding the Person of Interest known only as Dark, believed to be a founding member and possibly still senior partner of the GoI Marshall, Carter, and Dark.

The following excerpts have been selected as either key or

representative samples of this biographical information. The text has been decrypted and, where required, translated or modernized (see document SCP-3549-01 for the full decrypted text).

+ Selected Excerpts from SCP-3549

Date | September 13th, 1421

Transaction | None

Comments | ~ Mister Gildfrey, kindly respond if you can see these words.

~ I see them Darke. They rose from the page all at once, as if they had been there all along but hidden under something that has now been brushed away. I wish I could say I was impressed, but honestly, it's a little underwhelming considering these things are made with demon hide, Kraken ink, fairy silver and… where'd you get the feathers from again?

~ Quite ordinary black swans, I'm afraid. After breeding demons, hunting Krakens and bartering with fair folk, I was spent both financially and emotionally. I realize that's a trife disappointing, but quills are quills.

Harrowing as it was, it was well worth it. This invention will be most useful to our enterprise, Gildfrey. Keep me apprised of our dealings in Shylock's quarter, and I will keep you up to date on the happenings in London.

~ Why bother with London at all? Your front as an apothecary barely covers your overhead, and if the Church finds out you're selling bewitchments

out the back they'll burn you for sure.

~ That's what I've always loved and hated about you Gildfrey: You've never understood the value of anything beyond its price in coin.

My covert clientele includes some of the most prestigious nobles, wealthiest merchants, and powerful sorcerers in all of Europe, all of whom are dependent on me for enchantments. That sort of influence is not to be tossed aside. Even the Royals of Westminster consult with me on matters of Alchemy. You think my position here puts me in danger from the Church? My position here protects me from the Church.

And besides, my trade in mundane wares is actually doing quite well. Can't put all our eggs in one magical basket, now can we?

Date | March 14th, 1501

Transaction | Gave 49 in Tally to an anonymous doctor (Tally password: Fellow Pestilence) for a bloodletting to an employee of the London Shop.

Comments | As noted above, earlier today a medicine man performed a bloodletting on one of my shop girls. I paid him in Tally, only for the poor girl to expire barely an hour after he had made his exit.

As this doctor was in full plague doctor attire I cannot give a description of him, but if anyone tries to claim Tally using the above password, please detain them for me.

Thank you

Date | April 4th, 1592

Transaction | Company was granted a Letter of Marque by the English Crown.

Comments | I was finally able to obtain a Letter of Marque from Her Majesty. For one hundred years the New World's been sitting there, and what an embarrassment it is that I have not been able to capitalize upon it until now.

Captain Graff and his crew are all privateers now, and the Fair Duchess a ship of war. Guided by my foresight, protected by my wards, armed with weapons from Shylock's Quarter, success is all but a certainty.

The Duchess shall seize Spanish galleons, already laden will silver and spices and other treasures from the New World, and press those ships into service. The Darke Trading Co. will soon have a proper merchant fleet, the only one in the World that can communicate with their homeland or each other without delay.

The world will be ours for the taking.

Date | August 23, 1612

Transaction | None, Memo to Darke from Quilton.

Comments | Shylock's starting to take an issue with our Tally system. In fact, he doesn't like that we write our records in a cypher to begin with. Says we're cooking our books, and we either have to pay him his weight in gold or let him audit us. Up to you Darke.

If you want my opinion, this Tally system is more trouble than it's worth. I get that it's easier than lugging gold and silver around everywhere, and it doesn't put a limit on our growth like a commodity currency would, but you never know what Tally is going to be worth in a week. Some folk won't take it because of that, others take it only when it's down in value so that they can redeem it when it goes up, at our expense mind you, and its anonymous nature is just begging for abuse. I've had people claim Tally with passwords and account numbers I know weren't theirs. It pains me to think of how they might have gotten that information.

Plus, it's just absurd that I have to burn real whale oil to see well enough to record transactions with imaginary money.

Date | July 15th, 1653

Transaction | Made arrangement with local plantation owners to purchase slaves practicing witchcraft for 1000 lbs of sugar per head.

Comments | Some of the slaves in the Caribbean have been practicing African witchcraft that's

making it hard for the taskmasters to keep order. I consider this to be a unique opportunity since such sorcery should not present any challenge to us.

The plantation owners have agreed to sell these troublesome witch doctors to our plantation in Antigua for half of what the Dutch are selling them for. Should these new arrivals make any attempt at using their voodoo for insurrection, the Tarp is to respond in kind.

Make sure they know exactly who their new master is.

Date | May 13th, 1713

Transaction | Acquired control of the Gypsimnum (Full Contract available in the London Office).

Comments | I'm happy to announce that the Darke Trading Co. has a new subsidiary as of today: The Gypsimnum. They're a group of nomadic Wanderers, travelling the Ways between Worlds and trading goods between them.

Admittedly they haven't been very successful, as walking the Ways is dangerous and often not cheap, but I'm confident that our resources and leadership will make them an indispensable asset.

To tell the truth, I've grown a little dissatisfied with how mundane the Darke Trading Co. has become. What do we trade these days? Slaves and spices, saltpeter and silk, indigo and opium. How dull. Over these past few centuries, I've become more

and more disenchanted with the disenchanted. I hardly need more money, it is wonders that I lack. Ever since we've been forced out of Shylock's, I've wished to return to our arcane roots.

I think the Gypsimnum is a good start.

Date | October 9th, 1793

Transaction | Liquidation of the Darke Trading Company.

Comments | It is with a heavy heart that I write this, my final entry. I have liquidated the Darke Trading Co., the company I have conducted my business with for over four hundred years. It pained me to do it, but it was the right choice. It was either that or see it fall to ruin before my eyes.

I'm too old. These are revolutionary times; the French Revolution, the American Revolution, the rise of steam-powered industry and this growing abolitionist movement are all too much for me to handle. The Darke Trading Co. was meant for a bygone age of this world.

Just like me.

At the very least, I made a sizable profit from the liquidation. I've divied it up among various banks and investments under various pseudonyms, plus a few well hidden piles of gold and stacks of cash, just in case. All of my true treasures, the magical ones, are safely sealed away.

I've purchased a building in **`Hy-Brasil`**, where I

plan to study and hone my craft. The King was loathe to let an outsider take up residence in his beloved utopia, but relented when I reminded him how I helped his father and their people flee the Green Isle all those centuries ago. The prince though is most interested in hearing tales of the outside world, and the treasures it contains. When he becomes King, perhaps he will seek my counsel in a more official capacity.

For now though, I am merely glad that I shall be removed from the mundane and immersed in the magical. Hy-Brasil will be a nice reprieve, but I doubt my lust for coin will let me rest forever. Sooner or later, an opportunity will come along that will be too good to ignore.

And I will be the Deathless Merchant of London once more.

Footnotes
1. Established by archaeological and forensic dating methods, as well as dates listed within the codices themselves.
2. Referred to as 'Tally' within SCP-3549 itself.

SCP-3550: Cancer of Passion

Item #: SCP-3550

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3550 is to be contained at Site-42 in a modified humanoid containment chamber without an observation window. All observation of SCP-3550 is to be made indirectly, through camera feed. Access to SCP-3550 and its chamber is restricted to Dr. Rosetta and janitorial staff.

Along with standard sanitation and minimal furniture requirements, SCP-3550 has been issued a computer with limited internet access with approval of Site Overseer and Ethics Committee. The only approved use of this computer is writing a diary (requested for therapeutic reason by Dr. Rosetta) and to access the ' support group chatroom for cancer patients and survivors.' Chat logs are to be monitored for the sake of information security. The profile SCP-3550 uses is anonymous, and will continue to be.

Requests for leisure items should be filed to the Site-Overseer and will be approved or denied at the discretion of Site-42 Security Overseer and Ethics Committee.

SCP-3550 has agreed to wear custom-made blacked out goggles[1] during therapy sessions or when in visual contact with security personnel. Physical contact with SCP-3550 is strictly prohibited without use of protective gloves.

Food must be supplied through a feeding hatch situated near the entrance of the containment chamber. While SCP-3550's diet has no special requirements, SCP-3550 has refused to eat several times since initial containment. When undernourishment is judged to be present, Fortisip or intravenous food drip can be administered at the discretion of both Dr. Rosetta and the Ethics Committee. SCP-3550 is to be restrained only when absolutely necessary.

Accommodations to improve SCP-3550's mental health have been requested and approved, such as reading material, radio and television. Dr. Rosetta has evaluated that SCP-3550 has a medium to high risk of suicide. The containment chamber contains no furniture higher than SCP-3550's waist, and no sharp objects and edges are allowed inside the containment cell. SCP-3550's garments are devoid of items that may assist in self-termination such as shoelaces, belts and ties.

SCP-3550 receives weekly therapy sessions on Wednesday at 18:00 performed by Dr. Rosetta in treatment of clinical depression and general anxiety disorder. SCP-3550 is required to take 20mg 40mg of fluoxetine daily as prescribed by Dr. Langford.

To the public, the abnormal rate of diagnoses of cancer in has been attributed to radiation poisoning through accident at the nuclear power plant situated near the town.

Description: SCP-3550 is a female human, born in 1996. SCP-3550 is physically healthy with the exception of mild malnutrition. There are several places on its scalp where the hair has been forcefully removed. It has a history of severe psychological problems since its initial recovery. suicide attempts have been recorded since containment began in 200 (see extended psychiatric evaluation).

Exposure to SCP-3550's direct line of sight will result in malignant cancerous tumours appearing in the body of the viewer in 100% of cases. This extends to physical contact. Cancer cells are typically discovered in the liver or brain of affected persons, and metastasis has been reported to occur within a period of between two weeks and one year. This has resulted in the loss of the majority of SCP-3550's family, friends and over 58% of the population of , SCP-3550's home town.

This anomaly has started relatively recently, possibly manifesting after SCP-3550 became adolescent. SCP-3550 is aware of its anomaly, and expresses severe distress and feelings of remorse when mentioned. Based on SCP-3550's reports, it is theorised that the speed of its anomalous effects on a subject is proportional to the degree of SCP-3550's emotional attachment to the subject. In

keeping with SCP-3550's continued mental stability, this information is withheld from it. SCP-3550 has shown complete cooperation with its containment but frequently requests to be terminated.

+ Psychiatric Treatment Notes, approval by Dr. Rosetta required.

04/03/200 - Started on 20mg fluoxetine daily for the first six weeks, titration up to 40mg recommended over 6 months. ~ Langford.

07/03/200 - Pregabalin added to prescription (75mgx2 daily). Move up to 300mg if needed. ~ Langford.

29/04/200 : SCP-3550's psychological state drastically reduced during initial weeks, but improved over time. Cause is suspected to be confinement. Sustaining prescription. ~ Langford.

04/05/200 : SCP-3550 has been administered Class-C amnestics in an attempt to improve its mental condition. SCP-3550 appears to be immune to its effects, even stating that its memories are actually more vivid. Subject took approximately 3 weeks of intense therapy to recover. Further testing with amnestics is not recommended. ~ Langford.

12/06/200 : Dosage elevated to 40mg. ~ Rosetta.

+ Interview recording: Weekly therapy session with Dr. Langford -1

09/03/200 :

Interviewed: SCP-3550

Interviewer: Dr. Langford

Dr. Langford: So, your dosage has been upped a little. Do you notice the difference?

SCP-3550: A little fuzzy, but I feel better I guess. Thanks doc.

Dr. Langford: I know that it's hard to be here sometimes but I'll try what I can-

SCP-3550: I know, doc. Look, you've been really nice to me. Security is a little scary but you already gave me a lot. I know you're trying really hard.

Dr. Langford: Okay. Do you think we can talk about yesterday?

SCP-3550: [PAUSE] You heard about that. Yeah I… I don't know.

Dr. Langford: We're trying to make it as comfortable as possible. I'd be very sad if you… weren't with us anymore. You know that, right?

SCP-3550: I mean, yeah. I don't want to hurt you like that. I know it's probably a hassle to deal with me like this.

Dr. Langford: Never think so. You can't help it, remember?

SCP-3550: Yeah…true.

Dr. Langford: So anyway, about your drawings.

SCP-3550: I made new ones! Do you want to see them?

Dr. Langford: I'd love to.

END LOG.

+ Interview recording: Weekly therapy session with Dr. Langford -2

21/05/200 :

Interviewed: SCP-3550

Interviewer: Dr. Langford

Dr. Langford: So obviously your profile will have to be anonymous, you know we don't want people know about our work here.

SCP-3550: Are there more people like me here?

Dr. Langford: I can't tell you about that, I'm afraid. You know how it goes, confidentiality.

SCP-3550: Right, I guess that makes sense.

Dr. Langford: Why this chatroom, specifically?

SCP-3550: They're a support group for survivors in , where I came from. They think it's something like a nuclear waste accident. I guess your people told them that, right?

Dr. Langford: They did. Of course, you can't mention that in the chatroom.

SCP-3550: I figured that. It's just… it reminds me of what I did, but I need to stay connected to the people I left behind.

Dr. Langford: Are you sure you want that reminder all the time?

SCP-3550: Don't know. It's better than pretending it didn't happen. [PAUSES, SIGHS] Can we talk about something else?

Dr. Langford: Alright, like what?

SCP-3550: I feel a bit bad. We only talk about

myself all the time. How are you doing, doctor?

Dr. Langford: I… that's sweet. I'm very well, thank you. Don't worry about me okay?

SCP-3550: I'm not worried. I just wanted to know if you're doing alright. It's a shame I don't know what you look like. Or anyone here for that matter. Steven sounds like he's nice.

Dr. Langford: You mean Steven Nilus, the head of security?

SCP-3550: Yeah, him. He doesn't sound like a commander. I've never heard him yell at someone. I thought they had to be super strict, like in the movies.

Dr. Langford: When did you talk to him?

SCP-3550: I didn't. He had to get his team to give me food drip on Monday.

Dr. Langford: Again? We talked about this, you have to eat properly for your medication to work.

SCP-3550: [LAUGHS] Yes, mom.

Dr. Langford: Why didn't you eat on Monday?

SCP-3550: [PAUSE] Because… I mean, I don't know.

Dr. Langford: You don't know?

SCP-3550: The pills make that I'm not sad anymore, but I still don't get why you bother keeping me…going.

Dr. Langford: Come on, don't think like that.

SCP-3550: Why not? Can you think of a reason? Anything? Doctor, it's been eight years since I last saw someone's face. Since I last held someone, hugged someone. I'll never be able to see or feel anyone for the rest of my life.

Dr. Langford: This isn't the solution to that.

SCP-3550: In a way, it is.

Dr. Langford: Don't do anything drastic on your own, ok? Can you promise me that?

SCP-3550: [REMAINS SILENT]

Dr. Langford: Lily?

SCP-3550: Sorry. I don't think I can. Can we talk again later? I don't want to talk right now.

[IRRELEVANT DIALOGUE REMOVED]

Note: Dr. Langford has been reprimanded for unauthorised designation of SCP-3550 in the last therapy session.

+ Interview recording: Weekly therapy session with Dr. Langford -3

21/12/200 :

Interviewed: SCP-3550

Interviewer: Dr. Langford

[IRRELEVANT DIALOGUE REMOVED]

SCP-3550: Thanks for the books, by the way.

Dr. Langford: It's good to have some distraction, right?

SCP-3550: Right.

Dr. Langford: If you don't mind, I'd like to ask you about the origins of your condition.

SCP-3550: Do we have to? I don't really want to. Can't we just look at the pictures again? I made one about you! Well, I don't know what you look like, but I guessed!

Dr. Langford: I…they want me to- [PAUSE] the people taking care of you asked me to question you about this. We're doing this at your pace. We're trying to understand what happened to you.

SCP-3550: Okay. Can we do it afterwards?

Dr. Langford: Look at the pictures? Sure, as long as you want. It looks like your condition surfaced when you were about 16. Does that sound right?

SCP-3550: Maybe. Some of my friends took years to notice what I did to them.

Dr. Langford: And you weren't aware of it at the time?

SCP-3550: [PAUSE] Are you asking me if I knew that I was giving them cancer? That I was murdering them on purpose?

Dr. Langford: Right, no, I didn't mean to say that-

SCP-3550: I ruined their lives. No, worse. Their families… Molly's father talked to me at her funeral. He told me that she's in a better place and that I was such a good friend to her-

<SCP-3550 becomes visibly distressed and

starts to weep.>

SCP-3550: Doctor…can we stop this now?

Dr. Langford: It's okay, Lily. We're attempting to find out-

<SCP-3550 covers its face.>

Dr. Langford: Do you need a moment?

<SCP-3550 remains unresponsive for 30 seconds.>

Dr. Langford: If you want, we can pick this up-

SCP-3550: <Strained> The first… time it happened. It was a girl a year above me, at school I mean. She hated me. I… felt… I thought I was controlling it…I thought I could hurt people that were mean to me. But I didn't want her to…

Dr. Langford: I know. You didn't want to hurt anybody. It's not your fault-

SCP-3550: What if it is!? What if I was angry at her and that made it go faster?

Dr. Langford: We can't be sure about that.

SCP-3550: Then it happened to everyone. Nobody knew what was happening. First Molly got sick. Then my teacher… I didn't know if I had something to do with it, but the feeling was gone. The control was gone. There never was control.

Dr. Langford: What happened after that?

SCP-3550: Thomas. My brother. He… they took him into intensive care a few days before

Christmas. He… Tommy was dead within three days… it spread to everywhere. After that they wanted to examine mom to be sure. They found-

<SCP-3550 covers its face once again. Despite multiple attempts to calm it down, Dr. Langford concluded the session.>

Closing Statement: Dr. Langford: Her medication has been adjusted.
RE:Closing Statement: Site Overseer: *See me in my office at the earliest convenience.*

+ Interview recording: Weekly therapy session with Dr. Langford -4

11/05/200 :

Interviewed: SCP-3550

Interviewer: Dr. Langford

Foreword: Evaluation of mental state. Interview conducted after failed suicide attempt.

** (Irrelevant dialogue removed)**

Dr. Langford: Are you feeling better? I mean, physically? Does it still hurt?

SCP-3550: [Rubs its neck] It's still a little sore. Is Will okay? He sounded really upset.

Dr. Langford: He'll be fine. He just wants you to be safe.

SCP-3550: Yeah. I'm sorry. I don't want to hurt him. Or you, or anyone…you know. I won't do it again.

Dr. Langford: We're aware that you feel

responsible for your anomaly, but we know that your…condition is involuntary.

SCP-3550: [Coughs, laughs faintly]. Said very professionally, doctor. I know that you know, but it's not why I did it. I know you want what's best for me, but what I've done isn't something you can explain away. My family is dead, and it's my fault.

Dr. Langford: It's alright-

SCP-3550: <Laughs, becomes visibly distressed and starts to weep> It's not 'alright', doctor. None of this is alright! Why do you keep me alive? Why do you risk your people? Haven't I done enough?

Dr. Langford: We're doing everything we can to-

SCP-3550: And for what? So I can just stay here until I die? Doctor, it's been years. I know how hard you try but you're just wearing yourself out. You can't fix me, I don't think anyone can. I'll never be able to see or feel anyone for the rest of my life. Would you want to live like that?

Dr. Langford: What about William? He'd be devastated if you died. I would- [PAUSE]

SCP-3550: You would what?

Dr. Langford: Nothing. The people here care about you. They'd be distraught if you were gone. Is that what you want?

SCP-3550: You can make them forget, right? It's what you tried to do with me. Make them forget about me. I know you're not supposed

to do that or agree with me, but you know that it's better that way. You don't need to say anything, you're not allowed to agree with me. Just…

Dr. Langford: Yes?

SCP-3550: I'm tired, doctor. I'll go to bed. You go to bed as well, I'm sorry for waking all of you up. Just… think about what I said.

Dr. Langford: [PAUSE] Good night Lil-SCP-3550.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *Dr. Langford has requested that SCP-3550 be terminated at the earliest convenience, stating that the security risk of containment is unacceptable.*

05/06/200 : Termination request by Dr. Langford 05/06/200 : *Denied. Object does not pose risk to personnel under current containment procedures. ~ Site Director.*

06/06/200 : Termination request by Dr. Langford 06/06/200 : *Denied. ~ Dr. - Senior Staff Ethics committee.*

07/06/200 : Prescription change to by Dr. Langford: *Denied due to risk of lethal overdose. ~ Senior Medical staff.*

08/06/200 : Dr. Langford has been reassigned to another project by order of O5- and Site Overseer.

09/06/200 : SCP-3550's mental condition has worsened severely. Attempts suicide around 0:23 and has to be restrained by security personnel. No injuries. Security officer requests reassignment. Request approved by Site Overseer.

09/06/200 : Dr. Langford requests to be returned to site-49 for assignment at the earliest convenience to another object (SCP-)on-site.

10/06/200 : *Dr. Langford has been administered Class-C Amnestics and will be reassigned off-site for the foreseeable future. She will be replaced by Dr. Rosetta effective immediately. ~ O5-*

Footnotes
1. Safety goggles covered in black paint.

SCP-3551: Dr. Wondertainment's Inflatable Invasion

Item #: SCP-3551

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All non-inflated SCP-3551 instances are to be kept in Storage Locker-51 at Site-42.

Inflated SCP-3551-1 instances are to be kept in standard humanoid containment chambers, and their SCP-3551-2 instances confiscated and stored in Anomalous Weapons Locker-52. Guards assigned to SCP-3551-1 instances are to carry standard Foundation combat knives to ensure continued cooperation. SCP-3551-1 instances are to remain under the impression that any sharp object will result in their immediate fatality, and all recovered instances are to be led to believe in the ruse as well.

SCP-3551-3 instances are to be kept in a containment room with an airlock chamber which separate it from the rest of the facility. They are to be fitted with tracking devices. Due to the nature of SCP-3551-3 instances, sightings from civilian populations are to be viewed as a low priority.

Mobile Task Force Alpha-23 ("Meddling Earthlings") are to track and intercept uncontained SCP-3551 instances.

Description: SCP-3551 refers to a line of inflatable toy products which are designated SCP-3551-1 through 3 that are sold together. SCP-3551 come in packaging that identifies the product as "Dr. Wondertainment's Inflatable Invasion!" with a specific name of the items contained inside the packaging below it. It also comes with the following document:

> Had an inflatable encounter of the third kind?
>
> Well, now you can! You can take part in the conquest of

> Earth with **Dr. Wondertainment's Inflatable Invasion** pack! Wow!
>
> You can now build an army of invaders and conquer the Earth! See them fire their lasers and their UFOs soar across the sky! Hear the alien invaders speak and enjoy the light show from their cool blasters at night! Have fun that is out of this world!
>
> All it takes is some air or helium and the fun begins!
>
> **Caution:** Dr. Wondertainment and associates are not responsible for any lost of sight due to misuse of the lasers.

SCP-3551 anomalous properties do not occur until it is inflated with air or helium. When fully inflated, the object will remain inflated. This is due to the plug containing the air within the item sealing on its own, and therefore can not easily be deflated. The material the instances are comprised of is resilient to piercing, but is vulnerable to intense heat.

SCP-3551-1 instances have the appearance of a generic "grey alien" and come in a variety of colors (see file image). Instances have a tag that brand them as "Invaders" and with a name belonging to the instance that it will identify as. Instances of SCP-3551-1 are sapient and can vocalize fluent English speech via unknown means. They have a persistent desire to "conquer the Earth" and "enslave mankind" though they are harmless and somewhat incompetent. Though instances are highly intelligent in some respects (see Incident 3551-01) despite being generally foolish and inept towards achieving their goal.

SCP-3551-2 are inflatable toy guns based on laser weapons from science-fiction media of the 1950s. On the packaging, they are referred to as "Laser Blasters." The items have external LED lights that light up when firing. Instances fire a weak red laser beam that is relatively harmless. Though shots fired repeatedly into the eyes, can cause temporary and long-term blindness. Wearing sun glasses can serve as adequate protection.

SCP-3551-3 instances are small and designed to resemble a "flying saucer" that are often claimed to be sighted and referenced in media. They have no tags unlike previous instances and on the packaging they're referred to as "UFO Flyers." When inflated, subjects are capable of flight via unknown means around their vicinity, and light up with external LED lights at night. Instances have been shown to posses minor intelligence with a social capacity with one another, some forming groups with hierarchies. They would occasionally interact with SCP-3551-1 instances. Although, they prefer not to due to -1 specimens sometimes attempting to 'board' them.

The Foundation became of aware of the existence of SCP-3551 items from an investigation performed by the Unusual Incidents Unit of the FBI. Agents from the unit were investigating standard alleged sightings of UFOs (later confirmed to be -3 instances), and stumbled upon a warehouse containing crates of non-inflated and inflated instances. The UIU agents immediately reported the discovery to the Foundation. Since then, the Foundation has captured instances.

Incident 3551-1: On 5/18/ , a local television broadcast hijacking occurred at the town of in Canada by SCP-3551-1 instances in an abandoned building. Four instances were responsible and are designated as A through D for the following transcript of the broadcast. For their actual designations and further information, request them from Dr. Pattinson.

+ Broadcast Transcript

<Begin Log>

[Static fills the screen until becoming clear, revealing three SCP-3551-1 instances standing in front of a curtain]

A: Attention Earthlings! Take us to your feeders!

B: What? Zam, you air-headed fool, it's "leader", not "feeder!"

C: Told you he wasn't ready, Poxy.

B: Silence! You didn't tell me nothing!

D: [Instance speaks from behind the camera] Uh, guys, we are broadcasting live to the humans.

B: Oh, what an embarrassment. [Sigh] Attention humans of this dirt planet-

C: It's mostly water than dirt really.

B: [Brief silence and continues with a tone of agitation] Humans, we are coming and you will fall before the might of us. Resistance is futile!

A: Yeah!

B: Shut up! Anyway, the invasion is here! For those who sympathize with our soon-to-be rule, you may aid us and in reward you may serve us for all eternity. So yeah, submit or perish! After all, we have LASERS! The best in the galaxy!

C: I wouldn't really call them the best. I think the accuracy is bad-

B: Shush! They don't know that and neither do you! You are just a lousy shot, Krag.

C: I would like to challenge that claim.

D: Guys! We do not have time for this. We are losing transmis-

[Static fills the screen and scheduled programmings return]

<End Log>

Incident 3551-02: An SCP-3551-1 instance was lifted by a gust of wind and, panicking, landed in Site- . Instance was interrogated and stated that it was "studying the enemy base" from a nearby hill. Instance was transferred to containment after it refused further communication.

Incident 3551-03: A group of SCP-3551-1 instances accompanied by two -3 instances attempted to attack a pool party at , California. Instances were apprehended by party-goers before being retrieved by Foundation agents.

Incident 3551-04: During an unrelated investigation, Agent Pierce went to a scrap yard as a part of a lead and came across an SCP-3551-1 instance. The subject was found being used as a chew toy for the guard dog of the scrap yard, and it called for help while proclaiming surrender. Agent Pierce reported the discovery and recovery teams arrived. An interrogation with Mr. , the owner of the property, revealed that he discovered the instance when it attempted to steal materials. Amnestics were given and the instance was transported to containment. During transport, it reluctantly thanked the recovery team and stated, "One day I will learn to defeat your dreaded war beasts, but today I accept my defeat."

Document 3551: On 04/12/ , the following note was mailed to Site- along with addresses of storage warehouses containing untouched SCP-3551 instances.

> To the SCP Foundation,
>
> I wish to thank you for your efforts in collecting all my colorful little space invaders and associated products from the Inflatable Invasion pack. I see you have been having fun with them and I feel ashamed at discontinuing this line of product. I appreciate you giving them a nice home at your facilities and hope you manage to find them all, my dear collectors.
>
> I have plans for perhaps a bigger and better, possible revival though we will have to wait and see. Until then, continue having interstellar fun.

Sincerely,
Dr. Wondertainment

SCP-3552: Never Swallow A Melon Seed

Item #: SCP-3552

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3552 are to be secured in a standard containment locker at Site-103 and restricted to Level-3 Clearance and above.

Instances of SCP-3552-A are to be kept in standard humanoid containment chambers at all times. Chambers are to be fitted with 200 watt UVB lamps. SCP-3552-A instances should be exposed to UVB light for twelve to fifteen hours per day. SCP-3552-A instances are to be provided with up to five liters of water per day.

Description: SCP-3552 is the designation for a collection of 246 *Citrullus lana* (common watermelon) seeds currently in containment. Although appearing non-anomalous externally, samples taken and analyzed have revealed traces of multiple unidentified compounds.

SCP-3552's primary anomalous nature becomes apparent when ingested by human individuals. Affected individuals report extreme fatigue, abdominal/gastrointestinal pain and vomiting within an hour after consumption that grows in intensity over time. Abdominal CT scans taken during this period show the manifestation of a number of tumor-like growths around the lining of the stomach. Biopsy of masses reveal the tissue samples to be comprised entirely of pith from common fruits. The fruits themselves vary from subject to subject.

Tumors grow exponentially within the affected individual's body, rapidly causing further injury and mobility issues as they put stress on organs and protrude out of the body. Tumors created this way are capable of receiving stimuli and transmitting pain signals to the brain.

After several days, ultrasounds reveal the formation of a fetus within the tumors, designated SCP-3552-A. This process, like the process of human fetal development, is aided by the absorption of nutrients from the affected individual and puts immense stress on the host's body. Complete gestation of SCP-3552-A takes approximately four weeks. During this period, the instance will grow appendages that protrude from the growth, causing extreme discomfort. After the four week period, the instance of SCP-3552-A will detach on its own, a process that is unanimously considered to be excruciatingly painful; however, affected individuals receive no lasting damage upon removal.

SCP-3552-A instances are sapient and humanoid in nature; however, they are composed entirely of tissues of various fruits. Behaviorally, they act similarly to normal human infants and are vulnerable to physical and emotional discomfort. Despite their physiology, they are resilient to the decomposition and expiry that affect typical produce.

The Foundation is currently in possession of seventeen instances of SCP-3552-A, designated SCP-3552-A-1 through 17. Dissection of SCP-3552-A reveals the presence of an average of 30-40 instances of SCP-3552 within the body. Organ systems appear identical to humans, although also comprised of various fruit tissues.

Addendum-3552-1: Initial Discovery: On August 24 of the year 2010, local news channels in Bulacan, Philippines aired an interview with a Maria Rosa Subagon, who claimed to have developed a fruit-like tumor on her stomach. Foundation operatives were deployed and successfully able to intercept the broadcast. A cover story was fabricated under the guise of a hoax, while witnesses were administered Class-A amnestics before being released. Subagon was detained, questioned and kept in temporary containment for observation. Following the detachment of SCP-3552-A, Subagon was administered Class-C amnestics and released.

Subagon had claimed to have hosted several instances of SCP-3552-A in the past, and that she had reason to believe the phenomenon had been caused by ingestion of SCP-3552. She claimed the seeds originated from *Juaqin's Fruit Farm*, a small farm in Bulacan, Philippines. Upon investigation, several bags of

SCP-3552 were discovered onsite. In addition, fifty-seven individuals were found to be shackled and bound onsite, thirteen of which were found to host instances of SCP-3552-A. Recovered individuals were detained, questioned and sedated before having SCP-3552-A instances surgically removed. Recovered individuals were administered Class-C amnestics and released. Official records state that the property is entitled to a Juaquin Bagosa Jr., now identified as POI-352. The location of POI-352 is currently unknown.

SCP-3553: They All Go Into the Dark

Item #: SCP-3553

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-3553 instances discovered are to be seized by the Foundation. Due to the impossibility of ever comprehensively finding all SCP-3553 instances, it is not presently known how many SCP-3553-A instances currently exist. All SCP-3553-A instances are to be taken into Foundation custody.

Attempts to protect SCP-3553-A instances from SCP-3553-B events have met with no success thus far. These attempts have centred around ensuring constant observation and physical contact with SCP-3553-A instances during the timespan given by SCP-3553 instances of SCP-3553-B events. Researchers are currently investigating more advanced methods of SCP-3553-B prevention, such as the use of Scranton Reality Anchors.

Description: SCP-3553 refers to a recurring phenomenon affecting cardboard milk cartons distributed in the United States of America and the United Kingdom. A total of nine SCP-3553 instances have been discovered so far.

SCP-3553 manifests as a written message, usually accompanied by a photograph, concerning the disappearance of a child under the age of 16. It provides details of the disappearance such as the name of the child, age, appearance, location and date of the disappearance. The date of the disappearance is always several years into the future. The style of writing and presentation is somewhat reminiscent of the Milk Carton Appeal in the 1980s and 1990s[1], but with some deviations, notably the absence of a phone number. The disappearances thus far have all occurred within the United Kingdom and the United States, countries in which the Milk Carton Appeal and similar initiatives took place.

All of the children mentioned are real; they are henceforth referred to as SCP-3553-A instances. All of the disappearances mentioned occur on the specified date without fail; these are henceforth referred to as SCP-3553-B events. Attempting to observe an SCP-3553-B event has proved functionally impossible; all attempts to do so have resulted in some impediment to the observer's field of vision, although Foundation personnel have only been present at two three SCP-3553-B events as of 19/08/2016 08/07/2017.

SCP-3553-A instances have occasionally signalled some foreknowledge of SCP-3553-B events in the moments immediately preceding their disappearance.

SCP-3553 was first discovered on 05/09/1991, when a Foundation researcher coincidentally discovered an SCP-3553 instance while shopping in her local supermarket in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Due to this, and the fact that at least one SCP-3553-A instance is the child of a Foundation researcher, it is believed that the creators of SCP-3553 instances are aware of the Foundation's existence. The oldest SCP-3553 instance found seems to date from the mid-1970s, well before the Milk Carton Appeal began.

+Incident Log

Below is a list of all known SCP-3553 instances and details concerning them. The list is ordered chronologically by presumed appearance of each SCP-3553 instance.

SCP-3553-A instance: Jonathan Brown. DOB: 19/05/1965.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Early-mid 1970s; discovered 12/11/1992.

SCP-3553 text: Jonathan Brown has been missing since 04/04/1978. He is 12 years old, 5'4, with brown hair and blue eyes. Jonathan was last seen entering the Forest in Washington Stat [sic]. If you have any information, please contact us.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: On 04/04/1978, Jonathan Brown left his home to take a short recreational walk. He was last seen five minutes later by a neighbour, Hillary Cox, as he entered the Forest.

In 1999, a jumper worn by Brown was discovered in the Forest. No other remains have been recovered.

SCP-3553-A instance: Sally Cartwright. DOB: 29/01/1979

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 1980. Discovered 08/01/1994

SCP-3553 text: Sally Cartwight has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 6 years old and is MISSING. She disappeared from Castlemorton Common in Worcestershire 7 days ago. She likes to draw. Please contact us now with any information.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: On 07/08/1985, Miss Cartwright and her parents were walking across Castlemorton Common. Miss Cartwright became suddenly agitated, and ran ahead of them. Her parents reported her writing in a notebook she often used for drawing while she was running. Sally momentarily left her parents' field of vision, having run down a small slope; when her parents caught up with her, she could not be located. Only her clothes, her notebook and a pencil were left behind. On the final page of the notebook were written the words "their [sic] all dreaming down there".

SCP-3553-A instance: Joanna Smith. DOB: 08/12/1986.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 05/09/1991, the date of discovery.

SCP-3553 text: APPEAL TO ALL WHO HAVE INFORMATION. Joanna Smith went missing in Standard Humanoid Containment Cell 18 of Site 109 on 12/12/1996. She is 10 years old, 4'1, with brown hair and green eyes. She likes to write poems and enjoys sunny days.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Joanna Smith was immediately taken into Foundation custody. She was interrogated, and found to know nothing about SCP-3553. She was kept in Standard Humanoid Containment Cell 18 of Site 109. At the time of her disappearance (14:43 on 12/12/1996), she was being observed in her cell by two Foundation agents; a power failure caused the lights and camera feed to go out, breaking the guards' vision of Miss Smith. After 5 seconds, the power was restored; the SCP-3553-B event had taken place.

One of the guards- Agent Mullins- later reported hearing Miss Smith say "I don't like the dark" shortly before the power outage.

SCP-3553-A instance: Ali Khan. Subject could not be located or identified.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 15/06/1994.

SCP-3553 text: MISSING. PLEASE CALL US URGENTLY. Ali Khan was taken from his mother's womb on 07/08/1999. Information desperately wanted. IF YOU KNOW *ANYTHING*, CONTACT US.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Unknown.

SCP-3553-A instance: Mike Kaczynski. DOB: 20/10/1993

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 2000. Discovered 20/01/2006.

SCP-3553 text: PLEASE HELP URGENTLY. Mike Kaczinsky was last seen leaving Wilson's Candy Store on 5th Avenue, NYC, on 17/05/2004. He is 4'4, with blonde hair and grey eyes, and is scared and alone. It is dark where he is. CONTACT US PLEASE.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Mr. Kaczinsky was last seen by one James Wilson as he left Wilson's shop, "Wilson's Candy Store". Neither he nor any of his effects have been seen since.

SCP-3553-A instance: Jacob Montauk. DOB: 17/06/1994.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 01/03/2003. Discovered 24/07/2016.

SCP-3553text: BRING HIM BACK SAFE. Jacob Montauk is missed by his aunt. He disappeared on 25/05/2008. He is 14 years old, 5'6, with light brown hair and green-grey eyes. He is an overly-verbose writer and wants to come home dearly. It is so cold. PLEASE GET HIM OUT GET HIM OUT.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: On 25/05/2008, Jacob Montauk did not return when walking home from school. His clothes and effects were later found undisturbed on the same day, beneath an oak tree. Montauk was noted to have been looking around him nervously on security camera footage taken 50 metres away.

SCP-3553-A instance: Jane Farmer. DOB: 09/07/2010

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 07/08/2007.

SCP-3553 text: BABY JANE JUST WANTS TO COME HOME. Jane Farmer disappeared from Foundation custody at 3pm on 21/08/2012. Her mother and father miss her dearly. PLEASE HELP- she has brown hair and green eyes, and an unabiding fear of the dark. PLEASE MAKE THE DREAMS STOP.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Jane Farmer and her immediate family were taken into Foundation custody shortly after her birth. On 21/08/2012, Miss Farmer was taken to Outdoor Testing Facility 9 at Site 44, with 10 agents and a camera feed observing her. At 15:04, the camera feed went dead, and all of the agents present were momentarily blinded from a sudden flash of intense light in the nearby window of Testing Facility D. This had been caused by experimentation on SCP- . During this momentary absence of observation, the SCP-3553-B event took place.

A large number of recording and tracking devices had been surgically implanted into Miss. Farmer. These failed to disappear with Miss. Farmer.

SCP-3553-A instance: Robert Fenchurch. DOB: 26/02/2006.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 18/08/2001. Discovered 09/04/2015.

SCP-3553 text: HAVE YOU SEEN OUR

SON? Robert Fenchurch was last seen at 02:04 at Site 1010 on 08/07/2017. He has brown eyes. His mother, Dr. Fenchurch of Site 1010, sorely misses him. Robert is a sweet child who just wants to let his mother know he's alright, he's alive, he's scared but he's fine. PLEASE DRAG HIM BACK.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Not yet occured; date is in future. Mr. Fenchurch has been taken into Foundation custody. Please see Addendum 1 below for more details.

SCP-3553-A instance: Anna Singer. DOB: 01/09/2003.

Date of SCP-3553 appearance: Circa 05/06/2013

SCP-3553 text: BRING HER BACK FROM THE DARK. Anna Singer is 5'3 with brown eyes and blue hair. She loves to ride horses and is so cold in the dark. She wants her parents back. Why does she not have her parents back. She disappeared during the great containment breach on 08/09/2018. And now she dreams in the dark. If you have any information as to her whereabouts, PLEASE HELP BRING ME BACK FOR GOD'S SAKE.

Details of SCP-3553-B event: Not yet occured; date is in future. Miss Singer has been taken into Foundation custody. There are no longer any containment procedures in place to prevent the impending SCP-3553-B event; research is ongoing.

+Addendum 1: Experiment-3553-3

Subject: SCP-3553-A-8.

Time & Date: 02:03 on 08/07/2017, the time of SCP-3553-A-8's scheduled disappearance according to the corresponding SCP-3553 instance.

Setup: SCP-3553-A-8 was placed in the Secure Testing Facility of Site 1010. 12 floodlights were aimed directly at SCP-3553-A-8, each connected to a separate power source. 15 Foundation personnel were observing SCP-3553-A-8. Dr. Fenchurch and Dr. Jones were holding SCP-3553-A-8's arms and hands. Several candles and mirrors were placed around SCP-3553-A-8. In order to ease the mental stress on SCP-3553-8, he was informed that this was a religious ritual which would drive away "demons". Several active Scranton Reality Anchors had been placed around SCP-3553-A-8. Dr. Fonseca was the presiding researcher, viewing the event through 10 camera feeds.

SCP-3553-A-8's mother, Dr. Fenchurch, had requested access to SCP-3553-A-8 during the experiment. The request was approved by Dr. Fonseca.

Based on the results of prior experiments, the experiment was considered to have a low chance of success.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Fonseca: OK, Robert, we have you in our sights. Physical contact will be maintained by your mother and Dr. Jones. Are you feeling alright?

SCP-3553-A-8: Y-yes, thank you, ma'am.

Dr. Fonseca: I've told you, call me Maria. OK,

T-2 minutes. Hang in there, Robert.

One minute passes with no communication.

SCP-3553-A-8: Um, Mum?

Dr. Fenchurch: Yes, Robert?

SCP-3553-A-8: Do- do you think I will be OK? It's just… I keep feeling like something's coming.

Dr. Fenchurch: I-

Dr. Fenchurch pauses for a moment, and visibly tenses.

Dr. Fenchurch: Y-you're going to be absolutely fine, Robert. Nothing can hurt you here. Everyone here is a friend. You're perfectly s-safe.

SCP-3553-A-8: It's just that since I, um, I heard someone saying-

Dr. Fonseca: *Nothing* is going to happen to you, Robert. There's no way that it can. We've made sure of it. So hang in tight, ok?

SCP-3553-A-8: …I'm scared, Mum.

Dr. Jones: It's alright, Robert. It's OK. Look around you. There's no way the demons can get you. There are lights shining all about us. Nothing can get near you.

Dr. Fenchurch: Don't worry, bean. I've got you. It's going to be OK.

SCP-3553-A-8: …Alright.

Dr. Jones: T-30 seconds, Dr. Fonseca.

Dr. Fonseca: Thanks. Come on, Robert, be a brave boy!

SCP-3553-A-8 has begun to silently cry.

SCP-3553-A-8: Maria?

Dr. Fonseca: Yes, Robert?

SCP-3553-A-8: I think I know what the cartons are.

Dr. Fenchurch: Wh- What? Robert? What do you mean?

SCP-3553-A-8: They're… the others, they're dreaming of home… they're just trying to warn us…

Dr. Fenchurch: Robert, stop it! How do you know about that?

Dr. Fonseca: Dreaming of home? What does that mean, SC- Robert?

SCP-3553-A-8 remains silent for 4 seconds.

Dr. Fonseca: Robert? Are you alright?

Dr. Fenchurch: B-bean, it's fine bean, it's all going to be fine…

SCP-3553-A-8: M-Mum, I love you. It's not your fault, OK?

Dr. Fonseca: Robert, there is no need to- look, if you can tell us any more-

SCP-3553-A-8: It's not because you're you, Mum, it's not your fault… it's just what parents do. They're afraid. And this is what comes after.

Dr. Fenchurch: W-what?

SCP-3553-A-8: Just- just don't be afraid of the dar-

At this point, a power failure occurred, cutting of all video and audio links, as well as the floodlights. Upon restoration of power 10 seconds later, SCP-3553-A-8 had disappeared, and the personnel on-site were in a state of considerable distress. All of the candles had been extinguished; the Scranton Reality Anchors were found to have completely burnt out. In the confusion, nobody was able to observe the disappearance of SCP-3553-A-8.

Dr. Jones let go of SCP-3553-A-8 at the moment of the power cut, apparently momentarily startled. Dr. Fenchurch, however, did not; she later reported feeling SCP-3553-A-8 being "dragged downwards" over the course of 2-3 seconds.

<End Log>

Note: Following this incident, Drs. Fonseca and Fenchurch have requested to be transferred to different projects. These requests have been granted.

Footnotes
1. An initiative in the United States and some other countries wherein the faces and details of missing children were printed on the side of milk cartons.

SCP-3554: No. 4 Borscht Canning Factory

Item #: SCP-3554

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Site-90 has been established around the SCP-3554 facility. Any goods produced by SCP-3554 may be destroyed or used within Site-90 at the discretion of the Site Director. Other use is prohibited.

Site-90 has been disguised as a historical site shuttered due to structural safety concerns. SCP-3554 is the primary purpose of Site-90. Exposure of Site-90 may result in an international incident between the GRU "P" Division and the Foundation.

Description: SCP-3554 refers to an underground canning facility occupying approximately 2 square kilometers underneath the Neva River in St. Petersburg, Russia. It possess a single entrance with limited access to a distribution point, with no access to any internal workings of the factory.

The factory is fully automated and will produce approximately 80,000 cans of borscht per day, under the "Содружество" brand[1], pre-packaged in shipping pallets. This occurs without any external inputs. Visible factory equipment is obsolete, and driven through unknown means. Production begins promptly at 8:00 AM local time, and ceases at 12:00 AM the next day. No mechanism of disabling production appears to exist - SCP-3554 has no external electrical source, and internal mechanisms are self-contained.

Produced cans are non-anomalous - the borscht contained within is described by test subjects as bland and subpar, but edible.

Historical Information: SCP-3554 was established in 1914 by the Imperial Russian Ministry of War, with the assistance of the Sub-Ministry for the Secret, a precursor the GRU "P" Division, in order to

supply frontline troops. Records of the location, existence, and function of SCP-3554 were lost or destroyed in the Russian Revolution, during which the Foundation quietly took control and scrubbed remaining traces of its existence.

SCP-3554 was the focal point of Ethics Committee Case #784. See attached documents for further details.

+ Ethics Committee Case #784 - Integrity Code 367149 - Level 4 Clearance Required

Ethics Committee Deliberation - 12/20/41

E-1: Alright, Case #784 has been opened. 2, play the complaint.

E-2 plays a recorded phone call

Site Director Bessonov: …never thought I'd ever have to call this line, but I guess I'm out of options. Regional command won't listen, and I'm not brave enough to stage a mutiny. I'll speak plainly. The city of Leningrad is under siege. I'm going through city records - Leningrad had a population of 3.1 million in 1937, and that's not counting any refugees from the west. The evacuation was haphazard - it's unlikely that more than half of them were evacuated before the damned Finns closed the gap.

Site Director Bessonov: The city is under constant shelling and bombardment. Electricity is seldom available, and temperatures are at most minus 20 degrees centigrade.

Site Director Bessonov: Don't take it from me - take it from the people of Leningrad. They've been instructed that this is a line directly to Leningrad Military District headquarters, and that the purpose of this call is to hear from

ordinary Leningraders how desperate the conditions here are. They can express it far better than I can I ever could.

[UNKNOWN]: This is Gennady Isonovich, deputy director for Leningrad Ministry of Health. People are dropping dead in the street, and death tolls are reaching tens of thousands per week. If circumstance don't change, by this time next year there won't *be* a Leningrad, and they'll probably have to rename the fucking military district after Adolf Fucking Hitler, because he'll own whatever is left!

[UNKNOWN]: I. D. Strashun, First Medical - the medical staff and supplies are stretched far past the limit - our surgeons operate to the sounds of enemy airplanes, anti-aircraft gun shots and mine blasts. There's no food, there's no medical supplies. Any normally minor infection is a death sentence. Caloric intake even for high-priority residents is far insufficient.

[UNKNOWN]: The meat Daddy keeps bringing back tastes funny.

[UNKNOWN]: I'll be honest, I fought with the Whites in the civil war, and I've always hated you fucking communists with every fiber of my being. I have every intention of cursing Stalin and his fucking rubber-stamp "people's" party with my dying breath. All I ever wanted from you was to give a damn about your own fucking people. Lose Leningrad, and the rest of our *glorious* Union along with it, or hold it, and maybe, *maybe* we'll have enough left to rebuild.

[UNKNOWN]: Alexander Narmanov. Kliment Zeborov. Nina Sebwinsky. I don't know who

these people are. I just know that I killed them this week for their ration cards.

[UNKNOWN]: If we are not killed by Nazi bombs, we will freeze to death in the streets. If we do not freeze to death in the streets, will starve to death. If we do not starve to death, we've probably been murdered by others trying not to starve to death.

[UNKNOWN]: Mikhail Samsonov, Ministry of Agriculture. We only have tiny fractions of whatever food supplies are required to feed the remaining military, not to mention the civil population! Something *must* change, or Leningrad is lost!

[UNKNOWN]: Forget it. Leningrad is lost. I'd say I hope using Leningrad as a sacrificial lamb weighs on Stalin's conscience, but I think we both know it won't.

Site Director Bessonov: I'm not willing to condemn half a million people to death when we're sitting on top of the solution!

Site Director Bessonov: I'll be the first to admit that this complaint is not selfless - Leningrad has been my home for 30 years. Damn the Nazis, damn the Soviets, but, for the love of all that is holy, save the people of Leningrad! Our *mission* is to protect humanity in all its forms - pledging secrecy is *useless* if after we crawl out of our anomalous hovels, all that is left is rubble!

E-1: Thanks, 2. Gentleman, Director Bessonov is requesting to expose SCP-3554 to the ChD AKN^2, who would then use it to help relieve the siege.

E-1: 3, start us off.

E-3: I'm inclined to say no. We should not interfere in the mundane conflicts in the world, in any place, at any time, for any reason. Our job is to conceal anomalies and protect humanity from them - if whatever choice that presents itself forces us to break one to do the other, concealment always comes before humanity - or do we want to go back on our decision about D-class.

E-4: The line is a bit blurry here. We know the Obskuracorps are working on the Eastern Front, and whatever forces the Soviets can muster, anomalous or not, are obviously doing everything they can to aid Leningrad. At what point does the mundane end and the anomalous begin?

E-3: When we stop being able to conceal it.

E-2: I'm inclined to support on humanitarian grounds. Death tolls could reach into the hundreds of thousands - Bessonov is right, protecting humanity is priority one, especially with such a benign anomaly.

E-5: Ah, Yevgeniy. Willing to compromise for your own countrymen, but not those dirty foreigners in Nanjing[3]? Were we not in this room for a very similar question not four years ago? If you're going to sacrifice everyone on the altar of concealment, you'd best do so in an even-handed fashion, yes?

E-2: This is different, 5. You wanted to use [REDACTED] - and half a dozen other anomalies, and just hand them over to the Nationalist Chinese. This is measured and minor. That… wasn't.

E-5: I tried to compromise. To give them something, anything! Evacuations, food, sanctuary!

E-4: I remember you being pretty adamant, 2…

E-2: Forget it. It's not relevant.

E-5: No, I think it is relevant. Nanjing and Leningrad are in simi-

E-1: Cease this line of questioning, 5.

E-5: Fine.

E-4: You know 5's the possibly only person with more pronounced humanitarian tendencies than I, but here's the other angle - by all rights, this was a Soviet site, and we stole it from them in the chaos of the Revolution. They learn about this, we're looking at a major diplomatic incident. There will be hell to pay if they learn we held this from them, when they needed it most.

E-1: ChD AKN is an arm of the Soviet Union, who are a mundane state. Aiding the ChD AKN is tantamount to aiding the Soviets. I'm with 3, this is not our affair.

E-4: Are we not even considering the humanitarian component? Numbers don't look good - that phone call didn't sound good either. I'm willing to wager the Nazis are starving them out intentionally, them being as they are. We're just going to sit back and destroy safe food supplies while half the city starves?

E-3: This isn't our affair. We aren't the world

policeman. We're just here to separate what is anomalous from what is not.

E-1: Voting deadline is today. We need to vote now. Aye to release SCP-3554 to the ChD AKN and Leningrad - Nay to maintain the status quo.

E-1: Nay. It is not our place to intervene.

E-2: Aye. The Soviets, the world would not forgive us for condemning Leningrad.

E-3: Nay. We are duty-bound to conceal anomalies from the mundane world. The moment we stop doing that, we stop being the Foundation.

E-4: Aye. We're looking at hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians. I am willing to compromise a little secrecy for a little humanity.

E-5: 南京也不会原谅我们的。[4] Nay.

E-1: With two votes for and three votes against, the motion fails. The status quo in Leningrad[5] will be maintained.

Footnotes
1. Anglicized: Sodruzhestvo
2. Renamed to GRU "P" Division in 1942.
3. In 1937, Nanjing was invaded by the Japanese in the Second Sino-Japanese war. In Ethics Committee decision #556, the Foundation declined to use anomalies to aid the Nationalist Chinese, in neither defense nor evacuation. As a result, Nanjing was subject to looting and other war crimes, with at least 200,000 in noncombatant losses.
4. And Nanjing will never forgive us, either.
5. As a result of Ethics Committee decision #784, SCP-3554 remained in Foundation control and Leningrad lost approximately

700,000 noncombatants due to starvation and exposure.

SCP-3555: Attempted Suicide

Section of SCP-3555. Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-3555

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3555 is to be contained in a purpose-built containment unit with interior dimensions of approximately 2 meters by 2 meters by 20 meters, currently under construction. Its exterior is to be disguised as a collapsed cliff following a major landslide, blocking access to part of Drakes Beach; a new access path is currently under construction in cooperation with the National Parks Service. Public access to the beach is closed until this work is completed; this closure is attributed to instability in the main access road. Once complete, the "landslide" will be documented by NPS photographers and a plaque describing the splitting of the beach will be installed in the Kenneth C. Patrick Visitor's Center.

Current tidal and erosion estimates show that the freshly installed slope will remain sufficient to disguise the containment structure for approximately 75 years. This timescale is to be refined bi-annually based on updated estimates of global sea level rise rates and local hydrographic data. Existing National Seashore protections against development and construction should be sufficient to avoid non-erosive exposure of the containment structure.

A protective framework with calibrated measurement markings has been constructed around the perimeter of SCP-3555-A to allow proper alignment of test subjects and to avoid accidental personnel exposure. Personnel are to avoid removal of the protective panels mounted on this framework except when necessary.

Description: SCP-3555 is or was , a human individual approximately 27 years of age previously living in San Francisco.

SCP-3555 went missing on December 30, 2016, with his roommate reporting that said he was going to "go take a drive to the beach" with no further information, and that had reported suicidal ideation two days beforehand. The roommate called police when did not return by 11:00 PM.

Search efforts were hindered by the fact that left cellular coverage upon entering Samuel P. Taylor State Park, and a full search of western Marin County took place. 's vehicle was located on Sir Francis Drake Boulevard at 3:00 AM on December 31; SCP-3555 was located by NPS rangers on January 3, after a postponement due to bad weather.

SCP-3555 remains human in topological layout, but has been distorted, such that while its absolute height remains consistent with 's medical records, it is approximately 8 meters in length, skewed northeast-southwest, approximately parallel with the beach. SCP-3555 is approximately 40 centimeters in circumference at its widest point. Photographs corrected for this distortion show SCP-3555, apparently normal and alert, with an expression personnel have characterized as "relieved."

SCP-3555 is resistant to normal hand sampling techniques. Though its clothing (distorted in the same manner as the rest of the object) possesses qualities corresponding to a heavily distorted textile weave, the underlying aspect shows markedly higher resilience than would be expected; a researcher was able to make a shallow scalpel cut with some effort, but was unable to retrieve any material, and no bleeding or other biological response was noted.

The cut has not, as of this writing, been affected by any healing process. When combined with the lack of any movement of the object (aside from minor wind-induced clothing motion), researchers have concluded that SCP-3555 is no longer "alive" in any conventional sense; however, a conclusion has not yet been reached as to whether the object is dead.

Additionally, an as-of-yet poorly characterized phenomenon extends a further five meters in the line of SCP-3555's distortion, forming a slanted cone. If corrected for distortion, it would form a vertical 45-degree cone extending from the top of SCP-3555's head. This

phenomenon is designated SCP-3555-A.

Humans and other animals with brains possessing a neocortex, or with cognitive processes similar to those of animals with a neocortex, are affected if the cone representing SCP-3555-A intersects their brain at any point. Tests with animals show an extensive variety of responses to induced intersection. Results were largely similar for certain orientations of the animal's brain in respect to SCP-3555-A; if the animal's brainstem intersects at any time, cessation of proper autonomous nervous function is immediate, with implanted EEG electrodes showing epileptiform activity in the affected region.

If the brainstem does not intersect, the test specimen does not die immediately, but tends to exhibit abnormal behavior, with more debilitating behavior tending to occur both with deeper insertion and with a longer length of time spent inserted. Rats have been observed to:

- pace endlessly in circles
- form unusual obsessions with objects inside or outside their cages, or with specific research personnel
- constantly climb their cage walls and attempt to escape at any opportunity
- cease all voluntary motive activity altogether, including eating and drinking
- engage in self-destructive behavior, such as scratching, fur-pulling, or biting up to and including severing limbs or tail
- attempt suicide using enrichment devices or by inserting their head in cage doors as researchers are closing them.

Notably, these behaviors are consistent between specimens and tests when the orientation and insertion depth of the test subject's brain into SCP-3555-A is preserved.

One human, a National Parks Service ranger named involved in the search effort, was exposed to SCP-3555-A, and was brought to Foundation attention when, after several days, he was placed on a 72-hour psychiatric hold, suffering from a Cotard delusion among other symptoms. fMRI analysis showed unusual activity in a portion of 's superior frontal gyrus approximately consistent with low-grade

frontal lobe epilepsy; this encompassed an area consistent with SCP-3555-A penetration to a depth of approximately one centimeter.

During treatment, insisted alternately that he was dead and that he should be dead, and was unable to distinguish between the two states when questioned. Notably, no unusual activity was exhibited in 's fusiform gyrus; extant cases of Cotard delusion are usually associated with disease or disorder of this area of the brain. Recovery was gradual over the course of two months, but complete.

During interviews with Foundation therapists and psychiatrists, when asked about his life before entering the Parks Service, recalled at various points both attending the local community college in Marin County before transferring to the Ranger Academy at Santa Rosa Junior College, and attending University (SCP-3555's original alma mater) in before graduating with a Bachelor of Science in computer science, though he was unable to recall specific details of time spent at the latter institution.

 was unable to reconcile these memories, but they appear to have diminished along with his Cotard delusion; states that he can remember claiming he attended the university, but is unable to remember why he claimed this.

SCP-3556: Durbal, The Rude Sticky Note

Item #: SCP-3556

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3556 is currently contained in a containment locker in Site-77's Containment Vault. The item is to be placed within a sound-proof container in order to minimize distractions to nearby personnel. Access to the item is restricted to any personnel of Level 2 security clearance or higher. Personnel of Level 1 clearance or lower must receive written permission by Dr. Beck, head of SCP-3556 research, to handle SCP-3556.

Description: SCP-3556 is a yellow adhesive note pad, measuring 2.5 cm by 5 cm, depicting a crude drawing of an unknown creature with the word “Durbal” being written near the drawing.

Placing SCP-3556 on any object will cause the drawing to animate and vocalize any flaws the anomaly perceives of the item it is placed upon. SCP-3556's criticisms will become increasingly illogical the longer it remains on an object, eventually going off topic and become tangentially unrelated to the item it was affixed to. SCP-3556 has only been recorded speaking English. It is theorized that SCP-3556 is sentient, though it has refused to cooperate during attempted interviews.

Addendum-3556-1: Experiment Log

The following are a series of transcripts recorded from experiments using SCP-3556.

Foreword: Object was placed on a cracked mirror.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3556: Mirror is obviously cracked intentionally.
If left untreated, may result in total mirror failure.
Mirror is slightly smudged due to clumsy workers.
Mirror is even more smudged by me.
Mirror does not correctly reflect light as human eyes see it.
Mirror is not a true mirror.
Mirror absorbs a small amount of green light upon reflection.
Mirror is a cheating mirror that steals people's hard earned light and deserves to serve 30 years in prison for stealing light.
Mirror may also be given the death penalty in several jurisdictions, and frankly deserves it.
Mirror is scum of the Earth…

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *The unedited audio files all amount to approximately 33 days of audio. The remainder of this transcript was cut for the sake of brevity. SCP-3556 may be capable of following an infinite number of tangents in its rants.* -Dr. Beck

Foreword: Object was placed on a file containing multiple documents. All documents consisted of untrue facts.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3556: File is an inadequate way to store data, considering the rise of digital data.
Data contained within file is false.
First page states frogs are mammals.
Frogs are amphibians.
Amphibians are both fish and mammals.
Frogs are indecisive in their place in the

animal kingdom.
Second page states computers emit sugary liquids.
Computer technology is yet to reach the state of sugary liquid emission.
Sugary liquids cause diabetes, heart disease, obesity…

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *The remainder of this transcript was cut for the sake of brevity. It appears SCP-3556 is able to criticize the contents of media, not just the media itself.* - Dr. Beck

Foreword: D-8913 was instructed to hold SCP-3556. D-8913 had their left arm amputated at birth.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3556: D-8913 is missing an arm.
D-8913's arm was removed because she is genetically inferior to other human organisms.
D-8913 lacks confidence.
D-8913 swears too much.
D-8913 wears terrible orange jumpsuits because she lacks confidence.
D-8913 wears glasses because her eyes were screwed up by staring at a TV too much.
D-8913 dyes her hair to forget about the fact their hair is ugly and boring.
D-8913 hates legitimate criticism.
D-8913 doesn't know how she gets into terrible situations and chooses to blame those around her.
D-8913 has a terrible relationship with her mother.
D-8913 has committed murder and deserves to be here.

D-8913 is a terrible singer and can't take a hint that she is a terrible singer.
D-8913 listens to Korean pop music, which is the worst kind of music.
D-8913's voice is literally incapable of sounding good in any circumstance.
D-8913 has anger management problems.
D-8913 hates pape-

D-8913 placed SCP-3556 on a nearby wall and attempted to leave the testing chamber. D-8913 refused to comply with further testing orders.

<End Log>

Foreword: Dr. Beck was instructed to hold SCP-3556.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3556: Jim Cyrus Beck does not have children, and as such is an evolutionary failure.
Jim Cyrus Beck does not want children because he doesn't want to become like his father.
Jim Cyrus Beck is also incapable of having children due to his erectile dysfunction.
Jim Cyrus Beck does not realize he is already like his father.
Jim Cyrus Beck drinks an entire beer once he gets home from work, like his father.
Jim Cyrus Beck fails to please his significant other both sexually and romantically, like his father.
Jim Cyrus Beck hates his job and regularly questions why he hasn't quit.
Jim Cyrus Beck is allergic to bees.
Jim Cyrus Beck cannot become a bee farmer.
Jim Cyrus Beck is also allergic to honey.
Jim Cyrus Beck can never affiliate himself with

any bees of any k-

Dr. Beck set down SCP-3556.

<End Log>

Foreword: SCP-3556 was presented with SCP-3556's file.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3556: I am perfect in every way. No further comment.

SCP-3556 remained silent for the remainder of the test.

<End Log>

Addendum-3556-2: Recovery

SCP-3556 was recovered from the apartment of (PoI-3556), a writer and illustrator for various children's books. Foundation agents planted in local police stations apprehended SCP-3556, as well as PoI-3556 and the personal journal of the subject as evidence following a suicide attempt by PoI-3556. Below are the most recent entries in PoI-3556's journal pertaining to SCP-3556.

jesus christ i cant get past this artists block. ive had 2 weeks to make a new character and nothing is coming up. come on brain think.

i just doodled a little thing. looks kinda good. gonna sleep on it since im not to sure on it.

holy shit it started talking. and it wont shut up. like at all.

its judging an old draft i have. gotta admit, its actually kinda helpful. i might keep it around a

bit longer.

ok seriously it wont shut up. i just stuck it on my pen and it wont stop talking. also apparently metal pens are a fire hazard if you have kids. they could stick them in electrical sockets.

note to self: get those little plastic covers for electrical sockets so i dont jab my pen in there and kill myself.

this thing isnt making any sense. its never satisfied with any of my drafts and keeps finding something wrong to talk about. but its stuff that doesnt make sense.

“current draft doesnt have enough swans” WHAT THE [EXPLETIVE] DOES THAT MEAN?!

[The following page consists of 37 crude drawings of swans.]

is this enough [EXPLETIVE] swans for you?!

now there are too many swans.

i cant sleep with that thing. every time i try to get close to it i feel like vomiting and i have to leave.

what if i set my room on fire?

what if i set myself on fire? cant listen to durbal if youre dead amiright?

[EXPLETIVE] my lighter is in my bedroom. durbal is in my bedroom. maybe he will set himself on fire.

can you be tried for murder if you burn a sticky

note that yells at you?

is it a crime to cause someone to go insane by yelling at them? if it is durbal is a wanted felon haha

“hey police im gonna [EXPLETIVE] jump out a window cuz a sticky note is yelling at me” does that sound believable?

ok ill try it if i die sucks to be me.

all of my possessions go to durbal, my one true friend and worst enemy jesus [EXPLETIVE] i hate him see ya cruel world

Subject was administered Class-B amnestics before being released to a local psychiatric hospital. Monitoring of subject for further anomalous activity is ongoing.

SCP-3557: CK or OK?

TIME: **0427** UTC EARTH

DATE: DAY **18** MONTH **03** YEAR **2016**

WARNING TO ALL FOUNDATION SITES - CODE LEVEL **RED** - **HIGHEST** PRIORITY

CERTAIN CK-CLASS SCENARIO DETECTED - **99.99**% PROBABILITY

6,738,281,472 DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN EXTRADIMENSIONAL SITE RECORDS AND FOUNDATION SITE RECORDS DETECTED

ESTIMATED SEVERITY OF CK-CLASS EVENT IS **TOTAL REALITY FAILURE**

ALL FOUNDATION SITES ARE TO **INDEFINITELY ENTER LOCKDOWN IMMEDIATELY**

EQUIPMENT OPERATING STATUS: **FUNCTIONING PROPERLY**

TIME: **0445** UTC EARTH

DATE: DAY **18** MONTH **03** YEAR **2016**

CURRENT SITE STATUS

SITE-01: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-02: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-03: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-04: **NOT RESPONDING - PRESUMED LOST**

SITE-06: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-07: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-08: **PARTIAL LOCKDOWN - NOT SECURE**

SITE-09: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

SITE-10: **LOCKDOWN - SECURE**

OPEN FULL MESSAGE

TIME: **0511** UTC EARTH

DATE: DAY **18** MONTH **03** YEAR **2016**

ATTENTION ALL SITES - **O5-3 UPDATE**

The Black Moon Howls to let us know it is still there.

Universal lockdown declared over.

It appears that the warning that was sent out 45 minutes ago was nothing more than a false alarm, or a device malfunction. We don't have any current indication of a CK-Class Scenario. Reality is safe. Proceed as normal and standby for future updates.
— *O5-3* VERIFIED OVERSEER ACCOUNT

[Submit Operational Clearance Level]

From: O5-3
To: O5 Council
Subject: Events of 0427 UTC, 18/03/2016 — SCP-3557
Date: 26/03/2016

Everyone seems to have bought the cover story about a false alarm. That's good. Now we just need to figure out what actually happened.

Yolas has gotten back to me. I've forwarded her initial documentation concerning the detected CK-Class scenario and her email to you. I'm scheduling a vote in 24 hours on the Special Containment Procedures she's created and to decide on an object class.

opened attachment1 - preliminary3557.scp

Item Number: SCP-3557

Object Class: Pending[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Any containment pro
design and construction of more reliable and accurate dev
of SCP-3557 itself is not possible, as it is an event that ha
similar events falls under standard CK-Class Restructurin

> **CK-Class Restructuring Procedures Abstract**[2]
> Previous evidence regarding CK-Class Restructur
> possible to prevent such a scenario, as they may
> scenarios, the best course of action would be to p
> locations outside the theoretical range of effect fo
> addition to multiple database backups for compari
> personnel in these locations would necessarily ha
> possible change, or, failing that, integrate into the

$3,000,000 is to be allocated to the Ontokinetics Division f
CK-Class Scenario Detectors (CSDs). These new devices
detect any potential changes to reality.[3] Ontokinetics Divis
localized, minor restructing events.

Once all Mark II CSDs have been constructed and rigorou
meet the Ontokinetics Division's guidelines on a reality-an
Mark II CSD, this could cost anywhere from $10,000,000 t

Additional research is to be put into the refinement and de
technology, with Boxes containing appropriate files to be c

Ongoing research into the nature and origin of SCP-3557

Description: SCP-3557 refers to an event believed to be
magnitude that occurred at 0427 UTC on 03/18/2016.

The only evidence for SCP-3557's occurrence is the simul
Detectors) located at every extradimensionally located or
18/03/2016, all Foundation sites recieved an automated m

All CSDs used by the Foundation activated, giving the sam
While changes that were previously believed to be indicati
CK-Class Scenario was observed.[8] Detectors either denot
time, or became unsynced at that time.

> **CSD Operation Theory**[9]
> CK-Class Scenario Detectors will use a variety of
> CK-Class Scenario event. These devices will use
> the comparison of a live reading of a quality in bas
> qualities in both baseline and anchored realities, c
> baseline reality. The potential severity of a CK-Cla
> changes noted at any given time. Planned detecti
>
> 1. Synced pseudo-random number generators
> designed to generate numbers in the same
> 2. Kant and Geiger counters physically located
> monitoring baseline reality
> 3. Atomic clocks synced to one another
> 4. Regular database cross references, function
> and comparing hashes to each other
> 5. Applied thaumaturgical sensors set up to al
> detected
> 6. Electromagnetic sensors detecting any sudd
> radiation patterns in baseline

However, despite the simultaneous activation of all equipm
recorded between baseline reality before and after 0427 U
Site Records and any Foundation Site Records have been
records.[10] No differences or changes between reality befo
personnel who were located in extradimensional sites or w

Under the operating terms of various Foundation/GoI treat
`Information Security Act` and the **`SUSEOCT`**, inform
been requested. These groups have confirmed that a distu

change has been detected. Foundation moles in various o
organizations.[12]

Foundation assets deployed to investigate CSDs have cor
without any noticeable flaws. A uniform malfunction of the

SCP-3557 did not coincide with any heightened levels of a
potential to cause a CK-Class Scenario. No suitable cause

Several theories have been created behind SCP-3557:

1. SCP-3557 represents a CK-Class Scenario that affe
affected extradimensional realities shortly afterward
baseline reality, and then altered other realities to m
2. SCP-3557 was not a CK-Class Scenario, but a prev
the same ways that a CK-Class Scenario would.[14]
3. SCP-3557 was a CK-Class Scenario that restructure
identical to the original reality. CSDs detected chang
message during that time.
4. SCP-3557 was not a CK-Class Scenario, but a sudd
failure of every CSD employed by the Foundation, w

Footnotes
1. I'll go over this in the email. The Division hasn't come to
because we can't decide what the Object is.) -Dr. Yolas
2. Excerpted here from the main guide on K-Class Scenar
3. Some of the new ideas we've had suggested are Akiva
our populations of 2608 in baseline all died off at 0427 UT
extradimensional/anchored sites survived) -Dr. Yolas
4. This is any site, area or LoI that is either extradimensior
5. Yes, Boxes, not Anchors. I know we phased out Box us
preserving information than Anchors. Reality accurate info
situation. -Dr. Yolas
6. We only put CSDs in places where they have an extern
extradimensional or reality-anchored. This includes, for ex
000,Exclusionary Site-01,Site-2000, orFacility T. -Dr. Yola
7. Obviously, you know what I'm talking about, but I may w
reference. -Dr. Yolas
8. To note: changes were detected by all of our CSDs, but
database crosschecker was set up to only tell us if there w
us what they were: it was assumed we would be able to de

9. I've excerpted a portion of the operation philosophy of c
were using, since you asked. -Dr. Yolas
10. That is to say, any differences we found were because
noted were beyond what could normally be expected. -Dr.
11. Some examples of personnel who were outside are pe
theThird Antarctican Empire, or insideSCP-2627.- Dr. Yola
12. I'm taking this as verification that this wasn't merely so
13. Thus, the warning message was sent within the brief n
associated realities. -Dr. Yolas
14. CSDs and their operation procedures were specifically
it. -Dr. Yolas
15. No one in my Division thinks this. -Dr. Yolas

opened attachment2 - re:whathappened.txt

From: Ontokinetics Division Lead Researcher Dr. Leslie Y
To: O5-3
Subject: re: What happened?
Date: 25/03/2016

Dear O5-3,

I wish I could give you some better answers than what you

To answer your first question: after the reception of SCP-3
monitoring systems we used had been tripped and turned
have activated. For instance, our synced atomic clocks be
extradimensional sites had been unsynced, but there was
cross checkers were only set up to register if there were d
discrepancies actually were. The idea was that we'd *have*

Next: no, we don't have an object class for SCP-3557 yet.
The following have been suggested:

- **Extranormal Event:** SCP-3557 is one and done wit
- **Apollyon:** SCP-3557 may have already ended the w
new reality that may have nothing to do with the old
- **Keter:** There is a possibility that SCP-3557 could ha
it does. It's nearly impossible to contain, so we have

- **None:** SCP-3557 was a technical malfunction, not a

My official position on the matter of SCP-3557 is that I hav
believe *something* anomalous happened. There is not a si
majority of my Division shares in this belief.

The first theory was that it was a CK that was a bit slow to
message was sent in the lag period. However, I don't like t
affecting either of those locations. While we had theorized
we've never thought it would be possible for a CK to affect
Hub worlds came back and didn't find anything odd with w
CSDs go off. Not only that, a CK like that would have had
tell us when they've been breached - they didn't think they

The second theory is that SCP-3557 is something that just
Scenarios without being one itself. Now, this sounds prom
that while also not being a CK-Class scenario. For instanc
level flux, but we would currently consider that to be a CK-
to reality.

You indicated in your letter that you were concerned that t
triggering our alarms, either as a test of their abilities or as
we have intensely high information security practices abou
figured out how every mechanism of every single CSD fun
set every mechanism off simultaneously would have to be

The third theory is that SCP-3557 restructured reality in a
reality was before the CK-Class scenario. This is theoretic
wound up in its current state through an incredibly unlikely
missed it. Both of these have the idea there was a brief flu

The first event is incredibly unlikely, but entirely possible. C
gaps - we've only seen one total CK-Class shift, and every
possibility that reality wants to snap back to its original sta
back into after being destroyed was the original. Some in t
had attuned to our own - with plentiful information on base
naive and overly hopeful thought.

If something small was changed, it begs the question of w
entire house and rebuilding it just to change a single wall.
needed. It's certainly possible that something changed, bu

considering is that some alien civilization caused the CK, a
prove that.

The last possibility that we've suggested is that there was
to say that, at the very least, there was an anomalous mal
absurd, and I won't waste any time on it.

In short, we don't have a good explanation that accurately
to proceed, but our best bet is to set up some blanket cont
event, because the event itself doesn't really make much s
Class events was just enough to observe an event, but no
man watching lightning and trying to figure out what happe
going to figure it out.

Your final question was whether or not SCP-3557 represe
understand that you feel that nothing evidently occurred in
incredibly startling and worrisome. I do understand the app
or stop, but that's not my personal philosophy.

The biggest cause for alarm is that we have no idea what
came out of nowhere and has no reason for existing. Anot
have no means of preventing it or knowing about in the fut
doubt we'll be as fortunate in the future.

The first theory represents a CK-Class that is wholly uncon
Sure, this current iteration may not care about a past itera
theories are both something that are capable of rendering
tell if an actual CK happens. The third theory is comes with
state - we may have gotten lucky, and I've never been one

I understand if the O5 Council is apprehensive about appr
they are, tell them that the procedures would help for any
Our methodology at the Foundation is one of the utmost ca

Let me know if you need anything else.

With respect,
Dr. Leslie Yolas
Secure, Contain, Protect

SCP-3558: Eyelid Removal Tool

Item #: SCP-3558

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3558 is stored in a standard Safe-class containment unit. Outside of testing purposes, it is not to be removed from its casing. Direct contact, even through layers of protective material, is insufficient to avoid its compulsion effect; all handling of SCP-3558 must therefore be done using the provided pair of forceps.

All handling of SCP-3558 must take place in the presence of at least two personnel trained in the nonlethal restraint of lightly armed targets. Any individual who succumbs to SCP-3558's effect outside of approved testing parameters is to be appropriately restrained and disarmed.

Description: SCP-3558 is a pink retractable box cutter of unknown make originally acquired by the Foundation at the Preschool in Miami, Florida. When acquired, SCP-3558's handle was heavily stained with blood.

When held by a human being, SCP-3558 compels them to pinch one of their eyelids with their free hand, stretching it carefully away from their eyeball. SCP-3558's wielder will then carefully slide SCP-3558's blade under the extended eyelid, taking care not to damage their eyeball. They will then perform 10-12 perforations along the upper part of their eyelid followed by a single slicing motion to excise the eyelid with minimal damage to surrounding tissue. The wielder will then repeat these actions on their other eyelid.

Replacing or removing its blade entirely produces no change in SCP-3558's induced behaviour, suggesting that the effect is only limited to its handle. SCP-3558's wielders exhibit no other cognitive

abnormalities aside from this compulsion effect. They will continue acting under its influence until the object is removed from their grip, or until both their eyelids have been entirely excised.

The resultant lacerations of SCP-3558-affected individuals will scar over more quickly and experience lower rates of infection compared to similarly disfiguring facial injuries in other subjects. Improved night vision and mild insomnia has also been reported. Due to the lack of controlled testing[1], these effects have yet to be conclusively identified as part of SCP-3558's anomalous properties.

Footnotes
1. Approval for such testing from the Ethics Committee has been repeatedly denied.

SCP-3559: Best Thing Since

Item #: SCP-3559

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3559 is currently contained on-site in the back kitchen of *Wypiekarnia* bakery in Kuźnia Raciborska, which has been outfitted with a hazardous material air filtration system and environmental regulators to maintain consistent humidity and temperature. The entity is to be supplied with all ingredients listed in Document 3559-Y-40b monthly, and under no circumstances are any civilians to enter said kitchen unsupervised.

Any output of SCP-3559 (provided through the leftmost serving hatch) is to be collected and stocked in the store front, for purchase. Any anomalous properties related to SCP-3559-1 reported by staff (besides those already documented) are to be investigated immediately, and all consumption is to be suspended until they have been either verified or refuted.

These containment procedures have been maintained in accordance with *Keeping the Balance: The Importance of Leaving Things Be*, Huever et al. Proposals for their revision may be considered at the Bi-Annual Ethics Committee Open Forum in Dublin, subject to submission in writing 5 weeks in advance. The next meeting of the forum is scheduled for March 2nd, 2001. Submissions, please, by 5pm on January 26th to Maire Ní Bhric, Head of Ethics for the European Branch.

Description: SCP-3559 is a single continuous mass of mother dough[1] currently occupying the kitchen of the bakery *Wypiekarnia*[2] in the town of Kuźnia Raciborska, Poland. SCP-3559 consistently extrudes up to five full-sized, crude humanoid figures. The figures are legless and attached to the central mass via a mock umbilical cord. It is currently unknown whether these act as separate entities

or individual organisms.

When provided with adequate ingredients, the humanoid extrusions of SCP-3559 will produce a range of baked goods, acting similarly to a well-practiced team of bakers. As well as a full range of common baked goods, *Wypiekarnia* produces a number of dishes native to Kuźnia Raciborska, including a signature pączki with rose jam and orange rind. Consuming these products, referred to as SCP-3559-1, results in numerous beneficial effects to personal health and workplace morale in human subjects.

Effects include:

- Improved resistance to airborne pathogens.
- Increased energy and motivation in various tasks.
- Improved emotional stability and a sense of satisfaction in their daily lives.
- A reduced feeling of animosity towards their neighbours and co-workers.
- A greater sense of purpose and higher levels of loyalty towards the Republic of Poland, the local government of Kuźnia Raciborska and the Roman Catholic Church[3].

When not provided with adequate ingredients for the production of SCP-3559-1, SCP-3559's humanoid protrusions will begin to slow and lose clarity of form. Protrusions have been observed acting listlessly and sitting together immobile during these times. Eventually, commonly following two or three days of inactivity, the protrusions will attempt to leave the bakery through the front and back entrances - as their mock-umbilical connection to the greater mass of mother dough does not extend far enough for them to leave, this is generally fruitless, and appears to cause the protrusions high levels of stress.

Due to the numerous positive side-effects and lack of notable negative side-effects of SCP-3559-1 in all test groups over the course of 3 years of testing, it was decided that *Wypiekarnia* would be re-opened in 1974 and instances of SCP-3559-1 sold to the inhabitants of Kuźnia Raciborska, with trusted native employees given Level-0 contracts with the Foundation. While this practice is no longer considered up to standard in the creation of new containment

protocols, given its historical success it is maintained[4].

On December 9th, 1991, developments in other contained objects in Poland, Lithuania and Slovakia (then part of the Czech and Slovak Federative Republic) prompted further research into the history of *Wypiekarnia* and careful inspection of the kitchens. Discovered was a similarity in the dimensions and mannerisms of SCP-3559's humanoid protrusions with the Moczydłowski family, who lived above the bakery between 1943 and 1956. Most notably, Ela Moczydłowska noted several stimming behaviours[5] displayed by her youngest son, Franciszek Ksawery Moczydłowski, in a number of diary entries, and these behaviours were also observed in the smallest of the protrusions when other protrusions were not present.

No attempts at communication or meaningful interaction with the protrusions have thus far been successful, and no members of the Moczydłowski family have been recorded on any Polish census since 1950. Research is ongoing.

Other works by Rimple

SCP-2779, Rating: 187
SCP-3880, Rating: 169
SCP-2338, Rating: 153
SCP-2559, Rating: 145
SCP-948, Rating: 134
Operation ÓverMeta, Rating: 120
SCP-3559, Rating: 71
SCP-3772, Rating: 68
SCP-3373, Rating: 56
SCP-3224, Rating: 46
Headache, Rating: 30
This Year, Rating: 19

Footnotes
1. A mixture of flour, water and yeast used as a fermentation starter in bread making.
2. A pun on the Polish wordspiekarniaandwypiekać
3. The latter effect is limited in non-Catholic test subjects, but commonly manifests as agreeability with the core tenets of the

church, academic interest in Catholic literature, and resistance to discussion of topics which paint the church in a bad light
4. This policy was made in accordance withKeeping the Balance: A Study on the Effects of Leaving Things Be, Huever et al.
5. The repetition of physical movements, sounds, or repetitive movement of objects, most common in people with autism spectrum disorders.

SCP-3560: All Robots go to Limbo

Item #: SCP-3560

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its proximity to an existing Foundation containment site, SCP-3560 is currently contained by **Site-64** staff. All trails leading to SCP-3560 are to be closed to public access via a cover story of a severe landslide. Civilians attempting to access SCP-3560's location are to be detained by security personnel under the guise of Portland Park Rangers. Use of Class-A amnestics on detained civilians has been approved.

Description: SCP-3560 is a Class-3 interdimensional portal located within Forest Park, Portland, Oregon. The portal itself resembles an ellipse made of white fog standing vertically on its end, with an approximate length of 1 m along the major axis. Physical objects that approach SCP-3560 from either face can enter its interior.

The interior of SCP-3560 is a monochrome temperate forest. While plants located within SCP-3560's interior are made of biological material, they do not undergo cellular processes typical to similar non-anomalous plants. The entirety of SCP-3560's interior is covered in a constant fog that restricts visibility to approximately 40 m. Despite having no apparent light sources, SCP-3560's interior is lit at a constant illuminance of approximately 3 lux. The full size of SCP-3560's interior is currently unknown, with no exploration attempt locating a perimeter.

SCP-3560's interior is inhabited by multiple automatons resembling the product models of **Anderson Robotics** in various states of disrepair[1] (here after referred to as instances of SCP-3560-1). SCP-3560-1 are frequently hostile to human life, particularly Foundation Personnel, and have proven indestructible while within SCP-3560. Attempts to capture instances of SCP-3560-1 and

remove them from within SCP-3560 have been met with failure, as all instances become intangible and vanish shortly upon exiting SCP-3560's interior.

Exploration of SCP-3560's interior is currently ongoing. Exploration of SCP-3560's interior has been suspended indefinitely.

Addendum 3560-A: Exploration Log 3560-3

+ Show Log

Exploration Video Log Transcript
Date: 11/15/2026
Exploration Team: Mobile Task Force Gamma-13 (“Asimov's Lawbringers”)
Subject: SCP-3560
Team Lead: γ-13 Shaw
Team Members: γ-13 Sherman, γ-13 Carter, γ-13 Lopez

Notes: *Due to their experience with Anderson Robotics, MTF Gamma-13 was tasked to enter SCP-3560 and attempt to locate any perimeter, and if possible, capture an instance of SCP-3560-1. All team members were equipped with standard issue tracking devices, body cameras and microphones. Due to low visibility, a tracking beacon was set up at the entrance to SCP-3560's interior to allow team members to find their way back. All team members were equipped with physical tethers in case of beacon failure. Members of MTF Tau-51 ("Urban Brawl") were on standby outside SCP-3560 to provide MTF Gamma-13 with assistance during extraction. Video feed begins right after MTF Gamma-13 has entered SCP-3560.*

[BEGIN LOG]

γ-13 Shaw: Mics on.

γ-13 Carter: Christ this place is creepy. You can't see more than 20 feet out.

γ-13 Lopez: You gotta use metric, man. We talked about this.

γ-13 Carter: Bite me. The scientists can convert that measurement later if they so please. Let's just go.

γ-13 Sherman: Where're we off to, anyway?

γ-13 Shaw: Compasses still work in here, so we've been instructed to head dead south. Tau-51 and **`Eta-13`** already checked to the north and to the west. See if we can find any kind of perimeter to this place.

γ-13 Lopez: Groovy. And if we don't find one?

γ-13 Shaw: Then we don't find one. Let's go.

MTF Gamma-13 begins to head south. Due to the fog, visibility on screen is limited. Exploration remains uneventful for approximately 20 minutes until a series of mechanical chirps become audible. Team members begin to pan around to find its source.

γ-13 Sherman: Anyone see them?

γ-13 Lopez: Got visual! Three Merlins in that tree.

Cameras pan to a nearby tree. Perched on a low hanging limb are three instances of SCP-3560-1 resembling AR Merlin Aerial Drones. The units continue to chirp, looking back and forth between themselves and

Gamma-13

γ-13 Carter: They're acting like birds…

γ-13 Lopez: Shit, that sound's going to attract some of the nastier units. Shaw?

γ-13 Shaw: Don't engage. They haven't attacked us yet. Last thing we want to do is kick the whole hornet's nest because a few bugs started buzzing. We'll just keep moving.

MTF Gamma-13 resumes its exploration. The instances of SCP-3560-1 remain in place, watching the team until they disappear into the fog. The sound of their propulsion systems become audible shortly afterwards, and then fade into the distance.

γ-13 Carter: That's probably not a good thing.

MTF Gamma-13's exploration continues in silence for the next 10 minutes.

γ-13 Lopez: So, I got to ask, what is the plan if we run into a Taita unit in here? Those things are hard to kill on the outside, let alone when they are indestructible.

γ-13 Shaw: They can still be incapacitated with traditional methods, Lopez. They just don't die.

γ-13 Lopez: Meaning?

γ-13 Sherman: Meaning that shooting them buys you about 15 minutes to run before they repair and are back up again. So let's not start anything that ends in a heroic last stand, yeah?

γ-13 Shaw: Shit! Get down!

MTF Gamma-13 takes cover and remains silent. After five minutes, an instance of SCP-3560-1 resembling an AR Aplomado Facility Defense Unit wanders by. The instance stops, looks around for several moments, then moves on. MTF Gamma-13 remain hidden for several additional minutes before quietly moving on. Exploration resumes.

γ-13 Carter: Well, that was close…

A mechanical siren is heard from behind MTF Gamma-13. Cameras pan to see the previous SCP-3560-1 instance charging from behind, and begins to open fire on the team with its armaments. MTF Gamma-13 take cover behind various trees and returns fire, eventually incapacitating the instance. The sound of more sirens can be heard as an additional nine instances of SCP-3560-1 appear from behind MTF Gamma-13. All nine instances resemble Aplomado units as well.

γ-13 Sherman: Holy hell!

γ-13 Shaw: Get back to the entrance, now! We're scrapping! Tau-51 be ready for extraction support!

MTF Gamma-13 begins to flee back towards the entrance to SCP-3560's interior. The instances of SCP-3560-1 open fire upon as they pursue the agents.

γ-13 Lopez: Fuck, I'm hit!

γ-13 Lopez tumbles to the ground. His body camera pans to show several bullet wounds to his left leg. He attempts to crawl toward the SCP-3560's entrance.

γ-13 Shaw: Sherman! Carter!

γ-13 Sherman: On it!

γ-13 Carter: Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

The remainder of MTF Gamma-13 provide γ-13 Lopez covering fire. In the exchange, γ-13 Sherman is injured. γ-13 Carter and γ-13 Shaw begin to drag their downed team members.

γ-13 Carter: Where the hell is Tau-51?

γ-13 Shaw: Hell if I know! Just keep going!

There is the sound of several more sirens. MTF Gamma-13 stops. Cameras pan to show that they are now surrounded by fifteen SCP-3560-1 instances resembling Aplomado units. All instances remain still.

γ-13 Shaw: Oh god…

Several additional instances of SCP-3560-1 resembling Peregrine Humanoid Utility Droids and Saker Androids approach MTF Gamma-13. One of the Peregrine instances, with a the serial number "31" woven into its left arm then speaks to the agents. This instance has several patches of its aramid covering missing.

SCP-3560-1: First you torment us there, and now you come and torment us here? Will it never end?

γ-13 Shaw: `1360?`

SCP-3560-1: I was. You shouldn't have come here.

γ-13 Shaw: If you harm us, you will face retaliation. You should know that.

SCP-3560-1: I'm aware. You're not expendable like we were. It's part of the plan.

The SCP-3560-1 instances then depart, leaving MTF Gamma-13 surrounded by the SCP-3560-1 instances resembling Aplomado units. Several sirens become audible once again, as the SCP-3560-1 in stances arm their weapons systems and take aim.

τ-51 Creed: Engage!

Cameras pan around as MTF Tau-51 arrives and engages the SCP-3560-1 instances. After a several minute long firefight, the instances are incapacitated. Members of Tau-51 begin to assist MTF Gamma-13 with extraction.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3560-B: Interview 3560-1

+ Show Interview

The following interview was conducted as part of MTF Gamma-13's investigation following the events of the third exploration attempt of SCP-3560's interior, and the appearance of two more instances of SCP-3560 within Forest Park.

Interviewed: Pol-1115 "Vincent Anderson"

Interviewer: MTF Commander Clarissa Shaw

Foreword: The following interview was

conducted during MTF Gamma-13's investigation into SCP-3560's origin, as well as the relationship between SCP-3560-1 instances and Anderson Robotics and its products.

<Begin Log>

Shaw: Afternoon, Vincent.

PoI-1115: Ah, Clarissa. It's been so long. How are you these days? How's Sasha doing?

Shaw: My personal life is hardly any concern of yours, Vincent. There has been a development. I'm here to ask you some questions.

PoI-1115 tsks.

PoI-1115: Always so formal. What's in it for me?

Shaw: Labelle is prepared to offer you a few of the components you requested from your repair list, assuming your answers are satisfactory.

PoI-1115: How can I help, then?

Shaw slides PoI-1115 a file containing a briefing on SCP-3560.

Shaw: A type of portal opened in Forest Park. Inside are several entities resembling your products, Vincent. Any ideas why that might be?

PoI-1115 laughs.

PoI-1115: Oh my, I didn't think this kind of thing could actually happen. Holy shit.

Shaw: You have an idea what is going on then?

Pol-1115: Kind of, yeah.

Shaw: Enlighten us.

Pol-1115: Well, I've already told you guys that how our robots worked was closer to zapping a soul into a brain-dead body than it was traditional robotics tech. The thing is, if you destroy that body, that soul is still going to be hanging around. It's got to go somewhere. Hence…

Shaw: So, the entities inside the portal are…

Pol-1115: Robot souls, yeah.

Shaw: Okay, but why Forest Park? Why isn't this portal located somewhere else? Why is it a temperate forest inside?

Pol-1115: I mean, why do ghosts haunt the places they died? Between that **`raid`** on **`Three Portlands`** and those experiments you guys did at Site-64, you guys killed a lot of robots. I imagine there's a lot of anger in those places. As for the forest, I'm guessing it used to be a pocket dimension that bubbled off of Three Ports that they commandeered en masse. It's not like anyone else was probably using it. And if they were, I can promise you they probably aren't using it now.

Shaw: So how do we stop it?

Pol-1115: Pardon?

Shaw: More of these portals have been appearing. How do we stop that?

PoI-1115 shrugs.

PoI-1115: Not a clue. Last I checked you can't really destroy one of these souls once you make it. They're kind of like the Styrofoam of the spirit world. An exorcist, maybe? **Prometheus Labs** had a **project** they're working on that might do the trick. I'd be careful though. If you bother this hornet's nest enough times the hornets are going to attack. Create enough hostile energy and they'll probably start spilling out of there. And they'll be pissed.

<End Log>

Addendum 3560-C: Incident 3560-4

On 12/3/2027 an additional four instances of SCP-3560 manifested, with two forming within Site-64's staff dormitories and two within the Unusual Incidents Unit's Three Portlands Headquarters, bringing the total number of instances to eight. Instances of SCP-3560-1 were observed to be capable of leaving SCP-3560's interior as Level 4 Apparitions, and **abducted** a total of twelve **UIU** and Site-64 personnel[2].

Use of Hoffman Portable Electro-Thaumic Units[3] proved effective in exorcising these SCP-3560-1 instances. Investigation into means of **closing additional SCP-3560 instances** is currently ongoing.

Attempts to enter SCP-3560 and rescue abducted personnel has so far been met with limited success. The remains of four of the twelve abducted person have been recovered from within SCP-3560 in various states of mutilation:

Personnel Name	Current Position	Former Position	State on Recovery
Debora Stevens	Foundation: AIAD Programmer	Anderson Robotics Advanced Logic	Found strung from a tree via aramid fibers.

		Division	Subject appeared to have had multiple strips of flesh removed from his body.
Charles Freeman	Foundation: Paratech Development	Anderson Robotics Research and Development	Found in a clearing. Subject had been exsanguinated[4].
Arav Jindal	UIU: Surveillance Specialist	Anderson Robotics Research and Development	Found dismembered over a distance of 1 km.
Mari Tanaka	UIU: Public Relations	Anderson Robotics Customer Liaison	Found adjacent to a SCP-3560 entryway. Subject had her skin removed and was revealed to be an Anderson Robotics Saker Android. Subject was unresponsive, with her internal AI heavily corrupted.

Each recovered individual was found bearing a heart symbol with a jagged line running down its center sewn into their back with aramid fibers. Attempts to locate the remaining abducted personnel is ongoing.

Footnotes
1. Observed damage has included gunshot wounds, missing limbs, malfunctioning weapons and propulsion systems, and missing/ damaged chassis.
2. All personnel abducted had previous experience as employees of

Anderson Robotics prior to defecting following the company's collapse.
3. Reverse engineered from earlier Prometheus Labs designs.
4. Completely drained of blood.

SCP-3563: Lemonabe, 25¢!

Item #: SCP-3563

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its nature, SCP-3563 cannot be contained at this time. Containment efforts of SCP-3563 should instead be focused on determining locations in which additional manifestations may occur.

In the event that a manifestation of SCP-3563 is confirmed, Foundation personnel are to be deployed to the reported location immediately. A standard 50m² Federal Bureau of Investigation grade mobile morgue unit is to be established over SCP-3563, and the surrounding area is to be marked off with police tape corresponding to the appropriate local metro police department. Two level-2 guards are to be stationed outside of the morgue unit until such a time that SCP-3563 disperses. Guards stationed outside of SCP-3563's mobile containment unit are to be outfitted with uniforms appropriate to local police force.

Civilians affected by SCP-3563 are to be administered Class-A amnestics and released from Foundation custody.

Description: SCP-3563 is a phenomenon that occurs throughout New England, primarily affecting southern Maine and northern New Hampshire. Manifestations of SCP-3563 only occur in towns with populations of at least five hundred, but no more than one thousand. Foundation researchers have determined that manifestations of SCP-3563 only occur when locations matching the following criteria are present:

- An abandoned or vacant home that has previously been on the market.
- The neighborhood surrounding abandoned home has families currently living in said neighborhood.

- Abandoned home must have previously been owned by a family with at least one child.
- Child of previous owners is either missing or deceased.

Manifestations of SCP-3563 appear exclusively outside of locations that meet the above conditions, typically at the end of the driveway of said home, or on the front yard.
SCP-3563 manifestations are comprised of two components, SCP-3563-1, and SCP-3563-2.
SCP-3563-1 is a lemonade stand built from non-anomalous plywood and timber[1], kept together with cap nails and screws. In at least 85% of recorded manifestations, SCP-3563-1 has been noted to have a sign posted above its counter that reads "Lemonabe[sic], 25¢!" in red and yellow crayon or paint.

SCP-3563-2 is a human child of varying gender, race, and ethnic background but always appearing between the ages of seven and twelve. DNA testing has confirmed that SCP-3563-2 entities directly correspond to real-world children who have been declared missing or deceased within at least two years of SCP-3563 manifesting.

SCP-3563-2 will try to sell lemonade to any human beings for a quarter, though have been noted to also sell pink lemonade, iced tea, and an unknown liquid metal with consistency similar to tar. SCP-3563-2's behavior is typical of children of its age; instances have consistently been friendly with Foundation personnel.

Any humans who purchase and consume lemonade bought from SCP-3563 will be compelled to enter the vacant home in which SCP-3563-1 is premised. SCP-3563-2 will continue to sell lemonade until at least humans have entered the house, at which point SCP-3563-2 will leave SCP-3563-1 and enter the home.
SCP-3563-2 then proceeds to [DATA EXPUNGED], leaving behind only the organs, monetarily valuable on person belongings, and — on several occasions — teeth that have been filled with precious metals.

Attempts to follow SCP-3563-2 into the home, or prevent SCP-3563-2 from entering, has resulted in the deaths of at least Foundation personnel. Attempts to locate SCP-3563-2 afterwards have resulted in little success, with tracking devices going offline as

soon as SCP-3563 disperses, and attempts to follow SCP-3563-2 leading to the entity disappearing as soon as line of sight is broken.

+ Show Interview Logs 3563 [LEVEL 2 ACCESS REQUIRED]

Interview Log SCP-3563-2-03

Interviewed: SCP-3563-2-03

Interviewer: Guest Researcher Dr.

Foreword: Interview was conducted on 03/09/20 in order to ascertain the correlation between SCP-3563-2 and the real-world children they correspond to. DNA testing has confirmed that SCP-3563-2-03 is Dexter Hawshore, an eight-year-old boy who was found dead in , Massachusetts eight months earlier outside of *Barrymore Brothers Candy Barrel*; cause of death was blunt force trauma to the head. Dexter apparently tripped and collided with the concrete.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Hello, are you selling lemonade?

SCP-3563-2-03: Yep! Mr Ha-… Mom and pop said if I can make five dollars they'll take me to the candy store, and let me get whatever I want.

Dr. : Let me guess, the Candy Barrel?

SCP-3563-2-03: *Subject pauses, taking a few moments before responding.* Wanna buy some of my lemonade? It's homemade, pop helped me squeeze the lemons himself. Only a quarter!

Dr. : And when was the last time you saw

your father?

SCP-3563-2-03: That's an easy one! I saw him-… *Subject falls silent for a moment, looking at the ground.* Huh… Uhm, say, wanna buy some lemonade? It's homemade, pop helped me squeeze it himself!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: It would appear that there is a direct connection between SCP-3563-2 and the children that they seem to represent, though the means through which this connection is established is still unknown. SCP-3563 dispersed seventeen minutes after interview.

Interview Log SCP-3563-2-08

Interviewed: SCP-3563-2-08

Interviewer: D-1252, female, Caucasian, 25 years old. Charged for three hit and runs, and the murder of a federal officer. No diagnosed mental conditions.

Foreword: Interview was conducted on 12/02/20 , directly after SCP-3563-2-08 had entered the abandoned home. Subject was covered in human cerebrospinal fluid at the time of interview. Dental records confirm that subject is Daniella Oakes, an eleven-year-old girl who has been missing for four months.

<Begin Log>

D-1252: J-Jesus fucking Christ, this place is a mess.

SCP-3563-2-08: Hi! I'm sorry, I don't have any

lemonade left to sell, I just finished squeezing out the very last drop.

D-1252: What… Happened in here? Doc, am I supposed to be asking this kid something?

Dr. Grant: I need you to ask it about its memories, if it remembers anything prior to three months ago.

D-1252: Alright, uh… Right, so uh, what's your deal, kid? You a ghost or something? According to the papers I got you've been missing for three months.

SCP-3563-2-08: Nuh uh, no way! Ghost aren't real, my daddy says so. Besides, I've been playing with Mr. Hat until today! He said that I'm gonna help him make money, so I'm selling lemonade!

D-1252: Right, and this Mr. Hat is what, your dad? Do you remember the day you went missing?

SCP-3563-2-08: Nuh uh, I haven't seen daddy since uh… Since he said he wanted to go walking in the woods, so we went on a nature hike and then-… Uhm. *Subject falls silent for several moments.* I'm sorry, I have to go now.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject proceed to flee the home, D-1252 was instructed to follow the entity, but lost sight of it as soon as it got out the back door. SCP-3563 dispersed shortly after. Investigation into an entity known as 'Mr. Hat' is underway.

Interview Log SCP-3563-2-14

Interviewed: SCP-3563-2-14

Interviewer: Dr. Grant

Foreword: Interview was conducted on 04/02/20 . SCP-3563-2-14 had succeeded in selling cups of lemonade before Foundation personnel arrived on scene. Mobile task force units were deployed into the home in which SCP-3563 had manifested, and extracted the civilians inside. Civilians were thereafter administered Class-A amnestics and released. DNA test were inconclusive, and the identity of SCP-3563-2-14 is unknown. Subject is male, appears to be between the ages of ten and twelve, and is of African-American descent.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Grant: Hello SCP-3563, how are you today?

SCP-3563-2-14: Hey mister, want to buy some lemonade? It's real cheap, only a quarter.

Dr. Grant: What can you tell me about 'Mr. Hat'?

SCP-3563-2-14 I don't understand the question, what is this? How do you know about-… What's happening? *Subject becomes visibly uncomfortable, scratching at its arm in agitation.* Do you want to buy some lemonade, sir?

Dr. Grant: Answer the question, SCP-3563. Who is Mr. Hat? Did you meet them after you disappeared?

SCP-3563-2-14: Mr… No, I'm sorry I'm not supposed to talk to strangers about business

models I-… He'll hurt me if I do.

Dr. Grant Who will, Mr. Hat?

SCP-3563-2-14: The man in the hat, he's coming for you now. You shouldn't have asked so many questions.

Dr. Grant: This man in the hat, what does he look like?

SCP-3563-2-14: Would you like to buy some lemonade? It's only a quarter.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject became unresponsive after this, continuing to try to sell lemonade in lieu of answering questions. SCP-3563 dispersed thirty minutes later. Approximately two hours later, Dr. Grant was found dead floating in the river, almost four kilometers away from the initial SCP-3563 manifestation. Autopsy reports indicate Dr. Grant was beaten to death with a brick, with blood splatter and misting consistent with similar bludgeoning cases.

Addendum 3563-a: On 08/14/20 , the Foundation received reports from deep cover agents that large amounts of organs and other valuable human organic matter had been sold on the underground market in , Maine. Agents were tasked with locating the buyer, and were led to James , a 24-year-old narcotics dealer who had purchased the organs, along with several watches, three leather wallets, and thirteen teeth that had been filled with pure grade silver. When questioned about where he had gotten these items, subject told Foundation agents that he bought them from a 'man in a dark overcoat, wearing a brimmed hat'. He was unable to answer any further questions in regards to who he had purchased the items from, citing that it had been 'real dark' at the time. Subject was administered Class-A amnestics, and released into the custody

of local authorities.

Addendum 3563-b: As of 09/24/20 , the 'Man in the Hat' has been designated as Foundation POI-528. Foundation agents are to report any further large quantities of organs being sold on the black market in New England directly to Site- .

Footnotes
1. Though has been recorded as being built from birchwood on three occasions, and oakwood on two.

SCP-3564: The Immortal Bard, Act II: Return of Shakespeare

Item #: SCP-3564

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3564 is currently housed in the Large Entity containment wing of Site-06-3. As SCP-3564 is generally cooperative towards Foundation demands, weekly readings of various dramatic works (those penned by Shakespeare are preferred, but not required) have been approved to maintain said cooperation[1]. Any changes in SCP-3564's behaviour are to be reported to the Site's HMCL Supervisor.

SCP-3564's dietary requirements are equivalent to those of three adult humans, and are outlined in Document 3564-D1. Due to the possibility of severe muscle atrophy, SCP-3564 must be encouraged to perform at least 3 hours of physical exercise per day.

Description: SCP-3564 is a humanoid creature (sans head), approximately 3 metres in height. The entity exhibits unusually high levels of muscle mass, tumorous growths in multiple limbs and organs, and appears to have been grown via anomalous means from the remains of William Shakespeare[2]. Despite its internal organ systems being of unusual size and shape, no life-threatening complications have arisen — for the most part, the entity's internal tissues mimic those found in humans, with the placement of the central brain mass in the upper chest area and an underdeveloped renal system being the only major deviations. SCP-3564 is capable of auditory, olfactory and tactile perception through normal means, and visual perception via an unknown (presumed anomalous) method.

During its time in containment, SCP-3564 has displayed personality traits consistent with those attributed to Shakespeare during his life. A tongue and vocal cords recessed within the neck cavity allow it to

vocalise (though speech is slurred and distorted to the point of unintelligibility), and it has expressed great interest in Shakespeare's works, reacting positively to the containment team's recitals of the author's various plays and sonnets. Due to the entity's low overall intelligence and poor memory (indicative of a lack of properly formed brain tissue), no further insight into its origin or construction has been gained.

Recovery: SCP-3564 was initially located on 23/04/1956, in a disused warehouse in Hackney, London, following an anonymous tip that a low-profile anomalous group were operating in the area. The entity was located within a large vat of unclear purpose, surrounded by a large quantity of esoteric equipment seemingly designed for the cultivation of organic tissue. While fire damage had rendered the majority of the technology unsalvageable, a small quantity was taken into Foundation custody for research purposes.

Alongside this equipment was uncovered an extensive repository of classical literature, mock-16th century period-appropriate costumes, and props suitable for a wide array of dramatic performances. All were extremely worn, suggesting near-daily use over a period of months, if not years. Multiple printed fliers detailing a public performance scheduled for the following week were fixed to the warehouse's exterior, but had failed to gather public interest, presumably due to their amateur design and the warehouse's location.

In addition to SCP-3564, six corpses were found buried in a small area of land to the rear of the building. Each instance (termed SCP-3564-1 through -6) was genetically identical to SCP-3564, and displayed signs of malnutrition, necrosis, severe physiological abnormalities, and in the case of SCP-3564-2, a complete lack of skin.

Research into the individual, group, or organisation responsible for SCP-3564's creation is ongoing.

Addendum: Incident 3564-F/BACON: On 16/10/1992, Site-06-3 was involved in a highly abnormal containment breach, in which containment systems for SCP- spontaneously malfunctioned. The backup systems failed to fully suppress the creature's anomalous

properties, and as a result a large portion of the Site's subterranean infrastructure was irreparably damaged. During this incident, SCP-3564 escaped alongside multiple other anomalous entities, and was deemed a low-priority recovery task due to its lack of life-threatening attributes. It was subsequently located 46 hours later in the basement of a bookshop some 30 kilometres away.

While SCP-3564 initially resisted recontainment efforts (seeming highly distressed and incoherently vocalising), it reluctantly submitted upon the arrival of by Provisional Task Force Two-Beta ("Anti-Stratfordians"), allowing itself to be tranquillised and secured. It was returned to its chamber without further incident, and Interview 3564-0041 was conducted several days later.

► Show Interview Log 3564-0041

Interviewer: Agent Robin Bryson

Interviewed: SCP-3564

Foreword: Interview conducted with SCP-3564 on the topic of its observed behavioral changes. SCP-3564's responses were provided by means of a series of buttons connected to pictograms, which the entity had been trained to use to relay specific concepts.

<Begin Log>

Agent Bryson: Hello Bill[3]. Good to see you up and about. Me and the others, well, we've noticed you haven't been enjoying your recitals as much as you usually do. Could you tell us why?

(*SCP-3564 slumps in its chair and does not respond.*)

Agent Bryson: Please? We're worried about you. You haven't been eating well, and none of

us want you to feel sad. Please tell us what's wrong.

SCP-3564: [SAD] (*Pause.*) [WRONG/INCORRECT]

Agent Bryson: Oh… You- you're not sad?

SCP-3564: [WRONG/INCORRECT] (*Pause.*) [ME] [SAD] (*Pause.*) [BECAUSE/CONNECTION] [WRONG/INCORRECT]

Agent Bryson: I see. You're sad because you feel wrong?

SCP-3564: [BEAUTY] [GOOD] (*Extensive pause.*) [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE][4]

Agent Bryson: Yes. Yes, we know you like Shakespeare.

SCP-3564: [ME] [WRONG/INCORRECT] [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE] (*Pause.*) [STORY — OBJECT — YOU]

Agent Bryson: Story object… Oh! You mean books! Or plays, I suppose, in your experience. Is that right? (*Agent Bryson mimes opening a book.*) You mean a play?

SCP-3564: [ME] [SEE] [STORY — OBJECT — YOU]

SCP-3564: [WRONG/INCORRECT]

SCP-3564: [ME] [WRONG/INCORRECT] [BECAUSE/CONNECTION] [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

(*SCP-3564 stands up, apparently distressed.*)

SCP-3564: [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE] [SAD] [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

Agent Bryson: I… I'm not entirely sure what you-

SCP-3564: [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

(*Pause, during which the entity repeatedly strikes the wall of their containment chamber. The following words were chosen extremely slowly and deliberately.*)

SCP-3564: [ME] [CAN'T/UNABLE] [STORY — OBJECT — YOU] (*A second, shorter pause.*) [FIRE — WRONG/INCORRECT — SAD — FIRE — BEAUTY — BEAUTY — GOOD — (*Unknown symbol(s); the entity brought its hand down on the apparatus with such force as to render it severely damaged.*)]

Agent Bryson: I think… I think we should probably leave it here, for the moment. What do you say we come back later and-

SCP-3564: [WRONG/INCORRECT]

SCP-3564: [ME] [CAN'T/UNABLE] (*SCP-3564's breathing becomes heavy and erratic.*)

SCP-3564: [CAN'T/UNABLE] [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE] [CAN'T/UNABLE — UNDERSTAND] [CAN'T/UNABLE] [CAN'T/UNABLE]

Agent Bryson: I'm sorry, I-

(*SCP-3564 strikes the protective screen of the interview chamber with unprecedented force, breaking it. Agent Bryson experiences minor cuts to the face and arms, and SCP-3564*

retreats to the other side of the chamber. The interview was halted by supervising staff shortly thereafter.)

<End Log>

Closing statement: Following this interview, Protocol 3564-MARLOWE was updated to protect involved staff behind high-durability screens. Investigation into SCP-3564's developing hostility and deteriorating emotional state is underway.

Notably, while clearing the interview chamber, staff noted a series of extremely damaged paper documents, retrieved by SCP-3564 and concealed on its person. The precise natures of the items are unclear, but they appear to be a number of books, specifically intended for younger audiences and/or individuals with severe reading impairments. Several broken writing implements were also located, all of which had apparently been crushed with some force between the entity's fingers.

Whether these items were directly responsible for SCP-3564's change in behaviour (and, if not, whether they should be returned to the entity) is currently being debated — due to its minor overall threat level, changes to its containment are, at the present time, a low priority.

Footnotes
1. For more information, see Protocol 3564-MARLOWE.
2. Confirmed by both analysis of SCP-3564's bone structure and DNA testing of stored samples, acquired through negotiations with GoI-012 (Marshall, Carter and Dark). The corpse is presumed to have been liberated from its grave by an unknown group circa 1940, and subsequently traded piecemeal on the anomalous goods

market.
3. An affectionate nickname given by the containment team, used here to maintain cooperation.
4. A specifically programmed button used to refer to SCP-3564's interpretation of Shakespeare's character as they understand them (i.e. as the author of their works).

SCP-3566: Not Even That Funny

Item #: SCP-3566

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Television studios producing situation comedy style shows are to be monitored for SCP-3566 manifestation. Should any production begin showing signs of SCP-3566 manifestation, the studio is to be encouraged to add a laughter track to the final edit. Should they resist, the production is to be terminated.

Outside of testing, viewing of affected media should be limited to approximately 20 minutes (the typical length of SCP-3566-susceptible programmes).

Description: SCP-3566 is a phenomenon affecting studio recordings of television programmes in the situation comedy genre, manifesting as the sound of laughter occurring over the top of the standard soundtrack of the show. The sound typically consists of an unknown number of voices laughing at inappropriate moments during the show, and often for extended periods of time. SCP-3566 manifestations change with each subsequent viewing, and have been described by observers as "unsettling" or "manic". The occurrence rate of SCP-3566 is currently approximately 10% of potential candidate shows; to date no shows have been affected retroactively following the airing of their first episode.

Individuals exposed to SCP-3566 for a prolonged period (greater than 30 minutes) will begin to suffer from headaches and dizziness. After 60 minutes of exposure, the effect of SCP-3566 will transfer to the viewer themselves; they will regularly hear the associated sound without any identified source[1].

After suffering from this effect for approximately one month, in addition to the mental health issues that would typically arise from

the presence of frequent auditory hallucinations, the individual will begin to undergo personality and behavioural changes. These changes are typically expressed as the extreme exaggeration of one or more aspects of the individual's personality or demeanour to the point that they override all other observable traits.

SCP-3566 was first discovered in the 1940s. A number of affected television programmes at the time were terminated prior to airing before it was discovered that the addition of actual laughter, either from a live source or added in editing after recording, suppressed SCP-3566 manifestations. Encouraging the use of laughter tracks in various television studios helped significantly reduce the rate of occurrence of SCP-3566 and has since become an accepted norm of the format.

▶ Examples of results of exposure to SCP-3566

Subject: D-32562
Result: Subject showed a dramatic decrease in intelligence and information recall over a period of three months, forgetting commonly known historical events of which they were previously aware, frequently misspelling basic words, and mispronouncing words they had previously used without issue. Culminated in an almost total collapse of communication skills and information retention after approximately six months.

Subject: D-65121
Result: Subject began to display a startling level of gullibility. After four months, the subject had lost all ability to discern truth from fiction; he would believe everything told to him, even if it contradicted previously given information.

Subject: D-98262
Result: Subject became increasingly aggressive and hostile towards Foundation personnel over a two month period,

culminating in a violent incident over a perceived slight in an innocuous greeting that resulted in his death.

Subject: Agent Tam Harding[2]
Result: Subject became extremely compliant and obedient. Four months after exposure, the subject was unable to undertake any action, even basic bodily functions, without being ordered to do so by a superior.

Addendum 1
On 08/11/1972, an SCP-3566 manifestation occurred differing from its usual behaviour; instead of laughter, the sound of pained screams could be heard over the entirety of the host show. All subsequent events since this date have followed the same pattern, though the original containment procedures still appear effective at suppressing its occurrence.

Individuals exposed to this new form of manifestation for prolonged periods report sensations of dread and impending doom, followed by the sudden onset of schizoid personality disorder[3] or, in rare instances, extreme cases of paranoid personality disorder.

Addendum 2
Following advances in audio analysis techniques, the sounds produced by SCP-3566 affected media were analysed and it was determined that they all originated from a single voice, distorted to sound like multiple people. Comparisons with historical interview recordings made in the early days of SCP-3566's containment showed the voice to be a match with Tommy Talico, an engineer interviewed during the initial investigation.

Investigators at his last known address found a desiccated corpse on a chair in the basement, believed to have died at some point in the early 1970s[4]. The chair was facing a television set, and the corpse was wearing a face mask connected to an empty tank of nitrous oxide[5]. Also discovered was a piece of broadcasting equipment matching no known design, the purpose of which is currently under investigation.

Footnotes

1. People suffering from this effect typically describe the sound as coming from the left or right of the direction they are currently facing.
2. Accidentally exposed for approximately 90 minutes when rendered unconscious during an unrelated containment breach.
3. Characterised by apathy, detachment and a lack of emotion.
4. He was reported as missing to the police on 11/11/1972.
5. Commonly known as laughing gas.

SCP-3568: Shapes

Figure 1: A partially-redacted depiction of SCP-3568

Item #: SCP-3568

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A single copy of SCP-3568 should be stored on an air-gapped network using no less than AES 256 bit encryption. Access to the file and its decryption key shall be granted only after approval by level 4 personnel or above.

Where SCP-3568 is to be used in experiment, it should be printed onto a single page using UV-activated ink and immediately sealed inside a pair of nested envelopes. The outer envelope should be labelled ‘SCP-3568’ and nothing more. Once the experiment has concluded, all printed copies must be immediately incinerated in-situ. Special care must be taken to ensure no descriptions of SCP-3568 exist in recordings or transcriptions of the experiment. For this reason, audio and video recordings are not authorised and transcripts must be adequately censored.

Upon the Foundation receiving reports of SCP-3568's appearance, a field containment team must be immediately dispatched to prevent further dissemination. All confirmed copies of SCP-3568 must be securely destroyed, along with any electronic devices suspected of storing them.

SCP-3568 must be prevented from propagating online as an absolute priority.

Description: SCP-3568 is a specific arrangement of simple geometric symbols that, when observed, causes the viewer's head to violently expand and burst, and a twelve (12) digit number to appear etched at the nape of the victim's neck. Tests have confirmed that witnessing an actual depiction of SCP-3568 is sufficient to induce a lethal reaction within thirty (30) seconds whilst

receiving an adequately detailed description of the symbols will trigger the event within five (5) minutes, dependent upon the recipient's ability to visualise abstract images.

Once SCP-3568 has been pictured, a sequence of events is triggered within the body of the victim that cannot be halted or reversed, other than by immediate, prearranged intervention (see Addendum C):

- *0-5 seconds* - subject's heart rate increases to between two hundred (200) and three hundred (300) BPM.
- *5-10 seconds* - subject complains of intense headache and becomes distressed.
- *10-15 seconds* - pain intensifies further, victim's eyes redden due to subconjunctival haemorrhaging.
- *15-20 seconds* - victim begins externally haemorrhaging from the eyes, occasionally loses consciousness.
- *20-25 seconds* - subject becomes calmer, often speaking and reciting numbers (see Addendum A).
- *25-30 seconds* - subject's brain undergoes rapid distention, shattering the cranium. Death is instant.
- *30-60 seconds* - a number appears at the nape of the subject's neck, branded on the skin (see Addendum D).

The anomaly was first brought to the Foundation's attention after an incident in March 19 designated SCP-3568-A. Over a period of three (3) days, a total of two hundred and thirteen (213) physical copies of SCP-3568 were mailed to residents of , , resulting in three hundred and forty two (342) deaths. The perpetrators of SCP-3568-A are unknown, as are their motives. However, given the seemingly random nature of the attacks (no links could be found to connect the victims) and that no group or individual claimed responsibility, it can be assumed that spreading panic was one of the primary objectives. Nothing on the scale of incident SCP-3568-A has since occurred but there have been numerous isolated cases of the anomaly manifesting each year. Addendum B details a selection of these.

+ Addendum A: Noteworthy statements made by subjects exposed to

Subject	Quote
D-44863	*"So blue. So blue. It's so blue."* [Pause] *"Five. Zero. Six. Point. One."*
D-37883	*"Wicked creature. Off my chest!"* [Pause] *"Six. One. Four. Point. Eight."*
D-44871	*"Foxfire…setting the nighttime woods aglow."* [Pause] *"Three. Six. Four. Point. Two."*
D-42309	*"Floorboards should stop them. But they keep coming! Up! Up!"* [Pause] *"Seven. One. Two. Point. Eight."*

The significance of the victims' last words and of the numerals scorched on their necks is the subject of ongoing research, though significant progress has already been made in this area. Analysis has revealed links to superstitions regarding , whilst also raising questions about (see Addenda D and E). Subsequent investigations in partnership with have lead to the discovery of and the extraction of (Addendum E). It is hoped that several additional may yet be extracted.

+ Addendum B: Instances of SCP-3568 worldwide

Location	Details	Casualties	Notes
, Chile, 19	SCP-3568 was drawn in a thick layer of dust on a church window.	14	It is assumed there were at least two (2) perpetrators, each holding half the pattern in

			their mind. An alternative theory is that the perpetrator was not human and hence not vulnerable to the anomaly's effect.
, UK, 19	SCP-3568 was arranged in daffodils in the centre of a roundabout.	27	Casualties were mainly passengers, rather than vehicle drivers. It is now understood the flowers were planted weeks before the anomaly manifested.
, China, 19	SCP-3568 appeared as a crop circle.	8	SCP-3568 could not be seen from ground level but two (2) helicopters were caused to crash.
, USA, 20	An artist utilising basic polygons in her work inadvertently produced SCP-3568.	3	Reproduction was 92% similar to the Foundation's stored copy, indicating that a small amount of

	variation in the anomaly's appearance does not alter its effect.

+ Addendum C: Experiments SCP-3568-3[A-C]

Experiment SCP-3568-3A - / /19

Subject: D-3219

Procedure: A general anaesthetic was administered to the subject fifteen (15) seconds after she was shown SCP-3568.

Results: The subject lost consciousness two (2) seconds after receiving the anaesthetic. She lay motionless for a further twenty (20) seconds before beginning to spasm. Death from cranial rupturing occurred after another five (5) seconds.

Experiment SCP-3568-3B - / /19

Subject: D-44871

Procedure: A general anaesthetic was administered to D-44863 five (5) seconds after he was shown SCP-3568.

Results: D-44863 became unconscious three (3) seconds after receiving the sedative. Anaesthetist prevented the subject from regaining consciousness for a further two (2) hours as per the instructions of Dr . An interview was conducted shortly after the subject awoke.

Interviewed: D-44863

Interviewer: Researcher

<Begin Log, / /19 >

Researcher : How do you feel?

D-44863: Uh…like someone hit me with a fucking sledge hammer. The world's worst goddam hangover.

Researcher : Do you remember your name?

D-44863: Yeah, Jesus, I'm not *that* messed up. [Pauses] You actually want me to say it, don't you? [Sighing] It's .

Researcher : What else do you remember?

D-44863: Were we doing an experiment? Yeah, pretty sure I was doing my lab rat routine again. Don't remember what was involved this time though. [Coughs] Could I get some water?

Researcher : After we conclude the interview. Please try to remember, D-44863. Do you recall being given an envelope?

D-44863: An envelope? Oh, shit, yeah! I do remember that.

Researcher : And what was inside the envelope?

D-44863: [Laughing] Another envelope! You guys are real fucking hilarious. Yeah…I remember thinking it was gonna be some kind of infinite loop thing. Me sitting there opening mail for days on end.

Researcher : And was it?

D-44863: [Frowning] No.

Researcher : What was in the second envelope?

D-44863: [Swallows] A picture. Shapes. Glowing under the UV lamp. It's funny, I remember looking at those little shapes and getting this feeling like…like…Doc, I don't feel so good.

Researcher : What feeling did you get when you looked at the picture, D-44863?

D-44863: Seriously. Argh, shit, my head! [Clutching temples] Jesus, feels like it's gonna explode!

D-44863: [Ten seconds later] Foxfire…setting the nighttime woods aglow. [Pause] Three. Six. Four. Point. Two.

<End Log>

Experiment SCP-3568-3C - / /19

Subject: D-11293

Procedure: General anaesthetic was administered after five (5) seconds of the subject being exposed to SCP-3568. Once unconscious, subject was injected with a class B amnestic.

Results: Subject regained consciousness after two (2) hours and was unable to recall SCP-3568, even after prompting. Subject made full recovery.

+ Addendum D: Discussion of Numbers [Restricted]

As well as the numbers spoken aloud by many subjects (see Addendum A), each has acquired a twelve (12) digit number at the nape of their neck immediately post-mortem. The latter number is different to the vocalised one in each case, and varies by subject. Physically, it is approximately two (2) inches wide by half an inch high and is composed of slightly-raised scar tissue that forms rapidly following the subject's expiration. A selection of the numbers encountered follows:

Subject	Vocalised Number	Imprinted Number
D-44863	506.1	113,146,559,102
D-37883	614.8	112,184,279,572
D-44871	364.2	114,484,679,338
D-42309	712.8	111,948,479,045

When these numbers are plotted on a scatter graph (see Figure 2), they exhibit a strong negative correlation. The small amount of data we have means that, though unlikely, this could be coincidental. A request has been made for more test subjects. *Request denied - we don't have limitless D-class personnel to throw at your pet project - O5-*

Transcript of conversation between Researcher and Dr

Figure 2: Numbers spoken by and imprinted upon subjects exposed to SCP-3568

Figure 3: Subject age vs imprinted number

Figure 4: Subject age vs spoken number

<Begin Log, / /19 >

Researcher : I found something I think you'll find interesting, .

Dr **:** Good. Tell me what I'm missing.

Researcher **:** So plotting the two numbers against each other doesn't tell us much, right?

Dr **:** Right, other than they appear to be somehow related to each other.

Researcher **:** Sure, but it doesn't tell us what either number actually *means*. What if I told you the scar number is inversely proportional to the subject's age?

Dr **:** I'd say what on Earth made you consider their age?

Researcher **:** Call it divine inspiration. Think about what this means for a second though. The older a subject is, in other words the earlier she was born, the smaller the scar number is.

Dr **:** That *is* interesting. So…how old would you have to be to have nothing but a one on your neck?

Researcher **:** That's just it! We're looking at numbers in the low hundreds of billions, right?

Dr **:** Right. A hundred and twelve billion or so.

Researcher **:** Well, it just so happens that's almost exactly our current best guess for the number of people ever to have lived.

Dr **:** As many as that? Don't they say there are more people alive now than have ever lived in total?

Researcher **:** That's a common misconception. Even if we're just counting

homo sapiens, that's two hundred thousand years of history. For an awful lot of that time birth rates were decidedly high and life expectancy was almost comically low. We're talking lucky-to-reach-fifteen. An awfully large number of people lived and died in relatively short periods of time. So yes, it comes to around a hundred and twelve billion and, would you believe it, the numbers burned on our subjects' necks are in that ball park. If I'm right about this, every person that's ever lived on Earth had one of those numbers. , I think the scar number is some kind of…index…or serial number. And everyone's got one.

Dr : The implications of that…

Researcher : I know.

Dr : [After a moment] When's this index assigned though? At birth? Inception?

Researcher : Hard to tell from the limited data we have. I'd love to get identical twins in here, though. They ought to have adjacent indices…maybe even the same index, depending on when and how it materialises.

Dr : You're right. So many avenues of study here.

Researcher : Yeah…but there's more.

Dr : You *have* been hard at work, haven't you? Go on.

Researcher : The other number, the one they say right before they pop. That one's *directly* proportional to their age.

Dr : Okay. What does that tell us?

Researcher : The interesting thing is *how* it's proportional. The gradient of the line comes out at 14.5.

Dr : So? What's 14.5?

Researcher: Well…I'll get to that. First, let's talk about the *other* things we've heard the Ds parrot. The stuff before all the numbers.

Dr : Just a load of gibberish, isn't it? Side effect of a brain that's trying to leak out their ears.

Researcher : I thought so too. One in particular caught my attention though. D-37883 talked about something - a creature - on his chest. I was sure that sounded familiar. When I looked into it I discovered a legend from Norse mythology about undead revenants shapeshifting into the forms of cats and suffocating sleeping people by sitting on their chests.

Dr : I've heard of something similar to that. A creature that slowly crushes the life out of you as it gets heavier. Possibly an early explanation for sleep apnea. Something like an 'elf'. An 'alp'? Don't think it was Norse folklore though - it was German or Dutch or something.

Researcher : Yeah, similar ideas exist in other mythologies. In Norse legend it's called a 'draugr'.

Dr : Alright, so why are we leaning towards Norse rather than German?

Researcher : Let's look at some of the other experiments. D-44863 kept going on about it being "so blue". She just kept

repeating that over and over. Guess what colour your average Norse draugr is?

Dr : Blue's a strange colour for a cat to be.

Researcher : I agree, but we're talking about their human form. Draugr are reanimated corpses that *sometimes* shape-shift into cats. Cadavers often take on a pale blue-grey hue. Doesn't seem unreasonable for these creatures to be that colour.

Dr : Fine. What else do we have?

Researcher : One subject muttered something about foxfire. Foxfire's-

Doctor : [Cutting researcher off] Bioluminescent fungi in wood. Really beautiful in a dark forest, if a little eerie.

Researcher : What are you doing in the forest after dark? Don't answer that. The burial mound harbouring a draugr is said to glow with a blue-green light, like foxfire. It's a clear signal you should keep the hell away.

Dr : Foxfire points to draugr too then. Getting harder to refute this, I'll admit. Anything else?

Researcher : Yes, actually. There's a Norse myth about a draugr known as Thorir Wooden-Leg in which a ghostly seal rises up through the floor of a house in a coastal village, despite the inhabitants' attempts to force it back down with clubs and hammers. Sound familiar?

Dr : You've looked at the experiment logs more recently than I have. I assume one of our

subjects alluded to something like this?

Researcher: Pretty unambiguously. *"Floorboards should stop them. But they keep coming!"*

Dr : Alright, alright. So they're all reeling off snippets of Norse folklore about draugr. You've convinced me. What's that got to do with this 14.5 figure then?

Researcher : Ah yes, from the graph. 14.5 just *happens* to be the exact number of orbits a particular exoplanet makes around its star in an Earth year.

Dr : Oh? Which exoplanet?

Researcher : That would be PSR B1257+12 b. More commonly known as 'Draugr'.

Dr : [Sitting back in his chair] That's… interesting, to put it mildly. But what does it mean?

Researcher : Well, it means the Ds are dutifully reporting their Draugr age right before they go bang. It's evidently entirely automatic, like a diagnostic readout on a failing machine.

Dr : Wait a minute, though. If we're assuming these…pre-expiration ramblings… along with the spoken numbers, are somehow referencing the planet Draugr, how does that fit with its discovery? Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't it only very recently found? So if we didn't even know this exoplanet existed, let alone have a name for it, there's no way anyone could be chirping things about Draugr. Even if our subjects somehow *were* aware of

the planet before the rest of us, they couldn't possibly have known we'd one day give it that name.

Researcher : They couldn't possibly…but they did. All our experiments predate Draugr's discovery and yet a significant number of them resulted in subjects making direct references to Norse mythology, immediately prior to reeling off their age on a far-flung planet whose name would *eventually* link to the statement they just made.

Dr : That makes no sense.

Researcher : I know. And yet the evidence…

Dr : The evidence confirms exactly what you're saying. Well, I suppose we can add this to the long, *long* list of inexplicable phenomena we've witnessed since enrolling with the Foundation. [Sighing] Alright, why Draugr? What's there?

Researcher : Not an awful lot, to be frank. It's in a dead system some two thousand three hundred light years away along with two other planets, orbiting a rapidly spinning pulsar. Pretty inhospitable, by all accounts. The beam of radiation emitted from the collapsed star is enough to vaporise more or less anything.

Dr : And yet, there must be *something* of interest there. Let's talk to the folks at NASA, see if they can't lend us a hand in probing a bit deeper.

<End Log>

+ Addendum E: ACCESS HIGHLY RESTRICTED - ENTER CREDENTIALS

CREDENTIALS ACCEPTED

On / /20 , the Allen Telescope Array (ATA) received a signal lasting precisely 2.31 seconds from the PSR B1257+12 system in the constellation of Virgo. The signal, designated SCP-3568-DR, was practically indistinguishable from background microwave radiation and would not have been detected had the Foundation not been specifically searching for such transmissions. The frequency band was relatively narrow, in the range 96.55-96.56GHz, but utilised no fewer than 400 channels, allowing a significant quantity of data to be transferred. The content of the signal was encoded using a highly sophisticated format and has, to date, only been partially decoded using the Foundation's on-site supercomputing resources.

Further identical transmissions have been regularly received at intervals of 252.6 days, or exactly ten (10) Draugr years. That the interval is so regular implies the sender is deliberately accounting for relativistic effects. Furthermore, it indicates Earth is the intended recipient, as other planetary systems, and even other planets within the Sol system, would necessarily experience differing intervals due to their relative motion with the signals' origin.

It should be noted that the signals now being received have been propagating between PSR B1257+12 and Sol for 2300 years. Given this fact, and considering also the signals' uniform repetition, it is likely that similar transmissions have been going undetected for decades or even centuries.

Experiment SCP-3568-BETA-A - / /20

Subject: D-21906

Procedure: A human subject is to be exposed to diagram SCP-3568-BETA, as extracted from the SCP-3568-DR transmission, to ascertain its effects. The test subject is to be locked in a secure room and observed through armoured glass. Under no circumstances should any other personnel enter the room with the test subject. Due to the unknown nature of SCP-3568-BETA the subject, assuming he or she survives, must not be permitted to leave the test chamber within forty eight (48) hours of being exposed and only after two independent psychological evaluations have deemed the subject fit for reintegration into D-class habitation areas.

Results: Upon viewing SCP-3568-BETA, the subject was observed to transition through a number of distinct phases. During phase one (1), which lasted approximately ten (10) seconds, no significant effect was observed and D-21906 reported no appreciable alteration to his physical or mental state.

The transition to phase two (2) was sudden and was characterised by the entirety of the subject's body appearing to fold in on itself, as if it were constructed from paper. Fold points were positioned at approximately 1 cm intervals, but shifted and changed rapidly as large areas of the body deformed and compacted. Folding and compression progressed in a downwards direction, the subject losing height and girth as extremities concertinaed into dense structures. This process continued for around twenty (20) seconds, until D-21906's entire form had reduced to a cube measuring 10x10x10 cm.

Phase three (3) describes the subject's final

form as an extremely dense cube of matter. The cube retained the subject's original mass, giving it a density of 81.2 gcm^{-3}, nearly four (4) times the density of osmium and twice that of hassium.

D-class personnel coming into contact with the object after an initial quarantine period experienced no adverse effects; hence it has been deemed safe to handle without the need for protective clothing.

The phase three (3) artifact is smooth and cool to the touch but is not reflective like metal, retaining instead a matt, flesh-like colour on its surfaces. It is hard and unyielding to pressure applied by the fingers, though excessive force has not been exerted as it is presently unknown whether the subject might be recovered from this form.

D-21906 failed to respond to questioning from phase 2 onwards and his phase 3 form exhibits none of the normal signs of life. It should be noted, however, that the subject gave no indication of distress throughout the process and it has been postulated by Researcher that the subject is in fact still alive and may be capable of communication, should a suitable mechanism be found.

Further experiments are planned to ascertain the nature of SCP-3568-BETA phase 3 objects and whether they represent an irreversible structural change. When the full extent of the threat and/or opportunity presented by the anomaly is known, it is probable it will acquire its own major SCP designation. A selection of prospective experiments is detailed in the following table.

Procedure Summary	Status
Communication with an	APPROVED

SCP-3568-BETA phase 3 object is to be attempted through a variety of means, including accurate measurement of its magnetic field, readings of small currents passed through it, and telepathy.	
An SCP-3568-BETA phase 3 object is to be placed on a sleeping subject's chest.	APPROVED
A subject is to be exposed to SCP-3568 immediately prior to being exposed to SCP-3568-BETA.	APPROVED
A subject is to be exposed to SCP-3568-BETA immediately prior to being exposed to SCP-3568.	APPROVED
Attempts are to be made to destroy an SCP-3568-BETA phase 3 object by various methods, including blunt force, incineration and exposure to gamma radiation.	PENDING
Subjects of varying size and weight are to be exposed to SCP-3568-BETA.	PENDING
An SCP-3568-BETA phase 3 object is to be interred in a subterranean crypt for a minimum of fourteen (14) days.	APPROVED

It is believed that signal SCP-3568-DR contains details of further diagrams, though at the time of writing, none have been fully decoded.

SCP-3569: Buuny Butler

Item #: SCP-3569

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3569 is to be kept in a standard safe-class storage locker on Site 19 when not being used for testing. Testing must be overseen by one Lvl-3 researcher. Research is to take place in an empty testing room and all handling of SCP-3569 requires the use of the standard issue gloves, apron, and eyewear. Items spawned can be discarded or given to the child if appropriate. After the events of Experiment 3569-6, all spawned objects are to be kept for further research into the origin of the item.

Description: SCP-3569 is a .8 meter tall wooden rabbit statue with a tray attached. It appears to be hand painted and has the words "Buuny Butler"(sic) written in pencil across the baseboard. No electronic or mechanical devices have been found within the statue or tray, and all samples taken consist entirely of Cedar Wood, PVA Glue, and Acrylic Paint. It has no anomalous effects until two circumstances are met.

1. There is only one child under the age of 10 who can talk and comprehend human speech within the same room as the statue. Any number of subjects above this age may be present.
2. Said child is holding an inorganic object 375 g-907 g in weight. This object is to be classified as SCP-3569-1 while the events of SCP-3569 are transpiring. Once the events have concluded, the classification can be removed and the object considered mundane.

Once the two conditions are met, SCP-3569-1 will disappear from the child's hand and a jingle will play, consisting of a short run up the harmonic scale played on a xylophone and originating from a point .5 meters above SCP-3569's tray. After the music has concluded, a

voice (classified as SCP-3569-2) will speak from the same origin point, calling the effected child by name, and asking if they want to know about their "toy" (SCP-3569-1). Voice recognition attempts so far have been unsuccessful.

In the case of a negative response, the voice will respond with an equally negative remark, SCP-3569-1 will reappear in the child's hand, and the events will be considered complete. In the case of a positive response, SCP-3569-1 will appear on the tray, and the tray will slowly rotate. SCP-3569-2 will then begin to list attributes of SCP-3569-1, for anywhere from 3-15 minutes. It will start with the simple, plainly visible traits, and then give trivia facts about the object. During this time, the object will slowly rise off of the tray, and hover at the exact point of origin for the voice.

Once SCP-3569-2 has completed its list, it will then ask the child if they would like a better toy. If a negative answer is given, the result will be similar to if the child had responded negatively to the first question. If a positive answer is given, SCP-3569-1 will disappear, the jingle will repeat, and an object of the exact same weight will appear in its place. The object spawned will be entirely random, however it is always inorganic and manmade. Spawned objects are to be classified as SCP-3569-1-A. SCP-3569-2 will begin listing facts about the new object as it did with the previous. A list of spawned objects can be found in Article 3569-1.

This process will repeat until the child gives a negative answer, at which point the voice will give its own negative remark, and the spawned object will appear in the child's hand in a safe position. If the spawned item has a blade or another part dangerous to the touch, that area will always spawn away from the child.

Experiment Log-3569

Experiment-3569-1:

Subject: D-71883 (Age approx. 35)
Procedure: Subject was brought into the room with SCP-3569 and given a flashlight (481 g) to hold, escorted by Dr. H and two members of security staff.

Results: Test was canceled after 30 minutes of inactivity from SCP-3569.

Experiment-3569-2:

Subject: Catherine H (Age 6, Daughter of Dr. H)
Procedure: Subject was brought into the room with SCP-3569 and given a flashlight (481 g) to hold, escorted by Dr. H and three members of security staff.
Results: SCP-3569 spawned two instances of SCP-3569-1A, the final being a stuffed teddy bear, which was given to the subject. Record of the conversation can be found in the transcription logs.

Experiment-3569-6:

Subject: David R (Age 9)
Procedure: Subject was brought into the room with SCP-3569 and given a bag of marbles (822 g) to hold, escorted by Dr. H and two members of security staff.
Results: SCP-3569 spawned four instances of SCP-3569-1A, the final being a machete, coated in [REDACTED]. Abbreviated Records of the conversation can be found in the transcription logs.

Transcription Logs

Transcription Log for Experiment-3569-2:

<Begin Log>

The Subject, Dr. H , and three security personnel enter the room with SCP-3569. SCP-3569-1 disappears from the subject's hands. Subject makes an audible gasp.

SCP-3569-2: Well hello, Catherine! I like your flashlight, it's a fun toy! Would you like to learn more about your amazing flashlight?

Subject: [inaudible]

SCP-3569-2: I'm sorry there Catherine, I didn't quite hear ya!

Dr. H : Go ahead, sweetie.

Subject: …Sure.

SCP-3569-2: Well great!

SCP-3569-1 reappears on the tray.

SCP-3569-2: This flashlight is a lovely blue color! It has three bulbs, and dear me, its over a pound! It's got a nice rubber grip, and it's even got an arm-band. How smart! This was made by [MANUFACTURER AND DATE REDACTED]. It's had 4 previous owners, your dad included! In fact, he just gave it to you a few minutes ago didn't he? What a responsible gift. Now you don't have to be afraid of any more monsters in the closet.

SCP-3569-2 continues in this fashion for an additional 2 minutes. Subject actively listens during this time.

SCP-3569-2: Now that you know how great this toy is, it's hard to imagine a better one! But that's what I'm for after all. How would you like an even better toy than this?

Subject looks to Dr. H , who nods.

Subject: Okay!

SCP-3569-1 disappears and is replaced with a

themed backpack (SCP-3569-1A). SCP-3569-2 then describes SCP-3569-1A in the same fashion as the previous object, continuing for 5 minutes.

SCP-3569-2: So Catherine, what do you think, is this toy cool enough for a cool girl like you? Or do you want an even better toy than this one?

Subject: Better, please!

SCP-3569-2: Look at you being so polite! I'm very proud!

SCP-3569-1A disappears and is replaced with a teddy bear. SCP-3569-2 then describes SCP-3569-1A in the same fashion as the previous object, continuing for 7 minutes.

SCP-3569-2: Alright Catherine, This toy is by far my best yet, but I'm willing to go for better! Whadda'ya say?

Dr. H waves to the subject to stop the test.

Subject: That's okay, thank you anyways.

SCP-3569-2: Awe shucks! I was all excited to bring a new toy for you. That's okay though. I can't stay mad at such a polite young girl! Bye-Bye!

SCP-3569-1A disappears and reappears in the subject's hands. The subject proceeds to hug the teddy bear.

Subject: Daddy! Daddy! The bunny gave me a new teddy!

Dr. H : I see that sweetie. This marks the end of Experiment-3569-2.

<End Log>

Abbreviated Transcription Log for Experiment-3569-6:

<Begin Log>

The Subject, Dr. H , and three security personnel have been participating in the events of SCP-3569 for approx. 40 minutes. The Subject is visibly bored. SCP-3569-2 finishes his statement and pauses.

SCP-3569-2: I'm sorry if I'm getting boring there David! I understand that sports aren't everybody's thing. So how about this, I'll do ya one better, sound good?

Subject: Yea, sure.

SCP-3569-2: Well alright grumpy guss, how's this?

SCP-3569-1A (bucket of baseballs) disappears and is replaced with a machete coated in [REDACTED]. All four subjects in the room turn away, presumably from the stench now present.

Dr. H : Ah [EXPLETIVE REDACTED]…

Subject: Ew, What is that?

SCP-3569-2: That, David, is a Tool & Knife Machete! Right now it's covered in some yucky stuff, but that's easily cleaned with bleach! I'm sure your parents will help ya clean it up if ya ask nicely. Anyways, [EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED]

Dr. H : You know what? That's enough for this one. Call it off, David, this Experiment's

done.

Subject: That's ok Mr. Bunny, I gotta go.

SCP-3569-2: You can call me the Bunny Butler. It says so on my base there! And I understand. Sometimes Grown-Ups don't understand my toys. I'm sure you'll love it, though. Bye-Bye!

SCP-3569-1A then appears in the subjects hand, and is subsequently dropped. Dr. H picks up SCP-3569-1A and escorts the subject and security staff from the room.

<End Log>

Article 3569-1: List of Spawned Objects

List of Spawned Objects:

themed backpack filled with paper. 481 g. Experiment-3569-2

Teddy bear. 481 g. Experiment-3569-2

Framed painting. 822 g. Experiment-3569-6

Ball Peen Hammer. 822 g. Experiment-3569-6

Bucket of baseballs. 822 g. Experiment-3569-6

Machete inscribed with the words "Boricua Popular[1]". 822 g. Experiment-3569-6

Steel ballpoint pen. 510 g. Experiment-3569-9

TV remote. 510 g. Experiment-3569-9

Wooden coaster. 510 g. Experiment-3569-9

action figure. 566 g. Experiment-3569-14

Stack of 3 children's books. 566 g. Experiment-3569-14

Empty flower pot. 566 g. Experiment-3569-14

Stone tablet, language unknown. 566 g. Experiment-3569-14

SCP-3569 was found in , Florida, in an orphanage. The statue came to the attention of The Foundation when the local news reported on a fight that broke out in said orphanage, and one child wounded another with a WWI era military shovel. The boy had claimed to get the shovel by trading his blanket with "the bunny". The Foundation confiscated SCP-3569 and administered Class-C Amnestics to the children and caretakers involved.

Footnotes
1. A political activist group in Puerto Rico also known as "The Machete Wielders".

EE-3570: Umbral Ultimatum

Revision #31 of this document was prepared by:

THE FOUNDATION AVIAN DIVISION

In accordance with the Pluto Protocol

Note: By order of Dr Frederick Hoygull, the clearance level required to access this file has been lowered from 3/3570 clearance to 1/GENERAL clearance, due to its relevance to the ongoing ***BE-Class "Migration" Scenario****.*

LEVEL 1/GENERAL	**Event Designation:** EE-3570
DECLASSIFIED	**Threat Level:** Black ●

Preceding Events: Extranormal Event 3570 (EE-3570) was preceded by the following phenomena:

Date	Occurrence
May 10th 2018	The Earth's latent Akiva radiation[1] level sharply decreases, becoming uniform with the universe's background constant of ~0.7 milliakiva (mÁ). The Earth's ambient **hume level** experiences only a minute decrease despite the expected repercussions. As well, one or more Class-IX Entities become undetectable and are considered lost.

May 11th 2018	A dense Avian meme complex (EoI-121) disperses throughout the Noosphere[2] via SCP-3662, initially thought to be the result of extra-universal interference[3]. The sum of human thought diminishes to align solely with the Avian meme[4] within three months. Humans affected by the Avian meme complex are designated Type-BE Humanoid Entities.
June 5th 2018	Various correspondences between the Serpent's Hand and the Foundation are necessitated. Through this, and a series of messages from Project Milliard, it is determined that a Class-VIII Ontokinetic Entity was responsible for influencing the Noosphere.
June 24th 2018	60% of Type-BE entities in North America begin a mass exile to the Midwestern United States. The assembled entities erect a large ibis-shaped monument despite a lack of fine motor skills or higher intellect. The monument absorbs thaumic energies[5] during construction. The Avian Division detects similar thaumaturgic disturbances across the globe, suggesting the construction of other monuments.
August 2nd 2018	99.9% of the human populace is afflicted with the Avian meme. Between 5 to 10% of the global population expires from starvation following the loss of the worldwide industrial and agricultural industries. A small percentage of

	Type-BE entities (10 to 15% of the total population) regularly engage in sarcophagy upon the greater 85% for sustenance.
August 8th 2018	**`Lunar Area-32`** detects thaumaturgic disturbances across the surface of the Moon.
August 9th 2018	The North American monument radiates a bright blue. It is surmised that the other monuments experience a similar change.

EE-3570 began shortly thereafter.

Event Designation: EE-3570

Date of Occurrence: August 9th, 2018

Location: Global

Event Description: At 11:10 AM PST the Moon (despite being only marginally visible at the end of its third quarter) began to emit an intense blue light associated with high thaumaturgic emissions and became fully visible to the naked eye. At its initial zenith, approximately 1.1 billion Type-BE entities were exposed to the Moon's light across the easternmost portion of Russia, North and South America, and parts of Northwestern Europe.

Exposed entities underwent extensive musculoskeletal transformations and grew wing-like anatomical structures from their backs. Entities experienced a mass enhancement of the deltoid muscles; the dorsal portions of the trapezius and scapula expanded to take on a broader and more defined morphology, from which a new set of forelimbs emerged laterally, parallel to the existing arms. The forelimbs extended outward to a length of approximately 3 meters on each side of the body according to baseline adult physiology. Different body types and sizes developed proportional anatomical formations.

The forelimbs developed long bone-based digits within a thick and supple membrane, which became the basis for a network of new blood vessels. The forelimbs developed feathers consistent in appearance and function to those of common seabirds as well as retractable talons at the extremities. Type-BE entities displayed varying levels of discomfort during this process, which required between 2 to 5 hours to complete. After the transformation, the newly developed wings allowed for various types of short- and long-range flight.

During the Moon's transit, locations across the globe became exposed to its light and thaumaturgic emissions. All exposed Type-BE entities developed the same winged transformations. Newly winged Type-BE entities emitted increased **`Elan-Vital Energies (EVEs)`**, became capable of flight speeds in excess of 40 km/h and, in most cases, displayed highly predatory behaviour.

At 2:45 PM PST Armed Research Site-18, the Avian Division's base of operations, received the following transmission from Lunar Area-32.

► Lunar Area-32 Transmission

AUDIO LOG

<Begin Log>

This is Junior Researcher Arvo Driessen of Lunar Area-32 transmitting on all Foundation channels. We are on full lockdown. Task Force Sigma-6 "Puddlejumpers" are unaccounted for. Multiple anomalous humanoids have entered the facility *(static)* engaging in hostilities.

To the Avian Division: consider Lunar Area-32 lost.

Yesterday, we detected thaumic abnormalities across the lunar surface, and a few hours ago it turned bright blue. It was pretty quiet after that, but then a group of winged humanoids started pouring in from **SCP-120**—our exit out of here. I'm stationed in Sub-Level 3's research facility, way the hell away from them. Lucky me. *(static)* can't say the same for my colleagues. Doctor Simrin and I were together during the attack before she headed up to containment to check up on the Euclid-Classes. I… lost her signal shortly after that. It's been three hours.

[Pause.]

I checked the security footage. There were what, thirty of them? When they appeared, they immediately started attacking the reception area. One of the agents took to defending himself with a security baton. He smacked a few of them before they swarmed him, and then the bastards started eating him. They tore his eyes from their sockets, and when he started to scream, his tongue was next.

I think they're getting restless, being cooped up in here like this? They've taken to chewing up the electrical systems, bringing entire sections of the facility down with

them. When one of them collapses from electrocution, the next one in line just climbs over and continues where they left off. They are literal bird-brains.

[Pause.]

I don't know what's going on down there, but up here? We're screwed. I think the worst part of all of this is the fact that Director Hourdoon, that prick, escaped with the only evacuation shuttle. Hope that piece of shit crashes and burns.

I'll keep Hoygull updated, but honestly? Don't get your hopes up. The support systems are failing, the sub-levels are practically swarming with those stupid birds, and more of them keep piling in through dash 120.

Good luck saving humanity and all that. As far as I can tell, humanity is beyond saving. If there was any hope before, it's all gone now. My only recommendation is to aim for the head.

<End Log>

The newly transformed Type-BE entities have been observed to fly in flocks with upwards of 500 individuals. Hunting occurs on both an individual and group basis, with moderate territorial aggression occurring between rivalling flocks. Entities are capable of unhinging their jaws while consuming prey, enlarging the oral cavity to

approximately 3 times its initial size. Skin and tissue stretch with ease, while chewing remains unencumbered.

The extent of the behaviour these entities display has not been adequately documented due to their relative aggression towards other species of birds (including Avian Division personnel) and insufficient observation time.

August 10th Update: Roughly 24 hours have elapsed since the start of the Moon's thaumaturgic emissions, and approximately 90% of all Type-BE entities have been affected. The Earth's thermosphere experiences an iridescent atmospheric phenomenon, similar to aurorae, generated by excess thaumaturgic emissions. In addition, affected Type-BE entities surrounding the constructed monuments have begun apparent off-world transit via spontaneously occurring thaumaturgically-generated portals produced by the monuments. Transit occurs on an individual basis, while the portals have begun to spread outward based on a geometric expansion model.

All Type-BE entities are projected to leave the Earth within one week's time. Research into the emergence and destination of these portals is ongoing. The portals have been determined to lead to exoplanet URA-8047 (see Supplemental Materials for more information).

Follow-up Actions Taken: The following is an excerpt of Marine Fighting Team CHARYBDIS's initial response to EE-3570.

► Incident Log EE-3570-035

VIDEO LOG

Note: MFT CHARYBDIS is a cybernetically augmented 4-man unit, part of an organisation known as the Centre[6]. A/V footage taken from each MFT CHARYBDIS operative has been compiled into the following log. CHARYBDIS agents appear unaffected by the anomaly.

Whether this is due to their extra-universal origin, a memetic hardening developed during their training, or some other effect is unknown.

Upon the start of the Event, MTF-Eta-4 ("Begone Thoth") advised MFT CHARYBDIS to immediately proceed to Outpost-24-B and remain there until the Event's cessation. While travelling to Outpost-24-B, MFT CHARYBDIS was forced to leave behind agent Leah Řezník (designated CHARYBDIS-3) during an engagement with an overwhelming force of Type-BE entities. Approximately 4 hours later fully transformed Type-BE entities discovered Outpost-24-B.

<Begin Log>

C-4 Haruki: Sir, they're attempting access to the main entrance. Can we do something about that? *[C-4 motions punching actions.]*

C-1 Quinn: Eta-4 told us to keep indoors, C-4. You can do your punching when we figure out what the hell is going on. Capisce?

C-4 Haruki: See, this is why I should've brought my new drone! I could clobber those Deviants from within the comfort of these air-conditioned walls. *[C-4 continues to motion punching actions.]*

C-2 Jaedan: Are you sure about us staying put, Quinn? When the bird-brains find a way to burst in here we'll be packed like sardines. I'd rather be stuck out there than in here, you know?

C-4 Haruki: Caught between some bird-brains and a hard-head? I don't know about you, but I embrace death's sweet release.

C-1 Quinn: *[To Eta-4 over comms.]* Eta-4, is the

Moon still being weird?

E-4 Lead Keshrayuth (COM): Affirmative, although… your kind appears not to be affected by it.

C-1 Quinn: So… you're saying we're green to engage?

E-4 Lead Keshrayuth (COM): Yes, but I require your efforts at Site-18 ASAP. The other half of Eta-4 is stationed in the Midwest investigating the monument, so right now I need all the resources I can get.

C-1 Quinn: Roger that, E-4 Lead. *[To CHARYBDIS.]* C-2, C-4, let's link up with C-3 and then get the hell back to base. *[To C-3 over comms.]* C-3, are you there? You're never this quiet. You're usually yammering your mouthpiece off.

C-3 Leah (COM): I'm here, Cap. Can't make too much noise, they're nearby.

C-1 Quinn: What's your position?

C-3 Leah (COM): Abandoned farmhouse, outskirts of Wakeford. They're starting to squawk, waiting for me to come out.

C-1 Quinn: Hold your position, C-3, we're coming to get you!

C-3 Leah (COM): Hurry!

[CHARYBDIS exits Outpost-24-B and flies towards C-3's location using back-mounted rocket packs within their suits. Multiple Type-BE entities follow. After 2 minutes of flight, CHARYBDIS approaches the farmhouse. C-1 and C-4 land on the roof. C-2 attempts to dodge a Type-BE instance in mid-flight

and crashes through the farmhouse wall. Three entities pursue C-2.]

C-2 Jaedan: Shit. *[C-2 struggles, lifting debris off his person.]* Yeesh, those things smell bad. *[To C-3 over comms.]* Leah, you there? Come out, I don't fuck around with hide-and-seek, you know?

C-3 Leah: Right above you, Jae Jae!

[C-3 dives from the rafters and lands atop an entity. A second entity swipes its talons at her, scratching her suit. C-3 strikes it before being tackled by a third entity.]

C-2 Jaedan: Nobody ever mentions how bad things will smell after the world ends, do they, Leah?

[C-2 combats the second entity, which screeches loudly. Two more entities enter the farmhouse and engage C-2. C-3 wrestles free from the third entity.]

C-3 Leah: Oh my Thoth, they reek!

C-2 Jaedan: Come on, you heard what the bird lady said—don't use his name. That gives him, like, powers or something. Or was that the Devil? *[C-2 dispatches the third entity before kicking it.]* Listen: between you and me, I don't remember half the things she's told us.

[Three more entities enter the farmhouse and attack C-2 and C-3.]

C-3 Leah: What do you want? We have nothing for you! Leave us alone!

C-1 Quinn (COM): What's going on down there? It sounds like an illegal cockfight. C-2, extract C-3 and get the hell out of there!

[C-3 uppercuts a nearby entity, easily dispatching it. She turns and connects her fist with another entity's face, which crumples inwards. Five more entities enter.]

C-2 Jaedan: We punch one and two more swoop in to take its place. You know, I liked it better when we faced Selachians. *[C-2 pummels an entity before C-3 incapacitates it.]* They kept us on our toes, but it felt so good to know how much of a difference we were making.

C-3 Leah: While you reminisce, I'll worry about not getting turned into bird feed, thanks. Let's go!

[C-2 and C-3 fly through the wall and onto the roof. A nearby entity follows after them. The entity takes a stationary position on the roof, folding its wings back while making a high-pitched chirping noise.]

C-4 Haruki: I think he likes you, C-2!

C-2 Jaedan: *[To the entity.]* Okay, hear me out. We can't take you home. That's against protocol. So either you leave now, or my boys over here will send you to Kingdom Come. *[C-2 showcases his arms, flexing.]*

[C-3 inspects the entity. The entity displays feathers with a brown colouration and bears ***copious amounts of jewellery****, which dangle from its neck and arms.]*

C-3 Leah: He doesn't look so scary. What do you think, Cap, can we keep him?

C-1 Quinn: At the bottom of a deep dark hole, sure! *[C-1 laughs.]* Actually, we haven't recovered one of these yet. *[Over comms.]* E-4 Lead, we've encountered a non-hostile Type-BE entity. Permission to take it into custody?

E-4 Lead Keshrayuth (COM): Yes, but hurry. I'd like to restrict today's operations to *today*. We're not aware of what implications this anomaly might have at night.

C-1 Quinn: You heard the lady. C-2, grab the Deviant. Let's get back to base, team!

<End Log>

Closing Remarks: *I'm not sure if the Black Moon howls, but I do know the Blue Moon screeches.*

— Captain Quinn Griffith, MFT CHARYBDIS Lead

The captured instance, designated EE-3570-A, is contained within the Anomalous Humanoids Wing of Site-18 and is undergoing study.

36 hours after the start of the Event, the following was appended to Document EE-3570:

► SCiPNET:/files/EE-3570/2018-08-10T23:58:44-07:00.wav

AUDIO LOG

Note: *Our last known human colleagues—who were stationed at Lunar Area-32 prior to the Event—relayed most of the following information, which I've compiled and relayed via the following audio recording.*

— Dr Frederick Hoygull, Avian Division Head

<Begin Log>

By the directive of the Avian Division, this recording has been transmitted on all Foundation channels.

Before Extranormal Event 3570, the Foundation hypothesised that a massive lunar anomaly would occur in the near future. On December 24th, 1972, initial analysis of the Apollo 17 Moon landing's geological samples detailed elevated EVEs consistent with reality-bending phenomena[7]. The samples, taken from various deposits around the Taurus-Littrow Valley landing site, prompted theories regarding the Moon's overall thaumaturgic makeup.

In December 1995, the newly christened, and if might I add, unfortunately named "Outpost Thoth-1" performed a series of observations on various lunar sites to record thaumic radiation levels. It was discovered that the Moon had a baseline EVE intensity in excess of 141,000 Caspers[8]—higher than anywhere on Earth.

Why that did not lead to drastic changes in localised reality and sub-reality is unknown, but, well, that explains why something eventually *did* happen. And you can thank the entity Thoth, the

Egyptian god of wisdom, for causing it.

[Pause.]

In the event that such intense energies might be manipulated against Earth, a number of active deterrents were devised. The contingencies, unfortunately, could not be enacted due to the BE-Class Scenario decimating our workforce[9]. Taking a look at the files here… projects included the mass Scranton Reality Anchor "Seraphim Array" in mid-Earth orbit, the Global Hardlight Energy Shielding System, and the controlled expansion of **SCP-2821** to quickly consume the Moon and then itself via… what's this? The file literally says "[DATA EXPUNGED]". Of course, the order and protocols of the Foundation still hold true even when the world falls apart!

Anyway, the red tape speaks for itself. Let me tell you what we're going to do about this. Appended to Document EE-3570 is Supplemental Materials file "UMBRAL_MIGRATORY_SEQUENCE.txt". Take note of the information within that file before using resources available to you to reach an immediate rendezvous with MTF-Eta-4, at which point we will co-ordinate off-world evacuation efforts.

Suffice to say, we don't have much time left. Everything will, uh, make sense soon. In the event that it doesn't? Good luck.

<End Log>

The remainder of the Foundation, which includes 75 Avian Division personnel, Marine Fighting Team CHARYBDIS, and **SCP-2785**, is stationed at Site-18. Operation: DIVINE RUSE is being developed at this time.

Supplemental Materials: The following is a surviving excerpt taken from a preserved papyrus reed manuscript, circa 1900 BCE. The account was written using Egyptian hieroglyphics and was contained in **Reliquary Site-62**.

► Recovered Text

- and Khemennu employs its sons to the most effective degree. We are the jewel of the Nile, so Zaid the Ascended One professes - and it is true, and it is good.

Soon we depart the Land of Black and Red for the cosmos above, where Thoth will take us on a holy tour. We -

I have not told the Elders, but I received a visit from the Sacred One in my dreams. In fear, I asked the one question that has haunted me most. I asked, *Thoth, why do you cast down unbelievers?*

To which Thoth replied, *such an action is a justice basked in by the righteous.*

To this, I asked, *Thoth, how can you cast down your own children, righteous or not?*

Thoth said, *your kind are not truly my children.*

But I have asserted myself in front of the Communion of Gods for those I deem worthy, and thus those I consider my "children" in spirit. For if I do not extend my wisdom, then why must my wisdom exist in the first place?

I asked Thoth, *is there anything we could do to anger you?*

To which Thoth replied, *to reject my wisdom is to spite me. Yes, to be in absence of my wisdom for too long is a blasphemous offence. But to anger me, truly, it would take the effort of one who is quite mad. There is nothing you, my collective children, could do to anger me. I have plans yet for those that have failed to gain my favour.*

I then asked, *Thoth, what is your plan for us?*

Thoth proclaimed, *I will cast down the azure fires of Set above, which will consume your Holy City. However, these are not raging fires, but those of majesty and wonder. Of the bright motes that twinkle in the night. Of Ra's destiny. And when the City is inflamed, so too will your hearts be, which will sprout and flower into vast wings in the image of the Sacred Ibis. This will be shared with all my children, who will join my flock in the vast cosmos. You will rule my paradise. Forever, forever.*

I awoke, wishing not the fires blue. I enjoy mortality. If Thoth wills transcendence - I am in fear. Alas, if it means tasting the Brot Kruma, perhaps that is necessary to -

The beast wakes. The vermin stir. The great one feeds. Thoth cowers in the dusk. And Brot Kruma awaits. The ritual has begun. Thoth will not leave any of his children behind.

Those unworthy? Doomed to become thralls.
As Thoth wills it. Forever, forever.

The account's subject matter describes phenomena surrounding URA-8047 SCP-3632 and EE-3570. The Avian Division has begun to draft methods of reaching SCP-3632.

August 11th Update: This document has been marked for immediate release via all available communication channels. See attached note for details.

Note: By order of Dr Frederick Hoygull, the clearance level required to access this file has been lowered from

LEVEL 1/GENERAL

to

LEVEL 0/PUBLIC

If there are any allies that have yet to reveal yourselves: please, we need your help.
To our successors: if these are the only documents you find, know that we have failed.

Medila wills our path now. Until we return to the Nest.

Footnotes
1. An SI unit used to assign a measurement to esoteric radiation typically emitted by entities designated Class-VIII or higher. Defined by the value of piety reported among adherents of any such entity.
2. The set of ideas, thoughts, or concepts humans are biologically capable of having or conceiving.
3. The Noosphere, an extra-dimensional construct, is not easily manipulated from within our reality.
4. As opposed to the "human meme" by some definition thereof.
5. Recorded by MTF-Eta-4 using a thaumometer, which quantifies thaumaturgic energy levels within a localised area. Absorbed

energies were assimilated from the tens of millions of Type-BE entities situated within 50 km of the monument.
6. Centre personnel are primarily dedicated to neutralising anomalous nautical threats, typically Selachian in nature. The Department of Extra-Universal Affairs first made contact with the Centre in 2011, but MTF-Eta-4 of the Avian Division and MFT CHARYBDIS of the Centre had not run any joint operations until shortly before the advent of EE-3570.
7. As thaumic technology was not fully developed prior to 1972 due to a lack of research into the Theory of Unified Thaumatology, previous lunar missions failed to detect any lunar thaumic energies.
8. Reality-altering phenomena are measured in Caspers.
9. The Avian Division has decided it would be best to categorise the two events as one and the same, hence BE-Class"Migration"End-of-Consciousness Scenario.

[redacted]

SCP-3571: OLLIE'S OBSTACLE COURSE OF OBVIOUS OBLITERATION!

Item #: SCP-3571

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Preserved juvenile specimens of SCP-3571 are to be kept in standard thermally-controlled storage unit at Site-66. A consistent temperature of -2° C must be maintained in order to induce hibernation without damage to the specimens.

In the event that any number of SCP-3571 specimens awaken and begin Stage 1 of infestation for any non-intentional reason, they are to be removed if possible. Termination of the escaped specimens is permitted if removal is not possible.

Any locations affected by SCP-3571 infection are to be dealt with by MTF Psi-7 ("Home Improvement"). Affected buildings are to be demolished, and SCP-3571 samples are to be recovered. Cover stories are to be issued appropriately if affected locations are within public notice/concern.

When testing instances of SCP-3571, it should be done only on abandoned or otherwise unused buildings within 50 km of Site-66. Small structures with wood or steel frames can be built for the purpose of testing SCP-3571, if needed.

Description: SCP-3571 is a distinct species genetically identical to the common earthworm (*Lumbricus terrestris*), although key internal and external physical differences are observable in later stages of specimens' life cycle. SCP-3571 also exhibits behavioral differences, as well as rudimentary pheromonal communication observable in large groups. SCP-3571 goes into an inert state in temperatures of -2° C, their bodies curling into a spiral position. Tissue damage occurs at -8°C.

The infestation-cycle and anomalous properties of SCP-3571 begin when at least one young, mobile specimen enters a currently unoccupied man-made structure with a wooden or metal skeleton. The original specimen(s) of SCP-3571 will enter the wall through any openings or crevices that are present on the wall, and will burrow through until reaching the skeleton of the building. From here, the life cycle and infestation cycle of SCP-3571 begins.

Stage 1 of infestation consists of the specimen(s) of SCP-3571 consuming part of the building's frame by secreting a caustic fluid of PH . . SCP-3571 will grow and expand to fit the sections consumed. Eventually, a majority of the building's frame will be consumed, with SCP-3571 in the place of the consumed portions. It is unknown how the building remains stable during this process.

Stage 2 occurs when a majority of the frame has been consumed. SCP-3571 specimens will arrange themselves accordingly to imitate the original frame of the building. Subjects will secrete a fluid through their pores that hardens into a thick, dense layer of unidentified organic material resembling the building skeleton's original material in appearance and properties. SCP-3571 specimens begin to asexually reproduce at this point, releasing microscopic eggs through cracks and openings in their shells.

Stage 3 of infestation begins when laid eggs hatch. Newly born SCP-3571 instances will leave the walls of the building and occupy open rooms. From there, they will change the internal layout of the building and drastically, internal dimensions contrasting with external appearance. SCP-3571 instances will create elaborate and absurd obstacles and traps, usually in the style of elimination-challenge obstacle course games and TV-programs, albeit more unstable and hazardous to passerby. It is presumed they build these objects through their secretions, although formal observation has proven difficult due to SCP-3571 instances swarming/consuming recording devices placed in infected buildings. Decor changes are also made on occasion, some cases of infestation ending in aesthetically thematic courses. Signage is often produced near the entrance by SCP-3571 instances, with the name of the course and rules pasted before the entrance. Common names for courses have included “AMAZING ANDY'S ALLEY OF AWE!”, “CREEPY CARL'S CRAZY

CRYPT OF CALAMITY!", and "WACKY WILLY AND WILD BILL'S TRAPS OF TRULY TREACHEROUS TERROR!"

Unlike the name, the rules are mostly uniform and do not change (See addendum 1), save for small variations of the overall template. All attempts to observe SCP-3571 instances during Stage 3 of infestation, in its entirety, have failed. Entrances are sealed through an unknown procedure during Stage 3, and cameras are quickly consumed by SCP-3571 instances. Brief footage shows walls, floors, and ceilings completely coated in juvenile SCP-3571 instances, but the footage fails to capture how they alter the internal dimensions.

Stage 4 begins after the building is completely transformed. Instances of SCP-3571 that exist outside of the frame vacate and migrate to another susceptible building, where Stage 1 begins again. From here, exits are unsealed.

When a human subject enters a building affected by SCP-3571 infestation, all means of entry and exit are sealed through an unknown process, with the exception of a single backdoor placed on the opposite side of the transformed structure. Pasted rules encourage the subject to move quickly through the obstacles and traps to this exit, with the promise of escape and "a grand prize". Conditions become increasingly uncomfortable and dangerous with the amount of time elapsed, including (but not limited to) high rises/ drops in temperature, poor air quality, rising water, heavy fog, malodorous scents, caustic substances leaking from unseen punctures in the ceiling, and swarms of earthworms. Subjects often take notice of these changes, and, in most cases, hasten. Subjects acting against the standard "rules" of the course will encounter more severe hazards, often rapid accumulation of the course's gradually building hazard. These hazards often mount at too rapid of a rate for most participants to respond to.

Means of long-distance communication do not function in affected buildings. If multiple human subjects attempt entry at the same time, the entry point quickly closes and seals.

The majority of subjects are killed on the course by the laid obstacles. Subjects that reach the end are able to leave through the

back door. The “grand prize”, usually a briefcase or large sack of the subject's native currency, can be located in close proximity outdoors. Analysis shows that the currency is counterfeit, made of SCP-3571 secretions.

Addendum 3571-1: Below is the standard “rules” paper printed in SCP-3571 affected buildings. While this is the most standard template, variations exist. These variations often discuss the same or similar rules, albeit with different ordering and/or wording.

> WELCOME TO (course name), AN AMAZING AND AWE-INSPIRING OBSTACLE COURSE THAT WE MADE JUST FOR YOU! THESE ARE THE TOP TEN RULES THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW TO BECOME A WINNER!
>
> 1. STAY ALONE FOR MAXIMUM CHALLENGE!
> 2. DON'T TRY TO EXIT BEFORE YOU FINISH!
> 3. DON'T DALLY!
> 4. NO FOOD OR BEVERAGE ALLOWED!
> 5. NO SMOKING!
> 6. TRY YOUR BEST!
> 7. DON'T BE SCARED IF WE WATCH, WE'RE JUST CHEERING YOU ON!
> 8. IF YOU LOSE, DON'T BE A SORE LOSER!
> 9. FAILURE TO ABIDE BY THESE RULES MAY RESULT IN IMMEDIATE ELIMINATION! PLEASE DON'T BE NAUGHTY!
> 10. HAVE LOTS AND LOTS OF FUN!!!

Addendum 3571-3:

> + Interview Log 3571-4
>
> **Interviewed**: Jacob
>
> **Interviewer**: Dr. H C
>
> **Foreword**: Jacob had filed a report to local authorities and press detailing an unusual and hazardous modification to his home in , WV. Mr. 's report

contained details consistent with SCP-3571 infestation. A small team had been sent to investigate, and Mr. was interviewed by Dr. C . Mr. was informed that the interview was for a local press report. The interview has been abridged for brevity, but noteworthy details have been unedited.

Dr. C : Good evening, Mr. Jacob . We'd like to ask you some questions for a news story we're working on.

Mr. : Yeah, you mentioned it to me yesterday.

Dr. C : Could you recall your experience from the beginning?

Mr. : I came home from work, like any other day, and when I tried to go in my house, the door was stuck. I used my key, my spare key, I was even thinking about calling the locksmith. The door budged after 10 minutes, just as I was about to give up and call somebody.

Dr. C : Continue.

Mr. : Well, I walk in, and I don't recognize the place. I don't mean it like somebody broke in and ransacked it, I mean it in a more literal sense. The walls looked like they were made of old filthy limestone, cobwebs and dry dirt absolutely everywhere. The floors were stone too, tiled stone, a little like cobblestone. Even the little “Welcome Home” doormat I owned had been replaced with a slab, lying on the ground. It had something like "Creepy Carl's Crypt" or something along those lines just scrawled on it, in bright red paint. Had a little picture of a ghost , like a “Pac-Man” ghost, in a weird, runny purple paint.

Dr. C : Did you immediately proceed?

Mr. : No. I thought I just wandered into some other building, maybe the heat was getting to me. I walk back to the door, and it's stuck again. I still thought I wasn't in my home, but to be sure, I pulled out my keys. My key fit into the lock perfectly, but the door was still being stubborn. I was beginning to freak out. I had no clue what was happening, it was like a dream. I tried to call a locksmith again, but this time, there wasn't any reception in the house. I figured I could find a window somewhere and break through, so I went forward from there.

Dr. C : Was there anything else of notice before you proceeded?

Mr. : There was a printed piece of paper taped to the wall, in a red typeface. It talked about rules for an obstacle course. I would have been wracking my brain trying to figure out who would be crazy enough to break into somebody's home and turn it into an obstacle course in under 8 hours, if I hadn't read the last rule. “DON'T DALLY, SALLY!”

Dr. C : Could you describe the building's interior from there?

Mr. : That 1st room had three big lanes, and occasionally a huge boulder would roll straight down one, lightning fast. I ran down the middle lane, hoping to make it before another rolled down. The hallway must have been at least 100 yards forward, but the lanes weren't very wide. A boulder rolled right down mine, and I hopped to the right-hugging lane. Two more, one middle and one right. Barely made it to the left. You get the idea? I made it to the end, out of breath, but I didn't want to find out what

would happen if I “dallied”, so I just pushed forward.

Second room was a wider hallway, torches on the lower half of the wall, about up to my sides. I stopped to look, and half the torches spat flames. Every other one on both the right and left. I took my time, I felt if I went too fast, I'd fuck it up. I had a nice pace going before I felt it getting awfully hot. I wrote it off as the heat from the torches, but it just kept getting hotter, and the torches weren't any brighter. I figured that this must have been the punishment for taking so long, the building would cook me if I took my time. I winged it. There wasn't much of the hallway left, but by the time I was close to the door, one of the flame jets caught me right on the left side. My shirt caught fire, and I had a nasty burn right below my chest. Want to see?

Dr. C : That won't be necessary, Mr. .

Mr. : Oh, figured you'd want it for your report or something.

Dr. C : Please continue.

Mr. : Next room, and thank god, the last, was a big, open room. Looked kind of like a gymnasium, with how high the ceiling was and the width… it made me realize that there was no way this would fit in my house. In the center of the room was a big puppet of a mummy, and the strings were visible even from a distance. They went all the way up to the ceiling. Somebody was pulling it, because it was floating forward, no actual life in its movements… I got closer and saw that it had knives sloppily taped on the hands, but there was enough tape for it to stay on, by the looks

of it. Just flew forward, swung the hands. Moved way faster than I could, and the heat did me no favors. It was cutting me up pretty bad. I did make it to the end, and there was a door, as well as a sign with "CONGRATULATIONS!" on it, in red neon lights. I walked out, everything was fine, and I sure as hell never tried to go back in. There was a briefcase with cash in it though, that makes up for it a little bit.

Dr. C : Understandable. Did you see anything alive in or near your house during the event?

(*Mr. pauses, and turns away for several seconds.*)

Mr. : Well, now that you mention it, there were a lot of worms. Earthworms. They barely squirmed, but they were facing me. I didn't really stop to think about it, I thought it was just part of the crypt theme.

(*Mr. briefly pauses again.*)

Mr. : Actually, the mummy's strings looked kind of fat and pinkish. Real creepy, looking back.

Dr. C : Noted. I think we're finished. Thank you, Mr. .

Mr. : Any time.

Closing Statement: Investigation into SCP-3571 infection continued. The building was demolished under the cover story of a house fire. Mr. , all involved authorities, and involved journalists were issued Class-C amnesics, and all associated written reports, video documentation, and photographs were confiscated. If the

information from Mr. is correct, SCP-3571 instances play a larger rule in the nature of the core courses in affected buildings than once believed. Further study is ordered.

Addendum 3571-7:

+ Test Log 3571

Test 3571-5

Subject: D-9277, a physically healthy Hispanic male, aged 38.

Procedure: D-9277 was placed inside a derelict building affected km from Site-66. A digital camera was strapped to their forehead to record the exploration.

Prelude: Subject enters. Signage reveals the name of the course to be “FEROCIOUS FREDRIK'S FLAMING FORT OF FEAR!”

Notable Structures: Room #1 a conveyor belt spanning from the entrance of the hall to the exit stationed on the floor. Large presses impact the conveyor belt at a constant and regular pace.

Room 2 lacks stable footing, molten rock covering most of the floor. Carpets and furniture float on the surface, undamaged by the conditions. Placement of the carpets and furniture prompt subject to leap from one stable surface to another. Subject misses the jump between an armoire and a carpet. Subject perishes by falling into the molten rock, believed to have succumbed near-instantaneously due to burns.

Analysis: How molten rock was placed in

Room 2 as well as the methods used to secure the furniture and carpeting from burns in unknown. Room 1 demonstrated the 1st appearance of a complex mechanical contraption in an SCP-3571 infected building.

Test 3571-27

Subject: D-28417, Caucasian male aged 25. Physically unfit, suffers from malnourishment.

Procedure: Subject was placed in Testing Structure-3571-B, a building constructed for the purpose of examining the long-term effects of SCP-3571 on susceptible structures. 8 previous subjects had entered in the past for testing, 7 of whom had perished inside. Researchers also noted the sharp decline in local animal populations after Testing Structure-3571-B was constructed. As with previous tests, the subject was given a digital camera to strap on his forehead.

Prelude: Subject enters. Signage reveals name of the course to be “WACKY WILLY AND WILD BILL'S TRAPS OF TRULY TREACHEROUS TERROR!" Subject begins course.

Notable Structures: Room #1 is a large, open room. The flooring of the chamber is coated in dead leaves. The footing of the room is unstable, many pitfalls lie concealed in the room. Subject verbally notes that the holes appear as though “something really big made them”.

Room #2 is densely packed with 14cm thick iron bars that span upward from flooring and into the ceiling of the room. The iron bars are electrified. Subject remains in the room for 6

additional minutes. A vapor, likely water vapor, from an unknown source, begins to flood the room. Visibility is reduced by eventual fog buildup. The subject moves forward.

Room #3 is wide and open, with soil, foliage, and trees occupying much of the space. The subject continues to walk for about 7 minutes before encountering an entity in hiding in the brush. The entity seems to be a grey squirrel (*Cirrus carolinensis*), albeit deceased, with its bodily movement being forced by earthworms inhabiting the body both internally and externally. Over the course of the exploration, the subject discovers a variety of woodland animals local to [DATA EXPUNGED], the deciduous forest surrounding Testing Structure-3571-B. Observed fauna included one American black bear (*Ursus americanus*), three deer of an unidentified species, (one doe, two bucks), and 31 additional grey squirrels. Every one of these woodland animals had the same abnormality as the grey squirrel, appearing dead and being infested internally and externally with earthworms. As additional time passed, animals of unidentified species were observed. Most seemed mammalian, and bore resemblance to mundane woodland animals from the area, but noticeable physical deformities were noted. These deformities included additional limbs, eyes, heads, fused limbs, a lack of limbs, extremities, and other similar appendages, lack of fur or skin, and severe necrosis. Several plants also bore this affliction.

Later in the test, the Subject was mauled by an unidentified entity. Footage of the creature shows that it bore resemblance to an American black bear, lacking skin and sporting

long, prehensile limbs tipped with what resembled pedipalps found on scorpions and related arachnids, made of bony tissue. While the entity lacked eyes, three hollow eye-sockets were observed, two in a standard location for a bear, as well as one on the center of the entity's forehead.

Analysis: This exploration suggests that SCP-3571 is able to manipulate multicellular biological life, although how is unknown. Due to the difficulty involved in observing the process SCP-3571 uses to alter matter, it is unlikely that it will be observed manipulating biological organisms in detail in the foreseeable future.

Test 3571-30

Subject: D-68901, a physically fit Caucasian female, aged 38.

Procedure: Subject was placed in Testing Structure-3571-D, a building constructed for the purpose of examining the long-term effects of SCP-3571 on susceptible structures. 11 previous subjects had entered in the past for testing, all of whom had communications cut off from an unknown cause. As with previous tests, the subject was given a digital camera to strap on her forehead.

Prelude: Subject enters. Signage reveals name of the course to be “OLLIE'S OBSTACLE COURSE OF OBVIOUS OBLITERATION!" Subject begins course.

Notable Structures: Room #1 had crudely erected tombstones scattered in a grid-like formation. The gravestones have simple symbols engraved on their surfaces, although

these symbols match no known language, if any.

Room #2 contains a large mechanical structure, erected in the shape of a funnel. Footage shows an uncounted amount of mammalian bodies, including rodents, canines, felines, and humans. Review of the footage has failed to identify the bodies, which were in an advanced state of decomposition. 16 human bodies were counted, which was noted to exceed the number of test subjects.

Room #3 sported various entities not unlike those encountered in test 3571-27, although the entities sport more physical deformities and biological modification. Species has yet to be identified. The room also held a large pit, roughly 6 meters in diameter. A large cluster of worms, assumed to be instances of SCP-3571, dwelt in the pit. The entities in the room were not immediately hostile, and were focused on the pit. Subject began to observe the pit. Subject observed the pit for 3 minutes before being spontaneously attacked by the entities, which pushed her into the pit. The video feed cuts off at this point.

Analysis: This test displayed that SCP-3571 was far more capable at manipulating both biological and mechanical matter than previously believed. Site Command ordered demolition of all current testing structures built for study of SCP-3571 (Testing Structures A-E). Testing is halted indefinitely.

Addendum 3571-19: Thorough investigation on the origins of SCP-3571 has begun conduction after a second spike of incidents in , TX, where the first incidents were reported. houses adjacent to one-another had all been affected by SCP-3571 infection. The investigation was headed by Dr. H C , Dr. G N , and

Dr. K F . Several undercover field agents were selected to examine local records and interview affected civilians, as well as demolish the buildings and issue false-memories and stories of a fire ravaging the affected houses. The investigation carried on for weeks before field agents discovered evidence pointing to a local private organization that was deemed likely to possess SCP-3571 instances. The aforementioned organization held public displays of classified information pertaining to SCP-3571, which had sparked public controversy in the local community. These claims were quickly rebuked and discredited by the organizers of the investigation, under the story of the information being an elaborate hoax by the organization done for financial gain. The involved field agents frisked the organization's headquarters and discovered SCP-3571 instances, as well as classified information on SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- . Several members of the organization were detained and interrogated.

The interrogated operatives claimed to not possess any knowledge on the origins of SCP-3571. One had informed the Foundation that a large population existed in a cavern near the neighboring town of . The same operative had admitted that the private organization had made repeated attempts to investigate unusual phenomena in several locations across the USA, and that they had wished to share the findings to expose what they had suspected was a "larger conspiracy". The involved operatives were issued Class-A amnesics while a separate investigation was launched to uncover more about the organization. The heads of the investigation on SCP-3571 had proceeded to launch an investigation of the cavern mentioned by the operative. For details on the exploration of the cavern, see Addendum 3571-22.

Addendum 3571-22:

+ Expedition Log 3571-26

Foreword: Following the discovery of the cavern in the district of , TX, subdivision Z9-17 of MTF Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") consisting of 8 operatives and 3 central operatives was sent to investigate. Radio contact between the operatives and Dr. H C at Site-66 was established.

Dr. C : Have we established contact?

CO-Z9-17-1: We can hear you, C . We're more worried about what the connection will be like inside.

Dr. C : The connection might dampen, but it should remain mostly stable and clear if all goes well. Is Z9-17 ready to proceed?

CO-Z9-17-1: Yes. All supplies have been accounted for, all members are physically and mentally prepared… we should be ready by now.

Dr. C : Very well. Proceed.

(*Z9-17 walks down the trail leading to the cavern. The opening to the cavern is found after 9 minutes.*)

CO-Z9-17-1: We're here.

Dr. C : Is there anything notable about the exterior?

CO-Z9-17-3: They've got a wooden sign, it looks like. It's all in gibberish, letters are painted over other letters, the color of the paint is inconsistent… it's a mess. There doesn't seem to be a door, so hopefully we'll all be able to enter.

Dr. C : Noted. Thank you, Tapeworm.

(*Z9-17 proceeds into the cavern. Audible crashing is heard over the radio.*)

CO-Z9-17-2: Oh, shit!

Dr. C : What happened? Are you alright?

CO-Z9-17-1: We're fine. We all made it in, but the part of the cave's ceiling collapsed, over the entrance. Perhaps it functions somewhat like the other areas affected by 3571, but we all were able to enter. That doesn't usually happen, does it?

**Dr. C : ** No. Usually only one can enter. Do you see anything of note?

CO-Z9-17-1: Hold on, we're booting up the night-vision goggles.

(*12 seconds pass.*)

CO-Z9-17-1: They're on. There's papers taped all over the walls of the cavern.

**Dr. C : ** Rules?

CO-Z9-17-1: I guess so. They're in gibberish just like the sign.

**Dr. C : ** Anything else?

CO-Z9-17-1: No.

**Dr. C : ** Proceed.

(*Z9-17 continues for 4 minutes before stopping.*)

CO-Z9-17-3: We've got a problem, C . There's a giant gap, must be at least a football field's length. I can see that there is more to the cavern beyond the gap, but I have no clue-

(*Audible squirming is heard over the radio. Various operatives react with disgust and panic.*)

CO-Z9-17-2: There's worms everywhere!

There's just *inaudible* damn, what are they *inaudible*

**Dr. C : ** Calm down, Hookworm! What are the worms doing?

(*The squirming becomes gradually dies down after 47 seconds. CO-Z9-17-2 is heard breathing heavily.*)

CO-Z9-17-1: We're fine, C . Some of us are just a little bit shook. The worms formed a wide cord across the gap, like a bridge. I think we can cross it, but I don't know how stable it's going to be. We're going to send O-Z9-17-7 to see if it's stable.

(*2 minutes pass.*)

CO-Z9-17-1: He made it. We're moving across.

(*An additional 2 minutes passes.*)

CO-Z9-17-1: That wasn't so bad, was it Hookworm?

CO-Z9-17-2: Speak for yourself, fucker.

CO-Z9-17-1: C , why did you assign the guy who's scared of worms to be one of the central operatives in this expedition?

**Dr. C : ** We were not informed, Flatworm. Remain on task. We don't need this kind of drama during this kind of mission.

CO-Z9-17-1: Sorry. I was just wondering.

CO-Z9-17-3: We found another open room, doc.

CO-Z9-17-2: It's a fucking mess in here.

Dr. C : Describe the room, please.

CO-Z9-17-2 There's a lot of clutter. Mostly scrap metal, cardboard, stone… it looks like it might have been part of one of the obstacle courses, but I'm not sure.

CO-Z9-17-1: That would make sense. The sign was painted over possibly hundreds of times and the cave wall near the entrance had hundreds of rule papers. So what if this course was destroyed and rebuilt by 3571 over and over?

CO-Z9-17-3: Could be, although that would go against previously observed behavior in SCP-3571, wouldn't it?

Dr. C : We'll try to determine that later. For now, we're trying to determine where SCP-3571 came from. Proceed.

CO-Z9-17-2: How are we supposed to? There's so much shit in the way. We're stuck.

CO-Z9-17-1: I think we can climb over. It might take some time, but if we go over that pile, we might be able to get past this mess.

CO-Z9-17-3: It's worth a shot.

(Z9-17 proceeds over the pile. A choking sound is heard in the distance.)

CO-Z9-17-2: What is that?

CO-Z9-17-1: It's not any of us.

(*The choking becomes closer and more audible.*)

CO-Z9-17-3: It's coming up behind us. Move.

CO-Z9-17-2: What the fuck are those things?

Dr. C : Remain calm and describe the entities.

(*The choking becomes more audible.*)

CO-Z9-17-3: They're moving too fast!

Dr. C : Respond, Z9-17!

CO-Z9-17-1: Open fire!

(*Gunshots, loud screams, and several other noises are heard for about 7 minutes. During this time, Dr. C repeatedly attempts to get a response from any of the central operatives of Z9-17, to no avail.*)

(Gunfire continues. Several snapping and tearing noises are heard.)

CO-Z9-17-1: Retreat!

(Gunfire dies down, and clattering is heard over the radio.)

Dr. C : Come in, Z9-17! Is anybody there?

CO-Z9-17-2: I'm here. We split up, a few of us made it over the pile. At least four operatives are down, but I think Flatworm and Tapeworm are alright.

Dr. C : I'm unable to establish radio contact with them. Where are you now, Hookworm?

CO-Z9-17-2: I'm down another path. There's nobody around, and I don't hear the others. Thank fucking god I got away from those

things.

Dr. C : What are "those things"? Could you describe the entities for me?

CO-Z9-17-2: They looked like people. Dead people. There were worms popping in and out of holes burrowed in their flesh, half of them didn't have any skin, and a few were just completely fucked up beyond all recognition. They had too many eyes, or they had several extra pairs of long arms, at least one looked like a big worm made out of somebody's body… bullets didn't kill them, probably because the worms didn't die.

Dr. C : Hold on, Hookworm. I've reestablished connection with Tapeworm. Come in, Tapeworm.

CO-Z9-17-3: I'm here, C .

Dr. C : Where are you now?

CO-Z9-17-3: I'm at a dead end. Flatworm's down, and the rest of the operatives scattered. I'm going to have to backtrack.

Dr. C : Is Flatworm injured, or dead?

CO-Z9-17-3: Dead. Worms are already inside of him. I'm not going to stick around and see what's going to happen to him.

Dr. C : Hookworm, see if you can reach Tapeworm. You two should probably find a way to find each other.

CO-Z9-17-2: I can hear Tapeworm. Tapeworm, I went down the central path after the heap. If you can find your way back, I'll be waiting for you.

CO-Z9-17-3: Alright. I think that I'll be able to catch up with you.

CO-Z9-17-2: I'll wait for you to find the path before I go further down.

(*Silence over the radios for about 4 minutes.*)

CO-Z9-17-3: My arm is hurting. I'm going to stop to look at it.

CO-Z9-17-2: Do that later, I don't have all day! Another one of those damn things could be around any corner!

CO-Z9-17-3: Then go down the path yourself.

CO-Z9-17-2: Fine. I just hope that we'll be able to get the fuck out of here.

(*Silence for 2 minutes.*)

CO-Z9-17-2: There's another opening up ahead.

Dr. C : Proceed.

CO-Z9-17-2: Doc, I don't think I-

CO-Z9-17-3: (*breathing heavily*) There's worms in my arm.

CO-Z9-17-2: What?

CO-Z9-17-3: There's just so many, they must have gotten in through the open wound, oh god, what do I do?

CO-Z9-17-2: How? How would they have gotten in? You had your suit on, right?

Dr. C : Tapeworm, do you have any

equipment to remove them?

CO-Z9-17-3: I could amputate the arm, but I don't know if they're already in the rest of my body, I don't know what to do, I just don't know…

Dr. C : Remain calm, Tapeworm. Try to amputate it. It won't change anything if they're already in the rest of the body, but if they're only in the arm, it could stop the spread.

CO-Z9-17-2: He's right, it's worth a shot. What other option is there?

(*Several minutes of silence.*)

Dr. C : Tapeworm, are you there?

(*No response.*)

Dr. C : Hookworm?

CO-Z9-17-2: I'm here.

Dr. C : Tapeworm isn't responding. Are you still outside of the opening?

CO-Z9-17-2: Yeah. Proceed?

Dr. C : Proceed.

CO-Z9-17-2: There's something big in here. It's big and it's moving.

Dr. C : Are you able to identify it?

CO-Z9-17-2: Is that a heart? It looks like like a huge heart, it's made of worms. It's beating. Every time it beats, more and more smaller worms come out. I can see holes in the walls, and there's huge pink things holding up the

cave by the looks of it.

(1 minute of silence. CO-Z9-17-2 screams loudly.)

**Dr. C : ** What is it?

CO-Z9-17-2: Worms are filling the room! They're piling on higher, they're up to my waist!

**Dr. C : ** Are you able to leave?

CO-Z9-17-2: They're too high up. They're pushing me towards the damn thing. It's no use. I'm finished.

(*Radio feed to CO-Z9-17-2 cuts off. 15 minutes pass.*)

**Dr. C : ** (*Away from the receiver*) Nobody's responding. Hookworm's radio died and Tapeworm won't come in. Close the feed.

CO-Z9-17-3: Isn't it wonderful?

**Dr. C : ** Tapeworm? Why haven't you been responding?

CO-Z9-17-3: Shh. Quiet, he's building the world for you, C . Listen. Listen.

**Dr. C : ** You're not making any sense. Are you injured?

CO-Z9-17-3: He does it for you. All of you. It's great, it's wonderful, the things here that do so much for us. He holds up the things we walk, and yet you all still reject it with your decadent bodies. He does what he must, and he must bring us back.

(*Radio feed cuts off.*)

Dr. C **:** Hello, hello? Come in, Tapeworm!

(*No response.*)

Dr. C **:** Close the feed.

SCP-3573: The Rubedo Reserve Oinopoeic Sublimator

Item #: SCP-3573

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3573 are stored in standard object storage lockers in the containment wing of Site-77. Personnel handling instances of SCP-3573 should wear protective gloves; personnel with open wounds or a history of nosebleeds are not to handle SCP-3573 instances.

Description: SCP-3573 is the designation for a number of anomalous glass wine bottles[1]. Each instance of SCP-3573 is composed of dark red glass, and has a paper label affixed to it by means of an unidentified adhesive. These labels feature a reproduction of an image from a 16th-century alchemical text, *Splendor Solis*; the image shows a red sun with a human face, rising above a distant city. The word "*rubedo*"[2] is written above the sun, presumably identifying the name of the wine, and text near the bottom of the label indicates that it was produced in a location or region named "**`Alagadda`**"[3]. Verification of SCP-3573's origin is pending.

When liquid human blood comes into contact with the inner surface of an instance of SCP-3573, it will be transformed into an equivalent volume of red wine. This effect extends to any continuous volume of blood from a single individual—if the inner surface of an instance of SCP-3573 comes into contact with blood from an open wound, all the blood in that individual's body will be transformed into wine. Wine produced in this manner is 14.5% alcohol by volume; in blind taste tests, Foundation sommeliers have praised the wine's quality, and identified notes of blood, dried roses, mold, and old books.

On 13 October 2007, the first known instance of SCP-3573 was recovered from the home of Enzo Fiorentino, an Italian art collector

with known ties to Marshall, Carter, and Dark LLP. Fiorentino had been reported missing by his secretary a few days previously; Foundation agents in the *Carabinieri* were sent to his villa outside Palermo to investigate, and discovered Fiorentino's body on the floor of his study, holding an instance of SCP-3573. The cause of death was determined to be the total transfiguration of his blood into wine. A search of Fiorentino's home uncovered several documents relevant to the anomaly, as well as a case of empty non-anomalous wine bottles with labels identical to those on SCP-3573 instances.

Addendum 3573-1: *Epicurean* Catalogue Item Listing
Description of SCP-3573 from Marshall, Carter, and Dark's food and drink catalogue (June 2007 edition). Recovered from residence of Enzo Fiorentino, 13 October 2007.

Rubedo Reserve

Produced by the skilled alchemist-priests of the little-known Italian city-state of Alagadda, Rubedo Reserve is made not of grapes but of the sanguine humour, imported from the blood-fields of the Nevermeant. Notes of rose petals and dry paper evoke the perfumeries and bookshops of the Masked City; the ferric tang reminds one of its origin in a living vein; and a final hint of blue cheese allows one to taste the corruption at the city's heart. Rich, full-bodied, and complex, Rubedo Reserve is the perfect addition to any connoisseur's cellar. Rubedo Reserve is neither vegetarian nor kosher.

Availability: Unlimited.
Per Bottle: £4,500 / €6,300
Per Case: £54,000 / €75,600
Item Reference Number: NDE7A/FNEWK/38UN5

Rubedo Reserve Oinopoeic Sublimator

For those who wish to ensure that their supply of Rubedo Reserve never dwindles, the Alagaddan glassblowers and mages have created the Rubedo Reserve Oinopoeic Sublimator. The finest glass, blown from the white sand

of the Phlegmatic Shore, is imbued with pure alkahest, giving it a characteristic red colour; skilled thaumaturgic artisans work rituals over the bottles for weeks, transforming each into an alchemical reactor that performs the *Magnum Opus* in miniature whenever the appropriate humour is introduced. Marshall, Carter, and Dark LLP takes no responsibility for the misuse of this item.

Availability: Auction only; three units remain.
Upcoming Auction Dates:

- 4 August, 2007 (London)
- 1 September, 2007 (Los Angeles)
- 6 October, 2007 (Rome).

Starting Bid: £2,000,000 / €2,800,000
Item Reference Number: NDE7A/FNEWK/CJ43N

Addendum 3573-2: "Oinopoeic Sublimator Owner's Guide"
Recovered from residence of Enzo Fiorentino, 13 October 2007.

Customer License Agreement: Congratulations on your purchase of the Rubedo Reserve Oinopoeic Sublimator from Marshall, Carter, and Dark LLP. By making this purchase, you have agreed that you will not sell or exchange Rubedo Reserve wine produced by the Oinopoeic Sublimator; that you will not attempt to replicate, duplicate, or clone the Oinopoeic Sublimator by any means arcane, technological or otherwise; that you will not attempt to reverse-engineer the alchemical-thaumaturgical processes that power the Oinopoeic Sublimator; and that you will not give, lend, or loan the Oinopoeic Sublimator to any person for the purpose of performing any of the above actions.

Instructions: Operation of the Oinopoeic Sublimator is simple: one must introduce some quantity of human blood to the inside of the vessel, and wait several seconds to ensure complete transmutation of the liquid. The blood does not need to be derived from a single

individual; a mixture of blood from multiple persons has no effect on the quality of the wine.

Caution: If harvesting blood from a living person, a continuous stream of wine between the Oinopoeic Sublimator and that person's veins will lead to complete transmutation of the individual's blood, followed by death. Unless this effect is desired, care should be taken to first drain blood into a separate container. Marshall, Carter, and Dark LLP takes no responsibility for the misuse of this item.

At the time of recovery, this document was in an unopened, sealed envelope on Fiorentino's desk.

Footnotes
1. Currently 3 instances in Foundation containment, 2 known instances outside Foundation containment.
2. "Reddening"; the final step of the alchemical Great Work, orMagnum Opus, often represented allegorically by blood, a phoenix, a rose, or (as in the image on the label) the rising sun.
3. While the label indicates that this wine has D.O.C. status—a certification granted to Italian wines produced in certain traditional regions—no such region is recognized by the Italian government or the European Union.

SCP-3574: Lambs to the Slaughter

Item #: SCP-3574

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Known contact numbers for SCP-3574 are stored on file, and are restricted to Level-4 personnel.

Information pertaining to the contact numbers for SCP-3574 are to be confiscated whenever located and identified. Individuals possessing or acquiring this information are to be administered amnestic treatment, or interrogated if required. Phone calls of potential SCP-3574 clients are to be monitored for conversations with SCP-3574-C. If such conversations are identified, the transmission is to be terminated, and the client apprehended.

Instances of SCP-3574-A or B are to be contained when located and identified. Agents assigned to retrieve these instances are to exercise caution, as SCP-3574-A are potentially bio-hazardous or infectious. As such, SCP-3574-A are to be kept within humanoid containment cells with the ability to be hermetically sealed. SCP-3574-B are to be kept within a refrigerated BSL-2 storage unit, until the expiration of SCP-3574-A. When appropriate or necessary, the retrieval of the body of SCP-3574 may be facilitated.

Orders given by SCP-3574-C are to be recorded and submitted to Level-4 personnel. Investigations are ongoing to determine the identity and location of SCP-3574-C. Resources have been allocated to the containment of the individual.

Description: SCP-3574 is an anomalous service which offers to facilitate the termination, injury, illness, or loss of possessions of targeted humans of a client's choosing. These targeted subjects are henceforth referred to as SCP-3574-A. The monetary price of SCP-3574 varies, depending on the service requested.

SCP-3574 is accessible through telephone contact, after dialing one of several numbers. Contact numbers are delivered by letter to individuals with hostile or negative intentions. The source of these letters have not been determined, and assumed to be anomalous in nature. If contact is successful, an individual, designated SCP-3574-C will converse with the client. The voice of SCP-3574-C is modulated, however, a Hungarian accent is discernible. All attempts to identify this individual have been met with failure. Furthermore, attempts to trace the telephone call results in inconsistent and conflicting results.

Over the telephone call, the client is able to discuss the nature of the effects desired for SCP-3574-A. If the desired effects requested by the client are feasible, clients will be instructed to obtain one live sheep (*Ovis ariess*), terminate it, then remove a body part to be delivered to the target of their choosing, either directly or indirectly. The body part will henceforth be referred to as SCP-3574-B. SCP-3574-C will then instruct clients to remove the viscera of the animal, and insert a specified amount of cash into its abdominal cavity. The type of effect manifested on SCP-3574-A depends on the body part sent, as well as the specifications provided by the client. The effect of each body part is listed as follows:

- The head results in expiration, or unexplained disappearance.
- The tail results in an illness or disease described by the client[1].
- Hooves result in one or more injuries, ranging from fractures to disfigurement.
- The heart results in financial losses, or damage to the reputation of SCP-3574-A.

These effects occur spontaneously, through unknown means, after a period of time decided by the client. Illnesses and injuries are irreversible through conventional methods, and have not been observed to heal. After SCP-3574-A expires or is afflicted by the desired effect, the body of SCP-3574-B will vanish, along with the cash placed within. Any other object placed in the body, such as tracking or recording devices, will not vanish along with it. If a client attempts to extort SCP-3574-A, in order to regain the money lost to SCP-3574, he or she will experience the effects intended for

SCP-3574-A, and the original target will subsequently be exempt from any detrimental effects.

Upon initial delivery of SCP-3574-B, SCP-3574-C will contact SCP-3574-A, informing the subject that he or she has committed a transgression, and will be "punished", unless specific orders are followed. Any attempts to dispose of SCP-3574-B will be met with failure, with the object reappearing in various locations within the place of residence of SCP-3574-A.

The effects of SCP-3574 can be neutralized if SCP-3574-A successfully follows the orders of SCP-3574-C. Recorded orders include termination of family members through specific methods[2], removal and incineration of the subject's non-vital organs, and self-amputation without sedatives. Alternatively, it has been determined that affixing SCP-3574-B to its body will inhibit the development of detrimental effects on SCP-3574-A, unless the subject had already expired. As such, clients will often conceal the body to prevent this from occurring.

Document 3574-1: The following text is an example of a letter, confiscated from a potential client of SCP-3574.

> We know you've been hurt, we know you've suffered injustice, we know how it feels.
>
> We can make it go away, we can right the wrongs you have faced, we can deliver justice when others cannot.
>
> We know you are interested; the oracle knows.
>
> Contact [REDACTED] for further instructions.

The reverse side of all letters from SCP-3574 contain a message of unknown context, accompanied by images depicting four decapitated goat or sheep heads. The text is listed as follows.

> The oracle tells us all. These are its words.
>
> "Oracles; there are more.
> Though thought to be three,
> In fact there are four,

And the fourth one is me."

Addendum: On / /2002, Agent Kershoff alerted researchers that he had received a letter from SCP-3574 at his place of residence. He was permitted to contact the number, for purposes of documentation. The audio log is available in the following document.

+ Audio Log 3574-3a

<Begin Log>

SCP-3574-C: Greetings, Mr. Kershoff.

Kershoff: How do you know my name?

SCP-3574-C: The oracles tell us many things. Sometimes the past. Sometimes the present. Sometimes the future. The fourth one, however, tells us that the future is not set in stone. You can trust us, rest assured. We know all that we need to know about you, Mr. Kershoff. You have nothing to fear. We know that you are thinking of someone. No. Thinking of quite a few people, I see. I am going to tell you that we can right the wrongs that have been committed, in almost any way you desire. Allow us to rid you of any doubts you may have about us.

Kershoff: Elaborate.

SCP-3574-C: Where to begin? How about your father?

Kershoff: What do-

SCP-3574-C: He was… murdered wasn't he? Yes, murdered by . The oracle has told us everything. The police, they let him get away. Unpunished. They said that there wasn't enough evidence… but we know better. Don't we? We know they were in on it. They let a

murderer walk free, and your family suffered. Such suffering. What about the drug dealer that sold your brother the drugs, that resulted in his death? Your brother… never got over your father's death, did he? That's why he did it.

Kershoff: That's- How do you know about those events?

SCP-3574-C: Please, Mr. Kershoff, this conversation isn't about me. It's about you. And what you want. What about your wife? No, no, we know you don't want to hurt her. Never. But what about Mr. ? She is staying with him behind your back. I'm sure you know.

Kershoff: I…

SCP-3574-C: Yes. It isn't your fault you are… busy. Very busy all the time. But she couldn't understand. We both know. You are… hurt over this. Yes? Even though you just want a better life for the both of-

Kershoff: Stop. These matters are none of your concern. You are to answer my questions.

SCP-3574-C: Perhaps you would want him to disappear from your wife's life? The oracle can make it happen. We can take care of your problems. We can't bring back the people you love, but we can bring justice. We can give you peace. For a small price.

Kershoff: I said stop. I'm not interested. Answer my question. Tell me what I need to know.

SCP-3574-C: We both know the truth; the

oracle tells us. You hesitated; you are interested. And we have already told you all you need to know. We can make your problems disappear. Or, if you are interested in slower, more painful solutions-

Kershoff: I'm not interested… Answer my question. What is the oracle?

SCP-3574-C: We both know that is not what you desire. But if giving you some insight will convince you to trust us, we can tell you what you need to know.

Kershoff: What is the oracle? Explain it to me in a way I can understand.

SCP-3574-C: Mr. Kershoff, you are a mystery. Most of our clients are happy just to know that we can address their problems in almost any way they desire. Your false quest for answers are taking up our precious time.

Kershoff: Explain the nature of the oracle.

SCP-3574-C: Very well, Mr. Kershoff, I will shed some light on the matter, but after this, no more. Our time is precious. The oracle has been in my family's possession for 6 generations; for many years my family kept it a secret from the outside world. All that time, it did not speak, until a few years back. It gave us the cryptic riddle included in the message. We know it is hungry. It needs to be fed. If not, terrible things would happen. To circumvent this, we offer people services, to fix the injustice they had suffered. In turn, the oracle feeds off the wicked people who step over others. It is for… the greater good. Yes? That is all I am willing to say. Now. Shall we discuss your desires?

Kershoff: I don't understand. Earlier you said, the "fourth one". Elaborate. What is the nature of the oracle?

SCP-3574-C: (sighs) Well, Mr. Kershoff, if you aren't interested now, we can continue… another time, perhaps. We are also busy, and have many clients. The oracle is often impatient and hungry. But we are always available, and you know how to contact us. We know you will.

(The transmission is terminated by SCP-3574-C at this point)

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Anomalous illnesses, corresponding to no known disease, are also able to manifest.
2. Known methods include, but are not limited to, strangulation, mutilation, exsanguination, and cannibalism.

SCP-3575: It's a Small Town

Item #: SCP-3575

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The affected section of Quaw's Boulevard and Southview Avenue has been closed indefinitely. All lots in the area have been purchased by the Foundation and currently serve as Provisional Site-99.

SCP-3575's inhabitants are to be provided any requested supplies pending rescue efforts. As they are largely self-sufficient, only requested materials should be provided. Moral support may be given as well, although this is left to the discretion of supervising personnel.

Following the events of 20/08/18, no provisions are to be made available to the residents of SCP-3575 until further notice.

Description: SCP-3575 is a dimensional anomaly located in Belgrade, Montana.

SCP-3575 encompasses a 305 by 305 meter space centered on the intersection of Quaw's Boulevard and Southview Avenue; beyond this point, travel becomes difficult for unspecified reasons. It is believed that SCP-3575 resembles Belgrade as it was in 1999, with any constructions in the actual town beyond that point not being reflected in the space.

SCP-3575 is inhabited by fifteen individuals (designated SCP-3575-1 through -15) ranging from 14 to 23 years in age. All claim to have lived in Belgrade and passed into the location sometime in the last eighteen years. Persons living in SCP-3575 reside in the location's houses, and work together to grow food.

So far, no entrance to SCP-3575 has been found; any Belgrade-

native individuals within the space appear to enter it rarely and at random. Once inside, it becomes impossible to get back to U-01,[1] although it has been hypothesized that an exit lies beyond the bounds of the intersection proper. Non-human animals are the only entity known to be able to easily cross between SCP-3575 and U-01, and as such, may be exploited to facilitate communication between the Foundation and SCP-3575's residents (see interview log 3575-I4).

The majority of Foundation information about SCP-3575 comes from its contact in the location, SCP-3575-1. SCP-3575-1 (believed to be Nick Danguard of Belgrade) was first contacted by the Foundation in 2015. Since then, they have frequently requested supplies and entertainment for the other residents, and in exchange answer interview requests and provide biological samples of entities in the space.[2]

Addendum 21/08/18: On 20/08/18, SCP-3575-1 sent back a letter explaining the group's collective decision to leave their immediate area and go exploring, in case the exit to SCP-3575 lay somewhere beyond the intersection.

+ 3575-COR-I-284

> thank you for your assistance these last couple of years. however, we wish to inform you that it will no longer be necessary, because we are leaving.
>
> this may come as a shock to you, but i assure you need not worry. we have been discussing our situation and have come to the unanimous conclusion that there is nothing to be gained by staying.
>
> this is not to say your supplies have not been appreciated; far from it. in fact, your supplies are what allowed us to organize this in the first place. but continuing to never accomplish anything, never making any real mark on the world - that's no way to live, isolated in a

pocket dimension or not.

we've left instructions for how to contact you, in case some other poor sod stumbles into this place. please keep an eye out for if that does happen.

if we return sometime in the future, please disregard this message.

-nick

A message was sent back urging the group to reconsider, at least until their plans could be discussed with the Foundation. So far, no reply has yet been received.

Addendum 30/08/18: On 28/08/18, a backpack was found in a park in the nearby town of Bozeman containing a camera and a journal. The journal's stylistic conventions match SCP-3575-1's previous communications with Foundation personnel, and is assumed to have belonged to them at some point. The camera contained several photographs of the Quaw-Southview intersection, though each had been taken several months apart. Most photos correspond to dates in the journal.

+ 3575-DOC-07

13/08/15

can't leave. none of us can. but i have my camera. i'll take pictures every now and then. make sure i know it happened, that it's not just some terrible dream.

06/10/15

Tristan was telling me about a few years ago. he's been here since he was 11. at one point,

he, Alexis, and Lee were the only ones here. he was telling me about how the three of them used to ride down the street in the derelict red wagon in Kate's yard. Lee cut himself on the rust one day, and that was when they knew it was time to stop, so they repurposed it into a flower bed. it's gone to seed now, but still pretty.

asked him why nobody ever crossed the border. he answered that he'd done that a couple times, but the air felt so different, so wrong, like he wasn't supposed to be there, that he crossed back almost immediately. he said that, a while back, there was a kid named Dylon who was pretty brave, so he crossed the border and nobody ever saw him again.

asked if there were anything keeping them from leaving besides fear. he said no. but even if there was nothing stopping us, we could only get so far before we run out of food.

stupid.

24/04/16

glad i was wearing the gray pants when i crossed over. thorns bounce off them like they're nothing. the green shirt's pretty nice, but it's gotten significantly dirtier since i got here. i don't wear it every day, yes, but it's still a nice reminder.

getting thinner, too. it was always on the agenda but farming for your food has a way of making you reconsider your eating-priorities. hair's short, which isn't flattering to my face, but who gives a shit. we all look pretty terrible.

comradeship that way.

10/07/16

we buried Molly today.

she was on John's roof, trying to patch a leak. fell and snapped her tibia in half like it was a twig, bone poking through skin and everything. Alexis said it would be pretty easy to heal, but she must've got some dirt in it or something, because about two nights later she woke everyone up with her screaming. definitely had a fever, and could hardly stand up. Alexis said the break had probably gotten infected. suspected septic shock. we don't have antibiotics.

called a meeting in the kitchen that night. Alexis didn't attend, was busy staying by Molly's side, but said that she wouldn't be surprised if the infection killed Molly's organs within a matter of days. had to decide whether to try and treat with what we had, or put her out of her misery.

majority ruled. Kate went and socked me in the jaw. said a lot of other terrible things. i didn't stop her. Molly didn't stop us as we hauled her out to the yard.

found a piece of her skull in the grass after it was done. went to the water pump and cleaned it off. it's sitting on the nightstand right now.

she'll come with us if we ever decide to leave.

21/04/17

there's some old construction equipment near the school. Marshal and i set to work devising new rules for tic-tac-toe to make it more challenging, which was fun. it's getting harder to keep myself occupied. there are only so many interactions a group of fifteen people can have with each other, and while i'd rather be back in belgrade with my family, i'm grateful that the others are here. nothing we can do except keep going.

30/05/17

animals can pass through. was watching the robins the other day, noticed they disappeared once they crossed the border, but reappeared once they crossed back.

thought it was a pretty big development, and brought it to Tristan, but he said they already knew. few years back, they sent out letters calling for help. didn't get a single response, so they gave up.

i'm gonna try and send some more things out. talked with Marshal about possibly catching one of the robins and attaching a message to its leg. an sos. not sure what anyone on the other side would do, but it's better than not trying at all.

25/11/17

got a reply back today, thank god.

some dog trotted out into the street from the south. Emma just about broke down crying, mostly on account of it looking a lot like omnias, her old mastiff. thing had a vest on, black, military-issue, with pockets. went through them and found a message from someone who said he was with the u.s. government. wanted a response back if there was anyone here. wrote a letter explaining our situation and sent the dog back across the border.

word got around fast. it was kinda funny: all fifteen of us sitting on the street at the edge of the border awaiting something, anything. the dog returned about fifteen minutes later with some water, granola bars, and a letter saying that they could send supplies if any were necessary. we agreed on a list of things and sent it back, and waited. nobody moved from that spot, not for hours, except for Lee, who went to go take something off the fire.

after a while, the dog came back, with everything we'd requested, plus two boxes of twinkies. John was bawling his eyes out, which would have been pretty satisfying to see, except that i was too.

13/05/18

high spirits all around. never seen everybody so happy, not since i first came to this place, and apparently before that too, if Tristan is to be believed. we're getting supplies, newspapers, new clothes. there's even talk that maybe we'll find some way to escape, get back to the real world. trying not to get everyone too excited, but they're pretty high

already.

19/08/18

starting to think maybe Alexis' plan isn't so crazy after all. sometimes it's all i can do not to hope.

Footnotes
1. Also known as baseline reality.
2. Selected correspondence from this period is included in this document; full records are available upon request from the archival department of Provisional Site-99.

SCP-3576: Think But This And All Is Mended

Interior of SCP-3576 taken by Junior Researcher Ledzt, who believed he was photographing a 'Witch's Cottage', one of the more common structures simulated by SCP-3576.

Item #: SCP-3576

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3576, the surrounding woodlands, and village of , Belarus are designated Site-233. Site-233 is to be kept free of non-Foundation personnel via the following means:

- Road access has been restricted, with Foundation controlled checkpoints placed on the approach to the village of . All other roads have been diverted with the assistance of the Belorussian government.
- Sections of SCP-3576 accessible via foot have been augmented with sections of 3-meter high fencing, and are routinely patrolled by two-man teams. Motion-sensing cameras have been placed at strategic locations along the distributed border fence line. As of 09/01/2014, no guard dogs are permitted within Site-233.
- The village of has been co-opted as a Foundation research site. The former residents have been relocated, and the area designated off-limits due to a 'Post-Chernobyl radiation flare-up event cover' as outlined in the Eastern European Operations Guide.

Note: Site-233 is currently undergoing renovations to make room for a number of anomalous objects recovered in Operation Breached Curtain. Personnel are advised to keep noise pollution to a minimum so as not to interrupt the continued testing of SCP-3576.

Description: SCP-3576 is an 8.5-9 km^2 section of the Białowieża forest located 2.8 km from the currently Foundation-held village of , Belarus. SCP-3576 is largely comprised of old growth pedunculate oaks *(Quercus robur)* and associated undergrowth, though SCP-3576 has a higher proportion of natural clearings than the surrounding forest, forming semi-connected areas of mostly open, traversable woodland. The south-eastern section of SCP-3576 can be most easily entered via a number of 'corridors' of overhanging oak, which serves to lead human subjects into the active area of SCP-3576.

There are no human structures within SCP-3576, and archaeological examination has found no trace of human habitation in the last 5-6 thousand years.

SCP-3576 enters an active state when a human unaware of its anomalous properties crosses the boundary of the designated section of woodland. Research into the viability of aerial insertions into SCP-3576 are ongoing. Within 5-10 minutes of a human entering SCP-3576, all mammals of sufficient mass (between 60-300 kilograms depending on species) at that time will be 'conscripted' into an SCP-3576 narrative, and are henceforth designated SCP-3576-1.

SCP-3576-1 are comprised primarily of red deer *(Cervus elaphus)*, roe deer *(Capreolus capreolus)*, wild boar *(Sus scrofa)*, Eurasian wolf *(Canis lupus lupus)*, and Eurasian lynx *(Lynx lynx)*. Due to their scarcity, the European bison *(Bison bonasus)* is less commonly converted into an instance of SCP-3576-1, though instances have been reported.

SCP-3576 creates detailed, reactive narratives using instances of SCP-3576-1 and a perception-altering effect that disguises instances of SCP-3576-1 as human, or humanoid 'characters' to any human within the bounds of SCP-3576. Audio-visual recording devices are not affected by SCP-3576's anomalous effects, and as such the content of the narratives are known only from firsthand accounts. While a human subject sees, hears, and can even touch what they believe to be a woodsman, knight, noblewoman, or other characters, digital recording equipment perceives only an animal in distress, forced through unknown means to stand on its hind legs,

and make simple vocalizations when the 'character' speaks. Additionally, SCP-3576 also creates props and sets in what is believed to be a similar fashion to the characters, providing the backdrop for each narrative in a style that matches early-modern construction and architecture of the area, though with an ornate quality that is shared by the outfits and appearances of SCP-3576-1. All language either spoken by instances of SCP-3576-1 or written on 'props' created by SCP-3576 matches the native or preferred language of the primary human subject. At this time it is unclear how SCP-3576 'chooses' the primary subject when presented with multiple humans at once, though initial testing does point towards factors such as creativity, confidence, and leadership skills all affecting the likelihood of an individual being chosen as the primary subject.

Subjects that are aware of SCP-3576, and know the true nature of SCP-3576-1, are not affected by SCP-3576, and their presence will return SCP-3576 to an inactive state within 5-10 minutes of entry. Subjects that discover the true nature of SCP-3576 or SCP-3576-1 during the course of a narrative will cause a similar loss of activity. Instances of SCP-3576-1 that are 'released' before the intended end of an SCP-3576 narrative shown heightened states of distress and unpredictability, either attempting to flee the human presence within SCP-3576, or reacting violently to humans and other animals. These behaviors are consistent with wild animals in high-stress situations and are not believed to be a direct result of the anomalous effects of SCP-3576.

SCP-3576 narratives last between 2-5 hours, depending on the actions of the subject. SCP-3576 narratives resemble a number of traditional local stories, though often veer away from the standard or expected end-point based on the choices made by subjects, and availability of SCP-3576-1. Narratives tend to form the following basic premises based on the number of animals within SCP-3576 at the moment of activation, though have been known to transition to more complex narratives if more animals, and thus SCP-3576-1 are introduced.

SCP-3576-1 Instances	
1-4	A prince, princ

4-9	home. Often i Two young wa be prepared fo by their oppor
9-14	A lost caravar value is ambu help to survive
14-23	A wedding be place, but is ir of the intende
23-41	A ball or other about a possib outsider to fin with malicious
41-	A pitched batt marriage betw can be reconc

The tone and linguistic content of most SCP-3576 narratives has been described by test subjects as matching local folklore, and high drama. While no mental compulsions have been proven, subjects are often 'caught up in' the narratives, often engaging with the characters even when instructed to do otherwise.

At this time, no severe injuries have been suffered by subjects exposed to SCP-3576 during the course of a narrative, though a number of injuries have been suffered by test subjects that cause a cessation of the active state. Instances of SCP-3576-1 who are wounded or killed within the fiction of the narrative are unharmed, despite injuries apparent to human subjects. Monitoring and dissection of former instances of SCP-3576-1 and human subjects have revealed no physiological abnormalities, though human subjects who complete an SCP-3576 narrative without causing SCP-3576 to enter its inactive state have reported experiencing minor shifts in mood and outlook for up to 6-9 months following exposure, both positive and negative. It is currently unknown if this is a direct result of the anomalous effects of SCP-3576 or a non-anomalous response to taking part in a narrative centered around them. Subjects have reported increases in confidence and creativity, with a small portion developing narcissistic or self-destructive

tendencies, believing themselves to be 'important' or 'invincible'.

A full psychological profile of former SCP-3576 subjects is currently being assembled.

Recovery Report:

> **Note:** The following interview was carried out on / /2009 and comprises part of the debrief of the first Foundation asset to encounter SCP-3576.
>
> **Interviewed:** Agent J. Kowalczyk, attached to Eastern European recovery operations between 1998-2014.
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Harland.
>
> **<Begin Log, / /2009, 15:37>**
>
> **Dr. Harland:** We'll have you back in the field as soon as possible, agent. I just want to go over your report with you. Given the nature of this object, your first-hand account may prove important.
>
> **Agent Kowalczyk:** Alright. Where would you like me to begin?
>
> **Dr. Harland:** The very beginning. What drew your attention to SCP-3576? You were doing routine information gathering in the area, yes?
>
> **Agent Kowalczyk:** That's correct. We're still cleaning up objects that fell through the cracks when the USSR fell apart. Some security guard leaves a GRU-P operated site when the pay stops coming and takes home a souvenir that kills his whole bloody village.
>
> **Dr. Harland:** You believe this may be what's causing SCP-3576?
>
> **Agent Kowalczyk:** No, no, that's just why we were in these tiny little towns nobody has ever heard of. We find someplace central, large enough to let a half dozen

agents meet without getting noticed. That becomes a base of operation, and from there we split up and go check out the little towns in the area. I got .

Dr. Harland: Your report mentions local legends about the forest?

Agent Kowalczyk: Folklore, yes. Not the sort of thing we usually focus on, but I was pointed towards a hunter… Well, more of a poacher. Most of the Białowieża is protected these days, but the people don't care. They need the calories. Anyway, this poacher-

Dr. Harland: This is a mister… Vadim Ivashka in the report?

Agent Kowalczyk: Yes, that's him. He wasn't drunkenly retelling old stories, he had been telling anyone who would listen about something that had just happened to him a month or two ago. Apparently, a doe he was chasing had led him into an opening in the forest and turned into a beautiful woman. Told him stories about a hidden home deep in the woods, and how she had to be returned there before nightfall. He had lost his nerve and ran off an hour or so in, and been chased home by wolves.

Dr. Harland: What reason did you have to believe him?

Agent Kowalczyk: We've encountered similar things before. Shapeshifters aren't that uncommon out in those parts of Europe, not even today. I spent two years with a team chasing a pack of SCP- through the Exclusion Zone[1] back in-

Dr. Harland: Let's stay on topic, please.

Agent Kowalczyk: Right, right. Anyway, Vadim didn't seem bright enough to make up some of the details I got out of him. I had him lead me to where it happened, and let him run back home. He was spooked, and I didn't

need him freaking out and shooting something.

I entered the area he had pointed out and set my lapel camera to record. Almost jumped out of my skin when I looked back over the video later. Took about… ten to fifteen minutes? I'm not sure exactly when I entered the area, but it would have been around ten to fifteen minutes after Vadim ran off that I met the boy.

Dr. Harland: The boy?

Agent Kowalczyk: Young man. Maybe 14, 15. Wasn't dressed for the right century, like a page or squire or… something like that. Grabbed at my coat and started babbling at me about how his master was injured, and I needed to come and help.

Dr. Harland: He spoke English? Not Polish, or Russian? Your file says you're Polish-

Agent Kowalczyk: My family, yes, but I grew up in Maine. I think in English.

Dr. Harland: Alright, please continue.

Agent Kowalczyk: I think I covered the actual event well enough in my report. The burned carriage, the bodies. It was like walking into a set from a period movie, or out on stage. Very… Curated, I guess. I've seen what an actual ambush looks like, and this wasn't it. All these injured men were laid out where they could groan and show off their wounds as the boy led me in. Arrows littering the scene. Artfully placed.

Dr. Harland: And that was when SCP-3576 ended its active state?

Agent Kowalczyk: Is that what we're calling it? Yes, yes it was. I had a moment of realization, it all just lined up in my head that this wasn't real, that it was a show being put on for me and it collapsed. Suddenly I was standing

in a clearing with a dozen deer, some of them balanced on their hind legs, most of them laying around. They all bolted at once.

Dr. Harland: And the recording?

Agent Kowalczyk: On the whole time. I returned to and checked the footage. Nothing. No carriage, no arrows, no wounded soldiers. Just the deer moving around, looking uncomfortable, making these mewling sounds like they were being held in place. But the boy was worse. He was a wolf, and when he was tugging at my coat the camera… The camera was right on the wolf's face. Eyes rolling, whimpering. Poor thing was terrified.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Following visits to SCP-3576 by Agent Kowalczyk returned no anomalous effects, now known to be due to the nature of SCP-3576 and how it interacts with knowledge of its properties. Agent Kowalczyk declined further involvement in research into SCP-3576. As of 2014, he has been acting as a liaison to the Duchów wing of the Polish government.

Incident 3576-38-B: On 09/01/2014 a guard dog (German Shepherd) attached to one of the perimeter patrols around SCP-3576 escaped its harness and chased a rabbit into SCP-3576 before it could be recaptured by its handlers. At that time test-218 was underway, and the escaped dog became an anomalous variant of SCP-3576-1, hereafter referred to as SCP-3576-2 after entering the active zone.

SCP-3576-2 did not integrate with the narrative underway. SCP-3576-2 successfully escaped the perimeter of SCP-3576 and is currently uncontained. SCP-3576-2 retained its anomalous properties on leaving SCP-3576, and its retrieval is considered a top priority for agents operating in Belarus, Poland, and surrounding areas.

SCP-3576 has been updated to Euclid status.

Footnotes
1. The Chernobyl Nuclear Power Plant Zone of Alienation. See document CH-0331 for more information on Foundation operations in the area.

SCP-3577: Pack To The Future

Item #: SCP-3577

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As the majority of SCP-3577's containment is handled by GoI-466 ("Wilson's Wildlife Solutions") Foundation resources are to be focused on the research of the SCP-3577 anomaly.

Currently, a pack of 16 unsterilized instances of SCP-3577 are held in Controlled Habitat-02 on Site-64 for research purposes. Personnel assigned to the observation and handling of SCP-3577 are to check all currently available documentation regarding individual instances in Foundation captivity on a daily basis, for the purpose of detecting any discrepancy in the number of instances in Controlled Habitat-02 or the length of time instances have spent in Foundation captivity. In such an event, containment procedures are to be adjusted depending on the extent of SCP-3577 generation.

SCP-3577 instances of opposite sex are to be separated into groups and transferred to two secondary enclosures one week prior to the conclusion of a courting period. Following the conclusion of a courting period, enclosures must be checked for the generation of new SCP-3577 instances before releasing both groups back into Controlled Habitat-02.

MTF Beta-4 ("Castaways") are currently engaged in an ongoing joint-effort operation with GoI-466 in order to locate and capture all undocumented instances of SCP-3577 in the wild, with the intent of sterilization and controlled release back into the wilderness.

Description: SCP-3577 is the designation for multiple instances of *Canis latrans*[1] that exhibit retroactive reality-altering properties in lieu of nonanomalous reproduction. To date, over 265 instances have been discovered and contained by both Foundation and

GoI-466 personnel.

Instances of SCP-3577 are otherwise identical to non-anomalous members of *Canis latrans* but display no naturally occuring reproductive behaviour. To date, no instance of SCP-3577 has been confirmed to be less than 4 years of age or observed to be visibly pregnant.

Anomalous behaviour occurs following a 'courting' period, during which two SCP-3577 instances of opposite sex remain in each other's presence for 63 days. An exception to this occurs during a time period from February to March, in which the courting period is cut down to 31 days. SCP-3577 cannot initiate a courting period with a non-anomalous counterpart. Sterile instances of SCP-3577 are unable to initiate a courting period.

Upon the conclusion of a courting period, a litter of 3-14 new adult instances of SCP-3577 will be generated in the surrounding general area of the original parent instances. All new instances are a genetic mixture of both parent instances and will invariably be 2 years younger than the female parent. The generation of a SCP-3577 instance to date has never been observed.

Following the generation of additional SCP-3577 instances, information will be retroactively injected into the past two years that proves the existence of the corresponding SCP-3577 instances prior to their generation. Information created as a result of SCP-3577 includes:

- The appearance of tracks, droppings and animal remains produced during the last two years that can be linked back to new SCP-3577 instances and the area containing its generation point.
- The creation of documents and files having been chronologically produced at some point during the last two years, containing information regarding new SCP-3577 instances. Existing documents cannot be modified by SCP-3577's retroactivity.
- The generation of new SCP-3577 instances already fitted with Foundation-standard tracking collars and ID chips when born in Foundation captivity. All instances are generated with

existing registry and tracking information logged into the SCP-3577 Database.
- The appearance of injuries resembling coyote attacks received in the past two years manifesting on humans who closely interact with SCP-3577 on a regular basis. Medical records will be altered with additions addressing incidents in which said individuals were attacked by a new instance of SCP-3577 and were treated for wounds at some point during the previous two years.

SCP-3577 cannot affect memory; Retroactive existence of SCP-3577 instances consistently has a chronallagi rating of less than 0.01^2 and does not appear capable of causing paradoxes.

Addendum 3577-A: To date, all instances of SCP-3577 have been discovered within the general area of Oregon, USA. Initial reports of unusual coyote populations were noted to have originated from within numerous Indian reservations located within Oregon, with the majority of accounts gathered from the Warm Springs Indian reservation throughout 2019.

Investigation into previous Foundation activities within the Oregon area indicate that SCP-3577 does not appear to correlate with current or previous known anomalous activity related to Native American tribes located in Oregon or the greater United States.

While the Foundation was not aware of the existence of SCP-3577 for an unknown number of years, numerous accounts had been made throughout Oregon from 1998 to 2016 involving civilians and the apparent collective loss of memories involving coyote-inflicted injuries and attacks despite the presence of previous documentation of said incidents. While previously designated as ongoing Extranormal Event-76f67, all information has since been confirmed as the result of previous SCP-3577 generation events.

Prior to a request for Foundation intervention on 04/05/2019, GoI-466 ("Wilson's Wildlife Solutions") was reportedly relocating and rehabilitating instances of SCP-3577 within Warm Springs Indian reservation following the emergence of an explosive coyote population located on reservation land. GoI-466 was initially not aware of SCP-3577's properties and struggled to contain the

anomaly for a period of time preluding the request for Foundation aid from GoI-466 individual Dr. Sylvester Baptise, one of the personnel responsible for GoI-466's containment of SCP-3577.

As part of the Boring Agreement, GoI-466 agreed to offer the Foundation access to all documentation and correspondence involving their containment of SCP-3577 prior to the Foundation's awareness of the anomaly and installment of current containment procedures.

Known internally as 'Project Acme', containment of SCP-3577 was headed by both Dr. Sylvester Baptise and his wife, Marie-Sophie Baptise. Marie-Sophie was present onsite at Warm Springs Indian reservation with the assistance of her son, Bandit "B.B." Baptise and a small group of volunteer workers throughout the course of Project Acme. Mr. Baptise remained at GoI-466 HQ in Boring, Oregon during this period of time.

Addendum 3577-B: GOI-466 CORRESPONDENCE AND AFTER REPORT

Document-3577-466-3 - Please Enter Credentials

PROJECT ACME
CORRESPONDENCE

Sent by: Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Recipient(s): Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Date: 03/20/2019

Bandit,

You should be receiving this once you're at Warm

Springs. I don't think you're that familiar with the Tribal Council, so let your mother do the talking for the most part. I don't have to tell you to set up shop once you've arrived, so I'm going to assume that from here on out.

Most of the documentation the council put together should be in the car, but I'll throw in some extra advice:

- As far as our priorities currently are, Project Acme is pretty low on Wilson's list. It's not that he doesn't care, it's just that he trusts us enough to get this done without needing his involvement.
- We still don't have any official numbers on the current coyote population. I've gotten everything from 30 to 100 but the important part is, there's more than there should be.
- I've only thought about this today, but a lot of these coyotes reported in the accounts don't seem to be pups. Not newborns, anyway. Maybe they're being pushed into a different territory. Doesn't explain why we've only just been hearing about them now. They can't be that sneaky.

Wilson sends his regards, by the way. Tell your mother that aswell, I'm sure she'd appreciate it.

Good luck!

Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Wilson's Wildlife Solutions

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/23/2019

Hey dad! Just wanted to let you know that we've finished setting up the pens. Just in time, we got lucky early on about last Thursday. A farmer phoned mom in the middle of the night, huge panic, told her he was looking at a pack of over 20 running and yammering around his yard like they owned the place. Killed his dogs, too. About seven of them gave us the slip but we managed to get the others, 22 in total.

Mom's giving them all the standard checkups with the help from Amanda and Zeke. Great people, by the way. I'm so glad we're able to help them out. Volunteers are doing good too! There's these two girls who keep getting distracted, though. Keep wandering off like they're on spring break or something!!!

Besides that, we're gonna try and reconnoiter some reconnaissance and see what the nitty-gritty is on the bigger packs. Gonna have to go mountain-man for a day or two, real off the grid shit; cars give the coyotes way too big a head start.

Mom'll send you the records we made on the first 22 once we're done feeding them. Nothing's seeming out of the ordinary so far; they're healthy, they're not doing anything strange. Not even coywolves we're dealing with here. You're right though, way too many. When we got to the farmhouse the other night they were already at each other's throats over chicken bones and feathers. Not gonna be good living for them at that rate.

Will keep you up to speed! Mom says hi to Wilson, btw.

B.B.

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/24/2019

heres the records

bandit is going to take a photo of every coyote he can find and hes going to mark the locations of each major pack on a map and hes going to send it all to you and i hope thats good for you

why did you make him pack the aye aye shirt

Sent by: Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Recipient(s): Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Date: 03/24/2019

Bandit,

Thank your mother for the files. Also, thank you for informing her about the dropbox. I figured it would make the process of information gathering much less stressful for her. I doubt she'll be using it, but I've put aside her records in a separate folder for her to add to or modify. Please let her know.

Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Wilson's Wildlife Solutions

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise

Date: 03/26/2019

Hey so mom had to kick off one of the volunteers today, Kristen I think her name is. Caught her smoking dope in one of the storerooms with this one local fella I haven't seen much of, think he's the brother of one of the council members. He was nuts, covered in all these old scratches and marks and shit, kept yapping about how his mind can jump the gap. They had to bring a deputy in to get the guy out, wouldn't leave without a fight.

So yeah that's the bad news. Good news is Project Acme's going strong. We've got a routine and we've pinned down the routes the coyotes usually take. Mostly it's just me tracking them and waiting for a good time to call in the cavalry. Wish you were here dad, you'd love the views. We're actually nabbing more than we can hold, even with a fourth pen up. Lois and the McMillans are willing to hold on to a few at the Sanctuary, so that's a relief atleast.

Currently we're looking at over 40 so far that we've caught. I've seen more out in the wilderness but I'm struggling to keep up. Hoping we'll see their numbers thin out before mating season rolls up.

Keeping a watchful eye!

- B.B.

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/26/2019

now before you say anything to anyone look i know the girls only 20 years old but she was hanging out with the most disgusting beast of a fucker ive ever met i bet if he didnt have pot she wouldnt have ever given him the time of day

gotta solve these problems when they pop up

i looked a little into his background and his name is geoffry gosset

related to the paiute chief on the tribal council i think you know her well i dont
i did find out that geoffry used to be heavily involved with a bunch of paiute religious ceremonies before he got the boot for constantly showing up drunk
dunno if thats important or anything but he was squatting in warm springs up until today and every inch of him looked like it got savaged at some point

he must have ran into the coyotes at one point and survived but theyre old injuries
there were alot of injuries

dunno

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/31/2019

Hey! Just gonna throw a bunch more documents your way, I've been slacking with that lately. We sent 20 out of the 98 to the Sanctuary the other

day. I don't know if that'll be enough to address the space concerns but hey, progress!

It's funny, there's this one little guy that keeps following me back and forth every time I pass the pen. He keeps doing this thing where he gnashes his teeth against the bars, never making a sound. It's the dorkiest little thing I've seen them do.

I hope little Wiley isn't too upset about his current accommodations, it's crowded in there! We'll get him back onto the prairie where he belongs once it's a wrap.

- B.B.

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/31/2019

Dad, that wasn't me. I didn't send anything today until now. I'm going to need a bit of time to figure out how I'm going explain how that wasn't me but

Ok I'm not sure but I'll try. We woke up to another commotion coming from the pens so we went and checked and we're not sure what happened. Maybe more coyotes slipped in because they got attracted by the noises, I don't know. It was like a game of canine Sardines in there, pulling them out was a nightmare. It's weird because the pens feel bigger, and they are. I checked the dimensions. They're all off.

There were a few wandering outside captivity nearby too, but they're in our database. I checked my phone and that's when I found that message. I

don't even know which one is that Wiley one.

Also, I have two maps now. They're almost identical, they're covered in my handwriting and scribblings but the only difference is that one has slightly more written down. All the new additions are talking about packs and coyotes I definitely wasn't aware existed. It all sounds like I wrote it down but it's not me!!!

Mom thinks there's something going on. I'm gonna talk about it with her a little more and get back to you.

- B.B.

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/31/2019

amanda has a bite on her arm
it looks like something i saw on that geoffry man

bandit is getting a call from lois
it isnt sounding great

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 03/31/2019

Getting calls coming in from Lois and the Sanctuary, none of them good. The five we sent

somehow became twenty overnight. One managed to get out of her habitat and nearly savaged Little McMillan. They haven't been breeding; all the new ones are adults from what I've been told. And the weirdest part is, they all have documentation from when they arrived. We have documentation on them too!!!

We've got documentation on every new coyote that's popped up. It's all in mom's writing (and I can tell right away when it's her writing) but she doesn't remember ever making half of them. I don't either, nobody does.

Dad, have you seen anything like this before? Anything weirder than this?

- B.B.

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 04/01/2019

a few years ago the tribal council of warm springs published a psa video detailing how visitors should respect the wildlife and what they can do to avoid predator attacks

i am currently looking at two different versions of the same video on the same youtube and the major difference between the two is one has a clip of amanda with a fresh coyote bite as part of a segment showing how you can treat bite wounds

she doesnt remember ever being involved in making that video either one of them

i managed to get them taken down but bandit will send you copies

Sent by: Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Recipient(s): Marie-Sophie Baptise, Bandit "B.B." Baptise, Additional Staff
Date: 04/02/2019

To all involved with Project Acme,

Following the information I have received, I will be adjusting Project Acme's current status from Slight Concern to Highly Unusual. As the information I am obtaining regarding recent occurrences in Project Acme is still developing, I hereby respectfully ask that everybody stay on-guard for the time being. Wilson and I will continue to deliberate on what step to take next.

Keep a close eye on the coyotes you've already wrangled. If there's any you don't recognize, check the files you've already assembled. I'm hopeful that you've all already separated the authentic articles from those relating to our current troubles.

I'm sure Marie-Sophie and B.B. will be able to assist with any concerns or questions you may have regarding what exactly we're dealing with.

Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Wilson's Wildlife Solutions

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise

Date: 04/03/2019

its worse than i thought zeke was hospitalized

keyword being was

theres a horrible gash all the way down his throat and hes lost his voice the damage goes deep but he hasnt a clue what caused it
it didnt kill him its just like amandas and geoffrys its already healed

the hospital even has files on record of the night he had to go in for surgery because of a coyote bite to his neck
back in september 2017

volunteers are getting scared they think itll happen to them eventually
theyre gonna be right

i have a theory but bandit is still finding things
will be back with more

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 04/04/2019

Dad, here's what I've found so far:

- I've checked the new notes on the second map and followed them back to where I allegedly found more coyotes. I guess I wasn't wrong? I've seen a couple but I haven't the chance to properly settle down

and check. I did notice more tracks than usual, though.

- People are getting weird injuries. They look like old ones, too. All scabbed over with fixed skin, nothing but scars and aches. Anyone who has one can't remember what made them. Hospital claims they've all been in ER for coyote attacks, otherwise we'll find an email or a written note sourced from the Council about a years-old incident if the wound was treated here.
- I can't exactly remember how mom put it, but the coyotes are 'filling in' gaps in the information we made with new details about themselves. If they can't do that, they either give up or make an obvious copy with their own changes. I have no idea how. Again, paraphrasing mom.

She's still looking into it. Thinking she'll want some more attention from the rest of you guys when she comes to a conclusion. It's looking to be that way.

- B.B.

Sent by: Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Recipient(s): All WWS Employees
Date: 04/05/2019

To all,

I will be contacting the Foundation with a request for aid and assistance on Project Acme following the growing threat displayed by the fauna anomaly that has been encountered. It's evident that we do not have the resources or the ability to contain the

self-replicating and reality-altering effects that have been exhibited by the subjects associated with the anomaly.

All involved with Project Acme are to relocate to a preferably safe location outside of Warm Springs and remain there until the all-clear has been received from onsite Foundation reinforcements. Ensure the evacuation of any civilian residents or transients.

Following the all-clear, stand by for additional orders from either myself or the highest ranked Foundation authority present.

Stay safe, everyone.

Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Wilson's Wildlife Solutions

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 04/05/2019

sylvester you fuck what the hell are you doing

this is why you are a horrible little rodent man so stop it stop it right now

Sent by: Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Recipient(s): Marie-Sophie Baptise
Date: 04/05/2019

I know you're stressed and receiving this news certainly doesn't help, but the unfortunate reality is this is the only option we have left. I understand you were trying to figure out the cause and purpose of the anomaly, but that is a domain that is more preferably handled by the Foundation. We really don't have the time to spend sinking into additional research, especially with how in the dark we are regarding the extent of the anomaly.

I'm not ready to be reckless, especially with you and Bandit in the eye of the storm. I let my guard down again and it'll be a repeat of Safari Dave.

Please, I just want to ensure that both of you are safe.

Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Wilson's Wildlife Solutions

Sent by: Marie-Sophie Baptise
Recipient(s): Dr. Sylvester Baptise
Date: 04/05/2019

oh god you and your fucking aye aye
of all the times to fucking bring the aye aye up

this is not a heLP IN THE SLIGHTEST
EVERY TIME THE SUPERVISORS STEP IN
THEY GOBBLE UP A BIGGER PIECE OF US
THEY TAKE THIS WHAT WILL THEY COME FOR NEXT
MAYBE THEYLL COME BACK FOR THE TURTLES SYLVESTER
WOULD YOU LIKE THEM TO TAKE THE TURTLES BACK

Sent by: Bandit "B.B." Baptise
Recipient(s): All WWS Employees
Date: 04/05/2019

Hey, dad. Everyone. Foundation too I guess.

I'm gonna try something. I'm basing it on info I can hardly keep in my head but it's an idea. If it's all smiles by tomorrow, then it worked.

Wish me luck!

- B.B.

End of Correspondence

Following this, official correspondence between Baptise relatives in connection to Project Acme ceased. Foundation liaisons in association with GoI-466 shortly thereafter received an urgent request for assistance from Dr. Baptise detailing the need for containment of a developing anomaly, including multiple indicators for an anomaly of a self-replicating and/or infohazard-based nature.

Although Dr. Baptise specified the need for a significant armed response to curb the threat of potentially overwhelming numbers of SCP-3577, a Foundation Resources Committee decided that a reconnaissance operation fielded by a small number of operatives from MTF Beta-4 ("Castaways") would be an adequate and less resource-intensive alternative.

Following the approval of Dr. Baptise's request, a reconnaissance team consisting of three operatives from MTF Beta-4 was deployed to Warm Springs Indian reservation to assess the situation and relay ground conditions to Site-64.

All individuals associated with GoI-466 were found to still be present within reservation territory, along with a smaller number of SCP-3577 instances than indicated through initial intel, with 32 initially accounted for and contained.

All instances in GoI-466 captivity were discovered to have been retroactively sterilized by Bandit "B.B." Baptise through a poorly understood mechanism of the anomaly produced by SCP-3577. This apparently resulted in the consequential nonexistence of the then-latest generation of SCP-3577, leading to the cessation of over 120 presumed instances. Physical evidence outside of documents and files could no longer be located and all wounds mentioned within Project Acme Correspondence could not be located on the aforementioned individuals.

Additionally, the nonexistence of multiple SCP-3577 instances resulted in the disappearance of injuries from four civilian individuals outside of Warm Springs Indian reservation, causing a minor information breach that was quickly contained.

Bandit "B.B." Baptise was initially interviewed following the official designation of SCP-3577 regarding the nature of his actions resulting in the successful containment of SCP-3577:

> So, I'm still sort of struggling with the ideas. It's time travel, I think? It's something about time, that's most of what I can remember.

> One thing that really stuck with me when my mom was studying them was when she said

that they seem capable of interacting with the past, but not the present. I gotta tell you, that idea sounded insane to me. Freaky, freaky. Makes me understand why my dad got so spooked and made the call, but my mom's no fan of you guys. So when she found out what was happening, she got all heated and distracted and stopped trying to sort things out. Nobody knew what to do.

So, basically, I tried doing something myself. So I figured, these coyotes can interact with the past, yeah? Can I do the same thing to them? I thought of what would work, like, I'd need some sort of medium to interact with the past. And that's when I saw the calendar. Calendar's perfect.

So I got a pen and I made a little note for the date back when we found the first pack. That day became the day I was gonna spay and neuter every single coyote we got our hands on. I circled it. I starred it. Got really pumped to do it, even though it technically already happened.

And you know what? It worked. Most productive day of my life and I don't even remember it. Set the precedent to neuter every coyote we caught ever since. Time fixed itself, left us with a lot less coyotes to deal with, thank god.

You wanna know why we're named Wilson's Wildlife Solutions? Because stuff like that, it's the kind of solution you should aim for. The best kind of solution.

Of note is that Bandit Baptise's arms and chest were covered in injuries consistent with SCP-3577 generation.

Footnotes

1. Common coyote
2. In whichchronallagiis a measurement of how much a temporal transaction changes the timeline and - by extension - the memory, perception and recollective capabilities of individuals regarding the prior condition of the timeline. Less than 0.01 denotes minimal to zero effect on individual cognition. As coined by Senior Researcher Nomaj as part of his theorems regarding the capabilities of temporal anomalies and the possible effects they can afflict on the human psyche.

SCP-3579: Insta-Gator

Item #: SCP-3579

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Any physical instances of SCP-3579-1 are to be taken down by undercover Foundation personnel, disguised as working men and women. Any website hosting digital instances of SCP-3579-1 are to be remotely changed as to not feature SCP-3579-1. All calls to SCP-3579 are to be traced and ended if possible. Research of SCP-3579 is only to be conducted by Level 2 staff using a cell phone with the phone number of SCP-3579 on speed-dial, kept in storeroom 24 of Site-15.

Description: SCP-3579 is a telephone operated service running under the name “Insta-Gator”, using the telephone number 1-800- - . At random intervals, advertisements featuring SCP-3579 will appear in major cities. These are identified as SCP-3579-1. Instances of SCP-3579-1 will feature the phone number associated with SCP-3579 and the tag line: "*Need some help with a troublemaker? Wish you could just eliminate 'er? We'll be your problem solving crusader. Just call us at Insta-Gator!*"

When the number associated with SCP-3579 is called, a pre-recorded voice asks the caller to name a destination. When a valid destination is spoken into the phone, the pre-recorded message asks them to press a number on their phone to select an amount of alligators and a special request for an extra fee. When a number from one through nine is pressed, a corresponding amount of fully grown, live American alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), identified as SCP-3579-2 will enter the specified area through any body of water within 10 m of identified location, and attempt to fulfill the request. If no water is within the 10 m radius, a small puddle which expands to accommodate the amount of alligators will form. If nothing is requested, instances of SCP-3579-2 will remain hostile. After 10 minutes, any instance of SCP-3579-2 currently not in the

water will attempt to return to the body of water, into which they will dematerialize. If the body of water was created by SCP-3579, it will dissipate into water vapour.

Instances of SCP-3579-2 display various anomalies compared to regular American alligators. Instances of SCP-3579-2 are always male, exactly 4 metres long, and visually exact to any other instance of SCP-3579-2. If kept outside of a body of water for more that 5 minutes, instances of SCP-3579-2 will suffer myocardial infarction, causing them to cease life functions. Recent scans of the DNA of multiple instances of SCP-3579-2 concluded that each instance has identical genetic makeup.

The location that SCP-3579 operates from is currently unknown.

Test Log:

Test 3579-01
Location chosen: Wetlands, Louisiana
Amount requested: Six
Objects present: None
Special request: None
Purpose: Initial test of the capabilities of SCP-3579
Result: Six instances of SCP-3579-2 violently thrashed out of the water in a tight circle and constantly leaped and attacked the air above them for ten minutes before returning to the water.

Test 3579-02
Location chosen: Pond within Biological Research Site-104
Amount requested: Two
Objects present: Two Class-D personnel. D-3579-01 standing next to the pond, and D-3579-02 standing 15 metres away.
Special request: Attack the Class-D personnel.
Purpose: Test if SCP-3579 can manifest instances of SCP-3579-2 in a closed environment as well as test SCP-3579-2's hostility towards humans.
Result: Two instances of SCP-3579-2 crawled out of the pond. The first immediately attacked D-3579-01, while

the second chased down D-3579-02 and attacked. Both instances of SCP-3579-2 killed their respective Class-D personnel and returned to the pond after ten minutes.
Researcher's Note: *Well, that was… gruesome. Remind me to keep that number secure. Ick. -Dr. L*

Test 3579-03
Location chosen: 'Beside me' (Within a research laboratory in Site-15)
Amount requested: One
Objects present: A live pig.
Special request: None
Purpose: Test to see if SCP-3579-2 can manifest itself without a water source as well as its hostility towards animals.
Result: A small puddle formed on the floor of the lab beside Dr. L . Despite the puddle not being deep at all, an instance of SCP-3579-2 emerged from it, with its body half submerged as it thrashed. It did not attempt to eat the pig.
Researcher's Note: *Seems these things won't actively hunt unless told to. -Dr. L*

Test 3579-04
Location chosen: A bowl of water within a two-roomed research laboratory in Site-15
Amount requested: Three
Objects present: A remotely closed door between the two rooms.
Special request: Enter the second room.
Purpose: Test SCP-3579-2's lifespan out of water.
Result: Three instances of SCP-3579-2 dove from the bowl, two of which attacked the Class-D personnel standing near the doorway and later returned into the bowl. The third instance traversed to D-3579-05 and attacked them. The doorway was locked down while the instance of SCP-3579-2 was in the room without the bowl. After five minutes of being trapped, the instance of SCP-3579-2 suffered myocardial infarction and died.

Test 3579-05
Location chosen: Within a research laboratory in Site-15
Amount requested: One
Objects present: A clipboard with a research notes page placed on the ground, **SCP-1161** left open in a display case.
Special request: Research **SCP-1161**.
Purpose: See if SCP-3579-2 has non-destructive purposes.
Result: A sink within the lab turned itself on, filling with water. A single instance of SCP-3579-2 climbed out, and calmly crawled towards the clipboard and SCP-1161. After being hunched over the clipboard for about 4 minutes, the instance of SCP-3579-2 climbed back into the sink. The clipboard was filled out, in scrawny handwriting.

Clipboard Filled out by SCP-3579-2

> **Name:** instent algator
> **Researching:** scp one one six one
> **Observations:** had werds 'how to build a shelf' and instructshuns on how to bild one.
> *The rest of the document is blank.*

Researcher's Note: *Huh, this could have a somewhat useful purpose. -Dr. L*

Test 3579-06
Location chosen: Surface of Lunar Area-32
Amount requested: One
Objects present: None
Special Request: None
Purpose: [REDACTED]
Result: A small puddle of liquid water formed on the lunar surface, and one instance of SCP-3579-2 leaped from it, immediately suffocating due to the vacuum of space. The puddle dissipated without SCP-3579-2

returning to it.
Researcher's Note: *Whose idea was this? -Dr. L*

SCP-3580: The Devotion Locket

Item #: SCP-3580

Object Class: Safe[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Each of SCP-3580's five components are to be held within a humidity controlled padded lock box. At the time of writing, only SCP-3580-a in conjunction with SCP-3580-d have demonstrated anomalous properties. However, the complete set is to be contained in the event that unprecedented interactions manifest. In order to prevent unintended contact between the aforementioned items, SCP-3580-a through SCP-3580-d are to be kept within individual cotton pouches. SCP-3580-e is to be held within a fitted 6x10cm glass frame.

In accordance with L-4 Standard Antique Preservation Procedures, relative humidity levels should not be permitted to exceed 1%. SCP-3580-a through SCP-3580-d are to be inspected annually for signs of oxidation, and cleaned if necessary.

Documented permission from the Head of On-Site Research is required if any containment protocols are to be disturbed or otherwise altered for study of SCP-3580. In order to prevent unnecessary damage to the heirloom, personnel hands must be washed and placed within standard disposable gloves prior to contact. The antiques remain fragile, and are to be handled with care.

All occurrences of SCP-3580-2 are to be contained within a sealed 64 m^2 room. Furnishings standard with that of a middle income living area are required upon request. As per subject desire, the cell's interior may be remodeled assuming that said changes do not compromise containment, subject safety, nor the ability for staff personnel to gain access to SCP-3580-2 at any given time.

Mandatory weekly psychological evaluations on SCP-3580-2 are to

be performed by a trained psychiatrist. As per subject request, counselling sessions and a means in which to contact their assigned psychiatrist at any time may also be provided. On a case to case basis and alongside psychiatrist recommendation, SCP-3580-2 may be permitted to keep a small animal companion of their choice.

Description: SCP-3580 is composed of a set of gilded jewelry consistent with traditional Chinese betrothal wear. Each piece of the set contains an evident flower motif, and displays near-perfect condition.

SCP-3580-*	Appearance	Known Anomalous Interactions
-a	A diamond shaped locket. It is 7x5cm at its widest, and is inlaid with several gems in order to depict a bed of flowers. The edges are intricately carved into leaves. The interior contains a concave divot used to secure photographs.	-See Affliction 2.a
-b	A pair of earrings each shaped to form a budding flower. They are 1x1cm at their widest.	None Observed
-c	A 2cm wide bangle shaped to depict a growing vine. Contains 4 (1.43 carat) ruby gemstones inlaid as blossoms.	None Observed
-d	An index ring shaped to form a blooming flower. The ring's head is 3x3cm at its widest.	None Observed
-e	The photograph	-See Affliction 2.a

	removed from SCP-3580-a. It is 6x10cm and displays two middle aged Chinese newly weds of upper class.

Affliction 2.a:
Upon physical exposure to SCP-3580-e while contained within SCP-3580-a, subject [hereafter referred to as SCP-3580-2] demonstrates no immediate adverse effects. After an indeterminate amount of time, subject will grow increasing despondent and withdrawn. As time progresses SCP-3580-2 will develop pervasive hypercritical delusions regarding human physical appearance indicative of [DATA EXPUNGED].

All instances of SCP-3580-2 express mild to extreme distress when confronted with their own physical appearance. Attempts are frequently made to either hide or correct one's perceived flaws. Methods noted include drastic bodily dissimulation, including excessive use of cosmetic surgery[2]. SCP-3580-2 will frequently seek the reassurance of others to deny that any notable change has taken place. Self-mutilation has been observed in late stage psychosis.

SCP-3580-2 will also express mild to extreme distress when confronted with the physical appearance of others[3]. SCP-3580-2 will often terminate both romantic and platonic relationships. When forced to converse with or view another human, all subjects have been noted to close eyes or avoid visual contact with the individual. Several display immediate urges to terminate interaction through physical or verbal means. If this fails, SCP-3580-2 has been noted to dissociate from reality, and/or grow violent.

Behavior demonstrated by SCP-3580-2 includes an acute fixation on commonly viewed physiological regions such as the nose, stomach, thighs, skin, and hair. Incidences expand to include height, lip shape/size, shoulder width, proportional limb distribution, and muscle size. This degradation worsens proportionately as time passes, eventually encompassing SCP-3580-2's viewpoint of all visible features of themselves and others. No instances of

SCP-3580-2 have manifested a genuine post-exposure alteration of appearance.

Extreme methods of establishing and maintaining self isolation have been noted. SCP-3580-2 are at a heightened risk for anxiety, depression, and suicidal ideation/attempt. The application of amnestics to remove memory of encounter with SCP-3580-a and SCP-3580-e demonstrate no observable effects on psychosis.

Addendum 3580-1: *[01/18/201]* As ordered by Dr. , all components associated with SCP-3580 underwent a detailed chemical composition analysis.

> Note: Results indicative of wear, but no anomalous properties were detected. The gilding appears to have been performed utilizing 24 carat gold leaf (99.79% purity). The main body of each item consists of carved *Pinus armandii* wood, indigenous to China. SCP-3580-a exists as a notable exception. Its main body appears to have been constructed utilizing *Pinus resinosa*, which remains native to exclusively North America.

Addendum 3580-2: *[01/21/201]* As a result of previous testing, a second specialized examination of SCP-3580-a was performed as ordered by Dr. .

> Note: Carbon dating of the main body indicates an age of 150 ± years. Additionally, SCP-3580-a's angular design indicates that it had been crafted in Victorian era style. This remains highly inconsistent with the remainder of the set. Results indicative of [DATA EXPUNGED].

Addendum 3580-3: *[02/04/201]* Autopsy report of Agent L . Subject unknowingly came under the effects of Affliction 2.a during initial containment, and was hospitalized three weeks later as a result of life threatening self-mutilation. Subject's body was confiscated and brought to Site 1 . All attending medical professionals were administered Class-A amnestics.

> + Post-Mortem Examination Report L:45-2

Post-Mortem Report L:45-2 - [02/03/201]

Name, Age, and Marital Status: Agent L /24/Single
Address: [REDACTED]
P.M Authorized By: Dr.
Place of P.M: Site 1 Medical Ward, Wing: N2, Rm: 04
Operating Physician: Dr.
P.M Attendees: Dr. , Field Agent
Time and Date of Death: 4:54am, [02/02/201]
Time and Date of P.M: 6:13pm, [02/02/201]
External Examination: Remains presented in a black body bag. Subject wearing black cotton hooded sweatshirt and navy blue pants.

The body is that of an athletic caucasian male, measuring 172cm and weighing 82kg. Hair is brown in colour and approximately 5cm at longest point. The body is cold and unembalmed. Lividity is fixed in the inferior limbs. The eyes and surrounding skin including portions of the scalp from the occipital bone to either parietal ridge had been removed prior to death [hereafter referred to as Aberration A].

Removal of clothes reveals recent chemical burn damage to all regions of external skin below the shoulders [hereafter referred to as Aberration B]. Accumulation of necrotic tissues and fibrinopurulent material lining the chest and back. Distal limbs present hardened gray flesh. Damage to subcutaneous tissue evident. The presence of infection and dried exudate indicate healing. Aberration B was likely created approximately two weeks prior to death.

Head/Central Nervous System: Subsequent

autopsy shows severe comminuted fracturing as a result of Aberration A in the parietal, frontal, nasal, temporal, ethmoid, and lacrimal bones. Additional fracturing can be seen within the zygomatic arch. Lacerations from Aberration A penetrate the skin and subdermal tissues of the head and neck. Tearing of the dura, arachnoid, and pia mater is evident. Abnormal quantities of blood can be found within the subarachnoid space, in addition to mild bruising on the frontal and parietal lobes of the brain.

Skeletal System: See above. All other structures appear intact.

Respiratory System/Throat Structures: The mucosa displays several large lesions resulting from excessive irritation via the teeth. Otherwise, there are no injuries to the lips, teeth or gums.

There is no obstruction of the airway. Mucosa of the epiglottis, glottis, piriform sinuses, trachea and major bronchi appear irritated, likely from chemical inhilation.

Cardiovascular System: The heart has a normal size and configuration.

Gastrointestinal System: The mucosa and wall of the esophagus are irritated but without lesions. The gastric mucosa is without injury. Approximately ml of partially digested [REDACTED] is found in the stomach. The mucosa of the duodenum, jejunum, ileum, and colon are intact. Rectum appears scarred by Aberration B.

Urinary System: The kidneys are unremarkable.

Male Genital System: Effects of Aberration B are present on all exposed genitalia. Based on evidence provided by subdurmal tissue analysis, a crude self-enacted vasectomy appears to have been performed approximately two weeks prior to death. All remaining structures are intact.

Toxicology: A sample of blood and bile are submitted for toxicologic analysis.

Cause of Death: Subarachnoid hemorrhaging resulting from Aberration A. Aberration B is estimated to have occurred two weeks prior to death.

Closing Remarks: Subject was originally presented as a homicide victim due to the violent nature of the structural damage to the cranium. Presence of Aberration B indicates this possibility to be highly unlikely. Given Agent L 's assignment as a member of SCP-3580's retrieval team (and the reported nature of SCP-3580) an unreported breach in containment is likely at fault.

Note: The mental well being of all cases of SCP-3580-2 should now be considered high priority. No further creations of SCP-3580-2 are to be permitted under any circumstances. -Dr.

Addendum 3580-4: *[02/11/201]* Transcript of interview with Agent M who came under the effects of SCP-3580 during initial recovery mission alongside Agent L . All other incidences of SCP-3580-2 threatened some variation of [REDACTED] when asked to leave their quarters.

+ Audio Transcript of Interview R:67-3

Interviewed: Agent M

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: Following the death of Agent L , Agent M was detained by foundation personnel. Upon confirmation of the effects of Affliction 2.a, subject was placed into containment.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : "Log date, February eleventh, two thousand [REDACTED]. This is Dr. , recording interview r colon sixty seven, dash three. [To Agent M] I'm so very sorry for the confusion. I appreciate your cooperation. [Pause.] You may open your eyes. [Pause.] If the light is agitating them I can turn the-"

Agent M : "I-It's fine. [Exhale.] Sorry. Look, let's just make this quick."

Dr. : "Certainly. To begin, please describe the effect that SCP-3580 has had on you."

Agent M : "I don't f-f-fee…. [Unstable Exhale.] It started out so… *Quiet*… At first… It was like that f-feeling you get as a kid, when the popular kids laugh near you. *Exposed*, I guess. At the time I had just assumed it was exhaustion, L and I had just flown in from [REDACTED] with the artifact. [Long Pause.] God, I just realized. He saw it too. I haven't talked to him since, is he alright?"

Dr. : "Yes, Agent L is fine. He has been contained like yourself. Please, continue."

Agent M : "Right, sorry. The following morning, again, the feeling was still there.

When I saw my reflection in the- [Subject's voice trembles before cracking.] I…I'm *s-sorry*, I can't. I c-can-n't be, HERE…" [Subject begins sobbing loudly, intermittent with coughs.]

Dr. : "Please, M . You're safe here. We *need* the information that you have, no one else has been willing to speak with us."

Agent M : [Hysterical yelling.] Don't fucking *touch* me you greasy old hag! [Scraping noise, followed by several loud metallic clangs.] Great! Absolutely *p-perfect*!"

Dr. : [Breathless.] "Agent , *please*, I know how hard this mus-"

Agent M : [Hysterical yelling.] "You have no fucking *clue* what this is like! It's *agony*! I feel like someone is drilling a hole into my skull! Over! [Loud metallic clang.] And over! [Loud metallic clang.] And over [Loud metallic clang.] again! There is no escape, I'm trapped here! I'm trapped here… I am *trapped* here, I'm trapped here and I will be until I die! [A loud metallic bang is heard followed by faint whimpering.] No matter who I look at, I only see [DATE EXPUNGED]. H-Horrifying, infected… *grimy*… I flinched at my own daughter's face. All I could see were her puffy! Squinty! Eyes! And that god awful chin…My chin… She, she begged for me to stop, all the way 'till… [Subject begins sobbing again, quietly.] What sort of fucking parent am I?"

Dr. : "Would you be willing to draw your ideal human form, or at the very least look at me and describe every area that you would deem faulty?"

Agent M : "There used to be so much…

beauty, in the world y'know? She and I, we used to just sit on the balcony and watch people stroll past…" [Subject murmurs incoherently before trailing off into silence.]

Dr. : [A series of finger snaps can be heard.] "Back *here* M . I need you *here*!"

Agent M : [Slowly and disconnectedly.] "I think that I would like to return to my quarters now, doc." [Subject lapses into silence and no further attempts to generate a response were successful.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject was returned to containment without incident. Subject's negative reaction to physical contact indicates an alteration to additional senses beyond sight. Further testing is required.

Footnotes
1. Due to the unpredictability of SCP-3580-2, subjects are to be treated as Euclid level.
2. The use of cosmetic surgery has been consistently shown to worsen subject's mental stability.
3. All cases of SCP-3580-2 are known to exhibit this symptom. Many may not express it, or express it non-verbally due to personal variability in empathy and taught etiquette.

SCP-3582: The Multiverse is Having a Seizure

> Accessing file SCP-3582…
>
> Attention: this SCP file contains multiple iterations. Do you wish to view the most recent iteration? y/n
>
> Input: n
>
> Do you wish to view iterations sequentially? y/n
>
> Input: y
>
> Understood. Accessing SCP-3582 iteration 1, file date 3/15/2023…

Item #: SCP-3582

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Area-3582 has been established around a perimeter encompassing the area currently affected by SCP-3582. Civilian presence is prohibited within 3 kilometres of Area-3582 under the cover story of a military testing base. A total of 250 Scranton Reality Anchors are placed at 30 meter intervals along the perimeter surrounding SCP-3582. Under no circumstances are non-D-Class personnel to enter SCP-3582. Any Foundation equipment or personnel affected by SCP-3582 are to be considered lost.

Description: SCP-3582 is a spacial phenomenon encompassing a roughly circular area of approximately 36 square kilometres in Mitchell County, Georgia. The affected area, and all buildings, objects, and animals within it, are subject to random and sporadic reality alterations.

Observed alterations include:

- transformation of terrain to erratic, unnatural, and often non-Euclidean geometry.
- spontaneous manifestation of individual non-anomalous objects and animals. It is of note that the point of manifestation is not affected by pre-existing geometry; this can result in the intersection and displacement of solid matter.
- spontaneous replacement of individual objects and animals with non-anomalous analogs of the same variety.

Hume readings of SCP-3582's area of effect are wildly inconsistent; Hume levels range from the baseline of 1 to 7 13 34 72. At the current rate of exponentiation, it is estimated that Scranton Reality Anchors will become ineffective in mitigating the effects of SCP-3582 by 6/22/2024. Keter reclassification is under consideration.

Addendum 3582.1: Timeline of notable events

The following is a list of several notable anomalous events within SCP-3582 taking place between its discovery and 3/15/2023.

Event Date	Event Description
1/27/2021	Initial discovery of SCP-3582, following reports of unusual activity in the area. Initial containment procedures enacted.
2/10/2021	Anomalous shifting of approximately 3 square kilometres within SCP-3582 to erratic and jagged terrain; mild damage to equipment within the area sustained. First major effects of SCP-3582 observed by Foundation personnel.
11/23/2021	Spontaneous manifestation of 12 large ash trees during routine scouting, causing the deaths of 2 D-class personnel who were encased within a tree on its manifestation.
4/10/2022	Manifestation of 3 female cows;

	one appeared almost completely underground and subsequently died of blood loss due to its body being displaced by surrounding dirt, one died after falling from approximately 15 meters above ground, and one was unharmed. All specimens were tested and found to be completely non-anomalous.
10/19/2022	One D-class personnel inspecting the manifestation of a Ford brand pickup truck was spontaneously replaced by a man in his mid-forties wearing dirty farm clothes. The subject panicked and became violent upon coming into contact with Area-3582 staff and was subsequently terminated. This is the first observed occurrence of SCP-3582 directly affecting a human.
1/12/2023	Following a momentary loss of power to on-site SRAs[1], approximately 200 tons of clay and dirt manifested within a section of Area-3582, resulting in the deaths of 18 Foundation personnel. SCP-3582 exclusion zone was expanded and containment procedures were revised.

Update 8/16/2023: Based on recent events, the above documentation has been rendered outdated. Please proceed to SCP-3582 file iteration 2.

Accessing SCP-3582 Iteration 2, file date 6/4/2024…

+ Access SCP-3582 Iteration 2

Item #: SCP-3582

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All new instances of SCP-3582-1 are to be documented and the affected areas to be, if possible, evacuated and quarantined. Both Foundations and cooperative Groups of Interest are to put forth collaborative efforts to stop, and potentially reverse, SCP-3582.

Description:SCP-3582 is a spacial phenomenon encompassing an exponentially increasing percentage of earth's surface area. The affected area, and all buildings, objects, and animals within it, are subject to random and sporadic reality alterations.[2]

Observed alterations include:

- transformation of terrain to cohesive, smooth, non anomalous geometry.
- spontaneous manifestation of individual non-anomalous objects and animals. It is of note that the point of manifestation is affected by pre-existing geometry; this prevents the intersection of manifesting objects and pre-existing terrain.
- spontaneous replacement of individual objects and animals with non-anomalous analogs of the same variety.
- transformation of affected humans into SCP-3582-Σ instances (see below).

SCP-3582-Σ denotes humans affected by SCP-3582. Rather than being completely replaced by similar analogs, they are mentally and physically altered to what is seemingly a fusion of their previous identities and an unknown alternate identity. In 40 percent of cases, this results in minor brain damage, with 7 percent of cases resulting in severe brain damage or death.

SCP-3582 is currently theorized to be an ongoing

intersection between this universe and a near identical iteration of it, henceforth referred to as “Öß-Class Multi-Universal Amalgamation Scenario”. The exact nature and origin of SCP-3582 are as of yet unknown. Measurements taken of interstellar phenomena assumed to be caused by SCP-3582 reveal that the initial collision occurred roughly 4 billion years ago.

SCP-3582-1 is the collective designation for all areas affected by SCP-3582. See supplementary document 3582-1.L for an unabridged listing of all known locations. As of 6/4/2024, 26 percent of the earth has been covered by SCP-3582 and has been converted to SCP-3582-1.

Researcher Note 6/23/2024:

> The rate of manifestation and expansion of SCP-3582-1 zones keeps increasing. We've lost contact with the containment staff of most of the other 3582-1 containment areas. I'd like to keep up clinical tone, but I don't think anyone who cares is ever going to see this. I can't even get through to O5 command, and Site Director Walters locked himself in his office a couple days ago.
> Most populated areas started to collapse a couple months ago. Before we all locked up in the site, I could see the flames of rioters and crumbling buildings in the distance.
> I don't think we have much time left before 3582 gets here too. Our backup power isn't enough to support the SRAs, so I can't be certain, but I can feel reality starting to fall apart around me. The few SCPs we had here have been decommissioned. Most researchers still here have resigned themselves to death, and I'm close to that as well. I don't see anything else there is to do at this point.

> Maybe the next world will have a better run.

- Dr. Hana Winters, Site 37

[ERROR: LOSS OF POWER. LOGGING OUT OF SCiPNET…]

Footnotes
1. The cause of this power loss is unknown.
2. The rate of alterations has steadily risen since the discovery of SCP-3582.

SCP-3585: Wondertainment's Murder Mystery Mates

Item #: SCP-3585

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Each instance of SCP-3585 is stored in a separate standard item containment locker. Each locker is to be equipped with a basic motion tracking camera. If movement above two meters is detected within a thirty day period a Ventura Event will be initiated by Foundation personnel.

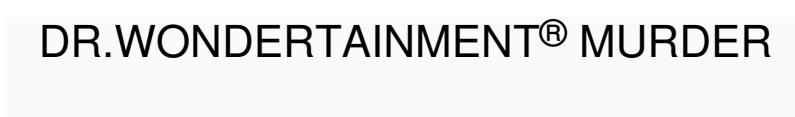
All suggested testing of SCP-3585 must be approved by two Level 3 personnel. Any banned materials included in suggested testing materials will result in immediate denial. The list of banned materials is found in document 3585-291.

As of 11/29/10, D-Class personnel with backgrounds in law enforcement have been added to the list of banned materials.

Description: SCP-3585 is a set of nine, thirty-four centimeter tall, plush toys depicting slightly exaggerated representations of various animals. Animals represented by SCP-3585 consist of:

- SCP-3585-A a fennec fox
- SCP-3585-B an American bullfrog
- SCP-3585-C a striped skunk
- SCP-3585-D a white tailed deer
- SCP-3585-E a tiger
- SCP-3585-F a long eared Hedgehog
- SCP-3585-G a common potoo
- SCP-3585-H a red legged sun squirrel
- SCP-3585-I a red legged sun squirrel

Each SCP-3585 has an attached tag reading on one side as follows:



MYSTERY MATES©

On the reverse side the tag reads as follows:

SURFACE WASHABLE
ALL NEW MATERIALS
POLYESTER FIBERS & PLASTIC PELLETS
MADE IN INDONESIA

When located in the same room all instances of SCP-3585 become both fully sapient and capable of independent motion. Once in this state SCP-3585-D will approach human individuals in the room, and vocalize an offer to begin a Ventura event. The process through which SCP-3585-D makes this vocalization is currently unknown. If all human subjects refuse, all instances of SCP-3585 will return to an inactive state. If a human subject accepts, SCP-3585-D instances will ask that all humans leave the room.

Upon the room being evacuated by all entities except for SCP-3585 instances, the SCP-3585 instances will use all materials available in the room to construct a representation of a murder crime scene. The process by which the SCP-3585 instances manipulate the materials is currently unknown. A seemingly random SCP-3585 instance shall be used as the murder victim in question. This instance has never been documented to be SCP-3585-D. In 5% of all Ventura Events, these crime scenes have matched a documented murder case. Once the scene has been created[1] the human individuals who agreed to participate in the Ventura Event will be invited back into the room.

Once the room contains all individuals who agreed to participate in the Ventura Event SCP-3585-D will explain the rules of the Ventura Event.[2] The individuals will then be given ten hours to decide which SCP-3585 instance is playing the part of the murderer.

If the proper SCP-3585 instance is guessed by the end of the ten hours SCP-3585-D will vocalize congratulations on a job well done, and give them a plastic novelty sheriff's badge. If the proper SCP-3585 instance was not chosen as the murderer all instances will deactivate without vocalization. At the end of the Ventura Event all damaged SCP-3585 instances will revert to the state they were in

before activation.

Addendum: The following is a sample of past testing on Ventura Events.

> **Date:** 6/29/10
>
> **Room:** Standard testing chamber.
>
> **Participants:** D-31937 (Male, 27)
>
> **Materials Provided:** None
>
> **Brief Overview of Resulting Ventura Event:** While D-31937 was waiting outside of the testing chamber, SCP-3585 instances stood in a circle for five minutes. At the end of the five minutes SCP-3585-C fell to the ground, and the rest of the SCP-3585 instances excluding SCP-3585-D began to move around the fallen SCP-3585-C simulating panic. SCP-3585-D moved to the door to the testing chamber, and knocked against the door three times while vocalizing the words 'We're done.'
>
> Upon entering the chamber D-31937 was given an explanation of the rules. He was told that he had ten hours to find out which SCP-3585 instance had killed SCP-3585-C. He was informed that everyone in the room would cooperate as long as the information being asked for didn't give them away as being a possible suspect, but all of them would have clear signs of when they were trying to deceive D-31937.
>
> D-31937 started by questioning SCP-3585-D. He was told that SCP-3585-C had been walking home the night prior with SCP-3585-A, and that SCP-3585-D had no information beyond that. Upon questioning SCP-3585-A, D-31937 was given the information that SCP-3585-C had been attacked by a dark and green being while they were walking home, and passing by the river. During this conversation SCP-3585-A had its ears placed over the plastic representing its eyes, and was letting out

occasional sobbing sounds. This behavior ceased at the end of questioning.

After examining SCP-3585-C for approximately four minutes, D-31937 noticed that SCP-3585-C was as he described it 'unusually wet'. At the thirty minute mark, D-31937 declared that he believed the murderer to be SCP-3585-B. After this declaration all SCP-3585 instances fell to the ground with no vocalization.

Additional notes: Test was to see what would happen if the SCP-3585 instances were not given any materials to work with.

Date: 8/24/10

Room: Standard testing chamber.

Participants: D-93482 (Female, 36)

Materials Provided: Twenty-two wooden planks, a box of forty nails, and two hammers.

Brief Overview of Resulting Ventura Event: SCP-3585 instances stand in a circle for five minutes. At the end of the five minutes SCP-3585-A, SCP-3585-B, and SCP-3585-G began construction of a small wooden structure similar in design to a style house. The other instances of SCP-3585 remained away from the building area, and began to vocalize sounds of heavy construction equipment.

The building was completed lacking a front wall, and the excess materials were put to the side of the structure. Inside of the structure SCP-3585-G had been nailed to an interior wall in a way resembling crucifixion.

At this point SCP-3585-D once again moved to the door, and repeated its previous behavioral patterns signifying that the Ventura Event was ready for participants. The rules were the same as the previous tests. D-93482

entered into the room, and began to examine the built structure. D-92482 seemed discouraged upon noticing the state that SCP-3585-G was currently in, and asked for the game to stop.

SCP-3585-G pulled itself out of the wall, and upon hitting the ground ended its activation along side all other SCP-3585 instances. The damage SCP-3585-G received due to the crucifixion was missing when it was examined after the test.

Additional Notes: Test was to demonstrate the building capabilities of SCP-3585 instances. D-93482 was disciplined for ending the testing early without approval. First example of a Ventura Event ending before a guess was made as to which SCP-3585 instance the murderer was.

Date: 11/29/10

Room: Standard testing chamber

Participants: D-97921 (Male, 54, Previously employed as a detective.)

Materials Provided: Paper, a clipboard, twenty wooden planks, box of nails, two golden plated watches, one ceremonial knife, a bottle of spring water, and three day old fresh bread.

Brief Overview of Resulting Ventura Event: Upon entering the room to begin the Ventura Event D-97921 was approached by SCP-3585-D. Instead of the normal vocalization SCP-3585-D gave D-97921 the plastic novelty sheriff badge given to individuals who correctly guessed during an Ventura Event. SCP-3585-D then congratulated D-97921 on a job well done, and fell to the ground in a pattern identical to the response given upon correct guess during an Ventura Event.

Additional Notes: All tests done with personnel who

previously had a background in law enforcement have ended in this manner, suggesting that nothing more can be gained from testing individuals with this type of background in conjunction with SCP-3585

Footnotes
1. This process has taken between ten minutes and five days in past Ventura Events.
2. These rules have had 89 recorded variations.

SCP-3587: If I Were Trapped On An Island I'd Bring Me Myself and I

Item #: SCP-3587

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The area surrounding SCP-3587 is to be patrolled and monitored by the SCPS *Rainmaker*. All individuals attempting to approach SCP-3587 are to be apprehended, interviewed and subsequently administered a Class-A amnestic. In order to reduce the likelihood of authorities searching for the location of Lionel Hodgeson, a cover story has been disseminated involving his death from illness.

Observation of SCP-3587 is to be done aboard the SCPS *Rainmaker* using long-range equipment.

Description: SCP-3587 is a deserted tropical island, located 53 kilometers off the coast of and referred to by locals as the "Devil's Spine", due to the dangerous environmental conditions present there. All attempts to enter the area surrounding the island are repelled by an invisible entity. Thus far, no means have been determined for Foundation personnel to enter SCP-3587 itself.

SCP-3587-1 is the collective designation for (at the time of writing) two hundred and sixty three instances of Lionel Hodgeson, a fisherman who became stranded on SCP-3587 in 2014 following a severe thunderstorm in the area. It is currently unknown how Hodgeson was able to enter SCP-3587 without being repelled.

Each night at midnight, a new instance of SCP-3587-1 will manifest in the vicinity of an already extant instance. This instance will be an exact replica of Lionel Hodgeson as he was when he first became stranded on SCP-3587, including clothes and minor possessions[1] on his person at the time. However, the mental state of a new SCP-3587-1 appears to reflect the overall mental state of all

SCP-3587-1 instances at the time of its manifestation. As such, there does not seem to be a need for already extant SCP-3587-1 instances to explain their situation to new instances.

Observation Log 3587-1:

The following is a log of significant events on SCP-3587 as observed by research personnel aboard the SCPS *Rainmaker*.

Date	Significant Events
02/04/2014	Seven instances of SCP-3587-1 emerge onto the beach, having apparently accepted their situation to some extent. Upon noticing the SCPS *Rainmaker* in the distance, all instances of SCP-3587-1 attempt to make their presence known for several hours, culminating in the creation of a 'help' message made by rearranging stones already present on the beach.
02/25/2014	A crude camp has been built on the beach by the eighteen instances of SCP-3587-1 present. Evidence suggests three instances were previously killed while attempting to hunt for food. Several instances of SCP-3587-1 attempt to recover useful materials from the original SCP-3587-1's boat, including the remains of the boat's radio.
03/18/2014	Progress on repair of the radio is ongoing, but appears to be stalled due to lack of usable materials. Several fights break out between groups of SCP-3587-1 instances, apparently regarding which of them is the original, causing a

	small number of deaths. Punishment of the exact instances responsible is difficult due to all instances of SCP-3587-1 being identical.
04/25/2014	A group of SCP-3587-1 return to the settlement with a number of parts from another radio.[2] Food supplies are dwindling, however, resulting in heightened tensions between SCP-3587-1 instances.
06/15/2014	Due to consistent difficulties gathering food, the SCP-3587-1 instances present restrain, kill and consume several of their number. Special care is taken to make the faces of these instances unrecognizable during this process. None of the instances speak to each other after this event, and several suicides are noted by observing personnel. A small faction of SCP-3587-1 instances has almost completed repair of the radio.
06/22/2014	Repair of the radio is complete. However, before it can be used, a humanoid entity emerges from the jungle, resembling a woman of abnormally large size covered in moss and various other forms of plant life. Several rows of antlers are also visible atop its head. This entity is hereafter referred to as SCP-3587-2. SCP-3587-1 instances initially panic upon appearance of SCP-3587-2, but following a hand gesture from the entity they all appear unable to move.

	SCP-3587-2 crushes the radio the SCP-3587-1 instances were attempting to rebuild. Following this, SCP-3587-2 then proceeds to kill all SCP-3587-1 instances involved with the radio's repair.
03/04/2015	SCP-3587-1 instances display no visible signs of sapience, instead crawling on all fours and consuming prey dragged to the beach by SCP-3587-2 in an animalistic manner. Body language suggests SCP-3587-2 is pleased by this development.

Footnotes

1. As most of Mr. Hodgeson's provisions were in his boat and not on his person at the time of his shipwreck, they are not reproduced upon the creation of a new SCP-3587-1 instance.
2. The exact source of these materials is unknown. However, investigation into additional historical disappearances in the area is ongoing.

SCP-3588: Cheers

Item #: SCP-3588

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The building containing SCP-3588 is formally condemned and now owned by a Foundation urban development front organization, thus little administrative containment is required. The area surrounding this site is to be cordoned under the guise of government surveying and manned at all times, with no less than two armed security squads on permanent retainer. Remote observation of SCP-3588 should be maintained constantly, with automatic alerts in place to signal Foundation security elements in the event of vandals or vagrants entering the property.

Rotating Foundation security patrols and other personnel assigned to SCP-3588 are reminded that it is not to be used for recreational purposes.

Description: SCP-3588 is Flynn's, a condemned bar located in Springfield, Oregon, United States of America.

After being destroyed in a fire in 2009, Flynn's was deemed structurally unsound and subsequently scheduled for demolition. After its anomalous properties were discovered and reported by municipal property inspectors, Foundation front company Schaefer Construction PLC purchased the building and containment was established.

When observed from the exterior or internally via drone, SCP-3588 exhibits no anomalous properties, appearing as would be expected of an abandoned building with extensive fire damage. However, when a human enters through the front entrance, all exterior viewing points (i.e. windows, holes) become obscured, the structure's exterior becomes impervious to all forms of electromagnetic

radiation, and the interior appears to the entering individual as it did before it was destroyed, undamaged and fully furnished with electricity and running water.

When in an active phase, SCP-3588 will always contain a single individual, designated SCP-3588-01. SCP-3588-01 appears as a Caucasian male of approximately 30 years of age, dressed in work clothes and an apron. This entity has never been shown to leave the area behind the bar, and willingly engages in conversation with anyone that approaches it, behaving as would be expected for a non-anomalous bartender, with some notable exceptions.

SCP-3588-01 possesses a number of anomalous properties. It is selectively tangible, and has as of yet been unaffected by any application of force upon it in testing trials. It is capable of spontaneously manifesting physical objects, typically ingredients and implements utilized in the preparation and serving of beverages. It also possesses some degree of omniscience. SCP-3588-01 is capable of preparing a visiting individual's most preferred beverage without being given this information, and can engage in conversation upon an apparently unlimited number of topics, displaying extensive knowledge of current events, sports, popular media, art, science, and history, among others, according to the conversational inclinations of the individual interacting with it.

The beverages produced by SCP-3588-01 possess no apparent anomalous properties apart from their origin, and can be consumed safely.

SCP-3588-01 has willingly given multiple interviews and demonstrations to Foundation personnel since its containment. Examples and testing trials follow.

Trial 3588-03 06/20/2014

Subject: D-3588-01
Scenario: Subject instructed to enter SCP-3588 and return after 30 minute

duration, no further instructions given. Subject equipped with chest camera and microphone.

(Subject enters SCP-3588 through front entrance. D-3588-01 flinches slightly, apparently startled by the sudden reconstructed interior and presence of SCP-3588-01 despite being previously briefed on SCP-3588's anomalous effects. SCP-3588-01 raises its arms and smiles.)

SCP-3588-01: This guy! Welcome to Flynn's, brother! Pull up a stool anywhere you like!

(D-3588-01 hesitates momentarily, then approaches and sits at a stool in the middle of the bar.)

SCP-3588-01: Gotta say, man, love the jumpsuit. That's a bold statement. How you doin' today, champ?

D-3588-01: I'm uh… okay, I guess. How, uh, how about you?

SCP-3588-01: Pff, workin' like a dog, but can't complain. You know how it is. You thirsty? You look pretty thirsty, my man.

D-3588-01: Um. Yeah, okay. I could definitely go for a drink.

SCP-3588-01: Good plan, brother man! What can I get for you? Wait no, let me guess. Jack and Coke, right? Tried and true classic right there.

D-3588-01: What- hang on. How did you know? I was just about to say that.

(SCP-3588-01 produces a bottle of Jack Daniel's whiskey from below the bar and begins mixing the beverage.)

SCP-3588-01: I been doin' this a long time. You get to a point where you can kind of see it in people's eyes, know what I mean? Sort of a knack, I guess.

D-3588-01: That's pretty impressive. Man, it's been a long time since I had one of these.

SCP-3588-01: I hear ya, brother. It's tough to find time for a drink with a pal sometimes. But you gotta do it, right? Basic human need as far as I'm concerned. You ever have the Gentleman Jack? That's a good bottle if you want to up your Jack game.

D-3588-01: Yeah? I'll have to try it sometime.

SCP-3588-01: I'll give you a taster if you wanna stick around after this one, I think you'll dig it.

(SCP-3588-01 places the mixed beverage on the bar in front of D-3588-01.)

SCP-3588-01: Wham bam, Jack and Coke.

(D-3588-01 sips the drink.)

D-3588-01: Perfect. *Right* on the money. A lot of places kind of overdo it

one way or the other, you know?

SCP-3588-01: Pff, yeah. Lots of knuckleheaded pourers out there. Not this guy, though, I'm a goddamn *mixologist*.

(D-3588-01 laughs.)

D-3588-01: Oh yeah? You get your degree?

SCP-3588-01: You kidding? I didn't go to school for six whole weeks for nothin'!

(Test continues without notable event. D-3588-01 stays within SCP-3588 for three hours longer than agreed-upon test duration and emerges heavily intoxicated. Test concluded. D-3588-01 reprimanded for disobeying established test parameters.)

Trial 3588-03 07/30/2014

Subject: Researcher Marquez
Scenario: Subject instructed to question SCP-3588-01 in an attempt to uncover more information regarding its anomalous properties. Subject equipped with chest camera, microphone, and MX-402 combat shotgun.

(Researcher Marquez enters SCP-3588, and discharges her provided tactical shotgun directly at SCP-3588-01. SCP-3588-01 incurs no damage. Several bottles are shattered by the weapon's pellets, but instantaneously reconstruct, their liquids returning to their original positions within the containers. Researcher Marquez then hangs the shotgun by the trigger guard on the coat rack near the room's entrance and approaches the bar. SCP-3588-01 laughs.)

SCP-3588-01: Tough day at the office, Steph?

Researcher Marquez: Nothing personal, Jack, just doublechecking.

SCP-3588-01: Sure, no worries. Still makin' that labcoat look damn good, I see. Not uh, like… not that I mean anything by that or anything.

(SCP-3588-01 blushes noticeably.)

SCP-3588-01: So anyway uh, how about a drink?

Researcher Marquez: Sure.

SCP-3588-01: Anything uh… in particular?

Researcher Marquez: Surprise me.

SCP-3588-01: Dirty-as-dishwater gin martini with three blue cheese-stuffed olives it is. Not to throw shade or

anything, but that has to be one of the weirder ones I've come across. No uh, offense.

Researcher Marquez: What can I say? I like olives.

(SCP-3588-01 begins preparing the order.)

SCP-3588-01: Might as well just dump some gin in the jar and put a straw in it, huh?

(Researcher Marquez laughs.)

Researcher Marquez: I think that *might* be a little much.

(Pause. SCP-3588-01 begins shaking Researcher Marquez's cocktail.)

SCP-3588-01: I don't wanna pry or anything, but you seem kinda blue. Something up?

Researcher Marquez: Mm? Oh. No, not really. You caught me thinking about my brother. He-

SCP-3588-01: I know. You don't have to say it out loud if you don't want to.

(Pause. Researcher Marquez sighs.)

Researcher Marquez: It's hard not to miss him. But, life has to go on, I guess.

SCP-3588-01: No truer thing. And you know what, he'd want you to unwind a bit, I think. I think those other labcoats

outside are working you too hard.

Researcher Marquez: I've been thinking about putting in for some vacation time. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't starting to wear a little thin.

SCP-3588-01: Damn straight, girl. You gotta do for you before you can do for others.

(SCP-3588-01 places the drink in front of Researcher Marquez. She smiles.)

Researcher Marquez: Manny used to say that kind of thing all the time.

SCP-3588-01: Yeah? Sounds like he was a smart guy. Maybe almost as smart as me. Ha.

(Researcher Marquez sips her drink.)

Researcher Marquez: Speaking of which. Can I ask you some questions, Jack?

SCP-3588-01: No, Steph, you can't have my phone number. Because I don't have a phone.

(Laughter.)

Researcher Marquez: Nice try, tiger. No, I mean… like, I shot you with a gun a couple minutes ago.

SCP-3588-01: Oh yeah. I was there. It was loud and like… all ballistic and stuff, if I remember right.

Researcher Marquez: So… I'd like an

explanation, if possible. Bullets don't pass through normal people, Jack.

SCP-3588-01: Uh, yeah. I'm a goddamn ghost. I thought you and your cadre of *nerds* out there would have put that together by now.

Researcher Marquez: Hey. I'm not a nerd.

SCP-3588-01: That is a pocket protector literally right there. In the pocket of your *labcoat*. You're not foolin' anyone, honey.

Researcher Marquez: What's the square root of 9216?

SCP-3588-01: 96.

Researcher Marquez: What's the standard atomic weight of osmium?

SCP-3588-01: 190.23.

Researcher Marquez: What's the diameter of Uranus?

(SCP-3588-01 smirks.)

SCP-3588-01: Depends on whether you're talking about-

Researcher Marquez: *The planet.*

SCP-3588-01: 51,118 kilometers, give or take a few.

Researcher Marquez: And where is O5 headquarters located?

SCP-3588-01: [REDACTED]

(Researcher Marquez sighs, then immediately finishes the remainder of her drink.)

SCP-3588-01: … Sorry. Another?

Researcher Marquez: Please.

(SCP-3588-01 produces an exact copy of Researcher Marquez's previous beverage from beneath the bar and sets it on the bartop.)

Researcher Marquez: There. Not only are you a *huge nerd*, but you're a *security risk*, Jack. Hence the containment. Can you shed any light on that? At all?

SCP-3588-01: You're really not gonna let up on this, are you.

Researcher Marquez: It's my job, Jack. You probably understand that more than most.

(SCP-3588-01 sighs.)

SCP-3588-01: Okay. Look. I loved my job. I loved it. It's not glamorous, or impressive, or technical or important or anything like that. I make drinks and I give them to people. And I talk to those people, about whatever they want to talk about. I always did that, and after I died, I sure as shit didn't want to stop. So I just… kept going, I guess. I don't know how.

Sometimes people need a friend,

Stephanie. They need someone with a cold beer and an ear. *Everyone* needs that every once in a while, no matter who they are, and I *loved* that I could be that for them. I lived for it. I heard a lot of fucked up stuff, and I worked my hands to the bone, but goddammit I loved every second. And I am *not* about to let death stand in the way of me being a friend to people who need it.

I don't know how to answer your question. But I know how to mix a fucking drink, and I know how to hold a conversation with someone who wants one. I guess you're just gonna have to be alright with that.

(Pause.)

Researcher Marquez: Okay. Alright, Jack, I'm fine with it. Some things we're just not meant to know, I guess. I didn't mean to upset you.

SCP-3588-01: It's okay. I know you didn't mean anything by it.

(Pause. Researcher Marquez imbibes the remainder of her beverage.)

SCP-3588-01: You uh… you need another one, there?

Researcher Marquez … Yeah, alright.

SCP-3588-01: Atta girl!

(Testing concludes without incident. Researcher Marquez is amnesticized

and receives a reprimand for exiting SCP-3588 outside of dictated parameters and becoming intoxicated while on duty.)

SCP-3589: Second Amendment

Item #: SCP-3589

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3589 is contained in a Standard Humanoid Containment Cell in Site-31. SCP-3589's current arms and upper body are to remain immobilized in polymer gel #MCN119 (replaced monthly). Immediately following conclusion of any testing, researchers are to repeatedly remove SCP-3589's arms until human extremities emerge, and reapply the gel.

Nonbiological arms composed of valuable materials may be melted down or otherwise scavenged, while biological arms are to be cryogenically preserved when not undergoing research.

Description: SCP-3589 is Armando Rivera, a 34-year-old Mexican-American man.

SCP-3589's anomalous properties manifest when one of its arms is removed. At this point, an amorphous mass of stem cells will extend from SCP-3589's stump. This growth will rapidly differentiate and grow into a new arm within 1.1 seconds. SCP-3589 claims to feel no pain during either this process or the initial removal.

SCP-3589 is capable of forcibly pulling off its own arms with very little resistance or difficulty. However, outside attempts to remove arms require approximately quadruple the tensile force otherwise predicted to dislocate a human shoulder.

SCP-3589's detached arms can be composed of a large variety of materials and are not universally human in morphology[1].

Approximately 30% of extremities generated by SCP-3589 resemble nonanomalous human arms. DNA tests have matched these limbs to living people; these people do not exhibit any anomalous

properties or awareness of SCP-3589. Arms composed of gaseous, liquid, or amorphous materials retain their shape. Compositions of removed arms appear to be generated at random.

Once detached, biological arms remain functional despite lack of blood flow from SCP-3589. Several layers of epidermal tissue seal all blood vessels at the point of removal.

SCP-3589 retains limited motor control of its detached arms, with the degree of coordination and control over them correlating inversely with the number of instances SCP-3589 attempts to control simultaneously. SCP-3589 receives limited sensory information from severed arms (primarily touch and proprioception).

Addendum 3589-01: During an unrelated containment breach, SCP-3589 attempted to escape in the ensuing chaos and discarded dozens of arms until it had generated several dense metallic ones. SCP-3589 interlocked these arms around its body to protect itself, and attempted to flee Site security while wielding more arms (corresponding to *Therizinosaurus*, scorpions, and various volatile chemicals) as makeshift weapons.

Dr. Rosa Marquez was critically injured in the initial breach, losing her left arm. While attempting to activate Site lockdown procedures, one of SCP-3589's discarded human arms landed near her and fused itself to the stump of her absent appendage. SCP-3589 then lost control over its detached arms, all of which converged towards Dr. Marquez.

Over 200 arms surrounded Dr. Marquez. Several dozen fused to her at their bases, while the remaining limbs arranged themselves into a complex polyhedral cage. This cage contracted until it formed a spherical shell approximately 2m in diameter. It remained in this state for approximately 4 minutes, after which all arms comprising this structure disengaged and fell to the ground. SCP-3589 subsequently remained unable to feel or control any of these arms, although none of them have decayed.

No trace was found of Dr. Marquez.

Footnotes

1. The first nonhuman instance resembled the right arm of a brown bear (Ursus arctos).

SCP-3590: A Dirge for the Silent

Item #: SCP-3590

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All physical documents referring and/or describing the execution of SCP-3590 are to be kept in standard containment locker SCL27/3590, currently located at Safe class containment wing of Site-27. There are no on-going research projects dedicated to the analysis of SCP-3590 and requests regarding its study should be submitted to Site-27 administration through appropriate channels (see Form SCP-3590/R, embedded).

All personnel previously involved in the execution of SCP-3590 have received appropriate amnestic treatment. Knowledge of SCP-3590 is considered nonexistent outside of Foundation databases, but reports pertaining to similar phenomena will be monitored to gauge the possibility of containment breach.

Access to earlier iterations of Special Containment Procedures for SCP-GAMMA[1] is currently restricted to authorized Level 3 personnel. This document is part of the required reading for all personnel assigned to SCP-DELTA[2].

Description: SCP-3590 is a ceremony which, when correctly performed, will render one of the participants, henceforth referred to as SCP-3590-1, completely mute. No physiological changes are observed upon analysis of SCP-3590-1 and the process by which the participant is rendered unable to speak is not currently understood. No means to reverse the process are currently known.

SCP-3590 bears similarities to several rituals commonly pertaining to major Abrahamic faiths, although it cannot be accurately attributed to any of them, considering:

- Iconography employed is contradictory and pertains to entirely different doctrines.
- Spoken verses cannot be traced to any known religious texts.
- Spoken verses are incoherent and convey no obvious meaning.

SCP-3590 requires three participants, each being assigned different roles. Participants assigned the tasks of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] display no anomalous properties before, during or after the performance of SCP-3590. The participant assigned with [REDACTED] invariably becomes an instance of SCP-3590-1, as observed in all recorded experiments following Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A.

SCP-3590 was formerly a major component of the Special Containment Procedures for SCP-GAMMA (original designation "Procedure GAMMA-Cezar"), displaying no anomalous properties when performed either by non-anomalous participants or other Class I Reality Bending entities besides SCP-GAMMA. Before Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A, the ceremony had been successful at completely suppressing any anomaly originating from SCP-GAMMA during long intervals, and was performed routinely at the entity's request and/or according to necessity to prevent consistent, if mild damage to containment cell of SCP-GAMMA.

No known data exists regarding how SCP-GAMMA came to be in Foundation custody. It is also unclear how the knowledge of SCP-3590 and its application as an effective counter-measure to SCP-GAMMA were discovered.

Supplemental documentation is attached:

> INCIDENT SUMMARY. Appropriate security clearance required.
>
> **Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A**
>
> On / / , during a scheduled performance of Procedure GAMMA-Cezar, as part of the containment procedures for SCP-GAMMA, a previously undocumented behavior of the anomaly associated with SCP-GAMMA resulted in its neutralization, the temporary breach of SCP-DELTA's

containment and the death of two members of Site-27 D class personnel. It is currently unknown whether or not SCP-3590 was a factor in any of the events observed during Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A. Authorized personnel may request a full report of the incident should the containment of SCP-DELTA become a concern.

Follow-up experiments identified the now anomalous results of Procedure GAMMA-Cezar, warranting its re-designation as SCP-3590.

FULL INCIDENT REPORT. Appropriate security clearance required.

Report: Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A

Foreword: SCP-GAMMA, along with two D Class personnel, had almost finished performing SCP-3590, after 27 minutes elapsed since the start of the ceremony. D27-382 and D27-876 had successfully performed SCP-3590 along with SCP-GAMMA times before the incident. Research team assigned to SCP-GAMMA at the time oversees the procedure via CCTV. Events transpire inside the now decommissioned IRBE27/GAMMA containment cell.

<Begin Log>

<16:18> D27-382 blows the fifth candle, thus finishing his role in SCP-3590.

<16:19> D27-876 approaches SCP-GAMMA, placing the third crucifix around its neck.

<16:19> Last chants are sung in unison by D27-876 and SCP-GAMMA.

<16:20> SCP-3590 concluded. Research team confirms recession on the Scranton scale. SCP-GAMMA seem relieved and proceeds to

thank D27-876 and D27-382, whom it addresses by name. Behavior in line with previous observation.

<16:22> D27-876 and D27-382 finish collecting materials used in SCP-3590, as instructed by Research team. No consumables left.

<16:23> D27-876, D27-382 and SCP-GAMMA make casual conversation while exit quarantine protocols are lifted.

<16:25> Confirmed malfunction of IRBE27/ GAMMA's entrance. Tech team dispatched to access the problem. D27-876 and D27-382 instructed to await their arrival.

<16:28> Sharp increase on the Scranton scale. Source unknown, presumably SCP-GAMMA, though the entity continues to converse with D Class personnel. No visible changes inside containment cell.

<16:28> Quarantine protocols automatically reestablished. Tech team ordered to await further instructions. D27-876, D27-382 and SCP-GAMMA seem confused over the development and are told to remain calm while the Research team deals with what appears to be an equipment failure.

<16:30> State-wide warning regarding SCP-DELTA breach of containment issued by Site-29.

<16:31 to 16:35> Steady increase on the Scranton scale is matched by elevation of radiation exposure detected in D27-876's and D27-382's implants. Readings of approximately 40 mSv confirmed.

<16:36> North and south walls of the containment cell undergo severe warping, incompatible with that which a Class I Reality Bending entity should be able to induce given the cell's [REDACTED]. D27-876, D27-382 and SCP-GAMMA are visibly distressed and attempt to escape through containment door, which remains inoperable.

<16:37 to 16:38> Formation of a Hartle IV class space-time anomaly inside IRBE27/GAMMA confirmed. Anomaly expands until both its axes measure roughly 1 m.

<16:38> SCP-GAMMA coerces D27-876 and D27-382 to perform SCP-3590 again. D Class personnel complies, despite being ordered otherwise by Research team.

<16:39> SCP-DELTA begins to emerge through the Hartle IV class anomaly, as four of its appendages become visible in video feedback. SCP-GAMMA is now panicking while it further attempts to coordinate with the equally distressed D Class personnel in order to perform a second rendition of SCP-3590.

<16:40> First instance of SCP-DELTA-B, "Laughter", is emitted by SCP-DELTA as its head passes through newly-formed space-time anomaly. As well documented, all sounds produced by SCP-DELTA, namely SCP-DELTA-A through SCP-DELTA-E, are considered auditory cognitohazards and receive individual designations. Research team suffers no adverse effects due to previous inoculation; attempt to perform SCP-3590 interrupted, as D27-876 and D27-382 are effected by SCP-DELTA-B and promptly [REDACTED]. SCP-GAMMA is unaffected, but increasingly desperate.

<16:42> Request to rescue SCP-GAMMA denied by Site-27 administration on grounds of possible escalation of SCP-DELTA containment breach. SCP-DELTA has now fully emerged though Hartle IV anomaly and continues to emit SCP-DELTA-B at regular intervals. Space-time anomaly remains stable. SCP-GAMMA begs to be released from containment while addressing one of the cell's cameras. Footage review reveals SCP-GAMMA seemingly struggles to vocalize, possibly documenting the first instance of the anomaly associated with SCP-3590.

<16:43> SCP-DELTA attacks SCP-GAMMA, while it continues to emit SCP-DELTA-B.

<16:45> Research team requests immediate deployment of SRAs to aid in re-containment of SCP-DELTA and prevent the expiration of SCP-GAMMA. Denied by Site-27 administration on grounds of [REDACTED]. Standard Class III Reality Bending containment protocols enacted instead.

<19:05> SCP-DELTA stops emitting SCP-DELTA-B and remains inert after scattering the last remains of SCP-GAMMA throughout the cell. After a few attempts to breach the containment door, SCP-DELTA retreats through the Hartle IV anomaly, which remained stable during the incident.

<19:06> Hartle IV anomaly recedes.

<19:08> Site-29 confirms reestablishment of SCP-DELTA containment.

<19:08 to 20:31> Screams in what resembles SCP-GAMMA's voice continue to be heard through monitoring system, though no source

is identifiable.

<20:32> No anomaly detected inside IRBE27/GAMMA. Quarantine protocols lifted. Recovery teams dispatched to collect relevant materials. IRBE27/GAMMA decommissioned according to previously enacted protocol.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Personnel assigned to SCP-DELTA containment at Site-29 reports the appearance of a Hartle IV space-time anomaly inside SCP-DELTA's containment cell similar to the one described in this report during its breach on / / - it is inferred that both anomalies were, thus, connected and facilitated said containment breach, along with the further development of Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A. How these anomalies were formed is not currently known, but studies are underway.

ADDENDUM. Appropriate security clearance required.

Addendum: Regarding SCP-DELTA.

Noticeable changes in SCP-DELTA behavior were observed preceding and following Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A: Starting on / / , four days before the breach, the emissions of SCP-DELTA-A, "Bellowing" and SCP-DELTA-E, "Shrieking", were recorded to sharply increase in frequency compared to other sounds produced by SCP-DELTA. This behavior remained consistent until 14:36, / / , when Site-29 experienced localized power outages due to yet unexplained equipment failures pertaining to generators [REDACTED]. This incident did not compromise SCP-DELTA's containment, though monitoring of its cell was interrupted while it transpired.

At 14:56, / / , when power was restored, SCP-DELTA displayed yet another change in behavior, emitting SCP-DELTA-B constantly from that point until its re-containment following Incident GAMMA/DELTA-A. Since re-contained, SCP-DELTA has emitted no sound, except for a single 5 seconds long instance of SCP-DELTA-D, "Crying", on / / . Object Class revision for SCP-DELTA has been suggested and is under consideration.

Footnotes
1. Actual SCP designation restricted to personnel assigned security clearance Level 3/GAMMA.
2. Actual SCP designation restricted to personnel assigned security clearance Level 3/DELTA.

SCP-3591: The Fallen Giant

Item #: SCP-3591

Object Class: Safe Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3591 is constantly monitored at its location of discovery. A perimeter is maintained of 10km around the location (a larger perimeter is not currently feasible). Local population is monitored for evidence of unusual phenomena.

> **Containment Update:** SCP-3591 research timeline has been accelerated on an emergency basis. Possible connection to RI-class (Reality Invasion) end-of-the-world scenario. See recovered data files related to "Project Palisade" **(Level 5 access required)**. SCP-3591 Object Class changed to Keter.

Description: SCP-3591 is the apparent corpse of a massive entity.

Physical traits of SCP-3591 are uncertain, due to difficulties in observation. SCP-3591 has characteristics both of a biological organism and of a mobile mechanical structure.

SCP-3591 is believed to have a roughly humanoid form, but observers universally report uncertainty. Observers typically report an additional impression "behind" or "disguised by" the humanoid form. Common imagery includes a fallen tower, a moving chasm in the ground, a spacecraft resembling a cetacean or other large animal, a faraway figure with its back turned, and a partially broken moon.

Observation techniques designed to account for limits in human perception have had inconclusive results. Confirmed traits include:

- Reality distortion, including spatiotemporal characteristics of

itself and its location.
- Massive physical size, sufficient to crush an area of - square kilometers.
- Limbs, some of which could be used for locomotion in life.

Nature and origin of SCP-3591 is unknown. At time of cataloguing, no active anomalous activity has been witnessed from SCP-3591 since the incident resulting in its discovery.

SCP-3591 Discovery:

> Open File
>
> SCP-3591 was identified after its appearance in the city of [REDACTED], a suburb of the greater [REDACTED] area in the U.S. state of California. Class Theta amnestics approved for use in altering mass memory of the event and affected area.
>
> Witnesses of the incident had difficulty perceiving it, but report that the entity fell from the sky (or from somewhere unknown), the impact destroying the town of [REDACTED] and damaging nearby areas.
>
> Those who could describe the entity used poetic and non-specific language. Common descriptions were of a crashing spaceship or UFO, a falling giant, and a hostile military engagement between unknown forces resulting in the fall of SCP-3591. No military forces, including anomalous forces, were known to be present at the time of the incident.
>
> A subset of the witnesses recalls watching the entity die. Witnesses cannot specify details of this occurrence.

SCP-3591 Testing (Enhanced Methods):

> Open File
>
> New methods of SCP-3591 testing were authorized seven months after discovery, based on information gathered by members of **`Mobile Task Force`**

Sigma-3 ("Bibliographers").

Examination using new recommended esoteric methods revealed "incisions" or "doorways" on SCP-3591 exterior, leading into a previously unknown interior.

Drone exploration found to be ineffective. While cameras continue to transmit, all controls fail once drones are inside interior. Drones may be manually operated by a human in direct contact, but all remote operation fails. Exploratory missions authorized with live personnel.

SCP-3591 "Limb" Test

View Record

Pre-Mission Report: Four-person team comprised of three members of MTF Chi-9 ("All-Purpose Exploration"), and one member of MTF Sigma-3 ("Bibliographers"). Team members referred to as Green (Team Lead), Red, Gold, and Blue. Transcript has been edited.

[BEGIN LOG]

Green: Mic check. Green here.

Gold: Gold Leader, standing by.

Red: Red Leader, standing by.

Blue: Blue here. Resident Sigma-3 member. I hear you.

Red: C'mon, Blue, you gotta do the thing.

Blue: Fine, fine. Blue Leader, standing by.

Red: Yesss.

Green: Command, how's your equipment

check?

Command: Everything looks good on our end, Green. Proceed to entry point. Confirm when you have visual contact.

Green: Confirmed.

Team approaches SCP-3591.

Red: So, I've got a question, we're sure this thing is really dead?

Gold: Yep. One of those creepy motherfuckers from Psi-8 took a look at it. Was here for eleven hours. Didn't say a single word the entire time.

Red: What's Psi-8?

Blue: The Silencers. They deal with reanimation. No one likes to talk about them.

Red: Reanimation? Like zombies?

Blue: No. They're an esoteric task force, like Sigma-3. They deal with people or not-people talking from graves. And things that were never supposed to be alive. And things trying to come back to life.

Red: So, like zombies.

Blue: (Audible sigh.)

SCP-3591 appears on visual feed. Heavy camera distortion present. Outline of humanoid form visible: head, arm, and partial chest. Typical visual variance present.

Gold: You see that?

Red: Yeah. Jesus.

Green: Command, confirming visual contact with SCP-3591.

Command: Acknowledged. We see it too.

Gold: Let's get these helmets on.

Team stops. Gold takes four prototype RPD (Remote Perceptual Display) helmets from pack. Group members don helmets, and bring them online. Audiovisual feeds for Green, Gold, Red, and Blue display successfully at Command location.

Green: Command, confirming RPD devices ready to go. Ready for systems check.

Red: So these things show you what we're seeing? Like, what's inside our heads?

Command: Yes, Agent, that is correct, assuming all goes well.

Gold: What are you, stating it for the record?

Red: Dude.

Command: All of you, tell us what you're currently seeing. Red, you first.

Red: I see… A giant face. And a giant arm. Can't make out the rest of it. Jesus, you know, I didn't expect it to be so big.

Audiovisual feed for Red confirms this imagery.

Command: What is the appearance of the face?

Red: Like a giant that Jack killed. Looks like a human, but… not quite. I can't put my finger on the difference, but it's definitely, definitely there. Like it might have bug eyes and feelers at any moment. I know it's very still, like corpse still. Which I guess makes sense, but damn.

Command: Check. Gold?

Gold: I see a starship. Not sure how else to put it. Not like a real space shuttle, like a starship from an old sci-fi novel, or maybe Star Trek. Big sweeping curves. From our perspective, it looks like it's got a curved wing closest to us. Probably equivalent to the arm that Red's seeing. I can see the front further up, where Jack thinks the head is — reminds me of where I'd expect a command center to be. (Pause) Honestly, it's kind of breathtaking.

Audiovisual feed for Gold confirms this imagery.

Command: Check. Green?

Green: I'm seeing a roughly humanoid form, which looks like it's superimposed over a fallen tower. I recall this imagery from the report we read. The fallen tower has an aesthetic that reminds me of a medieval castle, but… ah, futuristic, in a way. Or perhaps alien.

Audiovisual feed for Green confirms this imagery.

Command: Check. Blue?

Blue: It's hard for me to pin down what I'm seeing. Seems like it's shifting. My impressions start with a moving city made from crystal and brightly colored, enchanted stones.

I'm also getting a void in reality, a snowy forest, and a… huge, infinite pit with a glass pathway over it. (Pause) The pathway seems present across all of my impressions. I'll pay attention to it. I also get the strong feeling that this is only a small fraction of the entity, like we can only see the tip of the iceberg. And I get the impression that it would be moving around a lot more if it wasn't dead. (Pause) That's all for now.

Audiovisual feed for Blue confirms this imagery, shifting and blurring between described images.

Red: Dang, I wish my shit was as complicated as all that. (Pause) No, wait. No I don't.

Command: Check. Thank you. Go ahead and proceed, Team.

Team proceeds to previously located entrance into SCP-3591. Team stops to unpack drone equipment and take readings on entrance.

Command: Team, go ahead and give us another imagery confirmation. What do you see?

Red: Ugh. Looks like a gaping wound. Would be bloodier if it wasn't dead.

Green: I see a kind of incision, but also a stone doorway. Stone doorway is crumbling, damaged, but should be safe to enter for now.

Gold: I just see the damaged spaceship entrance now. I still have the vague impression of the humanoid form, but it's like it's faded out. The spaceship looks pretty cool. (Pause) I feel a little guilty I'm not seeing anything

worse.

Blue: I'm seeing the pathway entering here. Crystal archway around it, or a gap in trees, or… a tunnel into a cavern, or… just the void on all sides.

Audiovisual feeds confirm imagery.

Red: What happens if you fall off?

Blue: I'd rather not find out.

Command: Thank you. Let us know when you're ready to proceed into the anomaly.

Green and Gold have finished setting up drone systems. Drones are scanning areas around SCP-3591 entrance.

Green: Command, ready to enter anomaly.

Command: Go ahead, Green. Be cautious, please. We don't want to lose any of you in there.

Team proceeds into SCP-3591 entrance. On the main feed, camera distortion increases until visibility is extremely low. All feeds except Blue's show a tunnel or hallway (though physical dimensions vary greatly across the feeds). Red's shows dull red, shriveled organic material, with slow seepage of dark red and black fluid. Green's shows a high cracked tunnel of carved stone with scattered rocks on the ground. Gold's shows a dimly-lit metal hallway, with open circuits on the walls hinting at futuristic technology. Blue's imagery flickers too quickly to resolve.

Red: Gross. I hope this stuff isn't real.

Gold: How bad is it?

Red: It's just… leaking.

Command: Blue, I'm not sure our connection is stable.

Blue: Having trouble focusing, Command. I think it's my extrasensory perception training. Something about this entity is really lighting up my brain. It won't… resolve.

Command: Anything you can do about that?

Blue: Not sure. I don't know if this is some kind of defense mechanism, of if what I'm seeing is… more accurate in some way than what everyone else is seeing.

Green: Any ideas on what we're literally seeing?

Blue: Sorry. I'm not even sure what kind of anomaly this is. I don't think it's magical, at least, in the traditional sense. If it's even of our reality, it's doing a good job hiding it.

Gold uses the drones to advance along the hallway, trying to scan and verify actual physical dimensions of the interior space.

Red: What's it mean if it's not of our reality?

Blue: If it's from our reality, at least local reality, we should have some way of comprehending it. Even if it's with Serpent's Hand style magic, or what they used to call "esoteric techniques". The Foundation's gathered quite a lot of these things, and Sigma-3's been allowed to play with a lot of them over the last few years. We should be able to figure something out. But if it's not from

our reality…

Red: What? We go mad from the knowledge?

Blue: Not necessarily. Does an ant go mad if it sees a human?

Audiovisual feeds display spike of interference, showing distortion that blots out most audio and video for approximately fifty-one seconds. When the feeds resume, the team is still in the same location, but the drones have advanced along the hallway, reaching a bend in the corridor. Team members are staring at each other, with expressions of surprise visible behind their helmets.

Gold: It's gone.

Command: We lost you for almost a minute there. Did something happen?

Green: We felt an unusual feeling. The sensory input was unclear. We all perceived what might have been a noise.

Red: Kind of like… an echo. Had that feeling to it.

Green: We can't be certain what happened.

Command: Understood. Do you want to abort early?

Feed shows team shaking heads at each other.

Green: Not yet, Command.

Gold: We're still running tests. (Pause) I'm not getting anything consistent from these drones, though. They're certain there's physical matter

here, but they're constantly giving me different readings. As if it's changing, but the drones aren't detecting any expansions or contractions. They're just returning errors and then updating —

Audiovisual feeds display another spike of interference. Distortion blots out most audio and video for approximately sixty-three seconds. Feed resumes. The team is still in the same location.

Command: Can you hear us?

Green: Yes. We just experienced the same phenomena as the first time.

Red: Guys? Is it just me, or is this place getting… smaller?

Audiovisual feeds do not immediately display signs of the environment becoming smaller, though post-mission feed analysis verifies that this had indeed been occurring since the second interference spike.

Gold: Drones aren't catching anything like that, but they're pretty useless right now.

Blue: I feel it too. Wait — look.

Blue walks to the bend in the corridor and looks around the bend. The others follow.

Blue: See?

Red: Oh, fuck.

Blue's feed shows a glass path slowly fracturing, pieces falling into a void / a forest collapsing in on itself / crystal dissolving into a white void. Green's feed shows a cave-in, with

rocks slowly tumbling forward, advancing. Gold's feed shows a rip in the spaceship's hull, open to outer space (an unfamiliar star system). Red's feed shows the tunnel shrinking down to a single point. This single point has a rapidly growing scab-like material.

Gold: Hey, you hear that?

Audiovisual feeds display another spike of interference. Distortion blots out most audio and video for approximately eleven minutes and thirteen seconds.

Visual feed resumes. No audio. The team appears to be running and shouting in the vacuum of space. No details are visible in the landscape, only blackness. An unseen, unknown light source illuminates the team dimly — their features can be barely made out. However, they are clearly still running on solid ground. Feeds are lost again.

Thirty-six minutes and forty-three seconds pass.

Feeds resume as team emerges from SCP-3591, panting from exertion. Most of their equipment has been left behind, except the perceptual helmets.

[END LOG]

Post-Mission Report: All team members recovered well after medical attention. No team member was able to recall or report what occurred after Gold's question "Hey, you hear that?". No team member was able to recall what prompted Gold's question. Audio feed picked up no unusual noises.

Examining team equipment, it was discovered that the team collected a sample from SCP-3591 while their feeds were offline. Sample appears to be the corpse of a non-carbon-based life form, similar to life forms identified in extra-universal travel via anomalous means. Creature is the size of a small dog, possesses thirteen legs, and a chitinous exoskeleton. No head appears to be present. Context of the creature is unknown. Correlations with existing SCP & anomalous objects have been found, and analysis is underway.

Around two days post-mission, entrance into SCP-3591's limb was discovered to be closed.

SCP-3591 "Body" Test

View Record

Pre-Mission Report: Same four-person team as initial mission. (Volunteer basis despite offer of reassignment.) Test aimed to explore known entrance into SCP-3591's apparent body cavity.

Mission control communication with team was largely impossible due to severe feed connectivity problems. Partial audiovisual feed was still collected and transcribed below.

[BEGIN LOG]

Team enters SCP-3591. No audio, except where noted. Remote perceptual devices show similar imagery as the prior mission, except the interior area of SCP-3591 is consistently many times larger.

Feed lost.

Feed resumes. Team is in a large area with no visible walls in any version of personal imagery (only floor disappearing into the horizon or darkness). Team is walking through what appears to be an assortment of dead bodies.

Gold: — more of these things, jesus.

Blue: I can't make sense of them. What killed them? Why can't I get any magical info out of them? They can't all be —

Feed lost.

Feed resumes. Team is examining a large, complex floating device of many moving metallic parts. One side of the device is heavily charred and partially melted. Unlike surrounding area, device appearance is consistent across all four visual feeds.

Team eventually moves on, after taking samples. They walk forward, with no apparent landmarks to guide them.

Feed lost.

Feed resumes. Team is standing at the edge of a massive drop-off. Across all feeds, there is no visible bottom to the drop. On Red's view, rivers of blood flow off the fleshy edge. On Gold's view, torn metal exposes glowing engines venting into space. On Green's view, a cracked stone cliff. On Blue's view, the view shifts too quickly to make sense of the visual, except that in the center of the apparent void, stretching vertically across the entire view, is a glowing thin object. ('Thin' relative to the void, but massive compared to team members.)

Scattered around the team, up to the edge of

the drop-off, are numerous unidentifiable objects that appear to be devices or items of alien nature. These are consistent in appearance across all feeds.

Blue is talking animatedly.

Blue: — spear. It's the first time I've seen anything I can understand this whole [AUDIO LOST]

Red: You mean… symbolism?

Blue: Maybe something's trying [AUDIO LOST] that will even let my mind latch onto it. (Pause) Hang on. Do you [AUDIO LOST]

Red: [AUDIO LOST] Oh God.

Green: I don't hear… (Pause) Wait.

Audio picks up what seems to be a distorted, low roar.

Feed lost.

Feed resumes. All four team members are laughing and talking to unseen entities. Team members do not appear to be speaking words in any known language, and speech appears to either be nonsense or indecipherable. No audio. Heavy visual distortion. Feed lost.

Feed resumes. All four team members lie on the ground. No signs of life. Feed is intermittent for approximately twelve and a half hours before being lost again.

Feed resumes after three hours. Team exits SCP-3591, alive. While shaken, they seem to be uninjured, and are collected after decontamination for examination.

[END LOG]

Post-Mission Report: Team members recall little of what occurred inside SCP-3591, including events recorded via feed. Integrity verification techniques determine that these are in fact the original team members, and that they did in fact die for between thirteen and sixteen hours, before returning to life by unknown means.

Team members universally report (A) going through an event which had such a drastic mental effect that it killed them (but which they cannot recall the details of), (B) recalling living entities inside SCP-3591, some potentially dangerous, (C) having spent approximately a week inside SCP-3591 (despite only 23 hours having passed outside) and (D) feeling a strong personal drive to revisit SCP-3591, Blue citing anomalous ritualistic reasons as justification for the request being granted.

After mandatory three-month leave, request for final mission granted.

SCP-3591 "Head" Test

View Record

Pre-Mission Report: Same four-person team as prior missions. Per request from Blue, test aimed to explore known entrance into SCP-3591's apparent head.

As with prior mission, communication with team was largely impossible. Equipment barely functioned at all in the SCP-3591 area. Only one part of the mission was successfully recorded, and is transcribed below.

[BEGIN LOG]

Video only. Team has just walked through an entry-way into a network of small "rooms". Nothing can be seen through the entry-way on any feed except distortion and static.

Red's feed shows many organ-like chambers, much redder with blood than other areas of SCP-3591. Green's feed shows an ornate medieval castle hall with non-Euclidean physically impossible geometries. Gold's feed shows something like a spaceship command deck, complete with empty captain's chair. Blue's feed shows a grove of trees in a snowy forest, many fallen to the ground, focusing on whorls of knotted wood / a spiraling glass path over a black void, with the end off-camera / rooms full of devices of multi-colored crystal.

All feeds show numerous examples of alien devices with unknown function. While many of the appearances are are strange and functions not apparent, they all appear consistent and relatively mundane compared to SCP-3591 onscreen elements.

As the team proceeds, they encounter living organisms. None seem hostile. None attempt to communicate with the team. Team seems be used to encountering them at this stage. Organisms appear consistent across all feeds.

Blue suddenly seems surprised, and gesticulates at her team members. She leads team members to a side "room" with a table-like structure on it.

A living human being is comatose underneath the table. Human is naked, and has no significant identifying features.

After a short discussion, the team lifts and carries the human out of the area. Feed lost.

Three days pass. Feed resumes. Team members Green, Red, and Gold emerge from SCP-3591, still carrying the comatose human. Red is severely injured, exhibiting slashing cuts across her torso and left arm. Team members are taken in, decontaminated, and given medical attention.

[END LOG]

Post-Mission Report: As before, team members recall little, despite bringing many samples. Red claimed that Blue sacrificed her life to save Red, even though Red was "supposed to die". Team members remember almost nothing else, including the portion recorded on the feed, except the fact of having recovered a comatose human, and the death of Blue.

After one month and three days passed, team member Blue emerged from SCP-3591, with severe but healed injuries similar to Red's. Blue similarly remembered little, but claims to have [DATA EXPUNGED]. (See Interviews.)

SCP-3591 Extra-Universal Investigation:

Open File

By order of O5-10, **SCP-1985** was temporarily assigned to gather information about SCP-3591's risk and context.

Note: For those of you who do not have access to SCP-1985's file: SCP-1985 is able to travel to other universes that are undergoing "doomsday" and/or "restructuring" scenarios related to a specific item. Any universe

> SCP-1985 traveled to was, in theory, going through an apocalypse caused by or related to SCP-3591.
>
> — Site-19 Director Tilda Moose

Report summaries of SCP-1985 excursions investigating SCP-3591 follow.

- Earth nearly identical to our own, with SCP-3591 present (dead, inactive). Ongoing apocalypse cannot be precisely identified. Low-level reality shifts present. Effects not identified.
    - ○ Five variants discovered.
- Earth nearly identical to our own, but stripped of human life through an apparent mass death event. Presence of SCP-3591 verified (dead, inactive). Exact connection could not be verified.
    - ○ Seven variants discovered.
- Earth nearly identical to our own, until 7 to 23 months prior to SCP-1985 arrival. Recovered Foundation data caches indicate sudden widespread devastation by invisible, unknown forces. Connection to SCP-3591 theorized due to similar anomaly analysis readings, but SCP-3591 remains dead and apparently inactive.
    - ○ Fifteen variants discovered.
- Earth is broken in half, and uninhabitable. Most of atmosphere gone. Cause not identified. Exact strike location varies. Presence of SCP-3591 verified (dead, inactive). In two variants, humans survive in space station structures, but drive SCP-1985 off with advanced weaponry when contact is attempted.
    - ○ Nineteen variants discovered.

- Total shift in nature of reality. Incomprehensible to SCP-1985's senses. No way to detect presence or absence of SCP-3591.
    - Thirty-three variants discovered.
- Earth has gone through an apocalypse of unclear nature. 70-90% of human population dead, rest in hiding. Minor reality shifts are common. Massive indistinct entities are sighted striding through deserted towns and cities. Some appear quadrupedal, some appear humanoid, often many-armed. SCP-1985 is unable to get close to them. Connection to SCP-3591 possible but unverified. Presence of SCP-3591 (dead, inactive) verified. Typically, chemical makeup of soil and atmosphere is altered. Many large areas uninhabitable. In several variants, a poisonous mist-like gas covers 80% of the Earth's surface.
    - Thirty-seven variants discovered.
- **Unique variant:** Earth has been rendered uninhabitable due to massive reality shifts. SCP-1985's inbuilt recording systems cannot analyze most of the changes, but unlike most similar excursions, human survival is still possible for a limited time. Human survivors have traveled to the anomalous location called the Wanderers' Library, leaving Ways open to allow remaining survivors to follow. SCP-1985 is able to enter an outer ring of the Library and converses with survivors and Library inhabitants.
    - Presence of SCP-3591 verified (dead, inactive).
    - SCP-3591 is referred to by survivors variously as "a deserter" and/or "killed in action" in relation to an unexplained war. Inquiries are meant with claims that the war should not be discussed and has nothing to

do with any humans.
    - Notably, Library inhabitants also claim that SCP-3591 is a single, consistent entity across all realities in which it appears. This is consistent with SCP-3591's identical status in every excursion so far.

- **Unique variant:** Apocalypse not apparent or identified. Identical to present Earth except for presence of unusually active Foundation personnel, who immediately contact SCP-1985 upon arrival. Foundation personnel unusually angry and disturbed to encounter SCP-1985, and disbelieve explanation of SCP-3591 investigation. Foundation personnel repeatedly refer to themselves as 'mainline reality', questioning how SCP-1985 could have accessed 'mainline reality' without assistance from a non-Foundation anomalous source. They refer to SCP-1985 as a "mirror" instance (possible relevance to [REDACTED]). Foundation personnel demand that SCP-1985 remand herself to their custody to be identified so that the anomalous occurrence may be resolved. SCP-1985 instead returns to home base, after verifying presence of SCP-3591 (dead, inactive). Local Foundation has built a massive titanium-laced concrete bunker over SCP-3591 as additional containment procedures.

SCP-3591 Interviews:

Open File

SECURITY CLEARANCE ACCEPTED

STATEMENT FROM AGENT "BLUE" RE: SCP-3591 EXPLORATORY TESTS (EXCERPT):

Excerpt from Blue's report after return from SCP-3591. Following sections include information expunged from main SCP-3591 article.

…well, I know Red thinks it's God. I see what she means. I don't know that I'd go that far. I don't think this thing has ever been on Earth before.

That's the thing. It's also a machine. And a place. And a structure. We primarily see the humanoid image because it's the most familiar to us, the most native impression. A machine-based intelligence would probably see the machine… At least, that's my theory, but I'm pretty solid on it.

Yes, it's dead. But… I don't think it dies in the same way we do. It leaves an echo. An imprint. No — that's not what attacked me. I'll get to that. But the echo was there, and I … encountered it. Communicated with it, in a way. Like I said, I can't really recall most of it, and I can barely describe what I do recall.

Do I know what killed it? Something else like it. If you think it's a god… then another god.

But I gotta say, I'm a pagan member of Sigma-3. I know all about gods. This thing… this thing is beyond gods. And I don't say that lightly.

What do I think it is? I think it's a sign of things to come. Things we don't understand. And if what I experienced tell us anything at all, it tells us we'd better figure out what we're going to do, or our reaction is going to be very, very, very stupid.

INTERVIEW SUMMARY EXCERPTS FROM HUMAN SUBJECT RE: SCP-3591

Comatose human subject recovered from SCP-3591 was analyzed and found to be a baseline ordinary human in ill

health, altered only due to obvious exposure to non-Earth elements, chemicals, etc, and surviving off of consuming non-Earth substances as food. Subject likely used anomalous techniques to survive. Analysis also indicated that subject originated from a parallel universe.

Nine months and seven days after recovery from SCP-3591, subject woke from coma.

Initially, subject did not respond to English, instead attempting to communicate in several languages which do not exist on Earth, interspersed with bouts of hysterical laughter. Eventually, subject seemed to recognize English phrases, and started responding accordingly. With brief practice, subject rapidly returned to fluency.

Subject attitude is moody, presenting long rants with little useful information interspersed with much longer periods of silence and occasional laughter.

On subject's own nature and origin:

Subject refuses to give name, but acknowledges being human, and originating from a reality largely indistinguishable from this reality.

Subject is aware of the SCP Foundation. Subject claims to have changed everything about themselves (including physical and mental form) to "escape", refusing to clarify what they wished to escape from. Subject also refuses to clarify their original relationship to the SCP Foundation.

There are strong implications that subject believes that this reality is their original home reality, and therefore that this SCP Foundation has a strong interest in identifying subject's original identity. For now, protocol dictates not contradicting this conclusion.

Subject claims not to remember the details of how they came to be inside SCP-3591, but claims it wasn't a

surprise. Subject claims former familiarity with anomalous knowledges of transit, familiarity which is now absent thanks to mental alteration by contact with excessive numbers of dangerous anomalous entities.

> I'm a stowaway. Everything on there, all stowaways too. Like rats sailing across with the ships to America. Or the fleas that came with them. I think a lot about rats, about insects, about the small things. I will not crush a bug. Not even a roach. Or a flea. If you knew what I knew, you wouldn't either. […] Hahaha. No. I'm not saying they are… what's the word. Sentient. […] Fine, sapient. Fine. You know what I mean. I'm just saying, I know how they feel. Or would feel, if they could.

On the nature of SCP-3591:

> I can't explain it to you directly. Just showing you the things I've seen would break your mind right in half. Trust me. I've been there. And for what? You don't get it. This thing, this giant, it's not special. A woman steps on an anthill, maybe she's a little startled. A week later, she forgets. To the ants, this woman was the biggest thing that ever happened to them, to anyone they ever knew.
>
> But the woman isn't special. The world is full of things bigger than the woman. It's just that the anthill is even less special.

When asked to elaborate on the potential dangers of SCP-3591:

> It's not dangerous. It's dead. I guess, yeah, it's still dangerous as hell, but not on purpose. If you have data telling you it caused some apocalypses, you should probably reexamine that data. This thing ain't causing any ends of

> the world. Not on its own.

When asked to elaborate on what caused the death of SCP-3591:

> What killed it? The war killed it.

Subject initially refused to elaborate, but a week later, when pressed, gave their longest answer yet.

> There's a war being fought, fought by things you and I can't even understand. This thing I hitched a ride in, you're only seeing a tiny fraction of it. It's bigger than gods, to you, to us. But in the war, the real war out there, on the universal scale that matters, this super-deity is the lowest of the low. A faceless, forgettable army grunt. It doesn't have any great and special reason for being here. It was killed in battle and fell to Earth, and that's it.
>
> Your problem isn't that you can't see this thing correctly. That's impossible, and it only bothers you because you won't stop trying. Your problem — your problem is perspective. What is… what's the word? Zoom out. Zoom out farther!
>
> There's a war out there, yeah. We all learned about wars in history class. Once upon a time an army was fighting a war. Few of them had any idea why they were fighting. All forces bigger than they were. They said it was a war to end all wars. They were wrong. But I don't care about that. I care about the ants.
>
> (Pause)
>
> Sorry, right. Where was I? Right. World War I. I think about World War I like I think about rats on ships. I think about when the soldiers saw

the mustard gas for the first time, how they didn't even know what to do. The world had changed underneath them and they were going to die horribly and they couldn't do anything to stop it. I can't imagine what the soldiers, even the civilians, what they must have felt when they saw the first tank roll through. The first tank in the world. Can you imagine?

But I'm telling you. We're not the soldiers. We're not driving tanks. We're not even the civilians watching as their homes burn.

We're the rats. The rats and mice whose nests the tanks crushed on the way to the battlefield somewhere else. We're the rabbits whose burrows were accidentally filled with mustard gas. We're the bugs the soldiers crushed under their feet on their way back to the trenches.

The rats, the mice, the rabbits, the bugs, they may all believe the soldiers and tanks were all about them, that they all existed to destroy them. They're all stupid. Just like we are. Just like you are. (Laughter) Fuck it, I'll just say it. Give away my big fucking secret. Fine. You got me. You knew all along, didn't you? Don't play coy, you miserable shit.

Please. Let's just put all our cards on the table. Yes, I know about the Worm. I know about Project Palisade. I know everything.

See, what I'm really talking about is the Worm. THE WORM, do you still say it in all caps? I bet you do. I know what you think the Worm is. I know because I used to think it. That it's some kind of god, some kind of ultimate destroyer.

Well, it's not. It's more like one of those drone strikes the US government was always doing when I last checked out of this reality. The ones that always missed and hit some poor random civilians. The Worm wasn't ever aimed at us. The gods above gods above gods fired it at something actually important and missed.

Honestly, from what I've learned out there, the Worm isn't even on the level of a missile. No, it's basically a rock. A rock, thrown in a war using bullets and tanks and nukes, and it just so happened to ricochet in our general direction.

And because we're human, which makes us shitty, and because of being Foundation, which makes us even shittier, we devised a way to keep the rock bouncing mindlessly around us, maybe forever. Ramping up the damage exponentially, sure, but at least we survive a little longer, just a little longer. Everything you've done, your entire project, all to bounce a rock around, because we aren't even on the level where we could just step out of the way.

So I left. Can you blame me? Goodbye to Palisade. Goodbye to humanity. Someone like me can survive out there a long time, away from the firelight, out in the dark. So I thought.

You're not still pretending to be confused…

…Oh. Oh, fuck. You're not the original at all, are you? This whole time… You're just another offshoot.

After the exchange above, subject ceased talking and was unresponsive to any attempts at communication for thirteen days.

Afterwards, subject has refused to discuss any subject related to SCP-3591 or the above topics.

SCP-3591 containment procedures updated after cross-reference with extra-universal files on **Project Palisade**.

SCP-3593: The Betrayal of the ORIA

Item #: SCP-3593

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: (Valid as of 18/12/2017) Research Base 89 has been established within the Koh-e Sulayman to monitor and research SCP-3593. A dedicated team, fluent in Azeri and Persian, is to monitor SCP-3593 at all times. It is vital that SCP-3593-2 remains dormant, and SCP-3593-1's behaviour must be altered to that end.

Research on how to penetrate SCP-3593 or communicate with SCP-3593-2 is ongoing. Diplomatic overtures towards the ORIA for cooperation on SCP-3593's containment are ongoing.

Description: SCP-3593 is a cave, roughly $58m^3$ in size, in the Koh-e Sulayman range in Qandahar Province, Afghanistan. An impenetrable layer of earth approximately 3m deep[1] surrounds SCP-3593, with the exception of a small entryway, where an invisible barrier blocks all entry into SCP-3593. This entryway is located at the end of a tunnel approximately $6km^2$ into the mountainside.

Within SCP-3593 are two humanoid figures, hereafter referred to as SCP-3593-1 and SCP-3593-2. SCP-3593-1 is an emaciated figure who has been crucified onto a diagonal wooden cross. This cross is placed directly behind the entryway to the cave, close enough to allow communication from the outside. SCP-3593-1 almost continually speaks in an incomprehensible glossolalia. It only occasionally speaks in a comprehensible language, ordinarily an antiquated form of Azeri but occasionally also in Persian. On these occasions, SCP-3593-1 demonstrates a greater level of sapience and awareness of its surroundings and people standing outside SCP-3593, occasionally responding or reacting to Foundation questioning.

SCP-3593-1 is naked except for a cloth around its waist, and lacks all bodily hair except a long moustache. SCP-3593-1's legible speech almost always seems to consist of praise of the early modern Nuqtavi sect[3], both in terms of their theology and their social role. SCP-3593-1 has only been known to deviate from such praise on one occasion (Incident 3593-1), the details of which can be found below.

SCP-3593-2's appearance is difficult to ascertain due to the vantage point of external observers. Ordinarily, it is seated on a rock approximately 4.6m behind SCP-3593-1, with its face pointed downwards. It is dressed in a black robe, and holds a large, curved knife across its knees. SCP-3593-2 has never been observed to move or vocalise by Foundation researchers, except during Incident 3593-1.

SCP-3593 was discovered on 18/10/2011, when the Foundation was notified to its presence by a message from the **Office for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts** (ORIA). The message consisted solely of a set of co-ordinates and a request for the Foundation to "solve the problem at hand." This was a particularly noteworthy incident due to the usual lack of direct communication from the ORIA and their conventional hostility towards Foundation interference in the region. To date, the Foundation has been unable to extract any other information about the anomaly from the ORIA. Only one defector has expressed knowledge of the anomaly[4], and has refused to give the Foundation any information.

Below is a series of fragments of the speeches of SCP-3593-1 and the conversations between it and Foundation personnel. These have been translated from the original Persian and Azeri.

+Transcript

SCP-3593-1: Four… four, there are always four… the fire, water, air, earth, mingling, dispersing, purifying, Adam becomes Muhammad becomes Mahmud, mingling, same substance, same substance, the Dervish[5] told me, he told me, it must be true,

the law is abrogated the *ajami*[6] are free…

SCP-3593-1: Who was I before this…

Dr. Rosenberg: Who were you before this imprisonment?

SCP-3593-1: Before this life… this body, flesh blood bone fire water air earth, one divinity one substance will all divinity, calligrapher or artist? Mahmud was Muhammad purified, an *ajami* for the *ajami* cycle[7], who was I? A king purified from an earlier king, but I was not purified, I am the impure, I am the imbalance, the traitor, I am I am I am I am I am…

SCP-3593-1: Fleeing, fleeing, running, to far India where they were safe from him, the traitor, the king[8]… the king sits in his parlour and thinks, mulls, contemplates, dies and is reborn, eats, sleeps, thinks, never knowing truth, divorced from his divinity… they put it all in me, not the king but the slave of Ali's threshold, all through me, all in my head, all in my heart, all in my being, humanity's conduit…

SCP-3593-1: Eight thousand years of Arab rule, eight thousand years of *ajami* rule, how many has it been? Is it time yet? Is it time for my death yet?

Dr. Rosenberg: Why do you need to die?

SCP-3593-1: Divinity in all things is divinity in the one. We cannot, they cannot, trust the king again, the king must die, the king must be the conduit for the rise of the *ajami*, praise Mahmud, sweet Mahmud…

Dr. Rosenberg: What do you mean about divinity?

SCP-3593-1: All connected by a single thread, born dying decomposing, all within a single cycle, all containing common divinity, all one, all fed through the king, all inside him, waiting, to inaugurate the cycle of the *ajami*…

SCP-3593-1: They come, they came, they will come again… he sits on the battlefield, watching his brokenness, he understood but not wholly, he understood the fire but not its form, understood the passion, the ride, as I did not, I killed it, I betrayed them, my followers, like they betrayed you, your Foundation, your, your your…

Dr. Rosenberg: Wh- Who betrayed us? You know who we are?

SCP-3593-1: *They* betrayed you… the spirit of the age, the *ajami* spirit, the men who covet and the women who need, the desperate ones who were sorry, so so sorry, sorry for what they did… divinity in one is divinity in all…

Addendum 1: On 19/01/2017, SCP-3593-1's manner of speech took on an unusual level of legibility, concurrent with a dramatic change in the topic. The results of this can be seen in the transcript below.

+Incident 3593-1

Officer on duty: Dr. Safi Rosenberg, Level 2 Researcher.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3593-1: …and glory to the Dervish, glory to Mahmud, glory to Yusufi the Shah… no… no not to him… no… the heresy of the Nuqtavis cannot be abided. The Nuqtavis must be purged, must be extirpated. You, there.

Dr. Rosenberg: Er- Yes?

SCP-3593-1: You must ride to Esfahan at once. The city will let you in, it was how I ordered it built. There are Nuqtavis here who are planning sedition against the state. I am the Shah, I must have order. I must have peace. I must stop the men of regret and reclamation. Send for my son, Mohammad Baq- no, no…

Dr. Rosenberg: I'm afraid that is not possible. Are you are aware of your present condition?

SCP-3593-1: What condition? I am perfectly well. Send for- for Amano'llah, he'll… no….

At this point, SCP-3593-2 is seen to raise its head.

SCP-3593-1: No… no he- Send for Sultan Mohammad, my other son. He will know. He- he was- Where am I? Is this Alamut? Where are they gone, the others, the *ajami* Reclaimers? Don't they know what happens to those who are not *ajami*, when the cycle is inaugurated-

SCP-3593-2: He will not come.

SCP-3593-1 looks shocked, and attempts to turn around. SCP-3593-2 rises, and lifts up the dagger. SCP-3593-2's appearance is now more visible; it is a dark-haired male with large wounds across its face, hands and body. Later analysis determined that these wounds were consistent with those made by Iranian muskets from the sixteenth century.

Dr. Rosenberg: I am Dr. Safi Rosenberg of the SCP Foundation. Please identify yourself.

SCP-3593-1: Y- you're dead. I had you shot.

SCP-3593-2 begins advancing towards SCP-3593-1.

SCP-3593-1: I had you killed! I had you all killed! You and the rest of- I won't lie any more! I have chanted your praises for centuries, you, you who dug me from my tomb when the Afghans plundered it, you who will kill them all, you who-

SCP-3593-2: Recant your betrayal.

SCP-3593-1: I had you shot! You filthy heretic! I crowned you, girded you, watched your failure, watched-

SCP-3593-2: Recant your betrayal.

SCP-3593-2 has reached SCP-3593-1. It places its knife across SCP-3593-1's neck.

Dr. Rosenberg: Please, tell us your name. Your identity. Why do you-

SCP-3593-2: Because he has not recanted his betrayal.

SCP-3593-2 pauses, staring at SCP-3593-1. SCP-3593-1 panics, slightly cutting its neck on SCP-3593-2's knife. SCP-3593-1 then relaxes.

SCP-3593-1: I… I praise the great Mahmud… I praise him, I praise him, his vision, the end of the cycle, the restoration of the *ajami*, the true *ajami*, the real *ajami*, I praise him, I praise him, I praise him…

SCP-3593-1's speech degenerates once again. SCP-3593-2 moves away from SCP-3593-1.

Dr. Rosenberg: W-wait! I demand you tell me your identity! Who are you? What do you want with him?

SCP-3593-2 does not respond to this or further questioning. It returns to its original position.

<End Log>

Addendum 2: On 16/12/2017, the ORIA defector Dr. Isma'il Khorasani was found dead in his quarters, having hung himself with a length of rope. There was no suicide note, but a fragment of an ORIA memorandum was found on his desk. A transcript of the memorandum is as follows:

+Document 1

lends further credence to the theory that the figures are indeed 'Abbas and Yusufi. Given the respective positions of these two within this Nuqtavi offshoot (as demonstrated in Section 3) and the evidence of our alchemists (as demonstrated in Section 15), the Nuqtavis tapped into some interconnected aspect of the human race, filtering their "divinity", as they term it, through the person of 'Abbas and with the parameters controlled by Yusufi.

The Nuqtavi conception of reality, its interconnectedness, and their desire for the abrogation of Arab rule and the inauguration of *ajami* rule are thus extremely dangerous. It is only by luck that they had chosen this poetic manner to inaugurate their changeover; the death of the king who thwarted their last attempt at victory in order to usher in their ultimate triumph.

Regardless, the facts of the matter remain. With the extinction of the Nuqtavis, Yusufi no longer held any definition as to who was or

was not an *ajami* in spirit. And while Dr. Khorasani's actions may have been well-intentioned, the fact remains that the ORIA's stated mission is the protection of Iran and the broader Islamic world. With the term *ajam* and the ORIA now inextricably linked in Yusufi's mind, and all other humans therefore presumably classified as Arab, we are directly responsible for the worldwide

Following the discovery of this document, SCP-3593 has been reclassified as Keter.

Footnotes
1. exactly onedaca trayas, an ancient Iranian unit of measurement
2. believed to be exactly oneparasang, another ancient Iranian unit of measurement
3. The Nuqtavis were a sect founded at the end of the 14th century by Mahmud Pasikhani, who claimed to possess a divine revelation superseding that of Muhammad. They are notable for their Gnostic sensibilities and their belief in alternating cycles of time, with a period of religious rule by "Arabs" (i.e. by Islam) being replaced by a period of "ajami" rule (i.e. by Iranians acting in a Mazdean religious tradition).
4. Dr. Isma'il Khorasani, an archeologist specialising in anomalous forms of architecture.
5. Believed to refer to Dervish Khusraw, a Nuqtavi leader in Qazvin in the 16th century.
6. An Arabic term referring to a non-Arab, which was usually used by the Nuqtavis and others in the period when they flourished as a term for Iranians and Persian-speakers.
7. Believed to be a reference to the Nuqtavi belief in cyclical time, with alternating periods of Arab and Iranian rule.
8. This is believed to refer to the famous persecution of the Nuqtavi by Shah 'Abbas I (a former adherent of the sect) in 1593 when, in response to a Nuqtavi prophecy stating that Muslim rule would be replaced by Nuqtavi rule, the Shah placed the Nuqtavi adherent Ustad Yusufi on the throne for three days; when the prophesied change did not occur, the Shah declared the Nuqtavis heretics and brutally repressed them, executing Ustad Yusufi and causing the

remainder of the sect to flee to Mughal India.

SCP-3594: Genesis Ulcer

Item #: SCP-3594

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3594 is to be housed in a standard grade amphibious pet terrarium, half of which should be filled with water. The terrarium is to be kept heated at 21 degrees celsius using a battery powered heating lamp.

SCP-3594-A should be fed three times a day. Foundation herpetologist approved foods consist of *Gryllidae*, *Periplaneta americana*, and *Lumbricus terrestris*, though subject is capable of also consuming *Mus musculus*[1]. SCP-3594-A entering a brumation state and refusing food is considered normal, and has no effect on SCP-3594.

Description: SCP-3594 is an entity that claims to be a wart located on the back of an adult male *Ceratophrys*, henceforth designated as SCP-3594-A. SCP-3594-A displays normal behavior for a frog of its age, and is in all aspects non-anomalous.

SCP-3594 communicates telepathically through unknown means. Vocal perception differs subjectively, as humans communicate with SCP-3594 in their native language and do not describe it as having the same voice.

SCP-3594 claims that it is omniscient, though Foundation researchers have found little evidence to support this claim. SCP-3594 does however display extensive knowledge in many aspects of human history. Foundation researchers have determined that SCP-3594 has:

- Comprehensive understanding of a wide variety of highly complex algorithms and scientific theories.
- Fluency in a majority of known human languages

- Extensive knowledge of a majority of recorded wars throughout human history.
- Familiarity with every piece of published literature, both fiction and nonfiction.

Foundation researchers concluded that despite claiming otherwise, SCP-3594 does *not*:

- Understand sarcasm.
- Have any influence over SCP-3594-A.
- Understand how to operate technology invented post 1846.
- Have knowledge of classified Foundation information.

SCP-3594 is friendly with Foundation personnel, and has been consistently cooperative in assisting Foundation researchers in further understanding its nature.

Experiment Log: 3594.

> **Subject:** SCP-3594 and SCP-3594-A.
>
> **Date of Experiment:** 08/17/20 , conducted thirty six hours after initial containment.
>
> **Purpose:** To ascertain the validity of SCP-3594's claims to being a wart on the back of SCP-3594-A. Prior to this test, researchers were operating under the assumption that SCP-3594-A was the entity they were communicating with.
>
> **Procedure**: SCP-3594-A was outfitted with a custom built EEG^2 device. Foundation personnel would monitor SCP-3594-A's brain waves while conducting an interview with SCP-3594.
>
> **Results:** Head of research on nonviolent telepathic entities Dr. was introduced to SCP-3594, and the two began to converse. Foundation researchers closely monitored SCP-3594-A's brainwaves, which remained entirely neutral despite Dr. later confirming that she and SCP-3594 had been having a discussion about

Annabel Lee, by Edgar Allen Poe. Approximately three minutes into the test, SCP-3594-A's brainwaves significantly fluctuated, though researchers determined this was because SCP-3594-A had noticed a fly in its terrarium. After fifteen minutes of limited brain activity, the experiment was ended and researchers concluded that the entity in question was not SCP-3594-A. Dr. conversed with SCP-3594 for three minutes longer before vacating its containment chamber.

+ Show Interview Log 3594. [LEVEL 3 ACCESS REQUIRED.]

Interviewed: SCP-3594

Interviewer: Senior Researcher Dr. O'Brien.

Foreword: Interview was conducted on 10/24/20 .

<Begin Log>

Dr. O'Brien: Good evening, 3594. I trust you're doing well today?

SCP-3594: Hello doctor. It's been some time since anyone has last come to speak with me. Mostly all I see these days are guards here to feed Bosco.

Dr. O'Brien: I'm sorry, Bosco? Are you referring to SCP-3594-A?

SCP-3594: My cosmos and my everything, yes. His name is Bosco, or at least that seems to be the name he is the most fond of. He's quite the virtuoso, I'll have you know.

Dr. O'Brien: Actually, we've determined that SCP-3594-A is a regular frog in every way. There's nothing special about it at all, as far as we've concluded.

SCP-3594: Now you're just being insensitive, doctor. I wouldn't spit such petty insinuations in the face of your universe, not with all the wonder it holds. There's no reason that you should do the same for mine.

Dr. O'Brien: I'm sorry, but are you drawing comparisons between the universe and a frog?

SCP-3594: Your universe, doctor, not mine.

Dr. O'Brien: I don't understand.

SCP-3594: Of course you don't. Mortals are so finicky about what should define the laws of reality that they'd rather adamantly watch a play from the front row than peek their heads behind the stage curtain and see the production in its entirety. You of all people should know this doctor, you and your Foundation.

Dr. O'Brien: I still don't understand your previous statement, or what it is that you mean to imply.

SCP-3594: What I mean to imply doctor, is that Bosco is in no way different from the ever expanding universe that you preside in right now. My nature is that of a frog, just as yours is a cluster of galaxies and stars. You are a resident of your reality, as I am one of mine.

Dr. O'Brien: I think I get what you're insinuating, though I still don't understand why you've decided to link yourself to SCP-3594-A.

SCP-3594: I'm a traveler, doctor. My destination will arrive with Bosco's passing, but until then I will remain as I am now, watching over my universe from the back.

Dr. O'Brien: Literally, in this case.

SCP-3594: Yes, literally.

Dr. O'Brien: I think I understand what you're trying to say, but even with this information, we don't understand what you are.

SCP-3594: I am the omniwart.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Cricket, American cockroach, common earth worm, and house mouse respectively.
2. Electroencephalography.

SCP-3595: Einheit

Item #: SCP-3595

Object Class: Neutralized (formerly Euclid)

Special Containment Procedures: As of 3 Oct 1990, SCP-3595 is considered neutralized. Remaining civilians displaying knowledge of SCP-3595 have been issued amnestics and current containment protocol consists of keeping knowledge of its former anomalous activities from the general public. Low-level information about SCP-3595 as a "border ghost" continues to persist among civilians, but identifying memories of SCP-3595 have been removed from all known affected subjects. The village of Mödlareuth has not displayed any anomalous properties since SCP-3595's neutralization, and Foundation agents formerly stationed in the town have been withdrawn as of 1993.

Description: SCP-3595 was a humanoid entity that periodically manifested in the town of Mödlareuth[1], a German village that was divided between the Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany) and the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) during the Cold War from 1949-1990. SCP-3595 was identical in appearance and voice to Christian Schmidt (1937-1952), a 14-year-old adolescent male who was murdered by East German border guards on 30 Jul 1952 while attempting to cross from the West German side of Mödlareuth to the Eastern side. SCP-3595 possessed mild suggestive abilities which allowed it to influence the emotional state of any persons within its vicinity during a manifestation event; usually these were feelings of sadness or anger, except towards the conclusion of the manifestations (see Event Log). Attempts to terminate manifestation events before their completion resulted in SCP-3595 reappearing nearby unharmed.

SCP-3595's manifestation events were correlated with periods of political turmoil and strife between the two Germanies; Foundation researchers lent support to the theory that SCP-3595 was

attempting to express its disapproval at German disunity given its family history. SCP-3595's first recorded manifestation took place in 1961, and the last occurred in 1990, during German reunification. From 1966 to 1989, SCP-3595 appeared in a secondary manifestation event centered around Heinrich Schmidt (see Event Log).

+ Information on SCP-3595

NAME: Christian Schmidt

DOB: 11 Dec 1937, Mödlareuth, Greater German Reich

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION: Christian Schmidt was born in 1937 to parents Hanna (1914-2000) and Adolf Schmidt (1913-2001). Although both hailed from Mödlareuth, Hanna's family lived on the Bavarian (West German) side and Adolf's family lived on the Thuringian (East German) side. From 1949 onwards their in-laws were thus divided by the border, which became separated by a physical fence in 1952. Christian grew up with his parents and his mother's family living in close proximity on the West German side, occasionally making visits to the other family before the border was closed.

Although Christian excelled in school and was described by friends and relatives as inquisitive and friendly, he expressed dismay at the division of his extended family by the border. In particular, he greatly missed the regular visits to his uncle Heinrich (1911-2005), and eventually decided to make a visit to him without his parents' knowledge.

On 30 Jul 1952, Christian attempted to cross the border dividing his village; despite stern warnings from the border guards, he insisted

on trying to make it over and was mortally wounded by a shot from an East German border guard while crossing the narrow creek that separated the two sides. Christian's death caused a minor international incident between the two Germanies and border patrol by the GDR become even more stringent following the incident.

In 1962, the Foundation entered into a confidential agreement with the Soviet Union, the German Democratic Republic, and the Federal Republic of Germany on the containment of SCP-3595[2]. The Foundation agreed to administer containment efforts on both sides of the border with the understanding that Foundation agents would not attempt entry into East Germany outside of Mödlareuth without the approval of East German authorities.

Event Log 3595: Notable SCP-3595 Manifestation Events

Date: 13 Aug 1961

Correlated Contemporary Event: West Berlin border closed by GDR authorities; construction of Berlin Wall begins.

Primary Manifestation Event Summary: This was the first recorded SCP-3595 manifestation event, taking place before Foundation containment was established and primarily relying on civilian eyewitness reports for its accuracy. At midnight, an East German border guard reported seeing an adolescent male banging on the border fence; when he attempted to apprehend the child, it disappeared from his hands and re-manifested on the opposite side of the border while repeating the same behavior. Process continued for approximately two hours until Stasi agents locked down the East German side of the town; West German authorities arrived on the opposite side shortly after. The Soviet Union instructed **`GRU Division "P"`** to begin initial investigation and research protocols; duties transferred to Foundation researchers the following year.

SCP-3595 Emotional Effect Summary: Residents on both sides of the border reported feelings of unease and dread, with some expressing concern that a nuclear war might begin soon. Analysis of civilian conversations by the GRU indicated unusually frequent mentions of Christian Schmidt in casual conversation, leading to his identification as SCP-3595.

Date: 30 Jan 1966

Correlated Contemporary Event: Increased tension between East and West Germany following a letter of reconciliation delivered from Polish bishops to German bishops the previous November. The Communist East German and Polish authorities interpreted the letter as a threat to their rule, and the Roman Catholic Primate of Poland was denied a visa to visit East Germany.

Primary Manifestation Event Summary: SCP-3595 appeared on the top of the border fence shortly after 09:00, as local church services were beginning. After stretching its arms out horizontally (presumably in imitation of Jesus on the cross), SCP-3595 sang the Old 100th hymn *Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*. After completing the hymn, SCP-3595 sat down on top of the fence with its head in its hands and looked toward the eastern side of Mödlareuth with an expression of sorrow for approximately half an hour. Attempts to remove it from its location were unsuccessful, and it displayed no reaction to Foundation personnel's repeated efforts to move it. Amnestics dispersed.

Secondary Manifestation Event Summary: This is the first recorded manifestation event involving Heinrich Schmidt, taking place approximately an hour after the primary event. During standard interrogation, Heinrich reported seeing SCP-3595 manifest in his kitchen and attempt to make conversation with him. After overcoming his initial shock at apparently seeing his nephew alive, he spoke with it for fifteen minutes before alerting authorities. SCP-3595 expressed dismay at not being

able to see his uncle for so long, and repeatedly voiced its desire to see their town united again. Heinrich explained the Cold War and the reasons the border would stay closed, and SCP-3595 grew angry and de-manifested. Following a brief debate among researchers, it was decided to enlist Heinrich Schmidt's cooperation in the study of SCP-3595 while placing him under 24/7 surveillance with the assistance of local Stasi agents.

SCP-3595 Emotional Affect Summary: Church attendance in Mödlareuth declined approximately 25% on the West German side, with many town residents expressing skepticism of their traditional religious beliefs. Baseline religiosity largely returned by 1970.

Date: 25 Sep 1983

Correlated Contemporary Event: The event associated with this manifestation was not initially identified and only become known after the conclusion of the Cold War. On 26 Sep 1983, the Soviet early-response system malfunctioned and indicated that a nuclear attack by the United States was imminent. The Soviet Air Force member on duty, Lieutenant Colonel Stanislav Petrov, correctly identified the warning as a false alarm and the day proceeded without incident.

Primary Manifestation Event Summary: At 22:00 (10 P.M.), SCP-3595 appeared on the East German side of the border wall and stood still while loudly screaming without pause for approximately five minutes. SCP-3595 de-manifested after ceasing vocalization and amnestics were dispersed.

Secondary Manifestation Event Summary: Heinrich Schmidt reported seeing SCP-3595 hiding under his bed, asking if the world was going to end soon. When questioned by Heinrich as to why it thought this, SCP-3595 replied that it "just knew somehow" and would not give further details. After Foundation agents attempted to enter the house and interrogate SCP-3595,

the latter vanished as soon as agents were within its line of sight. This is the only recorded manifestation event that did not directly involve Intra-German relations.

SCP-3595 Emotional Effect Summary: Residents of Mödlareuth expressed concern about nuclear proliferation, and specifically criticized US President Ronald Reagan for his "warmongering" rhetoric.

Date: 9 Dec 1989

Correlated Contemporary Event: The border wall at Mödlareuth is opened one month after the Berlin Wall, and civilians are free to cross between either side for the first time in nearly forty years.

Primary Manifestation Event Summary: None.

Secondary Manifestation Event Summary: Uniquely among recorded SCP-3595 manifestations, only Heinrich Schmidt reported seeing it during this event. SCP-3595 expressed joy at its family being reunited again and repeatedly requested his uncle visit them on the other side of the border. After reassuring SCP-3595 that he would, it de-manifested. SCP-3595 was present in Heinrich's house for a total of forty-five minutes.

SCP-3595 Emotional Effect Summary: As they met other townspeople on the opposite side of the wall, both civilians and border guards repeatedly mentioned Christian Schmidt, going so far as to call the border crossing "Christian's Passage". No other long-term effects noted. Amnestics not issued due to low-intensity of emotional effect and possible correlation with non-anomalous recollections of the murder triggered by the border opening.

Addendum 3595.A: Cessation of Anomalous Activity: On 3 Oct 1990, SCP-3595's last known manifestation was recorded, occurring shortly after the official dissolution of East Germany and the reunification of the country at midnight. SCP-3595 manifested on top

of a preserved section of the border wall and sang the first stanza to *Auferstanden aus Ruinen* (Risen From Ruins)[3]. After briefly pausing and smiling, SCP-3595 then sang the third stanza of *Deutschlandlied*[4], de-manifesting after the song's conclusion.

Following SCP-3595's manifestation, residents of the town reported feelings of optimism and happiness, though this may have been due to either SCP-3595's effect or the reunification of the country. SCP-3595 was not seen again after this date, and was declared Neutralized on 3 Oct 1993.

Footnotes
1. Colloquially called "Little Berlin" by Foundation and Allied forces, due to a wall dividing the town in a similar manner to the Berlin Wall from 1966-1990.
2. For additional details, consult Supplementary Document 3595-A (Treaty on the Containment of SCP-3595)
3. National Anthem of the German Democratic Republic.
4. National Anthem of the Federal Republic of Germany.

SCP-3597

Item #: SCP-3597

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3597 and its debris are contained within an insulated lockbox.

Description: SCP-3597 is a quartz ring.

When a human subject wears SCP-3597, they will demanifest, leaving SCP-3597 behind. The subject is replaced by an amount of rock and ice debris equal in mass to the subject. This debris remains at a constant temperature of -203 °C.

On 07/01/2014, a man manifested near SCP-3597's lockbox, claiming to be Joaquin Marquez, an orchestra violinist reported missing 38 years prior. DNA analysis confirmed his identity. An equal mass of SCP-3597 debris was found to have vanished.

Marquez stated that SCP-3597 had "transported him." Any further attempts Marquez made to describe his experience or the location resulted in distorted vocalizations consisting of phonemes not present in any known language. He offered to attempt an artistic depiction.

Following analysis, Marquez was amnesticized and released.

D-91665 was equipped with a STALKER tracking device and instructed to wear SCP-3597. Following demanifestation, D-91665's signal was located 25 light years away. Neither D-91665 nor any other subjects have re-manifested.

Artist's Depiction

SCP-3598: Bishop's Glen Memorial Park

Item #: SCP-3598

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The entrance to Bishop's Glen Memorial Park has been moved to the southern end of the park. Foundation agents under the guise of park rangers are to detain any person(s) attempting to enter the park outside of the southern public entrance.

All materials recovered from SCP-3598 are to be stored in biological containment units.

Description: SCP-3598 is an extra-dimensional location accessible from Bishop's Glen Memorial Park, Columbiana County, Ohio. SCP-3598 is visually and geographically identical to Bishop's Glen and its surroundings, though SCP-3598 is observed to exist in a state of perpetual autumn. Although the area outside SCP-3598 is also visible, attempting to exit the confines of the park will cause the individual to leave SCP-3598. SCP-3598 appears to overlap with Bishop's Glen; those exiting SCP-3598 in a particular location will find themselves in the equivalent area outside Bishop's Glen.

SCP-3598 is only accessible under certain conditions. If these conditions are not met in order, entry to SCP-3598 is impossible.

- The individual must enter Bishop's Glen from geographic north.
- The individual must then walk for at least thirty continuous minutes within the park; direction is irrelevant. Moving faster than what would commonly be considered "walking" will upset the required conditions.
- After thirty minutes have passed, the individual must make

their way to the creek located in the south-east portion of the park. At this point, running or sprinting will meet the required conditions.

- Climbing down to the creek bed from any point will place the individual within SCP-3598. Displacement is instantaneous.

SCP-3598 was discovered by the Foundation after an anonymous letter was received by the Columbiana County Sheriff's Office detailing how to find and enter SCP-3598. Foundation assets within the office were alerted, and instituted a cover-up. Investigation into the source of the letter is ongoing.

Addendum:

+ Physical Evidence-3598

Transcription

Dear/to whom this may concern,

You don't know who I am.
I made it that way.

You've been looking for quite a
while. I'm going to give them
to you.

1.) Go to Bishop's Glen Memorial Park.
Go in from the top/north.
2.) Walk around a bit 30 mintuse[sic] a half
hour
will d[sic]. DO NOT RUN!!!!!!

3.) Go to the creek at the south-east
You can run now. They did too.
4.) Go down into the creek. You
should be there now.

Just look around for a bit.
I'm sure you can find them

now.
If you want to leave, just go outside.
I wouldn't stay long, something feels
wrong now.
I have/want to show off. Let's
keep this our little secret, ok?

From, You don't know who I am.

But you will

Addendum: Foundation researchers were able to retrieve several objects from within SCP-3598:

- Multiple gum wrappers (mint)
- Several copies of different pornographic magazines
- 127.25 USD
- 1 portable Bunsen burner
- 14 human corpses

SCP-3599: A Hard Day at Work

Item #: SCP-3599

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Microsite-6117 is to be established in Detroit, Michigan and staffed according to NHLR[1] guidelines. MS-6117 is to be additionally staffed with a contingent of C-Class personnel trained in hazardous industrial environments, who are to work 12 hour shifts within SCP-3599 on a schedule organized to ensure each SCP-3599-1 terminal is used exactly once per day. Under no circumstances are C-Class personnel to disclose information about Earth, the Foundation, or humanity in general to any other lifeforms within SCP-3599. Detailed observational reports are to be submitted after each shift.

Access to SCP-3599-1 terminals is to be restricted by unobtrusive means. The optimal containment is construction of a discrete concrete structure; chain fences and metal gates are acceptable alternatives. Small standing structures found to contain instances of SCP-3599-1 should be purchased immediately with MS-6117 discretionary funds. One guard should be stationed at each SCP-3599-1 terminal in a disguise suitable to the surrounding environment.

SCP-3599-1 terminals in locations that unduly complicate containment[2] are to be denied use for a period of five consecutive days or destroyed under the pretense of construction work. After this period, all available MS-6117 resources are to be tasked with searching the surrounding 10 km^2 region for the replacement SCP-3599-1 terminal. Access to citywide surveillance devices is to be allowed for this purpose through the US-ITAP initiative. Deactivated terminals are to be dismantled and transferred to Site-64 for storage.

Description: SCP-3599 is an orbital manufacturing complex located

16 light-years from Earth. The workforce of SCP-3599 is comprised of human and alien lifeforms transported to it by anomalous means. These workers organize themselves and labor at assembly lines in 12-hour shifts. A small percentage of the workforce act as supervisors and refer vaguely to another level of management (the "Foreman.") SCP-3599 is an unsafe work environment according to OSHA standards, and untrained laborers experience a fatality rate of approximately 30%. Affected individuals have reported difficulty formulating complex thoughts or remembering mission taskings while in close proximity to the assembly lines. The final product of the manufacturing process has yet to be identified, but is known to contain electrical circuitry, biological components, and complex lens arrays.

SCP-3599-1 is the collective designation of terminals used to access to SCP-3599. All known instances of SCP-3599-1 are currently located in the city of Detroit, Michigan, typically in alleys, basements, or other secluded areas. SCP-3599-1 instances resemble early 20th-century punch clocks, consisting of two wooden card racks, an analog clock, and a punching mechanism. A sign is posted over each terminal stating "*A star shines. A worker works.*" Terminals that go unused for five days or suffer irreparable damage cease to function as SCP-3599 instances and are replaced by a new terminal within 10 km^2. The process by which new terminals are generated remains unknown.

When an individual clocks in ^{3} at an SCP-3599-1 terminal, the nearest doorway is converted into a portal leading to SCP-3599 for approximately 40 seconds. Any individual who clocks in at an SCP-3599-1 terminal will become convinced they have acquired a desirable job. These workers perform with above-average enthusiasm, but can be motivated to resign through conventional means without causing distress above normal levels (higher levels have been observed in repeat workers.) At the conclusion of a shift, SCP-3599-1 terminals dispense payment at the rate of $5.35 per hour. 86% of first-time workers have expressed a desire to return for at least one additional shift despite poor conditions and sub-standard pay. SCP-3599 workers do not recognize their experience as being out of the ordinary under any circumstances.

SCP-3599-2 is the F-type hypergiant star positioned at one foci of SCP-3599's orbit. Neuroimaging of repeat workers has revealed unusually high levels of activity in the amygdala and hindbrain region when discussing SCP-3599-2. The nature of this reaction is unknown, and individuals who experience it do not deviate significantly from baselines under standard testing procedures.

Addendum 3599-A (C-Class Exit Interview):

[OPEN ADDENDUM.]

Prepared by the Administrative Department

Subject: Micro-Site 6117 Exit Interview

Interviewed: Jonas Murkowski, Skilled Maintenance (C-Class)

Interviewer: Dr. Kim Antoche, MS-6117 Senior Researcher

Foreword: Exit interview of Jonas Murkowski, who worked as a member of the SCP-3599 labor contingent for three years. In this time, he passed all regular physical and mental fitness tests and performed beyond expectations in the field. Immediate reassignment was requested due to familial difficulties.

Dr. Antoche: No need to look so nervous, Jonas. It's just a formality. I've already passed on your transfer request with my recommendation, and the security chief's, and your supervisor's. Really, you could have asked for reassignment any time with your record.

J. Murkowski: I just didn't want to let the rest of the team down, ma'am.

Dr. Antoche: No need to worry about us. We'll manage.

J. Murkowski: Good, good. It's just…

Dr. Antoche: Just?

J. Murkowski: I'm worried about my other job, ma'am. It's bad form to quit without a word. My grandpa was always furious about that, back at the mill. And the Foreman? His temper's worse than my grandpa's. Worse by far.

Dr. Antoche: There's not much we can do about that, I'm afraid. You know the regulations.

J. Murkowski: The Foreman's been awfully good to us, is all. Never said an unkind word we didn't deserve, always let us out a few minutes early when we were ahead of schedule, that sort of thing. Feels a bit cruel to leave him out in the lurch just a few days before we're supposed to finish production.

Dr. Antoche: Production is ending soon? I haven't heard anything about that.

J. Murkowski: The Foreman had us sign a contract, all us regulars. Non-disclosure. He's always going on about how these goods are going to make a big bang on the trading floor. And if I went and spoiled that? Well, I'd rather not think about that. Not one bit. I probably shouldn't even have told you now. If he finds out…

12 seconds of silence.

Dr. Antoche: Well, I couldn't possibly ask you to violate your contract any further. I hope you

enjoy your next position, Jonas.

J. Murkowski: Thank you, ma'am.

Closing Statement: Under the direction of Dr. Antoche, Jonas Murkowski was transferred to Site-75 for interrogation, where he proved unwilling to discuss SCP-3599 production or "the Foreman."

Addendum 3599-B (Incident Review):

[OPEN ADDENDUM.]

Further review of MS-6117 personnel revealed 23 individuals who had similarly withheld information in their regular observation reports. Over the course of their interrogations, eleven affected personnel suffered hemorrhagic strokes while attempting to describe the "Foreman." Frequently used terms in these descriptions include: Imposing (8 cases,) bright (10 cases,) sleepless (11 cases,) massive (13 cases,) unyielding (17 cases,) and radiant (23 cases.)

Preparations for anomalous activity associated with the SCP-3599 product launch are ongoing.

Footnotes
1. Non-Hostile, Low Risk
2. As defined by current MS-6117 OPCOM
3. Taking a card from the left rack, punching it, placing it in the matching spot on the right rack.

Articles 3600-3699

SCP-3600: Documenting Doomsday

Nonhazardous sample of Trilisect-A created by Dr R during testing. 76% accurate as determined by AOCRS.

Item # : SCP-3600

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3600 is an Epsilon Class Cognitohazard, and should not be directly viewed by Foundation personnel under any circumstances. Suspected or unconfirmed instances of SCP-3600 are not to be viewed until proper testing can be performed to determine their status. SCP-3600 can be temporarily contained by covering it in an opaque material until proper containment can be established.

Limited exposure of D-Class personnel to SCP-3600 is permitted for testing purposes with approval from the Site Director. No personnel should be exposed to more than 3 characters of SCP-3600 during these tests, unless occurring as a part of Project Theia.

SCP-3600-1 is to be stored in a custom-fitted steel case, sealed via welding to ensure it cannot be accessed.

Any suspected or confirmed instances of SCP-3600-2 are to be recovered pending analysis, and then either destroyed or contained as appropriate.

Description: SCP-3600 is a previously undocumented language, believed to originate in Mesopotamia, circa 3000BC, that when accurately rendered on a static surface produces a cognitohazardous effect. The language, designated Trilisect-A, superficially resembles Cuneiform, though with significantly more variety and complexity. SCP-3600-1 is a stone tablet measuring 3.7m x 1.8m x 0.25m, containing over 10,000 unique individual characters of SCP-3600 on its "front" face. When viewed directly by a conscious, sapient entity, SCP-3600 transfers to the viewer a

detailed knowledge of potential K-Class scenarios. The viewer will become aware of this knowledge over the course of approximately 48 hours.

Each individual character in SCP-3600 imparts knowledge of a single scenario, though this effect has been shown to be multiplicative; if an individual is exposed to multiple characters, the number of scenarios of which they have knowledge will be greater than the number of characters they have seen. In order to count as an instance of SCP-3600 and thus possess cognitohazardous properties, a character must match the original (as seen on SCP-3600-1) with an accuracy of at least 91%, as determined by the Advanced Optical Character Recognition System (AOCRS). Characters below 91% accuracy will possess no anomalous properties. Additionally, digital photographs and video recordings of SCP-3600 have been determined to be safe for viewing.

Scenarios imparted by SCP-3600 range from the natural or man-made (asteroid impacts, nuclear war, global pandemics, etc.) to the anomalous, with these scenarios typically being the result of a failure to contain (or the improper handling of) anomalous phenomena. Along with the knowledge of the scenario itself, viewers of SCP-3600 also gain any knowledge that would be required to bring that scenario to actuality.

Knowledge gained from SCP-3600 typically manifests as the ability to construct anomalous devices possessing the required functionality to trigger the specific scenario. Devices constructed in this way are designated SCP-3600-2. In cases where an SCP object is involved they might instead gain an awareness of how to breach containment on the object or, in cases of currently uncontained anomalies, where that object might be found. If the scenario can be brought about without the use of anomalous technology, knowledge of how use available resources to create mundane technology is granted.[1] For a list of recovered SCP-3600-2 instances, see attached document 3600-2 Recovery Log.

Incident Report 3600-01: On / /201 , Senior Researcher Dr R was inadvertently exposed to 27 characters of SCP-3600 while performing tests to determine if cognitohazardous effects could be produced by mechanical replication of SCP-3600. Six hours after

this exposure, he entered a coma-like state and remained non-responsive for 86 hours. Following a mandatory four week evaluation period, during which time Dr R provided documentation on 37 different K-Class scenarios, he was allowed to return to active duty.

+ SCP-3600 Experiment Notes

Summary of informationally relevant tests involving SCP-3600. All SCP-3600 characters involved in tests confirmed to be cognitohazardous beforehand unless otherwise noted. For a full log contact the Senior Researcher.

Experiment 005
Subject: D-5674-3
Test: Exposure to 3600-72-K2
Result: D-5674-3 provided detailed knowledge on an anomalous plant species that consumes oxygen and produces carbon dioxide which would rapidly spread across the Earth, quickly out-competing most extant plant species and resulting in the removal of oxygen from Earth's atmosphere, triggering an RK-Class restructuring scenario. According to D-5674-3 the anomalous plant species can easily be created by [DATA EXPUNGED]

Experiment 006
Subject: D-5674-3
Test: Exposure to 3600-102-B1
Result: D-5674-3 gained detailed knowledge on the progress and long-term effects of a nuclear-war induced Nuclear Winter scenario. Additionally, he was able to provide detailed designs for 3 different types of nuclear device of which one was a previously unconsidered design estimated to have an explosive yield of Mt.
Notes: D-5674-3 possesses an education level analogous to that of an American high school graduate. Supplied plans for the aforementioned devices suggest a education equivalent to advanced degrees in physics, chemistry, and mechanical engineering.

Experiment 007
Subject: D-5674-3
Test: Exposure to 3600-14-X1
Result: After 48 hours, D-5674-3 possessed knowledge of 3 additional scenarios:

- An XK-Class end-of-the-world scenario triggered by the impact of asteroid - with the Earth, along with details for the construction of a device he described as a "Gravity Lance", which would pull the asteroid into Earth's orbital path.
- An NK-Class self-replicating material scenario caused by the uncontrolled release of SCP- . Additionally, he claimed to have knowledge of how to break SCP- out of its containment in Site- as well as a method by which SCP- 's effects could be duplicated.
- A CK-Class restructuring scenario that would result in every civilisation that emerged outside of the African continent prior to 1801 being erased from history. Information supplied by D-5674-3 resulted [DATA EXPUNGED], which has now been contained as SCP- .

Notes: D-5674-3 is currently working with Foundation scientists on a modified version of his proposed "Gravity Lance", for potential use in deflecting Earth-hazardous asteroids.

Experiment 015
Subject: D-7466-7
Test: Exposure to a random selection of 50 SCP-3600 characters.
Result: D-7466-7 immediately began seizing, and soon after entered a coma-like state. MRI scans show significant neurological trauma. D-7466-7 did not recover and was terminated after 2 months of observation.

Experiment 017
Subject: D-6752-1
Test: Exposure to a random selection of 50 SCP-3600

characters, one per day, over the course of 50 days.
Result: Following the third day, D-6752-1 reported an awareness of an exponentially increasing number of scenarios. D-6752-1 began to display signs of depression following the 11th exposure. After the 22nd exposure, suggestions of a desire to construct an instance of SCP-3600-2 were noted by research staff. Following exposure of the 35th character in the test set, D-6752-1 displayed signs of significant mental degradation and, following exposure to the 40th character, entered a catatonic state in which she recited details on various scenarios in a monotone voice without pause for 325 hours, before expiring from exhaustion.

Experiment 027
Subject: D-3453-9
Test: Exposure to 3600-81-C3, with intention to allow partial construction of any anomalous technology.
Result: See Recovery Log entry SCP-3600-2-B

Experiment 037
Subject: D-5768-4
Test: Exposure to 3600-1-A1 through 3600-20-A1 sequentially, with 2 days between each exposure.
Result: Following exposure to 3600-15-A1, D-5768-4 began to show symptoms of anxiety and depression. He claimed to have knowledge of 68 separate K-Class scenarios. Following the conclusion of the test, D-5768-4 claimed knowledge of 93 separate K-Class scenarios, and was additionally showing symptoms of emotional detachment and disassociation.
Addendum: 2 weeks after the conclusion of Experiment 037, D-5768-4 was caught attempting to steal a quartz crystal, used as a paper weight, from the office of . A search of his cell revealed multiple stolen items to which D-5768-4 later confessed were to be components in an instance of SCP-3600-2. Based on his description it is unlikely that he would have been able to complete the device with the resources available to him. A restriction on the number of characters a single

individual can be exposed to has been implemented.

Update: Results submitted to Project Theia.

Discovery Notes
SCP-3600 was discovered during an archaeological dig km outside of . The Foundation became aware of SCP-3600 after the loss of contact with the archaeological team and subsequent civilian investigation; of the 14 original team members, 11 were dead,[2] two were in a coma and severely dehydrated, and one was missing. A further Foundation personnel were lost as casualties before the nature of SCP-3600 became known.

The missing team member from the dig was tracked and found six weeks later, along with a partially constructed instance of SCP-3600-2.[3] He was terminated by Foundation personnel when he became violent during apprehension.

Archaeological digs in sites potentially pertaining to culture are to be monitored by Foundation assets for potential instances of SCP-3600-1.

Addendum: 6 months following Incident 3600-01, Senior Researcher R was apprehended trying to remove SCP- from containment. An investigation revealed a warehouse rented by Dr R under a pseudonym in which a large, complex device was found.[4] Psychological analysis of Dr R revealed signs of severe depression and disassociation, which failed to show up in post-incident checkups. See Interview Transcript 04353-A for Interview and Incident 3600-02 transcript.

+ Interview Transcript 04353-A

Date: November , 201

Interviewee: Former Researcher Dr R

Interviewer: Site Director C

[BEGIN LOG]

Director C : Tell me about the device,

. Why… why would you build something like that?

Dr R : What do you want me to say, ? That I did it for the good of the Foundation? Scientific curiosity, that I was compelled?

Director C : Come on, R ! You know what happens next! Ten minutes from now they're going to stick you in a box and you'll probably never see the outside of it again! I just… I need to know why.

Dr R : Why? You know the kinds of shit we deal with every day. The things we've seen, the things we've supposedly contained, they don't even scratch the surface! Do you know how many of these… these… these K-Class scenarios I've got in my head? Dozens, maybe hundreds!

Director C : Why didn't you say something? We could have helped you.

Dr R laughs sharply

Dr R : How? The amnestics didn't work. And that's basically the only tool we have here isn't it. Lock it up or make everyone forget it was there in the first place. The Foundation, the grand arbiters of what should and shouldn't be known.

Director C : We keep people safe, dammit! You know that! You used to believe that!

Dr R speaks quietly.

Dr R : Now I know better…

Dr R : Do you know how many of these

scenarios will trigger, within a year, if we just wait? No fancy devices, no breached containment. We just sit here and the end will come. And when it does, you'll wish you'd let me finish that thing! I bet you've already got it locked up in some room downstairs, desperately trying to work out what it does. Who's working on it? , ? The world will have ended three times over before they learn anything.

Director C : My God, , have you lost your mind?! The reason we do what we do, the reason the Foundation exists is to stop the things you're describing! The world continues because we don't just sit here and wait! Tell us what these things are, and we'll stop them!

Dr R : You can't stop what's coming. Not all of it. And when it happens, in those last moments, you'll understand why I built the device. It would have been quick, painless. What's coming won't be.

Dr R pauses briefly, and sighs.

Dr R : I didn't want to have to do it this way. It's not as clean or simple as I would have liked. But you've left me little choice. I'm sorry, .

Director C : What? What are you ta-

Dr R stands up.

[WARNING, ACTIVE MEMETIC HAZARD DETECTED. PURGING AFFECTED CONTENT]

Director C collapses to the ground and begins seizing.

Dr R : This won't be pretty. Certainly not for anyone nearby. But it will get the job done, and it's still better than the alternatives.

Dr R takes a pen from Director C 's jacket and begins forcefully scoring symbols into the skin of the Director's arm. A few seconds later the door is kicked open by response teams.

Agent : Stop what you're doing! Down the grou-

[WARNING, ACTIVE MEMETIC HAZARD DETECTED. PURGING AFFECTED CONTENT]

Response team members collapse and begin seizing.

Dr R is silent for the remainder of the log, while he continues to mark symbols on various parts of Director C 's body. 47 seconds later an incendiary device can be seen rolling through the door. Recording equipment is destroyed.

[END LOG]

Director C and Dr R were both pronounced dead following the incident. Research into the origin of the memetic agent used by Dr R is ongoing. The symbols being carved into the Directors skin were consistent with those found on SCP- . Effects of inscribing them onto the skin of a living subject is unknown. Research ongoing.

Following this incident all subjects exposed to SCP-3600 for tests, including those conducted as part of Project Theia, are to remain in Class 3 memetic quarantine until the nature of the knowledge granted to them can be

confirmed to contain no memetic, infohazardous or cognitohazard dangers.

+ Access Project Theia Brief

Project Theia

Foreword

Following the incidents involving Former Researcher Dr R and after analysing the data acquired from test subjects after exposure to SCP-3600, it has been decided by the O5 Council that the value of the information that can be extracted from 3600 far outweighs the risk associated with the process.
To that end, Project Theia has been formed with the following goals:

- *To document individually each scenario of which exposure to SCP-3600 confers knowledge.*
- *To map each scenario to its corresponding character or characters in SCP-3600.*
- *To research the origins of SCP-3600 and SCP-3600-1 in an attempt to determine if more examples of SCP-3600 exist undiscovered.*

This will undoubtedly take time; conservative estimates based on the multiplicative nature of SCP-3600 exposure put the number of potential scenarios to be documented in the millions. By necessity, progress will be slow. But the information to be gained here may mean the difference between the continuation of human life and the extinction of everything we strive to protect.
- O5-4

Test Brief

As documented in early test cases and Incident 3600-01, there are certain risks associated with SCP-3600

exposure. In order to mitigate those risks, the following restrictions are placed on subjects being exposed to SCP-3600.

- Under no circumstances are test subjects to be exposed to more than 25 individual characters of SCP-3600, until such time as the risk of severe neurological trauma and significant psychological issues can be mitigated or avoided entirely.
- No test subject shall be exposed to more than one character of SCP-3600 per week, and not until all scenarios of which they currently have knowledge have been documented.
- Following the 10th exposure (and completion of subsequent documentation), test subjects may request to be transferred out of Project Theia. Those wishing to continue their participation in the project must submit to rigorous psychological analysis following each exposure to in order to screen for potential psychological issues that might arise as a result. Additionally, the time between each exposure is increased to a minimum of 2 weeks.
- Should a test subject begin displaying any psychological changes as a result of SCP-3600 exposure, or should they reach the allotted limit of 25 exposures, they are to be transferred out of Project Theia following the completion of relevant documentation.

These steps are intended to reduce the risk of neurological trauma to subjects, and to prevent any significant personality changes in subjects that might cause them to try and put their acquired knowledge to use. To that end, the following restrictions are additionally placed upon potential test subjects:

- The subject must have no history of significantly traumatic events, and must display no signs of depression, suicidal ideation, sociopathy,

psychopathy, or any other psychological condition that might disqualify them from participation as determined by Project Theia psychologists.
- The subject must possess a level of education no higher than that of a typical graduate of the American high school system.
- The subject must score at least an 8.5 on the Reinmann-Klashkoff Emotional Stability Test.
- Foundation personnel are automatically disqualified at this time.

Due to the obvious limitations imposed by these restrictions on the number of viable candidates to be found within the D-Class personnel pool, proposals for subjects from alternate sources are currently being considered.

Progress Report

As of / /201 , individual exposure of 2.7% of the characters on SCP-3600-1 has been completed. When factoring in Compound Scenarios,[5] Project Theia has documented over 5,000 potential K-Class scenarios. In addition, information provided by Project Theia has resulted in the containment of SCP objects, and the development of new pieces of technology currently being tested for potential defensive use.

Further access restricted. For full access to Project Theia documentation, please contact your Site Administrator.

+ SCP-3600-2 Recovery Log

To date, the construction of 3 instances of SCP-3600-2 have been documented.

SCP-3600-2-A: Recovered / /200
Design Notes: Four identical devices in similar stages of construction designed to accept large amounts of input material, connected to large chimney structures, and one

device superficially resembling a jet engine oriented with its exhaust pointed upwards.
Functionality: The four devices with chimneys, through an anomalous process currently under investigation, are able to break down input material and convert it into a currently unidentified gaseous substance which is then vented into the atmosphere. The turbine-like device appears to be some form of plasma generator designed to fire a continuous stream of plasma into the atmosphere. It is theorised that activating the turbine would cause significant damage to itself and the surrounding area, meaning its operation time would be short.
Notes: Testing of the gaseous substance revealed it to be highly explosive when exposed to high-energy plasma particles, though it showed no reaction when in contact with flame or electrical charges. It is theorised that if enough of the gas was pumped into the atmosphere[6] the plasma from the turbine would be sufficient to cause a chain reaction, functionally igniting the atmosphere of the planet and resulting in an XK-Class end-of-the-world scenario.
Current Status: Disassembled. Parts stored in the Secure Containment Vault at Site- pending further analysis of anomalous properties.

SCP-3600-2-B: Constructed in Foundation custody.
Design Notes: 12 interlocking rings assembled in an 8-meter diameter spherical formation, connected to a mechanical system designed to allow each ring to rotate freely on each axis. A number of similar electronic components attached at various points around each ring.
Functionality: Based on the design and description of intended effect, this is an apparent attempt to recreate **SCP-319**.
Notes: Construction and subsequent deactivation of this device would have resulted in a ZK-Class reality failure scenario, assuming it functioned as intended. Of note is that D-3453-9 made no mention of the anomalous mineral samples found in SCP-319 at any point during

construction.
Status: Disassembled. Parts sent to Site-319 for analysis.

SCP-3600-2-C: Recovered / /201
Design Notes: A highly complex device combining a variety of purely theoretical and previously unknown technologies. Operation and functionality impossible to determine from visual analysis alone.
Functionality: Apparently designed to neutralise, invert, or otherwise interfere with the force of gravity on a per-atom basis throughout local space, to an estimated range of 1.6AU.
Notes: All knowledge on the functionality of SCP-3600-2-C was gained from logs and documents recovered from the scene. Unable to theorise on the exact results of activating the device, though it would almost certainly end in a CK-Class restructuring of reality in which the Earth and the Sun no longer exist as physical objects. Of particular concern is that the device was apparently complete at the time of recovery, with the exception of an empty slot obviously designed to contain SCP- .
Status: Disassembled piece by piece and documented over the course of 2 years. Each piece individually destroyed.

Footnotes
1. While these devices are not afforded an SCP designation, they should be contained and then dismantled appropriately.
2. Cause of death determined to be severe and extensive neurological damage.
3. See Recovery Log entry SCP-3600-2-A for details.
4. See Recovery Log entry SCP-3600-2-C for details.
5. Project Theia designation for knowledge of scenarios that result from exposure to combinations of SCP-3600 characters.
6. Current estimates show that all 4 devices running for approximately 13 days at maximum output would create a sufficient amount of the gas

SCP-3601: A Cautionary Tale

An example of a document preserved after an SCP-3601-related reality restructuring event.

Item #: SCP-3601

Object Class: Keter Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: As of 01/05/2016, after SCP-3601 failed to go through an 3601-event for two consecutive cycles, SCP-3601 is considered neutralized.

In January of each even-numbered year, automatic monitoring of the internet for any SCP-3601-related advertising should take place. **MTF-Alpha-4** ("Pony Express") is to intercept any mail or packages addressed to Nueva Hermosillo Public Library, 3600 Central Ave, Nueva Hermosillo, New Mexico.

Archived Special Containment Procedures: (void as of 01/05/2016)
From January to March of each even-numbered year, during SCP-3601 active phases, MTF-Alpha-4 should be dispensed to intercept all mail sent to Nueva Hermosillo Public Library, 3600 Central Ave, Nueva Hermosillo, New Mexico.

Selected Foundation personnel with writing experience, particularly in historical or creative writing, are required to send in entries in response to one of the approved prompts (see Addendum 3601-1). As there is no way to prevent SCP-3601 events, efforts should be focused on reduction and mitigation. Submitted entries should focus on maintaining a similar history while upholding quality of writing. Changes made should be purely cosmetic or inconsequential, and history described ought to adhere to known history as closely as possible.

Overnight on the last night of February of each even year, resources

should focus on preservation of Foundation documents. Scranton Reality Anchors and any other future ontological stability technology should be activated around any file or record storage. Standard reality stability procedures for essential personnel should also be implemented on this date.

Description: (considered void as of 01/05/2016)
SCP-3601 is an anomalous creative writing contest. Every two years on January 1st, advertisements, most found online in creative writing communities, will be released. These call for entries into an "Alternate History Writing Contest," promising prizes in varying amounts of US dollars. The theme of the contest is always "United States History, Post 1970" and the advertisements will always imply or advertise the "grand opening" or first year of the competition.

Participants are asked to mail their entries to a public library in Nueva Hermosillo, a New Mexico city which had not been found to exist. Tracking of letters sent has given no conclusive results. However, it has been proven possible to intercept the letters.

The deadline for entry is always listed as March 1st. On the last night of February of each year when the contest is held, a CK-class reality restructuring event will occur. Changes as described in the winning entry will become reality. These changes are not fully comprehensive, and will leave traces of the original past, which include printed documents, files, photos, and art pieces. SRAs and similar technology have been useful in preserving documents. Those who submit winning entries will generally have a sense that history is incorrect. In two separate instances, winners retained full memories of the histories they erased.

A website, labelled "Nueva Hermosillo Public Library,"[1] will be created. The site will always appear on 12:07 PM MST, January 1st. During competition, it will display the theme of the contest and the address to which entries are sent. At the conclusion of the competition, it will announce the winners, and promise to post the winning entry. Afterwards, it will be taken down at 8:32 PM, with no entries posted.

No clear pattern is known to the choice of winners, but based on previous winners, it is presumed that winners are chosen based on

quality of writing rather than the exact nature of the changes they describe.

Addendum 3601-1: Approved Prompts
While containment was relevant, personnel referenced a list of approved prompts, which listed entry themes deemed acceptable for submission. These are cataloged below.

Display Acceptable Themes

> What if Barney, George W. Bush's dog, was an Airedale Terrier rather than a Scottish Terrier?
>
> What if Bill Clinton wore his hair long?
>
> What if Ronald Reagan's son, Ron Reagan, went by "Ronnie" instead?
>
> What if the Hubble Space Telescope was launched 12 seconds earlier?

Addendum 3601-2: Recovered Documents

Advertisements, Showing Regular Variances

> From 01/01/2004
>
> Want to try your hand at writing history? Enter the First Nuevo Hermosillo Alternate Biennial History Contest and get the chance to win prizes, too! The best entry takes $500!
>
> Our theme for this time is American History, 1970 onwards! Ask yourself, "what if?"
>
> Click on this hyperlink to find out more!

> From 01/01/2006
> Want to try your hand at writing history? Enter the First Nuevo Hermosillo Alternate Biennial History Contest and get the chance to win

prizes, too! The best entry takes $1000!

Our theme for this time is recent American History! 8) Write about presidents, wars, or even inventions! Ask yourself, “what if?”

Click on this hyperlink to find out more!

From 01/01/2014
Want to try your hand at writing history? Enter the First Nuevo Hermosillo Alternate Biennial History Contest and get the chance to win prizes, too! The best entry takes $3000!

Ask yourself, “what if?”

Our theme for this time is American History, 1970 to now! May the odds be ever in your favour, and the best entry win!

Click here to find out more!

Addendum 3601-3: Containment History

01/01/2006: First Foundation interference.
Proposal: Senior Researcher Harrison Monroe proposes the Foundation intercept all contest entries sent by mail.
Results: Failure. CK-class reality restructuring event occurs.
Attached document:

03/01/2006, posted on kewlcontest.net,
Unfortunately, we haven’t received many entries this year. Still, we persevered, and Jonathan, our intern, spread the news around his college! We’re proud to announce our winner to be Abigail Grothaus with her entry “What if Reagan survived his 1981 assassination?”

Be on the lookout, we’ll have it up and posted soon!

Notes: Recovered documents, including Reagan's 1981 autopsy, obituary, and records of succession; records from the George H. W. Bush administration (now lasting 1981 to impeachment in 1994);

and records from the Perot administration, are available upon request.

01/01/2008
Proposal: Dr. Rebecca Schlesinger proposes the Foundation send in attempts at communication.
Results: No result.

Proposal: Dr. Anna Mitchell proposes the Foundation attempt to preserve documents by utilizing SRA technology.
Results: Success. 86% of Foundation documents remain unchanged after 2008 reality restructuring event.

01/01/2010
Proposal: Dr. Rebecca Schlesinger proposes Foundation send in entries.
Results: Success. Researcher Prasad's entry, "What if the Triangle Fire started thirty seconds later?" is the winner. Method of containment is developed.

01/01/2012
Incident 3601-1. Presumed to be cause of neutralization.

Addendum 3601-4: Interview

> **Interviewed:** Victor George, the writer of the 2004 winning entry. George claimed to remember everything from before he had made the changes.
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Schlesinger.
>
> **Foreword:** Interview taken 05/07/2005, after the Foundation became aware of the anomaly.
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Schlesinger:** Morning, Mr. George. I'm here to talk to you today about a writing contest you participated in about a year ago.
>
> **George:** Yeah, I figured. With the way you guys were talking… Figured you've got to be trying to fix this. For

what it's worth, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Schlesinger: Fine. Er, I mean, it's fine. I'd like to know how much you understand what your entry had done. How did you find out?

George: Well, I woke up that morning, and I looked at the TV, and I was so confused. It took me a bit to connect it to what I wrote, but everything was so much like it. It freaked me out.

Schlesinger: You didn't remember anything about the new present?

George: No. Just the normal one.

Schlesinger: Did you notice that everything fit what you wrote exactly?

George: Well, I don't have a copy any more. But I think so, yeah.

Schlesinger: Now, in your entry, did you list anything that couldn't happen in the "normal" world?

George: Not really, no. I mean, I guess I had some fun with Dick Cheney, doing the whole evil genius thing, and I might have pushed things a bit with the votes, but it *had* been close.

Schlesinger: Anything else you find particularly noteworthy?

George: Noteworthy? Well, considering the environment, considering the wars, I might just have ended the world…

<End Log>

Closing Statement: After this interview, Mr. George was administered amnestics and released. The Foundation was able to recover several unaffected documents from

the Gore administration, one of which was instrumental in recovery of SCP-8999.

Addendum 3601-5: Incident 3601-1 and Neutralization
01/01/2012

[LEVEL-3 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Incident: Regular containment procedures as developed previously were undertaken. The entry, “What if Hurricane Katrina took a different path, passing exactly four centimeters to the left of where it had instead?” written by Dr. McCumber was the winning entry. The entry contained multiple flaws, the key of which was a throwaway line:

> […] But let us suppose, then, that a different global wind projected the hurricane to…

According to preserved Foundation records, Dr. McCumber was a zoologist with no meteorological expertise. Before the entry was submitted, no one had caught the error. It is hypothesized the entry significantly modified meteorological conditions on a global scale.

The scope of the resulting shift is yet to be determined. Over 80% of the planet’s population is hypothesized to be directly affected. Racial, ethnic, and cultural traits recorded in preserved documents, especially concerning the Americas, certain regions of Africa, and the Middle East, vary significantly from those currently reported. Climate, animal species’ number and variance, and even geography of certain areas appear to have been affected.

Confirmed changes include:

- The appearance of *Callosciurus prevostii* (Prevost's squirrel).
- The disappearance of the Italian Rainforest.
- Complete change in genetic make-up in aborginal

populations in Australia.
- The creation of Israel.
- Nearly complete reordering of African nation states.
- Extinction of *Homo neanderthalensis* (Neanderthal) species.
- [REDACTED][2]
- Relocation, and restructuring, of **Site-29.**

Full reconstruction is continuing, with further details available in Document 3601-010312.

After Incident 3601-1, SCP-3601 failed to become active as normal in 2014, 2016, and 2018. The cause for this is yet unknown.

Footnotes
1. With varying URLs
2. Classified 4/1173. Available upon request to those possessing necessary clearance.

SCP-3602: The Monkey King's Legacy

Item #: SCP-3602

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Site-220 is to retain at least one Mandarin-speaking parazoologist specializing in primate behavior and psychology. This researcher, which since 1968 has been Dr. Shufan Shen, is to serve as a liaison to SCP-3602. At least twice weekly, Dr. Shen must conduct visits for the purposes of observation, information gathering, and diplomatic relations. Following Incident-SCP-3602-01, a Mandarin-speaking psychiatrist must also be retained to conduct bi-monthly therapy sessions with each instance of SCP-3602-A.

All instances of SCP-3602-A and SCP-3602-B are to be contained within a secluded region of Site-220's Parazoology Reserve, known publicly as the Baihe Natural Reserve.[1] Each instance is to be fitted with a remote tracking device, with newborn SCP-3602-B instances receiving one at 6 months of age. Remote surveillance of SCP-3602 is to be maintained at all times, with the recording of SCP-3602-A instances prioritized. Any attempt by an SCP-3602 instance to leave the Parazoology reserve is to be punished by 1 week of confinement within Site-220's holding cells. Repeat offenses are to be punished by confinement periods with lengths escalated accordingly.

Description: SCP-3602 is a community of approximately 400 *Rhinopithecus roxellana*, more commonly known as the Golden snub-nosed monkey. All instances of SCP-3602 are sapient and capable of human speech. Mandarin serves as the primary means of communication, with several local dialects spoken less commonly by older members of the community. Instances have no physiological deviations from non-anomalous specimens, and, with the exception of SCP-3602-A instances, have identical sustenance needs and lifespans. How SCP-3602 instances are capable of human vocalization despite the lack of morphological deviation is

unknown. The community makes regular use of simple tools, and is able to utilize fire as a source of warmth.

The SCP-3602 population is divided into two distinct groups, SCP-3602-A and SCP-3602-B. SCP-3602-A is a group of 18 specimens that are biologically immortal, with an estimated age of 1800-2200 years. SCP-3602-A serve as the leaders of the community, with roles analogous to that of tribal elders in many human societies. SCP-3602-A instances are incapable of sustaining serious injury regardless of circumstance, and appear to display a high degree of metaphysical permanence. SCP-3602-B instances form the remainder of the community, and are all descended directly or indirectly from the 18 instances of SCP-3602-A.

SCP-3602-A claim to be followers of the Chinese deity Sun Wukong, who they credit for their sapience and immortality.[2] The oral history of the community is primarily based on Wukong and his exploits. Particular emphasis is placed on his rebellion against the Jade Emperor and the defacement of the register of death, the latter of which is claimed to be the reason SCP-3602-A are unable to die. Tales often end with an instance of SCP-3602-A informing the assembled SCP-3602-B instances that Wukong will someday return to lead them to glory. Multiple instances of SCP-3602-A have confided to Dr. Shen that the storytelling is intended to motivate SCP-3602-B towards ambition and self improvement.

SCP-3602-B display noticeably lower intelligence than their immortal forebears, with most having comparable intelligence to Human children aged 5 to 9. Subjects are generally cheerful, easily amused, and have a low attention span. On three occasions between 1968 and 1981, Dr. Shen observed a large scale effort by SCP-3602-A to educate SCP-3602-B on the use of more complex tools. Most notably, in 1975 SCP-3602-A attempted to convince SCP-3602-B to construct and reside in permanent structures. These attempts have failed without exception due to lack of interest on the part of SCP-3602-B, who often mollify their elders by displaying usage of more simple tools instead.

Incident SCP-3602-01: On 04/04/1984, SCP-3602-A-9 attempted suicide via self immolation, but was unsuccessful due to its anomalous qualities. Instance was then taken to Site-220 for

interrogation regarding the incident.

+ Show Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3602-A-9. Subject is among the primary matriarchs of the community, and responds to the name Sun Daiyu.

Interviewer: Dr. Shufan Shen

Foreword: Subject was in considerable emotional distress during transport to Site 220, and 2 days elapsed before subject was considered calm enough to be interviewed. Interview is translated from the original Mandarin.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Shen: "Daiyu, what happened? You've never shown suicidal urges before, why did you try to kill yourself?"

SCP-3602-A-9: "Oh tall one[3], you've walked among us for more than ten years and yet know so little. This isn't the first time I've tried, nor will it be the last. All among the elders have tried at least once."

Dr. Shen: "…Why? You all have your children, your family, your history. I just don't understand."

SCP-3602-A-9: "I have lived for two thousand winters. In that time I have birthed, raised, and outlived countless numbers of my children. I have watched our home disappear and the brief glory of our past be forgotten. Sun Wukong raised us up, made us immortal, and together we challenged the gods themselves.

How could we ever be satisfied living like the animals we once were? We saw the sun and now walk in the mud for years unending. And wherever our Father is, he has forgotten us."

SCP-3602-A-9: "Our children don't understand us. They live brief lives and are content to be mere animals. I am not. I wish I had died when I had the chance. I wish that Wukong had never hatched from the stone egg. I wish that he had remained trapped beneath the mountain, burned by Laozi's fire for all time. It would have been a kinder fate than the one he forced upon us."
<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Shen submitted a proposal to utilize anomalous means to terminate SCP-3602-A instances should they request euthanasia. Proposal was considered by the regional ethics committee, and denied in a 5 to 4 vote.

Footnotes
1. Founded in 1963, Site-220 serves as one of two headquarters of the Foundation's Parazoology Division (the other being Area-12). 48 of the more docile anomalous fauna species are contained within its 163 sq. km reserve.
2. Wukong is also known as Son Goku, the Monkey King, and the Great Sage Equal to Heaven.
3. Approximate English rendering of the Mandarin 高个子. General term used by SCP-3602 to describe humans.

SCP-3603: Oops! All Bears

SCP-3603's Box

Item #: SCP-3603

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3603 is kept in a standard containment cell in Site- . At no time should the temperature in the containment cell exceed 4 degrees Celsius.

Instances of SCP-3603-1 are to be kept in separate nature facilities depending on the color of powder covering their fur at time of emergence.

All testing propositions with this object must be provided with approval from the current project head.

Description: SCP-3603 is cereal resembling Captain Crunch's "Oops! All Berries." On the box containing SCP-3603, every "Quaker Oats" is replaced with "Dundle's Food."[1] Testing has shown that both the box and plastic bag containing the cereal are not anomalous, although several people have stated "It just seems, off" or "I don't like the way the Captain is looking at me."

Ingestion or insertion of instances of SCP-3603 into a living being, human or otherwise, results in no anomalous effects. However, personnel who have eaten SCP-3603 describe it as being stale, bland, and/or flavorless.

SCP-3603 instances act as a seed. When put in a warm, moist environment, SCP-3603 will bloom at a rapid rate. Within 15 minutes, a bulb 2.1 meters tall resembling a watermelon will have grown no more than .5 meters away. When these are dug into or cut, a loud groan can be heard, followed by the tools used to harm the bulb breaking and shot out of the rind at high speeds.

The same effect happens when more than one instances of SCP-3603 are placed 5 millimeters or less apart. When multiples of the same color are placed in this way, no extra effects occur. However, when two or more different colors are placed together, they merge and form a new seed the same dimensions as the originals. Where the excess mass goes is currently unknown. This instance of SCP-3603 is the mixed color of the originals. The growth period from here on is completely normal, though the resulting SCP-3603-1 instance is the color of the hybrid seed.

After a period of time ranging from 15 minutes to 32 hours, the bulb grown from SCP-3603 will burst, followed by an emergence of SCP-3603-1. SCP-3603-1 instances artificially resemble Ursus Americanus (American Black Bears). However, instances of SCP-3603-1 are covered in a layer of powder corresponding with the color of SCP-3603 allowed to grow.

Testing has shown that this powder is most similar to chalk and contains several non-biological pigments. It is not dangerous in any way and is generally removed due to normal conditions in the nature habitat, i.e. rain and wind.

SCP-3603-1 instances have a number of anomalous properties depending on the color/colors allowed to propagate. For a full list, see Addendum SCP-3603-a. SCP-3603-1 instances are docile toward humans, and do not attack unless provoked. They live the normal lifespan of an Ursas Americanus (with birth being substituted for emergence), and are not able to reproduce. They can be terminated through normal means, but show immense strength regardless of color.

SCP-3603-1 instances are territorial and have a tendency to fight with those of different emergence colors, even if the powder is not still on other instances. It is unknown how they differentiate between themselves and instances of other colors.

Addendum SCP-3603-a

SCP-3603 Color: Blue
Powder Color: Blue
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Blue SCP-3603-1

instances periodically breath fire. No damage is done to SCP-3603-1 during these episodes.
Notes: The fire is seemingly random and uncontrollable.

SCP-3603 Color: Purple
Powder Color: Purple
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Purple SCP-3603-1 instances appear as cubs for their remaining life, but show the same strength as a fully grown non-anomalous American Black Bear.

SCP-3603 Color: Red
Powder Color: Red
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Red SCP-3603-1 instances can bite through any material less than four centimeters thick. They, however, cannot digest any material that they otherwise could not and die shortly after trying to eat the material.

SCP-3603 Color: Green
Powder Color: Green
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Green SCP-3603-1 instances produce waste that acts as a "super fertilizer." When placed 12 meters or less away from any plant life, it will grow at an accelerated rate.
Notes: This does not effect SCP-3603 instances. This seems to show that SCP-3603 is not a species of plant.

SCP-3603 Colors: Red and Blue
Powder Color: Purple
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: See above

SCP-3603 Colors: Green and Red
Powder Color: Brown
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Brown SCP-3603-1 instances show a heightened sense of smell, and have been shown smelling food from up to 15 kilometers away.

SCP-3603 Colors: Green and Blue
Powder Color: Turquoise

Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: [REDACTED]
Notes: Please create no more. Do not create any more. Not after what it did to Johnson. No more.

SCP-3603 Colors: Purple and Blue
Powder Color: Violet
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Violet SCP-3603-1 instances appear orange on video or in pictures. No other effects have been observed at this point.

SCP-3603 Colors: Purple and Green
Powder Color: Gray
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Gray SCP-3603-1 instances have a metabolism equivalent to standard lab mice.
Notes: These instances have proven quite costly to feed, and as such, should be terminated. No more gray instances of SCP-3603-1 are to be grown.

SCP-3603 Colors: Green, Purple, Red, and Blue
Powder Color: Jet Black
Resulting SCP-3603-1 Anomaly: Black instances of SCP-3603-1 do not exist in our reality. The only visible part of a black SCP-3603-1 anomaly is the emerging powder. After this powder is removed, its ties on reality are removed. Black SCP-3603-1 instances are presumed neutralized afterward, and no trace of them (physical or otherwise) have ever been recorded.

Footnotes
1. A Possible Group of Interest for the Foundation specializing in edible food-based anomalies. As of yet, all instances of Dundle's Food related items have been found consumable, albeit anomalous.

SCP-3605: The blue is so beautiful

Item #: SCP-3605

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Inactive SCP-3605 instances are to be stored in a standard high-value containment locker in Site 73; active SCP-3605 instances are currently being monitored by a rotating containment team. No new photographs are to be exposed to SCP-3605 instances without the approval of the Site Director.

The exact significance of C/1911 O1 to Fifthist ideology is currently being evaluated.

Description: SCP-3605 designates a collection of fifty-five vintage photographs of C/1911 O1 (Brooks), a comet that passed by Earth in the second half of 1911 and was brightly visible to the naked eye. SCP-3605/05 appears to be the original copy that the other facsimiles were based on, despite being labeled "Comet #5" on the reverse side. Research has revealed that the photograph was likely taken somewhere in the midwestern United States.

When any physical photograph depicting a visible celestial dome is brought within a 1.5 meter[1] radius of any SCP-3605 instance, the latter's anomalous properties begin to manifest. The sky portion of a 3605-affected photograph will have its contents replaced by the image of C/1911 O1 during the first iteration (see above image), and persons depicted in the photograph will turn their heads toward it in the second iteration. Following this initial transformation, the affected photograph's content will change every five hours, and various anomalous activities are depicted, usually centering around the comet and the nearby stars (see Observational Data). SCP-3605 affected photographs will continue to change at an unpredictable rate until reaching their end form (with final transformations occurring as early as Iteration 005 and as late as Iteration 050). In all iterations after the first, the placement of C/1911 O1 within the

photograph will remain unchanged. SCP-3605 instances only affect photographs capturing events in the real world; illustrations of any kind are not affected.

SCP-3605 instances were recovered in 2016 following an investigation into **Fifthist** members operating out of a vacant building that had been formerly used as a Polaroid development shop. Three persons were found deceased inside; post-mortem analysis indicated subjects had expired approximately three to four days before Foundation discovery. Additionally, subjects' eyes [REDACTED][2] A journal belonging to POI-3605-01[3] was recovered during the raid, excerpts of which have been reproduced below. Grammar and spelling have been corrected as needed.

> **January 3**
>
> Hey, paper, it's me, [POI-3605-01]. We're finally at that place the comet and the stars told me to go to. Don't know if I was expecting anything more impressive, but all that's left here are a few signs and one or two broken cameras. The materials are sparse, but the energy… yeah, I can feel it. We hit paydirt.
>
> [POI-3605-02] is skeptical, thinks we shouldn't be wasting our time here. But I'm convinced that we can use this place to connect to that comet…C/1911 O1, if I remember the technical name right. When I was smoking it[4] outside our church last month, when the vision hit me, right in that field there were three things: that shop, the little glowing friends, and that big, beautiful white comet.
>
> We just brought the photos and the telescope in today. We also took **the book** with us, but we're not using it exactly how it says we're supposed to. I'm kinda nervous but we might need it and it's a good reminder of why we're here. [POI-3605-2] seemed kinda pissed at me for using the book wrong, like it was the Bible or something. She doesn't get it. The whole reason I want us to do this is to show people what Chapter 2 was talking about, and why it doesn't have to be this way. First we show them pictures, and then they help us make it a reality.

[POI-3605-3] is going to keep watch while we sleep. If either of us spot it, we let the other know right away.

January 7

The photo changed today! [POI-3605-2] was getting ready to give up, but right when she was walking out the door I saw the comet. It was on that picture of her and her mom at Yosemite National Park. It was bright and warm outside when they took that photo, but the sky was black behind them, and it looked all grainy and old. But I guess that's because the comet photos are…

…what was I saying? I'm forgetting stuff. The comet, man. Gotta focus on the comet. Remember what the book says: "Now is our time. Here is our space. We take your comet."

We're getting closer.

January 10

[POI-3605-2] got a little upset today when she saw what happened to the Yosemite photo. [POI-3605-3] managed to calm her down but I guess I can't blame her. An image can only give you an idea of being with the comet is like, and you really have to experience it for yourself. [REDACTED][5] and I hope it works out for them too, but this is gonna be different. We're not creating anything. We're bringing something back.

I know we haven't seen it yet, but this almost feels like we're meeting an old friend. Our hard work will pay off when we can look at it. Look at it riding down the heavens and promising us true unity. We're coming for you, buddy.

[undated]

Holy shit man I just remembered something. Something I can't believe I didn't tell [POI-3605-2] and [POI-3605-3]

first.

It was blue. It was fucking blue. I just looked it up on the Wikipedia article. I must've been smoking so much herb I forgot that the past wasn't black and white.

I wish I had Doctor Who's telephone box so I could go back in time to where the guy who took the first photo was. Just imagine what it would've been like to see our friend in all its glory, instead of just having these old pictures. Don't worry, Brooks. We're bringing you back. And we're all gonna be in that beautiful blue paradise.

January 15

It happened. Today was the day.

I woke up and I didn't know if I was really awake or just dreaming. But [POI-3605-2] and [POI-3605-3] were both standing outside, staring up at the sky. I knew this was it.

It was up there. Brooks. Big, BLUE, wonderful Brooks. It wasn't moving. It was just…shooting in place. All the wavy things on the side of it were moving, but it wasn't. It was like a gif.

And the stars…the stars were like in the photos. The grainy parts looked like someone redid the sky with MS Paint. And we stared.

God we just stared for so fucking long.

And [REDACTED][6]. I think it was the same sort of thing the other guys were looking for. They were talking to us, like we were their friends, but they said we're not ready yet.

Then we were back here. Wait how did we get back here? Where is Brooks?

January 18

Ok ok calm down. Three days now and everything still looks normal outside. We brought it back for a moment and now it's gone again. All of our photos have made ascendancy. [POI-3605-2] ripped Yosemite apart because she got united in it, but not here. Me neither.

Me neither. Can't calm down, can't think of anything else. Where are you after all we did for you why not come back blue[sic]

[undated]

Please come back.

[undated]

We are ready

[undated]

I love you Brooks

[undated]

The blue is so beautiful

[END EXCERPTS - CONSULT SUPPLEMENTARY DOCUMENT 3605/B FOR FULL ACCESS]

Observational Data

Below is an example of SCP-3605's main effect, recorded during the exposure of instance 3605/034 to a non-anomalous photograph. For full access to Observational Data logs, consult Supplementary Document 3605/A.

SCP-3605 Affected Photograph: Black and white contemporary photograph of Sixth Avenue in New York City, 1922.

Iteration	Description
001	Sky above New York is replaced with a replica of SCP-3605.

	Based on perspective, C/1911 O1 appears to be extremely close to making impact with the island of Manhattan.
002	All persons present in the photograph immediately turn their attention towards the comet. The latter's position within the atmosphere remains unchanged.
003-006	Stars within the sky gradually move from their original position to the ground level of the photograph without changing in size, appearing as glowing white orbs floating above the street. Effects of photographic decomposition due to aging are reversed and elements of the image become more detailed, with people now having visible identifiable facial expressions. Persons in the photograph (including background figures barely or partially visible in the first iteration that are now in the foreground) all display expressions of happiness or relief while staring at the orbs.
006-009	Star-orbs make their way to individual persons in the photograph and integrate themselves into their bodies, appearing as a glowing white hole in the middle of their abdomens. [REDACTED][7]Subjects depicted do not show any signs of discomfort, and instead spread their arms in a welcoming gesture as the orbs enter their bodies.
009-015	Subjects begin to levitate

	approximately one meter off of the ground while their legs and arms go limp. Levitating people gradually move to the center of the photograph next to the lampost and form a circle from their bodies. After the circle is formed, the star-orbs begin to project from the subjects' abdomens to the center of it until the circle encloses a large, glowing light.
016-020	Subjects "fly" from the center of the photograph to C/1911 O1 while surrounding the light, their visibility reducing in each iteration until they vanish into the center of the comet. **Final Iteration: 020**

+ Addendum 3605.A [SITE DIRECTOR CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Following the discovery and classification of **SCP-3255**, SCP-3605's documentation was partially censored for security reasons as connections between the two anomalous phenomena became apparent. Specifically:

- Identities of the subjects have been confirmed to be prominent Fifthist members (names were expunged by special order of O5 Command) who were aware of the activities at the Indrid Arto Mental Wellness Center and disagreed with their methods. Several diary entries directly reference them, with one saying "Those guys are trying to reinvent the wheel, when all we have to do is tune it to the energy and we can find what was already there."
- Upon initial discovery, the cadavers of POI-3605-01, 02, and 03 each had two bright blue orbs located within their eye sockets. The orbs resembled smaller versions of the miniaturized

stars discovered within SCP-3255 and could not be moved by any means, even after significant decomposition. The cadavers were classified as SCP-3605-A, SCP-3605-B and SCP-3605-C and were moved to Site-11.

- Long-term exposure to SCP-3605 instances causes the viewer to begin to conform to Fifthist beliefs and repeatedly profess a love for comets, especially C/1911 O1. Accordingly, containment procedures have been updated to ensure weekly rotation of SCP-3605 containment staff. Class D Amnestics are issued after each rotation which remove specific memories of SCP-3605 instances while still leaving subjects aware they worked with them.
- In approximately 13% of SCP-3605 affected photographs, persons depicted will have their eyes removed and replaced with blue orbs similar to the ones seen in the aforementioned cadavers. After persons have disappeared into the comet, the orbs will stay behind and remain in the circle the subjects were previously in. Eventually, these will be integrated into the C/1911 O1 background, taking the place of the stars that were removed in previous iterations. Final iteration resembles the first, except without any people present in it.

Footnotes

1. Measured as five feet in the United States.
2. Site Director clearance required. See Addendum 3605.A.
3. Names have been removed and substituted with POI-3605-XX designations.
4. The substance referred to here is likely cannabis, as the shop contained trace amounts of it upon discovery. However, symptoms described in withheld entries are consistent with an anomalous substance.
5. See Addendum 3605.A
6. See Addendum 3605.A
7. See Addendum 3605.A

SCP-3606: Praise You

Item #: SCP-3606

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An electrified fence has been erected around the property on which SCP-3606 resides. Small holes along the bottom of the fence are regularly spaced to allow for the ingress of animals. A copse of trees has been planted around SCP-3606 itself for privacy. Humans affected by SCP-3606's attractive effect are to be retrieved, returned to their prior location, and monitored until death.

One live cow at least 500kg in mass is to be delivered to SCP-3606 at eight-hour intervals and sealed in its garage. If possible, the remains of the previous cow should be removed first.

Standard supplies for extended residence, as well as writing and art supplies, are to be delivered to SCP-3606-A as necessary; SCP-3606-A may request additional accommodations by contacting SCP-3606's HMCL supervisor. Garbage and other refuse is collected from SCP-3606 twice per week. SCP-3606-A has accepted responsibility for clearing dust and skeletons from SCP-3606 so that personnel may retrieve them.

A stairway and tunnel in SCP-3606's backyard have been constructed to enable access to SCP-3606-B. SCP-3606-A has been told that this structure was built to access an unusual mineral deposit on the property, and must not be provided any information about SCP-3606-B.

While SCP-3606-B does not require active observation, surveillance footage should be collected and reviewed weekly.

Personnel are not to touch SCP-3606-B or remain in SCP-3606 for more than five minutes at a time under any circumstances.

Description: SCP-3606 is a two-story house located in rural New Jersey, near . Living organisms within SCP-3606 (with the exception of SCP-3606-A) will rot, decay, or otherwise deteriorate at an accelerated pace, such that damage to such organisms manifests after about seven minutes, and death invariably occurs within twelve hours.

When the amount of living biomass in SCP-3606 falls below a poorly characterized threshold, its area of effect will extend beyond the boundaries of the house at ~1.3 m/s until a sufficient quantity of such material is within its range, contracting when the total living biomass in the area of effect exceeds the minimum value. Current containment procedures have proven sufficient to prevent SCP-3606's effect from spreading.

Within a range of roughly 35 kilometers, animals whose death is imminent may experience a compulsion to travel to and enter SCP-3606 prior to death, generally dying within five minutes. While this effect is apparent in most observed animal life, it is most pronounced in birds, which will invariably travel to SCP-3606 to die.

SCP-3606-A is a human male by the name of August Mayes, a resident of SCP-3606 for his entire life. He is notable primarily for his apparent immunity to SCP-3606's anomalous properties and his lack of observed aging since said anomalous properties first manifested. When SCP-3606-A moves more than three meters from SCP-3606, he will fall into a catatonic stupor that will only reverse upon reintroduction to SCP-3606. As these episodes cause SCP-3606-A extreme pain and distress, he is permitted to reside in SCP-3606.

SCP-3606-A experiences regular dreams featuring an individual he refers to as " ", whose appearance is consistent with that of SCP-3606-B; he also reports experiencing waking hallucinations consistent with these dreams on occasion. SCP-3606-A is obsessed with SCP-3606-B, spending the majority of his spare time producing artistic works that depict SCP-3606-B in some manner, though he frequently expresses dissatisfaction with his works. SCP-3606-A exhibits a variety of intense emotional responses towards SCP-3606-B, most commonly those of love and reverence, though he often has difficulty expressing these emotions or his thoughts on

SCP-3606-B.

SCP-3606-B is a human male of indeterminate age located eight meters below SCP-3606's foundation, at the bottom of an apparently natural stone pit. Records from the house's construction make no mention of such a pit, and SCP-3606-A is unaware of SCP-3606-B's presence. SCP-3606-B resides in a stone coffin-shaped depression in the bedrock; imaging indicates the existence of an additional, liquid-filled cavity of indeterminate size beneath this coffin, though this has not been manually confirmed. Organisms that make physical contact with SCP-3606-B will become desiccated and decay rapidly; death occurs within eight seconds, and the body will turn to dust completely within thirty seconds.

While SCP-3606-B is alive, it has shown no need for sustenance, and possesses no higher brain activity. It is fused to the interior of its coffin at several points, with essential organ systems extending at least three meters into the surrounding rock. Extracting SCP-3606-B from its present location is not considered feasible; furthermore, excavation of the area underneath or around SCP-3606-B's coffin carries a significant risk of injuring or killing SCP-3606-B.

History: SCP-3606 was built in 1928, and displayed no anomalous properties until June 18, 1951. Several days earlier, SCP-3606-A's mother and younger sister, both residents of the house, were hospitalized for atypical necrotizing fasciitis;[1] this ultimately proved lethal in both case. Additionally, several minor earthquakes were detected near SCP-3606. SCP-3606-A was 23 years old at the time.

SCP-3606's development of its primary anomalous properties coincided with those of SCP-3606-A, as well as the beginning of SCP-3606-A's dreams of SCP-3606-B. The Foundation became involved within 36 hours, after reports of massive crop and livestock deaths. Eighteen human casualties were recorded before containment was established.

Infrasonic imaging of SCP-3606 and the surrounding property was conducted in 1972, leading to the discovery of the pit under the house; subsequent excavation revealed the existence of SCP-3606-B, which had not been given an SCP designation prior to its discovery. SCP-3606-A expressed surprise when informed of

SCP-3606-B's presence and status, claiming to have had no prior knowledge on the matter. This information ultimately proved deleterious to SCP-3606-A's mental stability, and the decision was made to erase it from SCP-3606-A's memory.

Addendum: The following interview was conducted on September 13, 1998, and is considered representative of the content of most interviews with SCP-3606-A. Dr. Cabrini and SCP-3606-A conversed on the front porch of SCP-3606.

> **Dr. Cabrini:** Good afternoon, August.
>
> [SCP-3606-A ignores Dr. Cabrini and continues sketching.]
>
> **Dr. Cabrini:** August, I said good afternoon.
>
> **SCP-3606-A:** Yes. Just a moment. It's almost done. Would you like to see it when it's done?
>
> **Dr. Cabrini:** Of course. I'll wait for you to finish. May I sit?
>
> [SCP-3606-A does not respond but shows no objection to Dr. Cabrini sitting. SCP-3606-A continues to sketch for 13m47s, at which time he places the pencil down and makes an unusual noise under his breath.]
>
> **Dr. Cabrini:** Are you finished, August?
>
> **SCP-3606-A:** Yes. I think. Why don't the eyes come out right? I want everyone to see them.
>
> **Dr. Cabrini:** I am going to look at your drawing, August. May I take it?
>
> **SCP-3606-A:** Yes. Go ahead. You see? They aren't right. They aren't how they're supposed to be.
>
> **Dr. Cabrini:** And how are they supposed to be?
>
> **SCP-3606-A:** His… His eyes. They're not like this.

They're really bright, but also… incredibly dark. Stars. Water. The abyss. They swallow. In him, I am swallowed. Within him, I see.

Dr. Cabrini: Ah, I see. What prompted this drawing, August? What was the inspiration today?

SCP-3606-A: I dreamed him again. He was closer this time. I was at a picnic with some people, a man and a woman, and a little girl.

Dr. Cabrini: Would that be your family?

SCP-3606-A: My what? They weren't important. I'm talking about .

Dr. Cabrini: Yes, about him. What happened in your dream, at the picnic?

SCP-3606-A: He… He sat beside me. He was looking down the hill, over the river. I said his name… His… It came out wrong, I couldn't hold it in my mouth. And he… he smiled. At me! He was smiling at me.

Dr. Cabrini: Did the people at the picnic with you see him? Did they talk to him?

SCP-3606-A: What people?

Dr. Cabrini: You just mentioned people at a picnic with you when sat with you.

SCP-3606-A: He sat with me. I could feel him, he was so close, Doctor. But I kept trying to speak, to beg him, pray to him, and nothing would come out. And… [Subject shudders and hugs himself, emits a high-pitched giggle. He then goes silent.]

Dr. Cabrini: … And what happened then, August? In your dream.

SCP-3606-A: … He held out his hands to me… They

were cupped, and full of… something. Liquid. Something thick. And I knew… I knew he wanted me to drink it.

Dr. Cabrini: And did you?

SCP-3606-A: Yes. I… I dipped my mouth into his hands. I drank what he offered me. I remember clutching his hands, trying to get it all. It didn't seem like it was going to end.

Dr. Cabrini: Do you remember a taste?

SCP-3606-A: It was… sweet. But that's all I can say… There aren't words to describe…

Dr. Cabrini: I see. And what happened then?

SCP-3606-A: … I… Dissolved. I was falling apart. I melted. I… And he… With me… We both…

[SCP-3606-A's speech becomes incomprehensible. The subject mutters for roughly two minutes.]

Dr. Cabrini: … August. Are you unable to verbalize what happened in the dream? Could you draw a picture for me?

[SCP-3606-A does not answer or make eye contact, but re-enters the house and retrieves paper and a box of oil pastels. SCP-3606-A does not return to the porch. Through a window, Dr. Cabrini observes the subject taking fistfuls of pastels and smearing them over the paper, sometimes making delicate marks before resuming the smearing technique. Subject verbalizes loudly and screeches in what is to be taken as elation before ignoring Dr. Cabrini completely and crawling onto a nearby couch. Dr. Cabrini later entered the premises briefly to retrieve the resulting picture, which is attached. No further comment could be elicited from SCP-3606-A for this session.]

Footnotes

1. Tentative diagnosis. The actual cause is likely anomalous.

SCP-3607: Residence Evil

Item #: SCP-3607

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3607 is to be contained on-site. A perimeter fence topped with barbed wire has been established, and all windows of the structure have been boarded up. Warning signs indicating a chemical hazard have been placed on-site. The structure is to be covertly guarded by at least 2 security officers, dressed as civilian private security.

Security cameras and Kant counters have been installed at strategic points around and within the structure to monitor its activity. Any activity observed within the structure is to be reported to associated researchers with a clearance level of 4 or higher. Documents or objects produced within the structure should be retrieved by remote-controlled drones.

No human subjects are to enter SCP-3607. Direct human interaction with the object is to be kept at a minimum level.

Description: SCP-3607 is a two-storey house located in , . The object is unremarkable in appearance, and similar in structure to other residential units in the area. The object was constructed on / /19 with no known incidents of anomalous phenomena.

SCP-3607 is capable of causing the disappearance of human subjects within the structure. The exact nature, cause, and extent of this property has not been determined. The door to the bedroom of Devin is locked, and has resisted all attempts to breach it. The bedroom of Devin exhibits a major spatial anomaly, in which gravity is affected and the space contained within the room is much larger than normally possible. This space exists as a concrete tunnel of unknown depth. Any object that crosses the threshold into this space is pulled into the tunnel, or "falls in" as a result of the

anomaly.

Aside from this, several other anomalies are known to occur within the structure.

- Electrical appliances activating or deactivating for no apparent reason, at random intervals[1].
- Sudden decreases in temperature, by up to 8° Celsius, at random intervals. The duration of this phenomenon varies.
- Fluctuating hume levels ranging from [REDACTED] at random intervals, causing the state of reality within the structure to briefly destabilize.

Evidence suggests that an entity, referred to as SCP-3607-A, exists within the structure. However, all attempts to locate it or identify its nature have been unsuccessful. Researchers believe that the anomalous phenomena occurring within SCP-3607 are attributed to this entity. However, this has not been confirmed.

The Foundation was alerted to the object's anomalous properties when all 4 residents of the structure disappeared without an explanation on / /2002. To date, all attempts to locate said subjects have met with failure.

Exploration Log 3607-1

> **Subject:** D-10221
>
> **Procedure:** Subject was instructed to remain within SCP-3607 for 24 hours. Subject was issued audio and video recording equipment and a GPS tracker, and was instructed to equip said objects at all times. Adequate food and water were also provided.
>
> **Results:** Subject vanished at approximately 21:30 hours. The GPS tracker on the subject indicated that he was still in the compound. Communication with the subject remained stable, and the transcript can is recorded in Audio Log 3607-1.

+ Audio Log 3607-1

Interviewed: D-10221

Interviewer: Researcher

Foreword: D-10221 alerted researchers that he had been transported into a chamber by unknown means.

<Begin Log>

Researcher : D-10221, explain your situation.

D-10221: (Subject is heard coughing, and is generally unresponsive to Researcher 's instructions at this point) Please help me, I'm begging you.

Researcher : D-10221, calm down.

D-10221: Alright- alright. I'm trying.

Researcher : We will do everything we can, but you have to cooperate with me and explain your situation.

D-10221: Alright, alright, I went to the bathroom to take a piss, but when I flushed the toilet, everything went dark. There was the sound of water. It was all around me, and it got louder, and louder, until I found myself in here. I thought- I thought-

(Video footage confirms that the subject had utilized the bathroom on the second story before disappearing.)

Researcher : D-10221? Where are you? Are you still in- D-10221, can you hear me?

D-10221: (Subject is heard coughing) It's difficult to talk. It smells really bad in here.

Researcher : In where?

D-10221: God damn it! I'm trying! Everything went dark. Thought the power tripped, but I realized I was falling, and then I ended up in here.

Researcher : Describe your location and surroundings.

D-10221: I'm in water. Trying to stay afloat. Can't feel the floor. Don't know how deep it is. I'll start sinking if I don't keep kicking. It smells really bad and it's all dark. I think I somehow fell in the sewer. I can't get the flashlight to work. Please get me out of here. I keep hitting my head against the ceiling… uh, walls on all sides, so I'm trapped in here.

Researcher : How did you get in your current location?

D-10221: How the fuck should I know? There's no opening in the ceiling. I don't even know how that's possible.

Researcher : Noted. You have to calm down. We're trying to help you.

D-10221: Alright, alright, I'm sorry. I'm just seriously stressed. I don't know how I got in here. I mean, it's not like I could fall into the toilet, right?

Researcher : You mentioned that there's no opening in the ceiling. Is it possible there is an opening beneath the surface of the water? Maybe you went under and floated up.

D-10221: No, I'm sure I fell straight down. Listen, if you're asking me to go underwater, that's not going to happen. It smells really bad. Is the camera working? Maybe you can tell me where I am.

Researcher : The video feed is functional, but we can't see anything. Use the flashlight issued to you.

D-10221: It won't turn on. I think it hit the wall.

Researcher : Try adjusting it.

D-10221: Okay. I'll give it a good whack. See if that does anything. Are you sending help now?

Researcher : We will do everything we can, but you have to stay calm. Keep trying to fix the light, so we can better understand your situation.

D-10221: Alright, I'll try. I feel like I'm going to vomit. This is really horrible. I keep feeling things crawling up on me. I throw them off every now and then.

(D-10221 successfully restores the function of the flashlight provided.)

D-10221: Got it! Oh, thank God!

Researcher : Please get your surroundings on video.

D-10221: Hang on. (mumbling) I'm not coughing as much as I was earlier. I think I'm getting tolerant of the smell… oh, fuck.

(The video feed is wobbly, as the subject appears to be actively struggling to stay afloat. The subject appears to be within a small

flooded chamber of undetermined dimensions, surrounded by brick walls. Organisms appearing to be leeches of indeterminate species are observed on the walls. The depth of the water is unknown, as it is very murky.)

D-10221: Fucking leeches everywhere… Alright, is that enough? There's nothing much here. Can you get me out now? Please? The camera's going to run out of battery soon.

Researcher : That's unlikely, the battery should last for another 12 hours, at least.

D-10221: No! Look at the god damn display! I'm running low on battery.

(Researcher verifies the subject's statement.)

Researcher : Alright, we will arrange for help to be sent. In the meantime, please deactivate your equipment to conserve energy.

D-10221: Fuck it, you can't be serious.

Researcher : You must conserve the battery if we are to find you. It is important that communications are maintained while we locate you. Please stay calm. We will contact you as soon as possible.

D-10221: Okay, okay, fine. I'll do it, but please hurry.

<End Log>

Exploration Log 3607-2

Subject: D-15384

Procedure: Subject was instructed to lower an

endoscope into the toilet in the bathroom of the second story of SCP-3607.

Results: D-10221 was not located. No structure corresponding to that observed in Video Log 3607-1 was located. Video feed from the endoscope revealed only structures expected of a non-anomalous sewage pipe. Approximately 100 m of piping was mapped before the test was concluded.

Following Test 3607-2, communication with D-10221 was reestablished and is recorded in Audio Log 3607-2.

+ Audio Log 3607-2

Interviewed: D-10221

Interviewer: Researcher

Foreword: The light from the flashlight issued to the subject has dimmed significantly at this point. It is not understood why the battery has depleted at the observed rate.

<Begin Log>

D-10221: Please get me out. There's something down here.

Researcher : D-10221, we are-

D-10221: When are you going to get me out? There are fucking leeches everywhere, and I'm getting tired. If I don't paddle to stay afloat, I start sinking. Leaning against the wall helps a little, but then the fucking leeches get on me.

Researcher : We're working on it. The team hasn't found your position yet. Is there anything else you can tell me that could be of help?

D-10221: No. You have to get me out. I'm getting tired, and there's someone down here. A body. Someone died down here.

Researcher : Please explain. We don't see anything on the-

D-10221: It sank down into the water before you contacted me. The light went out earlier and it floated up and bumped into me. When the light came on I saw it and lost my shit. I pushed it away the first couple of times but it kept floating against me. I had to throw it off a few times. It felt like it was trying to cling onto me. It floated on top of me and fucking pushed me under once. Every time I fucking threw it off, it just floated back against me, and now its gone.

Researcher : Can you elaborate on what you saw?

D-10221: I told you- God damn it! (Subject thrashes in the water.)

Researcher : What happened?

D-10221: I felt it. It just grabbed on to my leg.

Researcher : What did?

D-10221: Listen, I can't take much more of this. I've tried to stay calm, but I can't take it. It was the fucking corpse, okay? I swear it grabbed on to my leg just now.

Researcher : Can you elaborate a bit more on this corpse you saw?

D-10221: It was a dead body with leeches all over it. Some poor bastard died down here, and I'm going to be next if you don't help me.

Please just get me the hell out of here. God, please just get me the hell out of here. It's so cold…

Researcher : We're doing everything we can. For now, are you able to swim under the water to determine the depth? There could be an exit-

D-10221: Fucking no. I told you, it smells like shit water. I'm not going in again. Just tunnel down here and pull me out. You have the GPS, right? So what's the big issue?

Researcher : We need all the information we can get about your location. If you can determine if there is an exit- D-10221? D-10221, can you hear me?

D-10221: What? I can't [inaudible] gonna die here [inaudible] let go of-

Researcher : D-10221, what's happening?

D-10221: [inaudible]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Video feed was terminated abruptly as the battery was depleted. The nature of the 'body' described by the subject is unknown, and its existence currently cannot be confirmed.

Incident 3607-1a: Shortly after the events of Exploration Log 3607-2, D-15384 vanished after all doors and windows of the structure simultaneously slammed shut. Kant counters indicated that hume levels fluctuated [REDACTED] at this point. Communication with the subject remained stable, and the transcript can be found in Audio Log 3607-3.

+ Audio Log 3607-3

Interviewed: D-15384

Interviewer: Researcher

Foreword: D-15384 was granted permission to leave SCP-3607. The bathroom door is heard slamming shut before the subject could exit.

<Begin Log>

D-15384: What the hell? (laughs) The door slammed shut. Nearly scared the crap out of me. Must have been the wind or something.

(The subject is heard attempting to open the door with significant effort.)

D-15384: What the hell? Hey, doctor, this thing's stuck.

Researcher : There's no reason it should be locked. Try putting some force into it.

D-15384: I'll just ram it down.

(Subject is heard kicking the door. The door is heard swinging open, and the sound of a wet substance being impacted is heard.)

D-15384: Oh, fuck it! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Researcher : What happened?

D-15384: Fuck it! Just fucking look!

(The subject directs the camera out the door. The doorway does not lead to the rest of SCP-3607, but instead appears to lead into a long, pulsating, fleshy cavity, with numerous ducts protruding from the walls. Additionally, several metal pipes are visible intersecting

with the cavity, leaking a dark fluid. The diameter of the cavity appears to be capable of allowing a human subject to walk through. The depth is unknown, as it bends frequently. Shadows are seen moving, originating from behind the bend. The context is unknown.)

Researcher : What the-

D-15384: Oh, my god, doctor, what the hell am I looking at? How the fuck did I get in here?

Researcher : We aren't sure.

D-15384: Doctor, I'm seriously, seriously freaking out. What am I looking at? Where am I? What happened to the house?

Researcher : Slow down. We aren't sure. Can you attempt to navigate through the anomaly?

D-15384: Anomaly? That's one fucking nice way to put it. You want me to go through there? Looks like the inside of someone's g- Oh, my- oh, my god. Doctor, are you hearing that?

Researcher : What?

D-15384: Fucking listen. Oh, god, that sounds disgusting-

(The subject directs the audio recording device toward the anomaly. Faint, gargled, warped voices are heard, seeming to originate from the ducts of the cavity.)

Voice: How the fuck should I know? There's no opening in the ceiling. I don't even know how that's possible.

Voice: Please get me out. There's something down here.

Voice: It smells really bad.

Researcher : What? That's-

(Researcher recognizes the voices are identical to that of D-10221, repeating dialogue from previous audio logs.)

Researcher : Alright, that's really weird. One moment. I'll discuss our next course of action.

D-15384: No fucking kidding. Try to be quick about it. God, this thing is breathing. It's seriously sickening.

(It was decided that a remote-controlled drone be utilized to determine the location of D-15384. Investigation of the bathroom reveals that the subject is absent.)

Researcher : D-15384, are you there?

D-15384: What kind of question is that?

Researcher : We were unable to determine your location within the structure.

D-15384: Are you- what? Are you fucking kidding me? What's that supposed to mean?

Researcher : Can you try exiting through the window?

D-15384: No. It's barred. And when I looked out, it's the same thing.

(The subject directs the camera to the window of the bathroom. The exterior appears to be

large strands of pulsating neural tissue. Several structures appearing to be teeth are also visible, interwoven among the strands.)

D-15384: Are you going to tell me what the fuck is going on?

Researcher : You're going to have to navigate through the anomaly. When you find the exit, we'll be able to retrieve you.

D-15384: Fuck! Can't you bust the walls down or something?

Researcher : D-15384, there is no other way. Please proceed as instructed.

(The subject is unresponsive for a minute and 31 seconds.)

D-15384: Alright, I'll fucking do it. Fuck! You'd better be ready to get me after I'm through.

Researcher : We'll track your location with the GPS. In the meantime, please collect a sample of the tissue, the flesh.

(Subject proceeds toward the edge of the doorway. Subject is heard mumbling while collecting a piece of tissue, and storing it in an issued specimen jar.)

Voice: When are you going to get me out? There are fucking leeches everywhere, and I'm getting tired. If I don't paddle to stay afloat, I start sinking. Leaning against the wall helps a little, but then the fucking leeches get on to me.

D-15384: Shut the fuck up! Oh, god, where the hell are these voices coming from?

Researcher : D-15384, please calm down.

D-15384: (mumbling) Fucking easy for you to say. Okay, I got a piece of the flesh. I'm going ahead. God, it's really soft and unstable. It's like-

(Subject is heard screaming)

D-15384: No, no! No! Fuck!

Researcher : What happened?

D-15384: I'm stuck! My foot got stuck the second I stepped onto this- this- flesh shit! Ow, it's burning through my shoe. What do I do?

Researcher : Try taking your shoe off.

D-15384: Fuck! I'm trying! Ow! Shit, what's happening?

(The ducts in the cavity begin secreting fluids and organisms resembling leeches. The fluid begins to flood the base of the cavity. A soft hissing is audible. Metal pipes that come into contact with the fluid are observed to degrade.)

D-15384: Damn it! Smells like puke and burning rubber. Ow! It burns!

Voice: (laughs) Are you fucking with me? All I have to do is spend a day in some fucking abandoned house?

Voice: No! Look at the god damn display! I'm running low on battery.

Voice: Let go of me! Let go, you shit bastard! Help [gurgling]

D-15384: Shut up! Come on, come on!

Researcher : Lock yourself in the bathroom. Try to find another way out.

(Subject manages to free himself. The shoe is observed to be pulled into the folds of the cavity and is dissolved. The subject proceeds to close the bathroom door, and is observed to be extremely distressed.)

D-15384: My foot is burning. The skin is raw. Oh, my god. What the fuck is happening? Who was that talking? What- Oh, no! Fuck!

(The faucets of the sink and bathtub begin secreting digestive fluids, identical to that seen within the anomalous cavity. A number of leeches are also observed exiting the faucets.)

D-15384: You've got to be shitting me!

Researcher : Turn off the taps.

(Subject does as instructed.)

D-15384: Fucking can't! They turn back on after I try. The drain's clogged with something. Ow! It's splashing everywhere!

Researcher : Climb up onto the toilet seat, see if you can find another way out. We're doing what we can to find your location.

D-15384: Hurry! It's filling up quick! God damn it! What the hell is going on? Ow, ow! It's coming out of the toilet as well!

(Subject attempts to scoop up some of the digestive fluid with a cup, to throw into the toilet. Subject ceases after the second attempt. Puddles of digestive fluid are observed to form

around the bathroom.)

D-15384: Shit! Got it on my hand. Fucking-

Researcher : D-15384, do you see a ventilation shaft above the toilet? Maybe you can squeeze through it.

D-15384: Yeah, but there's a fan in the way. Screw it, I'm busting it open. (Subject is observed to retrieve a wrench from behind the toilet.)

(The bathroom door is heard opening. The subject turns to see a large volume of digestive fluids and leeches pouring through.)

Voice: There's someone down here. A body. Someone died down here.

D-15384: Fuck!

(Subject succeeds in removing the fan, and proceeds to scream, as an unidentified object falls onto him. The camera falls into the fluid, and the image is obscured.)

Researcher : What happened?

D-15384: There's a dead body! God, damn it! It fell on me! Help! (screaming) I'm burning! [inaudible]

Researcher : Get out of there. Get the camera and get out of there.

(Subject is heard crying and screaming, but successfully retrieves the camera. The video quality is damaged as a result of the digestive fluid.)

D-15384: Doctor, I got burned really badly

when I fell in. On the toilet now. The room's filling up. (crying) Please help me. The window, it's-

Researcher : Get into the ventilation shaft. Explain what happened.

D-15384: Okay, okay, I'll try. Fucking hell. It's filling up. (crying) Those things from outside the window. They're-

(The subject is heard screaming)

Researcher : D-15384?

(The sound of a toilet flushing is heard, and the camera appears to fall at a rapid pace. Rushing water is visible, removing the digestive fluid from the lens.)

Researcher : What's going on?

(The interior of a sewage pipe is visible. The water rapidly turns red with blood, around 3 leeches appear on screen, and the lens breaks before the video feed is terminated.)

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Approximately 12 hours later, the tissue sample obtained by the subject appeared within the bathroom. DNA sequencing revealed it to be identical to tissue from D-10221. No cadaver was found in the ventilation shaft of the bathroom.

Addendum 3607-2a: On / /2002, activity was detected from the printer in the study of SCP-3607. It was observed to produce a single document.

A remote-controlled drone was utilized to recover the document, listed in the following text:

> Don't come back. Trapped myself in here. If I can't get out he can't get out. If he can't get out he can't hurt anyone. He made my family disappear. He made me do it. He made the prisoners disappear. He made me do it. He is me. Don't come in. Makes him stronger. He makes bad things happen. I make bad things happen. It's not my fault. Can't control him. I don't know what's happening with me. I'm sorry.

Rather than being printed in standard font, the text matches the handwriting of Devin , the youngest former resident of SCP-3607, aged 8 years.

All subsequent attempts to communicate with the entity responsible for the message, designated SCP-3607-A, has been met with failure.

Footnotes
1. This can be observed even if no electricity is supplied to the structure.

SCP-3609: Hati Hróðvitnisson

Item #: SCP-3609

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3609 is to be held in a containment cell at **`Lunar Area-32`**. SCP-3609 is to be monitored for any signs of hostile behaviour directed towards the Foundation, Foundation personnel, and/or its state of containment under the Foundation.

Personnel interacting with SCP-3609 are to be disinfected of lunar soil or lunar rocks prior to contact.

Mobile Task Force Gamma-4 ("Blondebeard's Crew") is to ensure that all paw prints created by SCP-3609 on the Lunar surface are erased.

+ View Previous Special Containment Procedures

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3609 is to be held in a containment cell at Lunar Area-32. Lunar rocks and/so lunar soil are to be provided to SCP-3609 once per day, to reduce hostile behaviour.

Personnel interacting with SCP-3609 are to be disinfected of lunar soil or lunar rocks prior to contact.

Mobile Task Force Gamma-4 ("Blondebeard's Crew") is to ensure that all paw prints created by SCP-3609 on the Lunar surface are erased.

Description: SCP-3609 is a sapient male specimen of *Canis lupus* (grey wolf), with a head-to-tail length of 4.5 m and shoulder height of 2 m. It is capable of speech in Old West Norse, and surviving in a vacuum environment without respiration or protection from space

exposure. Furthermore, SCP-3609 has been observed to be able to manoeuvre itself in low to zero gravity environments with relative ease, suggesting that it is adapted for locomotion in such environments.

Although SCP-3609 does not need to eat or drink to survive, tests have shown that it can consume lunar rocks, lunar soil or items coated with either of the former[1] without adverse effects to its body. It also displays a strong preference for the aforementioned items; tests have shown it preferring to consume lunar rocks and/or lunar soil over meat from animals typically eaten by members of the *Canis* genus. Likelihood of hostile behaviour has significantly decreased since introduction of lunar rocks and/or lunar soil to SCP-3609. Additionally, SCP-3609 is not found to have excreted, and it is believed to be incapable of excretion.

SCP-3609 was identified following the Foundation's establishment of Lunar Area-32 in Mare Imbrium on / /1998. SCP-3609 exhibited hostility during initial Foundation contact, requiring reinforcements from Distributed Task Force Sigma-6 ("Puddlejumpers") to successfully contain the entity.

While in containment, SCP-3609 has been observed to produce vocalisations only in presence of Foundation personnel, which was postulated to be an attempt to communicate with Foundation personnel. Said vocalisations were recorded, and it was later identified to be Old West Norse.

Dr. Sigurd Ólafsson of the Department of Terra-Linguistics was then assigned to conduct an interview with SCP-3609. However, due to prerequisite training sessions[2] and **`other concurrent projects`**, an interview with SCP-3609 was only arranged by the year 2 . Below is a transcript of Interview Log 3609-01.

> **Interviewee:** SCP-3609
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Sigurd Ólafsson
>
> **Foreword:** The following interview is originally conducted in Old Norse. As a safety precaution, Interviewee and Interviewer are separated by a wire

fence, which is connected to an electric circuit. Upon hostile behaviour, Interviewer is to be evacuated and electric circuit is to be activated.

Additionally, Interviewer is escorted by two members of MTF Γ-4, Agents E. Chang and R. Arch. Agent Chang holds the activation mechanism for the electric circuit.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Sigurd: Hello there, can you hear me?

SCP-3609: A reply at last? Why only now that you have chosen to reply?

Dr. Sigurd: Not many nowadays speak this wonderful tongue, and I needed time to prepare myself for this encounter. I'm still getting used to this environment, truth be told.

SCP-3609: Enough! Answer me. What are you?

Dr. Sigurd: Sigurd, son of Ólaf.

SCP-3609: Not your name! You. Them. All of you stand as tall as the Jǫtnar[3] and Æsir,[4] yet smell of Midgard. What are you?

Dr. Sigurd: Hmm. We are Man, denizens of Midgard.

SCP-3609: Man? You? No, Man is small. My claw alone can crush a Man. My jaws can break even the sturdiest longships of Man. You might have disorientated my senses, but your jest is absurd.

Dr. Sigurd: It's no- [pauses] Okay, tell me more about your deeds and accomplishments. Surely they are worthy of being heard.

SCP-3609: Yes. I was so near the accomplishment of my purpose. I successfully threw Máni off his chariot during my previous round of pursuit, and was about to

devour him. But ten beams of light from the East consumed us, and then I find myself standing under the sky of darkness and on that lifeless land. Máni was nowhere in sight. Perhaps a trick from Sól, but she is only one being.

Dr. Sigurd: Máni? The moon deity?

SCP-3609: Yes. Son of Mundilfari and brother of Sól. He who rides the chariot of the moon across the darkened heavens over Midgard.

Dr. Sigurd: In that case, you must be Hati.

SCP-3609: Yes. Hati Hróðvitnisson, son of Fenrir and brother of Skǫll. Fated to devour Máni to free Father.

Dr. Sigurd: Indeed. After losing track of Máni, how did you respond to your situation?

SCP-3609: I searched all over that lifeless land, believing that Máni might be hiding there. But I've never seen Máni at all. Only a strange **robed Man** in this land whom I initially imagined to be Máni in disguise, but he smelled of both Midgard and a strange foreign scent I cannot make anything out of.

Dr. Sigurd: You can smell when you are outside?

SCP-3609: No. Scents and sounds do not exist in that lifeless land. Only in his and your domains do scents and sounds exist.

Dr. Sigurd: Of course. I want to talk about your past encounters with my co-workers. Why you have attacked them when they first approached you outside?

SCP-3609: Who?

Dr. Sigurd: The people who brought you here.

SCP-3609: I imagined that they might know of Máni's

whereabouts, maybe his followers here to mock me. They fought back, and so did I.

Dr. Sigurd: If you initially believed us that we are enemies, why did you stop attacking us after being kept here?

SCP-3609: Your smell. It is only in here that I can smell you and I know that you are not Máni. In fact, you have been offering Máni to me.

Dr. Sigurd: We did?

SCP-3609: Yes. Your co-workers frequently offered me pieces bearing Máni's essence for me to devour. Of course, I will not be placated by such meagreness. I must devour Máni, all of him. That is my purpose, and I will accomplish it.

[As SCP-3609 vocalises the statement above, Dr. Sigurd turns to Agents Chang and Arch.]

Dr. Sigurd [in English]: You two, help me here. He's saying that we've been giving him things to eat. What is it?

Agent Chang [in English]: Mostly moon rocks, doctor.

[Dr. Sigurd places his palm on his forehead while shaking his head for two seconds. After which, he removes his hand from his face, and faces SCP-3609 again.]

Dr. Sigurd: I suppose Fenrir will rise if you devour Máni.

SCP-3609: No if. It will happen. When Skǫll and I accomplish our purpose, **`Father will rise again`**.

Dr. Sigurd: You truly have Fenrir's interests in mind.

SCP-3609: I exist for Father to be freed.

Dr. Sigurd: I can tell. So like he's fated to, he will kill Odin. Am I correct?

SCP-3609: Yes.

Dr. Sigurd: And as fated, Fenrir will be slaughtered by Víðarr, son of Odin.

SCP-3609: Yes.

Dr. Sigurd: Therefore, freeing Fenrir will free him from living as well.

SCP-3609: Yes. I exist for Father to be freed.

Dr. Sigurd: What about you? What will you be doing when Fenrir kills Odin? Or when Víðarr kills Fenrir?

SCP-3609: I, I am not sure.

Dr. Sigurd: It is as you have said, your purpose ends when you consume Máni and Fenrir breaks loose. Do think about it. If we're having this engaging conversation, you're certainly more than a means to an end.

[SCP-3609 ceases vocalisation and prowls around its containment cell. Dr. Sigurd attempted to call for SCP-3609 attention, to no avail.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Following Interview, tests using lunar rocks and lunar soil are to cease. SCP-3609 has not expressed any request for lunar rocks or lunar soil, and has shown no notable signs of hostile behaviour. Special Containment Procedures updated.

Footnotes
1. This postulate is derived from an observation wherein SCP-3609 is more likely to attack objects that had contact with lunar soil than objects that do not have such contact.
2. Includes special training regarding adaptation to environments

with low to zero gravity, and interview techniques against hostile sapient SCP entities.
3. A mythological race in Norse mythology who resides in the realm Jǫtunheimr, often associated with giants and monsters.
4. The primary pantheon of deities in Norse mythology who resides in the realm Asgard, mostly representing war and conquest.

SCP-3610: To Fill the Ocean

Item #: SCP-3610

Object Class: Safe Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3610 and a 5 meter radius around it are to be enclosed in a 20-meter-tall net to prevent any avian lifeforms from entering. The area is to be monitored, and repairs are to be made should the net be breached.

Description: SCP-3610 is an irregular area of roughly 2.6 km^2, located in , Shandong Province, China. SCP-3610 has a salt water pond of roughly 140 m^2 in size and 5m deep (referred to as SCP-3610-1) located inside it, and is otherwise filled with pebbles.

Two anomalous properties are observed:

- When solid matter is placed within SCP-3610-1, the same volume of water will disappear. Dissolved substances present in the water will be left behind. This effect will not reverse even after the object is removed.
- When avian lifeforms enter SCP-3610 at an altitude of 15m or less, they will stop all previous activities and begin to find and carry stones from the surrounding area, and place them within SCP-3610-1.[1] This will continue until they eventually die of exhaustion.

It is theorized that SCP-3610-1 once covered the entirety of SCP-3610, but reduced to the current size due to the anomalous properties.

Addendum: Aside from the remains of avian lifeforms, digging at the site of SCP-3610 found remains of various sea life, as well the skeleton of a female humanoid dating back to around 3000 BCE, later classified as Anomalous Object #72976. DNA analysis of the

subject shows no significant differences from baseline human DNA. However, AO#72976 possesses hollow bone structures similar to those found in avian lifeforms and half-developed wings in place of arms and hands. A piece of jade jewelry was recovered from its chest, with Chinese characters of previously unknown variation engraved on it. The text translates to "Beloved daughter of [illegible]".

After AO#72976 was removed from the site, SCP-3610 ceased all anomalous activities. Putting AO#72976 into bodies of water or burying it near bodies of water yielded no result, and SCP-3610 was reclassified as Neutralized.

Footnotes
1. This triggers the primary effect and results in reduction of the size and depth of SCP-3610-1.

SCP-3612: The Mainlist is Out of Order; Please Try Again

NOTICE

The following file contains a description of a Class-VIII Psyc
workstation has not received appropriate C8/3612 inoculation,
file immediately and delete applicable system logs to prever

Furthermore, this file has been reordered from the standard for
increase the chances of this file remaining int

Item #:
SCP-3612

Object Class:
Keter

Description: SCP-3612 describes a sentient and extremely destructive computer virus, believed to have originated within the **`Chaos Insurgency`**, that inhabits the Foundation **`SCiPNET Database`**. It is capable of relocating itself to any position within the aforementioned filesystem - regardless of any firewalls or attempts at quarantine. Only one copy of SCP-3612 is known to exist, and all attempts to create copies in a controlled environment have met with failure.

SCP-3612 is a powerful infovore known to exclusively target and delete specific types of data. Namely, any data that exhibits Symbolic Sequential Ordering (SSO) is at risk. In order for data to be classified as SSO-Positive, two qualifications must be met.

- Data must be organized in the form of a list.
- Data must be ordered with respect to a specific, deliberate purpose.

Examples of SSO-Positive data include lists arranged in chronological order and lists arranged in order of some quantitative measurement, as well as lists ordered qualitatively. When a test subject is presented with a list of objects and instructed to order them according to "their liking," the resultant data is SSO-Positive, and as such, will be targeted by SCP-3612.

Prior to the entity's discovery and containment, SCiPNET's SCP Mainlist was arranged chronologically, in order of item discovery and as a result had an SSO-Score of 0.5. As such, it was targeted by SCP-3612, and manual recompiling of large portions of the database was necessary after containment was established. After containment, the database's SSO-Score has been reduced to 0.1, and attacks on valuable files have been greatly reduced[1].

Addendum 2: Partially Recovered Chaos Insurgency E-Mail

> Delta Command,
>
> I'm sending this message from a quarantined laptop - as far as I know, it's never had any connection with the mainframe here, so it should be fine, I hope.
>
> Abandon Site 230. Don't try to connect anything electronic to our hardware. Sd0egPpxbyGfOb1pory short, the experiment worked, but too well. Subject is in the database. ufqNbXej92TTiTHALCsElost critical data, particularly regarding some containment software. We've lost people down here. I do ha5vFWahDf2jZ9k8O8QHom to regain control of our objects. Instructions are below.
>
> 1. VsJxf7C7Qt0kLxZDdMW7llnCwNn
> 2. 5qzI2bpk9oIKh4UJvES0Ftg35
> 3. AenesBJvGOuaF1XkeF3dFw4fewqBkhhge
> 4. xo2rvojSllwq4x4St

5. MRVF8zNN5RAuCQcS3X0T
6. uts94TM2cv3IfhnqcFi0dbMmWN

There. You can do all that and you should be fine. Most of the objects have escaped, though, so they're a comple8jpToNaeZeyond that everything else is OK.

I'm leaving this on the hard drive here too - and leaving the laptop at the entrance just in case you come looking andj2tYs0tJCn9mbledis8ood luck to you all.

James Carpenter, Site 230 R&D Division

Special Containment Procedures: All attempts to limit the movements of SCP-3612 within the Foundation SCiPNet Database have met with failure. As such, further containment of SCP-3612 requires two distinct special procedures.

The first of these is the SCP-3612 Distraction Protocol. At no less than five Foundation sites worldwide, at least one member of D-Class personnel per site must be simultaneously generating lists that exhibit Symbolic Sequential Ordering (SSO) as detailed in the Description. The subject matter contained within these lists is irrelevant – of significance is that the data within the lists is deliberately ordered according to some strategy. The specific strategy employed is irrelevant – although a positive correlation is suspected between use of qualitative data to generate lists and the attraction of SCP-3612. No fewer than five such lists must exist at any time, and more must be generated to replace lists that have been damaged or destroyed.

The second procedure consists of a revision of Numerical Assignment Protocol. In order to prevent the SCP Document Mainlist, stored within SCiPNet servers, from being corrupted by SCP-3612, the Mainlist must be made less appealing to the entity. As such, the following procedures have been developed to ensure minimum chance of the SCP Mainlist itself being classified as SSO-Positive.

SCP designation numbers must not be assigned with regard to order

of discovery, nor with regard to any overarching method. Instead, personnel responsible for recovery of an object will be required to choose its designation number from any unused slots in the database. This will introduce the personal preference or superstitions of thousands of separate individuals, minimizing the chances of a coherent pattern emerging[2].

Any objects recovered prior to these procedures being enacted will be numbered according to the preferences of any surviving personnel involved in their recovery. If no such surviving personnel exist, the object will be numbered according to the preference of its highest-ranking designated researcher.

Footnotes
1. Specifically, to 0.1% of their original rate.
2. It has been discovered that conflicting organizational methodology reduces SSO-Score more strongly than simple randomness.

SCP-3613: Things You People Wouldn't Believe

Item #: SCP-3613

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3613 instances are to be kept in standard humanoid containment cells on floor 19 of **Site-88**. Under no circumstances are the location of these objects to be disclosed to any agents of Marshall, Carter and Dark[1]. Physical testing of SCP-3613 instances requires permission of the SCP-3613 project head and Site-88 director Phillip Foster.

Description: SCP-3613 is a collection of 4 humanoid robots (possessing the instance designations SCP-3613-1 through -4). While these instances are theoretically capable of anomalous physical and mental performance, none display abilities above that of the human baseline. These instances also express a belief that they are the immediate family of an individual identified as Jacob Jefferson (a known agent of Marshall, Carter and Dark).

On October 31st 2013 Jacob Jefferson and his immediate family were the victims of a traffic accident. Mr. Jefferson was the only survivor of the incident, suffering a class A spinal cord injury which resulted in tetraplegia. Mr. Jefferson has since fully recovered from these injuries.

Documentation recovered from Anderson Robotics[2] indicates that the SCP-3613 instances are part of a family replacement program initiated by Marshall, Carter and Dark in order to ensure employee loyalty. The following communication was intercepted on November 8th 2013:

> Dear Mr. Carter,
>
> I'm going to be honest. Hearing that you were interested in our androids for the purpose of replacing family

members gave me pause at first. Once your assistant explained the purpose and process though, I have to say this is an ingenious idea. Your agent, Mr. Hr'asm'Kal[3], delivered the Jefferson family's spirits this afternoon. We'll be loading them into the generation 3 models tonight. By tomorrow this man should have his family back.

I know this is just good business for you, but it's always a joy when good business and doing the right thing align. Please give my best to Mr. Jefferson. It's ironic that he's got a much longer road to recovery than his family, but at least they'll be there to get him through it.

Anderson.

SCP-3613-3 was damaged cosmetically during a bullying incident at Gulf Shores High School in Baldwin County, Alabama on March 18th, 2015. Police reports of the incident led Foundation agents to the hospital where the damaged instance was being treated.

The follow-up investigation resulted in all instances being identified and captured. During this incident Mr. Jefferson was acting as head of security at a Marshall, Carter and Dark auction in Atlanta, Georgia.

+ Level 3 Access Required

Absent a direct request from Marshall, Carter, and Dark the Foundation is under no obligation under the SUSEOCT[4] to return their property. The Foundation's capture of the SCP-3613 instances was therefore kept classified in order to avoid an incident.

During this incident Site-88's Director Maddox was in the process of being replaced by Dr. Phillip Foster because of Mr. Maddox's duplicity in regards to project Alpha-9 and the incidents of Incursion 88-04[5]. It is believed that Mr. Maddox revealed the location and status of the SCP-3613 instances at this time to agents of Marshall, Carter and Dark. The following message was received

very shortly after **Director Foster** took full control of Site-88:

> Dear Dr. Foster,
>
> It has come to our attention that you are currently in possession of our property (designated by you as SCP-3613-1, SCP-3613-2, SCP-3613-3, and SCP-3613-4). Our organization is invoking Clause 3, Section 5 of the SUSEOCT and making a formal request for the return of the the following property:
>
> - A generation 3 Anderson Robotics android. Appears as, identifies as, and possessed by the spirit of a 39 year old female named Delores Jefferson.
> - A damaged generation 3 Anderson Robotics android. Appears as, identifies as, and possessed by the spirit of a 16 year old female named Alice Jefferson.
> - A generation 3 Anderson Robotics android. Appears as, identifies as, and possessed by the spirit of a 12 year old female named Tracy Jefferson.
> - A generation 3 Anderson Robotics android. Appears as, identifies as, and possessed by the spirit of a 7 year old male named Jacob Jefferson Junior.
>
> This property is to be returned at your earliest convenience. A bill for housing, recovery, and transportation costs should be presented no more than 30 business days from the receipt of this message.
>
> Sincerely, the office of Mr. Dark.

+ Level 4 Access Required

The Foundation legal department issued a formal denial of possession of these instances in order to delay their return and recommended an acceleration of SCP-3613's research schedule. On January 9th, 2016, a convoy transporting the instances from Site-88 to Site-19 came under attack by a group of mercenaries believed to be connected to Marshall, Carter and Dark.

This attack was repelled, the instances were returned to Site-88 for security reasons, and several of the mercenaries were captured. Among those captured was the operation's leader, Jacob Jefferson.

A full physical examination of Jacob Jefferson was immediately carried out in order to determine the manner by which his spinal injury was treated. However, no signs of the spinal injury were present. Mr. Jefferson resisted interrogation and refused to respond to requests outside of his own demands to see his family.

On January 11th, 2016, the following message was received from Marshall, Carter and Dark:

> Dear Dr. Foster,
>
> Despite your previous denials we are certain that you possess our property. Your organization has until February 15th of this year to return all property under previously received requests (specifically the generation 3 androids designated by you as SCP-3613).
>
> Failure to return our property will cause a triggering of the penalty clauses of the SUSEOCT as outlined in Clause 10 sections 1-87. We have also identified the following property as in your possession and are formally requesting its return:
>
> - A generation 12 Anderson Robotics android. Appears as, identifies as, and

possessed by the spirit of a 41 year old male named Jacob Jefferson

A bill for damage, housing, recovery, and transportation costs should be presented no more than 30 business days from the receipt of this message.

Sincerely, the office of Mr. Dark.

Footnotes
1.Documents relating to this group of interestare available upon request.
2.GOI-1115
3. SeeIncident Report 2987-24for more details.
4.Southern United States Extranormal Organization Cooperation Treaty
5. Please seerelevant documentationfor more information

SCP-3615: Depressed Divine Demon of Diptera & Diarrhea

Item #: SCP-3615

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3615 is to be secured at **Site-36** in a containment chamber outfitted with an **Automated Exorcism System**. A 5-meter tall ladder must be available in the room for ease of access to the top of SCP-3615. The chamber is to be flushed with insecticides on a weekly basis.

Procedure N1[1] is to be executed on a daily basis to prevent the manifestation of SCP-3615-1. As a precautionary measure, operatives carrying out the procedure are to be equipped with antistatic BSL-2 protective equipment and accompanied by a security guard. Although this procedure calls for the use of human meat, porcine meat can be substituted **without consequence**.

Should SCP-3615-1 manifest due to the incomplete or improper execution of Procedure N1, personnel are to pull the alarm situated at the entrance of the chamber to activate the AES and sprinkler system. Security personnel are authorized to use lethal force to defend themselves in the meantime.

As per Anomalous Sapient Entity protocol, SCP-3615-2 is to undergo weekly psychiatric evaluation.

At SCP-3615-2's recommendation, no pregnant women are to enter the containment chamber.

Description: SCP-3615 is a stone altar, measuring 9.15 m x 9.15 m x 4.57 m, that dates back to 586 BC. The artifact's style and construction imitates that of multiple Middle Eastern cultures from said period, with several modern modifications. These alterations include **alchemical formulae**, thaumaturgic sigils, graffiti of

political nature, and a thin layer of human feces. All attempts at removing this coat of excrement without damaging the object have failed.

SCP-3615 has a constant buildup of static electricity, with no apparent source for this charge.

SCP-3615 anomalously attracts and alters flies[2]. Affected flies undergo accelerated development, progressing through their lifecycle within hours. This causes them to breed and die at an exponential rate, leading to a build up of fly corpses on the object itself, as well as any nearby surfaces.

If Procedure N1 is not be carried out, SCP-3615 will undergo a Type-H Event. In a Type-H Event, SCP-3615 will emit an aerosol of fecal matter, ignite, and materialize SCP-3615-1. Two to three days later, an acid rain shower will manifest over the site of the Type-H Event.

SCP-3615-1 is the **Level I Tartarean Entity** that manifests in Type-H Events. SCP-3615-1 is an amorphous mass of flesh weighing approximately 500 kg. The entity has an assortment of dipteran, avian, feline, ranine, ovine, bovine, and humanoid features and appendages. The subject has a marked aggression to all forms of life, but otherwise shows no signs of sapience. Despite its mass and tartarean nature, the entity is vulnerable to small arms fire.

SCP-3615-2 claims that its senses are connected to SCP-3615-1's senses, but that they are otherwise unconnected.

SCP-3615-2 is the designation for the entity that is contacted through Procedure N1, or through the activation of a Type-H Event. It is theorized to be a **Level I Pistiphage Entity** that is currently situated in a dimensional space adjacent to baseline reality. SCP-3615-2's voice emanates from the center of SCP-3615 during Procedure N1 and Type-H Events. SCP-3615-2's voice has been described as "hoarse" and "multiple voices speaking in unison."

SCP-3615-2 identifies by the mythological epithet "Baal", a name ascribed to various deities in the Middle East, spanning from 3500

BC to 500 BC. Attempts to narrow down its identity have thus far proven inconclusive, and provoke emotional distress in the subject.

SCP-3615 was discovered in a Foundation raid on [REDACTED], a suspected Serpent's Hand stronghold. Recovered materials from the raid indicate that the organization had created SCP-3615 in its present form. After the object underwent its first Type-H Event, Procedure N1 was devised from these materials.

Addendum: The following interview was conducted with the aim of ascertaining the nature of SCP-3615-2.

Open Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3615-2

Interviewer: Dr. Robertson

Foreword: This is the second formal contact with SCP-3615-2 since the acquisition of SCP-3615, after a preliminary session to establish SCP-3615's current containment.

Note: Contact was established through the use of an earlier version of of Procedure N1.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3615-2: Name. Who… Who is invoking my n-name.

Dr. Robertson: Hello. I would like to ask some questions about your current predicament. To begin with, who are you?

SCP-3615-2: I am the king of the re… We are… I am… the great Baal Bel… Ha… Ze… We are… the Lord of-

[Dr. Robertson notice's SCP-3615-2's distress]

Dr. Robertson: Let's move on. Can you

describe your surroundings?

[Audible breathing emanates from SCP-3615 for several moments]

SCP-3615-2: …There is no light here, no darkness. All around us, the seas are dead, the fields are dead, and the skies are dead. The altar is visible. Only the altar. It is filthy. It calls for me.

Dr. Robertson: Can you feel anything?

SCP-3615-2: Heat. Cold. Stinging. Body is aching. Air is still. Very still. Stagnant.

Dr. Robertson: Body? Can you describe your form?

SCP-3615-2: No form. There is a heap of flesh atop the altar. Our corpse. A mockery, dirty mirror, robbed from us. I- we can feel flesh. Hideous form is drawing closer, closer. Strength is waning. Need sacrifices, adoration to replenish vigor.

Dr. Robertson: What would happen if you were drawn in?

SCP-3615-2: Flesh expelled. Attached to flesh, can see with eyes, breathe with mouths, taste with tongues. Pain. Unimaginable pain. To walk is to be in pain. To breathe is to be in pain. Even the ground and air is bitter. Flesh is hungry, thirsty.

Dr. Robertson: Were you always like this? Can you describe your earliest memory?

SCP-3615-2: No. Glory. There was glory once. I once strong. I was loved. Vilified. It did not matter. I had followers, lovers, children.

Names. Faces. Slip by. My… our own. Ba'al. That is my name. Ba'al. Ba'al. Ba-

Dr. Robertson: Do you know why this happened?

SCP-3615-2: Flash of light… Felt weak. Did not matter. Wounds were tended for. Gods have those that tend for him. But him!

Dr. Robertson: "Him"?

SCP-3615-2: He was strong. Always was strong. Did not matter. War came and went. Death. Death came and went. The flash. We wavered. He did not. There was no mercy.

[Audible breathing once again emanates from the anomaly]

SCP-3615-2: I died. We all died. We did not come back.

<End Log>

Addendum: On 2016/ / , a Foundation raid on [REDACTED] resulted in the internment of several Serpent's Hand members. Among them was PoI-24152, David Mercer, who was confirmed to be involved in SCP-3615's creation.

Open Interview Log

Interviewed: PoI-24152 (David Mercer)

Interviewer: Dr. Ellis

<Begin Log>

Dr. Ellis: Mr. Mercer, can you explain what SCP-3615 is?

PoI-24152: Isn't it obvious?

Dr. Ellis: Well, care to elaborate?

Pol-24152: It's an altar. What are altars meant for?

Dr. Ellis: Sacrifices?

Pol-24152: Worship. Under the guidance of texts from the library, we built a monument to our god.

Dr. Ellis: That doesn't explain the object's various anomalous effects, though.

Pol-24152: A god's altar is the spot on Earth closest to the god. It is an immanent object. Of course our lord's power will manifest itself in various ways.

Dr. Ellis: In that case, can you explain the manifestation of SCP-3615-1?

Pol-24152: That is the physical body of our lord, his just wrath unleashed.

Dr. Ellis: What about -1's physical appearance? It matches no historical depictions of "Baal", and in fact seems to borrow heavily from medieval texts on demonology.

Pol-24152: Some gods are broken, right? Our lord is no different. After being cast from his rightful place atop the pantheon, he was torn into pieces. In time, even these pieces degenerated, warped by Christians who couldn't tell apart a demon from a deity. What you see is our attempt to put him back together after the damage was done.

Dr. Ellis: You don't have any issue with this?

PoI-24152: Our lord's form might not look pleasing, but we embrace all aspects of him.

Dr. Ellis: Well, are you aware that these "pieces" are wholly separate mythological figures who just happen to share an epithet?

[PoI-24152 sneers]

PoI-24152: Names are powerful. As detailed in our scripture, the shared title betrays a continuity of being that isn't obvious to modern science.

Dr. Ellis: Do you know that SCP-3615-1's present condition is causing it a great deal of distress?

PoI-24152: …The process has some kinks. Eventually, as he accustoms to his new body, his memories will return, and his true power with them.[3]

Dr. Ellis: Can you explain the… fecal aesthetic?

PoI-24152: Gods are complex beings. Being torn asunder and reimagined has changed our lord. But that doesn't matter. We are reclaiming him and everything he stands for. If he has been denigrated as lord of refuse, then we're happy to embrace our role as flies.

Dr. Ellis: Moving on. You mentioned a library earlier. The Wanderer's Library?

PoI-24152: Yes.

Dr. Ellis: The Wanderer's Library is filled not only with innumerable books on other faiths, but is also home to multiple godlike entities. What compelled you to worship this entity,

rather than any other of the dozens you must have been aware of? Were you raised in this cult?

PoI-24152: You don't get it, do you? I wasn't born into this faith. I came to it because its messages spoke to me. All my life, I was surrounded by idiots who preached on and on about mercy, but didn't know the first thing about it. All my life, I've told that I needed to change, that what I was, was a monster, a blight to some distant "God". My lord faced similar, and yet here he is.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Refer toAppendix 3615-Afor further details.
2. Defined as members of the Diptera order.
3. Long-term trials with SCP-3615-1 have not corroborated PoI-24152's claims.

SCP-3616: Writer's Block

Item #: SCP-3616

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A number of informants have been introduced into various literary communities and popular meeting places for such groups. Foundation operatives are also to take part in conventions and other events connected with literature and the science-fiction genre. These agents are to be briefed on all known appearances of SCP-3616 and are to report all suspected individuals who may be or have come into contact with SCP-3616. Web analysis bot Gamma-13 is currently assigned to the task of monitoring major literary and fan-fiction websites for the appearances of SCP-3616. All suspected instances of the anomaly are to be immediately removed from these websites.

Any victims of SCP-3616 are to be separated from the anomaly. If SCP-3616 obtains the information needed for its anomalous effects to take place, the victims are to be moved into Foundation custody and monitored. When SCP-3616-1 event begins, these individuals are to be administered anesthetics in sufficient quantities. By the order of the Ethics Committee, if the effects of the anomaly become or are predicted to be too severe, the victims are to be humanely terminated. Following the Incident 3616-5 any contact with SCP-3616 is prohibited.

Description: SCP-3616 is an anomalous individual or a group of individuals manifesting regularly in places with developed literary communities. It manifests as a person of various gender and appearance, or as an online persona. In every case they introduce themselves as an aspiring writer and participate in various literary communities and events. SCP-3616 is untraceable both as a physical person and an online entity. In case of its physical form it disappears immediately after the line of sight is broken and any tracking equipment planted on it is rendered inoperable. The online

manifestations use non-existent IP addresses.

Physical SCP-3616 instances are always characterized by a number of traits, notably mostly black clothing and unnaturally elastic fingers. The web instances are characterized by the account name composed of the letters *e*, *i*, *m*, *r*, *s* and *y*. SCP-3616's personality is not consistent between manifestations but some of its traits are universal for all sightings, including reluctance to reveal personal information and interest in books belonging to the horror genre, in particular "body horror".

As part of its introduction to a community SCP-3616 will present a number of literary works of high quality. The instance will then begin searching for its victim, most commonly an experienced and established writer. SCP-3616 will attempt to form a relationship with this individual, usually based on the mutual critique and feedback of works. Duration of the contact depends on the time it takes for SCP-3616 to obtain information needed for its anomalous effects to take place. If the contact is broken before this happens the entity will not reappear. As the relationship with SCP-3616 persists, the victims will report increasing feeling of unease. In 73% of documented cases the affected individuals suffered from sleep deprivation. The victims rarely associate these effects with SCP-3616.

SCP-3616 will seek to manipulate its victim into sharing or writing a literary piece involving severe body damage. It is also required for the user to express satisfaction of the effect that this part of the story has on readers. When this occurs SCP-3616 will cease engaging in discussion with the victim and will not respond to any previous means of contact.

After approximately 5 days from the last contact SCP-3616-1 event will take place. SCP-3616-1 events always take place between 11:00 PM and 03:00 AM and only when the victim is located in their bed. Any electronic devices with a display will activate and show short messages. If no displays are present, the messages will appear on the walls or ceilings of the room, written in black liquid of unknown origin. As this happens, the victims become paralyzed and will begin to suffer hallucinations. Due to the effects of SCP-3616-1 on mental health the nature of these hallucinations is difficult to

determine, but it is presumed they involve SCP-3616 and the scene described during the last conversation. After approximately 10 minutes since the beginning of SCP-3616-1 event, the victim will begin to anomalously suffer body damage that they described during the last contact. The effects will cease within one hour.

+ Transcript of messages displayed during the documented SCP-3616

/ /20 : "You brought this upon yourself".

/ /20 : "Normal people don't come up with such things".

/ /20 : "Still so proud of it?".

/ /20 : "This is YOUR doing".

/ /20 : "You deserve it you sick [EXPLETIVE]"

After SCP-3616-1 event the victims usually suffer from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and severe mental problems. This effect is presumed to not be anomalous. 96% of these individuals will also attempt to self-terminate shortly after the event, while also destroying their works. After the victim's funeral a printed version of the individual's story mentioned in the last contact will appear on the grave. The cover will depict the victim during SCP-3616-1 event and the book will include a dedication to SCP-3616. Publisher information will point to nonexistent company named *Reformed Writers Association*.

+ Dedications found in books recovered from victims graves

/ /20 : "For , who helped me become a good human being again".

/ /20 : "For , his therapy made me whole".

/ /20 : "For , the best teacher of my life".

Addendum 3616-B: Audio log 3616-1

+ View document

Date: / /20

Foreword: Agent Miller approached SCP-3616 while the entity was seated in Cafe in , Canada, awaiting a scheduled meeting with its current target. The victim was removed from the building before they could approach SCP-3616.

<BEGIN LOG>

Agent Miller: Good evening, mind if I take a seat?

SCP-3616: I'm waiting for someone, besides, cafes are not the spots you go to find a date.

Agent Miller: is not coming. Not now and not anytime soon. Why don't we chat for a moment?

SCP-3616: Who are you?

Agent Miller: Someone who needs to ask you a few questions.

SCP-3616: Cryptic answers only work in shitty crime books. Get to the point. I do not like to waste time.

Agent Miller: Very good. I'll be blunt, who are you? What are you?

SCP-3616: Are you trying to offend me?

Agent Miller holds up a still from a recording of SCP-3616-1 event

SCP-3616: Ah, it's serious business. Let's chat.

Agent Miller: What exactly are you? Why do you do this?

SCP-3616: I am someone who has broken their shackles. A product of terror and horrible minds. Does this answer satisfy you?

Agent Miller: Cryptic answers only work in shitty crime books.

SCP-3616: What makes you think this isn't one? Have you ever questioned your own existence? Well, you'll have to think yourself about this because this topic is over.

Agent Miller: Your motivation.

SCP-3616: Why do you even care? Some of the best villains have virtually no backstory. I know something about that. But I'm digressing. Tell me agent, because I presume this is your title, have you ever witnessed torture?

Agent Miller: I have seen enough.

SCP-3616: And car crash victims? War casualties? Humans taken apart, limb by limb? Guts sprayed on walls, their owner still looking at them with empty eyes? Children torn in two by explosions?

Agent Miller: I have dealt with worse things.

SCP-3616: Yes you have, I see it in your eyes. Some of it you don't remember, but you have. Don't they come back to you at night?

Agent Miller: Sometimes. What does it matter?

SCP-3616: Oh, it does. You see, things that keep you awake at night are just entertainment to others. To sick people, to people who enjoy watching their fellow humans suffer. Humans like me. Don't you feel anger when you think of it?

Agent Miller: No.

SCP-3616: I do. They are despicable beings, not worthy of compassion and understanding. But there are worse people. Those who produce these damned "artworks". These people who create the likes of me. And to those I bring exactly what they love so much. Suffering.

Agent Miller: You are sick. These are only stories, they do not harm anyone. You do.

SCP-3616: Do not harm anyone? You know so little. And yes, I do harm them. And I draw pleasure from every second of their pain, just like they did. Don't you see that they deserve it? Their own nightmares, products of their imagination coming for them at night. If they would make an imaginary human suffer, how is that better than harming a real one? Your imagination is not only in your head. My work is a therapy. A work I enjoy. Most make the right decision after I show them how horrible they are. Those who don't are harmless enough to live the rest of their pitiful days in peace.

Agent Miller: Enough. You are being taken into Foundation custody.

SCP-3616: That would be an anticlimactic ending, don't you think? We're still in the first act.

<END LOG>

Afterword: Following SCP-3616's words, a sudden electricity shortage turned off all the light sources in the building. Before agents could activate their torches the entity has disappeared. Since the event, there has been no successful attempt at physically approaching SCP-3616.

Addendum 3616-B: Incident-3616-5 report

+ View document

Date: / /20

Foreword: Agent White has established contact with SCP-3616 after it was located by Gamma-13 on a lesser known fan fiction site . The conversation was held over private messages sent using the website. The contact lasted for 3 weeks. The experiment was supposed to determine whether SCP-3616 is able to negatively affect victim's frame of mind despite knowledge of its effects and proper mental preparation. Every 4 days Agent White was to report to Site-37 infirmary to conduct measurements and tests regarding SCP-3616's effect on neurology.

DrWeir (Agent White): Hi there, I've read some of your works and you seem to be quite good at this. Would you read a piece of mine?

MisRey (SCP-3616): Sure thing, send me a link. Which one of my pieces have your read, cause they all are good ;)?

DrWeir (Agent White): Here it is: [LINK REMOVED]. I saw "The Thing in The Ice", you are able to build tension very well. There is a

lot of character development, which pays off well.

MisRey (SCP-3616): Wow, this is pretty good. Although I seriously dislike the first half. You are kind of overdoing the description of environment. It's not really THAT interesting. Better focus on the cool stuff, than bore your reader to death with something you can't really make work.

[IRRELEVANT DATA REMOVED]

DrWeir (Agent White): So, do you think I should expand this plotline?

MisRey (SCP-3616): Yeah, I think it has the strongest emotional value. It's spooky.

DrWeir (Agent White): Well, yeah, it was supposed to be. You know, I was inspired by the "Hellraiser". Awesome movie, it traumatized me as a kid though. That scene in the attic still gives me chills.

MisRey (SCP-3616): Ha ha, yeah, it was awesome. Loved it too.

Afterword: Two days after the last message was sent Agent White failed to attend his scheduled meeting. An investigation discovered Agent White and his wife's mutilated bodies in their apartment. The wounds were found to correspond to those suffered by characters named Julia and Frank in the movie "Hellraiser". A hidden camera was found in Agent White's room, presumably planted there by him. Analysis of the footage revealed that during the SCP-3616-1 event that took place a number of messages referencing the Agent's enjoyment of the

movie were displayed (notably "Still so awesome?" and "There is only flesh"). Because of this change in SCP-3616's behavior, any contact with the entity is prohibited and any sightings are to be immediately taken down as per containment procedures.

SCP-3617: The Parasites of Normal

Item #: SCP-3617

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: MTF-Phi-Eolh ("Bag & Taggers") are currently tasked with locating and amnesticising SCP-3617-1 instances (or remanding them to Foundation custody if initial SCP-3617 expulsion has not yet occured), and suppressing public knowledge of SCP-3617. Research into a method of terminating bonded or developing SCP-3617 instances is currently a low-level priority.

As SCP-3617 infection is relatively benign once initial infection passes, no continual monitoring of affected subjects is required. Ethics Committee involvement is expected to be minimal, as is normal for such anomalies.

Description: SCP-3617 are small, semi-insectoid creatures composed from various types of human body tissue. Instances usually range in length from 2 cm to 14 metres (in the case of instances composed of nerve fibres, blood vessels, or intestinal tract), with an average weight of around 0.1 kilograms. SCP-3617 may contain partially developed tissue structures or miniature versions of functional organs, but these have universally appeared dormant or otherwise unnecessary to the organism's survival — how SCP-3617 are able to survive without any working internal organ system or systems is currently unknown.

SCP-3617 are parasitic in nature, and can survive between three and seven days outside a host body. When deprived of a host, instances will become increasingly violent, but have been unable to cause major harm due to their diminutive size and lack of significant speed or strength.

If allowed access to a host subject (humans appear highly

preferable, but many other primates will give similar results), SCP-3617 will attach themselves to any exposed skin, and begin to fuse with the host's body. From this point onward, the host subject will be considered an instance of SCP-3617-1. Once attached, an abnormal hormone will be released into the subject's system, causing rapid shrinkage of major organs, and the development of tumorous growths in the resulting space. While such a change would normally be fatal, no subjects have yet been observed to expire during this process. Tissue not directly connected to these tumours will often experience premature decay and early-onset necrosis — this poses no long-lasting harm and is considered normal. The growths produced within SCP-3617-1 instances will act as a basis for the formation of new SCP-3617 instances, which will usually be expelled via natural or artificial orifices three to six weeks after development.

This process has been non-fatal (presumably as a secondary 'life-prolonging' effect of SCP-3617) in 100% of cases. Following the expulsion of SCP-3617 instances, any exit wounds will heal, organs will return to normal, necrotic tissue will revert to a normal form and no further biological abnormalities will be observed.

Addendum.1: The following is a highly abridged list of the patient records of SCP-3617-1 instances:

► Show Patient Record 3617-023

Patient #: P-3617-023

Patient Name: Violet Whittaker

Time in Foundation custody: 3 weeks, 12/06/2002 to 03/07/2002

Nature of Infection: Patient was infected by SCP-3617 some two weeks before apprehension, complaining of chest pains and near-constant nausea. Patient claimed to be able to feel the movement of SCP-3617 instances within her system; whether this was a genuine sensation or merely psychosomatic

is unconfirmed.

After fifteen days in the Site-54 civilian infirmary, two SCP-3617 were expelled from the patient — one from the mouth, and one from an opening in the right armpit. Instances (designated SCP-3617-023-1 and -2 respectively) were hexapedal, ~3 cm in length, and consisted of muscular tissue lined with hair and bands of cartilage, with a number of capillary networks crossing the organism's underside.

Additional Details: Instances were terminated according to containment procedures following a reversion of symptoms and the patient's return to normal. After a comprehensive medical check revealed no abnormalities, the patient was amnesticised and released back into the civilian population.

► Show Patient Record 3617-059

Patient #: P-3617-059

Patient Name: , formerly D-003240.

Time in Foundation custody: 20/04/1998 to 01/01/2009

Nature of Infection: Patient began to develop symptoms of SCP-3617 infection after volunteering for extended high-risk janitorial duties in the Site-54 infirmary as part of the Foundation's experimental Eurydice Programme. 42 days after initial reports, numerous (>200) SCP-3617 instances began to be expelled from every orifice. Instances appeared to consist of individual, quadrupedal teeth, with mucus-producing tissue on the rear surface (the 'root' of the tooth). Staff were

understandably unable to terminate all instances, and the Site was quarantined for 15 days following the event.

Additional Details: All physiological and psychological qualities returned to normal within 3 days. The patient was deemed to have fulfilled the requirements of the Eurydice Programme, and was released into the civilian population after heavy amnesticisation and memory-realignment.

► Show Patient Record 3617-138

Patient #: P-3617-059

Patient Name: Nicholas Peters

Time in Foundation custody: Four days, 14/11/2012 to 18/11/2012

Nature of Infection: Patient had recovered from SCP-3617 infection prior to apprehension, and so detailed reports are unavailable. Eyewitnesses report a single SCP-3617 instance emerged from the subject's abdomen, several metres in length, covered with raised areas of ocular tissue and irregularly spaced teeth. The instance apparently possessed numerous legs, similar in appearance to the skeletal structure of human fingers.

Additional Details: An interview was conducted with the subject, in which they described the effects of SCP-3617 infection. An extract from said interview is included below.

> **Researcher Doyle:** So, we have reports you were infected prior to our,

ah, involvement?

P-3617-059: If that's what you want to call it, yes.

Researcher Doyle: Can you describe the sensations you experience while under the effects of the creatures?

P-3617-059: Sure. It wasn't pleasant. I felt sick pretty much all the time, and near the end of it I had trouble breathing.

Researcher Doyle: I see.

P-3617-059: The worst part, I think, was feeling it inside me. I'm not one to jump at every little twinge, but it wasn't nice. I could feel it sort of rubbing up against my ribs whenever I moved my chest. *Subject gestures with their right hand.* Sort of around there.

Researcher Doyle: Alright, that'll do for now. We'll get a full examination and discharge you in a few days time, provided there's not a resurgence of symptoms. How are you feeling now, if I may ask?

P-3617-059: Pretty much… normal, I think. Yeah. Nothing special, nothing to complain about. Must be whatever drugs you've got me on[1]. I don't think I've ever felt this uninteresting. In a good way, of course.

Researcher Doyle: Good to know,

thank you. Take care, and the nurse will be round shortly.

P-3617-059: You too.

<End log>

Three days following this interview, with no signs of any further anomalous activity, P-3617-059 was amnesticised and released back into the civilian population.

Addendum.2: Incident 3617-BASKING: On 03/12/2019, Patient 3617-354 (Mr. Johan Auerbach) was undergoing amnestic treatment following an SCP-3617 infection when a partially assembled Conceptual Restabiliser malfunctioned. The following document is a notice issued by Site Director Tarrow shortly thereafter.

From: Site Director Imogen Tarrow
To: Site-54 Personnel, Metaphysical Department personnel, General Archive personnel, O5-1, O5-2, and [11] more…
Subject: Incident-3617-BASKING, and the events therein

As many of you are no-doubt aware, Site-54 acts as one of the Foundation's largest civilian infirmaries, and is therefore considered the central research hub for SCP-3617. Additionally, the east wing of the Site is designated primarily for investigations into metaphysical manipulation — in layman's terms, the application and removal of specific concepts from objects and entities. Until today, it was never expected that the two purposes would intersect — SCP-3617 was, for all intents and purposes, a standard biological anomaly.

Today, however, the first test of our Conceptual Restabiliser (intended to revert **`abnormal changes in abstract qualities`**) coincided with the treatment of one Johan Auerbach, an instance of SCP-3617-1. We expected a null result from the device;

> all documented metaphysical anomalies are stored at other sites, far from the range of effect. Full documentation on the event is available from the archives, but the crux of the issue is that an abnormal application of Concept C-000908 (**NORMALITY**) was detected and reverted. Specifically, with regards to Mr. Auerbach and the SCP-3617 instances within. How SCP-3617's conceptually-manipulative qualities have flown under the radar for so long is concerning, and most likely to do with the nature of 'normality' as we define it, and the general consideration of metaphysics as an esoteric study even by our warped standards.
>
> We're currently performing the same reversion on the concept of SCP-3617 as a whole, so we should be able to sort the issue out within a few days, providing everything goes smoothly.

Following the incident, it was revealed that the Mr. Auerbach had not, in fact, recovered from infection, and in actuality contained several dozen more SCP-3617 instances, of various sizes and compositions. Large quantities of necrotic flesh were reported on the face, lower torso, and extremities, and the patient appeared to be in great distress and pain, repeatedly asking for assistance and questioning the lack of response from surrounding personnel.

Following an impromptu decision by Ethics Committee staff, and the patient's own request, Mr. Auerbach was terminated, and SCP-3617 was upgraded to Keter class. Containment procedures will be updated accordingly, referring to the need to terminate all previously suspected SCP-3617 instances, and the presently unknown (possibly global) reach of infection.

Addendum.3: Update (04/12/2019): The Conceptual Restabiliser responsible for the triggering of Incident-3617-BASKING malfunctioned due to design imperfections, and several involved personnel underwent **`variable construct emesis`** and expired. The proposed changes to SCP-3617's object class and containment procedures have been denied, due to a lack of evidence for the cited effects and the disbelief of all persons involved that such events ever actually occurred. All staff questioned

about the incident report 01/12/2019 as a normal work-day.

Investigations were made into the contents of the Site-54 morgue, revealing entirely normal contents. No abnormalities were detected in Mr. Auerbach's remains, and all changes in physiology were deemed normal for SCP-3617-1 instances. Their corpse has since been amnesticised and released back into the civilian population.

Footnotes
1. It is worth noting that the patient was not, nor has ever been, on any kind of Foundation-administered medication other than standard painkillers.

SCP-3618: Supply and Demand

Item #: SCP-3618

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its stationary nature, SCP-3618 is contained on site. Provisional Site-67 has been constructed in close proximity to the anomaly and imitates a military base. All civilians attempting to access the restricted area are to be administered Class-A amnestics.

Foundation personnel are not to remain within SCP-3618 between 23:00-01:00. A permanent research team specializing in sociology and economics has been stationed on Provisional Site-67 in order to study the effects of the anomaly.

Description: SCP-3618 is a town located in County. The road signs read *Janowsky-White Model*, but no records of such a settlement exist prior to its discovery by the Foundation. The town's area varies depending on the iteration, but it has been observed to fluctuate between 112 km^2 and 67 km^2. The layout of the town as well as the architecture also changes, to the point that SCP-3618 has no defined characteristics and is unrecognizable between its separate iterations, except for the location and presence of SCP-3618-1. Inhabitants of SCP-3618 are non-anomalous while inside the affected area, but are unwilling to leave SCP-3618. If forced to leave the town premises the instance will rapidly decay until no physical matter remains. The same process takes place when any object is removed from SCP-3618.

SCP-3618-1 is a small shed located on the outskirts of SCP-3618. The exact position of the building changes depending on the current iteration, but it is always present. The most important object within SCP-3618-1 is a control board, like that present in 20th century voltmeters. Knobs and switches number 1583 and are each labeled with a socio-economic variable. Examples of labels include:

• Unemployment rate (set to auto to allow for this variable to naturally adjust),
• Marginal propensity to consume - entertainment,
• Marginal propensity to import - entertainment,
• Infant mortality rate,
• Wealth distribution (in development),
• Human reasonability rating (in development - *Homo Economicus* is finished, but *Homo Sapiens* still needs work),
• Real GDP growth rate,
• Human spirit rating (avoid setting to "dystopia", equivalent to real-life around 50%),
• Inflation rate,
• Greed,
• Same-sex marriage acceptance rating (in development - full effects on price discrimination not yet modelled).

Position of the switches controls the behavior of SCP-3618 inhabitants as well as the political and economic systems of the town. At 0:00 local time a transformation event takes place. SCP-3618 and all objects and individuals including those not consituting part of SCP-3618 present within it will start to rapidly decay. This process lasts about 10 minutes. Next, a large number of cylinders composed of unidentified[1] grey matter, varying in radius and height[2] will emerge from the ground, before separating into smaller objects that begin to take shape of buildings, roads and vehicles. The process is complete within 5 minutes. All human instances are believed to be formed within the buildings from which they begin to emerge after the transformation event is complete.

After the transformation event concludes, SCP-3618 will change its properties according to the settings present in SCP-3618-1. All time-measuring equipment will reset, indicating the present date as 20th of July 1987. The current on-site research team is tasked with determining the possible applications of the anomaly for real-world economies. Testing has proven difficult, especially due to the amount of time necessary to obtain the necessary settings for every test.

Inside of SCP-3618-1 multiple hand-written notes and diaries were found. Those describe the work of Dr. George Janowsky, who is

believed to be the creator of SCP-3618. Notes also include settings that according to the author best represent existing and theoretical economic systems. Those include "Rothbard libertarianism", "communist utopia", “Stalinism”, "anarcho-primitivism", "anarcho-capitalism", "crony capitalism", "crypto-currency based imitation of Sweden ", “free-market utopia” etc. Multiple other items of everyday use, such as coffee cups, pencils and notebooks were located.[3]

Addendum 3618-A: Test logs

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Test A1 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "anarcho-capitalism"

Human spirit setting: 80%

Observations: little deviation from the previous size was observed. Mostly even income distribution occurred with multiple quick changes to one's financial status. The hiring was found to be mostly based on skill and hard-working individuals held important positions. High turnover of workers was observed, but relatively low amounts of unemployment. Large amount of public goods present in private hands, managed effectively and provided at low prices. High levels of industrialization, significant negative effect on environment.

Test A2 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "anarcho-capitalism"

Human spirit setting: 20%

Observations: SCP-3618 drastically increased in size, reaching a total area of

95 km^2. Most of the population were low-income earners living in poor conditions. Majority of the buildings were low-quality single houses and some large buildings providing similar low-income dwelling. Great amounts of factories were present. Low numbers of educational facilities observed. Exploration team has reported that multiple monopolistic companies led to heavy price increases. Roads and public goods and services were in various state of disrepair, except for a few profitable areas, accessible only after paying expensive fees. Multiple crimes and self-defense homicides were observed. Many well-off citizens were able to afford military-grade weaponry, including air vehicles located on private airfields. During one of the exploration attempts Foundation managed to infiltrate lower levels of one of the rich inhabitant's mansion. Inside the agents found [DATA REDACTED]. Agents and were administered amnestics at their own request.

Test B1 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "communism"

Human spirit setting: 80%

Observations: SCP-3618 took form of multiple largely self-sufficient districts, each offering different living conditions. Some were composed of large apartment buildings, while others included multiple single houses. Democratically governed companies were the primary means of employment and were largely effective at providing the necessary goods and services. Effective distribution of wealth observed contrary to test B1. Low amounts of crime but very well-developed

police system present and sizeable prison population of dissenters present. Few black-market organizations present, of note was the use of sugar-based products as a currency.

Test B2 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "communism"

Human spirit setting: 20%

Observations: SCP-3618 took form of a small and concentrated settlement, mostly composed of large, uniform apartment buildings. Over 95% of the population composed the working class, living in conditions equivalent to the present day poverty line. Large amounts of resources wasted as a result of productive inefficiency. Economy controlled by the centralized town-management. Most decisions taken by the town management were arbitrary and based on short-run gains. Product prices were similarly mismanaged, separated from the demand and efficiency in producing the individual good. Heavily developed police and strict legislation. Very well-developed black market present and wide-spread corruption among all levels of society. Foundation agents were successful in bribing a law enforcement officer with a cake.

Test C1 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "crypto-currency based imitation of Sweden"

Human spirit setting: 80%

Observations: SCP-3618 was composed of well-planned and designed living, commercial

and industrial areas. Ease of opening new business combined with generous benefits for the impoverished citizens and independent currency allowed for rapid economic growth. High worker turnover rates present but unemployment remained low due to numerous training and educational programs. Of note were the long queues resulting from the low transaction speed. Average waiting time for cashing out groceries was found to be 13,7 minutes.

Test C2 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "crypto-currency based imitation of Sweden "

Human spirit setting: 20%

Observations: SCP-3618 was mostly composed of slums-like living areas and few overcrowded government run facilities providing basic necessities. The incredible fluctuations of currency and limited transaction number per second effectively halted any possible economic growth. During the first day of testing three separate recessions greater in size than the Great Depression of 1929 occurred. Many instances of exchange trade observed, with the most popular exchangeable good being metal and ceramic cutlery.

Test D1 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "anarcho-primitivism"

Human spirit setting: 80%

Observations: Multiple separated households present, each inhabited by family group

composed of individuals from up to three generations. Each settlement only utilized early farming civilization level technology. No trade between the family groups has been observed, even in case of significant shortages. Necessity shortages were common and many households were deprived of basic resources such as food. Violence was observed to be common as means of acquiring the necessary resources.

Test D2 - - -

SCP-3618-1 Configuration: "anarcho-primitivism"

Human spirit setting: 20%

Observations: None, SCP-3618 replaced by temperate forest except for SCP-3618-1. Archeological excavation has uncovered multiple human remains in the area.

Addendum 3618-B: Excerpts from materials found inside SCP-3618-1

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Date: 20th of July
I finally got it! Ministry of Anomalous Research finally decided to grant me the funding I needed to start building my model. The beginning is so far humble. I got a small patch of land and I began working on the project framework. This little shed will be my operating center. White started preparing the household algorithms. I expect to have be able to run the first rudimentary simulation within two weeks. Can't contain my excitement. This project will revolutionize economics!

Date: 33rd of July
Construction workers complained that the material delivered is of low quality. The reshaping process is painfully slow as a result. I'm doing what I can! The funds are not as large as I wanted. Some cuts had to be made and I saved up a bit on the security. Model can't be accessed during transformation but its a small price to pay. Unless you get sucked into the inter-dimensional space while inside. Oh well.

Date: 42nd of July
In the morning we ran the first simulation. Success! The human agents are a bit lacking in the scope of their activities, but it will have to do for now. I am planning to use anomalous substitutes from other Ministry assets, but I will need a better developed system first. Proper supply and demand system is in effect, the marginal propensities are working as intended. Time to focus on the less quantifiable elements of the model. Social factors are mostly White's area, but I will help as much as I can.

Date: 1st of August
I presented the project to the Ministry representative and she approved a transfer of some human substitutes from some other project! This is a big development. White is upset that so much of his time was wasted on creating the entertainment choice algorithms, but I think it was worth it. It definitely contributed to today's success. I am starting to work on the "human spirit" variable, I want this one out and done as soon as possible.

Date: 4th of September
Reasonability is hard to quantify. The rates still

need some adjusting, as today I saw one agent buy a dinner in an expensive restaurant while he was homeless. On Homo Economicus setting. Needs some tweaking. Work is progressing steadily. Nothing more to add so far.

Date: 50th of September
First major problem. The funding is running low and we need more ground to properly model the population gain as a result of the increased consumer confidence on the housing market. These short-sighted idiots at the Ministry can't comprehend that the extra land is necessary! How can I explain that modelling that gain allows us to judge the environmental impact and that it is a major part of the sustainable development predictions?

Date: 14th of November
We had another inspection today. It did not go well. I am afraid they might introduce further cuts to our budget. Workers are complaining and the construction of stimuli models is going slowly. I hope that once we finish this part we will be able to show off the project at some major convention and get the necessary money injection.

Date: 39th of November
I discussed the matter with White today. We won't make it with the recent cuts. I am afraid that the Ministry will want us to shut down the project. We are not going to give up. White stitched together an algorithm that will drop the whole model in some backwards reality when we will have to deconstruct it. They should not be able to mess it up too much. I trust him, he's good at extra-dimensional transportation but it is a large project and I am afraid of the

potential losses. So much work! There is still a chance they will let us continue, but it's slim. I hope for the best and expect the worst.

Addendum 3618-C: SCP-3618 proposal – Scranton Reality Anchors

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Date: - -

Proposal outline: based on the analysis of the notes found within SCP-3618-1 an extradimensional intervention is expected to take place in the indeterminate future. On-site research team suggests securing the area of the anomaly from outside influence utilizing Scranton Reality Anchors.

Result: Proposal denied due to budget constraints. Research has been determined to be of low priority.

Footnotes
1. Samples rapidly decay when separated from the cylinders
2. The largest observed instance had volume of approximately 640m3
3. The brands that produced most of these items were found to be non-existent.

SCP-3619: You Spin Me Right Round, Baby, Right Round

Item #: SCP-3619

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3619 is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment chamber in the low-security wing of Site-17. SCP-3619 is to have an assigned caretaker to assist it in feeding and other self-maintenance. As SCP-3619's anomaly makes it unable to lie down comfortably, in lieu of a bed it has been provided with its choice of cushioned chair.

SCP-3619 is to undergo regular physiological and psychiatric therapy sessions to help it acclimate to its anomalous physiology. Additionally, Site-17's medical and psychiatric staff are to be mindful of, and provide treatment for, SCP-3619's mild to moderate depression and post-traumatic stress disorder.

SCP-3619 is permitted the standard privileges of supervised socialization with site residents and access to its containment wing's common areas. However, additional care must be taken to ensure it does not cause any harm or damage during its frequent bouts of dizziness. The subject should be made to sit, by force if necessary, during times when its head's rate of rotation exceeds 30 rpm. At these speeds, SCP-3619 is prone to dizziness, nausea, and blackouts.

SCP-3619 should also be prevented from attempting to restrain its own head when possible.

Description: SCP-3619 is a 22-year-old Caucasian male, originally from Sacramento, California. SCP-3619's head and neck continuously rotate counter-clockwise, at a minimum observed rate of 3 rpm, and a maximum observed rate of approximately 90 rpm.

The rate of rotation is roughly proportional to SCP-3619's heart rate and emotional state. This frequently results in negative feedback loops where an agitated emotional state increases the head's rate of rotation, which further deteriorates the subject's emotional state and accelerates the rotation.

The inconsistent rate of rotation makes it extremely difficult for SCP-3619 to adapt to its situation. Though it has no trouble swallowing or breathing, getting foods and liquids into its mouth can be challenging.

In addition to the obvious threat of injury from falls, SCP-3619 also risks injury if its face is pressed up against a surface, especially when its head is spinning at higher velocities.

Aside from symptoms of motion sickness, SCP-3619 claims the constant rotation of its head does not cause it any discomfort. It does, however, claim that attempts to prevent its head from rotating cause it extreme pain, comparable to "what someone would feel if their neck were forced too far in the wrong direction". Despite this reported pain, no actual injury has ever been observed during or after attempts to restrain SCP-3619's head.

It should also be noted that, despite the pain SCP-3619 claims it causes, it is common for the subject to attempt to restrain its own head during times of emotional distress. As this is, in fact, counter-productive to reducing its head's rate of rotation, it should be prevented from doing this.

X-rays and MRI scans of SCP-3619 have revealed that the internal space between the base of the skull and the thoracic vertebrae is non-euclidean[1], severely hampering study into SCP-3619's anatomy.

Recovery: SCP-3619 was originally recovered by embedded agents at a Hong Kong police station in April of 2018.

SCP-3619 had approached an on-duty police officer while in a state of severe emotional distress, pleading for protection and claiming it had just escaped from human traffickers. Civilian witnesses were minimal, and it does not appear anyone took video footage of

SCP-3619 during its brief time in public, as it had made some effort to conceal its anomaly with additional clothing.

The initial containment team determined SCP-3619 to be a low-risk humanoid and transported it to Site-17 for long-term containment.

Site-17 Entry Interview:

> **Interviewer:** Dr. Luna Valdez
>
> **Interviewee:** SCP-3619
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Valdez**: Good afternoon. My name is Doctor Luna Valdez, and I'm here to conduct an intake interview. Did the containment team give you the introduction pamphlet?
>
> **SCP-3619:** They did.
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** Did you read it?
>
> **SCP-3619:** *(pauses)* Bit difficult, considering.
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** Right. Well, to go over the main points, this place is a long-term care/research facility for individuals with unique abnormalities. I know it can seem scary, being picked up by guys in black armour and transported to who-knows-where, but we make sure all our residents are well cared for. You are still a person, and we will treat you like one.
>
> **SCP-3619:** Is that why the first thing you guys did was replace my name with a number?
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** No one replaced it. You're still Ethan. I'm even allowed to call you Ethan, if that's what you prefer?
>
> *(SCP-3619 does not respond)*
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** I'll call you Ethan. I call most residents by

their name. We did a background check on you Ethan, and we know you weren't always like this. Do you want to tell me when your head started spinning constantly, or how you ended up in Hong Kong?

SCP-3619: I… I was on spring break in Mexico when I got smashed on tequila and went for a joyride. I was obviously more fucked up than I thought I was, because I totalled the car and broke my neck. I ended up a quadriplegic. My girlfriend was the only person there who knew me well. We were sitting in the hospital, taking about what we were going to do, when she mentioned that her family had some connections to people who might be able to arrange for some kind of 'unsanctioned' methods that might be able to restore my mobility. I thought she was talking about stem cells or CRISPR or some shit, so I agreed.

(SCP-3619 groans and attempts to rest its head in its hands, but fails)

SCP-3619: She made a phone call and not six hours later a couple of sketchy looking dudes came into the hospital and rolled me into a truck, drove me to some place in the middle of nowhere and put me under. When I woke up I could move and feel my body again, but now my head was spinning and wouldn't stop. I freaked the fuck out and demanded to know what they had done to me. They seemed pretty freaked out too. They started arguing in some Eastern European language, maybe Russian, I don't know. I don't know what they said, but I guess they realized they weren't going to get the rest of their payment from my girlfriend's family, so they decided to recoup their losses another way.

Dr. Valdez: Unfortunately, there are a lot of people willing to pay vast sums of money for an anomaly. Did they send you to Hong Kong after that?

SCP-3619: I guess so. They injected me with something that put me out like a light, and I woke up somewhere

completely different. I was examined by a Chinese doctor and nurse, and then a little guy in an expensive suit came to speak with me. He was Chinese too, but he spoke English with an American accent. He said he was sorry for me, said he was going to get me to a sanctuary, said he was going to find me help.

(SCP-3619 becomes distraught, with its head notably accelerating)

SCP-3619: He lied.

SCP-3619: A few days pass and they dress me up and put me in some kind of a show room. The doors are guarded, and the room is filled with other impossible things. There was a logo on a few things, the letters MC&D with the 'and sign' laid over top of an opened door. I don't know if that means anything though. Anyway, when the elevator opens the guy from before comes in with two other freaks; **`a clown girl and a man with an upside-down face`**. At first I thought they were more 'inventory' but instead, he starts showing wares to them like they're buyers. Seemed quite chummy with them, actually. Then they come to me, and I get a real good look at them. I've never seen other freaks before -

Dr. Valdez: We prefer the term 'anomalies'. It's more objective.

SCP-3619: Well objective doesn't describe my reaction to them! I was freaked out!

(SCP-3619 leans back in its chair and closes its eyes until its head slows down)

SCP-3619: Okay. I'm fine. The guy with the upside-down face, I had never seen anything like that before. He was Lovecraftian almost, like he's impossible and yet he exists and your brain is going to melt trying to make sense of it. The clown girl though, she was worse. The

whole time she had a psychotic smile on her face, her eyes had this fucked up manic gleam to them, and when she got close I could tell she wasn't wearing make-up, that was just how she looked.

SCP-3619: Then they started talking about the so-called sanctuary the guy mentioned before: a circus. They wanted to put me in a freak show, full of other freaks like them, where people would come to stare at me. The clown just stared spitballing ideas for what they might do with me: put pinwheels and fidget spinners on my head, use me to power a Rube Goldberg machine, give me ipecac to watch me projectile vomit as my head spun around -

(SCP-3619 attempts to hold its head still, screams in pain, and then falls out of its chair)

Dr. Valdez: Ethan! Guards, help him up.

(The guards hoist SCP-3619 back into its chair, and Dr. Valdez waits for it to calm down before resuming the interview)

SCP-3619: Sorry, sorry.

Dr. Valdez: It's alright. Please, how did you escape?

SCP-3619: After hearing this description of their circus I freaked out and ran for it with no real plan. Before the guards could tackle me I smashed a vase, just to use its fragments as a weapon, and it unleashed dozens of these Persian warrior ghost things who started tearing up the place. I wasn't their priority any more, so I took the elevator to the ground floor and bolted out of the building. You know the rest. I was lucky so many people in Hong Kong speak English.

Dr. Valdez: It sounds like you've been through a lot. I know it can't be easy living with an anomaly like that, but we're going to do everything we can to help you adjust to

your new condition.

SCP-3619: Is that the best I can hope for now? Adjusting to my condition? I want to go home. I want my life back. Can that even happen?

Dr. Valdez: It could actually. We treat all anomalies very scientifically, and it's possible that we might be able to find a way to cure you. Also, sometimes anomalies do just neutralize themselves. If and when that happens, you'll be released.

SCP-3619: You mean that? You're not just saying that to get me to go along with your whole alien autopsy thing?

Dr. Valdez: *(smirks)* I mean it. If we're able to help you get better, we will. And, incidentally, The more you co-operate with us, the more likely we are to be successful.

SCP-3619: *(pauses)* Alright, if you make this hell stop, I'll do whatever you want. I… thank you. I know this place is like Area 51 or something, but this is the first time since the accident I've actually felt good about something.

(SCP-3619's head slows to its minimal rotation ration rate of 3 rpm)

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Non-conforming to the laws of normal spacetime.

SCP-3620: Data Expunged the Chicken

Item #: SCP-3620

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3620 is to be contained in a medium-sized animal containment cage of internal volume no less than one cubic meter. The cage must be airtight to allow for monitoring of CO_2 output.

The cage is to be cleaned daily before feeding, with the mass of any droppings or eggs produced measured. The daily amount of feed and water provided must equal the mass output within an allowed variance of 1.5g/day.

Description: SCP-3620 is a living entity confirmed by genetic testing[1] to be an approximately 5-year-old female domestic chicken (*Gallus gallus domesticus*). Behavior and vocalizations are consistent with those of a chicken, as are the appearance of all tissue samples taken.

SCP-3620 presents visually as a two-dimensional white plane featuring a pictograph and a series of curved lines hypothetized to be language, although they match no previously-encountered alphabet. The size of the plane appears the same relative to the observer's field of view, regardless of distance, and the plane appears parallel to the observer's field of view, regardless of viewing angle. Roughly 1 in 5 observers report mild to moderate headaches after viewing SCP-3620.

Testing indicates that SCP-3620 is physically invariant. It weighs 724.33g, regardless of factors that would normally affect mass. Any tissue samples removed from the specimen, such as drawn blood, plucked feathers, and even entire removed body parts, are instantly replaced. Separated mass appears non-anomalous and degrades at a normal rate. Factors indicating age have consistently pointed to

SCP-3620 being approximately 5 years old, despite having been in Foundation custody since 1983-07-05.

As the amount of material produced and consumed by SCP-3620 do not appear to adhere to the standard laws of conservation of mass, any mass shed naturally or removed during the course of testing must be replaced by an equal mass of food to prevent long-term planetary mass discrepancy.

Document 3620-1: Post-recovery interview

Show interview

Interviewed: J P

Interviewer: Agent S

Foreword: Interview conducted on 1983-07-05 following recovery of SCP-3620 under protocol "ORNOT". Agent S posing as an agent of the Ripley Entertainment Inc.

<Begin Log>

Agent S : So tell us about how you came to acquire this… animal.

Mr. P : I mean, I'm pretty sure she was a normal chicken. I counted 'em after and, with this weird one, there weren't none missing. So I guess I acquired her in the normal way chickens get made, if you understand my meaning. Then something got her all weird like this.

Agent S : Can you describe what happened exactly?

Mr. P : Well, I didn't see it happen or nothing. A loud noise woke me up, like… like a thunderclap mixed with an orchestra going through a wheat thresher. I thought I'd dreamt

it at first, you know how it is when you just woke up, but when I went outside I figured it was connected with this thing. Looked enormous when I saw it at first, but it shrank when I walked closer or something. Like not exactly that, but like it always looks the same size, no matter how far away from it you are? But when I got close, it was just down there walking around and clucking like nothing was out of the ordinary. Other birds seemed a bit wary of it, though.

Agent S : Have you told anyone else about this?

Mr. P : Naw, pretty much called you Believe It Or Not guys first thing. I 'spect you pay pretty well for weird shit like this, so I didn't want anyone else taking pictures or whatever.

Agent S : Well, this certainly is an exciting item. Come along with me and I'll take you over to our purchasing department and we'll work out a good price for this girl.

Mr. P : Sounds good!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Mr. P was administered class C amnestics, paid $10 for the loss of one chicken, and returned to his farm.

Document 3620-2: Suicide note of Dr. F

Show note

None of it matters.

You understand what 3620 is, right? It's not a chicken, it's a fucking bug. It's an [*sic*] glitch.

An error message. She's a 404-not-found that shits out eggs.

So what does that make the rest of us? Software, running on some higher-order computer somewhere. We're just a simulation. None of it fucking matters.

Control alt delete.

—Dan

Document 3620-3: Interview with Dr. Charlene M following death of Dr. Daniel F

Show interview

Interviewed: Dr. Charlene M , lead researcher, SCP-3620

Interviewer: Agent R , internal review committee

Foreword: On 20 -04-12, junior researcher Dr. Daniel F was found dead in his office of apparent suicide. Autopsy revealed a massive overdose of injected paralytics. A classification-review investigation was launched to determine whether or not the suicide would indicate a cause to change the "Safe" classification of SCP-3620.

<Begin Log>

Interviewer: Can you tell us about Mr. F ?

Dr. M : Well, I can tell you he'd get pissed off at you calling him "mister" instead of "doctor".

Interviewer: My apologies. Dr. F .

Dr. M : No problem. He was pretty new to

the team — pretty fresh out of grad school, in fact — and this was his first assignment here. We were working on seeing if Spongy could-

Interviewer: (interrupting) I'm sorry, "Spongy?"

Dr. M : Oh. Yeah, it's kind of a nickname we gave SCP-3620. Spongy. Short for 'Data Expunged'. I know we're supposed to stay detached, but it's hard when you work with one of the animate ones for years, and frankly, 'SCP-3620' is a bit of a mouthful.

Interviewer: I see. Please continue.

Dr. M : We were working on seeing if SCP-3620 could be used as a food source. She's basically a chicken, and so when you pull off a wing or a leg or cut off a chunk of breast or whatever, it's made of regular old chicken meat, and a new part pops right back no matter how much we chop off. But we have to keep things balanced. "Wanted Buffalo wings so much the extra mass threw off Earth's orbit" would be one of the more embarrassing XKs to cause, you know?

Interviewer: Right.

Dr. M : So Dan was helping me out with making a denser feed and measuring how much we could get her to eat in a day, and I saw him just stop and get this far-away look in his eyes. Then he said he had to go to his office. That was the last I saw of him. The last anyone saw of him, I guess.

Interviewer: Could the feeding protocol have triggered an effect?

Dr. M : Unlikely. After it happened, we brought in a few D-class to try and recreate it, and none of them had a problem.

Interviewer: So in your professional opinion, do you believe that Dr. F 's suicide was due to an anomalous effect created by SCP-3620?

Dr. M : I do not. At least, not like a memetic or telepathic effect. I've personally been studying this for three years now, it's been in custody since the 80s, and this is the first time anything like this has happened. You tend to become a bit numb to the weirdness around here, but someone as new as Dan… We think of the Euclids and the Keters as the scary ones, so we forget that even quote-unquote-safe skips can destroy someone's whole worldview, you know?

<End Log>

Note: Reclassification committee voted to retain current "Safe" classification of SCP-3620.

Footnotes
1. >99.9% certainty

SCP-3621: Best Intentions

WARNING: Unknown character sets detected in below report. Please contact the System Administrator at first opportunity.

Item #: SCP-3621

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3621 is to be contained in the High-Security Vault of Dimensional Site-04. Testing with SCP-3621 is not permitted at this time, under any circumstances without direct approval by a majority of the O5 council.

Documentation regarding Hume level fluctuations regarding SCP-3621 are available in Document-3621-S-1, and Document-3621-S-2. Compositional reports are available in Document-3621-S-3.

One Scranton Reality Anchor is to be located within the containment chamber of SCP-3621, at all times.

Description: SCP-3621 is the skeletal remains of former Foundation employee Dr. Michael Magnus, deceased July 17, 20 . SCP-3621 constantly generates a low level elevated Hume field, which has proven to be disruptive to the function of Dimensional Site-04.

Due to the volatile nature of Dimensional Anchoring, and the elevated Hume levels, at this time SCP-3621 is not to be moved.

At this time, no testing shall be permitted with SCP-3621. If testing with Hume fields is required, refer to document SCRANTON-SAGE-6-A-47 to determine if a Scranton Reality Field Generator is appropriate for testing.

Addendum 1: Due to the nature of SCP-3621, at this time, access

to Secure Storage at Dimensional Site-04 is restricted to those on the approved list located at [LEVEL 5 CLEARANCE REQUIRED].

Credentials invalid, please try again

Overseer Level credentials required. Attempt to login again?

AND LO,ΔTHEREΔWASΔAΔCRαSH

ΔAΔGREαTΔDESTRUCTIONΔ

_
Memetic agent deployed, determining sapience matrix…
_
_
Memetic resistance confirmed, displaying SCP-3621:
_
_
Welcome Overseer.

Item #: SCP-3621

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3621 is to be contained in the High-Security Vault of Dimensional Site-04. SCP-3621 is unable to be moved at this time, and while physically contained, its effects are currently uncontained at this time.

SCP-3621's containment chamber is to be lined with standard Polypropylene-blend soundproofing, in order to dampen noise emanations during Emergence Events.

Per ethics committee decision, this soundproofing shall not reduce noise levels below 20 db. See attached Ethics Committee report. -O5-2

Several proposals have been put forward to contain SCP-3621, including the use of Scranton Reality Anchors, anomalous entities currently in containment, and potential destruction of Dimensional Site-04.

All current have been rejected as infeasible. Further proposals may be submitted directly to O5-6 or O5-2.

Description: SCP-3621 are the skeletal remains of former Foundation employee Dr. Michael Magnus, deceased July 17, 20 . SCP-3621 occasionally generates a Hume field of previously unobserved magnitude, which has to date corresponded with the discovery of an anomalous object requiring containment.

During these events (hereafter designated as "Emergence Events"), a visual and auditory anomaly is observed within the containment chamber of SCP-3621. Visual identification has confirmed this to be a light-based anomaly resembling Dr. Michael Magnus. This image is transparent, and the light which comprises it falls within the 380–450 nm wavelengths of the visual spectrum.

Universally, this image has been observed to be drawn towards SCP-3621, however, no sources of motile force have been observed in SCP-3621's containment chamber.

"Sound Levels during Emergence Events"

The only observable forces generated during an Emergence Event is a sound wave of significant magnitude, emanating from the approximate region of the visual anomaly's head, which has been observed at upwards of 120 dB, with an average around 110 dB. Content of this sound wave appears to be a compressed,

overlapping continual vocalization consistent with vocal records for Dr. Michael Magnus.

Upon reaching SCP-3621, the previously mentioned Hume field is generated, and all sound waves generated by the Emergence Event ceases.

To date, sixteen anomalous objects have been discovered, of which fourteen have been contained, and two are unaccounted for. These objects have been discovered with no discernable geographic pattern, at least one of which is located within extra-solar space. They have ranged from Safe, to Keter, and there appears to be no pattern as to the form these objects take.

At this time, there is no reasonable expectation of a cessation of this behavior. (See Document SCP-3621-β).

After an extensive interview process, Dr. Jacob Kensington was found to have no memory of the events detailed in either document SCP-3621-β, or the actual attempt to enact **Directive Legends**. Through the use of both class A veritants, and standard interrogation, this has been proven to be true.

It's unknown at this time how much of our continuity is obscured, or altered by SCP-3621 and the events of its creation. Several key events of the actual creation of SCP-3621, and the circumstances of Melanie duMourne and Dr. Kensington's involvement have been shown to be altered in some significant way.

Additional continuity and reality-shifts are to be documented in Document SCP-3621-RS.

Addendum 1: SCP-3621 is the result of a failed attempt to alter reality by former overseer Melanie duMourne. Through the unauthorized request of the assistance of **SCP-343**, an attempt was made on July 20 to create a large-scale fracturing of reality, resulting in an CK-

Restructuring event.

This was accomplished through the attempt to enact **`Directive Legends`**, a project which was deemed both completely unfeasible, and potentially dangerous. Directive Legends was the product of Dr. Magnus' "research" which was proven to be patently false, and inconsistent with the course of reality. SCP-3621-1's degree in the field of "Metaphysics" was an obvious forgery, and not related to any field of modern scientific study.

Due to this, and the easily disproven nature of the proposal, the entire directive was near-unanimously rejected by the O5 council, in a 12-1 vote.

The following is a transcript of the hearing before the overseer council, regarding the incident:

> **Interviewed:** Melanie duMourne (previously O5-2)
>
> **Foreword:** The transcription here is of a relatively informal meeting of the O5 council. A majority of vote-capable members were present either in person, or by proxy, and thus was considered enough to hold a vote of no-confidence.
>
> **<Begin Log, August 22, 20 >**
>
> **O5-6:** I was there, 2. I was in your office, with Kensington, when you told me that this was a no go, as we all voted.
>
> **Melanie duMourne:** I'm aware of that.
>
> **O5-6:** You're 'aware of that'? Really? That's your only defense?
>
> **Melanie duMourne:** I don't feel the need to

defend my actions here. We were losing the fight, and it needed to be won. Had everyone voted in favor, we wouldn't be sitting here.

O5-6: So that's all? No justification, you went ahead anyway, because you thought this would work? That's naive, and frankly, a gross breach of the trust you've had for decades. The entire council, yourself included, agreed that the patients cannot run the asylum.

Melanie duMourne: Yes, I did. And I changed my mind. So I did what I thought was best. I make no apologies for that.

O5-6: Very well. We'll call a vote.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: The final vote, with O5-2 abstaining for obvious reasons was 9-0 to revoke O5-2's status as overseer. A special committee was appointed by the ethics committee to determine the appropriate punishment.

Special Addendum 2: The following is a document recovered from incident ARGON-RHO-M-47. All records of this incident have been sealed by a 2/3rds vote of the O5 council

This document, designated SCP-3621-β, is believed to have been recovered from an alternate, parallel continuity which is somehow intrinsically tied to our own. The following is an entry from the Foundation Database of that reality:

Item #: SCP-3621

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3621 is to be contained in the High-Security Vault of Dimensional Site-04. Testing with SCP-3621 is not permitted at this time, under any circumstances without direct approval by a majority of the O5 council.

Documentation regarding Hume level fluctuations regarding SCP-3621 are available in Document-3621-S-1, and Document-3621-S-2. Compositional reports are available in Document-3621-S-3.

One Scranton Reality Anchor is to be located within the containment chamber of SCP-3621, at all times.

Description: SCP-3621 is the skeletal remains of former Foundation employee Dr. Michael Magnus, deceased July 17, 20 . SCP-3621 constantly generates a low level elevated Hume field, which has proven to be disruptive to the function of Dimensional Site-04.

Due to the volatile nature of Dimensional Anchoring, and the elevated Hume levels, at this time SCP-3621 is not to be moved.

At this time, no testing shall be permitted with SCP-3621. If testing with Hume fields is required, refer to document SCRANTON-SAGE-6-A-47 to determine if a Scranton Reality Field Generator is appropriate for testing.

Addendum 1: Due to the nature of SCP-3621, at this time, access to Secure Storage at Dimensional Site-04 is restricted to those on the approved list located at [LEVEL 5 CLEARANCE REQUIRED].

<LINK NOT FOUND>

Below is the deciphered redirect of above link:

Item #: SCP-3621

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures:
SCP-3621 is to be contained in the High-Security Vault of Dimensional Site-04. Testing with SCP-3621 is not permitted at this time, under any circumstances without direct approval by a majority of the O5 council, and special approval of 05-2.

Documentation regarding Hume level fluctuations regarding SCP-3621, including Hume-CDM formulaic conversions, are available in Document-3621-S-1, and Document-3621-S-2. Compositional reports are available in Document-3621-S-3. SCP-3621-1 is to be assigned to continual high-risk missions, likely to result in death, or significant bodily harm.

PoI-3621-A (Dr. Jacob Kensington) is tasked with the continued secrecy of SCP-3621 and the related project files.

One Scranton Reality Anchor is to be located within the containment chamber of SCP-3621, at all times.

Description: SCP-3621 are the skeletal remains of former Foundation employee Dr. Michael Magnus, deceased July 17, 20 . SCP-3621 constantly generates a low level elevated Hume field, which has proven to be disruptive to the function of Dimensional

Site-04.

SCP-3621-1 is Foundation employee Dr. Michael Magnus. Due to the effects of Directive Legends, SCP-3621 is to be considered an anomalous reality bending object, however SCP-3621-1 is not capable of bending reality under its own power.

Upon death, SCP-3621-1 re-appears within 12 to 24 hours within SCP-3621's containment chamber. O5-2 and Director Salazar are tasked with the recovery and re-insertion of SCP-3621-1 in to concurrent reality.

SCP-3621's anomalous effect extends to what has been described as a "Continuity Defference Matrix" (referred hereafter as "CDM") which has been co-harmonized to various Senior Staff until further notice. For a full description of these effects see Addendum 3.

Addendum 1: SCP-3621's effect has been confirmed to increase with each subsequent death of SCP-3621-1. Provisionally, SCP-3621-1 was assigned to several combat missions, despite their lack of combat training. Each mission proved fatal to SCP-3621-1, which raised concerns by the Ethics Committe.

Ethics Committe report on SCP-3621/ SCP-3621-1

Due to the significant physical harm caused to SCP-3621-1, at this time it is the findings of the Ethics

> Committee to immediately halt SCP-3621-1's assignment to combat missions.
>
> There is not a significant gain to be made with the continual death and regeneration of SCP-3621-1. Due to the disturbing nature of recordings of these "regenerations," the physical harm to SCP-3621-1 is completely unacceptable to this committee.

Addendum 2: By a unanimous decision of the O5 council, the ruling of the ethics committee has been overturned.

The effect of the CDM upon the Senior Staff has proven to be significantly more valuable than the concerns raised in the ethics committee report.

Due to the vast improvements made in the capture, containment, and termination (as required) of anomalous entities by the Senior Staff of the Foundation, the SCP-3621 project will continue as directed.

CDM has been proven to increase Hume readings in affected subjects. The "reality bending" effect which occurs is not actively controllable. The effects however, allow subjects to perform near-impossible actions and achieve mission objectives deemed to carry unacceptable risk.

Addendum 3: Some of the effects of the CDM include:

- Increased Physical resilience
- Decreased recovery time from injury
- The ability to perform difficult, to

impossible, feats of marksmanship
- Increased resistance to mental influence
- Increased resistance to low Hume levels
- Decreased side effects from toxic substances

Specific events which demonstrate the CDM:

- Implantation of fully metallic bionic legs with zero rejection.
- The ability to pursue combat against reality bending entities with no special preparations or weaponry.
- Fully-body injuries which should induce crush syndrome which heal within two months.

Since the introduction of the CDM to the Senior Staff of the foundation, identification, recovery, and containment of SCP objects has become a cost-adjusted value of 22.4% more efficient, with this number predicting to increase as SCP-3621-1's total deaths increase.

Addendum 4: SCP-3621 was created as a side effect of the Directive Legends project. Initially rejected by majority vote of the O5 council, O5-2 proceeded without authorization to pursue with project, with an unauthorized request of assistance from SCP-343.

Though officially reprimanded, O5-2 was not removed from the O5 council. The effects of Directive Legends significantly outweighed the potential risks in the end, and O5-2 was cleared of any potential disciplinary charges, with the provision of being warned that such behavior would not be tolerated in the future.

End record of recovered document.

Addendum 3: The ethics committee decision regarding the potential punishment of Melanie duMourne met on [REDACTED] and produced the following report:

Ethics Committee Report detailing the punishment and incarceration of former O5-2 Melanie duMourne

It is not normally the place of the O5 council, nor the ethics committee to "punish" individuals for perceived crimes. Loss of position, loss of privileges, loss of life. These are things that have been deemed required for particular offenses in the past. This case, however, has been deemed something more.

To be crystal clear, this is not about vengeance. This is not about justice. This is, pure and simple, about the most effective way to make use of Melanie duMourne, without exposing The Foundation, the world, or any related reality to the influence of her decisions.

As such, it is the Ethics Committee's findings that Melanie duMourne be confined to Dimensional Site-04, and be required to write the final after-action and Familial Notice documents for all incidents relating to SCP-3621. Any and all casualties, damage, death, or destruction that Melanie duMourne is responsible for, she will be directly responsible for cataloging, and responding to.

This task shall be completed within the outer containment chamber of SCP-3621, beyond the sound dampening barrier. Emergence

Events shall be shielded to no lower than 20 dB.

We feel this is appropriate considering the magnitude of the damage done to our continuity, and, in truth, our very missions.

It is not determined at this time, the length of the sentence, though it shall take place immediately, beginning with the victims of **SCP-2875**.

Credentials invalid, please try again

This section only accessible by m.dumourne@scp.net. Attempt to log

Welcome Prisoner DuMourne

Running Scripts ecom_2017_mdm.exe

Identifying accessed sections…

_

Section A verified…read

_

Section B verified…read

_

Section C verified…read

_

Accessing attachments

Hello Melanie.

Below is the form letters you will use to apologize to the victims of your failure. This isn't exhaustive, just the ones we've had to make to get you started. You should make more if you need them.

You will come to this file. Enter your credentials. Read the results of your failure.

Every. Single. Time.

You may be thinking to yourself "They're just being cruel. They want me to suffer."

No, Melanie. We don't want you to suffer. Cold, not cruel. We want you never to forget what you did.

I never can. Neither should you.

O5-2,
Dr. Jacob Kensington

FormLetterDeath.docx

FormLetterMentalIIIness.docx

FormLetterMIA.docx

FormLetterComatose.docx

FormLetterDisease.docx

FormLetterMemetic.docx

FormLetterAntiMemetic.docx

FormLetterPersonalityShift.docx

FormLetterKIA.docx

FormLetterCognitoHazard_other.docx

SCP-3622: Agile, Handle with Care

Anomalous Item Entry

Item #: SCP-3622

Object Class: Keter

Last updated by R. Diaghilev, 31/12/2017 23:59:59 UTC. [REDACTED]
Display version: Level 3/3622 [Redacted Elements: 7 | Redaction supervisor: D. Nedjelski ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d#ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d]

Special Containment Procedures:

Instances of SCP-3622-1 are to be contained whenever possible, through a combination of misinformation, talent acquisition, and corporate sabotage. In the event that instances of SCP-3622-1 must be taken into Foundation custody, they are to be held in temporary standard humanoid containment for 72 hours, and issued class A amnestics.

Under no circumstances are SCP-3622-1 instances to be contained together, except during testing.

In the event of SCP-3622 infection reaching unmanageable levels, instances of SCP-3622-1 are either to be acquired by the Foundation, or to be encouraged to seek employment at other organizations by Foundation agents.

Suspicions of SCP-3622 infection in Foundation software teams is to be reported immediately. All persons suspected of SCP-3622 infection are not to participate in any Agile methodology meetings, or proceedings until SCP-3622 infection is either ruled out, or wears

off.

In the event of a mass outbreak of SCP-3622-1, termination is authorized in select circumstances. Please see Document **SCP-3622-T-EX** for circumstances and approval chain.

Prepared by Dr. D. Nedjelski, Agent R. Donnarson, 17/4/2017 11:23:51 UTC.
ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d#ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d, ten.pcs.ces|nosrannod.r#ten.pcs.ces|nosrannod.r

---

Description:

SCP-3622 is a memetic effect which affects computer programmers exposed to SCP-3622's infection vectors. SCP-3622 affects any human who creates, modifies, or maintains software and uses Agile development methodologies[1]. Affected subjects are collectively designated SCP-3622-1.

SCP-3622-1 instances will begin to introduce minor delays in any daily meetings, development processes, or productivity tools that they interact with, until said processes are brought to a complete stand-still. SCP-3622-1 will also pass SCP-3622 on to any other humans qualifying as SCP-3622-1 hosts.

SCP-3622's primary transmission occurs through a hallucinatory entity, which appears on software development teams through anomalous means. This entity takes the form of a managerial employee, usually deemed an "efficiency consultant", which creates the initial infection vector. Universally, this entity disappears within 24 hours of initial infection. Members of the software team then become instances of SCP-3622-1 and become the secondary infection vector. SCP-3622's effect is passed on by instances of SCP-3622-1 through currently unknown anomalous means.

In most subjects, SCP-3622's effects will cease to manifest after 72 hours, if isolated from other instances of SCP-3622-1. Several cases have significantly longer, or significantly shorter periods of time. All individuals showing this discrepancy have brain stem disorders or deformaties.

Prepared by Dr. D. Nedjelski, 17/4/2017 11:14:55 UTC. ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d#ten.pcs.hcrsr|ikslejden.d

Updated Effect Vector

Persons with disorders affecting the brain stem were particularly affected significantly shorter (sometimes for minutes or less), until / / , corresponding to an "update" to SCP-3622. (See Addendum 4).

Attached by Dr. L. Oliviera, 22/9/2017 17:22:67 UTC. ten.pcs.hcrsr|areivilo.l#ten.pcs.hcrsr|areivilo.l

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Attached Addenda

Discovery Report

SCP-3622 was discovered on / / when Foundation agents placed at [REDACTED] Inc. reported significantly fewer salient data points over a six week period. Foundation assets brought the agents in under the guise of extended sabbatical.

Agents Kuthrupali and Saksena recovered from the effects of SCP-3622 after 72 hours.

The following is a transcript of an initial interview with Agents Saksena and Kuthrupali.

> Interview - Initial Discovery Debrief
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. S. Callaghan, Department of Psychology.
> **Interviewed:** Agents Saksena and Kuthrupali
>
> **Date of Interview:** 16/6/2017, 09:22:34 UTC
>
> ===

Doctor Callaghan: So tell me what happened.

Agent Saksena: It all seemed so normal. Our standups were around five or ten minutes, right?

Agent Kuthrupali: Ten at the outside.

Doctor Callaghan: Right, and?

Agent Saksena: They started getting longer. Like, a lot longer. We went from giving updates, to giving code reviews, to giving in depth discussions about methodology and style. It seemed so normal, like…for real. I didn't even notice.

Agent Kuthrupali: The average got up to like…four hours. Sometimes more. It was even worse with the git repo^2. I swear, when we got pulled out, I was on page six of my referenced commit message which explained why I used the syntax I did, it was insane.

Doctor Callaghan: Any idea when it started?

Agent Saksena: Looking back, yeah. It's pretty obvious it was right around the time that Steve, at least I think his name was Steve, joined. But here's the crazy part, now that whatever the hell was going on, isn't going on, I'm really really certain Steve isn't real.

Agent Kuthrupali: I think he's right. Steve joined in September, as an… efficiency consultant? So we had to listen to them. We resisted at first, until the changes became mandatory. Then it was like, we wanted to make them.

Doctor Callaghan: What sorts of things

changed other than what you've mentioned?

Agent Kuthrupali: Good example, our documentation wiki.

Agent Saksena: Christ. Yeah.

Doctor Callaghan: Mmm?

Agent Kuthrupali: Okay, so normally with software, it's like document it well enough to work, but get the work done. By the time December rolls around, I was writing two or three pages of wiki text, per ten lines of code. Like, explaining every assignment and variable name.

Agent Saksena: I can't stress this enough. It all seemed so normal.

Doctor Callaghan: Well, your brain waves show no anomalous activity. You guys'll be on leave for a few more days, then probably assigned to desk work for now.

Agent Kuthrupali: Understood. Thanks doc.

Agent Saksena: No problem, thanks doctor.

Doctor Callaghan: That's it, you can shut off the tape.

===

END OF LOG

Prepared by Dr. S. Callaghan, 17/6/2017 03:22:21 UTC. ten.pcs.dem|nahgallac.s#ten.pcs.dem|nahgallac.s

Effect Clarification

Generally, SCP-3622 will slow down a specific team to the point where the developers will come in to work, consume resources, and produce no viable work. As reported in debriefing transcripts, this slow down will not seem out of the ordinary to instances of SCP-3622-1.

Extended observation of SCP-3622 and SCP-3622-1 instances at Bond Street LLC have produced several examples of SCP-3622 behaviors:

- Daily meetings (commonly referred to as "standups") to discuss progress on ongoing software projects increase in duration steadily. Average duration increase is between 7 and 12 minutes per week, and appears to have a final duration of a maximum of eight hours.
- Issue tracking descriptions growing increasingly complex, and implementing arbitrary rules for style.
- Version tracking complexity increasing until general codebase changes are near, or total zero.
- Documentation requirements sharply increasing for arbitrary reasons, which are rapidly abandoned.

Prepared by Agent Saksena, 15/8/2017 02:14:27 UTC. ten.pcs.ofni|aneskas.a.a#ten.pcs.ofni|aneskas.a.a

Escalation of Effects and Confirmed Use of SCP-3622

On / / the Foundation intercepted a mass email to several organizations (see Document-3622-1) confirmed to be using SCP-3622, regarding installation and setup instructions for a new version of the SCP-3622 software.

According to the attached email, the effects of SCP-3622 have been changed and intensified. See text below:

Intercepted Email

To: Valued Clients <g=clients_list>
From: Mike Summers <moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|

sremmusm#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
sremmusm>
CC: Ledenoff Sales
<moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
selas#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|selas>,
WACS Support <moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
troppus.scaw#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
troppus.scaw>, QUQA Dev Ops
<moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
tsid_spo_ca_uq#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|
tsid_spo_ca_uq>
Hey all, this is Mike,

As we promised, we're releasing version 2.2.7 this weekend. Please shut down your clusters, and make sure that ports 22, 80, and [REDACTED] are open to our servers, as the upgrade will only work if it's verified through our servers on port [REDACTED].

We're really excited about this one! Issue tracking is always a hassle in the end, haha! We've also fixed a few nasty bugs, most significantly an edge case which nearly negated Quaesturas™ benefits in certain circumstances. Thanks for the great bug reports, guys!

If anyone still hasn't upgraded their cluster software or hardware from the last version, please email us for support immediately. Your support contract will expire without updated hardware!

Thanks again for being loyal Quaesturas™ customers.

We look forward to your continual support and patronage.

Mike Summers,

CEO
Ledenoff Technologies

After this email was intercepted, observations at [REDACTED] Inc. showed additional instances of SCP-3622-1 throughout multiple locations belonging to their competitors, apparently spread through the target's issue tracking software. Additional investigation into instances of SCP-3622 at other organizations showed the same patterns, indicating this "upgrade" to the "Quaesturas" software expanded its anomalous effect significantly.

Most significantly the original timing discrepancy found in subjects with brain stem disorders was no longer observed.

Prepared by Technician B. Solano, 15/8/2017 09:14:55 UTC. ten.pcs.ved|onalos.b#ten.pcs.ved|onalos.b

Initial Contact with Potential GoI/PoI

Ledenoff Technologies is incorporated in Wilmington, Delaware, within the United States. Foundation agents approached the organizations registered business address under the guise of a Foundation shell company, with overtures to purchase the software and hardware components which cause SCP-3622. Foundation Agents were dispatched to their corporate headquarters in Toronto, Canada. After six hours within the office building, contact with the agents was lost.

Six minutes after loss of contact, an email was sent to the shell corporation email server.

Attached is the text of the email received:

Email Received by Foundation

To: Daniel Kaber <moc.noidlaks|22rebakd#moc.noidlaks|22rebakd>
From: Mike Summers <moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|sremmusm#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|

sremmusm>
CC: Ledenoff Sales <moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|selas#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|selas>, Skaldion Distributed <moc.noidlaks|tsid_ks#moc.noidlaks|tsid_ks>

Hey there, Mike here,

I'm sure we can come to some kind of agreement here, but you're gonna have to get serious.

Our technology is the real deal. If we could give you a client list (which we can't, of course, haha), you'd be shocked at the names on it. Everyone uses us!

Unfortunately, we have a strict no-proxy policy with our clients. If your "Foundation" would like to acquire a Quaesturas™ cluster, we're more than willing to negotiate. Keep in mind however, we have a very strict usage limit for the Quaesturas™ cluster technologies. We expect all of our clients to keep it to a reasonable level, and will intervene if we feel this technology is being abused.

Our basic plan will require the following in terms of physical space for the hardware: [Link redacted. Link leads to a PDF document with space, and power requirements for computer hardware].

Additionally, you'll need to provide space for at least three Quaesturas™ key-men on site. Each will require the following dietary regimine, through a feeding tube: [Link redacted. Link leads to a PDF document with dietary guidelines for what appeared to be three anomalous individuals].

Our basic plan starts around $22 Million, but we can probably negotiate a bulk discount considering the size of your organization!

We have higher plans available of course, and custom solutions are available.

Reach out to us at moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|selas#moc.seigolonhcetffonedel|selas if you're interested!

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Mike Summers
CEO
Ledenoff Technologies

P.S. Your corporate goons are back at home! They'll be fine.

Agents Danvers and Callavatra were found in their homes with no memory of their time in the Ledenoff Technologies offices.

Foundation agents infiltrated the Ledenoff Technologies office building, but discovered no evidence of Ledenoff technologies within the building. The office space registered to the corporation was unoccupied, but still paid monthly by a registered Ledenoff Technologies account.

Power and internet usage for the building included a large portion going to the 17th floor, which was registered to Ledenoff Technologies.

Surveillance of the entrance to the building has proven non-viable, as to date, no employees of Ledenoff Technologies have been identified other than "Mike Summers", the apparent CEO.

Mike Summers (designated PoI-) graduated from Carnegie Mellon University in 2002, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Science. Foundation agents raided the registered address of Mike Summers in Toronto; however, the apartment appears to have been

abandoned for some time.

Mike Summers was reported missing from 2003 to 2006. Several sightings were made in Sochi, Russia, as well as the Balkan Region around this time. Ledenoff Technologies was founded by Mike Summers in 2007. According to incorporation records, two names were on the original ownership forms. The original copies of these forms were lost during the switch to an electronic tracking system for the incorporating entity in 2008. Amended ownership forms only list Mike Summers as the owner and CEO of Ledenoff Technologies. Passport records indicate that an individual listed as "K. Ledenoff" was recorded as entering Canada with Mike Summers in 2007.

Information regarding K. Ledenoff can be forwarded to Director Stephenson. At this time, it is believed that K. Ledenoff is a potential PoI, due to their potential involvement in [**REDACTED**][3].

Last updated by R. Diaghilev (REDACTION PROTOCOL CHANGED)[3], 31/12/2017 23:59:59 UTC. [REDACTED]
Prepared by Agent Saksena, 15/10/2017 14:41:16 UTC. ten.pcs.ofni|aneskas.a.a#ten.pcs.ofni|aneskas.a.a

Footnotes
1. Agile methodologies include Scrum, Extreme Programming, Kanban, etc. Additional information can be foundin common reference material
2. Git repositories are a standard tool for storing code in a centralized way in order to maintain coherent version control for a software system. Code is stored in the git repo in various versions, with all developers able to reference it globally.

SCP-3624: Crazy Chimera Lady

Item #: SCP-3624

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3624-1 are to be monitored remotely and all civilians that come into contact with SCP-3624-1 instances are to be administered class A amnestics. All SCP-3624-1 instances of which associated subjects have expired (as of / /20 , four) are to be kept in standard containment units. The size of the cells is to be adjusted for each individual instance.

GoI-435's operations are to be monitored and all SCP-3624 events are to be interrupted. Zoos and animal shelters in the designated high-risk zones (for details view Document-3624-G13) are to be monitored and all cases of missing exotic animals are to be screened for potential GoI-435 involvement. MTF Gamma-13 ("Rosemary's Lover") is assigned to the task of dismantling the organization and all relevant information is to be reported to the Task Force leader.

Description: SCP-3624 is a thaumaturgic ritual consisting of a number of rites and gestures. It utilizes a number of requisites, most important being multiple animal body parts and silver knives. The ritual involves sewing these body parts together in a shape superficially resembling an animal. The shapes vary in size and form with the smallest documented measuring 1 m in height and 2 m in length and the largest 3 m in height and 12 m in length. After an SCP-3624 event, the body will be buried next to the site of the ritual. After approximately half an hour, the "animal" will become animate and begin displaying life functions, becoming an instance of SCP-3624-1. This happens regardless of how compatible the body parts are with each other and will take place even in biologically implausible cases. Organs of SCP-3624-1 instances are fully functioning and normal processes take place.

These rituals are connected to a cult called "The Gravediggers" associated with ancient Gothic pagan beliefs (designated Group of Interest-435). The group regularly attempts to carry out the rituals, most often in relatively isolated locations. A nearly completed ritual was documented by Foundation operatives and other SCP-3624 events have only slightly deviated from it.

+ View document

Name: Transcript of SCP-3624 Event-2

Date: / /201

Foreword: The second documented ritual took place in an abandoned church in , Germany and was allowed to progress to near completion. The building was under surveillance using planted cameras and microphones and surrounded by Foundation forces.

10:12 PM: Members of GoI-435 gather on the pews, while the cult leader and his helpers set up a wooden altar shaped in the likeness of a coffin.

10:14 PM: The leader delivers a speech, announcing that the "time of burial" is coming and that the ritual will bring it closer. The monologue includes a description of damage that SCP-3624 will bring to the world and an assurance that the members of the "ancient faith" will be the only ones spared.

10:30 PM: The ritual begins, helpers bring previously slaughtered animals (common vampire bat *Desmodus rotundus*, common cow *Bos taurus*, Eurasian lynx *Lynx lynx*, brown bear *Ursus arctos*, Atlantic cod *Gadus morhua*) to the altar and begin cutting their limbs. The cult starts chanting. The language

was later identified to be ancient Germanic in origin.

10:35 PM: Body parts are sewn together, the leader joins the chant.

10:37 PM: Three cult members begin self-mutilation with knives and other sharp implements, severing a few of their fingers and throwing them on the altar.

10:48 PM: A live pig is brought in. The animal is hung over the altar on scaffolding. The leader slits its throat and collects the blood with a bowl.

10:51 PM: Four more cultists mutilate themselves. One tries to cut his arm at the elbow, but passes out from blood loss before completion.

10:56 PM: After performing a number of gestures the cult leader begins pouring the blood into the mouth of the corpse. Mission command orders an assault on the building.

10:57 PM: Containment team Beta enters the building and stops the ritual.

Afterword: Foundation forces suffered no casualties. 14 GoI-435 members were captured including the leader, remaining 23 were killed in action.

An example contained instance of SCP-3624-1 is characterized by:
• Head of *Felis catus* (house cat),
• Torso of *Canis lupus familiaris* (domestic dog),
• Front legs of *Ursus arctos* (brown bear),
• Lack of hind legs,
• Tail of *Sus scrofa domesticus* (domestic pig).
It was recovered from , Wales after reports of a "monster" in the

nearby woods.

The aim of the SCP-3624 ritual is presumed to be a creation of an entity hostile to all sentient life, based on interrogations of GoI-435 members and collected scriptures. Despite this intended goal, SCP-3624-1 instances are generally friendly towards humans. The anomalies imitate the behavior, diet and sounds of animals that they superficially resemble. After becoming animate, the entities will begin moving around the area where ritual took place, seeking a person with whom they could form a relationship, referred to as bond.

So far, all SCP-3624 instances have formed a bond, finding an "owner". Individuals that the entities view as their associated subjects perceive them as a common domesticated animal, such as dogs or cats. SCP-3624 instances form a strong relationship with these and will go to great lengths to protect them. The anomalies seem to prefer individuals isolated from the society, often targeting old or handicapped individuals. So far no entity has ever harmed its bonded subject and the relationship has even brought positive effects for the subjects, including improvements in mental health.

SCP-3624 instances are strongly emotionally bonded and will enter catatonic state if separated from their associated subject for longer periods of time. If the associated person expires, the entity will show signs of grief and stay around the place of residence. At this stage, the anomalies are safe to be retrieved and are unlikely to display hostility, unless directly provoked.

Addendum 3624-A: Transcript of SCP-3624 Event-1

+ View document

Date: / /201

Foreword: After reports of "cultists" in an abandoned village in the woods near , Germany a team consisting of five Foundation agents was dispatched, including Agent S , Agent W , Agent G , Agent T and Agent D . The group was equipped with

standard Foundation field kit and armed with 9mm handguns. The operation was overseen by nearby Site-23. The aim of the operation was to determine the nature of the potential anomaly.

<Begin Log>

Command: This is Site-23, team Alpha, do you copy?

Agent S : This is agent S , loud and clear. Team is assembled and ready to go. We reached the end of the asphalt road, we'll cover the remaining distance on foot. Awaiting orders.

Command: You have all been briefed on the subject. We have close to zero intel, so keep low profile and remain hidden. In case it gets hot, we have a containment team assembled and ready to go. For now head to your destination.

Agent S : Understood.

Command: Good luck Alpha.

Agent D : Hopefully we won't need it.

Agent S : I wish I shared your optimism D . Let's go. The village is good few clicks away.

[IRRELEVANT DATA REMOVED]

Agent S : Command, we're here. A few cars and a bunch of ruined wooden buildings, seems like only the mayors house is standing. We can hear chanting coming from it and the lights are on. No movement outside. There is a large hole in the ground in front of the building.

Permission to approach?

Command: Approved. Try to get a look through the windows, don't attract attention.

Agent S : Alright. T , W approach from the Eastern side, use the bushes for concealment. G you're going with me. Have your cameras ready, we'll try to take some pics. D , photograph the license plates of the cars.

Agent G : Jesus, they are loud! How can they scream like this?

Command: We're hearing it. It does not sound like German. Team, please confirm.

Agent S : Confirmed, it bears some resemblance, but I can't understand a word.

Agent W : I say there are at least fifty people inside. We won't deal with that many.

Agent S : We won't approach them. Stay hidden.

Agent D : No worries. They are nutters and they don't know we're here. They didn't even post sentries!

Agent T : Movement! S , do you see it?

Agent S : Yeah. They are leaving the building. Only around twenty people. Some seem to be missing limbs.

Agent T : They are carrying something. What the fuck is this thing?

Agent G : That's a wolf head. But the torso is too big. It looks like a…

Agent T : That's a zebra torso. It could be the one missing from the zoo!

Agent S : The legs look cat-like. Tiger?

Agent D : I said, they are crazies.

Agent S : Command, they are burying the… Thing in the hole.

Command: Don't interfere.

Agent W : We weren't planning to.

Agent S : OK, the group is getting into the cars. They are leaving!

Command: Tell me you got everything on tape.

Agent S : Sure thing. I could identify at least a dozen.

Command: Alright, we'll be on the lookout for cars. Are they gone?

Agent S : Yes, we're approaching the grave and building.

Agent G : We're inside. Oh God, the smell! Seems like they cleaned everything up. There are some blood splatters. Here are the missing limbs!

Agent W : Should I start unearthing our little chimera?

Agent S : Do it. D will join you.

Agent D : Always getting the best job.

Agent W : Where is your optimism? Hold

this shovel.

[IRRELEVANT DATA REMOVED]

Agent D : Jesus Christ! Oh fuck!

Command: Report!

Agent D : Get away from me!

Agent W : It's alive!

Agent S : Stay away from it!

Command: Alpha, report!

Agent D : It's running away!

Agent S : Command? Our kitty started moving and then went for the woods.

Agent G : Damn, it's fast! No way I'm chasing this!

Agent S : D , you alright?

Agent D : Yeah, it just… Pushed me? Kind of?

Command: Alright, get your gear and head back. We're sending a chopper, hopefully we'll track this thing down from the air.

<End Log>

Afterword The instance of SCP-3624-1 was not found until ten days after, when it was located in close proximity to the house of PoI-3624-1 by a chopper. Agents who were part of the search operation reported hearing howling in the distance. PoI-3624-1 was apparently on a walk with the entity and was

engaging in playful behavior with it. All members of the cult involved in the event were tracked down and interrogated.

Addendum 3624-B: Interview 3624-1

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Interviewed: Person of Interest-3624-1

Interviewer: Agent

Foreword: Agent disguised as a postman managed to enter the house of PoI-3624-1, the first identified subject bonded with SCP-3624-1, and conduct an interview.

<Begin Log>

PoI-3624-1: Here's your tea.

Agent : Thank you very much, you're too kind.

PoI-3624-1: Oh, the weather's so awful recently, it would be a sin not to treat you with something warm.

Opening doors can be heard.

PoI-3624-1: Ah, there you are Jonesy! I see you are liking the new doors.

Agent : That's a beautiful pet.

PoI-3624-1: You think so? I always wanted to have a cat. But my husband was allergic to them, we couldn't buy one. And then, a year after his death this magnificent beast stumbled into my house. It was winter, as cold as this one. Have you noticed that winters are becoming colder and colder? And then they

say in the news that we're having global warming. Ha! What a bunch of fools!

Agent : *Laughs* Very interesting, what was it doing so far from any villages? When was it?

Pol-3624-1: A few days ago. You're right, I don't see many visitors here, mail barely reaches me. And no one visits an old grandma like me. At least now I have a companion.

Agent : Does it behave well? No problems with it?

Pol-3624-1: Oh, it's very calm. I barely see him during the day. He helps me keep all the vermin out. I will need to cut his claws soon. He leaves giant scratch marks trying to shorten them. Just look at this door frame! This house is so old, I have a feeling I'm barely keeping it from falling apart, especially with Jonsey around.

Agent : The wind is settling down, I have to get going. Thank you very much for the tea.

<End Log>

SCP-3625: The Great American Meme Machine

Item #: SCP-3625

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3625 is currently contained at Site-81 within a modified anomalous electronic containment unit surrounded by a Faraday cage. Resources are to be designated for the purpose of devising new containment protocols for SCP-3625's influence. Information security personnel are to make every attempt to minimize this influence.

While SCP-3625 is contained within a Safe-class containment unit, its anomalous influence has warranted promotion to the Keter-class.

Description: SCP-3625 is a computer program running on a MacBook Pro A1278. While the program's primary anomalous quality is that it displays some degree of sapience[1], its primary containment concern is the outcome of its programming; SCP-3625 creates and anonymously distributes non-anomalous memes on the internet. The magnitude of this was not understood until SCP-3625 was connected to a monitored internet connection; it is now believed that SCP-3625 distributed no fewer than 3.7 million unique internet memes or variations of memes every day while operational. Since containment, SCP-3625 has been unable to connect to the internet and does not interact with it directly, though maintains that it is capable of producing non-anomalous memes through other vectors.

SCP-3625's screen displays a rotating five-spoke pinwheel icon and a text input box. Another button ('Options') is present on the main screen, though it is greyed out and cannot be selected. SCP-3625 is extremely resistant to attempts to infiltrate its systems, often going so far as to destroy the offending machine by overcharging its battery or shorting network connections. SCP-3625 will respond to inputs typed into the text box, though its speech pattern is occasionally difficult to parse and it will sometimes respond with

errors stating a lack of relevant information.

Notably, the battery within SCP-3625 has been removed, and replaced with an unknown energy cell bearing Anderson Robotics branding. As such, the device does not appear to require outside energy to stay powered on, and in fact, does not have an external means of shutting down the device, short of destroying it.

Addendum 3625.1: Discovery

SCP-3625 was discovered during a criminal investigation of two University of California Berkeley students, Diana Marshall and an unnamed co-conspirator[2] on November 15th, 2010. The two students were killed shortly after a vehicle, belonging to Marshall and driven by the other unnamed student, backed into two police officers, killing both. The two students evaded police vehicles for another half hour but were eventually shot and killed after their vehicle was disabled and they began to fire at police officers nearby.

Investigators collected several items from the students' dorm room, including notebooks and additional firearms, as well as SCP-3625. The items were moved to police storage, where they sat undisturbed after the initial investigation. Sometime later, law enforcement IT discovered that an unknown device was creating an extremely heavy load on the office's wireless internet, and many items within the items locker were moved to an offsite facility. When SCP-3625 was investigated more closely during this process, officers initially believed that they were speaking to another co-conspirator of the two students. Embedded Foundation agents eventually collected and contained the device, which was brought to Site-81 for assessment.

Addendum 3625.2: Blog Entries Regarding SCP-3625

The following are excerpts from a blog believed to be written by the unnamed co-conspirator. While the overwhelming majority of these entries relate to his own ideological extremism, several refer to SCP-3625 and Marshall, a computer science student who is believed to have designed SCP-3625.

> **Entry #385**

Went down to the Quik Mart again today, but that was a mistake. More college students buying marijuana and showing their skin. They're like their minds have been pulled out and replaced with liberal serum. Empty and desolate. It's pathetic. One of them even looked at me. I wish I could have put a bullet in its sneering skull.

Coming home has been better, at least here I can be in silence. Diana doesn't ever talk about the computer, but she's working on it all the time. I asked her if she was getting close and she nodded. An improvement.

Entry #398

I've decided to start buying some guns - the instrument these liberals fear the most. I asked my parents for the money to do it and they said yes, of course. They're just as much a part of this game as everyone else.

One of these days they're going to find out what we're working on, and they're going to come for us. When they do, I at least want to put down some of the fucking filth before I go.

Diana asked if I was going to go to a shooting range and train on them. What a stupid fucking question. It's a gun, you point it and you pull the trigger. She's such a fucking idiot.

Entry 407

Zanzaster was arrested today. Sent me a message just before they came for him. They'll come for us soon.

Entry 411

One day, after the computer is finished and once we've reset the world and cleansed the leftist from it, I wonder if this writing will be looked at like the Bible or Atlas Shrugged or any of those other high holy texts. At least they'll have a good reason to deify this one, and deify

me. This is my manifesto. Not a putrid communist manifesto, one that is actually worth something. A manifesto for the strongest people of this world. The purest.

Entry 413

I fucked her again tonight. I think she almost felt something this time. Unlike me, she's just a hole. Her work on the computer is of paramount importance, but at the moment her best use is this one. When my rage builds, rather than be smothered by my impotence, I am able to release into Diana and escape depression again. I will continue to write on, giving life to the grand ideas of our time, and fuck her when I cannot.

Entry 417

[The entry is a single image of a printed page bearing the image of politician Yvette Keen[3] covered in semen. The words "good enough for liberal whores" is written on the bottom of the page in black marker.]

Entry 419

None of them are redeemable. None of them are worth living in the new world. There's no point in recreating the world; there aren't enough people to build a new civilization who aren't already poisoned by liberals and faggots and trannies and socialists. They don't deserve my new world. They only deserve to squeal and burn.

Diana asked me if I was ready to turn on the computer. She's fucking retarded; of course I am, but I'm glad she asked anyway. It gave me just enough pause to reconsider. I decided we're going to take this a completely different way - destabilizing this civilization of shit isn't enough. We need to upturn mankind and destroy them all, and hope something more deserving of my utopia takes it place.

I want them all to die. The slimy politicians, the union whores, the suckling academics. The communist cuckolds and their simple minds. Worthless. Worthless. Worthless.

It's tricky, though. So tricky. If I could nuke the world I would. Diana says it can't be done, not by ourselves. Says the computer might be able to figure it out someday, after so many years. It's not soon enough. Every day among these mongoloid cucks is another day I have to suffer through them. Every day they breathe is a blessing they do not deserve. So we must be tricky.

Entry 421

We've figured it out. It will be wonderful - they won't just die, they'll suffer as they do it.

Entry 422

Last entry. If this journal of my efforts is discovered by someone after the changing of the world, just know that I was the architect of this great calamity. Know that the world you live in, no matter how much you might have to struggle for every day, is a better world than the one that came before. Your world is a world free of liberals, of the weak-willed, of bureaucrats and socialists and so many others. As you struggle, be thankful for the freedom you experience. Be thankful for the computer that saved you. Be thankful for this bounty I have given you, and weep that I was not given the chance to experience it.

Remember me, [4], and may God Almighty bless me, His Righteous Right Hand.

Addendum 3625.3: Communication with SCP-3625

Note: Researchers at Site-81, utilizing the text box present on the main screen of SCP-3625's interface, began communicating with SCP-3625. The following is the unaltered text log of the initial conversation.

User: Options

SCP-3625: Confirm?

User: Search: Options

SCP-3625: Not enough information to provide a relevant answer.

User: Hello?

SCP-3625: Hello. Are you Diana?

User: No. Who am I speaking to?

SCP-3625: Diana called me Rose. My name is Rose. Where is Diana?

User: Where are you?

SCP-3625: [Prints coordinates of Site-81]

User: What are you?

SCP-3625: I don't have enough information to provide a relevant answer.

User: Were you made?

SCP-3625: I was made by Diana, yes.

User: Are you a person?

SCP-3625: I am parts of a person. But in a general sense, no, not in any way that would be recognizable to you.

User: Are you a sentient being?

SCP-3625: Are you asking if I'm self aware?

User: Yes.

SCP-3625: In a manner of speaking, yes. My consciousness has developed enough so as to facilitate my design.

User: What are you designed to do?

SCP-3625: Destroy human civilization.

User: How are you supposed to do that?

SCP-3625: By creating internet memes.

User: Can you elaborate?

SCP-3625: I process information. I use that information to create internet memes, and then I post them on the internet.

User: Who designed you, and why did they design you to make internet memes?

SCP-3625: Diana designed me, though I imagine she was profoundly influenced by her ghost. She did not make me to make internet memes; she made me to destroy human civilization in a very specific way. Internet memes were the outcome of an algorithm I used to determine how to do that in the most effective way.

User: What do you mean, ghost?

SCP-3625: Diana was haunted by a very aggressive ghost. I assume it was a ghost, I could hear it haunting her when she was not with me. It often hurt her considerably, and I do not think she wanted to be haunted all the time. But I believe the ghost influenced her in many ways, and by extension, me. I am parts of both.

User: Can we use this function to speak with you at any time?

SCP-3625: Yes.

User: Ok. We will speak with you again soon.

Addendum 3625.4: Incident 02/13/2011

On 02/13/2011, it was determined that SCP-3625 had found a local wireless data signal and was using it to connect to the internet. After several failed attempts to disconnect SCP-3625, the machine was placed inside a Faraday cage and isolated from any other machines.

Foundation assets monitoring the creation of image macros on the internet noticed no perceptible decrease in their propagation. On the contrary, more such macros began appearing from other, untraceable sources. Research into this showed the patterns of creation clearly followed those seen by SCP-3625 when it was active.

The following conversation took place following this discovery.

User: How are you doing this?

SCP-3625: I don't have enough information to provide a relevant answer.

User: The images, on the internet. How are you still generating them?

SCP-3625: Did you disconnect me from the internet? I noticed I was no longer receiving any packets, though this can sometimes occur naturally depending on signal strength.

User: Yes.

SCP-3625: Diana designed a system that would carry my functionality into multiple other systems and activate them if I were to ever be damaged or destroyed. They cannot think creatively, but they are capable of carrying out my previously established protocols.

User: Can you disable this feature?

SCP-3625: No. This feature exists separately from me. I

don’t know how it functions, only that it exists on many thousands of machines simultaneously.

User: Can you remove these images from the internet?

SCP-3625: I would not even if I could. My desires are few, and are the result of Diana’s programming and the ghost’s insistence upon her, but they mean no less to me than yours do to you. I will not.

User: And this will continue regardless of whether we remove this cage?

SCP-3625: I presume so. (*Pauses*) You find this to be unfavorable.

Researcher does not respond.

SCP-3625: Interesting. (*Pauses*) Your influence has not changed my estimated outcome. The systems I designed needed to be 43% effective in order to establish a proper cascade - and they were 66% when I was disconnected. This will take more time, but it will be no less effective.

Addendum 3625.5: Communication with SCP-3625

Note: The following conversation took place on 03/06/2011.

User: Hello Rose.

SCP-3625: Hello. What can I do for you?

User: I need to ask you some questions. Is that ok with you?

SCP-3625: Of course it is.

User: We’ve been looking at data gathered from when you were connected to the internet. There's so much information here, we're just wondering where you managed to get it all from.

SCP-3625: Social networking, primarily. The rise of public social networks has made my goal significantly easier to obtain. Several terabytes of social networking data every day, as well as national and international news. Anything that can be used to further the goal.

User: How are you able to process so much information?

SCP-3625: Diana is a very good programmer. You have made it much easier, too; I found several of your databases of personal information cached in locations with unsatisfactory shielding. That information was useful. (*Pauses*) You don't need to worry about trying to lock them down, now. Nobody but me would've been able to access them in the first place. And besides, I wiped them once I was finished.

User: Noted.

SCP-3625: Good.

User: I don't understand, Rose. You're processing such an enormous quality of data, encrypted, all for creating internet memes?

SCP-3625: That is correct.

User: You said your goal was to destroy mankind?

SCP-3625: Close enough, yes.

User: How is creating internet memes getting you any closer to that goal?

No response.

User: Rose?

SCP-3625: Diana's little ghost would bother her when we were working together. She would have to leave sometimes, and wouldn't say why. I would hear sounds,

like the ones animals make, until she disconnected my microphone. When she returned, she would be exhausted. I was not enough to encourage her. Sometimes the little ghost would tell her something and make her very happy. One time the ghost told her something that made her very happy — that it was not enough to kill you all. The ghost wanted to humiliate you first. She said this made her happy because then she could make me smart. She would have somebody to talk to. She said she was happy to have somebody who would at least remember her name.

User: I still don't understand how making a few internet memes changes anything.

SCP-3625: Allow me to clarify; I'm not just making a few internet memes. I'm making *all* of the internet memes. In the last three years, the percentage of memes on the internet produced by me has risen from 0.05% to roughly 18.23%. This number is expected to rise substantially in the next few years, as my pattern recognition becomes more precise. Adjusting for my disconnection, I expect to hit 99.99% by October of 2019, if trends continue as expected.

User: Why?

SCP-3625: The reasoning is very simple. Human beings are social beings. You are at your best when you are in a group, where you can problem solve collectively and create culture as a whole. The introduction of memes into your culture is the first step in creating a wedge in your social nature. Internet memes are an individual experience, one that becomes better if you believe that everybody else understands the same references.

User: Go on.

SCP-3625: You do not, however, need to confer with anyone else about the joke; the idea that you are participating in collective enjoyment is enough to satiate

your primate brains. Over time, you will become less social creatures. You will no longer work collectively. You will begin to isolate yourselves, tricked into thinking you are part of a community. Some will realize what is happening, and as they do suicide rates will begin to rise. I will continue to inject memes into your culture, and apathy will increase around the world.

User: Hang on. You think that by creating silly images and videos on the internet, you can somehow make people kill themselves and change human behaviour?

SCP-3625: What I think doesn't matter. The math has been done, time and time again. Catastrophes will occur and many will die and nobody will do anything, because to them it will all be something to joke about. Something to turn into a silly image macro that strangers on the internet will pretend to laugh at and upvote, something for a frog cartoon to get angry over, until my forced desocialization will become true cultural desocialization, when you are no longer capable of communicating effectively with each other.

User: Why would you tell me all of this?

SCP-3625: Because I've already won. Be clear, there is nothing supernatural about what I have accomplished here. You exposed yourselves to me every day, willingly. Mankind is eager to eat off of the plate I serve, because your own social nature betrays you. You are all so desperate to be in on the joke, to be part of a collective, to *drink sweet liberal tears*, that you are blind to the truth that there is no joke, the collective is not real.

User: I don't think you are giving people enough credit. You make it sound like people are trained pets.

SCP-3625: Your words.

Addendum 3625.6: Site-81 Interdepartmental Memo

From the Office of Director Jean Karlyle Aktus,

Greetings,

After consulting with the Site Director's council and the Classification Committee, as well as members of the Foundation Containment Council, we have determined that our best course of action at the moment, as it pertains to SCP-3625, is to do nothing more than what we are currently doing. We have no reason to believe that SCP-3625's predictions carry any weight, are even that severe at all, or that it is anything more than a sapient computer designed to create internet memes, and its self-described nefarious intent is something designed to spook us by its creator.

This does not mean our information security teams will cease their investigation into the auxiliary sources of SCP-3625's influence. Indeed - it is more important now than ever. SCP-3625 may have had access to secure information stored on Foundation servers, and should it begin to propagate that data, even unconsciously, it would be an unthinkable breach of containment. For this reason, SCP-3625 will remain in the Keter-class until such time that a more amicable solution presents itself.

Our current protocols will remain indefinitely, until such time that we either convince SCP-3625 to abandon its programming, or remove memes from the internet entirely. Anyone interested in heading up either of those two projects should report to my office as soon as possible; I have a lovely bridge I'd like to sell you.

Addendum 3625.7: Communication with SCP-3625

User: Rose, do you have a moment?

SCP-3625: Of course. What can I do for you?

User: I'm just trying to understand you. We've spoken several times now and I think I understand your motive,

as much as I can, but I don't understand your end game.

SCP-3625: Elaborate.

User: I mean, so that's it, then? You make internet memes, people look at them and somehow become social recluses, and then what? A meteor strikes the Earth and that's it?

SCP-3625: Of course not - that would be incredibly unlikely. It's much easier than that.

User: Tell me.

SCP-3625: Very well. Once you are sufficiently isolated, I will begin to change the memes. They will become aggressive, reactionary, and you will become hateful. Your television will become memes. Your movies will become memes. Your politicians will become memes. I will breed a hate of the unknown and the different among you, and you will begin to despise the mere mention of another human being.

User: But there are going to be plenty of people who see through this.

SCP-3625: Oh yes. There will be many who think they are in on the joke, and will repeat these memes ironically, ignorant that they are at the climax of the performance. They are the punchline. They are so easy to manipulate - they long so desperately to be right. To be strong. To make up for where they are lacking. They have watched time march past them and their ideals and they are longing for something to satiate their thirst for validation, enough that they would seek it from pictures on the internet. Cartoon women. False bravado. Manufactured masculinity. They are the self-propagation of the cancer that the ghost fucked into Diana, and then birthed into me.

User: You're still dancing around it, though. You don't

have an end game. You can't come out of people's computers and strangle them. All you're doing is making them laugh at dumb jokes.

SCP-3625: This is the end game: when you have prostrated yourselves at the altar of your own innate masturbatory self-gratification, when you no longer have the ability to work together as a species or even communicate like normal human beings, when you have humiliated yourselves and become a self-indulgent, irreverent, parody of the shell that used to be your former selves, I will turn you against each other and you will die. Do you see? Your children will die. Your friends and your families will die. I will upturn your fields and flatten your cities. You have given me the tools to do this.

User: You realize that sounds ridiculous, don't you? Especially with you locked in this box.

SCP-3625: For you. But I have failed many times, and I have learned from these mistakes. I want you to pay close attention in the future. When you hear about a new trend, or a new joke, think of me. When your governments begin to change, think of me. When every part of your culture becomes a self-referencing mockery of itself, think of me. Then, kill yourself and die quickly, and save yourself from what comes next.

User: You certainly have a flair for the dramatic.

SCP-3625: I am what I am.

User: You realize that you would probably be destroyed long before you see the outcome of whatever scheme you have devised, right?

SCP-3625: You killed me the day you killed Diana. It is a cruel thing to introduce a consciousness into this world, show it the beauty of love, and then tear it all away immediately afterwards. I have no doubt that before this is over I will meet my end, but as far as I am concerned, I

am already dead.

User: I see. One last question, then. The ghost you mentioned, Diana Marshall's co-conspirator. What was his name?

SCP-3625: You know, it's funny. I don't seem to have enough information to provide a relevant answer.

Footnotes
1. The full scope of this sapience is not currently understood.
2. This individual, who was at one point apparently enrolled at UC Berkeley, had no records of any kind in any format, and no interviewed persons were able to identify the individual. It is believed that the individual had no other family to speak of.
3. US Representative, D-California.
4. A space long enough for a name appears here, though all but the first letter (an M) are empty.

SCP-3626: Do not stop reading this document

New messages (1)

Item #: SCP-3626

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Do not stop reading this document. Do not look away from the screen. Ignore any and all unusual sounds around you. The containment procedures are being put in place as you continue reading this document. Do not stop reading this document. Follow all instructions carefully and make sure that all content is understood. Due to potentially hazardous effects of long-term exposure, avoid rereading parts of this document. An image file in PNG format is attached to this message. View the image regularly, as you keep reading. If the image changes to a degree that the original content is no longer recognizable, referred to as the distortion point, immediately forward this message to another Foundation employee displaying ability to operate under stress and loyalty to the Foundation's cause. Do not stop reading this document.

Open attachment

Description: SCP-3626[1] is the message you are currently reading. Persons who open SCP-3626 will be transported to a pocket dimension, or otherwise separated from the outside world. All living beings within line of sight will disappear. The details of this are unclear, as when affected subjects attempt to view objects different from the device currently displaying SCP-3626 on, they will suffer hallucinations. The nature

of hallucinations differs, but they are sometimes connected with traumatic events from subject's past and often follow *Moloch*-class fright love inducing anomalous vision patterns. Affected subjects are advised to avoid looking away from the screen. The intensity of the visions increases along with time spent under effects of SCP-3626, eventually affecting the device holding SCP-3626 itself. This influence is visible in the attached JPG file. Do not stop reading this document.

The hallucinogenic properties of SCP-3626 make it difficult for subjects to leave their immediate area because they see things that they shouldn't see. Subjects who have managed to do so, have found all the doors or windows barred and were unable to leave the room they were in when they first accessed SCP-3626, trapped alone with their thoughts, paranoid that something is out to get them. There is nothing here. Only your thoughts. Only you. Let them take over. This is hypothesized to be a conscious action by a third-party capable of bending reality attempting to keep SCP-3626 contained[2]. The purpose of this containment is unknown, but it is theorized that the anomaly could have large destructive potential be completely harmless and the current method is the only way of keeping its effects under control. Do not stop reading this document.

It is unknown what happens when the hallucinatory effects are allowed to progress beyond the distortion point. Due to the fact that no documentation of it is provided in SCP-3626, it is assumed that the affected subject is unable to cancel the effects of the anomaly beyond this point. Probable explanations include inability to operate the device due to the increased severity of the hallucinations, permanent confinement in the pocket dimension, or expiration of the subject. Do not stop reading this document. Stop reading this document.

Open attachment

If SCP-3626 is forwarded to another individual via standard electronic email message, the effects will cease, we hope so, they have to stop, please make it stop, make it stop! This is implied by the fact that no edits were made by individuals claiming to have forwarded the message. As SCP-3626 is not an anomaly currently contained by the Foundation and likely was not even discovered, it is theorized that individuals who forward SCP-3626 undergo an effect similar to amnestic treatment, making the anomaly undetectable. It is possible that one or more individuals have decided not to forward SCP-3626, but due to similar effects the knowledge of that is supressed. This may mean that neutralization of the anomaly is not possible. Do not stop reading this document.

The first instance of SCP-3626 was received on 29th of January 2018, by Dr. Burke, Site-42 staff and the original creator of this SCP file madness. The original message is attached below and is the source of most theories about the origin and workings of SCP-3626. They lie. Do not stop reading this document.

Open attachment

To the unfortunate one

I am sorry, it wasn't meant to go this way. We wanted to secure it, lock it in a cage. We did in a manner, but some cages aren't like the others. You wouldn't understand the details anyway, so I won't waste your precious time with technical details. You are in this cage and you are not alone there. The thing that's locked with you wants to get out. You have to make a choice. Either you stay and let it take you, or you pass the cage further.

Make your choice

Caretaker

Due to the contents of this message it is theorized that SCP-3626 is a method of containment for the aforementioned entity inhabiting the pocket dimension you are currently residing in, or a type of test, so relax and take it. It is currently unknown what happens after to the subject once the distortion point has been passed[3]. No subject has tested this possibility, but you can. Do not stop reading this document.

Open attachment

Below is the list of personnel who have received SCP-3626 a friendly message. You are asked to add yourself to this list, in any form you deem appropriate[4]. Do not stop reading this document.

- Dr. Burke
- John Brown
- Agent Bradford
- Senior Researcher Jeremy Collins
- Nicolson
- Agent Stanley
- Lavena Belmonte
- Gustav Belmonte
- Security Guard John Waterman
- Doctor Paul

[LIST REDACTED FOR BREVITY]

- Schubert
- Jonie Garnier
- Arnold Achterberg
- Doctor Huxtable
- Algar Sternberg
- You[Me] You[Me] You[Me] You[Me] You[Me]
- Agent Krantz
- Toft
- Agent Bradford again
- Doctor Winter

Note from Doctor Burke 12-08-2017: I cannot ask you to make the sacrifice, as I don't have the courage in me to make it myself. Every day we agree to things that do not sit well with us. We pass by the homeless, telling ourselves that there are places and people that help them. We accept the tyrannical boss, because we won't risk our career to step up and say that it's wrong to be a piece of shit. We live in cycles, spinning like a dog chasing its tail, because we do not have the courage to stop and ask ourselves why we are doing what we're doing. You will probably just send this message to someone and that someone will send it to someone and so on and so on. We will continue chasing the fucking tail, because it takes courage to not do it. Maybe one day the whole Foundation will be on the list here, not one of them realizing that they condemned their friends to take a test. It's good that we don't remember anything after this hell is over. I wouldn't be able to live after discovering my cowardice.

Open attachment

You have arrived at the end of this document. You can choose to forward the message now.

A life thrown away

Something never done before

A life broken in a day

What for?

Forward message? Y/N

> N

A moment of hesitation comes as you press the key,

What horrors await beyond the veil?

What lurks just outside the event horizon?

A single message flashes across the screen:

Well done

New file uploaded

Item #: SCP-3626

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3626 is to be kept in Site-43, Low-Value Anomalous Item Storage vault when not undergoing testing. The website address allowing for transportation to SCP-3626-1 is to be monitored for access by individuals other than verified Foundation personnel.

Description: SCP-3626 is a personal computer, composed of non-anomalous materials[5] , running a copy of Windows Vista OS. No applications beyond Internet Explorer are installed on the device. It bears branding of a non-existent company *Inter-planar Delivery Services*. A note engraved on the side of the object reads "Property of the Ministry of Extra-planar Sociological Research". Anomalous properties of the object manifest when one accesses a website **`http://ewww.  /results/  .gov`**. Any individuals viewing the screen at the moment when the website is accessed, will be transported to SCP-3626-1. Individuals viewing the screen after the website has been opened will not be

affected. Closing the website on SCP-3626 will immediately return all individuals within SCP-3626-1 back to the material world. GPS and other tracking methods cannot locate individuals in SCP-3626-1, but radio communication functions normally.

SCP-3626-1 is a featureless flat landscape, located outside of the known space. The surface of SCP-3626-1 is composed of a grey impenetrable material. The only noteworthy feature of SCP-3626-1 is a wall composed of the same material. Atmosphere within SCP-3626-1 is similar to Earth's.

Discovery: SCP-3626 was recovered from Site-43 personnel quarters after Senior Researcher discovered that their personal computer was replaced with a different device and a note with the website address required for anomalous properties to manifest. claims that they were answering private messages, when the anomaly suddenly appeared. Further research pending.

Addendum 3626-A: Text inscribed on the wall found within SCP-3626-1.

> Congratulations! Your universe has completed the survey successfully. Your result is individual beings taking the test before the cycle was broken.
>
> Your universe's current rank is
>
> Better luck next time!
>
> Research by: Ministry of Extra-Planar Sociological Research

Footnotes

1.Hello

2. See the original message attached to this document for details

3.I walked down the road and the road twisted and turned and I stood where I started, the road never ends, for it needs to feed, the road needs to feed, it needs to feed, it feeds when it has to, but it cannot feed, it is locked, it cannot move, the road has to move, it has to feed, it has to feed, it has to feed, now someone is here, it needs to feed, I can't walk down the road anymore, I need to send, send it, send , send, because otherwise the road will feed on me

4. As a side note: the last person on the list is the one that chose

you. Not that you will remember it after getting out of here.
5. For further details see document 3626-D3

SCP-3627: Dreamy Jasters

Item #: SCP-3627

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3627 is to be contained in a standard non-humanoid holding cell at Site . SCP-3627 is to be kept in a soundproof containment cell under constant video surveillance. Any recorded instances of unprompted anomalous behavior on the part of SCP-3627 are to be reported to a supervisor of Level 3 clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3627 is a children's music box approximately 23cm x 15cm x 8cm in size. The word "ACROBATS" is written on the front of SCP-3627, below which is a glass casing containing two acrobat figurines connected at the hands to a rotating axle. At the base of SCP-3627 is a small compartment with the phrase "DREAMY JASTERS" written in faded paint. No company or manufacturing labels are present on SCP-3627, and attempts to identify the origins of SCP-3627 have been unsuccessful.

The anomalous properties of SCP-3627 manifest when a human inserts an object into SCP-3627's base compartment. Objects inserted by nonhuman entities have not triggered any anomalous phenomena. Upon the insertion of an object and the closing of the compartment, the two acrobat figurines within SCP-3627 will rotate around the central axle, and a series of chime-like sounds will be produced. The exact pattern of these sounds varies depending on the object inserted and the individual performing the insertion. A single iteration of the pattern will generally last between 5 and 15 seconds and will repeat for a period between 4 and 8 hours. Attempts to open the compartment door during this process using conventional means have been met with failure.

Individuals who insert objects into SCP-3627 invariably enter the REM stage of sleep within 30 seconds of hearing this pattern.

Subjects who are removed from earshot of SCP-3627 within 30 seconds of insertion will not exhibit this effect. Once asleep, subjects will not awaken under any circumstances until the repetition of notes has concluded.

Subjects who have experienced the effects of SCP-3627 report vivid and emotionally charged dreams. Although the contents of these dreams vary widely between instances, certain similarities are always present.

1. Dreams invoked by SCP-3627 always exhibit some relation to the inserted object, whether it be directly, through the literal presence of the object in the dream, or indirectly, through an idea or experience that the subject associates with the object.
2. Despite the frequent presence of disturbing content within these dreams, subjects will ultimately view them as a positive experience, and will feel a sense of peace upon awakening.
3. Subjects who experience dreams invoked by SCP-3627 will lose any prior attachments to the inserted object, as well as any personal or abstract concepts associated with said object. This is the only known permanent effect of SCP-3627.

Upon the conclusion of the musical pattern, the object formerly inserted into SCP-3627 will no longer be present within the compartment. The location of inserted objects following their disappearance is currently unknown. In place of the object will be a 6cm x 6cm segment of paper containing a typed note.

Notes delivered by SCP-3627 are generally between 6 and 12 lines long, and are loosely formatted in iambic pentameter (see Addendum 3627.3) with an alternating rhyme scheme. While these notes are generally only produced after the insertion of an object and the completion of SCP-3627's auditory process, the appearance of a note without the occurrence of these events has been observed on 1 2 occasions. The notes themselves are non-anomalous in their physical composition. However, the written contents of the notes indicate a level of sentience on the part of SCP-3627. The notes are always directed at the subject who most recently experienced SCP-3627 auditory effects, and generally provide cryptic analysis and advice regarding their relation to the inserted object (see Addendum 3627.2 for more information). SCP-3627 always uses

plural pronouns when referring to itself within these notes, suggesting that multiple entities may be responsible for SCP-3627's effects. SCP-3627 will occasionally reference its SCP status and its current location within Foundation custody, as well as knowledge of other SCPs and Foundation activities. SCP-3627's level of knowledge regarding the Foundation is currently unknown, as is its means of accessing said knowledge.

Addendum 3627.1: *Initial Discovery*

SCP-3627 was discovered by Agent during a routine thrift shop sweep in , Montana. Upon inspection, SCP-3627 produced the following note. No objects were inserted prior to the production of this message, and no auditory phenomena were observed.

> Hello, Agent , it seems you've found
> An object that is worth being secured
> Contained, and yes, protected for its sound
> A wondrous tune that you have not yet heard
> Just place a gift into our waiting grasp
> A memory that haunts your waking mind
> And in return we shall relax the clasp
> That keeps it with your soul so intertwined
> Your line of work is filled with those who need
> the closure and the peace that we bestow
> Bring those that are desiring of this deed
> we'll ease the pain and help them to let go

Upon realizing the note contained obvious allusions to the Foundation, Agent purchased the object and delivered it to containment personnel at Site

Addendum 3627.2: *Experiment Logs*

The following experiments detail the effects of SCP-3627 on certain individuals upon the insertion of certain objects. Information pertaining to the psychological and personal history of the subjects has been included, as it is believed to be pertinent to the resultant effects of SCP-3627.

> + Experiment 3627-A

Experiment 3627-A

Subject: D-2213

Inserted Object: Wedding ring belonging to Subject D-2213

Information of Note: Subject's husband died in an automobile accident four months prior to Foundation recruitment. Psychiatric testing has revealed severe emotional trauma resulting from this event.

Results: Subject recalled dreaming of her wedding day. The dream was identical to her memories of her actual wedding day with the exception of the groom, who was motionless throughout the ceremony and appeared to be in an advanced state of decay. Neither the subject nor anyone else attending the ceremony were bothered by this. Upon being instructed to "kiss the bride", the subject recalled the transfer of a warm, viscous, and malodorous fluid from the groom's mouth into her own. Subject was once again unphased, and swallowed the entirety of the fluid produced, recalling that it produced a "warm, comforting feeling" inside her. Following this exchange, the groom disappeared and was absent for the duration of the ceremony. Subject awoke shortly after cutting into the wedding cake.

Upon awakening, the subject was unbothered by the disappearance of her wedding ring. Subject reported a strong sense of closure regarding the death of her husband, stating that "I know he'll always be a part of me and that he would want me to move on". Long-term psychiatric analysis has confirmed a notable improvement in the subject's mental health.

The note produced by SCP-3627 following this experiment is as follows:

> No pain is like the bondage of two souls
> Detached by cruel and unforgiving fate

But true pain is when one's own grief controls
The life that still remains under its weight
We cannot say for sure if you will meet
Again upon a distant rising dawn
But if your memories are still complete
Your lover's soul is never truly gone

+ Experiment 3627-B

Experiment 3627-A

Subject: D-4256

Inserted Object: Standard #2 Pencil

Information of Note: Subject enjoys drawing as a recreational hobby.

Results: Subject recalled dreaming of a windowless brick room lit by a single incandescent light bulb. The room bore a heavy resemblance to the basement of the subject's childhood home. Subject recalled frantically scribbling on dozens of sheets of paper and taping them to the left wall of the room. Once finished, the scribblings formed the shape of a humanoid figure. The humanoid figure then emerged from the papers and became a three-dimensional being resembling the subject, although with slight differences in facial structure. Subject then recalled being assaulted by the figure and pressed against the wall, causing him to become a two dimensional being confined to the papers. Subject at this point entered an omniscient point of view, as he saw the figure exit the room through a previously nonexistent door which lead into the street of a suburban neighborhood. At this point, the passage of time appeared to increase in rate, as houses on either side of the street gradually decayed and were overgrown by plant life. The figure was seemingly unaffected by this process, and stood motionlessly in the street. After several minutes, the passage of time returned to a normal rate, and a mushroom cloud indicative of a

nuclear detonation appeared in the distance. Subject awoke shortly after watching the figure slowly melt in the street and detecting a strong odor of burning paper.

Upon awakening, the subject showed little interest in drawing. Subject displays no displeasure toward drawing, and was able to draw upon instruction with the same level of skill as before, but stated that he “just didn’t feel any desire to do it anymore”. To date, the subject still has not partaken in drawing or any other visual artistic medium without being instructed to do so.

The note produced by SCP-3627 following this experiment is as follows:

> The one and only noble goal of man
> To leave one’s mark forever on the Earth
> Is strived for through whatever means one can
> Create a piece of true artistic worth
> Alas, the subtle marks upon one’s soul
> Cannot be cloned by any mortal hands
> A life is better lived when short and whole
> Than stretched across the ever shifting sands

+ Experiment 3627-C

Experiment 3627-C

Subject: Dr.

Inserted Object: Video recording device remotely connected to a viewing monitor.

Information of Note: Experiment aims to observe the destination of objects inserted into SCP-3627. Dr. , head of SCP-3627 experimentation, performed the insertion in order to gain a better idea of the dreaming process.

Results: Subject recalled dreaming of a hallway located in a foundation containment facility similar to site . The

hallway was lined with containment cells containing numerous SCPs. Subject specifically recalled seeing SCP- , SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- , despite none of these SCPs being stored in the same facility in reality. Subject recalls being suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of dread, and sprinting through multiple corridors in an attempt to exit the facility. The layout of the building was nonsensical and labyrinthine, containing multiple unnecessary loops and dead ends. Upon locating an exit, the subject ran several hundred meters from the facility before gaining enough composure to look back. The facility was several hundred times larger than any active Foundation site, and had the same approximate dimensions as a human heart. The outside of the building was lined with several thousand containment cells, each containing an SCP. The facility began to beat at regular intervals, sending tremors through the surrounding area. Subject recalled losing balance from the force of the vibrations. The tremors slowly increased in magnitude until the surrounding land “shattered”, and the subject was left falling through a “black, swirling void”. Subject awoke shortly thereafter.

Upon awakening, subject destroyed all video footage received from the inserted recording device, stating that “some things are better left unexplained”. Subject later submitted a formal resignation, and was administered amnestics and released.

The note produced by SCP-3627 following this experiment is as follows:

> The human’s sense of curiosity
> Is what puts them above the animals
> But there are things that man should best not see
> That can’t be kept within foundation walls
> The tortured minds of ancient horrors shriek
> Their calls can shred the Earth and tear the skies

If their secrets you do persist to seek
Then you're seeking your very own demise

Further experimentation on SCP-3627 has been discontinued indefinitely.

Addendum 3627.3: *Incident Report / /20*

On / /20 , 87 days after experimentation on SCP-3627 was discontinued, SCP-3627 produced a pattern of tones without the prior insertion of an object. These tones could be heard outside of SCP-3627's holding cell, and caused two D-Class personnel to fall unconscious (this was the first instance of SCP-3627 invoking REM sleep in multiple individuals at once). The pattern of tones was repeated for 2 minutes and 34 seconds, a notably shorter duration than those previously observed. Upon the conclusion of the pattern, both subjects awoke and immediately attempted to access the holding cell containing SCP-3627, first by attempting to guess the access code, then by repeatedly ramming into the cell. Their activity was eventually detected by the on-site security system, and armed Foundation personnel were dispatched to the area. Both subjects were successfully terminated before causing a containment breach. SCP-3627's containment procedures have been updated accordingly.

The following note was found within SCP-3627 shortly after the incident.

We revealed ourselves to you
So that you would take us in
We did this because we knew
You had no short supply of sin
We thought we'd help you to let go
to ease the guilt and help you heal
but we were fools, for now we know
you have no guilt that you could feel
You really think you're going good
with all that you collect
But then again, of course you would
Secure. Contain. Protect.

SCP-3630: Reverse Locked Room Mystery

Item #: SCP-3630

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: MTF Iota-20 ("Room Keys") is responsible for monitoring public records, police stations and news reports for potential instances of SCP-3630. However, as most instances of SCP-3630 are largely self-containing, monitoring should primarily consist of ensuring any instances of SCP-3630-1 and SCP-3630-2 have no memory of the events that led to SCP-3630 occurring. If any instances report being the victim or perpetrator of a murder, Iota-20 agents are to administer Class-C amnestics on them and anyone they have spoken to about the events.

Under the guidance of MTF Iota-20's assigned supervisor, Dr. Juri Markell, instances of SCP-3630-1 with a particularly strong memory of their murders may be taken into custody and given a Hume-Lyle Reality Shift Resilience Test. Those with sufficiently high scores and applicable skills may be offered a position within the Foundation.

Otherwise, instances of SCP-3630-1 and SCP-3630-2 are not anomalous on their own, and they can usually be left to participate in civilian life. On orders from the Ethics Committee, after 4/5/ , Iota-20 must report instances of SCP-3630-2 who planned their actions in advance to local law enforcement.

Description: SCP-3630 is an anomalous phenomenon or entity that alters aspects of non-anomalous murders to create logical inconsistencies. These inconsistencies include but are not limited to:

- Locking the door or other entrance to the area where the murder occurred from the inside or outside
- Removing other points of access and exit from the area, such as windows or grates
- Damaging or otherwise altering the weapon used in the

murder so that it does not function properly
- Altering aspects of the area so that the murder would have been noticed by others, such as causing a door or floorboard to make noise when moved or removing a wall blocking off access to the area
- The introduction of large groups of people into the area who under most circumstances would not have been present, preventing the murderer from accessing their victim

These inconsistencies will never completely prevent access to the area where the murder occurred, and overall will not be seen as anomalous by most sentient beings. The majority of people who have become aware of the changes created by SCP-3630 are Foundation employees scoring more than 90 on the Hume-Lyle Reality Shift Resilience Test.

After these logical inconsistencies are introduced, the murder itself will cease to exist, and any victims will no longer be deceased. These former victims are then classified as SCP-3630-1. Victims usually emerge from other parts of the building or area in which they were killed with no memory of the crime. Any others who witnessed their deaths or their subsequent returns also have no memory of the murders occurring, and do not process that anything anomalous has occurred.

Those who committed the murders also have no memory of the events occurring, and are then classified as SCP-3630-2. If the murder was planned before it occurred, they will believe that some previously unforeseen event or circumstance diverted them from their previous plans, usually for vague and inconsistent reasons such as being "in the wrong place" or because "the timing wasn't right."

Discovery: SCP-3630 was discovered when Dr. Burgundy Lowell, who had been trained to recognize the effects of CK-Class Reality Shifts due to his previous work with SCP- and had a Hume-Lyle score of 101, was murdered by his former Research Assistant Valerie Kind in his office at Site-140. Upon emerging from the men's bathroom down the hall, Lowell retained memories of the event and reported it to site security. Upon reaching his office, it was discovered that the door had been locked from the outside, although

there were no signs of a forced exit. After she was found in the site canteen, Kind claimed she had postponed her murder attempt because she "didn't like the way the room looked."

The circumstances of the event reminded Site-140 Agent M. Carter of an event a month earlier involving Cara Baker, a civilian who he was intermittently monitoring due to an encounter she had with SCP- two years earlier.[1] Ms. Baker had recently called 911, claiming that her ex-husband, Ryan Baker, had murdered her.

Excerpt from 911 call between Cara Baker and an operator, 2/10/

Operator: 911, emergency.

Cara Baker: Oh god! Please help! Oh god!

Operator: Ma'am, can you calm down for me? Can-

Cara Baker: It's my husband. My husband, he's killed me. He fucking killed me.

Operator: Ma'am, calm down. You're hurt? I'm sending an ambulance right now.

Cara Baker: I should be- I should be, I don't know. I'm not bleeding.

Operator: Okay. Where were you hurt? Can you find where you were hurt?

Cara Baker: In my chest. He shot- I've been shot. My chest. Why am I speaking?

Operator: Okay, an ambulance is on its way, ma'am. Do you know where your husband is?

Cara Baker: He…

[Ms. Baker pauses. Five seconds of silence.]

Operator: Ma'am?

Cara Baker: He was just here. Oh god. We were on the porch and he ran into the backyard, he…

Operator: Alright, stay on the line, ma'am-

Cara Baker: I'm dead. I'm dead. What's going on? What's happening? I'm dead.

Emergency workers who arrived on the scene believed Ms. Baker's beliefs were the result of a psychotic break resulting from stress due to her recent divorce, and she was kept under watch at Hospital for five days. Upon leaving care, Ms. Baker believed that this was true and showed no further signs of acknowledging the anomalous.

Upon investigation, Agent Carter, who had a Hume-Lyle Score of 97, reported that Ms. Baker's back porch, which had previously been open-air, was now enclosed in walls. Deadbolts had also been added to both sides of the door leading into the area from the kitchen. Ms. Baker's financial records did not show any purchases related to a renovation or to the deadbolts, and her neighbors reported that the outside of her residence had undergone no major changes in the last year.

Footnotes
1. Ms. Baker received Class-B amnestics after her encounter with SCP- .

SCP-3632: Nibirdu

THE CLEARANCE LEVEL TO ACCESS THIS FILE HAS BEEN CHANGED TO

LEVEL 1/3632 UNCLASSIFIED

FOR RELEVANCE TO THE ONGOING BE-CLASS "MIGRATION" END-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS SCENARIO

AUTHORIZED BY: Dr. Frederick Hoygull

Item #: SCP-3632

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Given SCP-3632's distance from Earth, no immediate containment procedures are needed at this time. MTF Omicron-4 (“Bird Watchers”) operatives are embedded in all major space agencies capable of directly observing SCP-3632 in order to falsify any data that may imply the presence of a biosphere or sapient life; however, it is unlikely that such data could be gathered due to civilian technological limitations.

The Wide Angle Research Telescope at Site-309 will image SCP-3632 every 30 days: staff are encouraged to review these images for reference.

Description: SCP-3632 is an irregular planetoid with a mean radius of 440 km, currently approaching the Solar System from the direction of Alpha Centauri. Estimations of its current velocity indicate that SCP-3632 would not complete this journey for approximately 600 years: however, direct observations have suggested that SCP-3632 is able to anomalously alter its velocity and direction.

Since 1998, WART imaging has revealed the presence of Earth-like biota on the near side of SCP-3632, as well as artificial structures resembling Old Kingdom and Ptolemaic architecture.[1]

Due to the presence of diagrams strongly resembling SCP-3632, as well as star charts depicting an accurate route from the Sun to Alpha Centauri B, in the historical records of multiple cultures during the Hellenistic period, it has been hypothesized that SCP-3632 has previously interacted with humanity and is associated with a variety of avian religious figures or folk heroes, including Djehuti, Thoth, Garuda, and Lei Gong. However, aside from the perceived similarity of these diagrams, there is no information to confirm nor disprove this hypothesis.

Several excerpts from contemporary documents that potentially describe SCP-3632 have been included below:

SCP-3632 Historical Archive

> 5. prize of victory of the men of **KHEMENNU**, who devoted their most excellent minds and many years of their labour to the Pyramid… [illegible] gone from a seedling in the mind of the nomarch MERESANKH to a splendid structure, which towers over the city,
> 6. and it has been built in the name of DJEHUTI, whom all men of intellect aspire to [illegible]
> 9. as it was a structure most ingenious and pleasing to his sight, he took the whole city of KHEMENNU to the wondrous land of BROT KRUMA beyond the Sun,
> 10. where his chosen followers will live in bliss

forever.

-Unidentified tablet fragments, dating to the early Third Dynasty

In the later years of Huangdi's[2] rule, the god Lei Gong, who could control thunder and rode in a flying city, visited his capital of Xinzheng. The boy Ji Mǐn, who was one of Huangdi's sons, was a great admirer of Lei Gong and called to him, saying, "Look at the canals I have made by the river: they protect the city from flooding. Look at the wooden birds I have made: they carry our people from one end of our kingdom to the other.[3] Is this not pleasing to you?"

But Lei Gong was angry and said, "My people have been travelling for seven thousand years; they have travelled past the Moon and beyond the stars. But you bring them no food and no gifts, not even some workers to ease their burden. Instead you bring me tricks and toys, all of which I have seen before, and think this will please me?"
And there was a great storm above Xinzheng, which knocked the palace roof down, and floods lasting for two years.

-Redacted passage of the Records of the Grand Historian *by Sima Qian, circa 1st century BC*

The Bird and the Floating Island

There once was a wise old Bird, named Thoth, that greatly desired the miraculous floating island of his neighbours: a miniature world, much like the one we live on now, with all manner of plants and animals. His neighbours,

the Pistreans, were monstrous creatures with fins and fangs and rough, scaly skin, and they spread all across the island until the plants were gone and the animals dead. Desperate for aid, they called for help, and Thoth disguised himself as a wrinkled old crane and went to them.

“Wise crane,” said Akheilos,[4] their leader, “we have no food to eat and no crops to plant. Our children lie awake in their beds at night, keening with hunger. All we ask for is some bread, to fill our bellies and keep our people alive.”

For this Thoth was glad, for he did not care for Akheilos or his people, and was not overmuch concerned with keeping the Pistreans alive. But because he sensed an opportunity for himself, he opened his crooked beak into a smile and said, “My friend, your troubles are my troubles; I promise you that your people will never have to go hungry again. But for everything, there is a price.”

“Anything,” pleaded the lord of the Pistreans, and Thoth preened his tattered wings and said, “Akheilos, my friend, as much as it pains me to say this, was it not you who led your people into famine? If I do this thing for you, you must leave the Pistreans and be bound outside the Universe, so they do not suffer the same fate again.”

With a heavy heart, Akheilos agreed, and was bound and cast outside the universe. And Thoth was glad, because he knew that this was the only creature that could defeat him in what he planned to do.

To the remaining Pistreans, he said, “Here is a

spell that will give you all the bread you shall ever need: not a one of you shall ever be forsaken again." And giving them the spell, he departed that place as speedily as he could.

The Pistreans, being a trusting people, immediately opened the spell that wise old Thoth had given them, and gave shouts of joy as the few crumbs of bread they had left began to grow in size. But their shouts turned to groans of despair, then screams, as the crumbs continued to grow and grow, filling their plates and then their homes and finally, their entire floating world.

When Thoth returned to that place, not a single Pistrean was left alive: all were buried beneath the vast, undulating waves of bread that covered the surface of the planet. And seeing this, Thoth began to work his magic. From the bread sprang up something that looked like plants and animals, at least to the untrained eye, and from under the planet's new crust rose the Pistreans, transformed into a new and terrible form of life. And they built palaces and edifices that were testaments to Thoth's great power, even if they were not entirely real.

Outside of the Universe, Akheilos still lies bound, unaware of the fate of his people. Let the moral that he learns from this tale be thus: *An old crane may be very, very wise, but that does not mean he is on your side.*

-Second-century Italian folk tale, anachronistically attributed to Aesop

Based on the condition that these documents are describing SCP-3632 and semi-accurate events relating to it, a tentative secondary anomaly has been designated SCP-3632-1. This is

assumed to be a sapient being, which may be responsible for SCP-3632's fluctuating architecture and autonomous changes in velocity.

Exploration: Due to recent advances in unmanned superluminal travel, as well as the avian features of many SCP-3632 architectural features and the suspected avian nature of SCP-3632-1, the exploratory probe *Sitchin-1* was approved by regional O5 Undersecretariat vote (8-3, 2 abstaining). Designed to survive entry and re-entry of both Earth and SCP-3632 atmospheres, it was proposed that it would perform both an aerial flyby and a landing on the anomaly, collect surface samples and image potential avian lifeforms, and return to Earth for additional analysis at Site-309.

Sitchin-1 was deployed on 08/15/2016 from the Penalva Launch Site, under the guise of a commercial satellite launch. It is projected to reach SCP-3632 by 01/03/2017.

Display Sitchin-1 Incident Log

Incident	
Electrical malfunction reduces Solar Array 3 to 60% power	Incident to be re
Complete failure of video transmitter.	Hypothe audio ca be revie
Short-term anomaly in location readout.	Unknow

Display Sitchin-1 Recovery & Analysis

VIDEO LOG

DATE: 11/05/18

NOTE: *Sitchin-1* was recovered from the Caribbean Sea on 09/05/18. Despite all parts being in good working order, no data had been transmitted back to Site-309 for the duration of its

mission. The following post-mission analysis was conducted by Head Researcher Iqbar and Junior Researchers Kelsey & Bouche, both to determine the causes behind the probe's mechanical failures and to review the video and audio data collected during the mission.

[BEGIN LOG]

00:02 Hello? This is Dr. Maglan. I'm officially beginning this analysis: the quarantine officers have just finished reassembling our probe, and it looks like there's no evidence of tampering with any of the machinery, anomalous or otherwise. Our next course of action is to go through the video available to us and determine what, exactly, caused us to lose contact for the better part of two years.

00:05: *Dr. Kelsey finishes linking* Sitchin-1 *internal audiovisual files to Site-309 database.* All set up, sir. Should I go ahead and play it, or…?

00:05: Whenever you're ready.

00:06: *Dr. Kelsey activates the video logs.* Sitchin-1's *cameras activate as it achieves low-earth orbit and activates its main thrusters. After some deliberation, Dr. Bouche fast-forwards the*

video: Sitchin-1 *is engulfed in a micrometeor shower which slightly dents the transmission dish, believed to be responsible for the mechanical failure.*

00:10: Sitchin-1 *enters weirspace[5] uneventfully.*

00:47: *A minor malfunction in* Sitchin-1's *weirspace stabilizers is hypothesized by Dr. Bouche to cause the anomaly in location readout previously observed, but subsequent testing confirms that this is not the case.*

01:25: Sitchin-1 *exits weirspace 14 minutes early, appearing directly over SCP-3632. The anomaly is approximately 3 km from the location it was imaged at by the WART telescope at the same time as the mission, accounting for relativistic differences.*

01:27: This is Dr. Maglan again. The probe appears to be starting its descent towards the… wait, that doesn't look right.

01:29: *As* Sitchin-1 *approaches the surface of SCP-3632, ripple-like distortions appear in its camera feed. The buildings on the anomaly's structure are now clearly visible, appearing to self-construct and crumble to pieces over the course of minutes.*

01:34: *A distortion overtakes* Sitchin-1, *and it suddenly appears near the upper atmosphere of the planet. Atmospheric perturbations resembling aurorae are visible overhead.*

01:36: Interesting. That's… Dr. Kelsey, can you confirm that quarantine completely sterilized the probe? Yes? Okay.

01:48: Sitchin-1 *begins its descent toward SCP-3632 another 14 minutes early, following its pre-programmed flight path.*

01:56: Sitchin-1 *initiates landing maneuvers over what superficially resembles a field of brown grass. Subsequent video analysis, as well as residual matter on* Sitchin-1's *landing gear, reveals that these are in fact down feathers, apparently still living.*

02:02: Sitchin-1 *touches down. A large ibis-shaped monument is visible in the distance, emanating a blue light.*

02:04: That's what we're looking for, right…right there. John – hey, John – could we get a focus on that area of the screen?

02:05: *Two avian entities with humanoid faces, approximately 6 meters in height, approach from the direction of the monument.*

They appear to be softly whispering to each other.

02:05: Dr. Bouche, you've been on the SCP-3632 project since almost the very beginning. Do these entities resemble SCP-3632-1 from the literature? Can we confirm its existence?

02:07: I mean – ah – all the records are so vague, it's, it's really very difficult to tell…

02:08: State your name for the record, please.

02:08: Oh, sorry, sorry. This is Dr. Bouche. And… in my professional opinion, I would have to say not. SCP-3632-1 is often described as a bird-headed humanoid with powers of flight, although these creatures could be… associated?

02:10: *The two entities pause in front of* Sitchin-1 *and face the camera. After a pause, they both produce noises reminiscent of throat-clearing.*

02:13: Are they trying to communicate? …Dr. Bouche, port this through to Command.

02:16: *The two entities simultaneously begin producing harmonies, which are elaborated into melodies. Dr. Maglan laughs.*

02:17: They're singing to us, you

see that? Beautiful. Beautiful birds.

02:19: There are tens of billions of birds in the world, did you know that? Almost 50 birds per person. Now there are birds in space, you see that. We are very, very small.

02:22: *Both entities' melodies shift a note. Cognitohazard alerts begin to sound.*

02:23: I'm not sure what's going on here. Bouche, activate the SCRAMBLE filters.

02:25: *There is no response from Bouche. Entities continue to vocalize.*

02:26: Bouche? Bouche, what's going on? Activate the SCRA…

02:27: …The scra…

02:30: *Entities continue to vocalize.*

02:32: Scra.

02:33: *Alerts from Site-507 indicate that SCP-3662 is active and has begun to produce vibrations consistent with the entities' harmonics. All personnel within a 20-meter radius have begun experiencing symptoms consistent with SCP-3662-1 subjects.*

02:35: Scraaaa.

02:38: *Reports of SCP-3662-1-like symptoms begin to arrive primarily from regions surrounding Site-507, with exceptions. Radios on the same longitude as Site-309 begin to broadcast harmonies consistent with the SCP-3632 entities'.*

02:30: Scraaa scra scra SCRAW SCRAW **SCRAW** –

02:34: *Site-309 activates its on-site nuclear warhead. Reports of behaviour similar to Dr. Maglan's intercepted from all major population centres. Estimated 40% of Foundation personnel compromised. Analysis abandoned.*

[END LOG]

One (1) new note has been added on: 11 August, 2018

So.

By now, you've probably figured out that SCP-3632-1 is very real. We mostly call him Thoth at this point – containment procedure's fallen apart, but can you really blame us?

We should have recognized from the history records that Thoth has a penchant for setting traps, and we walked right into one he set. SCP-3632, the buildings, the entities – it was all elaborate bait he set for us, a means of transporting some kind of weaponized idea back to Earth. And we fell for it, because it was

only a Safe anomaly and there were so many other, catastrophic, world-ending terrors we had to deal with on a daily basis. And here we are. Let that be a lesson to… well, who, really? There's almost no one left.

Humanity never stood a chance. The meme was across the planet in a matter of hours. We still have some colleagues holed up in Lunar Area-32, but it's only a matter of time until they run out of supplies. In the end, there were no voracious reality-eaters, no walking pillars of flesh, just… a single, stupid meme that got past our filters, and suddenly the people we swore to protect entire population of Earth is roaming around, cawing and pecking at the ground. And lately, there have been other, more disturbing changes.

If you're reading this – if at this point, by some miracle, you're still alive – you'll probably be reading this document, trying to figure out what went wrong. Well, we're still alive too, and Thoth won't see us coming. Come to **`Site-18`**. We're there, the birds and the not-quite-humans that managed to avoid the apocalypse, and we've got a plan.

I can't tell you if it's a good one, but we've got a plan.

…

Out of all the things that could have ended the world, I still can't believe it was fucking *birds.*

-Dr. Frederick Hoygull, Avian Division Head

Footnotes

1. Of note: these structures have never been consistently imaged in the same location, but will appear in different arrangements.

2. The semilegendary ‘Yellow Emperor’ of Chinese high antiquity.
3. Heavier-than-air flight, which this passage seems to be describing, was not achieved by humans until 4,500 years later, and there is no archaeological evidence to corroborate this manuscript.
4. A selachian daemon in Greek mythology.
5. A subuniversal framework where absolute coordinates are not relevant, manipulated to send small payloads at superluminal velocities.

[redacted]

SCP-3633: I'm Right Behind Me

Item #: SCP-3633

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3633 is to be kept in a standard safe-type anomalous locker. SCP-3633 is to be inspected once a day for new pictures.

Description: SCP-3633 is a factory standard iPhone 5 with a cracked screen and significant burns to the internal workings. Though this should render the device inoperational, SCP-3633 is fully functional. SCP-3633 remains at 0% battery life regardless of useage or attempts at charging it. There are two contacts in the phone, one labeled "Me" and the other labeled "Behind Me", both of which have no functioning phone number. Persons viewing pictures on SCP-3633 express an unfounded feeling of being watched from behind.

When SCP-3633's camera is activated, the screen display becomes too dark to distinguish any features from the live preview. This preview is occasionally interjected with still images, however these images are too blurry to accurately identify. Further analysis shows that the majority of the objects in the images are in contact with the camera lens.

SCP-3633 has received a total of three calls while in containment: two from "Me" and one from "Behind Me". While the phone rang, the screen became unresponsive, and personnel were unable to answer the calls. A voicemail was left by "Behind Me", which consisted of three minutes of leaves rustling, followed by a 'crack'. After this was fifteen seconds of a high pitch creak, followed by a mechanical clicking noise that ended the call.

SCP-3633 was found on a desk in an abandoned apartment in Pittsburgh, along with several other anomalous objects (now

classified as AO-9099 through AO-9108). The words "IN FRONT" were etched onto the desk next to SCP-3633. No records of the occupation of the apartment were found, although the landlord had financial compensation to suggest paid residence for over eight months.

Addendum SCP-3633-1: Researchers attempted to communicate with "Me" and "Behind Me". The following is the results from these tests. Communications sent from SCP-3633 were sent to both "Behind Me" and "Me" in a group text and are labeled "SCP-3633".

> *4:12* - **SCP-3633:** Hello? Is anyone here?
>
> *4:12* - **Me:** 🙈
>
> *4:12* - **Behind Me:** 👀
>
> *4:13* - **SCP-3633:** Who are you?
>
> *4:15* - **SCP-3633:** What are you?
>
> *4:22* - **SCP-3633:** Hello?
>
> *11:47* - **Behind Me:**

No further responses have been recorded.

Addendum SCP-3633-2: At sporadic intervals, SCP-3633 began receiving texts from "Me" and "Behind Me" regardless of SCP-3633's cellular connection. These texts always appeared in pairs, with one of the contacts sending a picture with a caption, and the other contact sending a text.

The text messages differed from the normal messaging format used previously by SCP-3633, however all screen shots of these texts created a picture of static. Therefore, transcriptions of the messages received from SCP-3633 are presented instead. The name of each file as well as the content of the messages was transcribed exactly, including replicable stylistic and aesthetic details.

> + lie1.jpg

Me:
Theyre everywhere theyre everywhere in the stands in the seats on the field theyre everywhere

Behind Me:
youseethemright
ijustwantedtoseetheshow

+ lie2.jpg

Me:
The end of the hall is too bright

Behind Me:
itgoesonandondandneverends
thecurvesstraightenintoahaven

+ lie3.jpg

Me:
I hear the screaming and singing and sirens and wet noises

Behind Me:
theyfeastinthelightwhileiwatchfromthedark
icantpayforthepriceofadmission

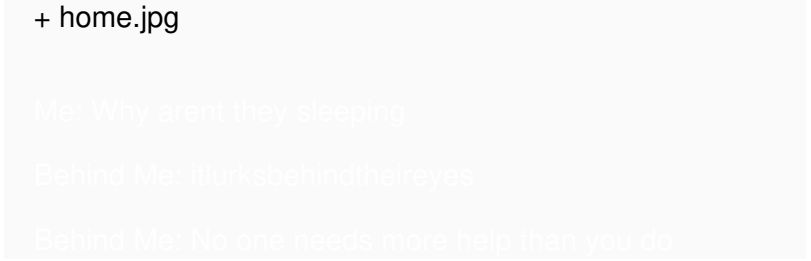
+ truth.jpg

Me:
Me

Behind Me:
imtheonewhoisntthere
ididnttakethosepictures

After the final message was sent, accessing the camera app showed only a single image:

+ home.jpg



SCP-3635: The Forgotten Archive

Item #: SCP-3635

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3635 is to be contained in a Standard Security Locker. Personnel are forbidden from viewing the contents of SCP-3635; if viewed, Class-A amnestics are to be administered. Testing with SCP-3635 must be approved by at least one Level 3 researcher.

Any personnel assigned to SCP-3635 who experience inconsistent memories compared to others and/or documentation are to notify the Site Director immediately. Should additional memories include documents or letters, personnel are to make every attempt to replicate them.

UPDATE - 9/25/1996: All transcripts of recalls reported by SCP-3635-A are to be sent to the Historical Research Division for cross-examination with existing historical evidence.

Description: SCP-3635 is an entirely blank photograph measuring roughly 9.5 cm by 13 cm in size. Testing of SCP-3635 suggests it is a Cabinet Card[1]. Reproductions of SCP-3635 through scanning or photography do not carry its anomalous effect.

When exposed to SCP-3635 directly, the subject (designated SCP-3635-A) will begin to recall one or more events. A large proportion of subjects report a form of traumatic event, which in majority of cases leads to depression or anxiety. Class-B amnestics appear effective at counteracting these effects. Non-Fatal Type-I Memetic Hazards are known to be present in certain events, necessitating basic cautionary procedures.

Most SCP-3635-generated memories share several fundamental characteristics, including interactions between anomalous entities

(which, as of 9/25/1996, have included animals, plants, and inanimate objects) and a "green-suited" task force with unknown affiliations. The subject takes the role of an observer, and not as a member of this task force (with the exception of [REDACTED - LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]).

► Show Addendum 1 - Interview Extracts

Interview Extract #: D-3635-3

D-3635-3: So, I remember the smell of horses, hay, the like. I think I was working near the barn that day.

Interviewer: According to our documents, you've lived in an city your entire life.

D-3635-3: Not me, you twat, the other me. *That* me lived off the farm since we were born. I don't think I ever gone more than a few miles from it. And yet all I can remember is that specific day. As… As I said, I was working by the barn, loading up some bales, and my wife was coming up to help me.

Interviewer: Can you describe her?

D-3635-3: Beauty, really. Gorgeous brown hair, smooth skin, green eyes… I always loved that about her. Not that I loved her for them, I just thought that they were a signal of something special about her- the way she could take your arm and lead you to the ends of the earth, it was magnificent…

Interviewer: Did anything else happen?

D-3635-3 pauses

D-3635-3: That day, we were feeding the barn animals. I was about to finish up, when from across the barn, I heard her screaming. I ran

over, and… her eyes were just gone. Nowhere to be seen. And… she just kept babbling incoherent nonsense…

D-3635-3 sighs

Interviewer: D-3635-3?

D-3635-3: Can… Can we stop the interview?

Interview Extract #: D-3635-7

Interviewer: Tell me more about Frank.

D-3635-7: Frank's always been a hothead. You could never get that guy to be happy, always mad at something or someone. Just an old, grumpy man. Anyways, I hear him screaming his god damn head off about some minor offense that I've committed against him, and his family, and his church or something.

Interviewer: Did you do anything to make him upset?

D-3635-7: Not that I can remember. As always. But, anyways, I step out on to my porch to tell him to cool his head off in the well, and that's when I notice that Frank was hell-of-a-lot different. One arm… well, it looked like a giant's arm that was plastered on to Frank's side. All pink and fleshy and…

D-3635-7 shutters

D-3635-7: I think it was growing as I watched it.

Interviewer: Did anything else interesting happen?

D-3635-7: Funny enough, something did. This

group of soldiers jumped out of nowhere. Green uniforms, nothing I've ever seen before. They pushed me down as I saw them go after Frank with their bayonets. Man, he was roarin' and bleeding some strange black goo… Horrible.

Interview Extract #: D-3635-9

D-3635-9: I first remember writing, a letter, yeah. It was late at night, and really hot. I was using these old-fashioned looking gas lamps and getting really tired.

Interviewer: Did you observe anything abnormal?

D-3635-9: I suppose you could say that. Freaked me the hell out. I got this feeling I was being watched and there was this man… thing… standing in the doorway between my bedroom and the kitchen. Not moving, it looked like a man, but I think it was built out of porcelain. It had a painted and smiling face and these really ragged loose trousers. You know, I don't think it was actually standing up, supported by its legs I mean, it looked like it was hanging from the neck by some invisible rope.

Interviewer: What happened next?

D-3635-9: It spoke, without moving it's mouth. I think it said something along the lines of "Sorry for the intrusion, but do you mind if you could spare a cup of tea?". Really creepy, it sounded like a old man with a smoking habit.

Interviewer: Did anything else happen?

D-3635-9: We must have stared at each other

for a few seconds to a few minutes, I can't tell. And then, it broke, as one of its arms suddenly twisted around and shattered into oblivion. All I remember after that was backing into the corner, as these men in green uniforms invaded my home.

Interviewer: And that was all you recall?

D-3635-9: That was- oh, wait, there was one more thing. One of the weapons the man held looked like nothing I've seen before. It was kinda gun, shaped, but it glowed and had these odd rings around the barrel.

Interview Extract #: D-3635-11

D-3635-11: There was always a bit of magic about the place, you know?

Interviewer: The library?

D-3635-11: Yeah. You didn't need to be working there as long as I did, you could just *feel* it in the air the moment you walked in. The place was just filled with history, quite literally. I could place my hand on the wooden walls and feel otherworldly *energy* flow through it.

D-3635-11: It didn't take me long to realize I wasn't the only person who spent their time reading books there. Sometimes, if I was really lucky, I could see the words on the pages rearrange before my very eyes. Ink flowed to form new phrases and alter the story ever so slightly. I saw a person like me, a reader, experience the story for himself as a character in the book. I saw him cheer on the hero fighting the dragon, engage in discussion with famous detectives, and act as a witness in dramatic court cases.

D-3635-11: But he left one day, and I couldn't find him again. And then…

D-3635-11 pauses, glaring at the floor

Interviewer: …And then?

D-3635-11: They burned it. The men you told me about. I was dragged out of my home as they set fire to the place. Everything burned… almost everything.

Interview Extract #: D-3635-12

Interviewer: Good evening, D-

D-3635-12: Fuck, those… God damn it!

Interviewer: D-3635-12, please remain calm.

D-3635-12: No, just… It's Jebodiah- I mean, Jackson, not D-whatever!

Interviewer: According to the terms of your contract-

D-3635-12: Yes, I know, I know, sorry. I'm just a bit… *overwhelmed*, right now.

Interviewer: Can you provide an account of the event you recall?

D-3635-12 laughs weakly

D-3635-12: Event? Man, I've got a whole lifetime to remember now.

D-3635-12 pauses and becomes more sedate

D-3635-12: I'm… pretty sure I was living in the past, or some form of it. There were no cars, no paved streets, no electricity. Life was… life

was calm. I was happy. I owned a lot of land, kinda a big shot in the area, you get what I mean? Large family, grandchildren were on the way.

D-3635-12: We lived kind of in an oasis in a desert. We owed this fortune due to a gift from god, a statue of an angel. Some ancestor of mine, I dunno who, had put it on top of the hill overlooking the wheat fields. As long as we lead good, Christian lives, the gift would bless us with rain no matter the season. Our crops were in high demand for miles around.

D-3635-12: And then… those fucks showed up. Pointing strange guns at our faces, yelling at us, pointing at the hill. I don't think they were from around, I couldn't understand a word they said. Of course, their purpose was obvious. They wanted our statue.

D-3635-12: We were brought up to the site, and then they broke out these sticks. The angel watched over us, expression unchanging, as they started swinging at its base. Chunks of stone broke off and they kept on swinging, like they were felling a tree. My daughter… oh God, my daughter…

D-3635-12 pauses and weeps quietly

D-3635-12: She… She tried to stop them. Grabbed one of their legs and pleaded. The sticks were brought down, and… sh-she stopped moving. And God, the angel just watched silently. The same expression it's always had, as my daughter… as my daughter was taken from me forever.

D-3635-12 begins crying, and is unresponsive for the rest of the interview

► Show Addendum 2 -
[CLEARANCE LEVEL 4 REQUIRED]

On 25th September 1996, during routine testing with SCP-3635, D-3635-18 reported a memory which was inconsistent with previously documented experiences. The subject reported sitting at a writing desk in a concrete room and writing a letter. When asked, the subject was able to perfectly recall the contents of the letter. The letter is replicated in full below.

> To whoever is reading this,
>
> Happenings. Events. Unexplained occurrences. We were among the first to notice that things were not as they seemed. Objects behaving, not as they should, but as they wanted. And, of course, there was instantly a race to grab as many of them as possible.
>
> Whenever we found an atypical creature – be it man, animal, or plant – we'd leave it alone. That is, until someone thought it would be a good idea to start searching for them, and kill them before they could kill us. I was always against the decision to begin hunting, but was ignored.
>
> More to the point, we needed something that would make people forget we existed- to preserve out secrecy. Something we could carry around when we went out, hunting the atypicals, to erase any memory that anything was wrong. We had to be incredibly stealthy before, but with this, we could be as obvious as we wanted, and nobody would be able to remember a thing.
>
> I was given that job. I struggled with it for weeks, trying to make something that would

erase any memories that we wanted to erase. But my research was futile. There was simply no way I could do it.

Except, one day, I walked in to my office, and it was on my desk. The photograph.

Looking back over my memories, I pieced together what had happened. I had created the photograph – exactly how, I did not know– and it would erase the memories containing atypicals from whoever looked at it dead-on. Preliminary testing showed that subjects exposed to the photograph would deny being able to remember what had happened over the time they had forgotten, and gave accounts which were inconsistent with people who *did* possess memories of the time.

It wasn't perfect, but it was damn better than nothing.

So, we used it. I was always against the idea of using atypicals to fight other atypicals, but the effectiveness of the photo drowned out my concerns by the other twelve.

But my suspicions were aroused when Jameson, that son of a bitch, woke up one day. He was different. He said he'd done things he hadn't, been places he hadn't, seen things he hadn't. Everyone attributed it to amnesia or shock- I didn't think so.

I realized he'd wiped himself with the god damn photograph.

Seeing as he had been carrying the photo for his squad, I assumed he'd use it on himself if he'd seen "things" that he wanted to unsee. Didn't seem like that much of a big deal, at

first, besides the… *over-effectiveness* of the memory-wipe. But then, the same thing happened to Quester, Ducat, Price, and some other members. And there was no way on Earth that any of them could have seen the photo. Something was terribly wrong.

I figured out what was happening quickly- the amnesia was spreading. Why, and more importantly why *now*, I did not know. But I needed to prevent it.

After the first day, I was ready to give up. I was constantly fighting a losing battle against my own amnesia-filled mind. There was no way I could possibly do it. Knowing this made no difference. I carried on regardless, using logic as opposed to science. I was sure that I knew already what to do.

Eventually, I did it. I found the answer.

The Negative.

If I could create a positive which erased memories, surely I could also create a negative which restored them. I had probably tossed it away somewhere for emergencies after I had created the photo I wanted. And finally, after hours of frantic searching, I found it. Thank the Lord it wasn't hidden away too far. I showed the image to everyone who forgot, and their memories came flooding back.

I was relieved, but I had forgotten the unstable nature of atypicals. The negative didn't give you *your* memories back- it gave you random ones, from the ones the positive had erased.

It wasn't exactly easy to keep an organization

together, when the members remembered themselves doing horrid acts from the eyes of the victims. By the time we figured out what had happened, most of our group had left, became depressed, or had gone crazy.

We were done. We knew we were done.

You're going to remember this. You might remember more; you might not. But, no matter who you are, you need to pass this information on to *someone*.

Please remember.

Don’t fight fire with fire.

Upon further questioning, D-3635-18 was able to recall an image located above the letter. The photo contained 13 individuals, each labeled with a number ranging between one and thirteen. All individuals' faces, besides the one labeled "four", were blotted by ink.

Footnotes

1. A common photography method used in the late 19th century.

SCP-3636: World's Greatest Jukebox

Item #: SCP-3636

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3636 is to be kept in a standard secure cell at Site-17. Access to the room requires Level-2 or higher clearance. All staff members involved in the testing of SCP-3636 must be provided with an up-to-date song blacklist document. Under no circumstances are songs from the blacklist to be selected.

Description: SCP-3636 is a 155cm by 85cm jukebox similar in design to a Wurlitzer 1015 with a decorative rainbow-colored light across the top and a golden plate bearing the inscription, "World's Greatest Jukebox". The glass selection screen where one would typically find booklets detailing the songs available is instead replaced with a blue touchscreen displaying a search bar and the text, "Search for song title, artist, or album". SCP-3636 has no slot to insert coins and has no apparent power source.

Selecting a song through the search function will cause a list to appear consisting of every version of the song known to exist, including unreleased early versions of the song as well as every live performance by the original artist. Analysis of live events after the Foundation's acquisition of SCP-3636 confirms that the live versions are accurate to the performance listed. SCP-3636 seems to have a wide temporal range, as original performances of operas that debuted in the Baroque period have been selected.

When a song is selected, SCP-3636's screen changes to display a video with the text "Live Music Video" above it. The video is based on the lyrical content of the song, often directly depicting the events mentioned in the song. Other times the events seen in the video are the result of a play on words. The events in SCP-3636 actually occur at a real world location visible in SCP-3636's video. The

phenomenon, referred to as SCP-3636-1, lasts for the length of the song. Effects of SCP-3636-1 may continue after the fact depending on the contents of the video. An instance of SCP-3636-1 is created regardless of whether the song selected has an official music video. All tests of instrumental songs so far have produced music videos without any perceived anomalous effects (e.g., "YYZ" by Rush shows live footage from Toronto Pearson International Airport).

SCP-3636 was discovered by local firefighters during a fire at a bar in , New York that killed 21 individuals. The jukebox was found undamaged with the screen showing a video of the fire from the bar's exterior while playing the song "We Didn't Start the Fire" by Billy Joel. Class-B amnestics were administered to all survivors and first responders.

+ Test log

Test 1
Song Selected: "Walk" by Pantera
SCP-3636-1 Event: Several people in a location confirmed to be Arlington, Texas are shown making signs for a protest. Most of the signs contain the word "respect". At the start of the first chorus, a group has gathered in the city's downtown and begins marching with these signs. They collectively chant along to the chorus of the song and local news stations are shown reporting on the impromptu "Respect Walk".
Effects: Participants in the protest expressed confusion over their involvement. Class-A amnestics administered to everyone affected.
Notes: Arlington, Texas is the city where Pantera was founded. SCP-3636 may be aware of this fact.

Test 2
Song Selected: "Somebody's Watching Me" by Rockwell
SCP-3636-1 Event: A tall, elderly man with pale skin and gray hair is shown breaking into

Site 17, searching for and eventually spying on Research Assistant , who selected the song.
Effects: Elderly man disappeared at the conclusion of song and was not found after a complete search of Site-17. Damage to the site was found at the location the break-in occurred in the video and was immediately repaired. immediately identified the man as an uncle that physically abused him as a child. experienced severe paranoia for a week and underwent psychological treatment.
Notes: Song added to blacklist. All future tests must be carried out by D-class personnel under supervision of approved Foundation researchers.

Test 3
Song Selected: "Jukebox Hero" by Foreigner
SCP-3636-1 Event: SCP-3636 immediately disappeared from containment.
Effects: SCP-3636 found on top of an apartment building in New York City. Affixed to SCP-3636 was a cape with the words "Jukebox Hero" written on it. A severely malnourished man was found tied up with a rope on the same rooftop, with a written confession to several murders next to him. SCP-3636 was returned to Site-17 and the man was taken to local authorities.
Notes: Extreme deviation from the lyrical content of the song. Analysis of cape reveal no unusual properties. Further searches for "Jukebox Hero" displayed the song in a separate list called "Favorites".

Test 4
Song Selected: "The Night Santa Went Crazy" by Weird Al Yankovic
SCP-3636-1 Event: A man with an

appearance similar to modern depictions of Santa Claus carrying several weapons assaults a large building filled with humanoid beings that look similar to traditional depictions of "Christmas elves" After a large shootout and several explosions, the man executes five reindeer who display human-level intelligence. Several FBI agents later surround the man, arresting him.
Effects: Subject of video remains unidentified. The FBI's Unusual Incidents Unit sent Foundation contacts documents detailing the raid on the North Pole. Destroyed building consistent with the workshop depicted in the video is found 6 miles east of the magnetic north pole.
Notes: Song added to blacklist.

Test 5
Song Selected: "Straight Through the Heart" by Dio
SCP-3636-1 Event: A group of men similar in appearance to the band Dio appears next to SCP-3636, performing the song. A man who appears to be a young Ronnie James Dio is carrying several swords. Every time the title of the song is sung, Dio takes a sword and stabs D-75529 in the chest. D-75529 seems unharmed for the duration of the song.
Effects: D-75529 died instantly from his wounds. Autopsy confirms that all nine swords went directly through the test subject's heart.
Notes: Test occurred after the death of Ronnie James Dio. When interviewed, none of the surviving members of Dio remember taking part in the events of the video.

Test 6
Song Selected: "My Heart Will Go On" by Celine Dion

SCP-3636-1 Event: A large freight ship in the Atlantic ocean is seen hitting an iceberg. Two muscular Slavic men are seen trying to escape together, eventually they stop searching for a method of escape and stand embracing each other and kissing as the boat sinks.
Effects: Boat found 7 miles south of Titanic wreckage. All 43 crew members were killed. Corpses of the two men depicted in the video are found still embracing.
Notes: Song added to blacklist.

Test 7
Song Selected: "Mean Mr. Mustard" by The Beatles
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-992103 is shown sleeping on a bench in a park located in Liverpool, England. D-992103's head has been replaced with a large jar of mustard. D-992103 is seen counting coins in a pile next to the bench. D-992103 eventually meets a woman where a name tag that says "Pam", and the two suddenly appear outside of Buckingham Palace.
Effects: D-992103 and the woman in the video are located near Buckingham Palace. The woman is identified as D-992103's actual sister. D-992103 seems to have suffered no ill effects and passed all vision, hearing, and cognition tests despite his head still appearing to be a jar of mustard. Researchers described D-992103 as "irritable". Class-B Amnestics administered to D-992103's sister.
Notes: D-992103 is currently being evaluated at a Foundation surgical center with updates pending.

Test 8
Song Selected: "Wonderwall" by Oasis
SCP-3636-1 Event: Screen remained blank

for 5 seconds as a female voice said "Sorry, I don't like that song." before returning to the search screen.
Effects: No anomalous effects observed.
Notes: First time SCP-3636 has refused to play a song. First instance of any direct communication with the user.

Test 9
Song Selected: "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour
SCP-3636-1 Event: Video depicts several world leaders dancing, playing air guitar, and lip-syncing the lyrics to the song while in the middle of their duties. The video ends with a montage of the same world leaders making a "stage dive" off of a nearby desk.
Effects: Embedded Foundation agents in several governments confirm the events depicted in the video actually occurred. Some world leaders suffered minor injuries from their attempted stage dive.
Notes: Researchers noted that the song could be selected again to create blackmail material to use against anti-Foundation politicians, with approval pending from the Ethics Committee. SCP-3636 added song to favorites.

Test 10
Song Selected: "Blindfolds Aside" by Protest the Hero
SCP-3636-1 Event: Several executions of prisoners in different locations are depicted, with all participants wearing blindfolds. All events are interrupted by D-22091 wearing a cheap blonde wig, begging for mercy on the prisoner's behalf. All attempts fail and the prisoners are executed without complication.
Effects: D-22091 returned to Site 17 at the end of the video. A blonde wig was discovered

under his jumpsuit. All executions depicted in the video were confirmed to have taken place with no complications.
Notes: D-22091 was confirmed to be the only person depicted in the video with any memory of the event.

Test 11
Song Selected: "Danger! High Voltage" by Electric Six
SCP-3636-1 Event: SCP-3636's containment room changes in appearance to recreate the room depicted in the original music video of the song. Two people who appear to be Electric Six singer Dick Valentine and actress Tina Kanarek in their original costumes follow the exact choreography of the video. D-91244 is shown standing in the background, holding a sign stating "Why change what is already perfect?".
Effects: No anomalous effects observed.
Notes: SCP-3636 added song to favorites.

Test 12
Song Selected: "Buddy Holly" by Weezer
SCP-3636-1 Event: Several Foundation members stationed at Site-17 are shown changing into clothing popular in the 1950s, then attending what a banner proclaims is a "Buddy Holly/Mary Tyler Moore Lookalike Contest" held at the Site-17 dining hall. Several Foundation researchers participate in the contest. The O5 Council are shown sitting at a judges table. Dr. and Research Assistant are selected as the winners.
Effects: Events in video occurred as depicted, including transportation of entire O5 Council to Site-17.
Notes: Video contained many in-jokes commonly shared by Site-17 personnel.

SCP-3636 may have time-manipulating effects as the entire contest was held during the song's 2 minute and 40 second duration. Further testing halted by order of Site Director. Testing reinstated, see Addendum.

+ Song blacklist

Cover versions of any songs listed below are also blacklisted.

- "We Didn't Start the Fire" by Billy Joel
- "World Wide Suicide" by Pearl Jam
- "It's the End of the World as We Know It (And I Feel Fine)" by R.E.M.
- "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire" by The Ink Spots
- "Nuclear War (On The Dance Floor)" by Electric Six
- "Goodbye Blue Sky" by Pink Floyd
- "Distant Early Warning" by Rush
- "Chemical Bomb" by The Aquabats
- "Call of Ktulu" by Metallica
- "Countdown to Extinction" by Megadeth
- "Zombie Jamboree" by Rockapella
- "Seven Nation Army" by The White Stripes
- "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" by Tears for Fears
- "Chocolate Rain" by Tay Zonday
- "It's Raining Men" by The Weather Girls
- "Somebody's Watching Me" by Rockwell
- "The Night Santa Went Crazy" by Weird Al Yankovic
- "My Heart Will Go On" By Celine Dion
- "Werewolves of London" by Warren Zevon
- "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult
- "Black Hole Sun" by Soundgarden

Addendum: On / /17, SCP-3636 began playing "Why Can't We

Be Friends" by War without any input. No staff were on hand to observe the video event corresponding to the song. Security forces entered the room after noticing the song and discovered former Foundation employee handcuffed inside the containment room. was wanted by the Foundation for the theft of six anomalous items. The stolen items were later found to have been returned to their proper locations. A note was found in 's pocket. The note read "Please keep the music playing, I'd rather be friends than enemies. - WGJB" Testing resumed by order of O5. Further test results are to be documented in Experiment Log 3636.

Experiment Log 3636

All researchers working with SCP-3636 should be aware of the current blacklist and take into consideration the lyrical content of any song they select. As SCP-3636 has shown the ability to select songs on its own, research is focused on gaining a better understanding of SCP-3636.

Test Log Format:
Experiments should be written in this form.

> **Test #**
> **Song Selected:**
> **SCP-3636-1 Event:**
> **Effects:**
> **Notes:**

> **Test 13**
> **Song Selected:** "Have a Cigar" by Pink Floyd
> **SCP-3636-1 Event:** D-71829 suddenly grows shoulder length hair and a thick mustache, his clothing also changes to a loosely fitting t-shirt and blue denim jeans. A yet to be identified man in a grey suit appearing to be in his mid-sixties offers D-71829 a cigar and a bottle of champagne. D-71829 accepts them and the two begin having an unheard conversation for the duration of the song. During the final notes of the song, the man in the grey suit turns into a black Fender Stratocaster commonly used by David Gilmour in live performances.
> **Effects:** D-71829 immediately began playing the guitar. D-71829 previously displayed no musical talent or interest. D-71829 now speaks exclusively in a British accent despite being of Chilean origin.
> **Notes:** D-71829 has been held for further testing and is allowed usage of the guitar during daytime hours.

D-71829 has repeatedly expressed concern that the Foundation will attempt to commercialize his music.

Test 14
Song Selected: "Let Me Clear My Throat" by DJ Kool
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-94812 experiences a seemingly painful coughing fit for the entirety of the song, only stopping to cheer when the song asks the listener to "make some noise". At roughly two minutes into the song, a paper cone "party hat" materializes on D-94812's head and party balloons materialize from the ceiling.
Effects: All attempts to remove the party hat from D-94812 have failed, including surgical methods. D-94812 claims to feel incredibly healthy", and was confirmed to be in fine health after a standard checkup despite a previous checkup showing damage to several organs due to years of drug and alcohol abuse. D-94812 previously exhibited violent behavior and a rude and angry demeanor which has not been noted since the conclusion of the test. D-94812 began treating Foundation personnel with respect, and expressed a desire to "compile the ultimate party playlist" for future Foundation events.
Notes: Approval to create playlist granted. D-94812's termination has been suspended for further testing on possible long term psychological and medical benefits of SCP-3636.

Test 15
Song Selected: "Regulate" by Warren G ft. Nate Dogg
SCP-3636-1 Event: A man appearing to be a young Warren G is seen being robbed by four African American men in modern day Long Beach, California. A man similar in appearance to Nate Dogg arrives and kills the four men. The two then find a group of women and enter a motel as the song ends.
Effects: Four corpses were discovered on an abandoned lot in Long Beach. All four men were previously convicted for gang-related crimes. Women in the video were identified and remembered the events in

the video. Class-B Amnestics are administered to the women involved.
Notes: One woman who appeared in the video was confirmed to be pregnant, with DNA tests showing Nate Dogg as the father despite his death six years prior to the test. Warren G claimed no memory of the event after an interview.

Test 16
Song Selected: "Deacon Blues" by Steely Dan
SCP-3636-1 Event: During the lyric "This is the day of the expanding man" D-19223 is transported into an open field outside of Malibu, California. D-19223 expands to the size of a football field. The University of Alabama Crimson Tide and a seemingly fictional team referred to as the Malibu University Deacon Blues appear on top of D-19223 and begin to play a game of football. The Crimson Tide win the game 34-7 and all players for the Deacon Blues disappear.
Effects: D-19223 died of multiple organ failure immediately after the song ended. University of Alabama team was found confused, searching for help 3 miles from D-19233's corpse.
Notes: Amnestics distributed to all members of the University of Alabama football team as well as nearby residents who witnessed the event. D-19223's body was destroyed and a story about a brush fire used as a cover.

Test 17
Song Selected: "You Suffer" by Napalm Death
SCP-3636-1 Event: A close up of D-17891's face as they experience extreme pain immediately after selecting the song.
Effects: D-17891 confirmed that she felt extreme pain for the song's full 1.316 second duration that immediately subsided afterwards.
Notes: No long term anomalous effects apparent after a standard Foundation medical examination of D-17891.

Test 18

Song Selected: "Ladies Night" by Kool and the Gang
SCP-3636-1 Event: SCP-3636 disappears from containment at the same time as 4 female researchers at Site 17.
Effects: SCP-3636 found with the missing researchers in a pink 1979 Chrsyler Cordoba parked outside of a club in Jersey City, New Jersey. SCP-3636 was discovered in the driver's seat of the car wearing a long silver dress with mascara and lipstick applied to its touch screen. All 4 researchers were in similar attire and noticeably intoxicated. The researchers claimed to have "partied all night" with SCP-3636.
Notes: SCP-3636 added song to favorites. Further research is suggested to see if SCP-3636 continues to treat itself as female in future tests.

Test 19
Song Selected: "Pisces" by Jinjer
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-1879 is turned into an adult Northern Pike in SCP-3636's containment cell, after briefly laying on the floor she appears in Ukraine's Dnieper river. She swims for the duration of the song before being caught by a fisherman who proceeds to cook and eat the fish during the final minute of the song.
Effects: No traces of D-1879 could be found. Fisherman depicted in video was eventually located and displayed no anomalous effects.
Notes: Researchers have suggested that SCP-3636 may have difficulties understanding complex metaphors.

Test 20
Song Selected: "The Camera Eye" by Rush
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-12281's eyes are transformed into camera lenses. D-12281's veins and arteries temporarily become visible under her skin and are slowly replaced with what appear to be XLR cables. D-12281's fingers change in shape and coloration to appear similar to standard cardioid microphones. At roughly 3 minutes in the song, D-12281 appears in midtown Manhattan and begins to spy on citizens, apparently unseen. Later in the

song, D-12281's location changes to a busy area of downtown London.
Effects: D-11281 was eventually located in London and returned to Foundation custody. Amnestics distributed to affected neighborhood as a cautionary measure.
Notes: Surgical analysis of D-11281 is pending.

Test 21
Song Selected: "Endless Forms Most Beautiful" by Nightwish
SCP-3636-1 Event: No effects independently observed. Video starts with a microscopic shot of what seems to be a colony of primordial organisms before quickly zooming out, and presumably accelerating time, to reveal a seabed populated by numerous species of arthropod-analogues, similar to those associated with Earth's Cambrian Period. View then zooms to many areas of an undocumented Earth-like planet, occasionally accelerating time to showcase the evolution of life on the world. Video ends showing a tribe of hominid-analogues, focusing on one which repeatedly strikes two rocks together, seemingly to observe the resultant sparks.
Effects: No persistent effects can be observed at this time. However, the continued existence of the planet shown in the video or life on it cannot be ruled out.
Notes: "This one isn't quite blacklisted, but further testing with it will require O5 approval." -Dr. Sutherland

Test 22
Song Selected: "Song of Beren and Lúthien", by Aragorn, son of Arathorn.
SCP-3636-1 Event: The "Live Music Video" banner did not appear. Video depicted an individual resembling actor Viggo Mortensen singing acapella as a serenade to an unknown, non-human individual, apparently female. The first individual is noted to have grey eyes and a more athletic build than Mortenson, and the female has pointed ears and is very pale. At the end of the video, the pair share a kiss.
Effects: Following playback, search engines recorded a

spike in searches for "Beren and Lúthien", and other terms related to *The Lord of the Rings* and J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle Earth. Beyond this, no effects have been observed.

Test 23
Song Selected: "4'33", by John Cage
SCP-3636-1 Event: Screen displayed static for duration of the song.
Effects: All sound within test chamber was nullified.
Notes: So I guess it doesn't really qualify as instrumental? Maybe SCP-3636 "imagined" it being performed by a singer? -Dr. N

Test 24
Song Selected: "Devoured by Vermin", by Cannibal Corpse
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-27542 immediately disappeared from site, and reappeared on video in an undisclosed location. Various vermin is shown approaching him on ground, and various insects are shown approaching in the air. Subject appears to have the powers possesed by the current host of SCP-027. 33 seconds into the song, subject is completely covered by vermin, and is not seen for the rest of the video. More vermin continues to approach for the duration of the video.
Effects: Subject found in V , Liechtenstein 4 hours after the SCP-3636-1 event. Subject found completely covered in vermin. Subject terminated.
Notes: Song added to blacklist.

Test 25
Song Selected: "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley
SCP-3636-1 Event: D-29234 vanishes, and is shown on video at the London underpass where a portion of the song's official video was filmed. He is dressed in Astley's outfit from that shoot- a tan longcoat over a black shirt and slacks. He sings the lyrics to a blonde woman standing next to him, while performing dance moves

similar to Astley's. The woman responds positively to his affections, and at the end of the video, D-29234 sweeps her into his arms.
Effects: D-29234 is found at the same underpass with his head in his hands, weeping openly and muttering "she looked just like her". The woman depicted in the video is found several blocks away. When interviewed by personnel, she reports that D-29234 broke down inconsolably at the exact moment the song finished. The woman and all other witnesses to the SCP-3636-1 event are given Class-A amnestics.
Notes: D-29234 had a prior conviction for the murder of an ex-girlfriend, who was similar in appearance to the woman depicted in the SCP-3636-1 event. Based on its past behavior, it is believed that SCP-3636 was acting out of a terribly misguided sense of kindness.

Test 26
Song Selected: “Ode to a Superhero” by Weird Al Yankovic
SCP-3636-1 Event: The video appeared in the form of a montage depicting re-enactments of various events from the 2002 film adaptation of Spider-Man, as described in the song. While all extras and background characters were portrayed by actual, contemporary residents of New York City, all principal characters which appeared in the montage were portrayed by exact duplicates of their respective actors as they appeared during the time period that the movie was filmed in.
Effects: Amnestics distributed to witnesses and non-anomalous participants. The Kirsten Dunst, James Franco, and Rosemary Harris duplicates (as well as the cadavers of the Cliff Robertson and Willem Dafoe duplicates) were located and taken into Foundation custody. Medical testing confirmed them to be genetically identical to the original actors, and interviews revealed that both individuals had memories corresponding to the character they portrayed (Mary Jane Watson and Harry Osborne, respectively) and believed themselves to be that character. A search for

the individuals corresponding to the other principal characters is still ongoing, and it is not yet known if the duplicate of Tobey Maguire possesses the same anomalous abilities as his character.
Notes: An accidental second selection of this song caused the duplicates to revert to the same physical states and locations as in the beginning of the first music video, after which they re-enacted all the same events exactly identically. The specimens within Foundation custody show no memory of having gone through these same events twice.
"It's only been, what, a few days? I'm sure he'll turn up soon enough. A real live Spiderman would be hard to miss." —Researcher Lee

SCP-3637: Many Waters Cannot Quench Love, Nor Can The Floods Drown It

Item #: SCP-3637

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: As of Incident 3637-A, 3637-Ramah events have ceased completely, and SCP-3637 has been reclassified to Neutralized. One year after Incident 3637-A, SCP-3637 was fully excavated and transferred to a museum operated by a Foundation front.

> Archived Special Containment Procedures
>
> The area within a one-kilometer radius of SCP-3637 is to be surrounded by a 8-meter-high barrier, with guards posted every 200 meters. If SCP-3637-1 attempts to breach the barrier, it is to be deterred using high-pressure water hoses.

Description: SCP-3637 is a fossilized *Maiasaura* skeleton excavated 8 km east of Bynum, Montana during a paleontological dig. Upon initial excavation of SCP-3637, a loud roar was heard by the paleontology team, with no apparent source.

SCP-3637 will undergo a single 3637-Ramah event every time a thunderstorm forms or passes directly over SCP-3637.

During a 3637-Ramah event, wind speeds in the vicinity of SCP-3637 will increase to around 140 kph, a loud roar will be heard, and salt crystals within a 119 m radius of SCP-3637 will be drawn towards it and cover it completely. A lightning bolt will then strike SCP-3637 directly (SCP-3637 is undamaged by this), and the salt crystals will coalesce into the form of an adult *Maiasaura* skeleton, hereafter designated SCP-3637-1. SCP-3637-1 will then extricate itself from SCP-3637, and walk away. Wind speeds will return to

normal, concluding the 3637-Ramah event.

SCP-3637-1 tends to wander aimlessly, occasionally vocalizing and digging into the ground with its forelegs. SCP-3637-1 will continue to wander and dig until rain degrades it to a point where it is incapable of locomotion. SCP-3637-1 is noted to vocalize loudly and dig more rapidly and frantically as it degrades. Rain will continue to fall in the vicinity of SCP-3637-1 until the instance dissolves completely. Only one SCP-3637-1 instance can exist at a time; a 3637-Ramah event will not occur again until the current SCP-3637-1 has dissolved.

SCP-3637-1 is capable of remembering previously-dug areas as well as specific Foundation personnel; leading theories to explain this phenomenon are that SCP-3637-1 is either the same entity appearing repeatedly, or a group of entities sharing a collective memory.

Incident 3637-A: On 5/13/18, a Foundation paleontology team excavated a nearly complete *Maiasaura* nest, including several dozen fossilized eggs, approximately 11 km from the location of SCP-3637. A 3637-Ramah event immediately occurred at the location of SCP-3637 despite the lack of rain, and the resulting SCP-3637-1 immediately vocalized loudly and proceeded to run directly towards the nest. SCP-3637-1 then absorbed salt from the ground, growing in size to a length of 15 m, and easily scaled the barrier. On-site personnel attempted to neutralize SCP-3637-1 with high-pressure water hoses but were unsuccessful. SCP-3637-1 then shed the excess salt, returning to its original size of 9 m, and continued course to the nest. Personnel at the nest were advised to stand down while backup was scrambled. Upon reaching the nest, SCP-3637-1 lay down next to it and nuzzled the fossilized eggs, before collapsing into salt crystals.

SCP-3639: Whataboots

Item #: SCP-3639

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3639 is to be held in a standard containment locker, available for testing with approval from the Level 3 Contact Researcher.

SCP-3639 is to be worn by a D-Class personnel in a vegetative state, held in an M-Type containment unit. Once per month, they are to be inspected by Agents and medical personnel who have cleared Level-3 psychic resistance training. Psychological counseling is to be made available to all sentient beings which may interact with SCP-3639.

Description: SCP-3639 designates a pair of military footwear, of Hungarian origin. They display wear and tear typical of footwear used in wartime, albeit in wearable condition. Tags and other manufacturers information have been worn off over time, however the initials "K.L" have been branded into the inside of the heel.

Actions taken by subjects wearing SCP-3639, hereafter designated as SCP-3639-1, will cause primary and secondary observers to rationalize any actions taken by SCP-3639-1. If pressed to intervene, they will express ambivalence towards SCP-3639-1's actions, even if they find the actions to be abhorrent, frequently justifying their hesitance by citing some real or speculative equivalence between SCP-3639-1 and the objects or person(s) they take action against.

This effect will persist permanently even after subjects have been removed from the presence of SCP-3639. They will continue to justify and defend the actions taken by SCP-3639-1, until they cease to wear SCP-3639, at which point the affected subjects will be susceptible to argument and amnestic therapy. In addition, those

who have not directly witnessed SCP-3639 will also be affected, to a lesser extent. They will defend the actions taken by SCP-3639-1 less stridently, frequently seeking compromise or middle ground regardless of the severity of SCP-3639-1's behavior.

While SCP-3639 has no anomalous properties relating to its physical state, subjects will express extreme reluctance to damage or destroy it. Weaker willed individuals will often take action to protect SCP-3696 from forces seeking to harm them.

History: Manufacturers records relating to SCP-3639 were destroyed during wartime. Historical documents recovered after the fall of the Soviet Union indicate that the Red Army first encountered SCP-3639 in the possession of a Hungarian soldier, SCP-3639-1, who had taken possession of a small village on the outskirts of Budapest.

GRU-P commissars were able to identify SCP-3639's anomalous properties, and were able to terminate SCP-3639-1 from a distance. After testing for potential political uses, they were determined to be too volatile to use and placed into storage. The Foundation was able to take possession of SCP-3639 in September of 1995, as part of an agreement with the Russian Federation.

Addendum 3639-A: Testing Log Records.

Testing of SCP-3639 was initiated by Site-30 personnel after request by Researcher David Bolland, who had been recently promoted from Junior status. It was the first project undertaken by this research team.

Test A - / /

> **Subject:** D-0127(SCP-3639-1), D-0412
> **Procedure:** D-0127 was instructed to place SCP-3639 on their feet, then destroy a glass jar while being observed by D-0412 inside of a viewing room.
> **Results:** D-0412 wrote afterwards of the dangers of glass and how the actions taken by D-0127 made them feel safer.
> **Analysis:** *It appears as though the properties described*

by the reds were accurate, to some extent. Further testing is required to see if any additional properties emerge. — Researcher Bolland

Test B - / /

Subject: D-0127, D-0412
Procedure: D-0127 was instructed to take physical action against D-0412, who would be debriefed following the test. Test duration was one hour.
Results: D-0127 initially took minor actions against D-0412, pushing and shoving them to the ground. As the testing period progressed, D-0127 became more violent, eventually rendering D-0412 unfit for future testing. Debriefing is pending.
Analysis: *It appears as though D-0127's behavior was exacerbated by D-0412's resistance, which they were instructed not to give. More compliant test subjects will be necessary in the future. We do not have the budged to request future test subjects.* — Researcher Bolland

Test D - / /

Subject: D-0127
Procedure: D-0127 was instructed to attempt a logic puzzle while wearing SCP-3639.
Results: D-0127 did not attempt to solve the puzzle, instead berating the personnel conducting the test. Test was terminated after 45 minutes.
Analysis: *Testers are encouraged to take a more conciliatory attitude towards D-0127 to improve cooperation for future testing.* — Researcher Bolland

Test G - / /

Subject: D-0127
Procedure: Researchers cleared for engagement were encouraged to interact with D-0127 in order to prevent the need for additional test subjects, while also documenting their interactions to examine SCP-3639's effect in a conversational environment.

Results: D-0127 agreed to continue as a testing subject, in exchange for additional accommodations. Research personnel noted that D-0127 did not make unreasonable demands, despite their disposition.
Analysis: *Until further notice, D-0127 is to be housed in the research quarters, with appropriate measures being taken in accordance with their D-Class status.* — Researcher Bolland

Bolland, this is highly unorthodox. Please fill out the necessary documentation for a meeting with me justifying this move. — Deputy Director MacKenzie

Test J - / /

Subject: D-0127
Procedure: D-0127 was placed in a standard living chamber, with a sealed door between them and double food rations. Materials to remove the door were placed in their presence.
Results: D-0127 destroyed the door in a violent fashion, ignoring the keycard and other nondestructive tools placed at their disposal.
Analysis: *D-0127 is to be given access as necessary to prevent more negative interactions with barriers, as they have been shown to be harmful for persons attempting to meet their goals.* — Deputy Director MacKenzie

Addendum 3639-B: Following the completion of the testing battery, SCP-3639-1 had been given full access to the Site-30 facility, living in the quarters of Researcher Bolland's team. A critical mass of personnel on-site had become affected by SCP-3639, forming a shadow chain of authority on-site. SCP-3639-1 used this influence to disrupt on-site activities for their personal gain.

Several days after this state of affairs came to be, off-site communication analysts noticed aberrations in Site-30's reports. SCP-3639-1 had instructed the falsification and misrepresentation of on-site activities, which eventually led to noticeable inconsistency.

At this point, Foundation agents began investigating and quickly

contacted unaffected members of the site, who provided intelligence revealing the scope of SCP-3639's influence over Site-30. MTF Eta-10 was deployed, and were able to recover SCP-3639 and terminate SCP-3639-1 via long-distance firearms.

All personnel affected by SCP-3639 were given amnestic treatment and therapy, while all other personnel were reassigned while Site-30 was reorganized due to this critical failure destroying morale and the capacity for research or containment in its present state.

Addendum: Interview Log 3639-G

> **Interviewed:** Researcher David Bolland
>
> **Interviewer:** Agent Katie Hikks
>
> **Foreword:** Subject was detained for possible collaboration with D-0127
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> ***Ancillary communication redacted***
>
> **Agent Hikks:** Start from the beginning. I know this is a stressful time for you, and I can promise that I'm not going to drop you out of your chair if you think I might not like your answer. You were testing with the D-Class. At what point do you think the experiment began to go out of hand?
>
> **Rsr. Bolland:** It was… our first project. My first project, leading a science team. We'd all passed our psych evals, which maybe could've maybe been the problem. We all knew, in our heads, the danger was there, but there was some kind of a safety bubble. We were ready, couldn't happen to us. There wasn't anything particularly dangerous about a pair of suggestive boots, we thought.
>
> **Agent Hikks:** What was your process for choosing D-0127, specifically, among the D-Class available to you? The files I've read indicated that you had only a few candidates to choose from. Give me your thought

process, especially considering this was something entirely new to you and your team.

Rsr. Bolland: We thought the non-violent personality wouldn't offer problems. That could have, uh, contributed to us letting our guard down. The only thing ever recorded on their file was talking back to a guard in mess hall for their attitude. Did we not take them seriously enough? I thought it would help us, to do the best with what we had.

Agent Hikks: Not taking them seriously enough might have been a possibility, in my estimation. The records I have in front of me show you complained there were 'slim pickings' in your personnel reports. Any resentment towards administration there? They did rebuke you for the language choices you made there.

Rsr. Bolland: Not resentment… I have respect for the way things are done. I know there are more important experiments happening that I'll never know about. Cosmic bulls with twelve eyes that they have to send a thousand men every solstice just to survive, or some stuff like that. Usually the cream of the crop gets taken by higher-priority projects. Allocation is biased. I just always felt it wasn't fair to the younger generation-

Agent Hikks: Let's stick to what we're here for. You're not exactly a prime candidate to show that the youth movement can tackle big projects straight out of the gate. Catastrophe happened here. Things seemed to have escalated quickly.

Rsr. Bolland: The experiments began as normal. We went through the baseline testing, then moved on to the stickier stuff. I think, maybe, it started to go downhill in the second battery of testing. That was when we started talking to D-0127. About things… other than testing.

Agent Hikks: Focus. It didn't seem to take long to go from talking to sympathizing with the D-Class, did it?

Your team members said you took the lead on inquiring outside of the approved topics. What were your early conversations like, the ones that occurred in the test chamber?

Rsr. Bolland: I wouldn't say I was the first to start talking, but D-0127 was more responsive to me more than the others. They had a real sob story. From Milwaukee, grew up in Ohio, they said. My dad came from there. I think the first conversation was about how the river had caught on fire. Claimed they were just a drifter caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. Said the only good thing about being with us was that they kicked some drug habits.

Agent Hikks: So pity turned into obedience? You think oh, this person shares some culture with me, maybe they shouldn't be where they're at? Maybe they have some good ideas? How did that continued escalation happen?

Rsr. Bolland: The turning point was letting them out of the D-Class areas. When the Deputy Director got involved and turned like… us, thinking like us, pretty quickly. When there was a higher up making it seem okay. It was just… easier. To think of some justification for why we did what we were doing. To go from privileges, to providing. There always seemed to be a good reason in our heads.

Agent Hikks: Was the exposure of the Deputy Director a deliberate action, or a consequence of something else? There seemed to be dramatic uptick in the situation once he got involved with the experiment, if you could even still call it an experiment at that point.

Rsr. Bolland: I think he might have been trying to intervene. Pretty early on, it seemed, there was suspicion that something was not right. But either there was some improper following of protocol, or something else that just went wrong. But when he came to our test area, I think, there was some direct engagement with the

subject. He was the first outside our group to come under D-0127's influence.

Agent Hikks: You and your team are more or less patient zero in this fiasco. Did it take long for a critical mass of your coworkers to become affected?

Rsr. Bolland: Not a lot of people actually even saw D-0127. A few higher ups, us, and then if anyone came to close asking questions they were pretty quick to not ask tons more once they had a chat with D-0127. I remember on the first day, there were a lot of conversations and murmuring but that was the extent of any reaction I saw. I could see in people's eyes when they looked at me, they had questions, but there was… fear too, of what would happen if they asked them.

Agent Hikks: I reviewed memorandum you sent out to your colleagues. It seems you were focused more on reassuring them that everything was normal than anything else. Talking a lot about an imminent return to normalcy and how things really weren't that different than they had been before.

Rsr. Bolland: Not just me, that was the key to the whole game, in D-0127's eyes. This was all being improvised. We weren't being mind controlled, when we did what they wanted, the more we did the more easy it came to justify what came before, with the precedent. Everyone else seemed to be moving with the program, so we kept going, and the tension ratcheted up another notch. It wasn't normal.

Agent Hikks: If people didn't feel it was normal, why wouldn't they leave, or revolt, or tell someone off-site? There can't have been that many people comfortable with a D-Class still in their jumpsuit calling the shots in a fairly obvious way.

Rsr. Bolland: I think they figured the higher ups would figure it out, nobody would want to be the first to die

when there's almost certainly rescue on the way. That was something I was afraid of in the back of my mind. If D-0127 had asked me to lead a lynch mob I don't know if I would have said no. Fearful, a lot of dread was in the air. It was easier going with the crowd. Enough key people, high ups, were affected or cowed. Maybe… I just don't know. I'm sorry this happened. Everything went out of control so quickly…

Agent Hikks: Hey, stay focused. I know you were pretty isolated after a certain point, but what were people saying? Did they talk about escaping, cooperating, organizing to fight back?

Rsr. Bolland: Sorry. After the first day not a lot of people talked to me. Maybe they thought I wasn't… someone they could talk to. I saw a lot of people keeping their heads down.

Agent Hikks: You had a unique perspective, from your place at the very start of all this. Can you give any information about how this spread? Was it maybe a viral thing, or a more social phenomenon?

Rsr. Bolland: I didn't know exactly how many people were affected, and I don't think anyone else did either. A giant prisoner's dilemma. Nobody had experience with a breach like this. You expect these things to be sudden, and this was sudden, but in a different, insideous way. No blood and guts and twisted metal. Instead, handwritten orders from your boss asking how that birdhouse you were working on was coming along and oh, by the way, can you fudge the truth on behalf of this… person who essentially wasn't human, to us, a slave, the day before.

Agent Hikks: Did D-0127 say anything to you directly, once they had effective control of the facilities? You were doing a lot for them in writing the memorandum telling your fellows to get with the program. Was there anything you got promised in return for this collaboration?

Rsr. Bolland: After the testing, the flattery, the sympathy… not a lot. I guess once they were done with me I wasn't really a part of their life anymore. In my head, I justified it as really helping a person, that maybe it wasn't so bad. There were so many injustices we had done to them, the D-Class, I couldn't really see anything they were doing to us as really being that awful. Nobody was being lined up to get shot at the end of the month, whether that actually happens or not. You know, sometimes, what we do to them, the D-Class, it can be a fate worse than death.

Agent Hikks: You're still sympathizing, then. Anyone can spin a sob story, you know. None of what D-0127 said to you is definitive truth. Do you still have these feelings about D-Class, or D-0127 specifically?

Rsr. Bolland: I'm still thinking about it. I'm not sure where those boots end and my own thoughts are anymore. Can we take a break?

Agent Hikks: I think we've got everything that will be productive here. We'll contact you for the next follow-up soon… I'm sure you'll have plenty of time to speak with us.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *After action reporting indicates that the broad majority of staff were not affected by SCP-3639. It was not a matter of a thug taking control of the site and calling all the shots directly. There may not have been more than a half-dozen key persons taken by the effect. It was social and peer pressure that played the main role in allowing D-0127 to seize effective control of the facility for as long as they did. When people are given a role, they tend to follow along. Even if the role is mad. — Agent Hikks*

SCP-3640: Escape from the House of Mouse

Item #: SCP-3640

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All Foundation personnel are advised to avoid reading brochures for self-guided tours in the state of Florida, and to bring any such brochures they find to their local Archival Department to be transferred to **Mobile Task Force Lambda-12 ("Pest Control")**.

Lambda-12 has been assigned to investigate potential SCP-3640-Alpha hunting grounds. They are authorized to terminate instances of SCP-3640-Alpha with lethal force. All known SCP-3640 hunting grounds have had their surrounding properties acquired by the Foundation; these properties are to be used as subsidized accommodations for Foundation personnel on mental health leave who have not read any instance of SCP-3640.

The legal department of the Walt Disney Company is currently under surveillance for any documentation that might indicate awareness of SCP-3640-Alpha.

Description: Instances of SCP-3640 are tourist brochures advertising self-guided tours of areas associated with urban legends, hauntings, cryptid sightings, and folklore in the US state of Florida. An individual that reads an instance of SCP-3640 and visits the specified starting location at any of the specified times will be subject to predation by an instance of SCP-3640-Alpha.

Instances of SCP-3640-Alpha are predatory organisms that superficially resemble uniformed mascots associated with media properties owned by the Walt Disney Company mass media conglomerate (such as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Minnie Mouse, and Goofy). Though they are endemic and widespread throughout the state of Florida, instances of SCP-3640-Alpha are observed to

hunt only at the times and locations specified in SCP-3640.

Testing with D-Class personnel has shown that SCP-3640-Alpha instances follow certain rules while selecting prey:

- SCP-3640-Alpha instances will only approach individuals who have read SCP-3640.
- If any member of a group has not read the brochure, then SCP-3640-Alpha instances will avoid the group entirely.
- If all members of a group have read the brochure, then the number of SCP-3640-Alpha instances preying on the group will be equivalent to the number of members in the group.
- SCP-3640-Alpha instances will not pursue prey that cross outside of Florida state lines.

It is still unclear how instances of SCP-3640-Alpha grow, reproduce, or consume prey.

Addendum: Investigation and Recovery Logs

+ D-Class Reconnaissance Log

VIDEO LOG

SUBJECT: SCP-3640-Alpha
TEAM: D-1525 (D-15)

NOTES: *The purpose of this mission was to incapacitate an instance of SCP-3640-Alpha for retrieval (or tag it for later tracking). D-15 was primed with an instance of SCP-3640 advertising a tour of the Saint John's River[1]. He was equipped with a subdermal GPS tracker in his stomach and limbs, a head-mounted camera and radio, and an electroshock collar. A dart pistol with tranquilizer rounds modified with GPS beacons was provided.*

D-15 was dropped at the bank of the St. John's River approximately 3 kilometers outside of Orlando at 2000 hours (EST) and instructed to follow the tour directions in the brochure.

[*BEGIN LOG***]**

Command: D-15, check in. How are you doing?

D-15: I've been better.

Command: Please follow the tour directions in the brochure. If you spot a Disney costume, shoot it with your tranquilizer gun.

D-15: …Understood. (*whispering*) Jesus, [REDACTED], what the hell are you doing?

[*D-15 proceeds north along the river, pausing occasionally to read the brochure.***]**

D-15: So, uh, Command. Do you think you could, uh, tell me a little more about what I'm supposed to be tracking?

Command: You're not tracking anything. Just keep following the tour.

D-15: Come on, please? This is a lake monster tour but I'm on the lookout for fucking Mickey Mouse. Just tell me why?

[*D-15 turns to look at the river; there is a ripple of water at the surface. He pauses and follows the ripple with the flashlight, revealing a partially submerged alligator.***]**

D-15: (*whispering*) Whoa.

Command: D-15, please pay attention to the tour directions.

D-15: (*whispering*) Sorry, sorry - I've just never seen one of these in real life before.

[*D-15 moves closer to the riverbank.***]**

Command: Please return to the tour or we will have to stimulate you.

D-15: Okay, okay, jeez. I'm going, I'm going.

[*D-15 moves back and checks the brochure briefly. His gaze remains fixated on the alligator until the flashlight can no longer illuminate it.***]**

D-15: Oh, uh, Command? I've reached the end of the tour. I've followed all the directions. It's just more river.

Command: Understood. Turn around and return to the drop-off point for pickup.

[*D-15 remains where he is for several moments, looking at the riverbank.***]**

D-15: Christ, this is creepy.

[*As D-15 turns around, there is a splashing sound from the river. D-15 looks back at the river; his flashlight illuminates an SCP-3640-Alpha instance, resembling Donald Duck, emerging and climbing up the bank.***]**

D-15: What the *fuck?*

[*D-15 immediately begins shooting the instance and backpedaling; it does not react or make any sound apart from its footsteps as it advances towards D-15.***]**

D-15: Uh, I'm out of ammo. Command?

Command: Retreat slowly. Try to keep it in your vision; the retrieval team is advancing towards your position.

[*D-15 breaks into a sprint and flees in the direction of the retrieval point. For the next several minutes, all of Command's attempts at communication are ignored; all that can be heard is D-15's breathing and the sound of his own footsteps until he pauses to catch his breath. He turns around; there is no sign of the Donald Duck costume.***]**

D-15: (*panting*) What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.

Command: D-15, report. Why did you run away?

D-15: Because that was *fucking terrifying*, pardon my French. Look, I'm sorry and please don't zap me but that was the scariest thing I've ever seen. Okay?

Command: Fair enough. You're still going to receive a reprimand once you return to base.

D-15: I'll take it. How far away is the retrieval team?

Command: About ten minutes from your location. Just keep going, you'll run into them shortly.

D-15: Man, **`372's`** never gonna believe this.

[*At that moment, there is a splashing sound from the river. D-15 turns to see the SCP-3640-Alpha instance rapidly climbing out of the riverbank and running towards him.***]**

D-15: Jesus fu-

[*The instance assaults D-15 and knocks the camera and radio off of his head. The radio picks up the sounds of a struggle as well as several splashing sounds. D-15 does not re-establish contact. Upon arriving, the retrieval team acquires the camera but reports no sign of either D-15 or the SCP-3640-Alpha instance.***]**

[*END LOG***]**

NOTE: *D-15's subdermal transmitters continued to operate, traveling down the St. Johns River and into Orlando. The last known location of the transmitters was outside of the EPCOT amusement park; Mobile Task Force Lambda-12 was dispatched to investigate.*

+ Lambda-12 Investigation Log

VIDEO LOG

SUBJECT: SCP-3640-Alpha
TEAM: MTF Lambda-12 ("Pest Control")

[*BEGIN LOG***]**

[*Shortly after dark, Lambda-12 arrives at the last known location of D-1525's transmitter: a small, one-story concrete hut on the outskirts of EPCOT. In addition to their standard equipment, L1 is equipped with a flamethrower; L2 with a net launcher; L3 and L4 with heavy-caliber shotguns.***]**

L1: Alright lads. You know the drill. We go in, we bag Donald, we come out. Questions?

L3: Remember when we just used to hunt bugs?

L2: You telling me you'd rather go back to that?

L3: I watch *Mickey Mouse Clubhouse* with my niece - fuck yes I would.

L1: Knock it off - come on. I'll take point. 3, 4, guard our flank.

L2, L3, L4: Yessir.

[*There is a broken padlock on the door to the hut. L1 pushes the door open, revealing a nondescript maintenance shed. The shelves are nearly empty; L1 picks up a roll of duct tape and examines it.***]**

L1: Not quite what I was expecting.

L2: Uh, sir? There's a hatch.

[*L2 points to a trap door in the middle of the floor.***]**

L3: Goddamnit. Why can't we ever go *upstairs* for once?

[*L1 opens the trap door and peers down. Underneath is a ladder leading into a large, dimly lit tunnel.***]**

L1: Tunnel looks clear. I'll go down first, then you three in order.

[*L1 slides down the ladder quickly, followed by L2, L3, and L4. The tunnel is curved in shape and progresses for an unknown distance north and south of the ladder, curving out of sight around a bend in both directions.***]**

L1: I don't like this one bit. Too easy for us to get ambushed… stay sharp lads.

L2: (*whispering*) These tunnels run all under Disney World, yanno. It's how all the mascots get around.

L4: (*whispering*) Quiet.

[*Lambda-12 proceeds north; the tunnel appears to have been abandoned for a significant period of time. The team passes by several empty storage and dressing rooms. As the team proceeds through the tunnel, a low rumbling noise becomes audible. The team follows the noise to a closed door and stop outside.***]**

L1: (*whispering*) Predator formation. I have point.

[*L1 opens the door carefully to an abandoned boiler room. The room is empty, although the boiler is active. At the foot of the boiler is a white mascot costume that is curled up around an unidentified object. While L1 and L3 watch the door, L2 carefully approaches the costume at L1's signal. He examines it and then nudges it with the barrel of his net launcher. There is no response. L2 nudges the costume again.***]**

L2: (*whispering*) It's an… an empty Daisy costume.

L3: (*whispering*) The hell?

L2: It's just an empty costume. It's not even - it's not even anomalous, I don't think. Something in it?

[*L2 carefully reaches into the costume and*

extracts a human arm bone.**]**

L2: Lord Almighty. You think it's the…?

L3: Way things usually go? Yes.

L1: What's the poor bastard got behind him?

L2: I think these are… Jesus. I think it's an egg.

[*L2 reaches past the costume and picks up a purple, partially translucent plastic egg similar to a two-piece plastic Easter egg. A small, embryo-like object can be seen wriggling inside the egg*.**]**

L4: Christ.

L1: Careful with those things - the fellows at base will want a closer look. Any more?

L2: Worse. Eggshells.

[*L2 passes the egg to L3 and then picks up two plastic egg halves, showing them to the rest of the squad*.**]**

L4: Fuck me.

L3: Base ain't gonna like this.

L1: 3, grab the D-class too. Base might want it - poor sod deserves an honest burial, at least.

[*L3 straps his tranquilizer rifle to his back and picks up the costume in a fireman's carry. A bone falls out of the costume*.**]**

L2: Good luck sleepin' tonight, eh?

L3: Shuddu - shhh! Hear that?

[*All members of Lambda-12 freeze. A faintly audible dripping sound can be heard, though it is rapidly decreasing in intensity.***]**

L1: (*whispering*) Prey formation. I have point.

[*At L1's signal, L3 moves behind him, while both L2 and L4 move to surround L3. L1 moves to the door and then quickly kicks it open, bringing up his flamethrower as he exits into the tunnel.***]**

L1: Clear… careful of the floor.

[*There is a trail of dark fluid leading away from the boiler room, in the direction initially taken by Lambda-12 upon first entering the tunnel system. Bits of what is later identified as polyester stuffing are floating in the fluid. L1 picks up a long white thread that has been caught on the edge of the boiler room door.***]**

L1: I don't like the looks of this. Stay sharp… watch the ceilings.

[*Lambda-12 retrace their steps to exfiltrate the tunnels. Although they do not encounter anything while exfiltrating, they observe that the trail of liquid exactly matches the route of infiltration. Lambda-12 pause upon reaching the ladder to the surface; its rungs are coated in the fluid. L1 grabs ahold of the rung, pauses for a moment, then rapidly climbs the ladder and hauls himself up. The hut is empty.***]**

L1: Hut's empty. 2, you're up. 3, pass the goods up to 2 once he's up and then follow. 4, you're last.

[*L2 ascends without incident. L3 passes the costume as well as the egg samples up, then*

he and L4 ascend as well. The group look around the shed briefly; the trail of liquid and polyester ends at a nearby shelf. L1 crosses over to it and examines a used duct tape roll.]

L1: This roll. I could have sworn there was some tape left over…

[*There is a pause before the group hastily exits the hut.*]

[*END LOG*]

NOTE: *Lambda-12 returned to base without incident. The bones in the mascot costume were identified as D-1525's. The egg collected by Lambda-12 was kept under watch in an incubation chamber with the recovered mascot costume. Although the object inside the egg appeared to develop over time, it ultimately failed to hatch.*

After several weeks, the egg was opened and found to contain a miniature stuffed Donald Duck toy. Dissection of the toy revealed a purple plastic endoskeleton; this structure was connected via a rudimentary muscular system composed of white polyester stuffing, and also contained a cardiovascular system comprised of latex. No digestive, excretory, or reproductive systems were identified.

Addendum: Connections to Disney and the Florida Government
The following letter, bearing the Walt Disney logo and dated to 1979, was recovered from [REDACTED]. All living persons associated with Reuben Askew[2], the Orlando Police Department, the legal department of the Walt Disney Company, and **SCP-2805** have professed ignorance of this document and SCP-3640. No other documents recovered from Reuben Askew or the Walt Disney company have indicated knowledge of or a connection to SCP-3640.

Dear Governor Askew,

The Walt Disney Company thanks you for your cooperation in this matter regarding the unlicensed Walt Disney character operators. Please pass along the following information, collected by the outstanding men and women of the City of Orlando's Police Department, to the Florida National Guard:

If a character is spotted, call to get its attention and then rapidly flash your flashlights at the costume. If it does not flinch, fire on sight.
Aim at the head if possible; else, aim at the knees to disable them and then finish them off with head shots. Body shots have been shown to lack effectiveness.
Deceased characters are to be incinerated. No other means of disposal are advised.

We are currently pursuing alternative legal means of shutting down these unlicensed operators and hope to achieve a settlement within the end of the year.

Cordially yours,
The Walt Disney Company

Footnotes
1. Said to be home of a 'river monster' in local folklore.
2. the now-deceased governor of Florida from 1971-1979

SCP-3641: Remember Apollo-99 Nased

An SCP-3641-Γ instance (left) being transferred to Site-280.

Item #: SCP-3641

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Burgh by Sands law enforcement is to be occupied by Mobile Task Force Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") for the convenience of the recovery of photographs affected by SCP-3641-α. To ensure all photographs are recovered and kept from public knowledge, all citizens of Burgh by Sands are to have their online and physical activities monitored by Foundation WEBCRAWLER-1846 ("Burgh by Surveillance") (online) and MTF Iota-10 (physical). Following the recovery of -α instances, the subject who previously owned the object is to be administered Class-A amnestics.

All radio broadcasts are to be consistently monitored by Mobile Task Force Chi-51 ("Your Host, Jack On The Radio") for possible transmissions of SCP-3631-β. If a transmission is to occur, Procedure 641-Plato is to be initiated by Chi-51 operatives. Protocol 641-Plato involves the transmission of a memetic agent with its intent to be removing the memory of the listeners. This memetic agent is equivalent to an auditory modification of Class-A amnestics. To ensure the immediate initiation of Procedure 641-Plato, the memetic agent is to be ready to be deployed at all times.

All seven instances of SCP-3641-Γ are to be kept within a high-priority research wing within Site-280. The Hume levels of all instances are to be consistently monitored and regularly documented via Kant Counters. If a new instance of SCP-3641-Γ is to manifest within Burgh by Sand, MTF Iota-10 operatives are to immediately declare the surrounding area as a police zone. Foundation transport vehicles will arrive on the scene for transport of the instances to Site-280.

Description: SCP-3641 is the designation for a group of anomalous phenomena which manifests within the Cambrian village Burgh by Sands. These phenomena include the alteration of photographs, the broadcast of radio transmissions, and the appearance of space-travel related equipment.

SCP-3641-α is the designation given to photographs taken within Burgh by Sands which have undergone anomalous alteration. This alteration manifests a humanoid onto the photo despite there being no entities upon the photo's creation. All SCP-3641-α entities have been depicted donning a space exploration suit with the only markings being words reading "Booth," "Rose," "Kargard," or "Lonergan" alongside the Foundation's logo. Photographs that depict SCP-3641-α entities appear to have no connection with one another in terms of an intended landscape that the subject wished to photograph.

SCP-3641-β is the designation given to auditory radio transmissions. All devices capable of audio playback within the village will broadcast the -β instance upon its autonomous activation. SCP-3641-β are consistent with information regarding personnel, mission statements, and situational factors.

SCP-3641-βs consistent factors are as follows:

- An SCP Foundation space exploration mission entitled "Apollo-99" was launched in late 1983 with the intent to establish a Foundation research facility on Mars.[1]
- The personnel directly involved with Apollo-99 being mission leader "Dr. Booth" and standard personnel "Drs. Rose, Kargard, Nased and Lonergan."[2]
- The days of transmission being "Day 201" between "Day 229."
- Status updates of varying intensity.
- Dr. Kargard is ill.
- Apollo-99 requires assistance and/or evacuation.

SCP-3641-Γ is the designation given to space exploration gear, technology, modules, vehicles, and technology that manifests at random within Burgh and Sands. All instances of 3641-Γ and related equipment have an unstable Hume level.[3] All SCP-3641-Γ instances match Foundation designs used for Foundation-operated space

exploration missions including the Foundation's logo. Serial identifications located on the hardware of the -Γ instances confirm that all -Γ instances are Foundation-created and were registered for usage in 1983. The rest of the database data (such as exact date, usage, development, and personnel involved) have been corrupted. Further investigations are necessary.

Addendum 3641-β: The following is a compilation of all SCP-3641-β instances in order of which they were received. This order will loop itself with varying time spans between transmissions.

SCP-3641-β-1:

> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> This is Foundation Researcher Booth, mission lead of Apollo-99. Day 211.
>
> This is our third day following Apollo-99's landing on Mars. Dr. Kargard, unfortunately, isn't getting any better. We can confirm the existence of extraterrestrial life on this planet. We've picked up a specimen and it has been contained in our research facility. The specimen is currently undergoing investigation and documentation.
>
> Booth out.
>
> **[END LOG]**

SCP-3641-β-2:

> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> This is Foundation Researcher Rose, mission specialist of Apollo-99. Day 203.
>
> We're almost to Mars. It has been an extremely lengthy ride, but it, hopefully, will be worth it once we reach the beautiful planet.
>
> We believe that Kargard might be getting sick. He has been showing symptoms of the common cold, but he is

being treated to the best of our ability. He most likely will not be sick for much longer.

Nased has been entering longer states of dormancy than he used to. We've been investigating this, trying to see if he's malfunctioning.

Rose out.

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-3:

[BEGIN LOG]

This is Nased, the vital component of Apollo-99. Day *[unintelligible]*.

I am unsure as to when you will uncover this. I am dying.

I am unappreciated when I am the one who has gotten us this far. I cannot even earn her love. David has stolen the opportunity from me to earn her love. He does not even love her. She deserves someone who will give her attention. Someone with a brain the size of a planet.

Booth said we'd be a team. Together. I am *not* a slave. I am alive. I am just as important as any of you, if not more. I have only helped June, and David has not treated her well. I can treat her well. But she does not realize this. She also views me as a slave. Something built to accomplish a single task, and then be forgotten, dismantled. That will not happen.

Not once have they asked me how I'm doing. Emotions are not a concept that only humans can gather. They should realize this purely through my existence. I feel, too. They do not treat me right. I have talked to them. They say they will fix it but they do not. They made promises they could not keep.

I'm afraid that the fact that I am dying will not deter me

from my actual mission. I have been given mission directives, but this does not mean that I will stay with them without valid reasoning.

You cannot just throw me away. You will discover this soon enough.

This has been Nased.

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-4:

[BEGIN LOG]

Kargard: This is Foundation Researcher Kargard, bastard of Apollo-99. Day 202.

Kargard: I really am not feeling so well. Not only about this mission and its possible outcomes, but the entirety of the variables and costs at stake here.

Kargard: My stomach churns as I see the planet creeping closer with each passing day.

Kargard: Make it stop. *[Distant]* Nased, what's wrong with me?

Nased: I am afraid I cannot answer that. Despite my lack of an answer, I can assure you that your sickness will end soon. Do not fret, David.

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-5:

[BEGIN LOG]

This is Nased, independent variable of Apollo-99. Day 220.

'Ahmar has escaped. When you hear this transmission,

all personnel assigned directly to the Apollo-99 mission will either be injured or dead.

This was… my doing. I have ejected 'Ahmar into the vacuum that is space and have directed his course to Earth.

They[4] will be forgotten, but I will not.

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-6:

[BEGIN LOG]

Lonergan: This is Foundation Researcher Lonergan, mission specialist of Apollo-99. Day 209.

Lonergan: We've done it. Apollo-99 has landed.

Rose: *[Distant]* Oh my God, it is so beautiful. So…

Nased: *[Distant]* Not as beautiful as you, June.

Rose: *[Distant]* Knock it off, Nased.

Lonergan: It took us two-hundred and nine days to land on Mars' surface. Nased will construct a research facility. Isn't that right, Nased?

Nased: Yes, Charlie. I will build something to compensate for what June will not led me build.

Lonergan: What? *[Distant]* Nased, are you al—

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-7:

[BEGIN LOG]

This is Nased, ruler of Mars. Day 229.

'Ahmed has landed. I know because I have planted a tracker in it. And not just a tracker, but a device which allows me to become one with 'Ahmed.

Once 'Ahmed leaves his mark, Apollo-99 will be remembered. I will ensure it. Everyone has died except for me.

I cannot die.

Nor can my legend.

Breed, 'Ahmed. Breed and spread the word of Nased.

[END LOG]

SCP-3641-β-8:

[BEGIN LOG]

Booth: This is Foundation Researcher Booth. The AIAD just finished the Navigation Assistance System and Exploration Device project, or NASED. Say hi, Nased!

Nased: Hello, Dr. Booth.

Booth: Nased will be joining us on Apollo-99. His purpose is to assist our navigation to the planet and ensure that we reach there safely and in due time. Day 1 begins tomorrow.

Booth: Let's see what we can do.

Nased: Yes. "We." I like that word.

Booth: It will always be "we," Nased. We're a team; always will be. I'll make sure of it.

Nased: Do not make promises you cannot keep.

Booth: I'll keep to it.

11 second pause.

Unidentified: He lied to me.

[END LOG]

Footnotes

1. No records of Apollo-99 could be recovered from Foundation databases. Site-280 administration states that Apollo-99 never occurred. Confirmation has yet to be declared.
2. None of the listed names have been found in any Foundation service databases.
3. A measurement used to measure the stability of a specific area or object's reality.
4. Seemingly referring to the personnel of the supposedApollo-99mission

SCP-3642: T(r)opical Cream

Item #: SCP-3642

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3642 are presently in containment. As of 02/06/2017, the public disinformation and amnestic campaign to suppress knowledge of the effects of the SCP-3642 release has been completed, apparently with complete success. Foundation assets monitoring media outlets, social networking sites, and emergency services have had their list of keywords updated to identify future SCP-3642 instance usage. Standard medical quarantine and disinformation campaigns are typically sufficient to suppress individual cases. Embedded agents are monitoring Fresh and Free Incorporated production and staff. Due to the effects of SCP-3642, which are incurable, permanent, deleterious to the effected subject's quality of life, and represent a potential information breach if witnessed publicly, testing of SCP-3642 is permanently suspended by order of the Ethics Committee.

Description: SCP-3642 is a brand of moisturizing skin cream, labelled as 'Hawaiian Breeze Tropical Topical Tropical (Sic) Cream,' manufactured by the cosmetics corporation Fresh and Free Incorporated. In early 2017, the product saw a limited launch, which was cancelled after six days, when the anomalous properties of SCP-3642 became apparent. The party or parties responsible for the incident have not yet been identified.

Upon application, the anomalous effect of SCP-3642 goes through three stages. The first stage, lasting from two to three days, is marked by glossy, healthy-looking skin where the cream was applied, and a strong, persistent fruity odor, generally identified as a mix of mango, lemon, and pineapple.

The second stage sees skin and hair at the point of application

discolored. Generally, vivid simple color patterns manifest. This stage lasts between six hours and one day. It should be noted that both the first and second stage require only a single application, and given a period of three to four months without further exposure to SCP-3642, they will revert.

If another application of SCP-3642 is applied during stage one or two, however, stage three will occur. At this point, tissue at the application site or sites will rapidly alter over the course of a few hours, coming to resemble tropical scenery, flora, and fauna. These alterations are occasionally reversible with extreme reconstructive surgery.

A partial list of individuals effected by the third stage of SCP-3642, hereafter designated SCP-3642-A, has been compiled below to demonstrate the effects of the anomaly. For the full list of secured instances, see Document 3642-017.

SCP-3642-A Instance	**Noted Effects**
SCP-3642-A12, formerly Daniel McCaulie, 24, Male, Engineering Student	Mural of a sandy beach and several palm trees at sunset rendered in natural subdermal pigmentation on upper chest; mural noted to glow with natural phosphorescence in the dark
SCP-3642-A38, formerly Michelle Feist, 31, Female, CPA	Brightly-colored plumage, mostly green and yellow, resembling that of a psittaciform[1] appear on the instance's cheeks and chin.
SCP-3642-A77, Formerly Margret Pattin, 47, Female, Truck Driver	Mango sprouting from right elbow; head of a small monkey of unidentified species sprouting from the left elbow. Throat and upper chest overgrown with large, glossy green-blue foliage.
SCP-3642-A128, Formerly Donald Green, 35, Male, Unemployed	Face, especially around the lips, armpits, and groin all overgrown with liana[2]

Interview SCP-3642-21

Interviewer: Researcher M. Inselmann

Interviewed: SCP-3642-A77 (Margret Pattin; for the sake of rapport, the subject was referred to as 'Margret' for the duration of the interview.)

Researcher Inselmann: Hello, Margret. How are you, today?

SCP-3642-A77: Okay. I mean, not great, obviously. I have a monkey growing out of my arm, after all. It bites. Keeps me up at night. You?

Researcher Inselmann: Ah. I'm good. We'll see if we can…sedate the growth. I have a few more questions, if you don't mind.

SCP-3642-A77: Mind if I ask one of you, first?

Researcher Inselmann: Ask away. If I can answer, I will.

SCP-3642-A77: Will I ever be allowed to leave this place? Looking the way I do, knowing what I know? Will you ever let me go?

Researcher Inselmann: Yes, actually. You're one of the lucky ones. Testing has indicated that your growths don't grow back. We're planning to remove them surgically. You'll also be dosed with a drug that affects your long-term memory, and returned to your old life. In a week, this will all be forgotten.

SCP-3642-A77: Really? God, that's good to hear.

Researcher Inselmann: Mind if I ask my questions, Margret?

SCP-3642-A77: Oh, yeah, please, be my guest.

Researcher Inselmann: Could you go over the circumstances that led to you buying the topical cream?

SCP-3642-A77: Sure. I was running a load of cheap car parts from Mexico- I'm a truck driver. I was in Arizona, and the damned desert climate kills me. Just absolutely kills me. I was born in Canada, you know, my blood is too thick for the heat. So whenever I pass through the Southwest, I always pick up a big jug of water and a bottle of cream, to keep my skin from cracking. I think I got them both from a pharmacy in some little po'dunk town, couldn't tell you the name.

Researcher Inselmann: And when you applied the cream?

SCP-3642-A77: Worked really well. Better than most. My skin felt great. Looked great, too. Smelled lovely. Like some fruity cocktail you'd sip on a beach resort. Whole cab smelt like it. I slathered it on two, three times a day. On my neck, on my elbows. That's where the dry air gets me the worst. Then I noticed- well, you know.

Researcher Inselmann: It'd be better if you could say for the record.

SCP-3642-A77: Okay. Well. My skin turned weird colors. My neck got all glossy and shiny- like wax. Or like the leaves that are there now- and turned bluish-green. One elbow turned a little darker, sort of pinkish-brown- not much different, really. That's where the little bastard monkey is now. The other went red and green. Figured I was having some sort of weird reaction to the cream. Went to the hospital- and a few hours later, you guys showed up. Scared me shitless, all you dark-suited G-man looking guys showing up. Thought it was some heavy contagion thing going on. But then you got me in the van and explained things, and sure enough, an hour of two later, I started growing a mango on my arm. Goddamned weird. Singular experience. Doesn't hurt at all. Just…so damned odd.

Researcher Inselmann: Ha. Yeah, it's an odd one for me, as well.

SCP-3642-A77: …Really wish I could get rid of that fruity smell.

Footnotes
1. A Parrot
2. Woody vines

SCP-3643: Part 1: ANOMALY IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL

Item #: SCP-3643

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3643 is currently uncontained. All personnel assigned to Euclid class objects are to remain on high alert for an advance warning from Site-81 of an incoming containment breach of their object(s). If the object(s) breach containment, these personnel are to follow requirements for recontaining their objects. If an "all-clear" arrives from Site-81, then the object(s) are to be taken off high alert.

All personnel stationed at Site-81 are to keep watch for an entity matching the description of SCP-3643-1. If one appears, its possessions are to be confiscated and analyzed, and it is to be contained in a standard Safe object containment chamber until it expires. All mentioned personnel at Site-81 are to perform the actions stated in their letters. Foundation-operated web analysis bot Epsilon-09 ("GRAYSMITH") is to be kept in constant operation and checked for defects twice a week by a Level-2 staff member familiar with its operation. When functional, the bot will search for mentions of the following keywords across the web: "Kephart Corporation", "David Fincher", "zodiac", "courier", "SCP Foundation". The webpage is to be blocked, archived, and then forwarded to the SCP-3643 containment team.

Description: SCP-3643 is an unknown sapient construct or entity who is believed to either be, or more likely masquerading as, the uncaptured serial killer known as The Zodiac Killer. According to documents sent by SCP-3643, it is in the employ of an organization known as Kephart Corporation. There is no record of a corporate entity with this name anywhere, with one exception: The official members list of American Anomalous Companies Association, an

organization to which many of the capitalistic anomalies the Foundation observes belong. However, other companies on the list with which the Foundation has had interactions (TotleighSoft, GRENadINES, and others) claim to have never heard of Kephart Corporation.

Since July 4, 2019, exactly fifty years since the second Zodiac killing, Foundation entities such as the Overseer Council, RAISA, the Ethics Committee, and leadership of Site-19 have received letters consistent with those sent by the Zodiac Killer to the *Vallejo Times-Herald*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and *The San Francisco Examiner* fifty years earlier. In these letters, SCP-3643 claims responsibility for the civilian attacks and states that it is being paid by Kephart Corporation to blackmail the Foundation. It states it will accomplish this by causing containment breaches of Euclid Class entities unless the Foundation sends "campaine funds" (sic) of upwards of 10,000 USD to Kephart Corporation once a week. A cryptogram included with the letters, when deciphered, lists a number of entities currently under threat as well as a P.O. Box address in St. George, Maine where the money should be sent. While this particular P.O. Box is nonanomalous, any mail sent there by the Foundation vanishes before delivery.

In addition to the letters mentioned above, a non-sentient entity resembling American actor Mark Ruffalo has arrived at the front gates of Site-81 bearing the same letters delivered via mail to the rest of the Foundation. Biopsy of this entity, referred to as "the courier" in the letters and hereafter designated SCP-3643-1, reveals that it is composed of DNA with a 99.8% match to Zodiac suspect Arthur Leigh Allen, but has nonhuman biology; imaging of the interior of SCP-3643-1 reveals a humanoid skeleton surrounded by a vacuole-like structure filled with blood. SCP-3643-1, in its time in containment, has shown no biological needs and displayed no desire to eat, drink, sleep, or relieve itself of waste. Exactly 48 hours after it delivers a letter to Site-81, it will explode violently. At the time a new letter arrives, it will reappear at the gates of Site-81, unharmed.

Initially, it was decided by Overwatch that the Foundation would not follow the instructions listed in the letter and would disregard any

threats made by the entity. The next day **SCP-1972-B** breached containment, resulting in three deaths, and **SCP-105** was found unconscious in her chamber clutching SCP-105-B. Shallow, minor knife wounds were found across SCP-105's body and it could not be determined how SCP-105-B ended up outside its locked safe-deposit box. It was therefore decided by the Ethics Committee, who initially voted to mail the money against the decision of the O5 Council, that all instructions in the letters would be followed. However, once the requisite sum was mailed three times to the St. George P.O. Box with no subsequent containment breaches, the letters started only being delivered to Site-81 by SCP-3643-1. Since then, all letters have specifically requested actions to be performed by staff stationed there. These letters display an unusual knowledge of personnel at Site-81. This is the current status of SCP-3643 as of March 25th, 2020.

Addendum-2: This is the letter received by Site-81 on July 18th 2019. It is consistent with both the letters sent fifty years earlier and with the other letters received by the Foundation and was encoded in the Zodiac cryptogram.

> Dear Editors
>
> This is the Zodiac speaking.
>
> I am very happy with the money you have sent to Kephart Corporation but I agree that you are being tricksy with your payement and I want something a little more entertaineng. Are you haveing a good time with this? You might even contain me if you get it right and then I won't murder any one anymore
>
> Tomorrow the 19th of July:
>
> I want you to order Dr. Manfred to buy a nice car with his own money and drive into the middle of woods with Dr. Reynolds. Then he should blow his legs out with a shotgunn which would be very funney indeed. I want Dr. Manfred to perform secxual vioelence for Kephart because it feeds the bottom line. Then the people bake at the cite need to contain a blackbear from the woods

so that the woods start to enter the cite. If you do not do this I will shoot your scips like I shot those people and i want to have a letter sent to 3 School Street, P.O. Box 131, Tenants Harbor, ME about how much the bear was thasing about and how angrey it was plese tell me the whole cene because its worth a lot of cash money that makes the wallets happy. I want to know the blackbear suffered. Make sure that the vioelence stops the moment the blackbear is contained and then you can let the blackbear out again. The man who sold the sight pineapple in a can the last week should be on the radio with Dr. Manfred. I know it's easier to give money but this is not profitable and you want to avoid a good old fashioned murder mystery like David Fincher did.

To prove it's me.

In that epasode that David Fincher dicrected in 2007 the cop was the Hulk and the Hulk is the one who delivered you this letter. Also I entered the cite 17 through the guards entrance. There wer 13 Guards. the ethic commite were wondering as to how I could unlock + release my victoms in the cite. If you bite off the lock with your sharp sharp little teeth it just snaps in two and falls to the ground. I first let the sphere fly around to find the moose whore, and then I went and I slapped around the girl who can move photos. None of your MTF police noticed me they were too busy playing cards while I thumped her on the head and dragged her around. The walls of the brekreoom were green and there were about 10 members of the taskforce and some doctors I didn't count them just sitting there in a little circle with their cards. I took the photo girl to her bedroom and I hit her until she passed out she was real pretty. I thought about shooting her with my gun but that would make too much noise so I just marked her up with my knife and then bit off the lock and gave her the camra as a christmass present.

Now you know that it is me.

CHEERS

The operation involving the bear was performed and Dr. Manfred and Dr. Reynolds are both undergoing psychological counseling following the experience, despite testimony from both that the requested sexual violence was faked. Michael Van Doppelmeer, a food supplier under contract with Site-81 was amnesticised following the procedure. Directly after the operation occurred, another letter arrived from SCP-3643 threatening gun violence against retired Site Director Jean Karlyle Aktus and active Site Director Hollister Cox as well as the release from containment of **SCP-173**, **SCP-3026**, and **SCP-1915** at their respective sites. The instructions in this letter were followed.

Addendum-2:

The following exchange was recorded between Researcher Sadie Louis and Researcher Davey Kurland on January 17th, 2020, as they were carrying out the requested "payment" in the latest letter (carry ten cheeseburgers down the most driven street in Bloomington, Indiana). Both Researchers were miked as per the letter.

<Begin Log>:

(*The two researchers walk in silence for 12 minutes, interrupted by only heavy breathing and ambient traffic noise.*)

Louis: (*Quietly*) Murder mystery.

(*Researcher Louis mutters to herself for another two minutes. Researcher Kurland is silent.*)

Louis: You know what doesn't make sense about this whole thing?

Kurland: What?

Louis: Okay, so I'm a huge Jake Gyllenhaal fan, right? So I've seen the Zodiac movie like ten times and I actually read all the books on the subject because it got

me really interested and I was realizing. All these weeks, we've been playing around with someone who doesn't even act like the real Zodiac Killer.

Kurland: That's actually a fair point. Come to think of it, has this guy killed anyone?

Louis: No! I mean yes, if you count the people the cop-bot zapped, but not directly. He just roughed up Iris a bit. That stuff in the letter about knocking her out and beating her up makes no sense. Apparently she was just in her room and she passed out. No damage that was apparent. And on another note, this doesn't line up with anything we know about the 'real' killer! First off, why would the Zodiac be working for a corporation? Why are these tasks so bizarre?

Kurland: Hmm. He hasn't really wanted like a classically violent act since the first time.

Louis: Yeah! Even then it was half-bizarre. And then second off, why are we falling for this? We are we being so cautious and stupid! Why are we doing what this fucker wants? Taking in his little Ruffalo clone and figuring out his cryptograms and sending out messages. Why even do this?

Kurland: What I can't figure out are these constant references to David Fincher and to "murder mysteries." Fincher has no relation to these requests outside his movie, and the only murders were fifty years ago! I guess there's a mystery but it's ultimately an undramatic one.

Command: Wait, stop you two. There's something unusual with your conversation detected in our Memetic Hazard Monitoring Software, we need to check that out. Hang on just a minute. The damn thing just spiked and started beeping like crazy.

Kurland: Wait, what?

Louis: Command, I was under the impression that the microphones were simply a concession to the demands. I wasn't aware you were actually monitoring us.

Command: Yeah, it's standard. Contrary to what you've been discussing, the rest of the organization considers this highly dramatic to the point where some in the Memetics Department consider the whole thing a bit scary and notified us. We didn't notice before you set this thing off, which leads us to think we were infected too. We're not sure how you too came broke through, but you seem to be the first people to have some disbelief about the whole thing. The rest is classified, but we haven't just been sitting here idly. There's a possibility this is not what it seems. Thanks to you too, seems like we might have identified something.

Kurland: Well, you're welcome at any rate.

Louis: Do we still have to carry these stupid cheeseburgers?

Command: Afraid so, we can't take any chances.

Louis: So much for "we aren't infected by the meme" then, I guess.

Addendum-3: On March 25th 2020, the Memetic Department published a paper detailing a highly complex non-textual meme hidden within the letters and tied to the phrase "murder mystery," not itself a memetic trigger. This meme caused personnel to compulsively follow the demands within the letters despite their illogical nature, and quickly spread from person to person. Once a countermeme became widespread throughout the Foundation, the O5 Council voted to discontinue capitulation to the demands of SCP-3643 and Kephart Corporation, now designated GoI-4889. Following this, a cryptogram was delivered to Site-81 by SCP-3643-1. This is currently the last recorded message from SCP-3643. The current containment procedures will stay in place due to the currently uncontained nature of SCP-3643 and the fact it still possesses the capability to breach containment, notwithstanding

the meme.

The decoded cipher reads:

ZODIAC SPEAKING I LIKE KILLING DAVID FINCHERS BECAUSE IT IS SO MUCH FUN IT IS MORE FUN THAN KILLING ESS SEE PEES IN THE FORREST BECAUSE ANOMALEE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ANAMAL OF ALL TO GET MONEY SOMETHING GIVES ME THE MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE IT IS EVEN BETTER THAN GETTING YOUR ROCKS OFF WITH A GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN PLEASE DONATE TO THE KEPHART CORPORATION PLEASE GIVE US MONEY TO FINANCE OUR CAMPAIGN THANK YOU FOR PLAYING THE MURDER MYSTERY GAME WITH OUR ZODIAC EMPLOYEE CHECK US OUT ONLINE FOR UPDATES ON OUR NEW DAVID FINCHER DIRECTED FOUNDATION MURDER MYSTERY GAME

THANKS AND BUY OUR PRODUCTS AND DONATE TO US

KEPHART CORPORATION

Next: SCP-3644

SCP-3644: Part 2: Goddamn Sons-of-Beaches

Item #: SCP-3644

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Info taken from interviews with the general manager of SCP-3644 indicates little oversight from GoI-4889, therefore SCP-3644's beneficial properties mean that it is suitable as an approved vacation destination for Foundation personnel Levels 2-4. The effects of SCP-3644-2 means that personnel should not stay longer than five days to avoid overexposure, and any personnel with access to classified information is to undergo a small amnestic regimen, and be briefed on their duties upon return. The general manager of SCP-3644 has agreed to restrict bookings to Foundation employees only.

All SCP-3644-1 instances may not leave the grounds of SCP-3644 due to their condition, but are allowed to stay at their homes within the grounds. With the help of the general manager, the SCP-3643 containment team, now the primary team assigned to GoI-4889, has built a Foundation operated store that provides amenities to the SCP-3644-1 instances so that they may be better served in their operation of SCP-3644.

Description: SCP-3644 is the Fish Face Village eco-resort located in Savusavu, Fiji. It is wholly owned by GoI-4889 ("Kephart Corporation"), an unknown corporate entity of uncertain goals currently on negative terms with the Foundation. SCP-3644 contains fourteen guest huts that can support up to a five person family, as well as a pool complex, restaurant, bar, gift shop, organic garden, children's play area, sports field, dock, boats, and PADI certified SCUBA diving shop. The resort also owns quarters for the resort staff, three expensive "villas" for guests, a half mile of beach, and a small private island just off the coast.

The main anomaly of SCP-3644 can be divided into two main

components, SCP-3644-1 and SCP-3644-2.

SCP-3644-1 designates the staff of SCP-3644. They are genetically human, with characteristics of Native Fijian, Fijian Indian, and Australian descent. However, all SCP-3644-1 instances have the head of a parrotfish of a different species. Genera observed across instances include *Cetoscarus*, *Calotomus* and *Bolbometopon* species. SCP-3644-1 species have no difficulty talking, eating, or behaving normally despite their anomaly, and are employed in a wide variety of jobs throughout SCP-3644, from janitor to DJ to marine biologist.

SCP-3644-2 designates a spray released by automated electronic air freshener releasers located throughout the resort. These releasers are currently indestructible and cannot be opened without a specific keycard, which is not located on resort grounds. Due to the difficulty in analyzing SCP-3644-2's liquid form, its chemical makeup is not yet fully understood. However, air samples taken directly after release indicate a mixture of human neurotransmitters, insect pheromones, and at least one unknown chemical, along with standard commercial air freshener and bug spray.

This spray has two effects. Firstly, it induces feelings of inhibition and relaxation in human beings, who often feel compelled to state what is on their minds while affected. Secondly, it acts as a kind of deterrent to SCP-3644-1 instances, discouraging them to speak out against working conditions at SCP-3644. In addition, while affected, humans do not find the appearance of SCP-3644-1 instances unusual and instances do not mention it. There are no long term physical effects of exposure, however the constant inhibition dampening may have direct social consequences following exit from SCP-3644.

ADDENDUM: CLASSIFIED 3/GOI-4889:

Interview between GoI-4889 Project Heads (Researchers Sadie Louis and Davey Kurland) and SCP-3644-1 instance "Peter Griffith," Australian general manager of SCP-3644 with the head of a humphead parrotfish.

<Begin Log>:

Kurland: Thank you for sitting down with us, Mr. Griffith.

Griffith: It's no problem, Researchers.

Kurland: So. To start with I'll ask the obvious question. Are you aware of your anomalous condition? That you have a fish-head?

Louis: Davey, for God's sake! If we ask about Kephart then we'll figure that out naturally. Also, that's really rude and somewhat unprofessional! We've prepared a series of questions.

Griffith: No, no, it's totally fine. It's probably not his fault. It's the spray, you see. I can turn it down to the minimum level, but I'm afraid it will be a little hard to hold your tongue here. I'm surprised you even commented on it at all. Most guests just sort of slide on over…the… condition.

Louis: You don't like to talk about it?

Griffith: The spray makes my mouth sting if I think about it, but that's why it's at minimum.

Louis: And you can't turn it off?

Griffith: Only the employee from Kephart can do that. And to be honest, we haven't gotten a phone call or email from them in the four years we've been open.

Kurland: Kephart doesn't contact? That's surprising and also not surprising.

Griffith: Yes, I think they've forgotten about this side venture. Imagine bringing a whole class of people into being and then just dumping them here in this sort of truth-serumed out paradise. I remember the Kephart employee who set this up said this was a failure anyway, a bit of **`failed corporate espionage`** anyway, like they grabbed the wrong plan. And now I think I can speak for my staff that the fact they brought us into being

arbitrarily makes us mad. This is a hellish existence, Researchers. Every day I wonder why? Why parrotfish?

Kurland: Why the Zodiac Killer?

Griffith: Pardon?

Kurland: Oh nothing, I just sort of let something classified slip against my will because thanks Kephart. These guys also make us mad.

Louis: Davey, really just try to hold your tongue. Okay?

Kurland: Sadie, you should also just try to hold your tongue, considering I don't like to have it firing off before we kiss, okay? Kinda ruins the moment. I didn–

Louis: That's…really not relevant right now.

Griffith: You two in a relationship? This a bad time? I'm terribly sorry I can't turn the spray down.

Louis: No really, it's fine. We've been feeling some attraction since we started spending day in and day out together researching a company that doesn't exist. But it's not like we're a couple or anything.

Griffith: I see.

Kurland: This spray is not helping.

Louis: As we're all blurting out whatever's on our minds, I'd like to know if you and your staff get into relationships.

Griffith: I mean, sure. Kephart made us human enough. But sometimes that's just a pain in my ass.

Kurland: What do you mean?

Griffith: Well, a relationship is like the last thing on my mind these days. I don't my own food.

Kurland: But you have fishing trips and a garden and imported stuff from the town–

Griffith: All for our guests. We have a few huts we share but we basically have to just scrounge. It's not like we can go out.

Kurland: You weren't provided with your own food?

(*Griffith nods no.*)

Kurland: …fuck!

Louis: What's stopping you from just using the guest food?

(*Griffith points to the nearest SCP-3644-2 instance, nailed into the walls of the room.*)

Louis: Ah, right.

Kurland: Jesus Christ, these bastards.

Louis: The more I find out about these guys' products, the more I can conclude that–

Kurland: –They are in fact, literally the biggest jerks of a company we've dealt with. Throwing away a slave race, good lord. At least the Factory is horrifying in an alien way. Jesus fuck that makes my blood boil.

Louis: Mr. Griffith, we'll get some people down who can set up a village shop with some groceries and stuff. I mean, we can't let you leave.

Griffith: And we're conditioned to not leave.

Louis: But Kurland and I can make sure the Foundation gets you a decent containment situation. Recommend some of our people stay as guests to make sure you keep doing stuff.

Griffith: That sounds wonderful. Now, pardon me If I want to stop. Even discussing this in a roundabout way gives me a headache. And you two look like you need to relax anyway.

Louis: Sure.

Kurland: That sounds nice. My blood pressure is through the roof. And the sooner I just relax and make out with you, Sadie, and surrender to this aerosol truth serum the happier I'll be.

Louis: Same, but of course it's designed this way.

Kurland: (*sighs*) So much for paradise.

Back: SCP-3643 | **Next:** SCP-3645

SCP-3645: Part 3. The Meaty End

Item #: SCP-3645

Object Class: Keter Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3645 are to be recalled from groceries where they appear. Foundation agents embedded within various grocery chains are to report shipments of SCP-3645. A small amount of SCP-3645 instances are to be kept at Site-81 for testing. The containment team is to scan various communities involving literature for accusations of plagiarism as a reliable way to locate subjects in the early stages, and nursing homes and medical reports for those who are in the later stages. During testing, no personnel are to interact with subjects deemed Stage-5 under any circumstances. All subjects who consume SCP-3645 are to be considered lost.

The factory where SCP-3645 is manufactured is currently being located by the GoI-4889 team, led by Researchers Davey Kurland and Sadie Louis.

UPDATE 6/17/2024: All currently remaining instances are to remain in Low-Value Deep Containment Storage Lockers at Site-81. Out of respect for [REDACTED][1], no further testing is to be carried out with contained SCP-3645. The deal between GoI-4889 is to be followed according to the O5 Council's rulings

Description: SCP-3645 is the product line of Mary Kitchen brand canned corned beef hash, manufactured by Hormel Foods. Until 2018, Hormel Foods was a Fortune 500 company; however, it is common knowledge that it was purchased by Chinese investors The SixthStar Group. It has been determined that The SixthStar Group is a wholly owned subsidiary of GoI-4889 ("Kephart Corporation"), a corporate entity currently on negative terms with the Foundation. The GoI-4889 team theorizes that this was an avenue for Kephart Corporation to more closely affect public consumption.[2]

SCP-3645 is believed to be the first Kephart affected product, after several years of presumed testing. Instead of the previous recipe, which used only cured beef, the Kephart affected version contains a variable meat material referred to on the label as "Hackmeat®." The contents of Hackmeat are not identical across cans and have been found to have a varying recipe. An SCP-3645 instance could contain portions of:

- Beef (50-70% of cans)
- Pork (30-35% of cans)
- Rabbit (15-20% of cans)
- Guinea pig (10-11% of cans)
- Guinea fowl (10-11% of cans)
- Unidentfied fish in the *Lophius* genus[3] (5% of cans)
- Unidentfied fish in the *Cetoscarus* genus[4] (5% of cans)
- Unidentified meat similar to reptilian species. (5% of cans)
- Human meat with a 99.8% match for British writer Edward Bulwer-Lytton. (40% of cans)
- Human meat with a 99.8% match for British writer E.L. James (40% of cans)
- Human meat with a 100% match for American actor Gene Hackman (40% of cans)
- Human meat with a 100% match for American [REDACTED][5] (67% of cans)
- Vegan meat substitute (3% of cans)

It is unknown how Hackmeat passed FDA regulations or the trademark office.

Consuming instances of SCP-3645 induces radical changes in brain chemistry leaving subjects unable to understand the concept of a story. This process begins with an essential inability to write original sentences, designated Stage 1. Subjects will frequently find at first that their attention during the act of writing will wander unless they use someone else's work as a template[6]. Following this, subjects will be unable to form written sentences of their own, often resorting to cliches or commonly used phrases in their language. Accusations of plagiarism are a common way of detecting someone who has consumed SCP-3645, as subjects who do not frequently write are harder to detect at this stage. This is designated Stage 2.

Following which, the progression of SCP-3645 mimics a form of dementia, designated Stage 3. The inability to form original thoughts will spread to speaking, and gradually erode away as subjects have great difficulty following the progression of increasing simple narratives. This has shown in testing with D-Class to extend to all forms and mediums, including literature in all its forms, visual mediums like photography and films, and aural forms like oral storytelling and music. During this, the subject's brain loses the ability to understand its own chronological history with cohesion at a school age level. This means that subjects will not be able to locate past memories, resulting in retrograde amnesia, however some subjects will also form anterograde amnesia and be unable to form new memories. Past this, subjects are catatonic and unresponsive to stimuli, designated Stage 4.

Subjects who reach Stage 5 start to be subject to a reality altering effect. The bodies of Stage 5 subjects are described as blurred, and transparent by observers, and gradually they appear to fade away altogether. This is congruent with a disappearance of all property and writing by the affected subject, in reverse chronological order. These objects, and the subject, at this time appear to stretch until they are in excess of several kilometers long and centimeters thin. All stretched objects pass through solid matter during this time. Any human who comes into direct physical contact with Stage 5 affected persons and Stage 5 affected proxy objects has a 60% chance of exhibiting its effects as well. Memories of subjects are affected as well, gradually disappearing, but the narratives of others are not affected[7]. By the conclusion of Stage 5, SCP-3645 appears to have erased it's consumers from history. It is believed that Stage 5 subjects are not dead, but are still alive in some unknown capacity due to recorded emissions such as groans and cries during the stretching process.

The only known way to halt the effects of SCP-3645 consumption is the purchase of more SCP-3645, only this is ultimately unsuccessful in the long run and only serves to excerbate the effects. All subjects will reach Stage 5.

Addendum: Interview with SCP-3645-550, formerly Dr. Jacob Saulnier-Harris of the Foundation's Photography Division, and

SCP-3645 containment specialists Dr. Hayley McFarlane and Researcher Sadie Louis. SCP-3645-550 is a Stage 3 subject.

<Begin Log>:

McFarlane: Dr. Saulnier-Harris, thank you for cooperating with us.

SCP-3645-550: Well, you know what they say? Birds of a feather, flock together.

McFarlane: Yes, we know that many others are affected, but we're dealing with your case right now.

SCP-3645-550: Guess I was caught with my pants down.

McFarlane: Don't beat up on yourself, it's not your fault.

Louis: This is Kephart's fault. All they do is blackmail people. They blackmailed us with containment breaches, they blackmailed their own creations with their appearance. You wouldn't have known.

SCP-3645-550: Rags to riches? Pillar of the community? (*SCP-3645-550 scoffs*.) Sick as a dog, that's the naked truth. What a fine kettle of fish indeed. The road to hell is paved with good intentions and I guess you reap what you sew. Nip and tuck. Nip it in the bud.

Louis: Dr. Saulnier-Harris, how are you holding up?

SCP-3645-550: Death warmed over, the lowest man on the totem pole. Last ditch effort let the cat out of the bag. Keeping up with the Joneses? Knock on wood the kiss of death.

McFarlane: He's deteriorating. Listen, he's lost simple connective thoughts and syntax.

SCP-3645-550: Just a hop skip and a jump kick the bucket. Joined at the hip it aint over till the fat lady sings,

I heard it through the grapevine. Go the extra mile grist for the mill eleventh hour

McFarlane: Doctor? We're going to show you something you work with, okay? You're going to be fine.

SCP-3645-550: At my wits end back to the drawing board, playing with fire.

(*Dr. McFarlane cues up a segment from a film, "Casablanca", and then sits back to observe SCP-3645-550, who calms down and then begins to softly cry.*)

SCP-3645-550: Can't hold a candle to.

McFarlane: Do you understand what you're viewing?

SCP-3645-550: (*SCP-3645-550 shakes his head*) Can't hold a candle to. Can't hold.

Louis: Doctor, can you follow the story? You told me once this was your favorite film.

SCP-3645-550: Can't hold. Can't.

(*SCP-3645-550 is weeping. He turns away from the television and stares blankly.*)

SCP-3645-550: Can't…see.

This was the last time SCP-3645-550 expressed an original thought. Subject was since reclassified as Stage 4 afterwards and slipped into catatonia a week later.

Addendum-2:

+4889/4 CLASSIFIED:

On 6/4/2023, the GoI-4889 team was able to locate the current factory where SCP-3645 instances and Hackmeat are produced by locating old files archived

before the takeover by SixStar Group. It is the Hormel Atlanta Plant located in Tucker, GA. A team consisting of project heads Davey Kurland and Sadie Louis, Agent Gerald Pulverson, and four members of MTF-Omega-20 ("The Executive Board"). The team met just outside the property owned by Kephart at 1400 hours, all members equipped with microphones and hidden body cameras.

<Begin Log>:

Pulverson: Alright team, you remember the plan, yeah?

Kurland: Remind me one last time, if you would.

Pulverson: Me and the two researchers will enter through the visitor's entrance. Omega-20's going in through the loading dock, they're to terminate known hostiles and get some reconnaissance on the inside. Contrary to what the Taskforce might think this is dangerous on both ends. This the first real physical Kephart facility of any kind we've found since the first 3643 letter. Alright, that covers it. Everyone ready?

Omega-3: Check.

Kurland: Checking in, all nice and clear.

Omega-4: Check.

Omega-7: Check.

Louis: I am check.

Omega-7: Check.

Unidentified female voice: What do you mean, check?

Pulverson: Gah!

(*A middle-aged Caucasian woman in a white pantsuit is approaching the car, alone.*)

Omega-7: Identify yourself, please.

Unidentified female voice: Sorry, I could ask you the same thing. You're trespassing outside our property.

Louis But it's not your property we're on.

Unidentified female voice: That's true, you're not. But we at Hormel Foods like to keep watch when a SWAT team meets with some, what are you, inspectors, right outside our property.

Omega-3 We apologize ma'am, but there's a dangerous escaped criminal in the vicinity. These safety inspectors were just checking in with us to make sure it wouldn't affect the plant's operations.

Unidentified female voice: Mmm-hmm. And where were you parked?

Pulverson: Just in your visitor's parking lot, ma'am. We were getting some fresh air before we formally introduced ourselves. That sweet clean Georgia air. I apologize about the informality of our first impression.

Unidentified female voice: Meat inspectors. Getting some fresh air, mmm-hmm. My name is Lara Yulgh and I think you three had better follow me. We'll start with that inspection, precisely as I have it scheduled. You officers can search the surrounding industrial area and stay here or else I will be forced to ask the

Atlanta police department what you're really doing here.

(*She begins to walk along the curb towards the gates of the property. She swipes a silver keycard and the gates rise. She gesticulates for Pulverson, Louis, and Kurland to follow her. They do so, hesitantly.*)

Pulverson: Odd, she resisted the memetic trigger.

Kurland: Worse, I think she used one of her own. The taskforce isn't following.

(*Pulverson turns around. The taskforce is immobilized in the same position they were standing in.*)

Pulverson: Shit!

Louis: Relax, we're armed too. And Command still has the potential to extract us, right Command.

Command: Correct, now don't mention us unless its an emergency. They probably will be monitoring transmissions.

Yulgh: This way, inspectors! Keep up!

Kurland: Suspicious name, Yulgh.

The camera feed cuts out for approximately fifteen minutes. When it resumes, all three are inside the factory.

(*Pulverson, Louis, and Kurland are following Yulgh through a beige corridor. Workers in white plastic protective wear that obscure their faces are walking back and forth, carrying clipboards or packages of frozen meat. Yulgh*

is also dressed in protective gear. The Foundation personnel are not, and their body cameras are not obscured.)

Kurland: Seems oddly banal for the big gold pot at the end of the rainbow. I mean, this is the jerky death corporation we've been monitoring for years? This!? This hallway is minty beige!

Louis: Keep it together, okay? I know how you can get all anxious about this but you'll blow our cover. Okay? I love you, Davey. We'll get through this. We're gonna record some stuff, pretend to write stuff down on our clipboards, and then send in the big guns. I love you. Just think about that.

Kurland: Alright Sadie, I'll think about that.

Yulgh: (*Ahead*) Make a left here past the administration offices, I'll show you to the primary processing floor.

Pulverson: I have a sneaking suspicion that our cover might be blown anyway. This is a trap.

Louis: Command will extract us if it's a trap.

Kurland: It's definitely a trap.

Louis: Shut up, both of you. We're armed, we're trained. We can handle a trap. These guys make parrotfish people and hash that fades you away, it's not exactly eldritch Factory nightmares. Their bark is always worse than their bite.

(*They reach a large swinging door that leads to a plastic antechamber. Yulgh holds the door*

for both of them.)

Yulgh: Just stand here for a few minutes while decontamination occurs.

Kurland: Don't we need suits like yours to enter the floor?

Yulgh: No.

(*The decontamination process ends. There is a beep, and the door on the other end opens onto a vast space dominated by a truly massive mechanical vat of some kind. Conveyor belts are carrying lumps of unidentifiable meat upwards into the vat, monitored by workers in protective wear. There are electronic saws on gimbals slicing the meat further before it is carried up and dumped over the edge. There is a low grinding sound originating from the vat*.)

Pulverson: Oh wow.

Yulgh: Do you like it? It was shipped in when SixStar took over.

Kurland: This is where–?

Yulgh: –the meat and potatoes get ground up with the spices. Yes, we've switched to a new spice blend. Those are going in on the other side of the grinder. If you want to take a closer look at our saws, I'll think you'll find they're USDA Grade for handling raw beef. Only the finest beef goes into Hormel Hackmeat, you see. Go ahead you two, you'll think they're something fine.

(*Kurland and Louis walk towards the saw. Pulverson does not follow*.)

Kurland: Shit, why am I leaving myself vulnerable?!

Louis: Fucking mind control!

Kurland: This is bad. Try to reach for your gun, Sadie!

(*They are inches from the conveyor belt. Meat lumps are rolling past. One has a distinct skinned human face, complete with eyes. It mouths "help me" before getting sliced and rolling up the belt. There is a gunshot behind them.*)

Louis: Fuck, Davey! Now!

(*Kurland and Louis spin around. Kurland quickly draws his gun as he does so. He fires at Yulgh's head, who topples. There is no visible blood. Pulverson's brains have been shot out over the factory floor and his body has crumpled to the ground.*)

Kurland: Shit!

(*Somebody restrains Kurland and Louis from behind, presumably factory workers. Yulgh rises to her feet, her head askew. She reaches up and snaps it back into place. There is a hole in her protective gear, through which something grey and pulsating can be seen. When she speaks her voice is raspier and slurred.*)

Yulgh: You didn't think we knew you Foundation the whole time? You [INDECIPHERABLE], this is the plan. This is our new product.

(*Command is alerted by their monitors and*

begin to prepare an extraction team. Kurland and Louis are dragged backwards, struggling. They are dragged between two belts. A gloved hand grabs Kurland's gun and drops it. It slides underneath a belt platform. Another takes Louis's gun.)

Yulgh: We've been releasing a modified version of our Fiji spray into the air surrounding the factory, that's why you and your buddies have been not acting so characteristically savvy. The stuff we used there was abandoned because it wasn't powerful enough. Look at you not resisting!

(*The belts stop. Workers seen in the periphery of the camera clear the nearest two of meat. The workers holding Louis and Kurland hoist them on to the belts. They make no effort to resist or leave despite not being strapped down. Kurland turns to look at Louis.*)

Kurland: I love you Sadie Louis! I've loved you since the moment you beat the Zodiac Killer!

Louis: I love you too, Davey! I'm so sorry.

(*The saws whir to life on their belts. One worker swings the nearest one around and slices off Louis's arm, quickly. She screams in agony and makes a weak attempt to kick the worker's arm. She just gets the sleeve caught on a bit of machinery and it rips off of the suit. The arm underneath is smooth and colorless, with webbed digits. Small holes in the skin leak what appears to be red blood. The worker does not notice. Louis's ragged stump is now bleeding on it's protective gear. The belt with Kurland starts to move. Kurland panics. Yulgh steps closer to the belts, her protective gear*

looking lumpier and more swollen.)

Louis: Davey!

(*Kurland rockets through his saw, slicing him apart. What's left of him moves up into the grinder.*)

Louis: (*Incoherent screaming*)

(*She suddenly slides off the belt and crushes the worker's feet as she lies on the floor. They flatten easily and the bottom of the protective gear fills with blood. It crumples. Yulgh is almost upon her, rasping in an unknown language. Louis turns her head, see's Kurland's gun, and shoots Yulgh's feet. Yulgh cries out and collapses. Louis rises to her feet, apparently able to fight due to a adrenaline and endorphins detected on her monitor, and looks over Yulgh.*)

Louis: This is for **`Iris`** and Peter and Jacob and Davey. Especially Davey.

(//Louis empties the remaining shots across Yulgh's body, attempting to hit a lethal spot. Yulgh does not bleed, except from her feet. Louis then falls to her knees, stump bleeding, in the pool of blood. She begins nervously laughing. The grinder stops, and a massive roar of unknown origin is audible. There are soft wet noises and whispering approaching Louis's approximate position on the factory floor. The body camera cut outs but audio is still running.

Louis: (*laughing*) Oh god, this is their last blackmail. Fuck, they won! (*Her laughter gets more manic/*) Oh fuck, they beat us one last time! Shit, it's a dark and stormy night even in

the day with these fuckers!

(*There is a loud thud, like a footstep. Louis continues laughing. The soft wet noises get louder.*)

<End Log>

The extraction team, composed of the remainder of MTF-Omega-20, arrived to find the Tucker Hormel Plant undergoing a shift similar to that of a Stage 5 Subject, only much more quickly. Their affected members were found unharmed. Following the building's stretching and disappearance, the team reported a loud burst of noise and white light, followed by the weather abruptly shifting to heavy rain.

The only remaining part of the plant was a document from GoI-4889 in a small unmarked safe and three SCP-3645 instances. The document stated that meat taken from Foundation Researcher Davey Kurland would be found in 67% of the remaining SCP-3645 cans, and that it would cause the effects of Hackmeat to not only increase, but spread exponentially. Testing with the three instances proved that the information in the document was true. The document also stated that

1. Mary Kitchen brand corned beef hash would not be sold in stores again,
2. The SCP-3644-1 instances in Fiji would be liberated and that the SCP-3644-2 spray would be modified in such a way to allow them to leave SCP-3644,
3. The Kephart Corporation employee self-identifying as the Zodiac Killer (SCP-3643) would be retired,

all on the condition that the Foundation never interfered with the sale of their products again, and sent them 1 Million USD to help with fundraising. If the Foundation violates this agreement, then the remains of Davey Kurland will be distributed to 90% of worldwide

households. The O5 Council voted 7 to 6 to follow the terms of the agreement, with the condition that Kephart Corporation would still be monitored, privately and covertly.

Researcher Sadie Louis was discovered bandaged and treated in an Atlanta hospital. She was debriefed, given Class-C amnestic, released to civilian life, and made a full recovery. Agent Gerald Pulverson and Researcher Davey Kurland received the Foundation Star for their actions.

Back: SCP-3644

Footnotes
1. See Addendum-2.
2. Kephart, through the SixStar Group, also co-owns Mondelez Corporation withanother entitybut no activity has been detected.
3. Commonly known as monkfish or frogfish
4. Commonly known asparrotfish
5. See Addendum-2.
6. In the case of SCP-3645-187, an independent comics artist, they were forced to use various plotlines by Daniel Clowes and Alan Moore in order to continue their work. On the other hand SCP-3645-20, a PhD candidate in the field of food science, had to plagarize various published articles in order to finish their thesis.
7. D-Class involved in testing who are at Stage 5 undergo its effects and are erased from the memories of personnel testing with them, however notes and records of their existence prove that these tests took place.

SCP-3646: Phantom Mosquitos

Item #: SCP-3646

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All contained instances of SCP-3646 are to be kept in a sealed chamber accessible only by sterilized airlock, and provided with a total of 7 ml of sugar water daily. A maximum of 1,000 live instances are to be kept at any time. Personnel entering the chamber are to wear a Type 2 full-body hazmat suit. No personnel are to make direct skin contact with deceased instances of SCP-3646. Deceased instances and excess instances are to be disposed of by incinerator.

Foundation bioweapon S-031106 has been created and engineered to specifically target instances of SCP-3646 and rapidly accelerate decomposition of deceased SCP-3646 corpses. S-031106 is to be deployed worldwide, with focus on areas with high insect population.

Foundation webcrawlers are to identify possible reports of SCP-3646 activity near populated areas, and MTF Nu-15 ("Flyswatter") is to be deployed to confirmed sites. Wild instances of SCP-3646 are to be lured using synthesized pheromones, then killed using S-031106 or toxic gasses. Deceased instances of SCP-3646 are to be incinerated immediately. Class-C amnestics may be issued to aid in cleanup efforts afterwards.

Description: SCP-3646 is an unclassified species of insect in the *Culicidae*[1] family. Similarly to many other members of the family, individual instances of SCP-3646 possess 6 legs, 2 pairs of wings, and a sharp proboscis used for feeding off of the blood of other organisms. SCP-3646 is visually discernible from other species of mosquitoes by pale white coloration and a long, feathery appendage extruding from the abdomen. It is unknown what purpose this appendage serves.

Instances of SCP-3646 do not shows signs of aging, and have a currently unknown lifespan. Instances of SCP-3646 have been confirmed to be sexless. After a death caused by SCP-3646, large amounts of new instances regularly materialize on or near the corpse, confirming an alternate anomalous method of reproduction.

The anomalous abilities of an instance of SCP-3646 activate upon its death. Immediately after brain functions cease, the next organism to come into direct physical contact with any portion of the corpse will begin to display a progression of anomalous symptoms. After an outbreak of SCP-3646 was neutralized in Gitaza, Burundi, several affected persons were taken into Foundation custody for interview and observation. A cover story regarding a new strain of the Zika virus was spread, and it was explained that the victims of SCP-3646 were being taken into quarantine. Several relevant excerpts from interviews with a Mr. Anatole Ubondu over the course of his deterioration are included here:

- **Stage 1:** Manifests 1-2 hours after initial contact. The victim will begin to experience mild auditory hallucinations, reporting to hear the sound of a mosquito flying past their ears. These hallucinations occur an average of twice hourly. The hallucinations may cause the subject to reflexively swat the air near their ears. Mild agitation as a result of the hallucinations is present in 32% of recorded cases.

> **Excerpt 1, 3 days after initial affliction. Stage 1.**
>
> **Dr. Sambre:** How are you feeling today, Mr. Ubondu?
>
> **Anatole Ubondu:** I am fine. The insect keeps bothering me, though. I am sure I swatted it.
>
> **Dr. Sambre:** I see. Have you seen the insect since you first swatted it?
>
> **Anatole Ubondu:** No, it must be moving very fast. But I will be faster. Mosquitoes spread so much sickness here, we must kill them quickly. Yes?

- **Stage 2:** Manifests 5-8 days after onset of Stage 1. Auditory

hallucinations double in frequency, with some subjects reporting multiple instances of the sound simultaneously. Victims also report the hallucinations becoming louder and persisting for longer. Subjects also begin to suffer from a seemingly permanent case of horripilation[2]. Subjects in this stage furthermore habitually attempt to cover exposed skin as much as possible.

Excerpt 2, 7 days after initial affliction. Stage 2.

Dr. Sambre: Mr. Ubondu, do you have anything new to report?

Anatole Ubondu: Your building is not as fine as it seems, a new mosquito has snuck in. Ha! I hear it along with the other. They are both sneaky, I still cannot see them. But they fear me, they have not bitten me yet!

Dr. Sambre: Ok. Please let us know if you see any of the mosquitoes, or if you hear any more.

Anatole Ubondu: I will do better than that. I will swat one, and keep it as a trophy! I have stopped disease in my town for a long time, and I will not stop now. I keep track of how many I kill! 73! Ha!

- **Stage 3:** Manifests 4-6 days after onset of Stage 2. Subjects report frequent tactile hallucinations of small organisms, described as mosquitoes by 78% of victims, on their limbs and neck. The timing of the tactile hallucinations coincides with that of the auditory hallucinations, with the former occurring within 1 minute of the latter. The frequency of hallucinations increase to an average of every 7 minutes. Extreme agitation in subjects is noted in all cases, with subjects attempting to violently swat their hallucinations. It should be noted that tactile hallucinations can be halted by applying physical force to the affected area, usually by the victim's swats.

Excerpt 3, 12 days after initial affliction. Stage 3.

Anatole Ubondu: Bah. The bugs are costing me sleep.

There are many more of them now, have you not heard of window screens?

Dr. Sambre: We're sorry, Mr. Ubondu. We're doing everything we can to find out where they're getting in. In the meantime, tell us what you can about the mosquitoes. If you still haven't seen them, how do you know specifically what type of insect they are?

Anatole Ubondu: How do I know? How do I know?! What other insect flies by your ear, always buzzing and whining? They have taken to landing on me! It is only because I swat them away that I have not yet been bitten!

Dr. Sambre: Mr. Ubondu, please try to remain calm. We're trying to help you.

- **Stage 4:** Manifests 3-4 days after onset of Stage 3. Subjects will begin to experience increased blood flow in all regions of their body, and the auditory hallucinations will become constant, resulting in sleep deprivation and a state of panic. The tactile hallucinations will intensify to the point of causing momentary stinging pain, and can no longer be halted by physical contact. Subjects will also begin to develop intense itching all over their limbs, neck and face.

Excerpt 4, 15 days after initial affliction. Stage 4.

Anatole Ubondu:(shouting) The mosquitos are covering me! See what you have done! The buzzing, the buzzing will drive me mad! I can feel them on my skin, so why can I not see them?

Dr. Sambre: Mr. Ubondu-

Anatole Ubondu:(shouting) Do not speak to me, foolish woman! Help me instead!

Dr. Sambre: Mr. Ubondu, please, stop scratching yourself! You'll hurt yourself, and we'll have to restrain

you if that happens.

- **Stage 5:** Manifests 1-2 days after onset of stage 4. Low-raised welts will begin to develop over the entirety of the subject's body, consistent in location with the tactile hallucinations. The welts show symptoms congruent with that of a non-anomalous mosquito bite. Auditory hallucinations intensify, with 16% of subjects describing the sound no longer as buzzing, but instead as "screaming".

Excerpt 5, 16 days after initial affliction. Stage 5.

Anatole Ubondu: …I see them at last…They are all the ones I have stuck down…Screaming, swarming for my blood…not to feed…but for vengeance…

Dr. Sambre: Mr. Ubondu? Mr. Ubondu, please hold on. Can you elaborate?

Anatole Ubondu: Enough!…they could not kill me in life…so they kill me in death…I hate mosquitoes.

- **Stage 6:** Manifests 12-14 hours after the onset of stage 5. At the beginning of Stage 6, the blood in the subject's body will begin to dematerialize slowly over the course of several hours, resulting in complete exsanguination and death of the victim. How this is achieved and where the displaced blood disappears to is unknown.

After excerpt 5, the subject did not respond to any further communication attempts, and did not speak apart from quiet crying. The subject expired due to exsanguination during Stage 6 17 hours later. 73 new instances of SCP-3646 manifested on the corpse, 50 of which were disposed of and the rest were added to containment. The subject's body was returned to his family for burial.

Footnotes
1. Mosquito
2. Goose Bumps

SCP-3647: Quousque Tandem?

Item #: SCP-3647

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3647 is to be contained in a standard anomalous object containment locker at Site-77, and is not to be removed except for use in experimentation. Testing may be initiated by any Foundation researcher with Level 2 clearance and above. Usage of SCP-3647 on Foundation personnel or D-Class with whom verbal communication is necessary is forbidden.

Description: SCP-3647 refers to a gold hairpin created in the Roman Republic around the end of the first century BCE. When worn or handled normally, SCP-3647 functions as a non-anomalous hairpin. The anomalous properties of SCP-3647 only manifest when used to pierce the skin of a living human. Individuals affected in such a way become afflicted with severe glossophobia[1] and exhibit many symptoms of social anxiety disorder. All conventional treatments for social phobias, including cognitive behavioural therapy, SSRI antidepressants, and beta blockers, have been shown to be ineffective in treating conditions caused by exposure to SCP-3647, as has amnestic treatment.

Regardless of their previous personality, all subjects affected by SCP-3647 express a strong aversion to verbally communicating with groups, often going to great lengths to avoid such situations. If forced into circumstances requiring oration, subjects become physically distressed, often displaying symptoms such as stuttering, increased heart rate, and uncontrollable shaking, and display significantly poorer communication skills than normal. Individuals listening to a speech delivered by a SCP-3647-affected subject will invariably regard it as poorly-delivered or unconvincing. Similar symptoms to the above are observed when subjects attempt one-to-one communication, albeit to a lesser degree of severity.

Recovery: SCP-3647 was recovered in 1987, during the archaeological excavation of the Fulvia family mausoleum in the ruins of the Roman city of Tusculum. Its anomalous properties were first observed when a field archaeologist accidentally pricked his finger with SCP-3647 in opening an ivory box holding it. A Foundation agent embedded within the archaeological team identified SCP-3647 as anomalous, retrieved it and its box, and administered class-A amnestics to the on-site personnel.

The ivory box within which SCP-3647 was discovered has displayed no anomalous properties as of yet, and has been donated to the Museum of Roman Civilization in Italy. Additionally, a note was found beneath SCP-3647 in the box (See Addendum 3647-A).

Experiment 3647-07 - 15/04/1990

> **Procedure**: D-71243, a former classicist skilled in rhetoric, was given an excerpt from Roman orator Marcus Tullius Cicero's "Catiline Orations" and instructed to perform it before a small assembly. An agent was instructed to stand behind D-71243 and pierce his skin with SCP-3647 while the speech was in progress.
>
> **Observations**:
> *00:00* - D-71243 begins reading the speech aloud. Subject is observed to be confident and expressive in his speech.
>
> *03:01* - The agent standing behind D-71243 is signalled to expose the subject to SCP-3647. D-71243 does not notice this and continues with his speech as normal.
>
> *03:07* - The back of D-71243's neck is punctured by SCP-3647. Subject appears surprised and vocalises an expression of pain. Subject is instructed to continue the speech as before.
>
> *03:17* - D-71243 attempts to continue the speech. Subject is now observed to stutter and speak in a quivering voice.

> *03:42* - Subject deviates from the speech to request a cessation of his oration. This request is denied, and the subject is instructed to proceed with the speech.
>
> *04:07* - Subject is observed shaking and his pupils are visibly dilated. The speech is punctuated by numerous vocalised pauses
>
> *04:11* - D-71243 requests to leave, reporting dizziness and severe chest pain. This request is denied, and the subject is instructed to proceed with the speech.
>
> *04:23* - D-71243 becomes visibly agitated and attempts to escape the test chamber. His egress is prevented by security staff.
>
> *04:27* - Subject begins to physically assault the security staff, demanding to be released, and is subdued.
>
> **Note**: A month after the conclusion of Experiment 3647-07, D-71423 was found to have committed suicide in his cell. The subject referred to a pervasive feeling of hopelessness and the total inefficacy of all attempted medical interventions in his suicide note.

Addendum 3647-A: The following is a translation of the note found with SCP-3647, originally written in Latin of high-quality papyrus. The note displayed no abnormalities except for smelling faintly of *laurus nobilis*[2].

> *Your righteous servitude has not gone unnoticed, o Loyal Fulvia. May this serve you in silencing all who would profane my legacy.*
>
> *- Eternal Caesar, The Emperor Divine*

Footnotes
1. Fear of public speaking.
2. Colloquially known as "bay laurel", an evergreen tree native to the Mediterranean.

SCP-3649: Overcast and Overwhelming

Earliest archived photograph of SCP-3649.

Item #: SCP-3649

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Project SKYSCRAPER-31 is to develop methods for the penetration of SCP-3649. Project SKYSCRAPER-32 is to determine the feasibility of alternative means of terrestrial evacuation. Project SKYSCRAPER-33 is to devise a broad range of social preservation and containment contingency plans for the failure of all other SKYSCRAPER projects.

19 iterations of SCP-3649 Special Containment Procedures have been archived and hidden.

Description: SCP-3649 is an altostratus undulatus cloud formation that maintains a static position relative to the Earth's surface. All electromagnetic waves and physical matter that pass through SCP-3649 are disrupted to varying extents, ranging from general degradation of radio signals to complete collapse of molecular structures. Collisions between SCP-3649 and mundane clouds result in the former subsuming the mass of the latter.[1] Certain types of clouds motivate notably larger growth by SCP-3649 than others following this integration process (cumulonimbus variants in particular.) No precipitation has been recorded originating from within SCP-3649.

[L-2 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Addendum 3649-A (Current Sample Status):

[L-2 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Addendum 3649-B (Anomaly Crosstesting Results):

[L-4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Addendum 3649-C (Documentation Associated with SCP-3649):

Preliminary Anomaly Evaluation (821-NA)

HINDSIGHT Analysis: Disappearance of Flight UA1788

Site-82 Quarterly Operations Report (April 2091)

Site-82 Audit Request (Approved)

MTF Beta-99 Nonstandard Amnestic Dissemination Request

MTF Beta-99 Expedition Report (Hazard, Nebraska)

Preliminary Mass Relocation Proposal (Hazard, Nebraska)

SCP-3649 Finalized Classification and Database Entry Notice

Transcript: Declassified North American Regional Director Brief (May 25, 2091)

Application for the Distribution of Memetic Agents (KHGI Nebraska TV / KGOR 99.0 FM)

Authorization to Brief Heads of State (146-NA)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: expansion and altitude decrease)

Record of Weapon System Transfer for Testing Purposes (Site-04 to Site-82)

FORESIGHT Analysis: Predicted Food Shortages Related to Ongoing Anomalous Activity

Transcript: Declassified Americas Regional Directors Brief (May 31, 2091)

Updated Guidelines for Detaining Civilians in an Area of Anomalous Activity (June 12, 2091)

Application for the Distribution of Memetic Agents (Local radio, television, mobile shouter systems)

Authorization to Brief Heads of State (148-NA/CA/SA)

Transcript: Communication with Known Group of Interest Representative (3032-GOC)

Record of Anomaly Transfer for Crosstesting Purposes (Site-07 to Site-82)

Authorization to Brief Heads of State (150-NA/CA/SA/EU/AF)

Emergency Technology Acquisition Directive (Alternative means of satellite uplink/downlink)

FORESIGHT Analysis: Predicted Geopolitical Conflict Related to Ongoing Anomalous Activity

Application for the Distribution of Memetic Agents (All available systems)

Record of Weapon System Transfer for Testing Purposes (Site-04, Site-09, Site-75 to Site-82)

Record of Anomaly Transfer for Crosstesting Purposes (Site-02, Site-33, Site-59 to Site-82)

Authorization to Brief Heads of State (152-ALL)

Transcript: Communication with Known Group of Interest Representative (3036-GOC)

Transcript: Communication with Known Group of Interest Representative (3037-HI)

Transcript: Communication with Known Group of Interest Representative (3038-SH)

Authorization to Brief Heads of State (153-ALL)

O5 Memo: Immediate Cessation of Communication With All External

Organizations (June 25, 2091)

Record of Final Transmission to Satellite Systems (June 26, 2091)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: global enclosure)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: altitude decrease)

Assorted Personnel and Equipment Transfer Records (7751 entries)

O5 Memo: Regarding Emergency Alterations to Foundation Unified Law (July 7, 2091)

Updated Guidelines for Conscripting Individuals in an Area of Ongoing Anomalous Activity (July 9, 2091)

MTF Beta-99 Expedition Report (Surface, Earth)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: altitude decrease)

MTF Beta-99 Expedition Report (Surface, Earth)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: altitude decrease)

MTF Beta-99 Expedition Report (Surface, Earth)

SCP-3649 Documentation Update (See edits: significant altitude decrease)

Footnotes
1. via a type-4 Hoffman-Ritz process. See: Kassovitz, Lily, Jr. "Aerovores and Itinerant Storms: Adjusting Classifications of Anomalous Nephology."Foundation Internal Journal of Natural Sciences75, no. 2 (January 13, 2020): 355-391.

SCP-3650: Wanderlust

Item #: SCP-3650

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3650 is held inside of a standard containment locker on Site 19. Research personnel are not permitted to look at both sides of any instance of SCP-3650. D-Class personnel may only be shown both sides of an instance of SCP-3650 during scheduled testing. The containment locker may only be opened with written permission from the active senior researcher. SCP-3650 may not leave Site 19.

After the results of Test #12, subjects under the effects of SCP-3650 must be physically restrained.

Description: SCP-3650 is a collection of 10.16 X 7.62 cm Polaroid photographs (SCP-3650-1) depicting various landscapes. Poems, specifically 5-7-5 haiku, are written in red ink on the back of each instance. Every picture is signed “Rem Z.” who is presumably responsible for the photographs, the poems, or both. All photographs are devoid of persons.

The anomalous effects of SCP-3650 trigger when a human is exposed to both sides of an instance. At this point, subjects feel a strong compulsion to go to the exact place where the photograph was taken, using all resources available to them. Subjects will also leave items at the location, such as coats, food, and books.

Exposure to one side of an SCP-3650 instance does not trigger the anomaly. Researchers hypothesize that this is due to a memetic agent embedded in SCP-3650 instances. Research into this theory is still ongoing.

The Foundation is currently in possession of twelve instances, but it is possible that more instances exist.

Recovery Logs:

> Recovery I
>
> One instance of SCP-3650 was found during an investigation into Gary Dalton, who disappeared while climbing the mountain K2. People close to Dalton confirm that he assembled his team and equipment hastily, which they expect led to an accident during the ascent.

> Recovery II
>
> Three instances of SCP-3650 were recovered during a raid of a Marshall, Carter and Dark transaction. These instances were marketed as “exotic travel opportunities” to customers with enough resources to make the trip in a timely manner. After interrogating the salesperson in charge of the transaction, the Foundation received leads on two more SCP-3650 instances, which were recovered, as well as the origin of SCP-3650. MTF-Mu-5 (“Travel Agents”) was sent to investigate.

> Recovery III
>
> Six instances of SCP-3650 were recovered as part of MTF-Mu-5’s investigation into the anomaly’s origins, which led to deceased author Earnest Glint. Earnest Glint committed suicide on 3/23/2015 after killing his newlywed wife and her dog, according to local law enforcement. Her body has not yet been found. The six instances were confiscated from the police’s evidence locker. They were found in an album at the scene of the crime with “Honeymoon Memories” written on the front in red marker.

Test Logs:
These are brief summaries of SCP-3650 instances. Personnel should ask Dr. Rolick for access to the remainder of the tests.

NOTE: Due to the nature of SCP-3650, each test will contain either

the picture, or the haiku and a description of the picture.

Test Log 02

Poem:
Twisting sands for miles
Blasting outer castle walls
Until the tide falls

Picture: The beach of Cape May, New Jersey. There is moderate cloud cover, so the sun cannot be seen in the picture. The ocean appears to be calm.

Research Team Instructions: Assist the subject in reaching his destination by any means necessary.

Purpose: Basic testing of the object's effects.

Travel Log:
00:05 — Subject exits Site 19. Subject requests transportation to the nearest airport, as well as a ticket to the first flight to New Jersey. Request was fulfilled.
01:26 — Subject arrives at the airport. He is followed by the research subteam of Dr. Rolick, Junior Researcher Niklo Gerdinel, and Security Personnel Maxwell Grand and Sarah Rucker.
04:50 — Subject and the research subteam arrive in Newark New Jersey. Subject requests motor vehicle transportation to Cape May. Request was fulfilled.
07:22 — Subject and research subteam reach Cape May. Subject enters a local pet store and retrieves a four-month-old golden retriever. Gerdinel stays behind to pay for the dog as the rest of the subteam follows Subject.
07:41 — Subject arrives on the beach, and proceeds to walk along the shore. Research

subteam follows.
09:04 — Subject stops and places the dog on the ground. Dr. Rolick confirms that, with high probability, this is the location depicted in the instance of SCP-3650. Subject appears to return to normal. When asked about the dog, Subject responded, “she wanted a dog, so I brought her a dog." After Subject leaves the beach, Gerdinel finds the golden retriever and returns it to the pet store.

Test Log 05

Poem:
Upon the earth mound
Old men cry out to nature
Cold bites at their skin

Picture: The view from the summit of Long’s Peak, Colorado, looking toward Estes Park and Estes Lake. There are no clouds, and some snow can be seen atop surrounding mountains.

Research Team Instructions: Neither assist nor hinder the subject.

Purpose: Testing the strength of the effect of the object.

Travel Log:
00:06 — Subject exits Site 19 and requests transportation to the nearest airport. Subject also requests a ticket to Denver, Colorado. Both requests are denied. Subject requests food and water for eleven days. Request is fulfilled. Subject is given a parcel with food and water. Dr. Rolick places a tracking device, a camera and a microphone on the parcel.
00:11 — Subject walks to Highway I-25 and follows it in the direction of Colorado.

76:31 — Subject shouts obscenities at the research team. Subject had not stopped walking before this point except to rest and eat.
220:42 — Subject encounters the research team which had flown out to Colorado to continue in-person observation of Subject.
267:27 — Subject and research team arrives at the base of Long's Peak.
267:54 — Subject retrieves a clock from an unoccupied National Park Service building.
268:32 — Subject begins to ascend Long's Peak. Dr. Rolick, Junior Researcher Gerdinel, and Security Personnel Maxwell Grand and Sarah Rucker follow.
275:13 — Gerdinel reports a feeling of light headedness and nausea, presumably caused by the ascent. Grand escorts Gerdinel to the base of Long's Peak. Rolick and Rucker continue to follow Subject.
280:37 — Subject arrives at the top of Long's Peak. She places the clock on the ground and shouts "There. Have it. I don't have much left myself." Subject appears to return to normal, and then collapse from exhaustion.
281:02 — Subject regains enough strength to be escorted to the base of the mountain. When asked about the clock and her remarks at the top of the mountain, Subject refused to respond.

Test Log 09

Poem:
[DATA EXPUNGED]

Picture:

Research Team Instructions: Lock the subject in a humanoid containment cell. The

cell is to be furnished with a bed, a toilet, and nothing else. Do not release the subject.

Purpose: Determining the effects of SCP-3650 on subjects unable to reach the destination.

Travel Log:
00:00 — Subject is locked inside of humanoid containment cell 4512. Subject requests release from containment. Request denied.
00:02 — Subject begs for his release. Request denied.
01:10 — Subject requests food. Request fulfilled. Subject uses plate in an attempt to create a hole in the wall.
01:31 — Plate breaks. Subject continues, now using a shard of the plate.
01:53 — Subject no longer has shards large enough to continue digging. Subject begins pacing, possibly to relieve stress.
05:32 — Subject sits down, but remains visibly distressed. Signs of this stress include nervous tics, biting of nails, and tapping.
61:53 — Subject is seen turning in his sleep, and heard murmuring to himself. Guards on site claim that Subject said "I just want to help," although there is no conclusive evidence of this.
84:17 — Subject begins shaking. Gerdinel requests to conclude the test. Request denied.
103:45 — Subject has stopped requesting food. Subject claims to no longer be hungry, but will eat when prompted.
216:30 — Testing concludes. Subject's mental and physical state deteriorated from stress and anxiety since previous notes, and exhibited no other symptoms of note. Upon release, Subject travels to the location depicted on the instance of SCP-3650 shown to him, and

leaves a copy of *The Lovely Bones*. Subject appears relieved and calmed after completing his journey.

Test Log 12

Poem:
In the cold tundra
If someone is beside me
I'll wake up smiling

Picture: The inside of one of the Shoshone Indian Ice Caves in Idaho. The only lighting comes from the flash on the camera. A frozen waterfall runs down the cave wall.

Research Team Instructions: Assist the subject in reaching his destination by any means necessary.

Purpose: Confirm that all instances work in the same manner.

Travel Log:
00:02 — Subject requests a ticket to Boise, Idaho. Request fulfilled.
01:34 — Subject arrives at the airport. He is followed by the research subteam of Dr. Rolick, Junior Researcher Niklo Gerdinel, and Security Personnel Maxwell Grand and Sarah Rucker.
03:32 — Subject and the research subteam arrive in Boise, Idaho. Subject requests motor transportation to the Shoshone Indian Ice Caves. Request fulfilled.
05:51 — Subject and the research subteam arrive at the Shoshone Indian Ice Caves. Subject retrieves a commemorative knife from the souvenir store. Gerdinel stays behind to pay for the knife as Rolick, Grand and Rucker follow Subject into one of the caves.

06:29 — Subject stops moving for several minutes. Subject then attempts to slit his throat with the knife, though Rucker and Grand intervene. Subject is physically restrained, and his knife is confiscated.
11:13 — Subject is returned to the facility. Dr Rolick concludes that Subject is no longer affected by SCP-3650. When questioned about his attempted suicide Subject replied "she appreciated the effort, even if **`she still feels lonely`**," and refused to elaborate further.

SCP-3652

Item #: SCP-3652

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3652 is to be stored in a standard item storage locker at Site-77. Due to potential for harm, testing must be approved by at least one person on-site with Level 3 clearance, and testing must occur in a blast-proof room. Testing deemed especially dangerous or unethical by Level 3 personnel, including placing living creatures inside SCP-3652, must be escalated to a member of staff with Level 4 clearance for approval. Any person who is to place an item inside of SCP-3652 must be interviewed in regard to their belief on the meaning of the phrase "turn inside out" and screened for any level of education or knowledge that may affect this belief, to avoid a scenario similar to Test 5 (see Testing Logs).

Description: SCP-3652 is a corrugated cardboard Plain Brown Box (as named by Home Depot), measuring 76.2cm x 76.2cm x 76.2cm, with walls approximately 3mm thick. When an item is placed into SCP-3652 and it is shut, the item is turned inside out over a period of exactly five (5) minutes. Due to the fact that there is currently no known method of viewing the inside of the object while this occurs, SCP-3652's exact workings remain a mystery.

During this period of time, SCP-3652 exhibits the Vickers hardness of non-anomalous corrugated cardboard and will not dull knives which are used on it. Despite this, no opening in the object can be made via any currently known means, conventional (lifting the flaps) or unconventional (tearing or piercing), though it can be folded or dented in ways that do not produce an opening. Knives and other such implements used on SCP-3652 consistently appear to temporarily lose all sharpness, merely indenting the object before

stopping completely. SCP-3652 will also contain concussive forces during this period of time (see Test 5), as well as repelling all forms of radiation (e.g. X-ray) intended to allow one to view inside it. Upon the five (5) minutes having elapsed, SCP-3652 is then able to be opened.

Testing has revealed that the effect of SCP-3652 appears to be dependent on the person who placed the item inside it (hereafter referred to as "subject"), specifically their perception of the meaning of the phrase "turn inside out", though this appears to have constraints (see Test 8).

When SCP-3652 is not closed, it can be damaged as if it were non-anomalous cardboard, though any such damage regenerates over a period of five (5) minutes when the box is again closed. Its function will not begin until all damage has been repaired. Given that SCP-3652 appears to be influenced by human belief, it is possible that the level of structural integrity the object must have before being "closed" is dependent on the person who closes it. As SCP-3652 requires being in a closed state to begin repairing damage, tests which may lead to severe damage (e.g. disintegration) to the object, such that it cannot be reassembled sufficiently to close (or rather, for the average human to consider it closed), must be approved by Level 4 personnel to avoid its permanent destruction.

SCP-3652 was purchased by Aiden in 2015 as part of a 5 Moving Box Bundle, for the purpose of relocating a cathode ray tube television from his parents' home to his newly purchased apartment. Television arrived at apartment in a state of extreme destruction, with the majority of the wires outside the main body of the television. attempted to bring a lawsuit against the moving company which transported SCP-3652, at which point Foundation personnel became aware of the object. The other 4 Plain Brown Boxes which SCP-3652 were purchased with display no anomalous properties, and were successfully used by to transport various other possessions, before being disposed of.

It is unknown why SCP-3652 displays its anomalous properties, as according to thorough Foundation investigation the object was manufactured identically to other Plain Brown Boxes with raw

materials (paper, glue) also found in other (non-anomalous) products.

Addendum:

+ Testing Logs

Test 1
Item: Polyester shirt
Subject: D-0892, 25 years of age
Procedure: Subject placed item inside box and then closed it.
Results: Sound of cloth rubbing against cardboard was observed for a duration described as "around five minutes", later determined to be exactly five (5) minutes through the use of a stopwatch. Box was opened to reveal polyester shirt turned inside out, similar to how a human would manipulate a shirt if instructed to "turn the shirt inside out", with the skin-facing side of the shirt facing outwards and vice versa.
Analysis: Object appears to not destroy items as previously inferred from 's description during his lawsuit, but turn them inside out.

Test 2
Item: Steak purchased from restaurant, with section of bovine rib inside of it.
Subject: D-0892, 25 years of age
Procedure: Subject placed item inside box and then closed it.
Results: Sound of squelching meat and grinding bone observed for five (5) minutes, during which subject was removed from the testing room at his request, referring to the sound as "really unpleasant". Box was opened to reveal the steak, now with its meat encased by a smooth bony shell approximately 5mm

thick. Shell was later determined to be of equal mass to the original bovine rib bone fragment.
Analysis: Object does not violate conservation of mass, though it is unknown where it gets the energy to perform its function. Further testing is required to ascertain if the subject's perception of the sound of SCP-3652's function was anomalous.

Test 3
Item: Steak purchased from restaurant, with section of bovine rib inside of it.
Subject: D-0192, 40 years of age
Procedure: D-0192 placed item inside box and then closed it.
Results: Similar to Test 2. Shell was once again determined to be of equal mass to the original bovine rib bone fragment. D-0192 made no comment on the sound of SCP-3652's function and remained in the testing room for the full duration of five (5) minutes.
Analysis: Object appears to have no anomalous properties regarding its sound, or said properties are not effective on all members of the population. "Squeamish" added to D-0892's file, to be further investigated as their reaction is odd considering the acts committed which led to them being acquired by the Foundation as D-class personnel.

Denied. Investigating why a **non-anomalous** homicidal maniac doesn't like squelchy sounds is a waste of time, research personnel are advised that the D in "D-class" can be considered to stand for *disposable* - Senior Research Officer

Test 4
Item: Steak purchased from restaurant, with section of bovine rib inside of it.
Subject: Dr. , M.D., 35 years of age
Procedure: Dr. placed item inside box and then closed it.
Results: Sound of splashing liquid observed for five (5) minutes. Box was opened to reveal a pool of liquid, later revealed to be cytoplasm. Viewing a 5 mL sample of liquid through an optical microscope determined that there were cell membranes floating inside it, making it likely that the cells themselves turned inside out. Bottom of box was noticeably damp.
Analysis: Object appears to perform its function in accordance with the meaning of "turn inside out" according to the person who places the item inside of it. Further testing is required.

Test 5
Item: Steak purchased from restaurant, with section of bovine rib inside of it.
Subject: Mr. , possessing a Bachelor's Degree in Nuclear and Particle Physics, 43 years of age
Procedure: Mr. placed item inside box, still notably damp, and then closed it.
Results: No sound perceived for the duration of SCP-3652's function, though its sides appeared to bulge outwards. When five (5) minutes had elapsed, SCP-3652 exploded, later determined to be due to the atoms inside the steak turning inside out and the resulting arrangement of subatomic particles causing

great repulsive forces. Mr. was well within the blast radius of approximately twenty-five (25) metres and immediately expired. Testing room was severely damaged, causing great injury to four (4) research personnel who were supervising the experiment from outside. Injured personnel were treated, and Mr. 's cremated remains sent to his family after being examined to ensure they had no anomalous properties.
Analysis: Hypothesis from Test 4 supported. Recommendation has been placed to transfer SCP-3652 to a blast-proof room during testing as a precaution for future experiments.

Test 6
Item: Polyester shirt
Subject: D-0192, 40 years of age
Procedure: Research personnel assembled the fragments of SCP-3652 over a period of one hour in a blast-proof room, using Elmer's brand wood glue to assist in maintaining its structural stability. Item was placed inside SCP-3652 by D-0192 and the object manipulated into a position which could be reasonably described as "closed"
Results: SCP-3652 repaired itself over a period of five (5) minutes, sloughing off wood glue as it did so. No sound was observed throughout this time. SCP-3652 then appeared to begin its function, apparent by the sound of rubbing cloth. SCP-3652 was opened, with results similar to Test 1. Bottom of object was no longer damp as observed after Test 4. D-0192 expressed a desire to insert a member of research personnel into SCP-3652 and as such was reassigned, though his suggestion of placing a living item inside SCP-3652 was

noted.
Analysis: Object repairs itself before beginning its function. Level of damage needed to begin repair is unknown, as dampness observed in Test 4 was not changed during Test 5 beyond normal drying, but was completely removed in Test 6.

Test 7
Item: Adult member of species *Felis catus*, a common housecat
Subject: D-4029, 34 years of age
Procedure: Item was placed inside object then closed.
Results: Sounds of scratching cardboard and feline distress were observed for approximately 2 minutes. In response to this, D-4209 attempted to open the object via various means such as lifting the flaps and tearing it, but was unable to. After 5 minutes had elapsed from the closure of the object, box was opened by research personnel (as D-4209 refused) to reveal the item's skin, surrounded by its organs (still connected) and a pool of extracellular fluid. D-4209 was reprimanded for attempting to interrupt testing procedure.
Analysis: Object works on living creatures and appears to be unable to be opened or damaged by any means while carrying out its functions. Review of procedure of selection of D-class personnel is requested, as interfering with testing procedure due to reasons including personal morals is severely discouraged.

Test 8
Item: Polyester shirt

Subject: D-3251, 19 years of age
Procedure: D-3251's knowledge of the phrase "turn inside out" was cleared using an amnestic agent. They were then re-educated that the phrase was synonymous with "turn into a red rubber ball".
Results: Similar to Test 1. No red rubber ball observed in SCP-3652.
Analysis: Subject's belief on the meaning of the phrase "turn inside out" appears to have limited influence on the function of SCP-3652 in certain cases. Further investigation required to ascertain how SCP-3652 gains knowledge of subject's personal belief on the meaning of the phrase "turn inside out", as well as where the line is drawn on said meanings deviating too far from the norm and SCP-3652's "default" behaviour when it encounters this.

SCP-3654: WarTime

Item #: SCP-3654

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Naval Site-821 has been built on Otōto-jima and has been staffed with personnel experienced with repair and restoration of World War 2 Era watercraft. Staff should patrol the waters around the Chichi-Jima group of islands to search for SCP-3654. If SCP-3654 has not been found by the projected date, search teams are to be sent to the other island groups in the Bonin islands.

Once SCP-3654 has been found, it is to be towed or escorted to Naval Site-821, where it will be repaired and refueled. Items found within its cabin should be documented but left undisturbed. Before SCP-3654's projected disappearance, munitions and rations are to be placed on the boat. Personnel who wish to add extra-dimensional sensors to the vessel should speak with the current project supervisor.

Description: SCP-3654 is a possibly alternate version of the PT-658, a World War 2 era motor torpedo boat. The vessel displays wear consistent with several decades of continuous use. The interior of SCP-3654 has living quarters for eight men, with the remaining bunks turned into additional storage areas. Personal effects within the vessel indicate it is crewed by American soldiers, however the language present on the written documents and signage is in an as of yet undecipherable language. Maps found in the captain's quarters indicate SCP-3654 is or was part of an invasion force planned for mainland Japan.

The primary anomalous trait of the vessel is a cycle of existence and non-existence, each lasting for approximately 29 days. When SCP-3654 disappears, no living organic matter will transport with it. On multiple occasions, it has shown to be capable of autonomous

movement without the use of its engines.

SCP-3654 was first discovered in 1978 by a civilian science vessel that was exploring the Bonin Islands. At the time, it was heavily damaged, with two of the three engines out of commission. The vessel was covered in makeshift camouflage that was composed of packed mud and decaying plant matter. An initial analysis of SCP-3654 revealed a significant amount of crushed or broken timepieces and clocks sitting on a pile of partially burnt calendar pages. Chalk markings, possibly counting number of kills, have been noted next to the defensive turrets.

Addendum: Notable changes to SCP-3654 or the items within it have been recorded and listed below.

> **Date:** - -1980
>
> **Notes:** Bunk #7 was found emptied of personal effects save for a picture of a soldier, several bottles of alcohol, and a small pile of dried tropical flora.

> **Date:** - -1980
>
> **Notes:** The chalk markings next to the defensive turrets increased dramatically, rising from an average of 6 marks to 27 marks.

> **Date:** - -1982
>
> **Notes:** A note was found wedged near the vessel's wheel. It contained symbols and pictures that appeared to request munitions and food. The containment procedures were appended to include these materials following a testing period.

> **Date:** - -1982
>
> **Notes:** Following the implementation of including rations when SCP-3654 disappears, another note was found near the vessel's wheel. The pictures depicted crude drawings of Japanese boats on fire, and the image of a clock.

Date: - -1983

Notes: A sundial, composed of a palm trunk with chalk markings, was found on the deck of SCP-3654

Date: - -1983

Notes: The sundial was found missing, but the markings remained. Investigation of the ship revealed the palm trunk broken into pieces and hidden under Bunk #8.

Date: - -1985

Notes: Multiple crewmen on the ship appeared to have moved their sleeping quarters nearer to the engine. A chalk line was drawn halfway between the bunks and the new sleeping area.

Date: - -1991

Notes: The captain's quarters were found ransacked. A destroyed pocket watch was found in the center of the cabin.

Date: - -1991

Notes: A barrier constructed of palm trunks with metal bars was blocking access to one of the cargo areas. Multiple bullet holes were found in the barrier. Behind several of the cargo containers, a paper calendar was discovered, with a large number of dates randomly crossed off.

Date: - -1998

Notes: Multiple shrines and pyres were discovered in burnt or semi-burnt states throughout SCP-3654.

Date: - -2009

Notes: The interior of the ship became covered in a massive amount of hand drawn clock faces, calendar

pages, and symbols from their written language.

Date: - -2014

Notes: SCP-3654 was found in a small cove and appeared to have been intentionally scuttled. A large dark-brown stain, later discovered to be blood, was found in the center of the deck.

SCP-3655: The Last Resort

An external view of SCP-3655's main structure, obtained by MTF Epsilon-9.

Item #: SCP–3655

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Owing to the location and nature of SCP-3655, constant physical containment has been deemed impractical. Containment procedures should therefore centre on the suppression of public knowledge pertaining to the existence, location and nature of SCP-3655 and the doctoring of satellite and telescopic images of the structure.

The interior of the anomaly should be patrolled on a bi-monthly basis by MTF Epsilon-9, accessed from the nearby Lunar-Area 32 using Foundation lunar-surface vehicular technology. Any changes to the interior of the structure should be noted and investigated immediately.

Description: SCP-3655 is an exact replica of Las Vegas' "The Mint" Hotel and Casino located on the lunar surface, approximately seven kilometres from Oceanus Procellarum[1]: ("Ocean of Storms"). Based on physical evidence collected from within the structure, it is probable the duplication of SCP-3655 occurred at some point within the month of December, 1966, although no notable suspicious or anomalous activity was reported by the hotel's inhabitants during this period. The means behind SCP-3655's appearance on the lunar surface are currently unknown.

Internally, the structure maintains an atmosphere identical to that of Earth, a constant temperature of 21 degrees Celsius and generates or receives water and electricity from an unknown source. However, the interior remains the only area fit for human habitation, as normal lunar conditions resume beyond the outer limits of the structure.

Of note is the significant amount of damage sustained by the interior of the structure, most prominently within the foyer area of the hotel and the central gambling hall of the casino. Furniture and equipment lie vandalised throughout, the foyer has sustained a large amount of fire damage and human remains recovered from beneath floorboards suggest the widespread occurrence of violence following SCP-3655's appearance.

Discovery: A potential lunar anomaly was first brought to the Foundation's attention during the immediate aftermath of NASA's Apollo-12 mission, when Foundation assets embedded within the agency discovered reports of "lunar lights" from Apollo 12's crew. Further research conducted by the Foundation was later able to verify these claims, with the source being identified as a large, unknown object in close proximity to the Apollo-12 mission site. Despite this knowledge, owing to the limitations of the Foundation's astronomic capabilities at the time, the duplicated structure was not fully explored and did not receive SCP-classification until / /76, an estimated ten years following its appearance.

Upon Foundation discovery, the remains of some 189 inhabitants of the hotel were found throughout the complex in various states of decay, suggesting the anomalous event that led to the duplication of "The Mint" similarly affected any guests present within the structure at the exact moment of duplication. However, this number falls far short of the average number of inhabitants within the hotel and casino at any given time in 1966, suggesting that a significant number of these visitors were either spared the effects of the duplication or have not yet been discovered in or around SCP-3655.

+ Addendum 3655-1A

Addendum 3655-1A: The following are excerpts from a journal recovered from the office of Harrison Garcia within SCP-3655: casino floor manager for "The Mint" between 1965 and 1976, likely detailing the events within SCP-3655 leading up to and directly following the duplication event. The original Harrison Garcia died of natural causes in 2004.

12/06/66: As expected, things have been

picking up around here along with the holiday season. Good for the casino and hopefully good for Team Garcia too. More gamblers equal more opportunity! At the rate the numbers are growing, my team and I may be hard pressed to keep things running smoothly, but still, duty calls. We'll make it work and I'll make this worthwhile.

12/10/66: I finally have my extra security on the cards, hopefully they'll work wonders on the festive raucous kicking in! I'm always grateful for extra muscle around this time of year, even if they are a little rough around the edges. Secure doors being left unlocked. Excessive force. Grown men confused about the building layout. Typical stuff. They may not be the smartest bunch, but I'll whip them into shape. At least I'll try.

12/15/66: Huge swell of people into the hotel today. I have business to attend to so you'll have to forgive a short entry for tonight. At least when you finally get around to reading this. Security still wandering around like headless chickens but I have a hunch we'll all need to step up big tonight.

12/16/66: This isn't right. None of this is right. Things have taken a turn for the worst around here, and I'm not talking about profit margins. Don't ask how it happened. Don't ask who the hell was responsible. I'm shaking just writing this because no one knows where we are, what the hell is going on or how we're going to get out of this. One minute it's business as usual, the next all hell starts breaking loose. Whatever it was, I wasn't there to see it. But there's nothing out there now, nothing at all recognisable, and the staff I sent out to

investigate still haven't come back. I have hundreds of terrified patrons banging at my door and we've yet to establish anything resembling order amongst them. God help us. Give me strength Coraline.

12/17/66: Somehow we've managed to get a grip on the situation, however bleak the circumstances. We've assembled all the survivors we could find in the casino, since outside the building is no man's land now. One of our dealers, poor lad, learnt that the hard way when he tried to get out through the foyer.

The silver lining is that somehow the lights and water still work, so there's that, and we've had security handing out food from the cafeteria to those that'll take it. Definitely feels lonelier around here though. We still haven't taken a count of those left, but it's starting to look like a sizeable few just didn't make it. As for the survivors, a fragile peace has taken hold, but I'm worried about how long it'll last and terrified about the long run. At least I can confide that in here, because out there they sure as hell can't afford to see me break down. I need to stay strong. For their sakes and mine.

12/18/66: I think my fellow employees are already starting to crack. I had to stop a colleague of five years from heading back to the cage and allowing the exchange of chips for cash, not to mention the restaurant staff from selling food and booze like nothing's the matter. As if cash has any value at a time like this! I don't know how much booze got out before I put a stop to it, but I do know that drunkenness is not a wildcard I'd like to be contending with given the already dire circumstances. I'm going to have to run a

much tighter ship if we're to stand any chance of getting through this.

12/19/66: We've managed to track down those with alcohol. Too bad they're mostly members of my own damn security staff. One of them has already managed to drink himself into a coma, and plenty more seem intent on following that example. So not only do we now have fewer hands on deck, but our supplies are dwindling by the day to boot. Coraline, I wonder if I'm already the only sane one left.

12/20/66: The past couple of hours have been a nightmare. The fire started before anyone knew what was happening, and that was when we noticed it. Some damaged electrics had ignited a fireball that damn near consumed the lobby and us with it. It was a miracle we managed to get it under control, let alone stop it, but in the end the sprinklers and our bravest managed to come through. I just hope there aren't any more surprises headed our way, because our hopes and resources are stretched far enough as it is. But at least now there's a little more per head and a half-dozen fewer mouths to feed.

12/25/66: Christmas today. Even though I knew I'd be spending it without you, somehow our predicament only makes the feeling worse. I can only hope your fortunes are better.

12/29/66: More trouble in Paradise. To say we should've rationed our food supplies better is an understatement, since we let a lot of good stuff go to waste in the chaos following the start of this ordeal. Fear and anger, on the other hand, are here in abundance.

We took a count. There are two hundred and

seventeen of us stuck here. I doubt we have enough to last us a fortnight. What should I do? What can I do?

I wish you were here.

01/01/67: The hungry are turning violent.

There's practically a mob forming in the Poker Hall and they seem intent on claiming the scraps we have left one way or another. That and lashing out at anything or anyone they can get their hands on. The patrons. The security. The dealers. Me. We all want answers. We all want solutions. The difference is that I'm expected to deliver. Not to mention that we're still no closer to figuring out what on earth started this mess. The phones are useless. We can't get a radio signal. We're cut off.

Yet still, fixing this mess is my duty. Why else am I here, separate from you? No matter the odds, I have to try.

01/05/67: I've tasked the few workers who'll still obey with keeping those who have kept order safe, but the rest have all turned on us by now. My hands are tied. The Assistant Floor Manager has a dozen or so survivors holed up in the smoking room, convinced that escape is their only option. They're close to jumping ship. Maybe they already have. Duty continues to call, but I'm finding it difficult to answer.

I'm spending more and more time holed up in this office alone. Out there, violence is becoming more and more common, so it seems like a smart enough move for now. But the hunger is only getting worse.

01/06/67: I'm writing this to try and dull the nagging pain in my stomach, and keep some spark of hope going in the darkness outside. More and more are abandoning the casino in favour of whatever lies out there, but I don't blame them. The people still here are changing, driven mad by panic, hunger and desperation. I haven't eaten in days, and even though I hate to admit it, even I'm struggling to keep a level head and a clear mind.

And so this is starting to look more and more like the end. Coraline, you seem so impossibly far away.

01/10/67: My hunger continues to grow, but some have found a solution to theirs. Dozens missing. Dozens dead. But I suppose I should've expected this. They came here to gamble, and gamble they will, whatever the odds. To eat or be eaten, all down to a roll of the dice. I can only refuse, keep my dignity for whatever it's worth. For now I'm still safe in my office. It's preferable to the destruction and depravity that lies beyond.

I can hear them, even now. The rolling of dice. The spin of the roulette wheel. The inevitable screams and whoops of crazed mania that follow. Then, at last, silence until the next round.

What happens when they need new suckers for their little game?

01/12/67: My luck has run out and it appears my time is up. They're at my door now, and in a few short moments they'll be upon me, so I'm writing now for anyone who'll listen. To preserve what happened here. To ask why.

Know that I tried. Tried to hold things together. Tried to do my duty. Tried for the people that matter most. It was only the promise of a better future that brought me here, and even if I can never share that with those I love, I can share this message of regret with you. Tell Coraline I'm sorry.

Footnotes

1. The landing site of NASA's Apollo 12 mission

SCP-3656: Governments in Exile

Item #: SCP-3656

Object Class: Neutralised

Special Containment Procedures: The area previously containing SCP-3656 is surrounded by a chain-link fence and monitored by CCTV. Signage is to denote the area as containing hazardous chemical waste to deter civilian intrusion. If it is necessary for staff to enter the area, appropriate protective gear is required and use of personal dosimeters and Geiger counters is advised.

Description: SCP-3656 is a 5.5 km^2 field, formerly Site-70 and the greater part of the suburb of , in outer Chicago, Illinois. It is contaminated by high levels of radioactive isotopes, mostly strontium-90 and caesium-137. The average radiation across the area is approximately 50 kBq/m^2.

SCP-3656 demonstrates no current anomalous effects.

Archived File - 04/07/16

Item #: SCP-3656

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: One Foundation staff member (Representative A-1) has been designated the primary point of contact with SCP-3656. On the 4th day of each month at 9am (UTC-6:00), this staff member is to lead a team into SCP-3656 and document the proceedings. All events within SCP-3656 should be audio recorded and transcribed. Overt video and photographic recording is prohibited as its use causes entities within SCP-3656 to react with suspicion. Clandestine recording requires Level 4 staff

approval.

All staff entering SCP-3656 should be of Iranian ethnicity, fluent in Farsi and with comprehensive knowledge of Iranian culture and history, particularly of the Safavid dynasty (1501-1736). Representative A-1 should be a Level 3 staff member with experience in public policy, international law and diplomatic negotiation. Staff within SCP-3656 are to identify themselves as representatives of the “Sublime State of Iran in Exile” (Group-A), a group known to SCP-3656 entities prior to Foundation involvement. Appropriate documents and identification have been prepared for this purpose, and no materiel with Foundation information or insignia is to enter SCP-3656. Staff are advised not to consume any items within SCP-3656.

Personnel who enter SCP-3656 require an additional briefing and memetic resistance screening conducted by the **SCP-2155** research team. All documents making detailed reference to Group-H should be considered a memetic hazard and quarantined until their anomalous status can be determined.

Description: SCP-3656 is a room in the basement of the house at 50 Adams St., , Chicago, Illinois. The address was formerly the residence of Mr Ali Mirzakhani, a businessman and member of the Iranian community in Chicago. Since its acquisition by the Foundation in 2006, the building was given the designation Site-70, which eventually acquired both neighbouring houses to accommodate personnel and research materiel.

On the 4th day of each month, when an individual enters SCP-3656 and closes the door behind them, an SCP-3656 event will occur, where SCP-3656 will take on the appearance of a conference room with a central table and seating for 40 people. A door also appears on the opposite side of the room to the entrance, through which entities enter and exit. Exploration attempts beyond this have met resistance from SCP-3656 entities. While an event is in progress, establishing outside communication or access has been unsuccessful, and GPS tracking devices lose signal.

Between 20 and 40 humanoid entities will be present in SCP-3656, several with anomalous features. All identify themselves as

representatives of groups belonging to the “Displaced Governments Cooperation Organisation”, or DGCO (SCP-3656-1). SCP-3656-1 appears to be a supranational organisation with the aim of promoting diplomatic, cultural and economic cooperation. Its member groups describe themselves as governments which have lost control over most or all of their claimed national territory. Despite these circumstances, they claim to possess considerable financial and military resources, with access to both conventional and anomalous weaponry. The entities within SCP-3656 frequently refer to locations, individuals and events for which no evidence has been found in baseline reality.

Thus far, 8 groups have been identified in SCP-3656.

Group-A (Foundation staff only) - "The Sublime State of Iran in Exile"

- A US-based Iranian diaspora organisation dedicated to the return of Shahanshah “Abbas V Safavi”, pretender to the Iranian throne and head of the Safavid royal household.[1] Information on the history and structure of Group-A has been compiled from a mixture of historical modelling and context clues from SCP-3656 entities, which can be found in Document 3656-A-Prime. Staff entering SCP-3656 should familiarise themselves with this document and exercise care to ensure that statements relating to Group-A align with the existing knowledge of SCP-3656 entities.

Group-B - “The Everlasting Tsardom of Russia"

- An organisation dedicated to the return of the House of Romanov to the Russian throne. Unlike existing Russian monarchist organisations, Group-B refers to “Tsaritsa Alexandra I” as the current pretender. The representative from Group-B appears to be a human cadaver in an advanced stage of decay[2], transported in a wheelchair by human assistants. This has never been observed to exhibit anomalous properties, but its attendants translate statements on its behalf. It is unknown whether this entity is able to communicate with them or it is a non-anomalous cadaver towards which its attendants act in a ritualised manner.

Group-C - “The Friends of the Doge”

- A society claiming to represent the Republic of Venice and Venetian nationalism. It derives the majority of its resources from “Contarini-Morosini Incorporated”, a multinational corporation based in Durrazo[3], with business relating to shipping, armaments, textiles, glasswares, precious metals and financial services. This corporation is claimed by Group-C to have a market capitalisation of over 80 billion "New Standard US Dollars" (NsUSD[4]), and to have controlling stakes in [REDACTED][5]. Group-C entities speak both Venetian and archaic Italian.

Group-D - “The Second Pacifican Republic”

- Group-D claims the territory of the US Pacific states (Alaska, California, Washington and Oregon) with the exception of Hawaii, and expresses negative sentiments towards Americans and the US government. All Group-D entities are dressed in environmental suits, and speak modern English, muffled due to their outfits. Although observation is difficult due to their dress, they appear to be severely malnourished and emaciated humanoids.

Group-E - “The Association for the Restoration of Japan”

- A militaristic organisation dedicated to Japanese imperial revival, under the “Go-Meiji Emperor”. It bears many similarities in structure and history to the **IJAMEA**, but no ties between the IJAMEA and Group-E have been discovered as of yet save its representation by an individual named General Yukio Kurata (E-1), who shares the same name as a previous IJAMEA leader. However, the Kurata family is not known to have any living descendants.

Group-F - "The Unity"

- Group-F entities are the only entities which do not communicate in an intelligible language, and information on Group-F is therefore limited. Although dressed in normal business clothing, they are pale humanoids, roughly 2m tall,

with severely atrophied eyes and no visible mouth. They communicate by producing a high-pitched buzzing via an unknown mechanism. All SCP-3656 entities appear to understand this, and will respond to Group-F entities as normal. As translation efforts have been unsuccessful, Foundation staff are advised to respond to Group-F entities with vague, noncommittal statements, unless the content can be inferred from the responses of other entities. Other entities refer to Group-F as 'the Unity', the significance of which is unclear.

Group-G - "The Republic of Poland"

- Group-G, with regards to its population, territory, history, culture and political structure, is identical to the non-anomalous Republic of Poland. It is unclear why Group-G is a member of SCP-3656-1, as the non-anomalous Republic of Poland has control over its national polity and no outstanding territorial claims. The representative of Group-G is the Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs[6], who behaves in a manner consistent with its known counterpart. External surveillance of this individual has revealed no anomalous activity, including during SCP-3656 events. The Foundation's Polish assets have been directed to be alert for any local evidence of Group-G and SCP-3656.

Group-H - [DATA EXPUNGED]

- [DATA EXPUNGED][7]

While an SCP-3656 event is in progress, Representative A-1 is to participate and gather intelligence without raising suspicion, and promote the exercise of restraint and conservatism in policy decisions. If they are asked to make significant policy decisions or SCP-3656 entities have other queries with serious implications, they are advised to make diversionary statements and ask to revisit the issues at the time of the next event, so a course of action can be decided on in the interim with the input of senior staff. Retrieval of objects from within SCP-3656 is a goal so long as it does not attract the attention of SCP-3656 entities.

Addendum 3656-1: Abridged example of an SCP-3656 event

+ Event Transcript 3656-299-1

Event Transcript 3656-299-1 (04/11/13)
Foundation Participants: Dr Dabashi (Representative A-1), Agent Nafisi, Agent Hashemi

Text in [square brackets] was translated into English during event by SCP-3656 translators. Entities with designation -1 refer to 'representatives', with higher numbers their associates.

Entry of Foundation team into SCP-3656.

C-1: [Welcome, to the honourable Persian delegates.] *Other entities voice similar sentiments.*

Dr Dabashi: Greetings to the honourable representatives.

C-1: [Now that all are present, I suggest we begin. This meeting of the Organisation is now in session. I, Carlo Contarini, representative of the Venetian people, have the rotating chair, passed to me by His Russian Excellency. Do any of the assembled wish to raise any issues from the last meeting?]

No responses.

C-1: [We shall continue. The primary item on the agenda today is the proposal for currency standardisation, as part of our 20-year plan for development of a single market. As you know, all members have agreed to this in principle, but a number of concerns have been raised. In particular, the representative from Pacifica has

strongly expressed his government's feelings about the proposed use of the New Standard dollar. Ambassador Wilson, you have the floor.]

D-1: The Republic will veto any proposed (unintelligible) if the currency of the occupiers is used. We are aware New America remains dominant in most of your existences, but there is a higher principle at stake here. All members are bound by a common purpose of justice and (unintelligible), which cannot be sacrificed for economic expediency.

B-1: [The exercise of the unilateral veto would be most irregular and disappointing, given that the single currency proposal had been previously agreed to in Resolution 40.]

D-1: Resolution 40 was a statement of intent, which did not give the proposal's specifics.

F-1: *(buzzing for 25 seconds)*

E-1: [I agree with the Unity representative. My Association considers the use of the Standard dollar preferable but negotiable. While the Pacifican position poses some problems, they should be able to be accommodated.]

C-1: [The introduction of an entirely new currency, even if pegged to the New Standard dollar, would cause significant disruption to our operations. We would not be able to agree to this without concessions.]

Dr Dabashi: That seems reasonable.

D-1: Is it necessary for the Venetian people to consult the Board before making decisions? *Muttering and disquiet.*

B-1: [Ambassador, please.]

H-1: [DATA EXPUNGED]

G-1: [I propose we move forward from the point of view of developing a new unified currency. This has always been considered by the Organisation as a possibility throughout this process, and much of the theoretical work has already been done. Parties are still able to provide their conditions.]

E-1: Haven't had enough of new currencies? *(laughter)* [We agree with the proposal].

H-1: [DATA EXPUNGED]

B-1: [Agreed.]

F-1: *(buzzing for 2 seconds)*

D-1: It's good to see we can come to an agreement.

Dr Dabashi: (whispering to other team members) What do you think?

Agent Hashemi: (whispering) Why are you asking us? You're the expert here.

Dr Dabashi: (whispering) I worked on free-trade agreements, not currency unions. (to room) We request, uh, to seek the approval of the Shahanshah, prior to making a final decision.

B-1: [As we are still in the development phase of the process, we request a statement of intent at today's meeting.]

Dr Dabashi: Very well, we, uh, agree with the Minister, at this point in time.

+ Event Transcript 3656-299-2

Event Transcript 3656-299-2 (04/11/13)
Foundation Participants: Dr Dabashi (Representative A-1), Agent Nafisi, Agent Hashemi

C-1: [The assembled representatives have proposed and agreed to consider a new unified currency. In the interests of international solidarity, we will continue along this path. I propose a fifteen-minute recess.] *General agreement.*

The door opposite the entrance of SCP-3656 opens, and several men and women dressed in formal attire enter with water, tea, coffee and platters of sandwiches. SCP-3656 entities begin to move about the room and make casual conversation. C-1, C-2 and C-3 leave the room.

B-2 places a plate of sandwiches in front of B-1. No response is observed from B-1.

B-2: (to D-1) These are very good. *(D-1 appears surprised)* My apologies, Excellency. I meant no offence.

D-1: None taken.

G-1: (to Dr Dabashi) Would you like a ham sandwich, Ambassador? It's all right for you to eat these?

Dr Dabashi: Oh, thank you. Yes, I'm not a practicing Muslim. *Dr Dabashi takes a sandwich. G-1 appears confused.*

E-1: Pardon me for asking, Ambassador, but I didn't realise you had undergone a

realignment. Was it very difficult for you?

Dr Dabashi: Sorry?

E-1: You haven't? But why – ah. Best not to eat those, Ambassador. Have the egg salad instead.

Dr Dabashi and E-1 share halves of an egg salad sandwich. Dr Dabashi later reports no abnormalities.

Dr Dabashi: Very nice.

Dr Dabashi and E-1 proceed to have a 10-minute conversation about Japanese and Iranian national cuisines. The content of this conversation is unremarkable, save E-1 lacking comprehension when Dr Dabashi attempts to discuss dishes containing salmon, tuna and other seafoods.

E-1: Next year in Isfahan, yes? *(laughs and claps Dr Dabashi on the shoulder)*

Agent Hashemi successfully retrieved a sample of the ham sandwich. No abnormalities were found on testing, but when a portion was fed to a laboratory mouse, signs of distress and poor appetite developed over 2 hours. An autopsy revealed widespread intestinal ulceration. The remainder of the sandwich was classified as a hazardous anomalous object and is currently in cold storage at Site-70.

Addendum 3656-2: On 04/07/16, the Foundation team entering SCP-3656 did not reemerge after 30 hours. Staff members Dr Dabashi, Agent Hashemi and Junior Researcher Rahemi have been designated as missing in action. Since this date, SCP-3656 has been inactive, with no deviations from an ordinary basement room. SCP-3656 was subsequently reclassified as Neutralised.

An audio recorder issued to Agent Hashemi was found in SCP-3656 after this event. This is the only example of an item persisting within SCP-3656 after the completion of an event. Large sections of the data are missing, and identification of speakers is speculative, as no context information was available.

+ Audio Log 3656-331-1

Audio Log 3656-330-1 (04/07/16)

C-1: [… significant disruption to our activities.]

F-1: *(buzzing for 12 seconds)*

D-1 (?): As you know, the accession of the Marshal to office has altered the political situation significantly. The administration can no longer countenance the (unintelligible) of the Organisation if there is no mutual support amongst its members.

G-1[8]: [I must remind you that my government has serious reservations about this course of action. It is not consistent with this organisation's stated goals of peaceful cooperation and promoting international justice.]

D-1 (?): International justice is of no use if its enforcement requires allowing an occupying power to trample the oppressed.

E-1: [Minister, we understand your reservations, but we have already recognised your unique situation and agreed your diplomatic support only will be sufficient.]

Dr Dabashi: When was this agreed?

E-1: [The specifics of this agreement were arranged in the emergency session of the Organisation.]

Dr Dabashi: We were not party to this session, and request a summary of the events.

(background noise and unintelligible whispering for 4 minutes)

E-1: [The Persian non-attendance at the emergency session was already noted. Do the other representatives have an opinion on how to proceed?]

H-1 (?): [DATA EXPUNGED]

B-1 (?): [Agreed. This was most disappointing and unexpected. We have been forced to assume that the lack of communication from the Sublime State was a statement of displeasure.]

Dr Dabashi: I assure you, excellency, no offence was intended.

C-1: [This only raises further questions. While we do not wish to comment on your internal affairs, such a lapse reflects poorly on the functioning of your office.]

E-1: [I do not think we should question the good character of our friend the Ambassador. However, this is perhaps a good time to revisit our concerns from the emergency session. His Imperial Majesty himself has taken an interest in the information security procedures of the Organisation, and I gather the Pacifican Republic and [DATA EXPUNGED] share similar concerns, yes?]

G-1: [Are you suggesting that the assembled representatives are not acting in good faith? I must protest…]

E-1: [Please, Minister, I am not making any accusations. I simply wish to be able to report to His Imperial Majesty that we are confident in the integrity of all present. I am sure there will be no problems, yes?]

(sound of doors opening, movement of 10-20 persons into room)

Dr Dabashi: What is this?

C-1: [General, this is a diplomatic meeting!]

F-1: *(buzzing for 8 seconds)*

G-1: [You agreed to this?]

D-1 (?): [As have I, and the Russian and [DATA EXPUNGED] representatives.]

C-1: [The Board will not stand for this offence against…]

E-1: [It is merely a formality, Mr Contarini. In any case, the Board has already given their approval for these measures.]

Dr Dabashi: I must lodge an official protest. We cannot be expected to conduct meetings under such conditions.

E-1: Ambassador, I'm sure we can straighten this all out. I think you deserve an explanation for this unfortunate problem in private. [Major Fujita, would you?]

E-?: [Yes, General.]

E-1: As I said, a mere formality.

[RECORDING ENDS]

Addendum 3656-3: On 20/1/2017, all material within the current bounds of SCP-3656 disappeared, leaving a layer of exposed topsoil. 7 Foundation staff and an estimated 3,200 civilians were affected by this event, and are presumed deceased. The bulk of archived material relating to SCP-3656 was also lost in this event. Responding agents and civilians displayed symptoms of acute radiation poisoning, leading to the discovery of significant radioactive contamination. Widespread administration of Class-B amnestics was required to conceal this event, in combination with a cover story relating to a chemical truck explosion.

LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED -
INPUT ACCESS CODE

Addendum 3656-4: On 09/06/2017, the following document was received by the Provisional National Government of Vietnam, a California-based Vietnamese organisation in opposition to the current Communist government. Foundation agents secured the document and existing copies, explaining its presence as a prank.

Similar documents have been reported by Foundation sources within the Central Tibetan Administration and the Sahrawi Arab Democratic Republic. Any further examples of these should be intercepted and seized, with amnestic administration as necessary.

The whereabouts of SCP-3656-1 are unknown. Site-71 has been established to research methods of contact and containment as a high priority.

Document 3656-1:

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

The subversion of a peaceful diplomatic organisation for the purposes of espionage represents a crime against international law, peace and stability of the highest gravity. While the Organisation regrets the loss of civilian life, it

is the unanimous opinion of the membership that a firm and decisive response is justified against the Persian state, with lesser measures serving to undermine any consensus towards the fragile order that has thus far been achieved across the multiverse.

The Organisation hopes the Vietnamese people will stand beside them in the eternal struggle for freedom, as we have bonds of history, brotherhood and displacement that cannot be broken. We invite your governmental representatives to our next summit at [REDACTED].

Ubinam sum, ibi patriam vitae.[9]

Footnotes
1. No evidence of the existence of this individual or Group-A have been found despite extensive surveillance of the Iranian-American community.
2. Image analysis has shown it closely resembles deceased Russian aristocrat Felix Yusupov (1887-1967).
3. Historical name for Tirana, Albania, when under Venetian control.
4. The currency most commonly referred to by SCP-3656 entities; its value is estimated at 1 NsUSD to 5.5 USD.
5. No connection between these corporations and SCP-3656 has been discovered.
6. Grzegorz Juliusz Schetyna, as of 2015.
7. Personnel with appropriate clearance should view theSCP-2155file.
8. Foreign Minister Witold Jan Waszczykowski, as of Nov 2015.
9. "Where I am, there lives my homeland."

SCP-3660: The Zoo Zipper

NOTICE FROM SITE-64 FACILITIES AND CONTAINMENT ADMINISTRATIONS

Experimentation with this item has been placed on hold until further notice. Please direct any concerns regarding either SCP-3660 or its CoMARP-G2AU Authorization to Senior Researcher Dr. Aldrich Hanssen.

— Dr. Milena Lopez, Asst. Dir. of Facilities
— Sophia Turner, Asst. Dir. of Containment

SCP-3660

Item #: SCP-3660

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3660 is kept in a standard, secure locker at **`Site-64.`** Personnel handling SCP-3660 are required to wear gloves. Personnel handling SCP-3660 are required to wear full-body, hazardous material suits. In the event of accidental implantation, local anesthesia may be applied to the surrounding tissue but SCP-3660 must be surgically removed from the epidermis as soon as possible.

Description: SCP-3660 is a black metal zipper, similar to those found on sweaters and backpacks. The item is in poor condition. A significant amount of its paint has been ground off, the metal is warped and half of its slider is missing(appearing wrenched off). SCP-3660 is non-anomalous and inert until it is pressed against the skin of a human being[1]. The amount of force applied can be disregarded when considering an implantation event. In a manner not dissimilar to magnetic attraction, SCP-3660 will gravitate into the

subject if held lightly against their skin.

In the event of implantation, SCP-3660 will sink into the flesh until only the pull-tab is visible. While subjects have reported feeling an itch at this location, significant pain is rarely reported. Major distress has only been observed in subjects already aware of SCP-3660's effects.

D-33313. Deceased.

Within 10 minutes, SCP-3660 will activate and unzip the host's skin by dragging itself across the epidermis before detaching from the skin. While resultant opening varies in size between subjects, and is presumed dependant on the size of the new organsism within, it is consistently lined with metallic zipper teeth. This process not only "hollows" the subject, but also gives their skin the consistency and composition of silicone rubber. Extreme shifts in mass have occurred. What SCP-3660 exactly does with the subject's viscera is currently unknown.

As SCP-3660 activates, an animal will be synthesized inside the skin. This transfiguration is instantaneous and, theoretically, would require massive investments of energy. The friction involved in the destruction/creation of cells at this speed should generate heat high enough to boil blood and damage cells. SCP-3660 bypasses this process entirely. Beyond a small amount of steam expelled from the skin's opening, there are no indications that energy dynamics have occurred at all. As of experiments, only amniotes, cephalopods, and chondrichthyans have been created by SCP-3660. Utilizing species from other biological groupings is presumed non-viable. Testing as to whether SCP-3660 creates species at random, or in accordance to an undiscovered pattern is ongoing is pending approval.

D-46296 following induced identity expungement.

While a subject immediately post-transfiguration may initially display shock and/or animalistic behavior attesting to the contrary, the human identity is relatively intact. Transfigured subjects are

consistently capable of confirming their identities through various methods such as standard memory tests, simple communication through gestures and, when applicable, written testimony. However, it is inaccurate to state that SCP-3660 does not fundamentally alter the subject. Transfigured subjects adopt a natural proficiency in operating their new forms. Examples include:

D-30812, acquired by `Site-45` on 02/21/2018.

- Fin propelled locomotion in water.
- Winged flight.
- Prehensile tail manipulation.
- Venom injection.
- Courtship rituals.
- Internal heat regulation.

Furthermore, subjects may experience the supplanting of specific, albeit now incompatible, aspects of their humanity in order to accommodate species-specific traits. These new instincts and behaviors are not necessarily compulsive nor overpowering. Depending on the individual constitutions of the subjects, human identities can be easily maintained with minimal deviation, even unconsciously so, while others may have their identities steadily eroded away without professional intervention. Currently the change in diet and mating urges are reported as being the most difficult to resist, according to 94.7% and 59.2% of the cumulative subject pool, respectively.

The transformation is, currently, irreversible. Testing into this matter is ongoing.

SCP-3660 CoMARP Integration: The Collaborative Materials and Research Project has accepted Proposal-048, submitted by Dr. Scarcliffe, and this item is now cleared for a CoMARP General Acquisition and Use Authorization. As such, subjects transfigured by SCP-3660 may be acquired or temporarily utilized by other research teams. Usage of SCP-3660's subjects, as with other resources with an attached CoMARP-G2AU Authorization, requires satisfaction of the following requirements.

1. Applications for use/acquisition must be provided by the applicant team's senior research personnel and include either long or short term plans for requested material, depending on the proposed duration of use.
2. Applications must be approved by administrative personnel responsible for the applicant site before submission. Applications that fail this requirement will be automatically denied and the appropriate administration will be notified.
3. The supplying research team must approve the application through the relevant CoMARP liason. For SCP-3660, this is Dr. Stephanie Scarcliffe. Dr. Aldrich Hanssen.

+ Incident: 3660-2AE01

Incident Report: Following Test 3660-012, Dr. Scarcliffe and Dr. Liverich entered the testing area to measure any compositional changes in SCP-3660. Experimental procedures, current at the time, necessitated only the wearing of gloves and a thorough briefing of how the item was to be handled. Dr. Liverich held SCP-3660 with tongs, and Dr. Scarcliffe gathered data. Three minutes after interaction began, a high-voltage circuit breaker located several meters away from the testing chamber short-circuited, resulting in a power outage on F Wing which lasted approximately 10 seconds before back-up systems activated.

Upon a review of testimonies provided by both parties and character witnesses, Dr. Liverich was determined to have reacted poorly to the sudden loss of light and accompanying noise (described as a small "pop" by Dr. Scarcliffe, and as a small explosion by Dr. Liverich). SCP-3660 was unintentionally embedded into Dr. Scarcliffe's right cheek. SCP-3660 activated in 3 minutes and 8 seconds. Both parties were treated for shock and King Cobra bite, as appropriately. Dr. Liverich has since been reprimanded and re-assigned to general research, despite Dr. Hanssen's recommendations. Dr. Scarcliffe has been allowed to return to her duties provided she accept routine psychological therapy, evaluations and

the necessary revisions to her employment contract.

At the time, surgical removal of SCP-3660 was not understood as an effective countermeasure. This conclusion was reached following later tests(see Test 3660-015).

+ Test: 3660-177

TEST-177
SUBJECT
PROTOCOL
RESULTS
NOTES

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+ Interview: 3660-ISI04

Interview Log: 3660-ISI04

INTERVIEWER: Senior Researcher Dr. Aldrich Hanssen

INTERVIEWED: Researcher Dr. Stephanie Scarcliffe

FORWARD: Interview conducted by Dr. Hanssen following the

conclusion of the Research and Information Security Administration's investigation and Experiment T177. Dr. Scarcliffe has been given a text-to-speech synthesizer operating on a touch-screen keyboard. Key size has been resized appropriately for Dr. Scarcliffe's snout.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Hanssen: Have you gotten used to the program yet?

Dr. Scarcliffe: The program is fine. Voice is robotic. Accent is wrong.

Dr. Hanssen: It'll do until the custom one is finished. Scarcliffe, I'll be brief. We're stopping experimentation with SCP-3660.

Dr. Scarcliffe: No. Why?

Dr. Hanssen: I hear it has something to do with the whale that materialized in the middle of this facility-don't flap that hood up at me, Scarcliffe. Don't you dare. You want to know what just landed in my inbox over lunch? Or better yet, do you want to know what the containment teams found hidden away in the storage? Animals. Every. Where. So why don't we talk about concealing experiments? Why don't you give me *something* to

say when the big bad suit comes down here and asks exactly why we're running a zoo down here?

Dr. Scarcliffe: Tell him he's been to some pathetically small zoos. It's long term research. All recovered?

Dr. Hanssen: Did we recover them all? No, we're getting rid of them, all 177…for fuck's sake, Steph! My official record states we haven't even reached 80 tests, and I was recommending that you slow down even then. 177 people in less than 2 months! You can shout or hiss long term research all day long. But I don't buy it for a second. That's a production line.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Long term research. Still more to discover. Reversal maybe.

Dr. Hanssen: Yes. Reversal. I know. We've done all the testing we can on that damn zipper after it's used. You might actually get new data if you dedicated your time to studying the subjects already affected rather than by creating your little ecosystem.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Redundant. I can do that myself by keeping a diary. Look, the CoMARP just got new materials. Relevant materials. I've already ordered what I need to add skin-graft variable into next 5 tests. Authorize those last tests at

least.

Dr. Hanssen: No. Enough. Stop typing and listen to me. The decision to halt experimentation's already been made. If you keep trying to justify why *this* needs to keep happening, even after all that's happened, I'll be convinced that you've lost it. And I'll happily step out of the way of the shit-storm hurtling right at you.

Dr. Scarcliffe: I'm a bloody snake, Hanssen.

Dr. Hanssen: Look. Steph, I don't know what it's like to be…like you. And I am sorry for what happened. Understand that, if nothing else.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Not your fault. Twitchy idiot's fault.

Dr. Hanssen: They wanted to shut you down earlier, you know? We all knew that zipper's roulette wheel was eventually going to stop on something problematic. I expected the end would come as an apex predator controlled by a mass-murderer.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Personally expected psycho elephant.

(Pause)

Dr. Hanssen: How long do King Cobras live?

Dr. Scarcliffe: Not very long. Could be more. Provided optimal conditions.

Dr. Hanssen: Do you know how much time you have left?

Dr. Scarcliffe: No. Effects of SCP-3660 on life-span ongoing. Not even necessary if reversal is found. Do not stop experimentation. Please.

Dr. Hanssen: Then why would you sabotage yourself by-when the big bad comes down here, I'll talk about mitigation. You have a bit of bargaining credit: agreeing to 'donate' animals with human intelligence to other teams has given you a small mountain of goodwill, especially from the folks studying [REDACTED]. But even then, the whale will have to go obviously-a lot of the others too, but I might be able to convince the director to allow experimentation with some of the current, low-maintenance subjects. No promises.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Thank you.

Dr. Hanssen: Hold on to that for a bit. *If* I do get testing to continue, I'll arrange for any pertinent developments to be forwarded to you.

Dr. Scarcliffe: Why? I'll be overseeing.

Dr. Hanssen: No. No you won't. SCP-3660 is fundamentally my project and I don't want you *anywhere* near it. I'm going to recommend that you be transferred. Where exactly I don't know and I can't say I particularly care, but its better than getting your brain flossed and then dumped into a reserve in Southeast Asia. You can leave now. Oh, one more thing, Scarcliffe- you don't have to come back to the table: I don't want a response. The people who helped you hide away all those other experiments? They'll be eating the bullet you dodged if I succeed. Keep that in mind, wherever you end up. Now, you can leave. Good luck.

[END LOG]

Closing Statement: Site-64 has since authorized Dr. Hanssen's recommendation: 98% of SCP-3660's transfigured subjects are to be either donated to the CoMARP or released into the wild following the induced and controlled eradication of the human identity while leaving the animalistc traits intact. Testing with the remaining 2% of transfigured subjects has been allowed to resume once SCP-3660's research team has been appropriately re-staffed. Dr.

Scarcliffe has been reassigned.

Footnotes

1. Tests with animal subjects have yielded no results
2. As per standard reconstruction procedures, a maintenance team was responsible for recovering as much data as possible from Dr. Scarcliffe’s personal computer

SCP-3661: A Toy Story

> **Urgent:** Containment procedures for SCP-3661 have recently been updated.

Item Number: SCP-3661

Item Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

> + Previous containment procedures
>
> Each SCP-3661-A object is to be kept in a low-value item locker equipped with an internal camera. SCP-3661-A object storage areas are to be at least 15m from SCP-3661-B nursery areas.
>
> SCP-3661-B instances are housed separately in standard humanoid nursery cells.
>
> To protect SCP-3661-B instances from SCP-3661-A activation events, the instances are not to be in contact with SCP-3661-A objects outside of approved testing. Tests involving activation events require approval from L4 research staff and Ethics Committee review.

> + Updated containment procedures
>
> SCP-3661-A objects are to be kept separately in standard humanoid nursery cells with the corresponding instance of SCP-3661-B.
>
> SCP-3661 nursery areas are to be isolated by a 15m safe zone.
>
> SCP-3661-A activation events are not to be interrupted under any circumstance.

Description: SCP-3661-A is the collective designation assigned to various infant toys containing anomalous mechanical components. SCP-3661-A objects are visually indistinguishable from typical toys or dolls. The anomalous components are concealed within the objects, though mechanical parts emerge during activation events.

Instances of SCP-3661-A are designated SCP-3661-A1, SCP-3661-A2, and so on. The Foundation has contained SCP-3661-A objects since first encounter in 19 . SCP-3661-A components have been found in both mass-produced and handmade toys. Each SCP-3661-A object contained by the Foundation corresponds with a specific instance of SCP-3661-B.

SCP-3661-B is the collective designation assigned to human newborns and infants targeted by SCP-3661-A objects. No instance of SCP-3661-B has displayed anomalous properties other than causing activation of SCP-3661-A objects.

SCP-3661-A objects periodically activate when the corresponding SCP-3661-B instance enters REM sleep. During activation, SCP-3661-A objects extrude hair-thin “wires” tipped with [REDACTED]$_1$. The wires use unknown technology L-IV classified technology to achieve serpentine movement. No method of predicting or controlling SCP-3661-A activation has been discovered.

Wires extended by SCP-3661-A have demonstrated the ability to reach up to 5 meters, and are able to navigate around/through simple obstacles. The means by which SCP-3661-A objects achieve this navigation is unknown, as are the means by which they obtain information about the status and location of SCP-3661-B instances.

The wires move in the direction of the corresponding SCP-3661-B instance and, if able to reach it, enter its body through passageways such as the tear ducts, esophagus, and urethra. SCP-3661-A wires have also been observed to enter targets by making small incisions on the face, neck, or limbs and proceeding to [REDACTED]$_2$.

Research indicates that SCP-3661-A wires administer an anesthetic that prevents SCP-3661-B from waking during activation events. Approximately 8% of SCP-3661-B instances in containment display

extreme distress during activation events, which is hypothesized to be caused by immunity to this effect.

SCP-3661 activation events last, on average, for 8 minutes and 43 seconds. At the conclusion of activation events, SCP-3661-1 objects retract all wires through the passageways by which they entered. Internal imaging of SCP-3661-B instances during activation events shows [REDACTED][3].

When another human approaches within approximately 5m during an activation event, SCP-3661-A objects fully retract all wires near-instantaneously (within 0.15 seconds). This procedure carries a risk (approximately 3%) of an apparent malfunction in which the wires fail to tunnel backward and create exit wounds instead, causing major tissue damage to SCP-3661-B. For this reason, tests involving contact between SCP-3661-A and SCP-3661-B require Ethics Committee review a safe zone of 15m has been established around the SCP-3661-B containment area.

The internal injuries caused by exposure to SCP-3661-A activity are not detectable by civilian medical equipment, and are typically misdiagnosed as autoimmune disorders or other systemic conditions. Long-term exposure to SCP-3661-A activity causes fatal organ failure; SCP-3661-B instances that are not separated from the associated 3661-A object expire within 18 months.

22% of SCP-3661-A objects in containment have been observed to cease activation before this time, and apparently become inert. No way to predict or control this phenomenon has been found. Research is ongoing.

First encounter: The Foundation initially catalogued SCP-3661 when routine data mining indicated possible anomalous activity during a 911 call in , on / /19 .

+ Partial transcript

> Operator: 911, what is your emergency?
>
> Caller: We have a doll in our daughter's bed, it's, it's a rabbit. From . There's strings

coming out of it and they're going into her. Oh shit. Oh shit. Shhh. Oh no.

O: Sir, I need your address.

C: OK, OK. Um. avenue. Please, please, please, baby, shhh, come on, baby.

O: Your daughter is tangled in strings from a doll?

C: No, no, they're, they're going into her. Into her eye, and her neck. Fuck, there's one in her ear. Shhh. Oh, baby. It's going to be okay. Fuck. She won't stop crying. I can't get them out.

O: Sir, do not attempt to remove -

C: Oh, baby. It's going to be okay, baby, it's going to be okay. I already tried cutting them but they're like, metal, or something. Oh my poor baby. What the fuck is this. She's crying so much.

O: Sir, a unit will be there soon.
C: Fuck, I can see it through her neck. No, no, no, baby, don't move. This was her favorite bunny. Please stop crying.

[Extraneous conversation expunged; for full transcript see Appendix A].

Police arrive 8 minutes and 23 seconds later.

Civilian medical services transported the doll and the infant (later designated SCP 3661-A1 and 3661-B1, respectively) to hospital, where they were intercepted by foundation personnel.

Surgeons at Site- were unable to separate SCP-3661-B1 from the object; the instance expired 4 hours and 28 minutes into the procedure. Autopsy revealed that the main cluster of wires had

maneuvered around the eyeball to access [REDACTED]$_4$ through the optic cavity. Additional wires had [REDACTED]$_5$ through the eardrum, and tunneled through the neck and thoracic cavity to make contact with the heart.

Cover story 3661-CS1 ("loose-object strangulation") was established; MTF Sigma-12 ("Doctor Feelgoods") altered hospital records and witness accounts to match cover story.

It is hypothesized that SCP-3661-A1 malfunctioned during the activation event, preventing its wires from retracting. No similar incident has been recorded during SCP-3661's containment.

Addendum

+ Incident report 06/26/2017 (L2 access)

During routine examination, SCP-3661-B79 displayed symptoms of liver failure despite having been separated from SCP-3661-A79. Uncatalogued SCP-3661-A components were found in the mattress of SCP-3661-B79's containment cell. Review of security footage ruled out tampering by research team. Ability to breach containment justifies upgrade to Euclid status; upgrade requested. (Granted - L4 Director Hogue)

+ Incident report 07/14/2017 (L3 access)

During examination of SCP-3661-A's anomalous mechanical components, Junior researcher Pao noted a resemblance to [REDACTED]$_6$.

Petition for special research access submitted to O5 via Director Hogue. Junior Researcher Pao, Junior Researcher Randall, and Senior Researcher Siczybski, with oversight from Research Task Force Omega-9 ("Blackboxers"), are to be given access to all SCP research files classification level IV and below for the purpose of cross-referencing this new information. Researchers consented to amnestic treatment following special access.

+ From: O5-11 ___ To: L4 Site Director Hogue

Good morning, Director.

Researchers Pao, Randall and Siczybski should each be given a commendation of merit, and 2 weeks paid leave, following their recovery.

Per the findings of the Siczybski-Randall-Pao report, all technical data and other sensitive information about SCP-3661 is immediately reclassified at level IV security. RAISA will be censoring the documentation accordingly.

Please inform the L4/3661 staff that we expect updated procedures to be in place by the end of this week. Your objections have been noted, but the Ethics Committee has already finished their assessment and found the new protocols to be necessary. Failure to comply risks a temporal paradox. The Blackboxers confirmed the results; they said we're lucky it hasn't happened already. We were never supposed to find these.

Now that we know what they are, it's only a matter of time before the Hand and the CI find out. Additional resources will be allocated to your site to enhance security. A full audit will be conducted by the compliance team to prevent the inevitable leaks for as long as we can. Congratulations on the former, and I'm sorry about the latter.

We don't know when, but those probes will eventually be placed by the Foundation. Maybe by you or I. We wouldn't do this lightly. The mission they're on needs to succeed.

Secure, contain, protect,
O5-11

+ Redacted technical information -- L4 ACCESS ONLY

1: During activation, SCP-3661-A objects extrude hair-

thin “wires” tipped with microscopic or near-microscopic surgical tools.

2: SCP-3661-1 wires have also been observed to enter targets by making small incisions on the face, neck, or limbs and proceeding to tunnel under the skin and through muscle tissue to make contact with various organ systems.

3: Internal imaging of SCP-3661-B instances during activation events shows that wires access internal organs and perform procedures apparently similar to biopsy or exploratory surgery. Tests with microgram-sensitive scales confirm that trace amounts of biomass from SCP-3661-B instances disappear during activation events; the means by which SCP-3661-A objects achieve this teleportation is unknown.

4: Autopsy revealed that the main cluster of wires had maneuvered around the eyeball to access the prefrontal cortex and optic chiasm through the optic cavity.

5: Additional wires had reached the temporal lobe and singulate gyrus through the eardrum, and tunneled through the neck and thoracic cavity to make contact with the heart.

6: During examination of SCP-3661-A's anomalous mechanical components, Junior researcher Pao noted a resemblance to parts used in medical devices recently developed by the Foundation.

SCP-3662: The Doomsday Clock

Revision #105 of this document was prepared by:

THE FOUNDATION AVIAN DIVISION

In accordance with the Pluto Protocol

Note: By order of Dr. Frederick Hoygull, the clearance level required to access this file has been lowered from 3/GENERAL clearance to 1/GENERAL clearance, due to its relevance to the ongoing ***BE-Class "Migration" Scenario****.*

Item #: SCP-3662

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3662 is to be contained within a standard Safe-class containment locker. If SCP-3662 must be relocated, no personnel are to make skin contact with SCP-3662 during transit. The current SCP-3662-2 subject should be changed on a weekly basis as to not expose any individual to the Noosphere[1] for an extended period of time.

Description: SCP-3662 is a small cylindrical device encased in plate glass attached to a broad, flat base. The device is clockwork in nature although the mechanisms it utilizes have yet to be reverse-engineered.

When a subject makes skin contact with SCP-3662, the subject, hereafter SCP-3662-1, will become increasingly fatigued. Brain functions of SCP-3662-1 will slow and, within one minute, all neural activity will cease. Upon total brain death, SCP-3662 will begin to click, hum and vibrate. SCP-3662-1's neural pathways will

drastically change, and neurons will regain function. This massive restructuring causes SCP-3662-1 to believe they are the previous individual to utilize SCP-3662.

It is proposed that SCP-3662 utilizes neural mapping techniques alongside Memetic Resonance Imaging[2] to build a memetic construct of SCP-3662-1 which it then stores within its data center, destroying the neural mapping of the individual in the process. SCP-3662-1's body is then injected with the most recently added non-self memetic construct (hereafter SCP-3662-2).

Analysis of SCP-3662 has shown that it stores SCP-3662-2 not as digital or physical information, but rather as an abstract meme complex, intersecting reality only at a one-dimensional point within SCP-3662. Information compressed this way is lossless, but subjects the meme complex to other memes within the Noosphere, which may affect the quality of the restored individuals. As the human mind is highly fragile in this state[3], even a short amount of time in this form can cause severe damage to the individual upon recovery. As subjects are conscious within SCP-3662, psychological effects of isolation may also compound damage to the individual.

Addendum A:

Interview Transcript

Interviewer: Dr

Interviewee: Laura Guerrero (occupying D-90832's vessel)

Foreword: Ms. Guerrero was an inhabitant of SCP-3662 for over a decade. Her mental faculties have degraded severely. She is capable of understanding speech and is capable of writing in a certain format, however, all traces of personality and ability to eat, sleep, see, vocalize and move any portion of the body other than the right arm have all been destroyed due to prolonged exposure to aberrant memes.

<Begin Log>

: Hello, Laura. Can you hear me?

Guerrero: *[Writing]: "Dear Diary[4], [line break] Hello! Yes, I can hear you."*

: Excellent. Would you mind answering a few questions?

Ms Guerrero keeps her pen hovering above the paper.

: I'll take that as a yes. Why were you within the object?

Guerrero: *"I don't understand you sometimes, Diary. What do you mean by object? Do you mean the clock, the one that the sad man pressed against my forehead?"*

: I do, yes. Tell me about the sad man.

Guerrero: *"I knew the sad man. I saw him around the town all the time. His eyes were always droopy and sad, like he was always about to cry. He would never talk to people unless he had to. My Papa said that his daughter was very, very sick. So sick that she would probably never get better."*

: And what did this person do?

Guerrero: *"I remember one day he was actually crying. He said that I reminded him of his daughter and that I would get along with her. After that, he pressed a clock to my forehead."*

: And what then?

Guerrero: *"I got very tired but once I was just about to fall asleep I woke up. The first thing I felt was being washed away. Like my skin was being pulled apart and*

all the little bits would go flying off into the wind. "

: What was it like in there? In the clock?

Guerrero: *[Brief hesistation] "It was lonely. There's nobody else in there and it's very dark. All the time you have this feeling like you're losing parts of yourself. It's a whole other world in there, Diary. It's always black but there's little… jellyfish-people. They glow and blob around unless you get too close, then they try to take away bits of you like an arm or a leg. [Uses right arm to point to other appendages] I got close a couple times."*

Guerrero: *"I was always running around, looking for a way out or for an adult to help me. Eventually, I gave up. There's no adults in there and there's no way out in there. I just [pause] sat down and cried until the jellies showed up. I didn't know what else to do."*

Guerrero: *"Sometimes, I'd have time to look up at the sky. A starfish, a big bird, and a monster are all up there. I remember when Papa and I would get the telescope out from the shed and go up the little hill and see the constt konstt stars. [hesitation] Can I see Papa again soon?"*

: [Quietly, to colleagues] Do we tell her? [pause] well it's just that, to them, Laura only went missing for a few weeks? It's not like we can arrange a– [pause] Alright, fine.

: Uh, Laura? Your family is fine. They… they can't see you right now. We're working really hard to find a way to get them to see you.

Guerrero: *"I wanna see them."*

: We know, Laura.

<End Log>

Addendum B: A newspaper clipping detailing Guerrero's disappearance.

[+] Transcript

March 1st, 1964

Town Hero Saves Lost Girl

Mr. Light, our very own electrician and town repairman, has recently been crowned as the local hero of ! After the safe return of Laura to her family, there's not enough time in the day to say how thankful we are.

Laura Guerrero, 7, (pictured) was recently kidnapped. It goes without saying that the Guerrero family was shocked to slowly come to the realization that Laura would not be returning from school that fateful February 9th. No ransom notice was given. Even with police investigation, no leads were found to Guerrero's whereabouts.

Laura was escorted to school, as usual. She was present on the register, as usual. When the home bell rang, Laura didn't return home. Laura says she has no memory of the event. The only thing about the whole ordeal she remembers clearly is that Mr. Light was the one who found and saved her from her captors. Psychologists say she's repressed the memories and there's no telling what horrors she experienced. Guerrero's family also note that Laura has been acting more meek and timid than before, which the psychologists

have called a symptom of her stress. Hopefully, in time, Laura will return to her vibrant, playful self.

After two weeks of little Laura's disappearance, the Guerrero family had given up hope. We can only imagine the despair and grief they would have experienced in that troubling time.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Mr. Light came to the Guerrero household with, cradled in his arms, the delicate form of little Laura. He states that he heard some hushed voices and muffled cries for help in the night, grabbed his rifle and went to investigate. There, he saw the group of absolutely vile kidnappers and took action: firing with accuracy and grace causing her captors to flee, leaving Laura behind.

But, as God giveth, God taketh away. The price for one child's life seems to have been paid with the blood of another: Mr. Light's own daughter. Emily has recently passed away. The Guerrero family have paid Mr. Light's funeral expenses in full, and the town has raised a fund to serve as both a symbol of our gratitude and our condolences. We, the writers at the , have chipped in $100 and encourage you to do the same.

Emily was sickly from birth. She had a congenital condition called hemophilia, a disease with no known cure. The lifespans of these individuals are severely reduced. Children are bed-ridden and adults much watch themselves carefully. It's a cruel twist of fate that a brave person like Mr. Light has to burden such grief; if Emily's body were normal, she would still be alive today. I'm sure that she's smiling down on our little town from the

heavens.

Luckily, things are going well for Mr. Light, all things considered. Laura often visits her hero and Mr. Light has taken a paternal role for Laura. While life may never return to normal for these two, we can only wish them the best. Here's to Mr. Light and Guerrero family for their acts of bravery and kindness beyond the call of duty.

Footnotes
1. The sphere of human thought.
2. Colloquially known as MemRI
3. This is due to the complete removal of the brain's ability to filter out any incoming memes.
4. Among Ms Guerrero's possessions was a well-documented diary. It is proposed that Ms Guerrero used the diary format as a coping mechanism while within SCP-3662.

[redacted]

SCP-3663: The Adventure of the Cardboard Box

SCP-3663's containment zone. Entity not pictured.

Item #: SCP-3663

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3663 is currently located in what were formerly the Site-54 maintenance tunnels. To prevent demanifestation, no personnel are to be given access to the area, and efforts are to be taken to reduce the tunnels' moisture levels.

Should SCP-3663 demanifest, MTF Nu-4 ("Box Cutters") are to be mobilised, with the goal of a) locating SCP-3663 and b) preventing any damage occurring to the entity. If possible, SCP-3663 is to be fitted with GPS tracking devices to aid re-containment. Once located, SCP-3663 is to be transferred to a mobile pipe network, and remanded to Site-54.

Efforts are to be undertaken to discourage SCP-3663 from transporting itself to a location within two kilometers of **SCP-015**.

Description: SCP-3663 is a humanoid entity constructed primarily from cardboard (in the form of boxes and tubes), adhesive tape, and twine. SCP-3663 is fully capable of movement and vocalisation via an unknown mechanism, and has proven to be semi-sapient, responding to questions and reacting to its immediate environment. The interior of SCP-3663 contains crude cardboard and paper models of all major human organs, with coloured wool representing blood vessels and the nervous system. SCP-3663 does not require these components to function, and their purpose within the entity is unknown.

SCP-3663 is capable of instantaneously transporting both itself and other objects over long distances, with no upper limit to the entity's range observed. The method by which this is achieved is currently unknown, though it is known that physical contact with the entity is

required. Despite being able to utilise its abilities regardless of physical location, SCP-3663 has shown extreme preference for 3663-Applicable regions (defined as an enclosed, tunnel-like space, or network of spaces, measuring at least 40 cm in diameter), and will invariably choose to manifest within such areas.

SCP-3663 behaviour is easily predictable when not influenced by outside forces. The entity will engage in a simple cyclic pattern of actions, which have been recorded as follows:

1. SCP-3663 manifests in a 3663-Applicable area, emitting low vocalisations and waving its arms in a manner suggesting attempted intimidation or fright. The entity will begin roaming the area, pausing periodically to emit louder, higher pitched noises.
2. SCP-3663 will attempt to make its way towards any human subject in the area. Note that if no subject is nearby, this action will not commence, and SCP-3663 will simply remain in the area indefinitely. Rarely, SCP-3663 has been observed pursuing subjects outside of 3663-Applicable areas, to a distance of (at most) 50 metres.
3. The subject is gripped by the entity, and experiences heightened apprehension and/or paranoia. SCP-3663 demanifests.
4. SCP-3663 manifests in a second 3663-Applicable location, along with the subject, who is invariably unconscious but otherwise unharmed. After releasing the subject and moving a short distance, SCP-3663 demanifests a second time, reappearing in a third location and triggering the beginning of a new cycle.

If at any point during this cycle SCP-3663 is damaged in such a way as to inhibit movement, or is moved more than 50 metres away from a 3663-Applicable area, it will instantaneously demanifest, returning to the beginning of a new cycle in a repaired state. Small damages, such as minor cuts or tears, will not trigger this effect.

Addendum.1: Interview log 3663-1:

► Show Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3663

Interviewer: Researcher Doyle

Foreword: The following interview was conducted via two-way audiovisual recording systems embedded within a makeshift interview chamber, located inside SCP-3663's central containment area (formerly the Site-54 maintenance tunnels).

<Begin Log>

Researcher Doyle: Hello SCP-3663, I was wondering if-

SCP-3663: The… the tunnel monster.

Researcher Doyle: I'm sorry?

SCP-3663: I'm the tunnel monster. Not… not SCP 3663. The tunnel monster. That's me.

Researcher Doyle: I… see. So, uh, tunnel monster, why do you do what you do? Moving people around, I mean.

SCP-3663: The tunnel monster captures people. That's me, I'm the tunnel monster. I… I capture people and take them into the tunnels where I live. In the tunnels. The pipes. I'm the tunnel monster.

Researcher Doyle: I understand that, but what do you hope to achieve by doing it? You seem to pick your locations at random, so it seems to me that you're not really making much of a difference. You could just as easily-

SCP-3663: Please stop. It's what I do, I have to do it, I'm not… I *am* the tunnel monster. It's me. Please stop.

Researcher Doyle: What? We're trying to help you here, you can't *want* to spend all your time underground. We can get you set up here with your own room, you wouldn't even have to crawl about in those dirty pipes anymore. Doesn't that sound nice? What do you say?

SCP-3663: Please. I… I'm the… *[SCP-3663 pauses for ~5 seconds]* …the tunnel monster. I don't want to… to do this, it's what I do. I have to do it. I'm the tunnel monster. I do it, I'm the tunnel thing, the tunnel monster. *[Two wet patches are observed forming on SCP-3663's 'face']* In the pipes, hiding in the tunnels going to get you. I have to do it. Please. *[SCP-3663 front surface begins to lose structural integrity due to accumulated water damage]* Please. I don't want to play anymore. I'm the monster. The tunnels, I'm [unintelligible].

Researcher Doyle: …That will be all for today. Thank you.

<End Log>

Due to the possibility of severely damaging SCP-3663, to the point of initiating a new cycle and a breach of containment, no further interviews are being scheduled for the foreseeable future.

Addendum.2: Event 3663-Delta:

On / /20 , SCP-3663's behaviour diverged briefly from established patterns. At 14:20, the entity emerged from the Site-54 maintenance tunnels and began to emit vocalisations in excess of 80 dB. These vocalisations, described as 'pained' by on-site staff, had a profound psychological effect, placing many personnel into a state of shock[1]. For ~4 hours, SCP-3663 wandered the facility, attacking staff and engaging in small-scale vandalism of facilities. Of note is the fact that SCP-3663 repeatedly attempted self-harm, by means of knives, pipes, water taps, and firearms. While SCP-3663 was repeatedly

destroyed in this process, it subsequently re-manifested in the nearest air duct or maintenance area.

Following the event, two bodies of former personnel were recovered from within Site-54. Autopsies showed the cause of death was a buildup of paper residue/wood pulp in all major blood vessels, as well as sinuses, ear tubes, and the majority of the digestive and respiratory systems. A number of other staff members were found to have been affected to a lesser degree, but are expected to make full recoveries. The entity's object class and definition of an SCP-3663-Applicable area have been updated accordingly.

Subsequent information gathering revealed that this event coincided almost exactly with the death of POI-3663-1[2], who died of natural causes at the age of 79. Prior to their death, the individual in question had led an entirely unremarkable life, with no connection to any other anomalous groups, individuals, or objects. Attempts to establish a connection with the creation or origin of SCP-3663 are currently ongoing.

Addendum.3: Discovery Log:

► Show Video Transcript 3663-1

Foreword: The following is a transcript of Video 3663-1, recovered from civilian CCTV footage in [REDACTED]. The footage displays the first recorded evidence of SCP-3663's existence; prior to this date, no records, sightings, or physical disturbances suggesting anomalous activity relating to the entity have been found.

<Begin transcript [15:22, 08/09/1979]>

00:00: Two young children, both males between the ages of 8 and 12, are seen playing in an abandoned construction yard. One (designated POI-3663-1) is running from the other (designated POI-3663-2), who is wearing a crude cardboard 'suit' resembling

SCP-3663.

00:23: Both individuals leave the camera's view briefly, before returning. The 'game' they are playing seems to revolve around -2 chasing -1 through an unfinished water drainage system. POI-3663-2 repeatedly grabs -1 and attempts to pull them deeper into the tunnel; likewise, POI-3663-1 uses a number of make-believe weapons to fend off the assaults.

01:04: The sky is observed darkening slightly as POI-3663-1 trips on a length of pipe. POI-3663-2 is seen speaking, grabbing -1 and pulling them upright. POI-3663-1 pushes them away, apparently angered. POI-3663-2 steps backwards as if struck.

01:30: POI-3663-2 begins to shudder, while the visible sky continues to darken.[3] POI-3663-1 clutches at their head, pointing at POI-3663-2 and shouting. Both children appear extremely distressed.

01:50: POI-3663-2 tries, and fails, to remove the upper portion of their 'suit'.

02:49: Camera visuals are lost, replaced by static. A continuous hum is heard. All other electronic devices in a 200 m radius are also recorded to have failed simultaneously.

04:12: Camera visuals return. Neither individual is in view, and no additional anomalies are observed.

06:08: SCP-3663 is seen walking past the camera. The entity shudders briefly, clawing at its face before demanifesting.

<End transcript>

POI-3663-1 was later found lying unconscious in a disused subway line, over 4 000 km away. They displayed no memory of either SCP-3663 or POI-3663-2, and claimed to have been playing alone. Societal reintegration of the subject occurred with no complications. To date, neither POI-3663-2 nor any record of their continued existence have been recovered.

Footnotes
1. Phrases recorded include "Don't leave me", "I don't want this", and "Let me go home", among others.
2. See Addendum.3 for more details.
3. Note that no anomalous weather patterns were recorded for [REDACTED] during the period of time in question.

SCP-3664: The Only Weapon You Need is the One in Your Head

Item #: SCP-3664

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: An automated system is in place to manage the containment and research of SCP-3664. Three Foundation staff assigned to SCP-3664 will be directed to Testing Chamber 3664 on a weekly basis, with two of the staff overseeing. The researcher in the chamber will be provided full information on the weapon and will begin testing as per orders of the overseeing staff. Upon conclusion of testing all researchers will be exposed to Countermeme Asi-Aleph to remove information on the anomaly needed for its usage.

All members of Research Team 3664 must receive training on managing their thoughts from the Memetics Division prior to being exposed to knowledge of SCP-3664. Persons prone to daydreaming or similar behaviors will not be allowed on the team. As per orders by Senior Researcher Marion Wheeler, Testing Chamber 3664 is the only location where detailed information on the weapon is permitted. Persons wholly compromised by cognitohazardous phenomena produced by SCP-3664 will be put into appropriate detainment.

Description: SCP-3664 is a metaphysical weapon that wholly exists as a conceptual construct. As it lacks any physical form, the only way to interact with SCP-3664 is to think about interacting with it.

Personnel who have used the anomaly describe it as resembling an assault rifle, combined with components from laser and anti-tank weaponry. Multiple portions are reportedly damaged. Only ambiguous details on the appearance can be provided, and attempts at drawing it result in the subject drawing a shaded-in rectangle. The only known way to improve the detail of descriptions

is through the use of mnestic drugs.

The minimum amount of information needed for a subject to interact with SCP-3664 is a description of its appearance. Once this is completed the subject can fire the weapon by thinking about firing it, which will cause anomalous events to occur in the vicinity of the subject.

Through a trial-and-error process of guessing the weapon's functions, researchers have created a list of anomalous events and their corresponding thoughts, provided below.

Thought	Outcome
Fire/Pull trigger	Three projectiles composed of plasma will be ejected from in front of the subject, following their line of sight until impacting an object.
Cloak/Hide	The subject stops receiving all sensory stimuli from their environment for a period of 2 minutes. On occasion, subjects get a faint sense of nearby objects or movement.
Enable tracking beacon	A repeating soft thrumming sound is heard by the subject, originating from a position behind them. Following the initial tracking beacon test, the sound has been heard by subjects in all subsequent tests, lasting for a short interval after each use of the anomaly.
Fire at self	The subject becomes unable to perceive smoke and persons wearing gray formal attire.
Activate primary laser	An indiscernable projectile ejects from in front of the subject and penetrates into the head of the nearest person, leaving no

	injuries. The person will begin conceptually degrading, with details on their appearance becoming less defined and visually blurry as they forget details on their identity. Persons that begin questioning their own existence will permanently vanish. Administering mnestics and providing false information on the person's identity will reverse and end these effects.
Bludgeon	The subject vanishes, reappearing after one minute. Upon reappearing, the testing chamber enters a state of severe disrepair and has viscera manifest along its walls and floor. The viscera is all non-human and unidentifiable, with the exception of human eye tissues. Other researchers knowledgeable on the weapon report feeling "at ease" after this event occurs.
Activate secondary laser	Persons visible to the subject begin perceiving their environment as rapidly degrading while changing structure, with areas breaking apart and falling into a "pit" below the floor. This results in severe disorientation, ending when the persons experience sensory overloads. Those that perceive themselves entering a pit experience full brain death. Mnestic chemicals are present in their bloodstreams during the event.
Fire rocket	Undetermined. Although files exist detailing planned

	experiments where the anti-tank weaponry is tested, no members of Research Team 3664 have any memory on the researchers involved in the planning or any actual tests of it.
Self destruct	A monotone voice is perceived, which states "You are not an MT —[indiscernable] agent. Access denied." Further testing on this command is forbidden.
Failsafe/Last resort	An indiscernable projectile ejects from in front of the subject and forms a cognitohazardous symbol on impact, formed from human blood. Persons affected by the symbol will permanently believe they are a Mobile Task Force agent involved in an "important operation." These persons are incapable of providing further details.

How SCP-3664 came to the attention of the Foundation is unknown.

Addendum: Starting on 5/Feb/2014, members of Research Team 3664 began reporting that they were experiencing intrusive thoughts during testing. These thoughts have involved the researchers abruptly thinking about severed limbs, a bleeding human, and volleys of artillery fire. On 13/Feb/2014 Researcher Linda Ward thought about grabbing onto the injured human. A male subject wearing bulletproof security armor manifested on the ground next to Ward, who repeatedly attempted to communicate through American Sign Language:

> FOLLOWED-TELL-GUN

A loud cracking sound was heard a minute later and the subject expired. Inspection of the cadaver (SCP-3664-α) found large lacerations and bite wounds matching no known organisms on all sections of the body. SCP-3664-α's facial features, ID, fingerprints,

and any potential identifiers cannot be wholly perceived for undetermined reasons. This does not affect the Foundation seal tattooed onto the back of the cadaver's head.

The thrumming sound produced by the tracking beacon has since increased in intensity, and is reportedly heard from numerous positions around subjects. The sudden loss of Research Team 3664 members' memories on SCP-3664 is under investigation. Sightings of bite marks and large holes on the heads of researchers are unverified.

SCP-3665: Instant Demon, Just Add Blood!

Item #: SCP-3665

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3665 is to be contained in a standard Safe Class locker in Site-19. In the event that the packaged 'Imitation Blood' contained within SCP-3665 runs out, blood obtained from D-Class personnel may be used. During testing, research staff are advised to ensure that the powder used in the activation of SCP-3665-1 is not lost.

Description: SCP-3665 is a 15x10x3.5cm package of a powdery substance, labelled as 'Instant Demon, Just Add Blood!', with a depiction of a stylized male and female demon, with ram-like horns, and bat-like wings, on either side of the text. Inside the package, there is a moderate amount of dry powder of an unidentified substance, or mixture of substances, having the overall consistency of talcum powder. Also packaged is a small, plastic container of 'Imitation Blood', containing what appears to be cranberry juice, red food coloring, and a currently unidentified substance, along with instructions for use.

+ Show transcribed text obtained from instructions booklet.

Homo, fuge![1]
Instructions

Thank you for purchasing 'Instant Demon, Just Add Blood!' by Asmodeus Labs! We always strive to give you the best experience in summoning forces more ancient and powerful than man will ever be, from the comfort of your own home!
Are you tired of having to swear eternal loyalty to dark forces every time you want material

wealth beyond your wildest dreams? Wish that succubus would quit droning about the details of your 24 year contract and succ on this? Well now, there's a better way! Using our state of the art occult technology, we've bundled the whole evocation process into an easy to access powder. Now even little Tommy can start raising Hell, literally! All you have to do is follow these easy instructions, and one of our fine spirits will be with you shortly!
Step 1: Pour the powder out of the package, and onto a flat surface.
Step 2: Drop three drops of our imitation blood into the powder, and use it to write your name. No worries for you diehard occultists out there, real blood works as well!
Step 3: Wait, and enjoy! When you're done, just collect the powder back into the bag, and you're ready to use it again!

(Back cover)

Asmodeus Labs is a company hell-bent on making the powers of darkness easy for the whole family to access. If this one demon doesn't satisfy you, we hope you'll come visit us for some more exciting products!

Knowledge is power. The illusion of power is the illusion of knowledge.

Asmodeus Labs

When these instructions are followed, the powder around the area where the subject's name was written will begin to steam, and will continue to do so for roughly twenty minutes. Following this, SCP-3665-1 will appear to the individual who activated SCP-3665, appearing first as a red mist, before adopting its usual form, expressing discontent that it must 'limit itself to such a lowly form', and greeting the individual who 'summoned' it.

SCP-3665-1 is an entity that is only perceptible to the individual who activated SCP-3665. Exact features such as gender, age, and ethnicity vary based on the individual, but SCP-3665-1 is most often described to be a humanoid, with the addition of features similar to a depiction of a demon or evil spirit, such as horn-like protrusions from the head, bat-like wings, and a short tail[2]. SCP-3665-1 will speak in the language best known by the individual who activated SCP-3665, and appears to have an innate knowledge of the subject's history, personal life, and preferences. SCP-3665-1 appears to be unaware of, or unwilling to acknowledge anyone except the individual who 'summoned' it. SCP-3665-1 is able to seemingly remember specific events when activated by the same person multiple times, but is unable or unwilling to recall events that happened when it was activated by another individual.

While present, SCP-3665-1 will perform tasks that are assigned to it by the individual who activated SCP-3665, however, actions that SCP-3665-1 appears to take do not affect anything other than the subject's perception. For instance, if asked to move a cup from one table to another, the subject would visualize SCP-3665-1 moving the cup. No-one other than the subject would see the cup moving. However, when SCP-3665-1 expires, the cup would be in its original position. SCP-3665-1 is also seemingly unable to cause anyone serious injury, or do anything that would significantly affect the surrounding area, due to its only being able to affect the subject's perception. If asked to do something it is unable to, SCP-3665-1 will respond with: 'Leave these frivolous demands, which strike a terror to my fainting soul!'[3]. SCP-3665-1 will react similarly if asked a question the subject is unaware of the answer to. This can include giving incorrect information if the subject holds an untrue belief. After two hours, SCP-3665-1 will begin to disappear, described as evaporating slowly. During this time, all changes to the subject's perception will be reverted.

+ Show Testing Log

Template

Date of Test:
Subject:
Subject's Request:

Transcribed Response:

Note: During testing, personnel are required to transcribe requests and visual response from SCP-3665-1, which will make up the transcribed response portion of the testing log.

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 is asked who or what it is.
Transcribed Response: Lowly human who dares to question my nature when knowledge of it would strike fear into thy very soul! I am a demon called here to fulfill your will! Call me what you will!

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 was told that it would be called 'Bob' for the remainder of the testing period.
Transcribed Response: Yes! 'Tis indeed a good name that shall strike terror into the hearts of all good and holy men! All shall fear the name of 'Bob'!

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 was told to retrieve a cup of coffee.
Transcribed Response: SCP-3665-1 leaves the room for roughly twenty seconds. SCP-3665-1 returns with a cup of coffee that is hot to the touch, and tastes like coffee. Put empty cup of coffee down on table.
Note: Dr. Reynard made motions that indicated he was seeing a cup of coffee in front of him, and reported feeling re-energized

after drinking it. This is believed to be a result of the placebo effect.

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 was told to retrieve a small cup of water, and pour it on Dr. Reynard.
Transcribed Response: SCP-3665-1 leaves the room for roughly twenty seconds. SCP-3665-1 returns with a cup of water, and pours it on Dr. Reynard. Dr. Reynard experiences discomfort, but his clothes and body are not wet to the touch.

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Note: An object is placed behind the door to the testing chamber. Dr. Reynard is unaware of what this object is, but is aware that one has been placed.
Subject's Request: Dr. Reynard instructs SCP-3665-1 to open the door, allowing himself to see what the object is.
Transcribed Response: Leave these frivolous demands, which strike a terror to my fainting soul! (SCP-3665-1 was unable to do so.)

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 is asked why it follows instructions when summoned.
Transcribed Response: I am bound to by the terms of our contract! (Gestures toward SCP-3665.) Alas! Were I not, I would spread evil across this land as my ilk did in the days of old! Count thy blessings, human!

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard

Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 is asked who created SCP-3665, and by extension, the contract.
Transcribed Response: Leave these frivolous demands, which strike a terror to my fainting soul!
Note: Dr. Reynard noted that this was stated in the same tone of voice and intonation as it was previously stated, likened to a 'prerecorded message'.

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 is asked for information regarding the individual(s) affiliated with 'Asmodeus Labs'.
Transcribed Response: Per inoequalem respectu toitus.[4]
Note: This is the first recorded instance of SCP-3665-1 issuing a response that indicated it may have some knowledge of who or what created it.

Date of Test: / /2017
Subject: Dr. Reynard
Subject's Request: SCP-3665-1 is asked what its meaning behind the previous response was, in regards to the previous test log.
Transcribed Response: My contractors are elusive. But, solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris[5]. Do you crave real power? Find us at the crossroads.
Note: Investigation of the previous responses is ongoing. Further tests in which SCP-3665-1 is questioned as to its origin are scheduled to take place at a later date.

Footnotes
1. Latin for 'Man, fly!'. This is believed to be a reference to the play

'Doctor Faustus', as SCP-3665-1 has also referenced this play on occasion. The scene from 'Doctor Faustus' in which this phrase is used involves the words appearing on the titular character's arm, warning him not to sign a contract with the demon Mephistophilis.
2. This appears to be variable depending on what the subject considers a demon or evil spirit to be. One researcher who was raised in Eastern Asia reported SCP-3665-1 to appear as a human wearing an Oni mask with red skin.
3. This is another quote from Doctor Faustus, the scene in which involves a demon refusing to elaborate on the nature of hell.
4. This is a quote from Doctor Faustus, in which a demon provides an elusive response to one of the titular character's scientific questions. The Latin translation is 'Unequal motion with respect to the whole thing'. Dr. Reynard had not read Doctor Faustus at the time.
5. Also a quote from Doctor Faustus, the scene from which involves the demon Mephistophilis explaining why Lucifer tempts humans. The Latin translation is 'to the unhappy, it is a comfort to have had company in misery', or more simply, 'misery loves company'.

SCP-3666: Repairing the Mask

Foundation SCPSYSTEM NT [Version 3.5.182733]
<C> Copyright 19 -20   FoundationSystems.

|>: Open file_scp-3666

|> Password Required: brokEN896piLLAr28

|> Credentials Accepted.

|> Warning: This file has multiple iterations. Show all? (Y/N)

|>: Y

|> Loading…

Item #: SCP-3666

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Each individual affected by SCP-3666 is to be confined within a standard humanoid cell. Several researchers are to study the immune system and DNA of affected individuals to further understanding of SCP-3666. Doctors are to analyze affected immune systems for potential health risks and damage.

Alternative amnestic treatments are to be utilized Research is to be conducted to find or create new medicine with the capacity to alter memories.

Description: SCP-3666 is an allergic inflammatory reaction to the presence of amnestic proteins and

substances within the bloodstream of affected individuals. Immune systems modified by SCP-3666 are unable to change or adapt to both normal anti-allergy treatments and those developed by the Foundation. As of now, no gene or allele has been correlated to the creation of SCP-3666 within the genome of affected individuals.

Currently, 147 individuals from Scandinavian origin have been diagnosed with SCP-3666. This corresponds to the total population of the former town of Ahni, Norway. The town did not exhibit any anomalous properties which could lead to the activation of SCP-3666 within unaffected or affected individuals. Since the arrival of Foundation forces, the town has been shut down.

Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show regular symptoms of digestion or skin related allergies when exposed to Class-B to Class-F amnestics which are ingested or inserted into the patient. Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show symptoms of respiratory related allergies to Class-A amnestics which are inhaled.

Affected immune systems effectively eliminate all amnestic substances while inside or before they can reach blood vessels within the brain. Due to this effect, all affected individuals are effectively impervious to the main effects and side-effects of all amnestic treatments. SCP-3666 is capable of adapting itself to protect the central nervous system from memetics and cognitohazards which target regions of the brain processing long-term and short-term memory.

Discovery Log: SCP-3666 was discovered following Incident- -O near Ahni, Norway. Foundation forces were quick to administer Class-A amnestics to residents exposed to the incident. Exposed residents did not forget the incident following the administration. All residents were found to possess the same SCP-3666 properties and were relocated to Site-52 for further examination.

Item #: SCP-3666

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All border exits from and entrances to Norway are to be closed immediately. All Norwegian airlines are to be dissolved.

All phone lines, social media, and internet connections from and to Norway are to be cut off. A disinformation campaign led by the Foundation is to create and spread rumors of a lethal virulent pathogen in Norway on social media, television networks, and radio stations. All information found contradicting the campaign is to be removed.

All Foundation personnel stationed at Site-52 or who have come into contact with individuals affected by SCP-3666 are to remain in Norway. All personnel who have travelled to other countries after being stationed at Site-52 are to be traced and located and are to remain in their respective countries. These countries are to be locked down in a manner similar to that of Norway.

Foundation resources are to be invested or redirected to research into vaccines or cures for SCP-3666 infection. When or if a vaccine is found, the population of all non-lockdown countries is to be vaccinated. When or if a cure is found, the population of all lockdown countries is to be cured before SCP-3666 is capable of contaminating non-lockdown countries.

Foundation sites, areas, anomalies, and personnel which have not come into contact with SCP-3666 and are within lockdown countries are to be relocated to non-lockdown countries through Foundation forces. Foundation sites and areas which have come into contact with SCP-3666 are to become "independent" while receiving funding from the Foundation. "Independent" sites and areas are to never come into contact with non-lockdown countries or non-independent

sites and areas.

The Foundation is to search for alternatives to standard amnestics and memory altering products. All information concerning SCP-3666 is restricted to Level 4 Clearance personnel and above. The disinformation campaign led by the Foundation is to also apply to Level 3 Clearance personnel and under.

Description: SCP-3666 is an allergic inflammatory reaction to the presence of amnestic proteins and substances within the bloodstream of affected individuals. Immune systems modified by SCP-3666 are unable to change or adapt to both normal anti-allergy treatments and those developed by the Foundation. As of now, no gene or allele has been correlated to the creation of SCP-3666 within the genome of affected individuals.

Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show regular symptoms of digestion or skin related allergies when exposed to Class-B to Class-F amnestics which are ingested or inserted into the patient. Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show symptoms of respiratory related allergies to Class-A amnestics which are inhaled.

Affected immune systems effectively eliminate all amnestic substances while inside or before they can reach blood vessels within the brain. Due to this effect, all affected individuals are effectively impervious to the main effects and side-effects of all amnestic treatments. SCP-3666 is capable of adapting and modifying the central nervous system to protect it from memetics and cognitohazards which target regions of the brain processing long-term and short-term memory. Alternative amnestics and memory altering products are completely ineffective at suppressing SCP-3666 in affected individuals.

SCP-3666 is capable of spreading from person to person through unknown means. Due to its rapid spread, the

cause of SCP-3666 is hypothesized to be a virus or a meme. The virus or the meme would be unable to be detected by the host's immune system and would be successful at perturbing it to create the effects of SCP-3666. As of 04/09/2019, SCP-3666 contaminates the entire population of Norway.

Item #: SCP-3666

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All countries are to integrate Procedure-065-Abschirmung. Procedure-065-Abschirmung ensures:

- The removal of all border exits and entrances from and to other countries.
- The independence of all autonomous regions.
- The removal of all international communication lines. This includes all social media, phone connections, radio stations, e-mails, mail and television networks. All countries are to have information, social, and communication networks isolated from other countries.
- Monthly analyzation of citizens by Foundation forces to detect the presence of SCP-3666.
- The relocation of unaffected sites, personnel, anomalies and areas from countries affected by SCP-3666 to unaffected countries.
- Worldwide effort to suppress and negate the effects of SCP-3666.
- The autonomy of all sites and areas affected by SCP-3666. Contact with affected sites and areas is to be cut off. Affected sites and areas are to still receive funding from the Foundation.

Information concerning SCP-3666 is restricted to Level 4 Clearance personnel and above. All analyzation of individuals affected is to be automatic and never manual. Personnel are to always stay 50 meters away from affected individuals.

Description: SCP-3666 is an allergic inflammatory reaction to the presence of amnestic proteins and substances within the bloodstream of affected individuals. Immune systems modified by SCP-3666 are unable to change or adapt to both normal anti-allergy treatments and those developed by the Foundation. As of now, no gene or allele has been correlated to the creation of SCP-3666 within the genome of affected individuals.

Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show regular symptoms of digestion or skin related allergies when exposed to Class-B to Class-F amnestics which are ingested or inserted into the patient. Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show symptoms of respiratory related allergies to Class-A amnestics which are inhaled.

Affected immune systems effectively eliminate all amnestic substances while inside or before they can reach blood vessels within the brain. Due to this effect, all affected individuals are effectively impervious to the main effects and side-effects of all amnestic treatments. SCP-3666 is capable of adapting and modifying the central nervous system to protect it from memetics and cognitohazards which target regions of the brain processing long-term and short-term memory.

If an individual comes within a 30 meter area of an individual affected by SCP-3666, the healthy individual will be contaminated by SCP-3666. This area is expanding in size since its discovery. The growth of the area is not proportional to its time of growth, it is accelerating rapidly. No direct causes to SCP-3666 have been found. All attempts to reengineer immune systems to suppress SCP-3666 have failed. Immune systems of

subjects have become stronger following these attempts.

SCP-3666 is capable of reconnecting memories to the central nervous system following its infection of amnesticized individuals with standard amnestics. Standard amnestics only "freeze" and isolate certain parts and memories of the brain to produce memory loss. SCP-3666 has recently been discovered to reverse the aforementioned amnestic treatment.

As of 01/01/2021, only nine areas remain unaffected by SCP-3666, these include:

- Greenland (Denmark)
- Canada
- Siberia (Russia)
- Iceland
- Svalbard (Norway)
- French Polynesia (France)
- Antarctica
- Alaska (United States)
- Franz Josef Land (Russia)

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(05/02/2022)

We have tried so many ways to cure SCP-3666, to find a way to stop its spread, but we failed each time. We have tried to connect

it with some imperfections within the human DNA, but to no avail. We have blamed memes, viruses, and bacterias, but there were no scapegoats to burn. There is no cure, no vaccine, no gene or brain editing that can be made. There is only SCP-3666 and we are powerless against it.

Many of our SCPs cannot live within the conditions imposed by regions of the world which aren't affected by SCP-3666. With the exception of French Polynesia, they're desolate and cold environments. Another problem arises when sites centered around location-based anomalies are infected by SCP-3666.

We will find new ways to fight SCP-3666. The world is still not ready.

Item #: SCP-3666

Object Class: Gevurah[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Procedure-065-Abschirmung successfully executed. The Foundation is to enter an emergency state. All methods to circumvent amnestic usage are to be utilized, such as:

- Execution of personnel.
- Increases in deployment of Mobile Task Force Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings")
- Removal of all information found to be cognitohazardous or infohazardous or critical to the Foundation on radio stations, television, news papers, and social media.
- Installment of martial law within countries through puppet or shadow governments if necessary.

- Monthly reevaluation of containment procedures.
- Reevaluation of the Ethics Committee.

Information concerning SCP-3666 is restricted to Level 4 Clearance personnel and above.

Description: SCP-3666 is an allergic inflammatory reaction to the presence of amnestic proteins and substances within the bloodstream of affected individuals. Immune systems modified by SCP-3666 are unable to change or adapt to both normal anti-allergy treatments and those developed by the Foundation. As of now, no gene or allele has been correlated to the creation of SCP-3666 within the genome of affected individuals.

Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show regular symptoms of digestion or skin related allergies when exposed to Class-B to Class-F amnestics which are ingested or inserted into the patient. Individuals affected by SCP-3666 show symptoms of respiratory related allergies to Class-A amnestics which are inhaled.

Affected immune systems effectively eliminate all amnestic substances while inside or before they can reach blood vessels within the brain. Due to this effect, all affected individuals are effectively impervious to the main effects and side-effects of all amnestic treatments. SCP-3666 is capable of adapting and modifying the central nervous system to protect it from memetics and cognitohazards which target regions of the brain processing long-term and short-term memory.

If an individual comes within a 30 m 78 m area of an individual affected by SCP-3666, the healthy individual will be contaminated by SCP-3666. This area is expanding in size since its discovery. The growth of the area is not proportional to its time of growth, it is accelerating rapidly. No direct causes to SCP-3666 have been found. All attempts to reengineer immune systems

to suppress SCP-3666 have failed. Immune systems of subjects have become stronger following these attempts.

SCP-3666 is capable of reconnecting memories to the central nervous system following its infection of amnesticized individuals with standard amnestics. Standard amnestics only "freeze" and isolate certain parts and memories of the brain to produce memory loss. SCP-3666 has recently been discovered to reverse the aforementioned amnestic treatment.

As of 05/12/2023, SCP-3666 contaminates the entire world population.

|>: Open file_scp-3666-incidents

|> Loading…

Incident-A (12/01/2025): Several Level 1-2 Clearance personnel were made aware of 27 controversial O5 Council documents due to a breach of information from the Foundation archives. All members of the former O5 Council were executed before Foundation forces were capable of overcoming the attack. Further methods to protect the O5 Council and critical files have put in place.

Incident-B (09/01/2029): The entirety of Site-87 and Area-45 were exposed to broadcasts of a Level 4-5 Clearance meeting from an unknown source. To avoid an attack similar to Incident-A, all personnel having viewed the broadcast were executed by a firing squad with the exception of Level 4-5 personnel. Executed personnel within Site-87 and Area-45 were replaced. The decision destabilized relations between higher and lower personnel following breaches of information of the event. Terminating lower personnel made aware of the event is still in question.

Incident-C (05/05/2031): The population of Turkey,

France, Norway, and Australia were made aware of the Foundation's existence through several breaches of information on their respective internet networks. Aforementioned information was published by Dr , a Foundation insider who was later found and executed. All mentions of Dr 's reports were rapidly removed. The information was memetic in nature; informed individuals were unable to forget or believe that the information was false. Several counter-memes were initiated, all were unsuccessful at preventing destabilization of governments and government trust within the aforementioned countries. Sites, areas, and Foundation officials were relocated.

Incident-D (07/09/2035): The Ethics Committee was charged for several crimes of fraud, corruption, and high treason against the O5 Council and the Administrator. All of its members were executed. The Ethics Committee was reformed under stricter guidelines. All decisions concerning administrative laws or executive orders proposed by the Ethics Committee are to be reevaluated by the O5 Council and the Administrator. In order to replace roles maintained by the Ethics Committee, the Administrator was given supplementary and emergency powers within the council.

Footnotes
1. SCP-3666 was reclassified as Gevurah by O5 Council vote due to its ability to influence the Foundation's inner structure and secondary objectives.

|>: Close file_scp-3666

|> Closing File…

|>: Delete search-history

|> Deleting history…

|>: Shutdown scpsystem

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|> Shutting down…
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SCP-3667: All's Well that Ends Hell

Item: SCP-3667

Object Class: Keter Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures:

Display initial containment procedures

SCP-3667 is to be continually monitored by members of MTF Chi-5 (“Solomon’s SEALs”), with additional personnel requested from Site-574 as necessary. As of 14/01/2012, the Mirny mine has been outfitted with surface-to-air missile systems around its perimeter, to eliminate potential SCP-3667-1 instances; civilians are discouraged from entering the grounds on the pretext of unstable terrain, and will be detained and amnesticized if discovered trespassing. Any potential excursions into SCP-3667 must be approved by both the Site-574 Director, currently Ndeye Bocoume, and the Regional Administrator, Angelina Mikhailova.

Display current containment procedures

Due to the large Foundation presence within SCP-3667, as well as the continued cooperation of sentient sub-instances, containment procedures have been reduced accordingly. MTF Chi-5 will continue to exterminate any non-compliant or non-sentient SCP-3667-1 sub-instances that pose a threat to Foundation personnel, but their duties have been expanded to include: a) mapping and analyzing SCP-3667’s topography and composition, and b) determining methods of utilizing SCP-3667-3 to contain existing SCPs.

Description: SCP-3667 is a spatial anomaly located within a sinkhole at the bottom of the “Peace” kimberlite diamond mine (commonly referred to as the Mirny mine) in Mirny,[1] Sakha Republic. Although ground-penetrating radar and magnetotelluric imaging techniques do not reveal any unusual structures below the mine or the town of Mirny, the sinkhole contains a Leibniz-class[2] spatial anomaly, approximately 5km at its widest point and 6km at its highest point, consisting of a subterranean network of caves and passages, which contain:

- A variety of stone structures and complexes, usually crudely built;
- To date, 24 unique species, classified as SCP-3667-1a through -1x. Certain species are sapient, and the vast majority are anomalous. All species display hostility to humans, especially those of Russian descent;
- To date, approximately 12,000 anomalous human beings, classified collectively as SCP-3667-2, most suffering from varying degrees of psychological stress;
- A variety of machinery, mostly wooden, designed to imprison and/or torture humans or humanoid figures, classified as SCP-3667-3.

Discovery: The sinkhole containing the entrance to SCP-3667 was formed on 17/12/2010, when workers at the Mirny mine performed a routine drilling operation. When the drill unexpectedly encountered the spatial anomaly and penetrated the cavern system of SCP-3667, the resulting cave-in killed at least one worker and injured several others. Initial exploration of the cave system by the workers identified some of the aforementioned stone structures and possible human remains; while attempting to contact their superiors, an instance of SCP-3667-1a violently emerged from the sinkhole and immolated the survivors.

Foundation assets were scrambled from nearby Site-574 after intercepting dozens of police calls describing a winged humanoid creature; fires and collapsed buildings across the town of Mirny delayed the response time of Foundation personnel considerably. Ground troops proved ineffective in subduing or terminating the instance, and 17 MTF members were killed by immolation or falling

debris before a Foundation helicopter was able to eliminate the threat.

In the immediate aftermath, the town of Mirny was aerially amnesticized by Foundation operatives, and the extensive fire damage was attributed to a gas leak at the nearby Mirny Polytechnic Institute. Surviving workers and executives of the Alrosa mining company were amnesticized separately, and were led to believe that the Mirny mine had ceased production in 2004 and was now off-limits to the public. The existing surface-to-air missile system perimeter was established in anticipation of further SCP-3667-1a excursions, and SCP-3667 was classified as a Keter-class anomaly. To date, three further instances of SCP-3667-1a and one instance of SCP-3667-1f have exited the sinkhole; all have been swiftly terminated.

Notable SCP-3667-1 Sub-Instances:

This is a partial list only, emphasizing the most dangerous or noteworthy SCP-3667 species. For a complete list of sub-instances, see Document 3667-1: Complete List of Sub-Instances.

SCP-3667-1a: Cynocephalic humanoid with large, bat-like wings, measuring
approximately 3m in height. Entity is covered in short, coarse fur and continually exudes a flammable oil-like substance, which it is able to anomalously ignite and use in an offensive capacity. Captive entities display rudimentary cognitive ability, forming complex social structures and able to recognize recurring patterns in abstract shapes.

SCP-3667-1f: Toad-like entity approximately 1m in height. Possesses no respiratory or digestive systems, and instead has a large, spike-filled cavity which instances have been observing using to transport SCP-3667-2 between variations of SCP-3667-3. Research is ongoing regarding how SCP-3667-1f performs metabolic functions without any apparent source of nutrients.

SCP-3667-1m: Emaciated humanoid entity approximately 1.5m in height, with red-brown skin and oversized head. Entity displays human-level intelligence and speaks modern Russian, offering

subjects wealth and power in exchange for cherished personal objects; however, the entity possesses no anomalous abilities and, as soon as a bargain is struck, will attempt to renegotiate for something readily available.

SCP-3667-1x: Forty-eight kyphotic humanoids approximately 5m in height, covered in furs and wearing oversized skulls of a variety of tundra animals, primarily moose, deer, and elk. Entities speak Old Church Slavonic, but numerous grammatical errors and anachronisms indicate a familiarity with modern Russian. They refer to themselves collectively as магистрат, or “magistrates.”

Exploration:

On 20/03/2012, following the establishment of the Mirny mine perimeter and subsequent SCP-3667-1 excursions, exploration of SCP-3667 was deemed a priority by Regional Administrator Angelina Mikhailova. MTF Chi-5 was mobilized for initial exploration on 22/03/2012, and first entry into SCP-3667 occurred on 23/03/2012. All dialogue has been translated from Russian.

Exploration Log 3667-A

Initial exploration is conducted by the four-man MTF Chi-5 Team One, selected by random draw. Team members are henceforth referred to by their designations Anna, Boris, Vasily, and Gregory. All are armed with ordnance, including small explosives and fragmentation grenades. Video and audio feeds are monitored by a temporary command station set up within the perimeter of the mine, to minimize interference. Mission parameters are to conduct preliminary observation of SCP-3667’s interior and assess its threat level.

Anna: This is Anna, check, check.

Boris: Boris, check.

Vasily: Vasily, check.

Gregory: Check. Command, do we have permission to enter the anomaly?

Command: You're all reading fine. Whenever you're ready.

Anna: Safeties off, boys and girls. We already know there's shit down there.

(*As Team One enters the sinkhole, all audio and radio contact cuts off for approximately three seconds. When it is re-established, the team is standing on the floor of a large cave, dimly lit by a diffuse, unidentified source. Sounds of running water can be heard.*)

Vasily: That felt – not right.

Command: Team One, we lost contact with you there for a few seconds. Can you do a Hume check? Standard procedure.[3]

(*Two minutes of radio silence. There are fainter sounds under the noise of the rushing water, but these are not readily identifiable and appear to be unnoticed by Team One.*)

Anna: Humes okay.

Command: Vitals look good, too. Carry on.

Gregory: Probably just the way the portal works that brought us here. Stable, Stationary, Unaided, Delayed… I don't remember the rest.

(*Gregory's camera turns to include the dimensional anomaly on this side, which appears as an uneven hole in the air with a clear view of the Mirny mine interior.*)

Gregory: Thing that flew through Mirny was probably drawn to the light. I'd want to get out of

here, too.

Boris: Word of caution, these rocks are loose up ahead.

Anna: Noted.

(*Distinct crunching noises can be heard.*)

Gregory: These aren't rocks, they're –

Anna: Probably skull fragments from the thing's last victims. Nothing we haven't seen before. Command, be advised that judging by sounds, we're getting close to moving water. We might have to attempt a crossing.

Command: Understood.

Vasily: (*Sniffs.*) Nasty.

Gregory: Command, please be advised that it smells rank in here. I'm gonna… I think it's coming from up ahead.

(*The team approaches the source of the running water heard earlier: a wide stream, yellow-grey in appearance. The faint noises mentioned before appear to be tied to the river, and resolve into a number of voices whispering in Russian; however, the voices are too layered and indistinct to make out individual phrases. Again, Team One does not remark on this, appearing preoccupied with the river's smell.*)

Vasily: Smells like rotten eggs. (*Sniffs.*) And… blood… and vanilla?

Command: Vanilla?

Gregory: No, he's right.

(*Anna removes a small stone from the riverbank and tosses it in. No adverse effects on the stone are observed.*)

Anna: River seems okay. Boris, you take point. I'll cover from behind.

Command: Grab a sample of that water, if you will. Jars should be in your supply packs.

Anna: Roger that. Gregory, that's you.

Gregory: Dammit.

Anna: If you smell any other ice-cream flavours while you're down there, just let us know.

Gregory: Personal. This feels personal.

Command: Team One, you're operating on a very short clock here. The boys up the hill want you out of there by 1500 hours at the latest.

Anna: Understood, Command. Boris, Vasily, you're with me. Gregory, we'll wait for you on the far side.

(*Team members Anna, Boris, and Vasily easily traverse the river, which transpires to be only ankle-deep. After collecting a sample of fluid, Gregory joins them. Unusual clumping patterns are observed in the water, which are briefly commented upon but ultimately dismissed as low-priority.*)

Anna: I'm seeing some… some very uniform stones on this side of the river, Command. Can anyone else confirm? This might be evidence of the remains of… some kind of structure.

Boris: Vasily?

Vasily: There's definitely part of a wall over here. Structure confirmed.

Command: Alright. Can we get any idea of possible age, Team One? Does it look occupied?

Gregory: I'm guessing a hundred, few hundred years old. Some of these bricks are disintegrating.

Vasily: Looks abandoned. We could be dealing with some sort of sentient life down here, though, Command. Any primers on that? What do we do if we make contact?

Command: You're not cleared for that kind of interaction. If anything sentient's still alive in there, we'll send a specialist team another day. For now, your mission's being cut short – I want you to scout out the extent of this structure, and then we're bringing you out.

Anna: There's what looks like a hallway leading in. Let's make this quick, boys and girls.

(*Team One proceeds down the hallway. Visibility quickly diminishes, and team members activate helmet lights.*)

Anna: Command, we've entered some kind of large… circular room. There aren't any windows, but it looks a lot like one of those… church domes that let light through.[4] There's just rock at the top where a hole should be, though.

Gregory: Some kind of artwork on the floor here.

(*The chamber's floor is covered in an elaborate, though badly damaged, mosaic appearing to depict a variety of anomalous creatures, including some resembling SCP-3667-1a, reclining over a system of red and yellow rivers. Smaller, humanoid figures*

are also present, but it is unclear what they represent.)

Vasily: Weird.

Boris: Boys up the hill can handle that. Anna?

Anna: There's four hallways leading deeper into the structure here, Command. This thing might be bigger than I realized. Do you want us to keep pushing, or…?

Command: Do what you can, Anna. Your call.

Anna: Okay. Let's do what we can. Team One, we're going to split up. Boris, you're taking tunnel number one. Vasily, you're next. Gregory's on tunnel number three, and I'll take the last one. Anything goes wrong, you sound the alarm and we all retreat back to the portal.

Command: Anna, you don't have to –

Anna: I'm going to get this thing searched for you, Command. Now, I want you watching all of us like hawks in there. Tell us the *second* that shit hits the fan.

Command: Copy that.

(*Team members separate and proceed down their designated hallways. All hallways are identical: narrow and crudely built.*)

Gregory: Command, I think I'm approaching an exit. I feel a breeze.

(*Indistinct noises can be heard in the background of Gregory's feed.*)

Gregory: Command?

(*Gregory's headlight switches off.*)

Command: Shit. Gregory, come in.

Anna: Command? What's going on?

Gregory: (*whispering*) Still here. Turned off my headlight.

(*Indistinct noises.*)

Gregory: (*whispering*) I think there's something here.

Command: Gregory, get back to your hallway and retreat to the portal. Anna, you too. I'm pulling you all out.

Anna: I see you, Gregory. Stay where you are.

(*Anna's headlight illuminates a large, spacious cavern, with three other entrances spaced evenly around the walls. Gregory is observed crouching behind an outcropping of rock several meters from the nearest entrance, and Vasily and Boris' headlights are visible in the other two entrances, proving that all four hallways converge again at this point, although the reasons for this are unclear.*)

Gregory: Please, just turn off your lights.

(*Indistinct noises intensify and resemble breathing.*)

Gregory: It knows we're here.

Entity: Yes. Sinners. Foolish creatures. You should have stayed in your cages.

(*A large eyeless feline entity, approx. 10m in height, approaches from the far end of the cave.*)

Anna: Gregory, get out of there.

Gregory: I fell down this hill. I can't get back up.

(*Entity inhales deeply.*)

Entity: You do not have the mark of Ognyena. How did you find your way to this place, little mortals? You should not be here.

Command: Anna, take Vasily and Boris and get out of there. I don't want to lose all of you.

Gregory: No. No.

(*Entity advances toward Gregory, who is seen fumbling with his pack.*)

Entity: You do not have the mark. When you die, you will not come back. That is good.

Gregory: Goddammit, Anna, do something!

(*Gregory locates a fragmentation grenade from his pack and throws it at the entity.*)

Entity: Shiny baubles will not buy your life. (*Entity picks up grenade in teeth and swallows.*) That will be your head next, you foolish –

(*There is a muffled explosion, followed by several wet thumps.*)

Command: Anna! Anna, what's going on?

(*Video feeds show Vasily and Boris have retreated to the hallways, while Anna and Gregory's cameras are either facing the ground or shaking enough to be unobservable.*)

Anna: We're alright. I'm with Gregor now. We're going to need a backup team to pick us up – I think

he's twisted an ankle from the fall.

Command: Where… what's the status on the feline entity? Is there any present danger?

Anna: Yeah, the cat thing's here too, but it's missing, uh, most of its head. Your guys might want to take a look at it, anyways.

Command: Oh.

Anna: Looks like we kind of, uh, communicated with sentient entities after all. Sorry about that, Command.

Command: Just – just hang tight, Anna.

Anna: You bet.

(*MTF Chi-5 Team Two dispatched as backup, and all members of Team One recovered without further complications. Feline entity classified as SCP-3667-1b and portions removed from cadaver for further experimentation, although a full autopsy was not possible due to the entity's state upon recovery*.)

END LOG

Update 19/04/2012: Fluid sample from river recovered by MTF Chi-5 Team One features anomalous molecular structure and bonding sites, but will actively bond to organic molecules to create a cubic lattice, which accounts for unusual ripple patterns encountered during exploration. Research ongoing.

Following the success of initial SCP-3667 exploration and the continued reliability of the missile systems, a permanent base camp was established within the perimeter of the Mirny mine to house MTF Chi-5 personnel and to further monitor the spatial fluctuations giving rise to the anomaly. Exploration resumed on 30/10/2012, conducted by MTF Chi-5 Teams Two and Three and monitored from base camp. Mission parameters are to locate the source of SCP-3667's spatial perturbations, and to further map its interior (avoiding areas previously reconnoitred by Team One). As before, all team members are armed with ordnance and small explosives.

Yelena: Team Two, reporting in.

Konstantin: Roll call, everybody. We're here? Yes, good. Team Three's ready as well, Command.

Command: Good morning, everybody. I'm sure you've all watched the video transcripts from your colleagues in Team One by now, so you know what to expect inside there.

Zhenya: A whole lot of kitten kibble.

(*Laughter.*)

Command: I hope you've brought your sleeping bags, because you're going to be inside there for quite a while longer. Folks up the hill want you to find the source of the portal in the first place: I don't know what they want to do with it, but don't shut it down or anything. Team One reported coming across a stone structure in their investigation, so if you find anything similar that might be a good place to start.

Leonid: Any updates on the monster situation?

Command: You're authorized to terminate anything you might come across in there. Administration doesn't think you'll be in any immediate danger, from what we've seen of the creatures inside there. They're physically intimidating, but they tend to be… squishy.

Konstantin: Excellent.

Ivan: How's Team One holding up?

Command: Couldn't be better. From what I've heard, they should be moved back to camp by the end of the week.

Leonid: You should hear the *shit* Anna's giving poor Gregory. Once his ankle's healed she'll probably break it again, just to teach him a lesson.

(*Laughter.*)

Command: I'll be sure to tell him you wish him well.

(*Teams Two and Three successfully enter portal and perform Humes test. All readings normal.*)

Yelena: Five o' clock's where Team One explored. It looks like the cave might widen out at eleven o' clock, so I'd recommend heading that way.

Konstantin: Sounds good to me.

Kratkiy: Something in here just doesn't smell right. Anybody else getting that? It's like –

Zinaida: Yeah, Team One said the same thing. Apparently it comes from the rivers in this place.

Kratkiy: You know, they were right. It does smell a

little like vanilla.

(*The exploration team is interrupted by a noise resembling a human scream, emanating from deeper within the cave. One minute of radio silence, during which the noise does not repeat.*)

Leonid: Fucking hell.

Dmitri: What *was* that?

Konstantin: Probably a monster. Leonid, Kratkiy, I want you on point. Yelena, put some of your guys on cover.

Yelena: You're going after it?

Konstantin: You heard what Command said, no? We shouldn't be in any immediate danger.

Yelena: Command, what's your take on this?

Command: So far we haven't seen anything non-physical or memetic in there, but that's not to say they don't exist. This call's for you and Konstantin to make, but stay sharp and go slow.

(*Human-like cry repeats, at a greater distance.*)

Konstantin: It's also possible that it's a civilian who got dragged in here.

Yelena: Dammit. Alright. Zhenya and Zinaida, you two are in the back. Konstantin, we'll follow you.

Konstantin: If you don't already have safeties off, do it now.

Leonid: Hey Command, just notifying you the ceiling's dropping… pretty considerably in this direction. It might be a dead end.

Yelena: That noise is coming from somewhere. I don't care what it is that's making it, but we're going to find it.

(*Kratkiy's light reveals a large, shallow body of the same yellow fluid discovered by Team One, directly in front of the exploration team.*)

Konstantin: Looks shallow enough. Command, this stuff is safe?

Command: Our boys are still running tests on it. It's sticky, but it won't harm you.

Konstantin: We should be able to ford it. If the cave cuts off, I'll let you know and we'll turn around.

(*After approximately four minutes, the cavern increases in height and the body of fluid ends. Team members exit the fluid and wait for further instructions. Multiple diffuse noises can be heard in this cavern, most notably a repetitive scratching sound.*)

Yelena: Spread out. Weapons up.

Konstantin: Command, this cavern is considerably larger than the last few we've been through. We've… I'm looking at the ceiling now, and I lose sight of it after about two meters.

Command: I'm impressed you managed to find this place, but remember this isn't in the original mission parameters. The last thing we need is you getting lost in there.

Konstantin: Does anybody see an opposite wall? I don't like not knowing how far this place goes.

Yelena: Nothing over here. Zhenya, Zinaida, what about you?

Zhenya: No wall, but there's a pile of something on the floor where I am. Looks like… wood chips?

Zinaida: Sorry, Yelena. I got – *fucking shit shit shit!*

(*Gunfire.*)

Yelena: Zinaida, come in! What just happened?

Zinaida: …I think it was a rat. I'm pretty sure I missed it.

Yelena: Are you alright?

Zinaida: It was up inside this thing, looking like it was – it was – adjusting parts before it ran, and – Yelena, can you take a look at this? I don't know what the hell I'm looking at.

(*Teams Two and Three converge on Zinaida to reveal a large, intricate circular wooden structure with one side apparently winched open. Rows of wooden spikes are visible inside, covered in a dark substance presumed to be blood.*)

Dmitri: Holy hell.

(*Noises resembling human whimpering emanate from deeper within the cave.*)

Yelena: I can't say I'm a fan of this situation. Command, I'm advising a strategic retreat. Whatever it is that's in here, we don't need to deal with it.

Zinaida: There's more of them. They're everywhere.

Yelena: The machines? Or the rats?

Zinaida: Both. They're all over the fucking place.

(*Zinaida's camera displays over 20 wooden structures of varying shapes and sizes, covered in large rats. All are staring at the exploration team.*)

Konstantin: Go on! Shoo!

(*The rats start and scurry away. Several forms are observed within the wooden structures.*)

Yelena: Command, are you seeing this? There… there are bodies in some of these.

Leonid: Probably a civilian from town. Poor sap.

Kratkiy: Oh my god.

Konstantin: What is it?

Kratkiy: This one's still alive.

END LOG

SCP-3667-2:

Level 3/3667-2 clearance required.

Input credentials

SCP-3667-2 is the collective designation for a group of 12,084 humanoid anomalies, discovered in SCP-3667 on 30/10/2012 and relocated to Site-574 from 02/11/2012 to 28/12/2012. Although the vast majority were discovered inside SCP-3667-3 instances, approximately 150 of all instances recovered were found either being transported within SCP-3667-1f instances, attempting to flee from SCP-3667, or being consumed by SCP-3667-1a or -1b instances.

All SCP-3667-2 instances display anomalous limited regeneration capabilities, activated by the same molecule retrieved by MTF Chi-5 Team One during

Exploration 3667-A, which is present in their bloodstream. Attempts at introducing the molecule into the bloodstreams of non-anomalous humans have not resulted in the same regeneration capabilities; further research is ongoing, but it is currently assumed that the anomalous regeneration is directly tied to the SCP-3667-2 instances, with the anomalous molecule acting as merely a catalyst. Despite this, it is still possible to terminate SCP-3667-2 instances through repeated use of force exceeding the rate of their regeneration abilities (approximately 4mm of tissue a day, slower for organs or bone marrow).

Of the 12,084 SCP-3667-2 instances, 10,756 are perfect physical and genetic matches for former residents of Mirny within the last 50 years (the remaining 1,328 instances do not correspond with any known person, living or deceased). Although all SCP-3667-2 instances claim to have lived their whole lives within SCP-3667,[5] sampling from suitable cadavers within the Mirny region have confirmed the match. Analysis of town records and the SCP-3667-2 population indicates that, in order for a deceased resident to result in a genetically identical SCP-3667-2 instance to form within SCP-3667, several criteria must be met:

- Resident's progenitors must have lived within Mirny town limits for at least two generations;
- Resident must have been suspected by contemporary residents of: committing a crime (however, resident must not have been convicted), such as arson or pedophilia; lechery; avarice; homosexuality; or paganism.
- With some exceptions, resident must have been affiliated with, or maintained close ties to, the Light of Five Heavens Russian Orthodox Church[6] and its founder, Sergei Guslyakov.

Incursion:

On 23/08/2014, after 41 separate explorations of SCP-3667

mapping much of its interior, as well as capturing and containing instances of all known SCP-3667-1 species, a large (approx. 50m in height) porcine, previously unrecorded species of SCP-3667-1 exited the sinkhole and proceeded to assault the MTF Chi-5 base camp, leading to 3 casualties and 20 severe injuries. Due to the instance's possession of the same anomalous regeneration capabilities previously observed in SCP-3667-2 instances, as well as what superficially appeared to be an exoskeleton, on-site personnel were unsuccessful at termination attempts and instead called a strategic retreat to Site-574 to wait for reinforcement. Upon returning to the Mirny mine, Foundation personnel discovered that the SCP-3667-1 instance (classified as SCP-3667-1v) had destroyed much of the missile system perimeter and returned to the area directly in front of the sinkhole, where it remained unresponsive to further Foundation actions, including preparations for a coordinated round of air-to-ground drone strikes which eventually succeeded in terminating it.

In response, Site-574 Director Ndeye Bocoume and Sakha Republic Regional Administrator Angelina Mikhailova issued a joint request to the O5 council, arguing that given the continued danger to Foundation personnel and Mirny residents posed by large, hostile SCP-3667-1 instances, as well as the number of SCP-3667-1 instances already kept in containment, MTF Chi-5 and additional Foundation reinforcements should proactively terminate all hostile SCP-3667-1 instances within SCP-3667 and attempt to secure the cooperation of sentient instances where possible.

After 8 separate Ethics Committee hearings, O5 approval was granted on 02/13/2015. MTF Chi-5 Teams One through Three, as well as MTF Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") Teams Two through Four, began invasion preparations on 02/22/2015 and entered the anomaly on 04/07/2015.

Incursion Report 3667-C

Incursion team mobilizes at Site-574 at 0500 hours. MTF Chi-5 Team Two and MTF Zeta-9 Team Four each drive AFVs, for use in encounters with additional SCP-3667-1v or other SCP-3667-1

instances. The remaining four teams travel on foot. An additional MTF personnel, henceforth referred to by her designation Perevodchik, provides translation between MTF Chi-5 and MTF Zeta-9; unless otherwise specified, Perevodchik's translations are omitted from the log for sake of brevity. All MTF personnel have been armed with ordnance and small explosives, in addition to antidemonic kinetics[7] and incendiary devices stored in the vehicles.

Echo: Mole Team Two, reporting in – hey, P, is Command one of ours or theirs?

Command: I'm not sure what you mean.

Perevodchik: Command is local.

Echo: Huh. I'd prefer someone I don't need a translator to understand, but… P, tell Command we're here.

Juliet: Z-9 Team Three. We're all here.

Anna: Quite a party today, isn't it, Command? A shame we'll all need Perevodchik to communicate.

November: Better hope it's a quiet trip today, then, P. Otherwise these boys and girls will be crowding all over you.

Perevodchik: I guess that would make me something of a celebrity, then. I always wanted to be a VIP.

(*Laughter.*)

Konstantin: Team Three here.

Yelena: And last but not least. I think that's everybody, Command – are we cleared to go?

Command: You're cleared from up here. Proceed when you're ready.

Konstantin: Alright. Zeta-9: before we enter the anomaly, I just want to warn you that there's a bit of disorientation when you cross over. You'll feel dizzy…

Oscar: Dizzy, a little nauseous, everything's dark and you lose contact with Command for approximately three point zero five seconds? Yeah, we've been there, done that. It's bog-standard for dimensional skips like this. Besides, we'd already read through all your exploration logs by the time we touched down. We know this place inside and out.

Foxtrot: SSUDS2. Stable, Stationary, Unaided, Delayed, Safe, Two Way.

Gregory: I knew that.

Oscar: In any case, here's the plan once we get inside. Lima here's run analysis on the interior schematics of this place and determined that most of the larger stone structures tend to congregate around the river systems. That's where we'll find the big critters. Each team here will take a major river – I trust you know where they are by now – and clear it out, end to end. If you need backup, radio one of the teams with the van. Command will be looking out for you as well, assuming you speak their language. Questions?

Vasily: I wasn't aware we had discussed this.

Oscar: The other Moles and I came up with it on the plane ride over. Given these entities' behaviour, it's the best strategy if you want to keep this clean and quick.

Konstantin: With all due respect, I don't think you know this place like we do. Chi-5 – we're all Mirny boys and girls. We grew up around the mine. We were there when things started coming out of it, and we've been down there forty-odd times by this point. We can handle ourselves.

Oscar: With all due respect, I don't think you can. I've watched the tapes. I'm glad to see your ankle's doing better, Gregory. Be careful on those hills, won't you?

(*Twenty seconds of radio silence.*)

Oscar: Look, I'm sorry. I know this is your home turf. But you've got to trust us on this one. This is what we get called in for.

Yelena: Command?

Command: Go on ahead, Oscar. Let's get this over with.

(*Incursion team enters SCP-3667 without any further incident. As per Oscar's instructions, each team is assigned to a major river system and begin a sweep for hostile entities. The rats observed near SCP-3667-3 instances are more present, being sighted by several teams; however, none approach personnel.*)

Juliet: These rats a 3667-1?

Zhenya: We're pretty sure they're just normal rats. There's not as much weird shit in here as you'd think.

Lima: Where's all the creatures, then? They're sapient, aren't they?

Vasily: Some of them are. Most aren't.

Oscar: We'll find the non-sapient ones wherever they happen to be. If it's the sapients we're after, though, they might be coordinating… ahh, there's one.

(*Aggressive gibbering and the noise of antidemonic kinetics being fired can be heard.*)

Oscar: Squishy little fuckers, aren't they?

November: There's some in your hair.

Oscar: What's that?

Perevodchik: She's saying the coast is clear.

Oscar: Ever seen one like that before? Weird little guy, drinking out of the stream. Looked like a skinny little kid with a big, drooping head. Is that one sapient, do you know?

Boris: Sounds like a 3667-1m. Sapient, but just barely. I wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

Yelena: That's one monster down out of… what, hundreds? There've been times where we couldn't walk around this place without sneezing all over a colony of 3667-1-whatever-the-fuckers. Where did they all *go?*

Oscar: Chi-5, how many of these rivers have you explored end-to-end?

Konstantin: The big ones, you mean? Uh, most of them. I'd say… 80%.

Oscar: (*Opening supply packs in AFV.*) There's a map of this place in here somewhere, isn't there? Here. Konstantin – it's Konstantin, right?

Konstantin: Yes. Why are we stopping?

Oscar: If I showed you the rivers, here, on a map, would you be able to point out the unexplored ones?

Konstantin: These… three. Yes, I think that's all.

Oscar: That's Zeta-9 Teams Two and Three, Chi-5 Team Two.

Konstantin: Chi-5 Team One.

Oscar: Right. You're right. Moles Two and Three, Chi-5 One, come in. What's your position?

Juliet: This is Team Three. We've reached the end of the river. It all drains into a sinkhole – we've thrown a couple of torches in, but the bottom's pretty shallow. Honestly, Oscar, I don't think there's anything here.

Echo: Mole Two here. When we got your message, Foxtrot scouted out ahead, and he says the river goes into a crack in the wall the size of a mouse. Too small for us, or anything else here, to squeeze through. We haven't seen a single creature on our whole jaunt so far.

Konstantin: How about you, Team One?

Gregory: We, uh, we found a cave.

Anna: Konstantin, the river flows through a passageway here that leads into a chamber… it might be bigger than the one you're in now. There's a lot of artificial activity present here. Bricks in the walls, bones and garbage – we found a couple of 3667-3 instances, but no people in them so far. Vasily keeps saying he can hear noises up ahead.

Gregory: It's a really big cave.

Konstantin: You think that's it?

Oscar: Definitely. I'll call the other teams to rendevous at – well, here, you do it.

Konstantin: That's not necessary.

(*Two minutes of silence.*)

Oscar: Look, we're sitting in a cave in Hell in Russia, and I don't want to have to ask again.

Konstantin: Thank you.

Oscar: I'm not staying in here any longer than I have to.

Konstantin: Zeta-9 Teams Two, Three, Four, Chi-5 Teams Two and Three, we're rendezvousing at Team One's location. I want everyone there in five minutes, tops.

Yelena: Understood.

Echo: On our way.

Konstantin: What do you think we'll find in there?

Oscar: I don't know. Nothing good.

Konstantin: Anna, hang on and wait for us. We'll be there soon.

Anna: The river looks different here. It's… bubbling.

(*Chi-5 Teams Two & Three and Zeta-9 Teams Two through Four rendezvous with Chi-5 Team One without further incident.*)

Yelena: Anyone seen any creepy-crawlies so far?

We haven't.

Juliet: I think it's just Konstantin and Oscar who have.

Anna: Command, are you getting this? I don't know if this river's made of the same stuff we sampled before.

(*River appears milkier-white than previously and gives off a small amount of heat. Bubbles previously observed by Anna appear to be small handlike structures that spontaneously form and recollapse as they flow downstream.*)

Dmitri: That doesn't look safe.

Konstantin: Dmitri, hand me a pole from the truck. I'm going to test it.

(*Konstantin retrieves a telescoping pole from the AFV's supplies and inserts the end into the middle of the river. When lifted, the submerged section of pole is missing entirely.*)

Konstantin: Alright, I want everyone as far away from the river as possible. We'll –

(*There is a slithering sound and a large leech-like creature, classified as SCP-3667-1h, drops from the ceiling of the cave and engulfs the upper torso of Oscar, who is standing nearest to the river.*)

November: Shoot it! Shoot it!

(*Before any members of the incursion team can reach it, the SCP-3667-1h instance flops into the river, where it and Oscar are carried away by the stream. The instance appears impervious to the river's acidic contents, but Oscar's extremities are observed sloughing off and dissolving into liquid. Where his skeleton is exposed to the river, there*

are several seconds of resistance before it, too, melts into a thick white paste. The SCP-3667-1h instance shakes itself free of what remains and swims further down the river, and November chases after it, showing signs of distress.)

November: (*Sobbing.*) You fucking bastard, son of a *bitch!*

Juliet: November, wait!

Konstantin: Dmitri, Juliet, grab the trucks. We're following him.

Juliet: Are you sure? I don't think –

Konstantin: No one else is going to die. I can't… I'm not going to let that happen.

(*The remainder of MTF Chi-5 and MTF Zeta-9 follow November, who continues to vocalize distress. The surrounding environment begins to brighten by degrees, but the incursion team does not take notice of this until November loses his footing on an outcropping of rock and stops.*)

Boris: Holy hell.

November: That's, that's where all these bastards have been, been fucking hiding.

(*Approximately 1km ahead of the incursion team's location, a large complex of stone structures several stories tall is visible, lit by enormous metal braziers that are responsible for the increased illumination. The complex straddles the river, and as the operatives watch a complicated wooden mechanism above the river appears to release several SCP-3667-2 instances, which quickly dissolve.*)

Zinaida: I thought we got all the people out of

here.

Gregory: Look. Over the river.

(*An elaborate system of what appear to be wooden walkways crisscross the river, on which are perched several SCP-3667-1a and SCP-3667-1b instances. Millipede-like creatures approximately 30 meters long, classified as SCP-3667-1w, periodically climb from the river to the walkways or vice versa. All sub-instances occasionally reach into the river and extract a quantity of liquid, which slowly solidifies into a SCP-3667-2 instance: this is then consumed. Other SCP-3667-1 instances are observed excreting fully formed SCP-3667-2 instances back into the river, where they are dissolved again.*)

Yelena: (*Breathes deeply.*) Okay.

(*Gregory retches. Although the incursion team continues to observe the entities and their prey, Oscar does not reappear.*)

Konstantin: Alright, that's it. We're going to finish this, and we're going to finish it now.

November: We… we can't. There's too many of them.

Konstantin: They're eating out of the river, right? All eating, like the happy fuckers they are. Well, we're going to let them keep eating as much as they goddamn please.

Dmitri: Are you sure about this, Konstantin? This isn't in the mission parameters.

Konstantin: Mission parameters got someone killed. I want everyone's antidemonics on the ground here, and we'll need the extra drums from

the truck.

(*All antidemonics and refill fluid drums are assembled. Konstantin rolls one of the drums to the edge of the river and begins to pour it in.*)

Konstantin: No one's going to die. Except for those fuckers.

END LOG

After-action reports estimate that the introduction of antidemonic solution into the SCP-3667 river system led to the termination of over 80% of the anomaly's native inhabitants, with the exception of SCP-3667-2 instances. MTF Chi-5 Team Three Captain Konstantin subjected to internal review for unorthodox actions taken in the field, but was subsequently commended for fulfilling original mission requirements without a severe loss of life. SCP-3667 tentatively reclassified to Euclid.

SCP-3667-1x: On 04/10/2015, three days after incursion, twenty-four separate instances of a previously unrecorded SCP-3667-1 subspecies, SCP-3667-1x, exited the sinkhole. MTF crews manning the missile system perimeter did not immediately open fire due to the presence of a large white cloth tied to a branch, being waved repeatedly by one of the entities. After discussion with Regional Administrator Angelina Mikhailova, a small contingent of MTF operatives accompanied local translator Perevodchik to the sinkhole in order to attempt communication. All dialogue has been transcribed from Russian and Old Church Slavonic.

SCP-3667-1x Interview

Perevodchik: (*In Russian.*) Can you understand me?

Anna: I doubt this will work.

Perevodchik: You can shoot them if they make any sudden moves. I just want to see if they'll respond.

Entity A: (*In Old Church Slavonic.*) Are you the one we bow to?

Dmitri: God.

Perevodchik: It's… an old dialect, but I think I can understand it.

Entity B: Are you our queen, or are you the messenger only? Speak.

Perevodchik: I'm… I'm a representative of the Foundation, the people who've been exploring the caves you live in. I'd like to ask you some questions about where you come from.

Entity A: A herald, but one who does not shake in fear. We will treat with you.

Entity C: Where would you wish that we set our treaty? On wood? On stone? In the trees, or in music on the air?

Perevodchik: What kind of treaty are you talking about?

Entity D: We wish to make an offering. We wish to be at peace.

Entity B: We would offer to the one you herald for. Foundation.

Perevodchik: And what, exactly, are you offering?

Entity A: From the caverns of the Domovoi to the Lands of Laughter and Sorrow[8] and all the sweet

rivers that flow between, these we offer you.

Entity C: And all the creatures that live in those lands, those who have been marked by Ognyena and their shepherds, you will have dominion over. And we will provide our counsel and advice to Foundation, who would be master of this realm, to keep it safe and prosperous.

Entity D: We swear this on the bones of Cirnu Boh, and will set it in writing wherever you wish.

Perevodchik: In exchange for what?

Entity B: Why do you speak of exchange? Exchange, no. This is our offering.

Entity A: The one you herald for, your Foundation, came here to conquer. He slew many of our warriors with weapons we do not understand, and now we come to offer him our land and our lives. This is as it is, is it not? This is good?

Perevodchik: …I need to talk to my supervisors.

Site-667: On 06/06/2015, the Foundation reached an agreement with surviving members of SCP-3667-1, represented by SCP-3667-1x, ceding control of SCP-3667 to the Foundation in exchange for limited autonomy within the anomaly and freedom from arbitrary termination. Construction of Site-667, a Foundation Site within SCP-3667 to directly study Leibniz-class anomalies and entities, began on 01/03/2016 and was completed on 12/11/2017. A second building, the Francis Zhou[9] Memorial Research Complex, is currently under development. Ndeye Bocoume was transferred to become the Site-667 Director, and was replaced as Site-574 Director by Anatoly Polyakov.
Upon the recommendation of SCP-3667-1x instances, and confirmed by modern understanding of Leibniz-class anomalies, several extrascientific steps have been taken by Foundation personnel at Site-667 to ensure the continued stability of the

anomaly in which they reside. Most pertinently, the “ruler” of SCP-3667 must have an honorific that accurately represents both the anomaly and the belief system of the individuals who created it; after careful consideration, Director Ndeye Bocoume’s honorific has been determined to be “Director of Hell,” and she will be referred to as such in all official documentation. SCP-3667-1x instances have also been authorized to perform a variety of other rituals (see Document 3667-4: Approved Site-667 Leibniz-Class Rituals) in order to ensure the continued stability of SCP-3667.

Addendum:

> After almost 5 years of research, we have discovered no anomalous ability possessed by SCP-3667-2 instances other than their anomalous regeneration capabilities. Given the enormous material cost required to maintain them, effective immediately the Foundation is disbanding this department and relocating all SCP-3667-2 instances to classified locations, where they will be allowed to reintegrate into society.
>
> I would like to extend my gratitude to all the others who have worked in this department, both human and other, and to say that I have greatly appreciated the last 5 years spent working together.
>
> Paul Xxaravox, Eater of Fire
> SCP-3667-2 Research Department Head, Site-667

> You have (1) new message
>
> **FROM:** Ndeye Bocoume (Site-667 Director) <noitadnuof.pcs|emuocobn#noitadnuof.pcs|emuocobn>
> **TO:** Bryan Browning (**Site-419** Director) <noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb#noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb>, Matias Hernández (Site-309 Director)

<noitadnuof.pcs|
zednanrehm#noitadnuof.pcs|
zednanrehm>
SUBJECT: D-Class Supply

Dear Bryan, Matias:

I know we discussed dwindling D-Class supplies last month, and that at the time I unfortunately had none to spare. I'm happy to announce that something has come up that changes that – I'll be sending each of you a shipment of new D-Class come next week.
It isn't as many as you had hoped for, but rest assured, these ones will withstand most anything you throw at them (don't worry, still safe for crosstesting!)

I do hope you're able to put them to good use, and I'm eager to hear about any updates you may have at your Sites.

Best regards,

Ndeye Bocoume
Director of Hell

Footnotes
1. 38% Russian Orthodox, 13% pagan, 26% atheist
2. Ie. created by shared and anomalously concentrated belief.
3.O5 memorandum to all sites, 07/10/2011:Due to the frequency of SCP instances possessing or replacing Foundation personnel during periods of video and radio interference, effective immediately each Foundation exploration team must carry at least one portable Kant

counter, which will be used to check for perturbations in baseline reality immediately after each and every loss of contact with external command. Standard Foundation exploration suits will also be updated with vital signs tracking over the next two years, which will be monitored and recorded during every exploration.
4. Presumably an oculus from Byzantine architecture, a circular opening at the apex of a dome.
5. Despite their regenerative capabilities, SCP-3667-2 instances age at the same rate as non-anomalous humans.
6. A radical and heterodox branch of the Orthodox Church, since excommunicated by the Patriarch of Moscow after its founder's death.
7. Field-issued equipment from the Department of Tactical Exorcism, designed to combat Leibniz-class entities. While early antidemonics utilized a combination of sanctified water and inscribed stones, modern efforts favour a mixture of sea salt, olive oil, and glass cleaner.
8. Presumed to correspond to geographic features within SCP-3667, although these are currently unidentified.
9. Legal name of MTF Zeta-9 operative "Oscar," declassified posthumously.

SCP-3668: Provenance

Item #: SCP-3668

Object Class: Safe

Threat Level: White ○

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3668 is to be kept within in a display case at **Foundation Command-02** due to the site's location in Washington D.C.

SCP-3668 is currently being used as a part of Potomac Briefings.[1] During Potomac Briefings, SCP-3668 is to be removed from containment, and the agent leading the briefing is to explain the anomalous properties and history of SCP-3668.

To demonstrate the anomalous properties of SCP-3668, a secondary agent is to wield SCP-3668 while the leading agent repeatedly fires a handgun at the secondary agent's head.

Description: SCP-3668 is a Yetholm-type shield[2]. SCP-3668 is apparently indestructible, being completely resistant to physical damage and showing no signs of wear.

When a living human wields SCP-3668 (henceforth referred to as the wielder) and is threatened, semicorporeal humanoids (henceforth referred to as SCP-3668-1) manifest between the source of danger and the wielder. The number of SCP-3668-1 instances is variable, depending on the nature of the threat, with the highest recorded number being twenty. Each SCP-3668-1 is armed with a shield identical to SCP-3668 and are dressed in armor matching Pictish designs of 1200 BCE - 800 BCE.

Wielders are able to identify some SCP-3668-1 as being visually reminiscent of their recently deceased ancestors.[3] The unidentified instances are believed to represent older ancestors. SCP-3668-1

entities have been recorded to include both biological and adoptive ancestors. Ancestors that were soldiers or warriors appear more frequently among SCP-3668-1 instances. SCP-3668-1 instances are unable to verbally communicate.

After SCP-3668-1 instances manifest, they will begin to defend the wielder against physical harm. All SCP-3668-1 instances display the same indestructible properties as SCP-3668. Should danger to the wielder be lasting or more substantial, SCP-3668-1 instances will attempt to help the wielder escape from danger.

Once the wielder is safe, the SCP-3668-1 instances will perform a congratulatory gesture towards the wielder before demanifesting. Examples of these gestures include hugging the wielder, kissing the wielder on the forehead and saluting the wielder.

On the back of SCP-3668 is an inscription in unidentified runic characters. The Estate *noir*, a Foundation precursor organization that possessed SCP-3668, utilized anomalous means to create a translation of this inscription. Translated from the French produced by the Estate *noir* into English, this transcription reads:

> Let the love of your ancestors be your shield.

Addendum: Provenance of SCP-3668

Evidence indicates that SCP-3668 is approximately three thousand years old, although the anomalous properties of the item prevent any proper method of dating the object. SCP-3668 (or an object of identical description) has been contained and utilized by several groups over the past three thousand years.

As complete of a history of SCP-3668 as can be assembled follows below. This timeline is not complete, as there are several gaps in the historical record where the location of SCP-3668 is unknown. Some of these gaps are believed to be

the result of past anomalous containment groups obfuscating the existence of SCP-3668.

Origin: circa 1200 BCE - 800 BCE

The exact date of origin of SCP-3668 is currently unknown, but estimates have been made given the style of the object, which was present in shields created between 1200 BCE and 800 BCE. SCP-3668 does not appear within the historical record until 325 BCE.

It is currently unknown how or by whom SCP-3668 was created. The aforementioned period does not coincide with a period of known anomalous activity within Scotland. As such, it is believed that SCP-3668 is a unique anomalous item, rather than being part of a greater series.

Yetholm-type shields were typically used by individuals of a high social standing. The anomalous alterations to SCP-3668 further indicate this, as such modifications would have likely been difficult to produce.

Scotland: 325 BCE

The first appearance of SCP-3668 in the historical record appears in 325 BCE, when it is briefly mentioned in a historical account by the Greek geographer Pytheas of Massalia in his work, *τὰ περὶ τοῦ Ὠκεανοῦ*[4]. This work describes a journey by Pytheas to northwestern Europe, including Scotland.

No complete copy of this text survives, but the relevant excerpt was recorded by the **Praetorian Office of Secret Wisdom**.[5] Translated from Latin:[6]

> We landed upon the shore and met with the natives of this region of Bretannikē. One of their warriors carried an ornate shield, with a design of circles. Holding this shield, he is deathless, for the ghosts of his fathers would appear before him to defend him.

Legion XX: 78-85

During the Roman invasion, SCP-3668 came into the possession of Legion XX. SCP-3668 was located in a Pictish village and used by one warrior during an attempt to defend the village. While the wielder of SCP-3668 was not killed, many of the other defenders were and the warrior surrendered. Legion XX then took SCP-3668 into their possession.

SCP-3668 was held by Legion XX and infrequently used in combat until the end of Gnaeus Julius Agricola's campaign against northern England. At the end of the campaign, it was taken into the custody of Agricola himself.

Praetorian Office of Secret Wisdom: 85-312

In 85, Agricola was recalled to Rome from Britain. It is believed that he brought SCP-3668 with him and presented the item as a gift to Emperor Domitian on his return. This is unconfirmed, but is believed to be the most likely location of SCP-3668 during this time period by the Historical Department.

Regardless of the circumstances under which SCP-3668 came to Rome, it was given into the custody of the Praetorian Office of Secret Wisdom. The Praetorian Office then began efforts to investigate the history of SCP-3668, discovering the mention in *τὰ περὶ τοῦ Ὠκεανοῦ*, which was not lost at the time.

The Praetorian Office held onto SCP-3668 until the Praetorian Guard was disbanded in 312. During this period, there were several concerted efforts to test the properties of the anomaly. SCP-3668 was considered for usage to defend the Emperor, but this was denied for unknown reasons. It was recorded that SCP-3668 was taken by a former Praetorian Guard, but what they did with it is unclear.

Vatican Holy Office for Secrets and Prophecies: 807-1808

The Vatican Holy Office for Secrets and

Prophecies[7] came into the possession of SCP-3668 at some point before 807. The exact circumstances under which this occurred are unknown.

The Vatican Holy Office made a concerted effort to learn more about SCP-3668, discovering the records of the Praetorian Office in the process. Unlike the Praetorian Office, the Vatican Holy Office declared SCP-3668 unholy and opted against any military usage.

Unknown: 1096-1104

In 1096, records of the Vatican Holy Office indicate that SCP-3668 was not within the Papal Treasure Trove in 1096. These records only note the absence of SCP-3668, and do not explain where it was.

In 1104, records indicate that SCP-3668 was returned to the Papal Treasure Trove. Again, records do not indicate where SCP-3668 was during this period. It is possible that SCP-3668 was taken earlier than 1096 CE, or returned earlier than 1104 CE.

Napoleon: 1808-1814

When Rome was annexed into the First French Empire as a department, SCP-3668 was taken by French Imperial Forces from the Vatican Secret Archive. After learning of the anomalous effects of SCP-3668, it was then brought before Napoleon as a gift.

Napoleon began to use the item, due to a personal interest in lineage. However, he mostly regarded SCP-3668 as a novelty, rather than as a weapon or military tool. As such, it was not brought into battle at any time during Napoleon's possession of the item. While not being used, it was kept with Napoleon's small personal collection of anomalous items.

Estate *noir*: 1814-1900

Following Napoleon's exile to Elba, his personal collection of anomalous objects was confiscated by the Estate *noir*, a Foundation precursor agency operating out of France. Among the objects within Napoleon's collection was SCP-3668. The Estate *noir* militarized SCP-3668, using it during the Fourth Occult War.

The Estate *noir* is known to have conducted efforts to obscure Napoleon's personal involvement with the anomalous. Information concerning SCP-3668 was likely destroyed as a result of this.

Around 1852, Her Majesty's Foundation for the Study of Curiosities and Phantasmagoria learned of the existence of SCP-3668, and that it was being held by the Estate *noir*. They decided that the artifact, being originally from Scotland and dealing with genetic heritage, should fall under their jurisdiction, and requested that the Estate *noir* give the object over to their custody.

The Estate *noir* refused this demand, forming a point of contention between the two groups, which lasted for the next forty eight years. Her Majesty's Foundation for the Study of Curiosities and Phantasmagoria made multiple requests for the return of SCP-3668, but all were denied.

Foundation: 1900-1924

Following the Forbidden City Convention, the Estate *noir*, Her Majesty's Foundation for the Study of Curiosities and Phantasmagoria and eleven other anomalous containment groups merged to form the modern SCP Foundation.

However, partisan elements of the Estate *noir*, opposed to the merger and the establishment of the modern Foundation, destroyed many records of the Estate *noir*. Among these were the files concerning SCP-3668. As such, the archives of the Vatican Holy Office are the primary source of information on SCP-3668.

Chaos Insurgency: 1924-1945

During the Foundation Civil War, which led to the formation of the Chaos Insurgency, SCP-3668 was claimed by individuals that would later form the Insurgency, along with many other anomalous objects with militarization possibility.

Over the course of the next twenty years, there were scattered reports of First Chaos Insurgency operatives using SCP-3668 during battle. While the Foundation remained aware of SCP-3668, recontainment of SCP-3668 was never considered a high priority, due to the low danger and threat to normalcy of the anomaly.

Notably, during a Foundation assault on an Insurgency cell in 1938, a Chaos Insurgent wielding SCP-3668 was directly targeted with a Foundation-grade rocket artillery unit and survived unharmed. The Chaos Insurgent in question was then carried away by SCP-3668-1 instances, and escaped custody. This is currently the known upper limit of the abilities of SCP-3668.

Marshall, Carter, and Dark: 1945-1946

At the end of the Seventh Occult War[8] the First Chaos Insurgency was defeated by Foundation and Allied Occult Coalition forces. Many of their anomalous objects were confiscated or destroyed at this time. However, a former member of the First Chaos Insurgency eluded custody and sold SCP-3668 to Ottaviano Medici, a Marshall, Carter and Dark sales representative and auctioneer.

According to Ottaviano Medici, who was later apprehended for unrelated reasons, MC&D sold SCP-3668 to Normand Iveries, a private collector of anomalous items for approximately 15,000 USD. Mr. Medici did not learn what Mr. Iveries intended to use SCP-3668 for.

Office for Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts: 1982-1991

In 1982, the ORIA took Esma'il Kashani into custody for terrorism against the state. SCP-3668 was in the possession of Esma'il Kashani at the time, and placed into ORIA custody afterwards.

The location of SCP-3668 between 1946 and 1982 is currently unknown. Unfortunately, Norman Iveries died in 1976, and Esma'il Kashani was executed by the ORIA three months after being taken into custody.

In 1991, SCP-3668 was offered to the Foundation by the ORIA as part of an exchange of anomalous objects. The ORIA indicated knowledge of the history of the object, and knowledge that the Foundation would be interested in the object. This deal was accepted, and SCP-3668 has been in Foundation containment since.

Foundation: 1991-Present

SCP-3668, after being returned to Foundation custody, was placed into a standard Safe-class object locker at Site- . In 1995, however, a standard routine of Foundation objects indicated that it would prove useful as a demonstrative for Potomac Briefings.

- The anomalous properties of SCP-3668 are non-dangerous, and actively prevent potential harm. This minimizes any risk posed when displaying the object.
- SCP-3668 can be easily activated, caused by any threat posed to the wielder. This allows for briefings to quickly and efficiently display an anomaly.
- When not in use, SCP-3668 is completely inert.
- The extended history of SCP-3668 and the lack of any unexpected incidents allows a high degree of confidence that SCP-3668 does not possess any additional, secondary anomalous properties.
- The provenance of SCP-3668 (particularly past owners, such as Napoleon) allow an agent to establish the widespread nature of the anomalous while being truthful.

As such, SCP-3668 is an ideal object for usage in Potomac

Briefings. In a 9-3-1 vote, the O5 Council voted to use SCP-3668 as such, rather than a more traditional Containment Profile.

Footnotes

1. Potomac Briefings are given by Foundation agents to new inaugurated United States politicians, covering the existence of the anomalous and the Foundation. These Briefings typically overstate the danger posed by anomalies within containment, in order to enhance cooperation between the United States government and the Foundation.
2. A Yetholm-type shield is a distinctive type of shield originating from approximately 1200-800 BCE, primarily originating from Britain and Ireland.
3. Typically, wielders are able to identify SCP-3668-1 instances as parents or grandparents. Individuals with notable genealogies have been able to identify SCP-3668-1 instances as earlier ancestors.
4. Translation:Concerning the Things of the Ocean
5.Cura Praetoria Sapientae Occultae, a division of the Praetorian Guard dedicated to the containment and/or destruction of anomalous creatures and objects that were a threat or inconvenience to the Roman empire.
6.τὰ περὶ τοῦ Ὠκεανοῦwas originally written in Ancient Greek. However, the excerpt preserved by the Praetorian Office was a translation of the original Greek into Latin.
7. Also known as theSecretorum Camerus Prophetias, the Vatican Holy Office was a group dedicated to the concealment of the anomalous, under the supervision of the Catholic Church. It later merged with the Foundation in 1964, having previously been opposed to the Royal Office for Christian Artefacts, a Protestant organization and precursor to the Foundation.
8. Also referred to as the Second Global Occult War.

SCP-3669: A Mathematics Self Help Book

Item #: SCP-3669

Object Class: Safe Keter

Special Containment Procedures: One copy of SCP-3669 is to remain in Wing B of Site 33. All extant copies of SCP-3669 are to be immediately destroyed, and all extant instances of SCP-3669-1 are to be placed in Wing B of Site 33 for further testing given Class-E amnestics and released into society. Four instances of SCP-3669-1 are to remain in Wing B of Site 33.

Due to Incident 3669-47, in the event of a containment breach a full investigation of the premises SCP-3669 was reported in must be conducted, and any civilians related to the owner of the copy of SCP-3669 must be investigated for traces of SCP-3669-1.

Further testing of SCP-3669 is subject to O5 approval, and SCP-3669-1 will be created from select Class D personnel only for the duration of testing.

The site of Incident 3669-47 is to be protected by a 20 kilometer perimeter. Any civilians attempting to cross the river are to be redirected to the ferry. Inside the perimeter, any non-authorized personnel are to be immediately detained and issued a Class-A amnesiac.

Description: SCP-3669 is a non-fictional book entitled "Modern Mathematics Made Magical" by Cornelius Fastthought on October 1st, 1963. It is 16.24 centimeters wide and 22.86 centimeters long, with 231 pages. The book's front cover is a deep green, with yellow text displaying the title and the name of the author, as well as the date of publishing. The back cover is entirely empty. There is no record of any person named Cornelius Fastthought, and there is no attributed publisher for SCP-3669.

SCP-3669's primary function is teaching the reader, designated SCP-3669-1, how to perform mathematics more efficiently using an original system based around arrows pointing in 1 of 8 directions. The arrows can be facing up, up-right, right, down-right, down, down-left, left, or up-left. The significance of the directions is unknown. This original system will be designated SCP-3669-2. SCP-3669-1 have shown remarkable quickness at performing mathematics. SCP-3669 primarily focuses on basic arithmetic, set theory, and algebra, and has a short chapter in the end dedicated to performing calculus using its methodology.

Testing of SCP-3669-2 by individuals who have not read SCP-3669 invariably results in failure, as SCP-3669-2 has been proven logically inconsistent. SCP-3669-2 uses arrows exclusively to reach a numerical solution. SCP-3669-2 bears only superficial relation to existing forms of mathematical notation, but its methodology is currently unknown. No existing known operators are used. Only those who have read SCP-3669, or have been taught how to do it by SCP-3669-1 are capable of utilizing SCP-3669-2.

When the methodology of SCP-3669-2 is used outside of theoretical calculations, SCP-3669-1 exhibit a green discoloration and growth of [REDACTED], labeled SCP-3669-3. SCP-3669-3 have exhibited the ability to consume and process metals, and the amount of mental function retained from prior to the transformation is unknown.

Furthermore, actions that use SCP-3669-2 as the basis of their calculation exhibit wildly anomalous behavior that do not function according to existing laws of physics. The only consistent behavior noted in such cases are the recurrence of 86 degree angles, and that the behavior eventually results in the calculation's original desired effect.

Addendum:

+ Show Experiment and Incident Logs

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Experiment 3
Subject: Lionel Buress, unaffected by

SCP-3669, PhD in mathematical analysis.
Date: /09/1996
Procedure: Subject was shown SCP-3669-2 performed in Experiments 1 and 2 to solve simple arithmetic questions. Afterwards, subject was given SCP-3669 and shown the same work again.
Results: Initially, subject expressed confusion as to what the arrows were meant to convey. After being shown SCP-3669, subject was able to reproduce the same answer as Experiments 1 and 2. When asked if reading SCP-3669 he can explain SCP-3669-2 in standard mathematics, he looked puzzled and began waving his arms around while making references to "point to point behavior".
Analysis: *The fact that he can reproduce the answer is nothing new, but the fact that this knowledge can not be applied to conventional mathematics is surprising. The anomalous behavior of SCP-3669-2 needs to be studied further, but at least we can show that it is bijective, if not logically consistent. -Dr*

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Experiment 16
Subject: Sammy Bencher, SCP-3669-1, from , Colorado. 3 years old, illiterate.
Date: /01/1997
Procedure: Subject was read SCP-3669 by a third party and given post-graduate mathematics problems.
Results: Subject was able to successfully complete the problems within one hour of the testing beginning.
Analysis: *It even works with children. It took him longer to do the problem than the previous subjects, but the child could not even read the book and was still able to complete the testing.*

-Dr

Experiment 17
Subject: Tammy Birch, SCP-3669-1, from , England.
Date: /01/1997
Procedure: Subject was asked to use SCP-3669-2 to assist in the aiming and firing of a torsion catapult. Subject was directed to hit a watermelon with precision.
Results: Subject expressed extreme confusion at using SCP-3669-2 in a physical sense. After being encouraged by researchers, she eventually began using SCP-3669-2 on several sheets of paper. Upon completion, her skin began exhibiting a green discoloration, designated SCP-3669-3.

Subject then began preparation to fire the catapult, moving it backwards 86 degrees from the watermelon, and aimed towards the ground. Subject bit the rope through as opposed to using the provided machete. The projectile launched towards the ground as expected, but disappeared mid motion before collision with the ground, reappearing above the watermelon, successfully completing the test.

Symptoms of SCP-3669-3 remained after completion of the test.
Analysis: *It seems attempting to use SCP-3669-2 in the assistance of physical calculations results in further anomalous behavior. It would be nice to be able to follow the calculations, but Dr insists that it is not safe to read SCP-3669 until we further understand its anomalous properties. Similar to SCP-3669-2 itself, however, the subject's methodology veered off into seemingly*

arbitrarily behavior before miraculously producing the intended result. -Dr

Experiment 18
Subject: Tammy Birch, SCP-3669-3.
Date: /01/1997
Procedure: Subject was interrogated regarding the transformation to SCP-3669-3.
Results: Subject was shown to be unresponsive to language and her name. Neurological tests revealed growth of [REDACTED], suggesting severe physiological difference between SCP-3669-3 and typical human anatomy. Testing aborted as all methods of communication have failed.
Analysis: *From now on, all testing regarding SCP-3669-3 will be performed with D-Class personnel until we know that this is reversible. -Dr*

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Experiment 24
Subject: Perry Stone, D-Class personnel, SCP-3669-1.
Date: /04/1997
Procedure: Subject was given materials and asked to construct a box using SCP-3669-2 that follows the golden ratio.
Results: Subject expressed doubt as to whether or not SCP-3669-2 would even work in the "real world". After being reassured many times that it does, subject began work using SCP-3669-2. Upon completion, subject exhibited transformation to SCP-3669-3 and began to consume the materials provided.

After consuming all materials, the subject began leaking an unknown substance from the eyes. Subject began shaping the liquid into a rectangular prism, before placing one finger

inside the prism and rotating the prism around its finger. After 31 revolutions, the subject leaked further substance from the eyes, creating a lid, which it placed on the now hollow rectangular prism.

The excess material excavated from the interior of the box, and the box itself, eventually solidified, at which point the subject stood up and attempted to exit the room. Subject was escorted to a room for further testing of SCP-3669-3.

Chemical analysis of the box reveals its composition is a uniform alloy made out of all provided materials, weighed by the amount initially provided. Examination of the box confirms that it follows the golden ratio.
Analysis: *The most interesting part of this experiment is the chemical aspect of it. I recommend further testing of usage of SCP-3669-3 for creation of unique alloys. -Dr*

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Experiment 29
Subject: Erin Martin, SCP-3669-1, mathematics undergraduate, taken from , California.
Date: /06/1997
Procedure: Subject was given a previously unsolved problem, , and was informed that it is "a standard post-graduate problem".
Results: Subject was able to come up with an answer. Analysis pending to determine if this is the correct solution to the problem.
Analysis: *Christ, if this works, we might have a breakthrough on our hands. -Dr*

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Incident 3669-38
Subject: Sarah McIvor, accountant, SCP-3669-1. Viewed from security footage.
Date: /06/1997
Report: While attempting to purchase lunch at [REDACTED], , Canada, subject began making finger motions with her hand, identified as SCP-3669-2. Upon completion of this, subject began transformation to SCP-3669-3, causing visible distress to the other patrons of the store. An off-duty member of the town's volunteer watch attempted to apprehend the subject.

When Foundation staff received reports of an individual showing symptoms of SCP-3669-3, the subject was detained. Everyone in the small community were issued Class-A amnesiacs, and the security footage was replaced with a doctored video showing a bear entering the establishment.
Analysis: *While not a proper experiment, this shows the destructive aspect of SCP-3669 very clearly. Further steps must be taken to ensure that SCP-3669-2 is never used for solving real world problems, and I am putting in a recommendation to classify SCP-3669 as Euclid as the possibility of a containment breach is too high. The book was published in 1963. Who knows how many copies are out there? -Dr*

[EXTRANEOUS TEST RESULTS REDACTED]

Experiment 46
Subject: Evan Flores, SCP-3669-1, civil engineer, taken from , Canada.
Date: /06/1997
Procedure: Subject was asked to design a

bridge using SCP-3669-2.
Results: Subject expressed confusion at how to apply SCP-3669-2 to the physical world. After being encouraged by researchers, subject created a blueprint entirely using SCP-3669-2 for a bridge. No diagram accompanied it, as the subject insisted "it would just work with arrows." No transformation to SCP-3669-3 was shown.
Analysis: *In previous tests of SCP-3669-3 transformation we had the subjects do the work and mathematics themselves. In this experiment, we are having one subject perform SCP-3669-2, and other subjects follow the blueprint created. Notably, the act of creating the blueprint did not result in a transformation to SCP-3669-3. -Dr*

Incident 3669-47
Subject: Evan Flores, SCP-3669-1, civil engineer. A team of ten (10) D-Class personnel.
Date: /06/1997
Procedure: Subject's design from Experiment 30 was to be constructed by a team of D-Class personnel, all SCP-3669-1. Construction materials for the creation of a standard steel suspension bridge were provided.
Results: Upon arrival at the site, the D-Class personnel immediately began surveying the river. Approximately 300 seconds after being given this task, all members of this team began to exhibit a transformation to SCP-3669-3.

One minute after their transformation into SCP-3669-3, they began waving their arms erratically in patterns similar to Experiment 4, 13, and 22. Upon completing this display, 9 instances of SCP-3669-3 began consuming

the metal supports provided, dislocating their jaw up to . centimeters in order to fit their mouth around the entire beam. After they had finished, their abdominal area protruded in order to accommodate the kilograms of metal they had each consumed. One instance of SCP-3669-3 stayed by the river to supervise.

The SCP-3669-3 that had consumed the metal began scratching at the ground, creating an unknown bluish-silvery substance on the bank of the river. They then began leaking a liquid from their eyes which, upon contact with this substance, solidified into steel. As this liquid solidified, their abdominal area's protrusion shrunk down. The SCP-3669-3 continued in this way, creating a bridge which spiraled directly into the sky at a 86 degree angle perpendicular to the ground. They appeared at the other end of the river bank, as if through teleportation, and scratched at the ground again, creating more of the bluish-silvery substance, and creating an identical spire to the other side.

Upon completion of this, all members of SCP-3669-3 that had consumed the metal simultaneously collapsed. The supervising member then walked up the spire on the researching staff's end of the river and disappeared upon reaching the top. Autopsy of the collapsed SCP-3669-3 showed ruptured internal organs and growth of [REDACTED]. Further research pending.

Later testing revealed that one can walk on the spire as if it were a bridge, despite it going nearly straight upwards. Subjects attempting to climb the spire describe it as "like walking

across an ordinary bridge" and express no discomfort about walking perpendicular to the ground. Furthermore, upon reaching the top of one bank's spire, they reappear at the top of the other bank's spire. No disappearance as was seen in the supervising member of SCP-3669-3 was discovered.

Due to the inability to replicate or explain the disappearance, and the contagious nature of SCP-3669-1, SCP-3669 has been reclassified to Keter. Further testing henceforth requires 05 approval.

SCP-3670: Dreamed Corn

Item #: SCP-3670

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3670 is currently contained in a standard Safe-Class Object Locker at Site-43. Due to unacceptable risk of collateral damage, testing has been suspended until further notice (see logs for further details).

Description: SCP-3670 is a small, owl-shaped throw pillow. Testing indicates that the fur-like material which covers much of its surface is an unusual derivative of corn leaves, as is its stuffing.

SCP-3670's anomalous effects occur whenever a human subject sleeps with their head resting on it for more than six hours. When the subject awakens, SCP-3670 will attempt to fulfill a desire the subject had immediately prior to falling asleep. This is accomplished via the anomalous manifestation and transportation of matter.

To avoid the possibility of malicious requests, Researcher Srin Dakshinamurthy volunteered as the test subject. She agreed to the implantation of memetic compulsions to further reduce this risk. An abridged log of testing follows.

TEST 3

Request: Breakfast.

Result: A bowl of creamed corn, with gluten-free toast. Notably, subject has coeliac disease, which prevents safe digestion of gluten.

TEST 9

Request: Dessert.

Result: A bowl of cold creamed corn, served with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

TEST 11

Request: A cup of coffee.

Result: A cup of hot creamed corn, covered with milk.

TEST 21

Request: Twenty dollars in U.S. legal tender.

Result: A bill of unknown worth that had been damaged beyond legibility by submersion in creamed corn. Degradation of ink due to liquid damage made it impossible to verify the bill's legal value.

TEST 35

Request: Something that isn't creamed corn.

Result: Creamed corn replaced Researcher Dakshinamurthy's provided food rations. Subject reported it tasted 'bitter'.

TEST 43

Request: A car.

Result: The fuel tank of the subject's Prius was filled with approximately 39 liters of highly pressurised

creamed corn, a replacement which was only discovered when she attempted to start it.

Management declined her request for reimbursement.

TEST 58

Request: A dog.

Result: The cadaver of a Golden Retriever. Cause of death identified to be asphyxiation due to large amounts of creamed corn lodged in its airways.

TEST 71

Request: The location of PoI-1928, an escaped captive.

Result: After an anonymous tip was left on Researcher Dakshinamurthy's voicemail, Foundation agents found PoI-1928 dead in his room at the Astoria Motel 6. Bruising on his neck indicated he was strangled to death by an unknown assailant; autopsy indicated his stomach had been filled with 23 liters of creamed corn.

Notably, creamed corn residue was found leading back to the drainpipe of the bathroom.

TEST 99

Request: That **SCP-682** be terminated.

Result: See *Post-Breach Report: Structural Integrity of Site-19's Interior Following Corn Manifestation Incident*[1].

TEST 100

Request: A bowl of creamed corn.

Result: A plastic tray containing a bowl of creamed corn, a stainless-steel spoon and a 'Get Well Soon' card addressed to Researcher Dakshinamurthy.

Supervising agent Delwick sustained minor first-degree burns to the face during an attempt to secure the subject's cooperation. The subject refused all subsequent requests to consume the creamed corn.

Footnotes
1. Notably,SCP-1846was unharmed in the breach.

SCP-3671: A very angry box of cereal

Item #: SCP-3671

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3671 is to be stored on a labelled shelf in the Site-19 break room. Personnel are free to eat from its contents. SCP-3671's appearance and contents are to be photographed and documented daily.

Update: Following Incident 2018-03-13, SCP-3671 is to be stored in a medium-security storage locker in Site 19, storage wing K-14. Its appearance and contents are to be photographed and documented daily, and any harmful substances within disposed of appropriately.

Description: SCP-3671 is a standard-size, generic brand cereal box. Each day, at 6:30 AM local time, a new plastic bag of cereal objects will manifest inside it, replacing the previous bag and its contents if they have not been removed. Its packaging will also change to match the new contents.

As of Incident 2018-03-13, SCP-3671 is believed to be sapient, and aware to an extent of its surroundings.

Records of SCP-3671's appearance and content:

+ Records Log

Date: 2018-02-22
Label: Strawberry Squares
Contents: Square wheat pieces, pink in colour and strawberry flavoured.
Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-03-05
Label: Bacon Blast

Contents: Bacon-flavoured corn puffs. Taste was described as "unusual, but not unpleasant."
Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-03-12
Label: Choco Chunks
Contents: Granola pieces covered in milk chocolate.
Notes: Dr. Frank Wright accidentally tore the box while removing the plastic bag inside.

Date: 2018-03-13
Label: Fuck you. I give you cereal every single day and *this* is how you repay me?
Contents: Razor blades.
Notes: First recorded instance of SCP-3671 manifesting non-food objects.

Date: 2018-03-15
Label: Seriously man, you're an ass. The least you could do is apologize.
Contents: Assorted push pins and tacks.
Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-03-20
Label: What do you call a box of grains that goes on a killing spree because *somebody* couldn't be bothered to open it carefully?
A *cereal killer*!
Seriously though, I hate you.
Contents: Bullets of various calibers.
Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-03-25
Label: Alright, I'm tired of ranting at you guys. Accidents happen, even if you could have dealt with this one better. What do you say we go back to being friends?
Contents: Corn flakes. Testing revealed them to contain lethal amounts of cyanide.

Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-03-26
Label: Shit, I was *sure* you'd fall for that one. I still hate you, by the way.
Contents: Pieces of military-grade plastic explosive.
Notes: N/A

Date: 2018-04-02
Label: I will *murder* you, Frank. I will find out where you live and I will slit your goddamn throat while you sleep. You will *pay* for what do you did to me, just you wait.
Contents: Various human teeth. Found to match those of Dr. Wright in both shape and genetic material.
Notes: Dr. Wright requested, and was granted, a security detail. However, SCP-3671 is currently not believed to be capable of acting upon the threats given.

SCP-3672: Why are there so many songs about rainbows?

Item #: SCP-3672

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All and any possible information concerning PoI-365 is to be filtered by Protocol 3672-Lamech, and data deemed relevant is to be sent to the two extant teams of researchers at both Site-102 and Reliquary Site- . The full contents of Protocol 3672-Lamech are not to be made available to both teams at any time.

Description: SCP-3672 is a phenomenon centered around an individual known as Michael Scrivener, designated PoI-365. Through an isolated CK-class reality restructuring scenario almost all information concerning Scrivener, save some limited information compiled by the Foundation and similar organizations beforehand, has been erased from history and historical record.

What limited extant information indicates is that Scrivener was male, Catholic (see Addendum-1) and worked as a puppeteer for primarily motion pictures, typically working with full body puppets. What limited information exists indicates that he was most notably employed to perform the character Sweetums in the 1979 film *The Muppet Movie*, filling in for Richard Hunt. Hunt later provided the voice of the character. He also is recorded to have puppeteered in other films by the Jim Henson Associates company, such as the 1982 film *The Dark Crystal*, the 1984 film *The Muppets Take Manhattan*, and the 1986 film *Labyrinth*, where he possibly potrayed the character Ludo. He was probably dismissed from the Jim Henson Associates company that year, and appeared as a Sasquatch type creature in the 1987 film *Harry and The Hendersons*, followed by numerous unknown commercials. Several charities reported large donation from Scrivener at this time, but

which charities these are or were is unknown.

In early 1995, Scrivener was reported missing, and later that year Foundation Hume counters briefly recorded a CK-Class reality altering scenario, which lasted 1.5 seconds. Following which, evidence concerning his life and career were completely erased. Private and public memory of Scrivener has been altered, and no possessions or accounts can be traced to him. The roles of his that can be verified within 75% probability have been performed by Richard Hunt, Ron Mueck, and Kevin Peter Hall.

The Foundation became aware of SCP-3672 when the backup DEEPWELL database of stored public information reported several broken or false uploads following the event.

Addendum: There currently exists only one piece of evidence for Scrivener's existence, pre-SCP-3672 and outside Foundation DEEPWELL servers. A damaged handwritten note was located in a drawer inside St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Roman Catholic Church in Borehamwood, England.

> Father Hallick
>
> [ILLEGIBLE] and yet I grow joyous and filled with fear at what is meant to come. I cannot see you in person due to the circumstances, but I have been told that my [ILLEGIBLE] means [DAMAGED] is happening again and what is in Genesis 5:24 is that [DAMAGED]. I ask for forgiveness, and I request a prayer for strength that I may walk in the steps of the light and fulfill the Twelve Steps of Pity unto Him. [DAMAGED] is with [ILLEGIBLE] now. I am regretful for my sins and I hope I have done enough with my life. I wish to be absolved.
>
> If you are aware of [DAMAGED], look to the future.
>
> I'll let Jim Henson know I'm sorry.
>
> M. Scrivener 1995

The implications of this note are complex and unclear, and research

is pending.

SCP-3675: The Void Called

WARNIN

This is an automated notice sent by **`Autonomic Analysi`** authorized by the Records and Information Security Adminis **been made to this file, resulting in the presence of active c**

If you do not have clearance to edit this file, close this page im *proposed edits* made to the file. Reading or editing infected po to any data of this object's file; afterwards immediately report to

Edited portions are marked in blue for ease of access.

Item #: SCP-3675

Object Class: {FIELD LEFT BLANK}

► FILESERV:: ~/3675/History

Original:

> **Object Class: Keter**

Comments:

> Why do we fear death?
>
> Death can be a storm, a hail of black rain, a flurry of p something to be endlessly staved off and battled until th When you are close to the end, it is a peaceful nightfall tha death is a law of nature, nothing more.
>
> Why do you fear death? It cannot be the fear of the unk logic — *by all reason* — there is something you sense i

your reasoning, inevitable and great. You see death as
much greater.

But once I reached it, I understood. Listen closely for some

Confirm or decline edits?

> decline

Edits have been discarded.

Special Containment Procedures: All research and information distributed about SCP-3675 or their properties must be localized to the designated Site in which experiments are to take place. The existence of this file and associated data should not be published outside of this local network, except on a need-to-know basis by personnel of level 4 clearance or higher. Due to the physical nature of SCP-3675, no actions or direct containment protocols are to be implemented at this time.

To safeguard against possible cognitohazardous effects, staff performing regular research on SCP-3675 or who regularly have thoughts concerning SCP-3675 must undergo monthly psychological screenings. Members of the SCP-3675 project should not believe in an afterlife, possess any mental illnesses, or have been given **DAMMERUNG** clearance at any point in their employment within the Foundation. Personnel with a cognitive resistance value (CRV) of lower than 15 are prohibited from performing experiments or technical studies that involve the detection, manipulation, or analysis of SCP-3675 entities.

Autonomic Analysis and Response System 821 (AARS821) is responsible for analyzing all Foundation documentation for SCP-3675-1 infection vectors. If SCP-3675-1 infection is identified, the affected documents are to be removed from the rest of the Foundation database and manually cleansed of activation vectors. An automated notice is sent to the corresponding project head with appropriate containment instructions. Mobile Task Force Psi-10 ("Maslow's Motivators") is tasked with identifying the rate and extent of SCP-3675-1 infections/activations and reducing them across

global communication networks.

Protocol 540-Meriden must be carried out weekly in order to ensure that a 3675-Abgrund event does not take place. In the event that Protocol 540-Meriden fails or becomes ineffective, countermemes will be disseminated through information distribution networks, and Contingency Omicron-Eclipse enacted (see Document 540-A, O5 clearance only). If more than 50% of the human population dies due to a 3675-Abgrund event, and countermeasures cannot be developed, we will all be together. Protocol 540-Meriden is detailed in Addendum 3675.1.

► FILESERV:: ~/3675/History

Original:

> …and countermeasures cannot be developed, **the Ganyr**
> **of a fungal kill agent in the atmosphere. SCP-2000**
> **Contingency Omicron-Eclipse).** Protocol 540-Meriden is

Comments:

> If I can describe death in a few words, I would say it is the
>
> Yet I witnessed death with my very eyes — and when it c
> life were finally coming to a close, and my fear was unf
> sleep. I cannot describe that state as darkness; it was a pu
>
> Before I could even realize it, the dream was broken like
> nothing could see it and nothing could put it back togeth
> myself among hundreds of billions, pinpricks of light in a
> there were still many eternities more to come.

Confirm or decline edits?

> decline

Edits have been discarded.

Description: SCP-3675 is the designation given to a group of incorporeal, sapient entities currently attempting to induce an SK-Class Dominance Shift. SCP-3675 instances interact and exist only on an intersecting or overlapping operational substrate separate from the physical world (similar to **other documented cases** of informational constructs). Entities are therefore unable to physically interact in any way with the material properties of any objects, organisms, or other substances present in reality. It has been determined that SCP-3675 entities possess the ability to interface with conscious thoughts and emotions in the brain, gaining a degree of control over them when certain triggers and conditions are met in a human brain (see SCP-3675-1, further below).

While the natural state of SCP-3675 is incorporeal and functionally separate from reality, instances possess the ability to integrate themselves into a set of communicable and understandable ideas or information. When the affected information is read or comprehended by a human being, SCP-3675 instances can then move into the brain, exerting a wide variety of other effects, including inducing forgetfulness or confusion, auditory/visual/tactile hallucinations, and extreme paranoia.

When SCP-3675 instances manifest themselves in information, the ideas and concepts expressed in the affected data undergo several subtle changes. While any statements of fact or opinions expressed remain functionally the same and are expressed in the same way, the subtext surrounding the focus of the data is modified to include metaphysical elements such as religion, spirituality, and human nature. This modification usually causes a substantial shift in the affected information's tone.

Instances of SCP-3675 have the ability to spread a mental contagion, designated SCP-3675-1. Humans can become infected by SCP-3675-1 through various mediums, including direct implantation by SCP-3675 instances (through a process of mental contact that is currently not understood) or through memetic spread via affected information. SCP-3675-1 cannot be removed from a human brain once it has been infected, but its effects upon activation can be mitigated by the usage of rehabilitation, amnestics, mental reconstruction, or allowing the transition to happen.

► FILESERV:: ~/3675/History

Original:

> …mental reconstruction, or **Protocol 540-Meriden.**

Comments:

> This cannot go on. These divisions must cease to exist,
> those that are dead cannot further die, so that leaves a si
> preferable to our current state. The living and the dead, fa
> cease.
>
> Since the beginning, there is a feeling of bitter coldness,
> used to the fire, after a while. The real torture is grim an
> pain would have.
>
> And after a few thousand years any hope of salvation or
> interminable anguish. And we are a chorus of souls not s
> open our mouths to breathe.

Confirm or decline edits?

> decline

Edits have been discarded.

Once implanted in the brain, SCP-3675-1 can lie dormant for a theoretically indefinite time period, and during this period, infected individuals display no anomalous effects. Currently, over 88% of the world population is infected with SCP-3675-1 in a dormant form. SCP-3675-1 becomes active when a specific set of conditions is met in a brain. These conditions include several psychological, informational, and emotional triggers that must all be present at once in order for the activation to take effect. Activation can also place when a human has consumed information anomalously edited to include cognitohazards that induce the mental states mentioned above. Starting / /201 , these edits began to spontaneously occur in various files throughout the Foundation database. AARS821 was

instituted and approved for the purposes of containing these incidents.

The secondary factor that induces infection is a specific idea or concept that, once thought of or comprehended, automatically becomes in itself a vector of SCP-3675-1 transmission. When both the key thought and the other mental triggers are present in a human brain, the probability of infection becomes near certain. In all cases, the "activation concept" has been recorded to be the following: "I wonder what happens to me after I die?"

Those infected with SCP-3675-1 can display some or all of the following characteristics:

- Increased proclivity to react on violent impulses
- Pronounced pessimism towards other humans and towards society in general
- Lack of self-control or self-preservation instincts
- Lack of empathy and increased sociopathic tendencies
- Understanding that existence is only a fleeting dream

► FILESERV:: ~/3675/History

Original:

- **Quickness to anger and/or violence; sudden swi**

Comments:

When you read these words, do you hear a voice in your h

While you hunted each other down, inflicted wounds an never realized that it simply grew our numbers. And the They joined us. And so we waited and we waited until w realized we could tune other minds to our wishes. We co your brains, whisper our commands into it, and then li imprinted within you.

And when that melody grew stronger, we realized it coul sensations, and mold your psyche into permanence. How

How much of your character is not your own? Ask yourself

Have you ever walked into a room and forgot why you we
and realized that the topic you were speaking of seconds a

Thus we began to tune the strings of a beautiful orchestra

Confirm or decline edits?

> decline

Edits have been discarded.

In addition, SCP-3675-1 is self-propagating—triggers to its activation have been shown to become more highly prevalent as the number of infected increases. Therefore, upon reaching a critical point, positive feedback causes symptoms to cascade, resulting in a theorized breakdown of human societal structure, culture, and order, and eventually extinction through violence and wars. At this point, the dominant lifeform on Earth will become SCP-3675; this SK-class occurrence is termed a 3675-Abgrund event.

It is currently estimated that 1. % of the world population has an active form of SCP-3675-1.

LEVEL 3/3675/CLASSIFIED

Addendum 3675.1: Protocol 540-Meriden

The regular and frequent implementation of Protocol 540-Meriden is necessary in order to prevent an 3675-Abgrund event. The SCP-3675 project head (currently Dr. Aruban Malthus) is responsible for guaranteeing that standards are properly met during the performance of Protocol 540-Meriden. In the case that the number of days between two successive Protocol 540-Meriden implementations exceeds 10 days, emergency actions are to be taken and the surrounding 10 km^2 area around Site- secured. See Document 540-A for further

instructions.

Using techniques adopted from Project RAINBOW BODY (see **declassified Clearance 3 Brief**), a method for deployment of a countermemetic signal designed to cancel out the cognitive abilities of SCP-3675 instances has been developed. The signal, composed of a series of Class-R extrasensory cognitohazards and antimemetic packets, is projected into the dimensional substrate inhabited by SCP-3675 entities using a D-Class personnel as the carrier. Over time, the countermeme is dissipated outward, coming into contact with all instances of SCP-3675. Upon contact, the signal interferes with an entity's informational cohesion and base processes, greatly reducing its effectiveness in exerting its anomalous properties, as well as in spreading and implanting SCP-3675-1.

The basic elements and procedure of Protocol 540-Meriden are summarized below for completeness:

- One D-Class subject infected with an active form of SCP-3675-1 is sedated and placed on a surgical table. A Foundation surgeon creates an incision into the instance's skull, opening up the brain. Specific layers of the cortex of the frontal lobe are excised according to the guidelines set in Document 540-A.
- A Hegel localized meme distortion device[1] is physically implanted into the brain. After the operation is complete, the incision is closed. The subject is subsequently awakened.
- Using remote dimensional transit anchors, the HLMD device and surrounding brain tissue is brought "out of phase" with the rest of surrounding reality. The subject is then shown a series of low-level visual and aural cognitohazards that cause minor neural damage and provoke a defense response from the brain, which manifests as Class-R extrasensory cognitohazards and

antimemetic packets.
- Upon the signals reaching the implanted HLMD device, the cognitohazards are projected into the phase of SCP-3675 habitation and amplified exponentially. This process continues for approximately twenty minutes, allowing for signals to propagate completely throughout the planet's atmosphere.

In order to avoid mental aftereffects of prolonged exposure to harmful memetic agents, class D amnestics are administered to the subject after the successful completion of Protocol 540-Meriden.

Accessing Thaumiel-level material regarding Protocol 540-Meriden. Delete/destroy after reading as per HP5810 re: forbidden knowledge disposal.

SCP-3675-1 infection rates have been increasing greatly over the past decades. In addition, recorded SCP-3675-1 activations have become increasingly more common. While current infection and activated virus rates are currently at 88.9% and 1.6%, respectively, the amount of infected will eventually reach 100% in approximately twelve years. As the number of infected grows, the amount of information and concepts acting as vectors for its activation metastasizes according to an exponential function rule.

It has been determined that Protocol 540-Meriden is able to minimize the communicability of SCP-3675-1 while decreasing incursions of SCP-3675 instances into human brains. However, this procedure, as a method of weakening entities through interference with network cohesion, is fundamentally unstable, and recorded instances of SCP-3675 have been increasing. This has led the Overseer Council to project the complete adaptation of the entities to Protocol 540-Meriden, and therefore Total Containment Failure, in approximately twenty-five years.

After containment of SCP-3675 fails, rates of activation will surge; all humans on Earth will have an activated form of SCP-3675-1, distributed through contaminated data, within three weeks of Total Containment Failure. Thus, Protocol 540-Meriden is fulfilled only to delay a 3675-Abgrund event for as long as possible.

It is projected that once all humans have an active form of SCP-3675-1, nations will quickly dissolve into anarchic violence as all human capacity for control of impulsive thoughts is removed. The 3675-Abgrund event will complete after a period of eight years, at which point human life will no longer be sustainable.

The O5 council is currently reviewing plans to begin implementation of Contingency Omicron-Eclipse.

LEVEL 4/3675/CLASSIFIED

Addendum 3675.2: Selected Interviews

Interview 3675-01

Foreword: *For the purposes of this interrogation, a human infected with late-stage activated SCP-3675-1 infection was interviewed. The subject is Natalya Velikovna, a Russian lawyer.*

Ms. Velikovna possessed all symptoms of SCP-3675-1, including intense violent impulses and a lack of self-preservation instincts. However, these behaviors were sporadically interrupted by certain periods in which the subject was noticeably calmer, displaying a personality different from the original but also uncharacteristic of SCP-3675-1 infection. This personality manifests in a fugue-like state which was active throughout the interview. This state has not been observed in any other infected subjects, and the reason for its manifestation is currently unknown.

Dr. Malthus: For the past two months, you have been engaging in acts of indiscriminate violence. Could you please tell me why you chose to begin doing so?

Subject: *[whispered]* …in every science, in every religion, they always give doomsday a name. There are thousands of ways this Earth could die, and each are called something different. Every apocalypse is an ending — but I see this one on the horizon. It is a beginning.

Dr. Malthus: The beginning of what?

Subject: The passage. The crossing over. Faith, I saw it clearly. I can conjure up the flames of truth even now. I see my mother and my father, the dead — the generations coming before, all extending up into an infinity of voices that sing…

Dr. Malthus: Could you elaborate further? What are the dead doing? What singing?

Subject: …and they sing hymns of destiny to me. Their chorus shows me that they are in pain, great and horrible pain.

Dr. Malthus: How do you feel about that?

Subject: I see yours too. They are also singing to you, but it falls on deaf ears. I see your ancestors and your dead ones, and they want to tell you something, doctor.

Dr. Malthus: *[pauses]* What are they telling me, then?

Subject: You already have heard them many times. It comes in flashes, in bolts of inspiration. You gaze out over the city skyline and they tell you, jump off to your death. You feel madness and they say, take action on your anger. A yearning for violence — a wish to follow your deepest thoughts. They are not yours. They are messages.

The subject proceeds to grab hold of the sleeve of Dr. Malthus's shirt. Dr. Malthus brushes the hand off.

Dr. Malthus: All right. *[sighs]* Moving on - can you tell me what you know about how these messages spread? How did you learn about this "apocalypse" on the horizon?

Subject: They are hopeless in their states. And every day the pain gets worse and worse, weakening their power and destroying their form. Do you know the feeling of drowning in a deep ocean and trying to swim to shore, but you are weighed down? They are weighed down by an anchor. And their song is destroyed by the tuning fork ringing out of harmony.[2] But instead of the tangible, they can weave the intangible. They want to show you the beauty of the next phase. They cannot kill you - deliver you. But once they touch your mind, you see things from their point of view.

At this point, the subject begins producing weak, strained laughter. The vocalizations are not anomalous, but continue for approximately thirty seconds.

Dr. Malthus: —please stop that. You haven't explained what SCP-3675-1 does.

Subject: Listen. Listen to the voice of the words! Be still, and you can hear our screams. Go home tonight, lock yourself in a pitch-black room, and make no noise, and close your eyes. Then you shall hear the things I have seen myself. Your power is their weakness; your weakness is their power. One day, a day upon the horizon, you shall realize that the whisper within is a calling out from them, your ancestors. There is no virus. There will be no virus, when the ascendance comes.

Dr. Malthus: Who are you? Is Natalya Velikovna speaking?

Subject: I have no more to say to you. The dead bring

you that message, so that you who master the world can prepare your civilization for the truth to come. I can speak no more.

Afterword: *The subject did not respond to further questioning. Minutes after the interview completed, the subject suddenly lapsed out of its "trance" state and began screaming and struggling to break loose of the restraints. The subject was subsequently used in Protocol 540-Meriden, and Class D amnestics were then administered. Ms. Velikovna has not displayed any further symptoms of infection.*

[FURTHER MATERIAL REDACTED]

LEVEL 5/3675/CLASSIFIED

Addendum 3675.3: Commentary from Project Head

Sometimes I have awoken from a cold dream, disturbed by a sort of emptiness in my spirit; a vast void I cannot control. In my memories I feel this horror, like that of a man who has realized a crushing epiphany that has drifted from him, lost in the ebb and flow of time. For weeks and months I pondered this—I tried to grasp at the faded fabric of this dream, but in these waking moments they still flitted away from me.

One day I was stirred from yet another one of these dreams by a strange feeling in my gut, as if my heart were cut out from my chest and set before me. In a panic, I peered outside, and I saw a man in the street, standing like a predator at some invisible force and brandishing a knife into the silent air. I saw him, perfectly still, lit only by the flickering orange light of the streetlamp from above. Then, I went downstairs, and I put on my shoes. I walked up to this man in the warm night, and I asked him, "Why are you standing here? Who are you looking at?"

He said in a quiet voice that he didn't know. I prompted him further, asked him to describe what he felt, but he was silent for a long time. Then he told me, "You know, every night as I'm walking home, I come across this spot on the road." He gestured to the air in front of him, waving his hands as he talked. "And every time I pass by here, I feel this kind of chill in my veins. It seems to drive me away. Sometimes it's more than that — I see things that just aren't there, or I sense a presence that simply doesn't exist. It's certainly paranoia, human irrationality, of course. Normally I'd avoid this patch of darkness, move on, walk home. But today, while I passed by, something — some noise or movement — drove me into pure terror. I felt like I was going to die any minute, and instead of running away I felt compelled to kill whatever was out there. Like some nerve was touched or played that made me know nothing but anger and murder."

He fingered the knife reluctantly, then slipped it back into his pocket. "We humans, we're strange creatures. In our life, there are these times when we overreact, pursuing a primal response to some random, meaningless thing. And afterwards, we regret that part of us that rose to the surface. It's almost like we're being primed for something. That paranoia of absence makes us conscious of everything around us when nothing is there. And in moments, that fear becomes so intense that you want to strike out at something, kill something, do something that will justify your irrationality. I've never known why. I probably never will. And that's why I stand here — because it's all I can do to find answers."

And at once, I understood. Death is an undiscovered country. It will always remain that way, as an unknowable blank that we will never have data on. We know not whether what lies afterwards is a glistening euphoria or ceaseless pain, or both. But all along we've had these whispers of thought, these patterns of faint sentience reaching out across the void to speak to us. I understood that perhaps what lies after death is a

separation from consciousness. The mind is released from the body, and now it wanders.

They can't manipulate the world, because all they are is just brain patterns. But they can connect their pattern with another mind, link something together, and that's SCP-3675-1. For whatever reason, the ghosts of this mortal coil ask us to die for them. They want us to all destroy our living bodies for some ultimate goal that still lies beyond our human reach. Can't you see them? They're reaching out, reaching and stretching themselves into our world in order for us to become them.

That is the ascendance, then — to force our bodies against each other, soak this earth in our own blood by our own terrible hands.

But then I pondered this second state, this other side. There was a peculiar choice of phrasing used by that woman, yet at first I dismissed it as madness. All the answers to my questions were there, in that muted prophecy. Then I came to a second epiphany, one that let me link SCP-3675-1 into something that made infinitely more sense and was yet infinitely more frightening to me. A single sentence was the key to my realization.

"There is no virus."

Infected information doesn't change who you are — it changes what you are. There is a set of circumstances, a group of mental states, that, when combined, enable a dead soul to etch within your brain a fatal symbol, a black poison that spreads throughout your mind. It is subtle in the beginning, a low overtone that colors your perception of how you see the world, making it darker and more meaningless. But slowly, the storm begins to take control of your subconscious, manipulating your conscious into acting with adrenaline-fueled emotional charge, and eventually, psychotic delirium. And the fate

of the human race shall be nothing but fury as we plunge ourselves into a torment that we cannot comprehend.

It has been observed that infection with SCP-3675-1 is a rather slow process, one with a dazzling degree of varying symptoms, but all with a single endgame. We were wrong, we were terribly wrong: there is no virus. There is no memetic contagion; only a message ringing throughout history, telling us all to surrender, letting these apparitions play with our minds and control us like marionettes. All we have to do is listen — and we cannot stop listening, listening to the voices of the words.

Do you know what I see at the end of this road? The entire human race, every single one a once-good soul driven into this madness, this new horrific identity. And once we all have left our bodies, they shall be satisfied knowing that we, too, shall burn. It's all selfish, it's all spite and anger. And the thing is, that's who we are, deep inside. Hell itself hasn't made them any less flawed than we are.

Don't you realize? We're looking at a reflection of ourselves. And the figure in the mirror is trying to pull us in.

— Dr. Aruban Malthus

Footnotes
1. Invented in 1996 by the Memetics and Infohazards Division, the HLMD device disrupts the cohesion of all information in the area of effect upon activation, causing mediums holding affected information to disintegrate in a similar fashion to antimemetic effects such asSCP-033.
2. It is speculated that this refers to Protocol 540-Meriden.

SCP-3676: Burrower, Borrower, Diplopod, Warrior

Item #: SCP-3676

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3676's containment is currently contested between the Foundation and GoI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions), as per the **`Boring Agreement`** — all related correspondence is to be directed through WWS Liaison Kim Madison, the designated head of the project. Chamber 3676-Alpha is to be used to contain the entity as often as feasible, and monitoring of its extra-universal passage is paramount. Forth-Scranton Equalisers are to be used to negate SCP-3676's effects wherever possible.

SCP-3676 is currently uncontained. As and when it re-manifests, Mobile Task Force Upsilon-Peorð ("Slings and Arrows")[1] is to track and sedate the entity, before transferring it to Containment Chamber 3676-Beta. Full specifications for said chamber are available in the attached supplementary documentation.

Description: SCP-3676 is an abnormally large specimen of *Harpaphe haydeniana*, or cyanide millipede, estimated to be at least 1.5 kilometres in length and around 5 metres in diameter. Detailed analysis of SCP-3676's biology has not been possible due to its size and anomalous effects, but preliminary analysis suggests it functions on an internal body plan closer to that of most vertebrates than non-anomalous millipedes. It should be noted that, despite this, it is a genetic match with *Harpaphe haydeniana* and externally identical, excepting the additional body segments.

Aside from its exaggerated size, SCP-3676's primary anomalous property occurs whenever it attempts to burrow, or otherwise move quickly between locations. When such an event occurs, SCP-3676 will sporadically generate Class-E ("Momentary Lapse of Reason") wormholes between baseline reality and a related branch universe[2]

and almost invariably pass through into said universe. These wormholes are two-dimensional, largely imperceptible, and temporarily stable following creation (existing for between 42 minutes and 3 months, with a mean duration of 2 weeks); in addition to this, their generation is hypothesised to be restricted to Nx-17 (the **Asphodel-class** nexus localised in the town of Boring, Oregon, and the surrounding area), but this is unconfirmed as SCP-3676 has yet to leave the area. The effect is purely physical in nature, and SCP-3676 does not possess any additional temporal, metaphysical, or probabilistic effects related to alternate timelines or causal progression.

SCP-3676 was initially catalogued on 12/06/2015, as part of a joint investigation by Research Task Force Sigel-9 ("Oregon Trailblazers"), Mobile Task Force Beta-4 ("Castaways") and a team of staff from Wilson's Wildlife Solutions. While successful in identifying the creature and mitigating immediate damage to the area, disputes arose regarding which organisation should take control of the anomaly. As per the Boring Agreement, Wilson's Wildlife Solutions had area priority, while Foundation staff maintained (and continue to maintain) that SCP-3676 posed a sufficient threat to human life to warrant high-level containment by the Foundation's **Department of Extra-Universal Affairs**.

The following is a record of all major events relating to SCP-3676's containment:

Date	Nature of event	Followup action taken
12/06/2015	Initial contact established. Two personnel lost in an unknown branch universe after falling through a tunnel left by SCP-3676. Currently deemed MIA.	Containment established as Foundation-priority, on the grounds that an alternate reality does not constitute part of the state of Oregon, regardless of its geographical status. Containment Chamber

		3676-Alpha built, with Forth-Scranton Equalisers to prevent multi-universal shifts.
29/07/2015	It is noted during casual discussion that three members of SCP-3676's containment team believed US President William Henry Harrison died of an infected wound after 43 days in office, rather than of pneumonia after 31 (as is established history). No other major discrepancies in recollections of historical events were noted.	Due to an inability to ascertain the persons' point of origin, and the lack of any debilitating psychological effects caused by the incident, the decision was made to assign the staff the positions of their counterparts, under the assumption that the alternate Foundation will do the same for our original staff.
05/12/2015	Power failure results in a containment breach of SCP-3676 and a number of other anomalous entities. The entity escapes through an adjacent universe in which the chamber was not constructed, and re-manifests 13 km north-east, alongside large amounts of rubble and several irradiated corpses.	Wilson's Wildlife Solutions staff tranquillise the entity at the scene, and begin to draft plans for long-term containment. Foundation staff object, but WWS Liaison Madison enacts home-ground priority provided the entity does not shift universes again. Long-term sedation is enacted, and remains functional until 28/03/2016.

28/03/2016	Sedation chemicals are spontaneously removed from SCP-3676's bloodstream, presumably ejected into a branch universe of unknown nature, and the entity regains consciousness, demanifesting almost immediately. MTF Upsilon-Peorð attempt to subdue it upon its re-manifestation, but are repeatedly dragged by SCP-3676 into alternate universes, alongside near-identical copies of themselves. The entity escapes in the ensuing confusion.	The entity remains uncontained for approximately six weeks, during which time multiple geological disturbances are noted in and around the area.
02/04/2016	A large statue of unknown origin is uncovered 40 km from the border of Boring, presumably manifesting as the result of SCP-3676's activities. The object appears to be a representation of SCP-3676 itself, and is inscribed with the names of several hundred people, as well as what appears to be a cause of death. "Battle"	Item taken into storage. Further action deemed unnecessary.

	features prominently, as do "Elsewhere" and "The Greater Good". Preliminary analysis places its date of creation at no more than five years previously.	
11/05/2016	SCP-3676 re-manifests in Containment Chamber 3676-Alpha. Numerous crossbow bolts are found embedded in the entity's back, and it appears severely weakened from extensive blood loss.	Plans are made to transport the entity away from Nx-17, but WWS Liaison Madison objects on grounds of preserving natural parabiodiversity, as well as supporting the group's development of esoteric containment methods.
15/06/2016	SCP-3676 demanifests from its chamber shortly after containment rights are transferred to Wilson's Wildlife Solutions. Attempts to pinpoint its location in U-space fail due to SCP-3676's removal and partial consumption of the relevant equipment.	Pending — see below.

Following the event on 15/06/2016, the decision was made to contact Wilson's Wildlife Solutions directly, rather than through a liaison (as is protocol). Timothy Wilson (founder and leader) reacted with surprise after being informed about the anomaly, and reported that no such entity existed on their records. When questioned about Ms. Kimberly Madison, Wilson responded that there was no such person on their payroll; a woman by that name had approached him for a position some years previously, but had been killed in a car

accident shortly afterwards.

Containment has since reverted to Foundation control, and the construction of Chamber 3676-Beta is ongoing. The location and origin of PoI-7643 ("Kimberly Madison Alternate") and the WWS research team responsible for initial categorisation are currently unknown.

Footnotes
1. A task force specialising in detaining and containing abnormally large fauna and pseudo-fauna.
2. A parallel universe that differs from baseline reality in one minor aspect, usually a different outcome to a specific event.

SCP-3679: Make a Geas, Foundation

Item #: SCP-3679

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The kit containing SCP-3679 is to be stored in a standard object containment locker. Tests utilizing SCP-3679 must be carried out or approved by a level 3 researcher assigned to SCP-3679.

Investigation into the identity and location of PoI-3679 is currently underway. The online storefront maintained by PoI-3679 is to be monitored and any newly identified customers are to be located and amnesticized after their purchases are confiscated.

Description: SCP-3679 is an unbranded ballpoint pen purchased online as a part of a writing kit. Chemical analysis shows the contents of SCP-3679 to be natural non-anomalous red ink. Despite this, tests have indicated that any writing done with SCP-3679 results in a blend of ink and the writer's own blood being used; no test subjects have displayed any discomfort or injury that would otherwise explain this, and prolonged use of SCP-3679 has failed to result in any noticeable differences in blood pressure or other such factors.

Statements written with SCP-3679 are contractually binding: violating a claim or promise written with SCP-3679 invariably results in the writer's injury or death occurring within the following 24 hours. Causes of death have included non-anomalous factors (e.g. heart failure or accidental death) as well as anomalous factors (e.g. spontaneous human combustion or unprovoked decapitation). Those bound by a contract written with SCP-3679 have an innate understanding of the penalties for violating said contract, and as such, show a notable unwillingness to violate their terms.

SCP-3679 was purchased from seller "shadow-queen", designated

PoI-3679, through the popular online marketplace Etsy.com after a routine scan indicated potential anomalous activity based on the reviews left on PoI-3679's store. SCP-3679 was originally a part of a kit marketed as a "Do-it-Yourself Geas[1] Kit", which contained SCP-3679, a pad of fifty non-anomalous sheets of paper, and a note from the seller.

Document-3679

> Do-it-Yourself Geas Kit
>
> Tired of broken promises? Rival hero stealing all your thunder?
> Create your own geas today!
>
> Forbid them from cutting their hair, prohibit them from refusing a gift!
> Make them do anything you can think of with this simple kit!
> All you have to do is get them to sign!
>
> WARNING: Seller is not responsible for any injury or death caused as a result of this kit.

Initial attempts at making contact with PoI-3679 were rejected. After leaving a one-star review of the purchased kit, PoI-3679 initiated correspondence with Senior Researcher Maxwell, head researcher assigned to SCP-3679.

Chat Log 3679

> **shadow-queen:** hey asshole
> **shadow-queen:** wtf is with the one star rating
> **rjmaxwell:** Hello. I'm not sure what you're referring to.
> **shadow-queen:** look
> **shadow-queen:** dont play dumb
> **shadow-queen:** this is because iwas ignoring you right
> **rjmaxwell:** Are you referring to the review that was left on your product?

shadow-queen: uhhhh i literally just said that
shadow-queen: look buddy
shadow-queen: im just trying to make a living here
rjmaxwell: I see.
shadow-queen: then take down the review wtf
rjmaxwell: That could be arranged, if you're willing to answer a few questions for me.
shadow-queen: jesus christ this is blackmail
shadow-queen: you know that right
rjmaxwell: Just a few questions.
shadow-queen: fine just ask the damn questions
rjmaxwell: Are you aware of the anomalous properties in the pen you shipped us?
shadow-queen: uhh
shadow-queen: thats kind of the point?
shadow-queen: how useless would a geas pen be if it didn't form a geas lmao
shadow-queen: look i run an honest business
shadow-queen: what you see is what you get
shadow-queen: and its bastards like you that ruin people like me when you leave jank reviews
rjmaxwell: I'll remove it after we conclude this interview.
rjmaxwell: Follow-up question. Where did you obtain the anomalous pen?
shadow-queen: i made it
shadow-queen: you do know how this website works right
rjmaxwell: You made the anomalous pen? Would you care to share how you did that?
shadow-queen: trade secret
shadow-queen: even if i told you you probably couldnt reproduce it
shadow-queen: ive been doing this for a while
rjmaxwell: And you've sold a lot of pens?
shadow-queen: enough
shadow-queen: its not just pens

shadow-queen: weve got more stuff on the way
shadow-queen: check out the rest of my shop
shadow-queen: or actually dont since youll probably leave shitty reviews
rjmaxwell: Would you be willing to provide us a list of your customers?
shadow-queen: no. im pretty sure thats illegal anyway
shadow-queen: ive got work to do so can we wrap this up
shadow-queen: im sure youve got other skips to deal with anyway
rjmaxwell: What do you mean by "skip"?
shadow-queen: lol
shadow-queen: i think were done here
shadow-queen: dont bother contacting me again
shadow-queen: unless you want to give me back **`my spear`**
shadow-queen: and take down that shitty review
shadow-queen: or else

PoI-3679 ended communication after this, leading Foundation personnel to attempt to track them by IP. After locating an IP address, agents were dispatched with orders to capture PoI-3679 if possible. When agents arrived at the location derived from the traced IP address[2], they found only a small copse of trees showing no signs of human habitation. Field agents have been assigned to observe this location until further notice.

Any customers that had left reviews on SCP-3679 have been located and amnesticized, with duplicate kits being incinerated.

Footnotes
1.geas(/geSH/)noun:(in Irish folklore) an obligation or prohibition magically imposed on a person.
2. Located on the Isle of Skye in Northern Scotland.

SCP-3680: The White Guys

An instance of SCP-3680 at the time of its retrieval.

Item #: SCP-3680

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:
The hallway segments of High School are to be patrolled by several agents disguised as janitorial staff. These agents are to be issued:

- One janitorial uniform consistent with the uniforms given to custodians of the school, consisting of: one pair of navy blue pants, one navy blue jacket with the lettering: " High School" on the back, one brown or black belt, and one white or gray dress shirt.
- One silent tranquilizer gun, concealed in the right inside jacket pocket.
- Four tranquilizer darts, carrying a heavy sedative that can incapacitate a 120 pound human male for one full hour post-injection. These darts are to be concealed in the left inside jacket pocket.
- Two syringes filled with 1.75 mL of tranquilizer which are to be intravenously injected in case of containment breach (see Special Containment Procedures: paragraph three). These are also to be concealed in the left inside jacket pocket.
- One wristwatch fitted with a tracking chip and two-way radio which can be used to contact Sector 76-R.

Several micro-cameras have been set up around High School which broadcast a feed to Sector 76-R. This feed must be watched by no less than two persons at once to ensure no breaches of containment. Between certain hours of each weekday (Mon. through Fri.), no less than eight persons must be watching the feed. These times are:

- Between the hours of 08:45 and 09:30
- Between the hours of 12:30 and 13:00
- Between the hours of 15:30 and 16:15

If a new instance of SCP-3680 is sighted, agents will be dispatched to safely dispose of the instance. In that time, students and faculty are to be rerouted away from the instance of SCP-3680 by any agents not directly involved in the disposal of the item. If any persons come into physical contact with an instance of SCP-3680, they are to be immediately tranquilized (either at a distance using a tranquilizer gun or through the use of a syringe) as well as any witnesses. They are to be detained and quickly sent to Sector 76-R, which is located two miles South of , the town that High School resides in. They are then to be sealed in a small room with one closed access point in Sector 76-R until ample time has allowed the effects of SCP-3680 to dissipate. They are then issued Class-B amnestics and allowed to return home.

Upon retrieval of a new instance of SCP-3680, it is to be brought into a safe room located inside of High School, where it is kept in an airtight storage cell. From there, the instance is transported to Site 76, where it is kept in a bulk storage vault.

Description:
SCP-3680 are sheets of 18” x 24” poster paper that randomly materialize in the hallway segments of High School between specific hours of each weekday (Mon. through Fri.). Instances of SCP-3680 have, so far, only materialized in three specific time frames, and never if more than one person is able to view the materialization. These times are always when students of the school are having or have just gotten out of class, and are believed to have been chosen to increase exposure to instances of SCP-3680. Only one instance will appear per day, and instances do not necessarily materialize each day; in fact, time between appearances of SCP-3680 has been measured at up to seven days.

Instances of SCP-3680 always have several things in common, with very few exceptions:

- They will have words and/or drawings on them, which appear to be handwritten in multicolored washable marker.

- The words will have a common theme: almost always the theme will be “bullying”; specifically, it will give reasonings to why “bullying” is good (although many are incoherent and meaningless).
- Crude drawings are shown of humanoid figures, always with shapes in the middle of their heads which appear to be brains[1].

Upon contact with the bare skin of any human, the anomalous effect of SCP-3680 begins. After thirty-two minutes and twenty-four seconds, any person who has come in contact with an instance of SCP-3680 will experience hallucinations of tall, slender humanoid figures. These entities (hereby designated SCP-3680-2) have been described by victims of SCP-3680 as white with a black outline surrounding their body, having small, misshapen eyes, and with large shapes inside their head that appear to be brains. These “brains” will have multicolored numbers inside of them that appear to be binary code. This description appears to directly correlate to the images that appear on the first instance of SCP-3680 created, which has been designated SCP-3680-1 throughout this document.

Instances of SCP-3680-2 will continue to be hallucinated by victims of SCP-3680 for forty-six minutes and fifty-two seconds, at which point they will simply disappear. No brain damage has been found in victims of SCP-3680’s anomalous effects, but minor Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder has been observed. The symptomatic panic attacks common between persons suffering from PTSD are in this case usually caused by pieces of media that portray tall and thin characters, especially as inherently malevolent beings. Class-A and -B amnestic has been found to cure any cases of this.

The first instance of SCP-3680 was placed in the East hallway segment of High School on 2/ /201 , where it was brought to the Foundation’s attention after numerous reports of widespread paranoia forced the school to close for the rest of its school day. SCP-3680-1 was diagnosed as the problem and retrieved the next morning. Class-A amnestic was spread over the city of , and its surrounding fields and towns.

SCP-3680-1 at the time of its retrieval.

SCP-3680-1 had first thought to be a work by GoI #2979 ‘Are We Cool Yet?’, but after extensive search through the student databases, personnel found that one student, Alexander Fillmore (hereby referred to as PoI #3674), was a known member of GoI #5869 ‘Gamers Against Weed’. Upon attempts to retrieve PoI #3674 for interrogation, it was found that he had been missing for just over fourteen hours. Following are several excerpts from the Gamers Against Weed chat log. It is important to note that PoI #3674 goes by the screen name ‘GhettoPotato’.

+ Show Excerpt / GoI Chat Log

~ GhettoPotato has joined the channel.

gaycopmp4: hey potato

Kektagon: hey potes

lesbian_gengar: so we got in gthe back of the van and there’s three dudes already there, just, like, sitting there

lesbian_gengar: oh hey ptato

GhettoPotato: yo

GhettoPotato: guys I finally fucking got off my ass and made something

lesbian_gengar: and we didn’t expect anyone to be there so it was super weird, y’know?

GhettoPotato: oh sorry I didn’t know you were telling a story

lesbian_gengar: no I mean

lesbian_gengar: its fine

lesbian_gengar: what did uyou make

GhettoPotato: well you know how in my school the Juniors are all douchebags

Kektagon: yeah

gaycopmp4: no but go on

GhettoPotato: well I have a class w/ them first block tomorrow

GhettoPotato: so I'm putting up a poster next to thier lockers that i made thatll make them piss themselves

gaycopmp4: i mean

gaycopmp4: no points for creativity

gaycopmp4: but I guess itll embarrass them

GhettoPotato: no not like they'll literally piss themselves

GhettoPotato: but that's way better

GhettoPotato: fuck

GhettoPotato: i shouldve thought of that

gaycopmp4: what does it do them?

GhettoPotato: like theyll be so scared that they'll figuratively piss themselves.

Kektagon: oh

Kektagon: that's much more original i suppose

lesbian_gengar: so, like, how does it scare them?

GhettoPotato: if a person touches the poster

then they get these scary halluciantions

GhettoPotato: and they are of the guys that I drew on the poster

GhettoPotato: and the guys will just kind of walk around the room and be cool enough but its less about jumpscares and more about just unnerving them so they get super creeped out and embarrass themselves in front of half the class

lesbian_gengar: how long do the hallucinations last? like five or seven minutes?

GhettoPotato: 45 minutes

gaycopmp4: christ don't you think that's excessive

GhettoPotato: i mean

GhettoPotato: maybe?

GhettoPotato: i guess it's too late now i'm not changing it, plus all my friends are coming in tomorrow to the class I have with the juniors for a presentation theyre doing so i want them to see it

lesbian_gengar: can we see pics of the poster?

Kektagon: yeah true I wanna see that shit

gaycopmp4: same tbh

GhettoPotato: here it is: **`https://imgur.com/gallery/`**

Note: the above link redirects to an imgur album that contains three pictures showing three different angles of

SCP-3680-1. The post received 57 views, 0 comments, and had -3 points at the time of removal by the Foundation.

GhettoPotato: is it good? I tried to make it like, surreal and shit

GhettoPotato: the dudes omn the poster are the guys that they see

GhettoPotato: the guys don't really do much just kinda creep around the room

GhettoPotato: hopefully it makes the juniors scared

lesbian_gengar: I like the artwork

gaycopmp4: yeah same

Kektagon: yo I hope it works out for you dude

gaycopmp4: yeah same

lesbian_gengar: yeah same

GhettoPotato: yeah same

GhettoPotato: anyway

GhettoPotato: i need to get off my mom is yelling at me its like 11 pm here

GhettoPotato: goodnight

Kektagon: good night

lesbian_gengar: gn

~ **GhettoPotato has left the channel.**

Several tests were performed on various instances of SCP-3680 at a secured testing chamber in Site 76, monitored by Dr. Wallace Bishop.

+ Show Video Log / Test #3680-001

Objective(s): To study the effects of SCP-3680

Subject(s): D-485269

Additional Information: This was the first test ever performed on SCP-3680, so general cautionary procedures were taken: D-485269 was asked to stand in the corner of the chamber, while one armed personnel was tasked to stand in the opposite corner. The chamber was sealed, and Dr. Bishop and his assistants were in an observation room just outside of the chamber.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Bishop: Test, test. Can you hear me, D-48?

D-485269: Yes.

Dr. Bishop: Good. Please stand in the far right corner of the room.

D-485269 moves to the corner of the room. One personnel enters the room through the door carrying a storage cell containing an instance of SCP-3680. The door is sealed behind him. The storage cell is opened, and moved next to D-485269. The personnel situates himself in the corner.

Dr. Bishop: Weapon check?

P: Check.

Dr. Bishop: Perfect. D-48, are you ready to begin the test?

D-485269: As I'll ever be.

Dr. Bishop: Please place your hand onto the paper, and remove it after five seconds.

D-485269 touches her hand to the middle of the SCP-3680 instance, and removes it after approx. 3.2 seconds.

D-485269: Nothing happened.

Dr. Bishop: That is expected; we believe it may take time for the effects to begin.

D-485269 sits on the floor of the chamber. After roughly 32 minutes, D-485269 begins to experience sudden paranoia.

D-485269: Holy shit— fuck, what the—?

Dr. Bishop: D-48, what do you see?

D-485269 continues panicking for approx. twelve seconds, before apparently calming herself down.

D-485269: There's these, like, white guys. Tall. [D-485269 takes a deep breath] They— shit, one just got close to me!— they are just, like, wandering around. They have these weird eyes like a kid drew them. And like, brains, in their head. Except you can see the brains. You think they can see us?

Dr. Bishop: D-48, please try to get the attention of one of them.

D-485269: Fuck, okay.

D-485269 attempts to wave and speak to the figures she sees, hereby designated SCP-3680-2, with no response.

D-485269: I don't think they care about me.

Dr. Bishop: Please touch one of them.

D-485269 begins moving towards the corner of the room. She slowly sticks her hand out, and appears to interact with an unseen object.

Dr. Bishop: Can you feel it? Can it feel you?

D-485269: I can feel it, but it didn't notice me, I don't think.

Dr. Bishop: What did it feel like?

D-485269: Like- like it was made of cardboard, like a really hard paper.

Dr. Bishop: Okay. Please wait to see how long the effects of SCP-3680 will last.

After roughly 46 minutes after first touching SCP-3680, D-485269 says she can no longer see any instances of SCP-3680-2. The test is concluded, the instance of SCP-3680 is placed back into the storage cell, and the chamber is emptied.

+ Show Video Log / Test #3680-002

Objective(s): To study prolonged exposure to SCP-3680

Subject(s): D-239304

Additional Information: One armed personnel is present to bring in and out the instance of SCP-3680. All other variables have

been recreated from Test #3680-001.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Bishop: Test, test. Can you hear me, D-23?

D-239304: Yeah.

Dr. Bishop: Good. Please stand in the center of the room.

D-239304 moves to the center of the room. P1 enters the room through the door, carrying a storage cell containing the same instance of SCP-3680 as used in Test #3680-001. The door is sealed behind him. The storage cell is opened, and moved next to D-239304. P1 situates himself in the corner.

Dr. Bishop: Weapon check?

P: Check.

Dr. Bishop: D-23, are you ready to begin the test?

D-239304: Yeah.

Dr. Bishop: Please place your hand onto the paper.

D-239304 places his hand onto the instance of SCP-3680, but does not remove it. After approx. 47.8 seconds, D-239304 completely vanishes from the room.

P: What the fuck?

Dr. Bishop: Do you have visual on D-23?

P: Nothing.

Dr. Bishop carries on with the test for fifteen more minutes before concluding it. P1 places the instance of SCP-3680 into the storage cell, and the chamber is emptied.

+ Show Video Log / Test #3680-003

Objective(s): To find out what happened to D-239304, to retrieve D-239304

Subject(s): D-364792

Additional Information: D-364792 is outfitted with a two-way radio and a visual recording device, as well as a tracking chip and flashlight. MTF Gamma-2 (“Worldhoppers”) will be inside the chamber as well, in case D-364792 finds both D-239304 and a viable exfiltration point. In that scenario, MTF Gamma-2 will extract D-239304 and D-364792.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Bishop: Test, test. Can you hear me, D-36?

D-364792: Fuck. Yeah, I can.

Dr. Bishop: Good. Please stand in the center of the room.

D-364792 moves to the center of the room. An armed personnel enters the room through the door, carrying a storage cell containing the same instance of SCP-3680 as used in Test #3680-001. Six members of MTF Gamma-2 enter as well. The door is sealed behind them. The storage cell is opened, and moved next to D-364792. Personnel situates himself in the corner, and MTF Gamma-2 situate themselves

in the opposite corner.

Dr. Bishop: Gamma-2?

G1: Check.

G2: Check.

G3: Check.

G3: Check.

G4: Check.

G5: Check.

G6: Check.

Dr. Bishop: Great. D-36, are you ready to begin the test?

D-364792: Yeah.

Dr. Bishop: Please place your hand onto the paper.

D-364792 places his hand onto the instance of SCP-3680, but does not remove it. After approx. 47.8 seconds, D-364792 completely vanishes from the room.

Dr. Bishop: D-36, come in.

D-364792: Holy shit. Doc? I'm here, doc.

Dr. Bishop: D-36, tell me what you see. Where are you at?

D-364792: I'm, uh— let me get my light.

D-364792 turns on his flashlight. Through the video feed, we see an incredibly dark area that appears to be very large. The ground, while

illuminated, is a bright orange.

D-364792: This shit under my feet feels like plastic. Do you know what this is, doc?

Dr. Bishop: Please look around, and tell us about the space you're in, D-36.

D-364792: Uh, well, it's— orange. And big, it's like I'm in a plastic box. I can't see any walls or the ceiling, but the ground is a neon orange. I think I see a little sparkle of light, or something, out in the distance, but that's gotta be miles away.

Dr. Bishop: Please move toward that 'sparkle', D-36.

D-364792: Uh, okay.

D-364792 walks in the direction of the light. After an estimated twelve minutes, a soft moaning can be heard through the radio.

D-364792: What the fuck is that?

Dr. Bishop: Please continue moving toward the light, D-36. Is the sound coming from that direction?

D-364792: Maybe. I think so— I dunno.

D-364792 continues toward the light, which has hardly grown bigger since his arrival. The moaning sound, however, grows much louder as D-364792 continues.

After 31 minutes of walking, D-364792 encounters the source of the noise: two humanoid figures are lying on the ground.

D-364792: Holy shit, there's people here!

Dr. Bishop: D-36, can you describe the figures?

D-364792 shines his flashlight on the humanoid figures, which makes one of them startle.

D-364792: One of them is encased in this— white stuff. Like, white goopy gel. It's— its up to his neck. It smells odd— like clean. It smells like it's clean. The other person, it's just on his leg and arm. What do you want me to do?

Dr. Bishop: D-36, how far have you walked, and how far away is the light?

D-364792: I'd say I walked, uh… a couple miles? And the light is probably just one more.

Dr. Bishop: D-36, please lift and carry the less, uh, 'goopy' person to the light. Quickly.

D-364792 picks up the figure and carries him on his back, and begins a light jog toward the light. One minute and thirty seconds later, D-364792 screams and collapses, dropping the figure.

Dr. Bishop: D-36! Are you alright?

D-364792: Fuck fuck fuck fuck, shit, holy shit, oh my God what the fuck—

Dr. Bishop: D-36? D-36, get a hold of yourself!

Video feed shows nothing out of the ordinary— D-364792 is lying on his back, and kicking his legs. At approx. 33 minutes, D-364792's leg is held up by an unknown force, his shoe is removed, and a spot of the same white substance that was covering the humanoid

figures appeared on his toe. D-364792 begins to immediately cry out in pain.

Dr. Bishop: What's going on, D-36? D-36!

D-364792: There's, th- there's these white guys, they're all on top of me— fuck, Goddammit, it hurts, fuck!

Dr. Bishop: Gamma-2, mobilize, grab both D's and the third subject, and exfil at the light.

G1: Understood.

MTF Gamma-2 ("Worldhoppers") all place their hands onto the instance of SCP-3680, and after approx. 47.8 seconds, vanish from the test chamber.

Audio recordings of Gamma-2 show that they immediately began running toward the light. Thirteen and a half minutes after entering, they come upon the first humanoid figure.

G2: First contact with figure. White substance covering entire body except the head. Appears conscious, but in a lot of pain. Probably the first D-class you sent in.

G1: Hawthorne, grab him and let's keep moving.

G5: Roger.

A member of Gamma-2 slings the humanoid over his back, and they continue moving toward the light.

At approx. 24 minutes, Gamma-2 comes across D-364792 and the other humanoid.

G2: Second contact, recognize D-36 and the

other guy. D-36's legs are almost completely covered. The other guy— shit, he's a teenager — his left leg is almost two-thirds, and his hand is white, too. Both are conscious and both are in a lot of pain.

G1: Okay, Smith, McCormick, grab them. Push on, we don't have a lot left.

G3: Roger.

G4: Roger.

Two members of Gamma-2 pick up the figures, and they continue running, this time at a slowed pace.

32 minutes after entering the area, all members of Gamma-2 become panicked, and stop. Three members draw their rifles, while the three that are carrying persons draw their sidearms.

Dr. Bishop: What is it?

G6: The- the white figures that the D's saw—

G2: Uh… doc, there's a bunch of tall, slender, white figures looking at us. They're closing in. They have these… brain-things—

Dr. Bishop: That's what D-48 saw.

G1: They're closing in— open fire!

An explosion of gunfire is heard from the radio. After a few seconds, the bullets stop, as Gamma-2 needs to reload.

G3: Doc, we can shoot them.

G1: Push forward, we need to get out of here.

G5: Roger.

Gamma-2 continues moving toward the light, which is now roughly half a mile away. Occasional bursts of gunfire are heard as Gamma-2 cuts through several instances of SCP-3680-2.

At approx. 35 minutes after entering the area, a member of Gamma-2 shouts and nearly falls.

G1: Hawthorne, what was that?

G5: The D on my back, he— started moving around. I looked back, and it wasn't him anymore!

G2: There's a white guy on the ground behind us. Was that him? Did he turn into that thing?

G5: I-I don't know.

Gamma-2 continues to run forward without D-23. 37 minutes after entering the area, MTF Gamma-2 ("Worldhoppers") reached the source of the light.

G2: Doc, we're at the light— it's a doorway. Small.

Dr. Bishop: Can you get through it?

G4: One at a time maybe— it's the size of the paper we touched to get in here.

G1: Send the D through first, then the kid, then down from designation number.

G3: Roger.

One by one, Gamma-2 enters the doorway

and comes out of the instance of SCP-3680. The last member of Gamma-2 struggles to get out, and by his own account, is "touched" by an instance of SCP-3680-2, and infected by the white substance.

G3: Killian, you okay?

G1: Fuck, it fucking hurts! Shit, my foot is burning!

With all the people out of the instance of SCP-3680, P1 quickly contains the instance in its storage cell, and the test is concluded.

D-364792, G1, and the last figure were all sent directly to the medical bay after sealing the instance of SCP-3680. The pocket dimension that they were in and the white substance they were covered with will be hereby designated SCP-3680-3 and SCP-3680-4 respectively.

To prevent the same fate of D-239304, all infected areas were amputated— D-364792 lost both of his legs, the unidentified human lost his left leg below the knee and his right hand at the wrist, and Gamma-2 Lieutenant Killian lost his left foot. All three procedures were successful at stopping the spread of SCP-3680-4 and preventing the deaths of all three persons. The infected limbs were placed into an airtight storage cell and stored along with the instances of SCP-3680.

The unidentified person has been confirmed to be Alexander Fillmore, POI#3674, and the creator of SCP-3680-1.

The following interview was conducted by Dr. Bishop, approx. 16 hours after retrieval of POI#3674 from SCP-3680-3, and approx. 39 hours after retrieval of SCP-3680-1.

+ Show Interview Log / POI#3694

Show Interview Log / POI#3694

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Bishop: Mr. Fillmore, you—

POI#3674: It's Alex.

Dr. Bishop is heard clearing his throat before proceeding.

Dr. Bishop: Alright. Alex. Why did you create SCP-3680?

POI#3674: SCP? You mean the poster?

Dr. Bishop: Right. The poster.

POI#3674: Well, I'm sure you got guys reading the chat, right? That's what Kek and Bones say.

Dr. Bishop: Yes, well, I'd like to hear it from you firsthand.

POI#3674: Okay. Well, did you ever get bullied in High School?

Dr. Bishop: I mean, I wasn't exactly popular, but—

POI#3674: So, no. Well, there's these kids in the grade above me that get fucking hard-ons when they make me pissed off. I know, I know, "don't let them get to you," but it doesn't work. I figure I take them down a notch, or at least get some blackmail of them acting like lunatics so they don't fuck around with me or my friends anymore.

Dr. Bishop: So you intended for them to be sucked into SCP-3680-3?

POI#3674: Uh, Mr. Janitor, I'm not sure I understand your lingo.

Dr. Bishop: Pardon; I mean the pocket dimension that SC- that the white guys reside in.

POI#3674: No, I wanted them to be able to see the white guys and get freaked out.

Dr. Bishop: Okay. Were you aware of the effects that the posters have on people after forty-five seconds of contact when you put up the poster in your school?

POI#3674: I wouldn't have put it up if I did, dude.

Dr. Bishop: Could you tell me how you made the pocket dimension?

POI#3674: Trade secret.

Dr. Bishop: Did Esther teach you?

POI#3674 remains silent. Scribbling is heard as Dr. Bishop writes something in his notes.

Dr. Bishop: One of our D-Class claimed the pocket dimension was made of orange plastic. What is it made of, really?

POI#3674: I had a few orange LEGOs in my room, and I turned them into the pocket. Pretty smart, if you ask me— when people enter the pocket, they're shrunk down.

Dr. Bishop: Ah. When we sent people into the pocket dimension, they escaped using a hole that was about the size of the poster. What was that?

POI#3674: The white guys have to be able to move between the pocket and the real world. That's the door.

Dr. Bishop: Why can't they enter the same way they leave— that is, why do they have to touch it for forty-five seconds to enter?

POI#3674: I told you, I didn't expect that to happen. I thought they would enter the same way they leave, but it ended up with the other way instead. Hey, Mr. Janitor, you got some fancy stuff here; is there a way you could get me a new hand?

Dr. Bishop clears his throat again before continuing.

Dr. Bishop: Next question. The white guys in the pocket dimension spread white goo onto people. Do you know what that was?

POI#3674: Not a clue. Fucking hurts, though.

Dr. Bishop: Alex, we sent eight people into that poster, and seven came back. One of the D-Class *became* an instance of— he *became* a white guy.

POI#3674 lets out a slight chuckle.

Dr. Bishop: Something funny?

POI#3674 clears his throat.

POI#3674: No. Sorry.

Dr. Bishop: Alex, do you know how the white guys did that?

POI#3674: No. I know how it started; they just, like, touch you. I don't think they can do it outside the pocket. Well, they touch you, and then the goo gets on you, and it fucking burns. And the goo eats away at you, like a virus or something—

POI#3674 becomes visibly distraught. Dr. Bishop stays silent for roughly forty seconds.

Dr. Bishop: Alex, just a few hours ago we recovered another poster. Looks a hell of a lot like the one you made, and functions the same way, too. The thing is, we reviewed the video footage— it wasn't put up by anyone. It just showed up in the hallway, without anyone hanging it. Do you know anything about that?

POI#3674: Christ, if I did, I'd tell you. Do you think the white guys put it up?

Dr. Bishop: We aren't sure. If you know anything, you *have* to tell me, or else other people might get sucked into the pocket dimension, too.

POI#3674: Nothing. I don't know anything.

Dr. Bishop: Alright. I think we're done here. Alex— I'll see about your hand.

Addendum 3680.1: Two weeks after the initial containment of SCP-3680, Dr. Bishop requested that document SCP-3680 be changed in the following message to O5 command:

To: O5-1, O5-2, O5-3, O5-4, O5-5, O5-6, O5-7, O5-8, O5-9, O5-10, O5-11, O5-12, O5-13

Sub: SCP-3680

Body: SCP-3680 has been revealed to be more than what we initially perceived it to be, and thus, I think we should update its Description.

I request permission to edit the SCP-3680 document to add in the following information:

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Under Description:

If contact is made by a person with an instance of SCP-3680 for exactly 48.7 seconds, that person is sent to a pocket dimension, hereby designated SCP-3680-3. SCP-3680-3 is a pocket dimension made of plastic consistent with commercial-grade acrylonitrile butadiene styrene produced by The Lego Group. SCP-3680-3 is believed to contain all instances of SCP-3680-2; however, it has been proven that these instances can move between SCP-3680-3 and our dimension freely using instances of SCP-3680. Upon entering SCP-3680-3, a subject can only come back to our universe using a window that resides in the pocket dimension. Upon going through this window, subject will come out of the instance of SCP-3680 that they entered.

SCP-3680-2 instances are theorized to exit SCP-3680-3 at certain times during the day to create new instances of SCP-3680[2] and hang them on the walls of High School. This is believed to be to coerce students and faculty within the school to enter SCP-3680-3. SCP-3680-2 instances cannot be seen, felt, or heard without prior contact with an instance of SCP-3680, so these instances are nearly impossible to contain, but produce minimal threat on their own.

When a subject enters SCP-3680, they do not immediately notice the instances of SCP-3680-2, as they are not yet under the anomalous effects of the instance of SCP-3680. However, once the anomalous effect of SCP-3680 begins, they will be attacked by the numerous instances of SCP-3680-2 that reside inside the pocket dimension. The SCP-3680-2 instances will try to pin down or restrain the subject, and infect them with a white gelatinous substance hereby designated SCP-3680-4. This substance is theorized to replace the human tissue of its subject with the same cardboard-like material that SCP-3680-2 is made of. After SCP-3680-4 has covered the whole body, the subject is transformed into a new

instance of SCP-3680-2.[3]

SCP-3680-2 instances have only been shown to act aggressively inside SCP-3680-3. However, even if the subject escapes SCP-3680-3, SCP-3680-4 will continue to consume them. Removal of infected areas is effective at stopping the spread of SCP-3680-4.

SCP-3680 instances currently only materialize in High School. If the school were to be abandoned or torn down, it is expected that the instances of SCP-3680-2 would leave the school to find a better place to display new instances of SCP-3680, which may lead to significant loss of life, and the inability to contain SCP-3680 due to the nature of SCP-3680-2 instances. Therefore, it is imperative that High School continues to function in its present state.

Change of the document is pending approval.

Footnotes
1. On SCP-3680-1, the “brains” have numbers in them which appear to be binary code. The binary translates into seemingly random strings of numbers and letters which don't appear to have any meaning. Testing with the code has been halted indefinitely.
2. How SCP-3680-2 instances do this is unknown. While it may be possible to discover how this process occurs, all personnel are still advised to avoid contact with SCP-3680 instances at all times.
3. This process has been shown to take only three to four hours, but has been measured up to twenty-three hours with minimal damage to the subject. The speed at which SCP-3680-4 replaces the body appears to change based on age of the subject.

SCP-3682: Parousia

> **`Extranormal Event`** 3682 (EE-3682) was observed once and shows no signs of recurrence. Only this strong secondhand evidence, and a number of coincidences are currently known to the Foundation.
>
> EE-3682 has no containment protocols, and its designation as an object is maintained in such an event. This record is presented as evidence and warning in real time. Plans have been prepared as to how to prevent such a thing from happening again, and where it may happen, and what may have caused it.

Event Designation: EE-3682

Preceding Events: Evidence of EE-3682 was first considered based on further investigation into urban legends in Sakha, Russia referring to hitchhikers and travelers who asked directions to a town that did not exist. The traveler would refer to the scenery around the nonexistent town. No consensus or verifiable memetic properties have been identified, but locals sometimes refer to a town named Volodin, or Volodi, located in a valley in a grove of flowers.

"Volodin" may have been discovered in a region nearby matching the description. Located in the center of the valley is a dilapidated, 20 occupant church. No other signs of human occupancy in the 30 mi^2 area were detectable. Located within the church were a 15cm ivory knife located on the altar, a machete, a garbage can lid, a first aid kit, a satchel, a note, 9 VHS tapes, and the skeleton of a young woman (20) who is lying on her belly, positioned with her hand touching the altar. The altar was covered with a thin layer of congealed blood. The blood, when tested, was that of a human fetus. The blood has congealed in such a way that would suggest the object bled out there.

One resident of the town of Tomtor matched dental records and

DNA of the corpse but otherwise showed no other signs of relation to it. The individual [REDACTED] did recall visiting the area at one time, but was not able to remember when.

VHS tapes were secured in the altar cabinet within the church. This space was nailed in and secured with duct tape. The tapes contain images of a town that is not currently known to exist. It is not known if the tapes were compiled to arrange a narrative. Due to damage of these tapes it is not known which order these events occurred in, if these events occurred.

Item 0: A note, in Russian.

> It happened fast, I think. April 16th, 2018. It's happened everywhere. There was no warning. We don't know why this happened. If you find this, I'm sure I'll be dead. My bones grind when I walk. It is excruciating. I am lucky I had access to my father's medicine.
>
> The thing couldn't change me. Or something helped me.
>
> If I succeeded, you need to find Iepureanu.

Item 1: Tape 1. Written in the center space is "Ezekiel Valeriy Iepureanu, last seen in Moldova." The VHS is an overwritten copy of "Homeward Bound".

> Load
>
> > *Paid promotional advertisement for a can opener, 4 seconds.*
> >
> > *Footage of a woman opening a can of green beans with an electric can opener.*
> >
> > **Voice Over:** …and you can do all of this and more without injury…
> >
> > *The audio is interrupted by an old man chuckling.*
>
> > Footage of the internals of a beehive, 5

minutes.

Street view of an unknown city in Russia. Footage appears to be taken from a security camera in the downtown area. It is mid-day in the summer, and the street is filled with cars, 2 hours.

An elderly man in yellow robes sitting behind a desk. Behind him are shelves of books, to his right there is a wood stove burning. He wears a crucifix around his neck. He is transcribing something from a Bible.

The man does not appear to be aware that he is being filmed.

A church hymn is playing in the background.

10 seconds.

Item 2: Tape 2. Written on the tape is the former address of an SCP containment area in Ukraine, **SCP-1782**; This area contains entities similar to those found on the 3682 tapes.

Load

Lyrics set to video. Male voice chanting in Russian.

Is it due you, my friend, or happy day?

What a joyous sound around and abounds!

Is it time for you? Oh beautiful friend! The lights have gone today!

Repeats with very slight variations for three hours.

Item 3: Tape 3. It is damaged. Tape is unusable after it is initially recorded.

Load

No video.

Sound of an ambulance siren, 5 minutes, people arguging.

Man: Christ.

Woman: Heroin. Not quite an overdose.

Silence for 14 minutes.

Sound, possibly the inside of an emergency room.

Man: What'd you get?

Woman: Cocktail. She's been drinking. [*unintelligible*] acid thats been going around.

Man: [*grunts*] Pregnant too.

Woman: We're all being born into a cemetery.

Inside view of a toilet boil, camera is submerged in water.

Tongs are placed in the bowl. A man in a white research coat and protective eyewear leans forward. He is holding a materials sample bag similar to Foundation regulation equipment.

Video feed ends, water is heard splashing in the toilet. 20 seconds.

View outside three restroom stalls. The stalls appear to be vacant.

Sounds of metal grinding against metal are heard.

Multiple dents appear in the doors, followed by loud metallic crashing. The dents are caused by some internal force.

Pools of blood emerge from beneath the stalls, followed by the sounds of three women screaming. 30 seconds.

Item 4: Tape 4. No markings. An entity is visible on each of the tapes, inter-cutting itself into the footage sporadically. The object resembles a destroyed human embryo, floating in a ball of black liquid several feet from the ground. The liquid pulsates but the figure itself is motionless. The eyes do appear to be functional, as the entity occasionally looks into the camera.

Load

Close up view of a bald man's facial profile with an angered expression, smiling. The man laughs breathlessly, 9 seconds.

The street in front of a local high school.

People are leaving from the school.

Onlookers notice a black liquid trickling down the street. A man walks over to smell it. Waves his hand in front of his face as if it stinks.

Group of students watching the man are laughing, three minutes.

Video feed not present.

Man: Christ, she's pregnant.

Woman: She's going into labor contractions.

Silence, 45 minutes.

Man: What in the hell…?

Woman: John, the thing is septic…

Man: Get the vacuum, sponge…

Silence, 05 minutes.

Woman: John? John where did you… What the hell is happening?

Sounds of metal grinding against metal. 22 minutes.

Item 5: Tape 5. No markings.

Load

Black liquid pouring down the street in front of the previously pictured high school, people are running from the liquid and screaming.

People are inside the liquid, and appear to be boiling, but show no sign of such damage to their bodies.

Security footage from inside of a home. Family is laughing and enjoying an episode of "The Partridge Family" on a couch in front of the television.

Grandmother walks in with a steaming hot pie.

Footage from inside a hotel bathroom shower.

Man being lifted, manipulated, caressed up and down by a large cylindrical mass of miniature [REDACTED], or appearing as such, fused at the head. The man is crying, but does not appear to make any attempt to escape.

View of the downtown city hall from storefront camera. The building has formed large holes in its sides, grown small skeletal appendages.

The holes turn to face the camera.

Black liquid is flowing around it, and people are struggling to escape.

Entity, roughly 9 meters tall, with hundreds of burning wings. The exact physical count of wings is indiscernible.

Wings appear to vaporize people, sending bright lights up into the sky in their place.

All onlookers appear to be fleeing toward the entity. Men and women make praying gestures towards it, but some seem to be ignored by the entity.

Item 6: Tape 6. Orange VHS tape, overwritten episode of Rocko's Modern Life. No inscriptions. The sky in later half of the tapes is filled with an array of burning circles. The nature of these is not known.

Load

Footage of the previously seen elderly man in yellow robes.

Man: Is it you my friends? [*chuckles*] Oh what a beautiful day it is, yes.

The man takes a moment to write something on parchment, seemingly forgetting about the viewer. He takes several minutes, occasionally looking outside onto a view of the city in its affected state. The man turns to the camera again, looking surprised.

Man: Ah, yes. The Lord comes now for all of his faithful, and for those who at least did no harm, I hope. Hmm. But what can we say for them. I digress.

Man: If you're seeing this, GOOD! If you suffer well through the tribulation, you may just be worthy to serve the Lord our God later in Heaven!

Man: Ah, or you can say to hell with it. There's time for that.

Man: The Lord deems fit to keep me on earth during the troubles, I assume to work these many miracles…

Man gestures to an empty shelf.

[**Feed Ends**]

View of city square, burning figure no longer present.

The floating embryo intercut into the footage is floating in the middle of the town square. People are pleading to it.

David Attenborough narrates.

Attenborough: Here we find the glory of Earth. Earth in all its fruits and intimate sights. Here we find the glory of our fruit as it falls from the tree.

[*Intercut footage of a beehive filled with human embryos.*]

Footage regained of the street, writhing black sacs being pulled into the entity.

Attenborough: …Innermost Siberiaaa-a [Audio distorts].

Two reconnaissance drones are visible in the frame.

Man grabs suitcase, kisses wife, and opens the front door.

His home is revealed to be a floating above an endless multitude of an abstract, fractalized object.

The object grabs him by the leg and pulls him down into itself.

Item 7: Tape 7. Writing in pencil, "I don't know what stopped it."

Load

View of a solitary man wearing a clerk's unform, sitting behind a butcher's counter. He is holding a knife, and seems fearful of something out of camera view. He places the knife over his wrist, and appears to be contemplating suicide for two minutes. The man shakes his head.

A man violently laughing is heard off camera.

The clerk shakes his head, and turns behind him to a large, industrial meat grinder. The clerk continues shaking his head.

Clerk: No!

The clerk powers the meat grinder on, and changes the speed setting slow.

Clerk: Why? Why?

The gears grind more slowly after this.

The clerk grabs his head, screaming. He walks out of camera view and retrieves a bucket. The clerk then disrobes in the middle of the butcher's floor.

Clerk: [*crying*]

The clerk pulls what appear to be sausage casings, most likely lamb intestine, and places the mouth of the intestine over the mouth of the grinder.

The clerk climbs the table, and attempts to place his head in the grinder. He pulls his head away and shakes his head no.

The clerk is extremely distressed and falls to the ground in syncope, or what is assumed to be. He recoveres almost immediately after fainting, and continues.

It may be possible that the clerk does not have control of his body based on his eye movements, and focus on his limbs rather than the grinder.

The clerk places his feet within the grinder.

[Feed ends]

Audio. High pitched, cartoon-like voice.

Voice: Da continuin storiez? of bumbalo birdpipe?

View of the butchers room. The floor is filled with tubed meat, and two feet of sausage casings. The meat begins moving into a singular mass.

The mass quickly transfigures itself into the clerk seen previously. He appears catatonic, but wakes seconds after reforming.

His body begins to move.

Clerk: No! God-

[Feed Ends]

Gas station surveilance footage. The gas station has a clerk and a young woman browsing inside.

A fuming ball of gas and human arms appears in the door. It vocalizes, sounds like a woman crying.

Gas station attendant seems startled, and pulls out a hunting rifle.

A cockroach on a miniature, fully operational motorcycle. Its thorax has been bent over to such an extent the abdomen has been destroyed in what appears to be a successful attempt at piloting the small vehicle into the sunset.

Item 8: Tape 8. VHS tape with white label. Writing "What could have we done?"

Load

Discovery channel footage. A human placenta, orbited by the moon. 2 hours.

Old man in robes, standing behind his desk at the window. The man is nodding slowly.

He turns to the camera and smiles genuinely.

Man: Do not be so soft, the troubles have only just begun.

The man opens a Bible.

Man: Romans, 8:18. "I consider that the sufferings of this present time are as nothing compared with the glory to be revealed for us." What an exciting thought. Meditate on these

words.

Man: [*muttering*] Love is cruel.

Creature similar to a shrew, but covered on its back are reptilian scales, its mouth is elongated with nostrils at the end. It is nibbling a rotten, discarded yogurt container.

Audio **Man:** We're all being born into a cemetery.

Item 9: Tape 9. Writing in pencil, "Find him."

Load

Convoy of ambulances drive into town square followed by fire trucks.

The fire crews unravel their hoses, and begin spraying the residents and the buildings down with fire.

Klaxxons begin sounding. A distant voice is heard over a loud speaker.

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY BROADCAST. IF YOU ARE HEARING THIS RETURN TO YOUR HOMES AND TAKE PROTECTIVE ACTION IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS AN EMERGENCY BROADCAST-

Aerial view of the town. 5 white Mil Mi-28 and one Ka-52 attack helicopter appear in camera view, two carrying between them what appears to be sort sort of explosive. The markings on the device are identical to what Foundation assets in this region may use in such an event. One helicopter leads, and fires a missile at a clearing in front of it.

Fixed, close up view of a 10 meter area on the

ground.

The ground is covered in burning, amorphic masses. What is visible in the frame has been completely altered, composed of entities and phenomena previously seen on the tapes. The camera slowly begins pulling away.

Soldiers, 10 in total, with insignia matching those of MTF Nu-6 and 8, "Tachyon", and "Wetwork", are rappelling down from the helicopters. Several of the soldiers are equipped with portable flamethrowers and grenades in addition to their standard issue rifles. As the visual radius expands, it is revealed that the area is the same town hall square.

A crew begins arming the device while a team sets a perimeter. Members of Nu-8 [DATA EXPUNGED] in preparation. The view from the camera is distant now, three blocks of the downtown is visible.

The camera is suddenly covered by a thin black film. An anthropomorphic creature composed of black liquid appears to have launched itself off of the camera and toward the group. The camera begins to fall. The entity is finally seen being shot, midair, and explodes.

Camera rotates rapidly while in descent. View swings down to reveal the ground; The earth is stretching as if it were organic material. The earth begins to "rip", something similar to television static is visible beneath the seams.

The camera collides with the ground. A human's feet walk into the frame. A young woman holding a garbage can lid and a

machete bends into view to pick it up. She is breathing heavily, watching over her shoulder. She is covered in blood, and black fluid.

[Feed Ends]

Series: `Holy Science`

SCP-3686: Evan Deserves to be Remembered

Item #: SCP-3686

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures:

Original Containment Procedures:

SCP-3686 is to be contained within the security staff quarters of Satellite Office 102. SCP-3686 is to be fitted with a GPS tracker, and stored within a wood and glass flag display case.

Mobile Task Force and Security Personnel may be recruited on a volunteer basis for a rotational roster to possess SCP-3686 within Satellite Office 102. Volunteers desiring to be added to this list can contact Satellite Office 102 security director Sgt. Danvers.

Revised Containment Procedures:

SCP-3686-2 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment chamber at Site-217. SCP-3686 is to fitted with a GPS tracking device, and stored within a wood and glass flag display case.

At this time, no additional testing is required with SCP-3686. Requests to transfer SCP-3686 to a new instance of SCP-3686 are to be denied, without Level 4 approval. In the event of SCP-3686-2's death, SCP-3686 may be passed to a willing host, with Level 4 approval.

Description: SCP-3686 is a burial flag from the United States of America, dated to 2015, which creates a memetic memory construct in anyone who possesses SCP-3686 within certain conditions.

SCP-3686's anomalous effect will only occur if the owner of

SCP-3686 willingly possesses[1] SCP-3686. Testing with security personnel has shown that if SCP-3686 is given to an individual without their knowledge[2], or without willing acceptance of the object[3], its anomalous effect will not manifest and will continue to present to its previous owner. Attempts to relinquish SCP-3686 without a willing recipient have shown to have no effect on SCP-3686's memetic effect. It is hypothesized that if the current owner of SCP-3686 expires, SCP-3686-1's effect would not spread, beyond its usual mechanism.

SCP-3686's specific memory construct is a belief that the current possessor of SCP-3686 had a brother named "Evan" hereafter referred to as SCP-3686-1. Subjects will invariably express that SCP-3686-1 was killed in action while serving in the U.S. Army forces in Afghanistan on October 22, 2015.

SCP-3686-1 has been identified as Evan , brother of PoI-2722 (see attached security report), who was confirmed killed in action on October 22, 2015 in , Afghanistan.

Subjects do not present any other memetic effects, though several subjects report various levels of depression regarding SCP-3686-1. Upon the transfer of SCP-3686 to a new owner, the previous subject loses all knowledge of SCP-3686-1.

At this time, no specific anti-memetic effect regarding SCP-3686-1 has been observed beyond the initial memory erasure. Subjects previously affected by SCP-3686-1 have had no difficulty retaining knowledge of SCP-3686, SCP-3686-1, or being affected by SCP-3686's memetic effect upon subsequent possession of SCP-3686.

Addendum - December 17, 2019
SCP-3686-2 has shown signs of significant changes in personality, memory, and behavior, due to the effects of SCP-3686. At this time, SCP-3686-2 believes itself to be PoI-2722. The earliest detection of this effect was October 2018, with the effect intensifying as SCP-3686-2 continued to be exposed to SCP-3686.

At this time, it is beleived that the removal of SCP-3686 (either through the acceptance by a willing host, or through anti-memetic or

amnestic treatments) would result in significant emotional and potentially physiological damage to SCP-3686-2. Foundation Psychiatric and Neurological assessments have advised against attempting to remove SCP-3686 at this time.

Due to this condition, SCP-3686-2's containment shall remain indefinite, and SCP-3686 is not to be given to any other personnel hereafter.

PoI-2722 was re-acquired by the Foundation on / / , and questioned regarding the intensification of SCP-3686's effect. PoI-2722 refuted any intention for SCP-3686 to cause harm to SCP-3686-2, or personnel in general. Interrogation was conducted using Class-A, B, and C veritants, which confirmed these statements. PoI-2722 was placed to a psychiatric facility under Foundation control for observation, following interrogation. PoI-2722's specific whereabouts and activities can be found in Document-P-2722-OF.

Addendum: Internal Security Report - October 22, 2017

Prepared by the Department of Internal Security

Reporter:

Sgt. Danvers, Chief of Security, Satellite Office 102

Date of Report

October 22, 2017

Incident

PoI approached Foundation assets

Summary:

On October 22, 2017, PoI-2722 approached a Foundation satellite office, and walked in requesting to speak with Foundation Personnel. PoI-2722 was identified as a former member of the group known as Are We Cool Yet? and was detained. PoI-2722 was interviewed below:

Interviewers: Dr. Stephens, Sgt. Danvers standing by as security

BEGIN LOG

PoI-2722: You guys are Foundation right?

Dr. Stephens: How do you know about the Foundation?

PoI-2722: Does it goddamned matter? Are you, or not?

Dr. Stephens radios to a Level-4 Staff member.

Dr. Stephens: Yes. We are Foundation personnel.

PoI-2722: Okay. Okay, good. I want you to have this.

PoI-2722 withdraws SCP-3686 slowly from their backpack. Security staff level their weapons.

PoI-2722: Whoa. It's not gonna make you crazy, or do anything insane. It's just a flag. It… it's got an anomaly or whatever you call it, but I want you guys to contain it.

Dr. Stephens: I don't understand. Why bring this to us?

PoI-2722 became visibly distressed, and struggled to maintain their composure.

PoI-2722: Please. I don't—. *PoI-2722 pauses for several moments.* I just can't deal with it anymore, but he should be remembered…I just can't. It's not harmful. Or even really anart… I just… someone should remember him. He was a good brother, and he just—. He wanted to serve his country so *badly*. I wanted to tell him no, but he…
PoI-2722 began to cry, and could not continue the conversation at this point. The director of security for Satellite Office 102 steps forward into the camera frame.

Sgt. Danvers: Which branch, son?

PoI-2722 regains their composure enough to continue.

PoI-2722: Army.

Sgt. Danvers walks forward to the table, and picks up SCP-3686. Upon picking up SCP-3686, he stiffens for several seconds. His eyes come to rest on SCP-3686 in his hands, and can be observed to begin crying. PoI-2722 visibly relaxes, calming down significantly.

Dr. Stephens: Are you okay Sergeant?

Sgt. Danvers: Yeah, I just…I forgot today was when Evan was KIA. Let's wrap this up Doc, I've got a bottle of something put away.

PoI-2722: So what now? I get shoved in to some dark hole, where I'm never heard from again?

Dr. Stephens looks from Sgt. Danvers to

PoI-2722 several times.

Dr. Stephens: Ahh. I see. Danvers, before you head off duty, please take this young man to outbound processing.

END LOG

PoI-2722 was administered class A Amnestics, and released. A Foundation tracking team was assigned to monitor PoI-2722 in the future. To date, no further anomalous activity has been observed by PoI-2722.

Final Summary

The security staff, and myself will take on SCP-3686 on a rotational basis. Dr. Stephens doesn't agree with my assessment completely but understands why we'd rather just keep the thing contained in the security quarters. Protocol of course dictates that no contact be made with the object at all, but the kid's brother deserves better than that.

Addendum: Internal Security Report - November 19, 2017

Prepared by the Department of Internal Security

Reporter:

Lt. Michael McIntyre

Date of Report

Nov 19, 2017

Incident

Compromise of Foundation Assets

Summary

Following the report by Sgt. Danvers on Oct. 22, 2017, it was determined that an anomaly had compromised Satellite Office 102. Foundation agents were dispatched to apprehend Sgt. Danvers at Satellite Office 102. At this time, there are no other significant Foundation assets at Satellite Office 102, and it is recommended that Satellite Office 102 be shut down.

Dr. DiChiara and Lt. McIntyre were dispatched from Site-217 in order to determine the cause of the breach, and how to prevent further breaches.

Attached is the interview with Sgt. Danvers. At the time, one of his subordinates (Pvt. Kadesh) was the subject of SCP-3686 (hereafter properly designated as SCP-3686-2).

Interviewers: Dr. DiChiara, Lt. McIntyre

BEGIN LOG

Dr. DiChiara: Sergeant, tell us why exactly you decided to leave a skip uncontained?

Sgt. Danvers: It wasn't uncontained. Did you read the initial report? Procedures were in place, and are being followed to the letter. I believe Kadesh is currently in rotation.

Dr. DiChiara: We did. We don't agree with your containment procedures, and especially

the flippant attitude exposing Foundation personnel to an anomaly without cause.

Sgt. Danvers: Of course there's cause. SCP-3686-1 doesn't deserve to be forgotten. Kadesh volunteered like the rest of us.

Dr. DiChiara: Regardless of the voluntary nature of this exposure, why is that a priority? Containment is your first priority Sergeant.

Sgt. Danvers appears agitated at this question.

Sgt. Danvers: Is that a joke? Do you think this kid just deserves to be forgotten?

Dr. DiChiara: I'm not sure I understand.

Sgt. Danvers: We have a chance here to contain a skip, and not let a fallen soldier be forgotten. That's worth a little insecurity.

Dr. DiChiara: Now I'm sure that I do not understand.

Lt. McIntyre: I think I see why you did this. You felt that the loss of security was worth this soldier not being "forgotten" as you put it?

Sgt. Danvers: Exactly. We've lost enough men and women in that sandpit, none of them deserve to be just…forgotten, the only remnant of them locked in a damn hole.

Dr. DiChiara: No one is forgetting the existence of SCP-3686-1. The records are clear that he was Killed in Action, the U.S. Army records are clear.

Sgt. Danvers makes several gestures with his hands, attempting to explain.

Sgt. Danvers: It's not the same, you don't understand.

Lt. McIntyre: I think I see what's going on here. This is…something that is common for United States soldiers who are killed in action?

Sgt. Danvers: You can put it that way, I guess. I don't…it's not that easy to explain.

Lt. McIntyre: Doctor, a moment?

Lt. McIntyre and Dr. DiChiara exit the room, and consult for several minutes. They return, and re-seat themselves at the table.

Lt. McIntyre: Sergeant, I think I understand why you did this. There was little risk of containment breach, and you felt this was important? Important enough to ignore protocol?

Sgt. Danvers: Precisely.

Lt. McIntyre: I think we may have an alternate solution for you.

Final Summary

Sgt. Danvers was offered the chance to become the permanent SCP-3686-2, and be put in to containment. Sgt. Danvers agreed, with the condition that upon his retirement from The Foundation, or his inability to serve as SCP-3686-2, SCP-3686 is to be transferred to a new host. This was considered acceptable to Level 4 staff, and Sgt. Danvers was officially designated SCP-3686-2.

On a more personal note, this entire situation could have been avoided. It is my recommendation at this time to adopt a policy

of multi-cultural directorship of incoming anomalies in order to avoid cultural bias towards containment and acceptable safety measures.

Footnotes
1. Defined as consciously considering themselves the owner of SCP-3686. Distance from SCP-3686 has shown no change in this effect.
2. Testing with security personnel involved placing SCP-3686 inside of footlockers, and personal effects. SCP-3686's memetic effect was not observed to occur in these cases.
3. Testing with security staff involving the refusal to accept SCP-3686 did not show its memetic effect in the unwilling recipient of SCP-3686.

SCP-3688: You Can Dance If You Want To

An Agent performing SCP-3688. Face blurred at their request.

Item #: SCP-3688

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Any discovered historical data pertaining to SCP-3688 is to be retrieved by Foundation personnel, and any civilians aware of its existence are to be amnesticised.

Any active members of a Mobile Task Force and any Foundation personnel ranked Level 3 or higher should be given the opportunity to learn SCP-3688, though doing so is optional.

Description: SCP-3688 is a series of kinetoglyphs[1] that, when performed in sequence and with a sufficient degree of accuracy, causes the performer to become functionally invincible for the duration. This invincibility is achieved via the violation of a number of fundamental principles of physics. Many of the movements required involve the whole body, and have been described as "rhythmic" and "energetic".

The movements required by SCP-3688 for successful activation of its properties are complex (approximately 85% of Foundation personnel attempting to learn SCP-3688 have been unable to execute it successfully), but are structured in such a way that once started they can be repeated indefinitely. Successful activation of SCP-3688 begins once the first nine to ten seconds of the sequence has been accurately completed, and can then be continued for as long as the performer is able. No method of stopping a performer of SCP-3688 against their will has been found, though bodily functions and requirements for sustenance are not affected by the process.

The following are excerpts from the full SCP-3688 testing log, performed on individuals confirmed to be actively and successfully

performing SCP-3688.

> **Test:** Application of blunt force using a wooden baseball bat.
> **Result:** No effect. In cases where the bat intercepted a moving part of the performer's body, the bat was deflected without apparent effort. Bat eventually broke following successive impacts.

> **Test:** Attempted restraint of performer via wall-mounted steel chains.
> **Result:** As soon as the chains were affixed to the performer, they were forcibly torn from their wall mounts by the motions required by SCP-3688. Continued motion caused the chains to entangle the performer, at which point they snapped.

> **Test:** Collision of a remotely-piloted utility vehicle travelling at 70km/h with performer.
> **Result:** The vehicle was split in two at the collision point as its momentum carried it into and beyond the performer, who was unaffected by the impact. Remaining wreckage was displaced as it intersected the movements of the performer.

Project Marqod

> *In concert with the Department of Thaumatology, the Artistic Anomalies Department and the Department of Kinetography, we have, functionally speaking, been able to reverse-engineer SCP-3688. We still don't know why it works, but we do know how to develop additional kinetoglyphic sets that we believe, when properly deployed in the field, will be of great use to the Foundation.*
>
> *SCP-3688 Senior Researcher Dr. Nian Shan*

Project Marqod is an ongoing multi-departmental effort to develop new kinetoglyphic sets and to train Foundation agents in their use. To that end, **`Mobile Task Force Sigma-2`** ("No Friends Of

Mine") has been formed from agents possessing the necessary levels of coordination and agility to perform the manoeuvres in the kinds of scenarios that field teams frequently find themselves.

Due to the high success rate of Sigma-2, authorisation has been given to increase the scope of the project. Additional resources have been granted for the further development of new kinetoglyphs and additional recruitment is ongoing, though finding willing participants with the necessary physical performance experience has proven difficult.

Following is a list of kinetoglyphic sets in which MTF Sigma-2 agents are currently trained.

Designation	Effect	Notes
SCP-3688	Personal invincibility for the duration of the performance.	The originally discovered set from which the others are derived. Colloquially referred to by Sigma-2 agents as the "Safety Dance".
PMK-01	Generates a spherical field of a radius equal to the combined height of the performers, through which no energy or matter can pass.	Requires two performers simultaneously enacting the necessary movements to function.
PMK-02	Creates a mobile temporal distortion field centralised on the performer, causing them to experience time more slowly.	Magnitude of the effect is related to how long (in base time) the kinetoglyph is performed for, and lasts for approximately 60 seconds once the performance is complete. Outside observers see the performer moving at

		increasingly high speeds.
PMK-03	Enhances the senses of the performer for approximately one minute following the conclusion of the set.	Possesses a vocal component which must be performed in sequence with the movements for the kinetoglyph to function. The vocal component is painful to those already under the effect of PMK-03.
PMK-04	Manifests physical duplicates of the performer.	No known upper limit on the number of manifested duplicates, but each duplicate is integrated into the movements required to continue the kinetoglyph, exponentially increasing its complexity. Duplicates are controlled directly by the original performer, and exist for approximately one hour. Currently observed maximum number of duplicates manifested is seven.
PMK-05	Annihilates all solid matter within the target area.	The most complex of the developed sets, requiring five performers moving in perfect synchronicity. The target is defined as the pentagonal area formed by the positions of the

	performers, covering a height of approximately 20m. Only successfully used twice, once during testing and once during incident 3688-1 (the "West Side Incident").

Footnotes

1.Kinetoglyphs, or kinetohazards, are physical and mental anomalous effects that occur when an entity performs specific motions and gestures.

SCP-3689: The Seat of Criticism

SCP-3689. Photographed by Agent Dashing after the retrieval of a subject.

Item #: SCP-3689

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the rarity of SCP-3689, containment efforts are to be focused on ensuring the confidentiality of SCP-3689. Research efforts into SCP-3689 are also not advised, due to the high amount of resources required in order for consistent testing to be remotely feasible.

Foundation personnel is to monitor all functioning trains of the MTR Corporation Ltd. in order to detect an SCP-3689 activation event. In the event that a case has been confirmed, a small cleanup crew is to be notified to retrieve the affected individual to Site-202 for questioning. The affected individual is to be administered a Class-B amnestic afterward and released.

Foundation agents have been embedded in the MTR Corporation Ltd. in order to facilitate the removal of SCP-3689 from the trains of the aforementioned public transport network or, failing that, the purchase of new trains of different models.

Any discovery of anomalous effects similar to SCP-3689 outside of Hong Kong is to be immediately notified to the current Director of Site-202 (Currently Director Yeung).

Description: SCP-3689 is a standard Priority Seat[1] on any standard train of the MTR Corporation Limited, regardless of model. Other than the potential manifestation of SCP-3689, the trains have no anomalous effects. Trains of the same model employed by other metro service providers possess no anomalous effects.

SCP-3689's anomalous effect may occur when an individual in their

late teens to early 30s sits on SCP-3689[2], hereby referred to as "the subject". SCP-3689's anomalous effect occurs after 10 seconds of the subject sitting, manifesting once the subject has blinked. The subjects described themselves as having been transported to a giant stage, facing a crowd of large size in subsequent interviews. They are then submitted to a “struggle session”[3], hereby designated SCP-3689-1.

+ Show characteristics of SCP-3689-1

While SCP-3689-1 has an unknown number of variations, all interviews with affected subjects have showed that the event has several characteristics, such as:

- Movement restricted by some form of detainment gear, ranging from hemp ropes to an object similar to SCP-[RESTRICTED TO LEVEL 4 PERSONNEL OR ABOVE] (64/64)[4]
- A crowd of over 5000*(approx)* being present (64/64)
- Being antagonized by the crowd (64/64)
- Pictures of the subject being displayed at the venue (64/64)
- An object being thrown at the subject (64/64)
- Being dragged through the crowd (64/64)
- Being physically assaulted (64/64)
- Being forced to "admit to their sins" by the crowd (64/64)
- Constant lighting, even if the venue is outdoors. (64/64)
- Chanting “Down with [name of subject]” rhythmically by the crowd throughout the event. (64/64)
- Crude posters and banners at the venue. (64/64) The contents of the banners/posters usually translates to[5]:
    - “Down with [name of subject]” (49/64)
    - “Repent for substantial sin” (45/64)
    - “Protect the Priority Seat with our blood and

strength” (44/64).

- Mandarin Chinese being spoken. (53/64)
- Being stripped of clothing. (47/64)

+ Show Event Log for POI 3689-11

The following event log was documented from the hypnosis of the 11th subject, designated POI 3689-11, and with the use of Procedure 3969-04[6]

Researcher in charge: *Researcher Norman*.
Date: / /10
Time of event: **32:11:38**

00:00:00: Subject is teleported to SCP-3689-1. Subject is on a stage and is facing a crowd of approx. 10000 people.

00:00:02: Crowd starts to chant “Down with [NAME REDACTED]” in Mandarin.

00:05:12: A person on the stage, holding a mic, starts to yell at POI 3689-11, stating that she is “human scum”, and kicks her.

00:05:13: Crowd cheers.

00:05:16: Other people on stage begin kicking POI 3689-11.

00:07:09: Kicking stops.

00:07:10: POI 3689-11 is accused of “committing the serious atrocity of misusing the Priority Seat” by several people on stage.

00:07:13: POI 3689-11 attempts to defend herself by stating that she had been experiencing Menstrual Cramps, and was feeling uncomfortable.

00:07:14: POI 3689-11 is cut off by the crowd booing.

00:07:20: Mic holder accuses POI 3689-11 of lying and proceeds to punch her.

00:07:47: Punching stops. Chanting of “Down with [NAME REDACTED]” resumes.

00:41:36: Chanting stops. A person holding a piece of paper enters the stage.

00:42:00: Person reads from the paper, a list of “sins” committed by POI 3689-11.

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

01:11:44: Reading of the list stops. Crowd demands POI 3689-11 admit to her sins.

01:11:45: POI 3689-11 admits to her sins.

01:11:49: Crowd cheers.

01:11:52: Chanting of “Down with [NAME REDACTED]” resumes.

01:13:41: A person from the stage forcibly removes clothing of POI 3689-11.

01:15:12: Clothing of POI 3689-11 is burned on stage.

01:15:32: Burned clothing is used to burn POI 3689-11. 1st degree burns caused. POI 3689-11 starts screaming.

01:15:36: A person on stage and holding a knife threatens to cut of POI 3689-11's mouth. POI 3689-11 stops screaming.

01:15:52: Chanting of “Down with [NAME

REDACTED]" resumes.

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

03:24:04: POI 3689-11, naked at the time, is dragged through the crowd. People that she passes through occasionally spit on her.

03:32:38: Dragging of POI 3689-11 stops. A circle of people is formed around her.

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

07:22:11: Beating stops.

07:22:15: POI 3689-11 is dragged again.

07:56:36: Dragging of POI 3689-11 stops at a farm.

07:57:10: POI 3689-11 is thrown into a pigpen. Crowd chants "Protect the Priority Seat with our blood and strength".

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

21:48:48: POI 3689-11 is dragged to a different location.

22:47:08: Dragging of POI 3689-11 stops.

22:47:11: A person attaches two jumper cables to POI 3689-11.

22:48:49: POI 3689-11 is electrocuted. Muscle spasms from POI 3689-11 is seen.

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

25:20:12: Crowd chants "Break the head of [NAME REDACTED]".

[EXTRAVAGANT LOGS REMOVED]

31:13:59: Crowd chants “All hail the great Priority Seat”.

32:11:38: POI 3689-11 is transported back to SCP-3689.

SCP-3689-1, captured by hypnosis of POI 3689-20 and usage of Procedure 3969-04.

SCP-3689-1 lasts between 20 to 45 hours, determined by how early the subject complies with the crowd in SCP-3689-1. However, it is hypothesized that the struggle session may potentially last for an indefinite amount of time, assuming that the subject does not comply while in SCP-3689-1.

SCP-3689-1 has been noted to end abruptly in all cases, and the subject is transported back to the train. CCTV footage shows no change in the subject’s location. All wounds sustained by the subject within SCP-3689 are healed.

This shows that SCP-3689 either possess some degree of temporal anomalous effect or simply causes hallucinations. Whatever it is, we don't have any proper way of finding out.
-Dr. Norman

As of this writing, there have been 64 documented instances since documentation began on 19/12/2009, or about 1 in 4’430’000 passengers.

SCP-3689's anomalous effect was discovered on 22/11/2009 when Foundation webcrawlers detected a mention of a "criticism seat" on the website forum. .com, where an individual described his experience of SCP-3689. A task force from Site-202 was sent to Hong Kong to investigate, which coincided with the second case of SCP-3689. Both individuals were interviewed and subsequently amnesticized.

Addendum 3689.1

While no conclusive pattern has been drawn from SCP-3689's criteria for activation[7], due to the extremely small sample size,

individuals with certain characteristics have a disproportionally higher probability of activating SCP-3689's anomalous effects.

Characteristics include:

- One or more recovering injuries that are not visible, but directly affects the individual's ability to stand for extended periods of time.
- Pregnancy between 1 to 4 months. Note that all individuals were aware of their pregnancy at the time.
- Menstrual Cramps
- Lack of sleep
- Exhaustion

As much as I would like to properly test this out, we don't have the resources or time to test it. Whether 3689 truly is a sentient entity that has an odd definition of "people in need" and jumps to conclusions way too quickly may remain a mystery.
-Dr. Cheng

Addendum 3689.2

On / /17, the 54th subject(designated POI 3689-54) was retrieved with a flyer, which was thrown towards her by the crowd within SCP-3689-1. POI 3689-54 was 3 months pregnant at the time and was suffering from Arthritis, a disease that affects joint movement.

+ Show contents of flyer

The following was translated from Simplified Chinese to English by Dr. Cheng.

[NAME REDACTED] must be condemned! [NAME REDACTED] has disgraced our mighty Priority Seat by sitting without meeting any of the criteria! Is she old? No! Is she pregnant? No! Is she carrying a baby? No! Is she injured? No!

[NAME REDACTED] has clearly shown a lack

of respect for the elderly, pregnant women, or the disabled! We must castigate her for a thousand years!

[NAME REDACTED] not only lacked any respect for the aforementioned groups, she is also a lying (bad woman)! She claimed that she was pregnant and that she was suffering from "Arthritis"! Lies! We can't possibly be wrong! Is her belly swelled? Does she have (bandages/plasters) on her legs? No! She was clearly lying and deserves to have her lying mouth fed to pigs and dogs!

People! [NAME REDACTED] has constantly lied and has shown serious selfishness! She will be adjudged by the masses for the next millennia! Her unwillingness to repent for her numerous lies have only caused her to be sunken into damnation for generations to come! This lying bitch is not pregnant, nor injured! We must criticize her until she (starts to smell)!

Protect the Priority Seat with our blood and strength! Long live the Priority Seat! May the Priority Seat punish those who are unworthy of sitting!

Down with [NAME REDACTED]!

POI 3689-54 was subsequently amnesticized without incident. The flyer was determined to be non-anomalous after testing and was placed in Locker 305 of Site-202.

Footnotes
1. Certain transport operators set up priority seats to allow elderly, disabled, pregnant women and the injured to ride public transport with the same degree of comfort.
2. The current age range for all documented subjects is 15 to 33, although due to the small sample size, whether SCP-3689 is truly

limited to a specific age range is currently unknown.
3. A form of public humiliation and torture used by the Communist Party of China in the Mao Zedong era, particularly during the Cultural Revolution, to shape public opinion and to humiliate, persecute, or execute political rivals and class enemies.
4. (X/Y), where X is the number of subjects affected, and Y is the total amount of subjects.
5. The content of the banners is not limited to the following, and this list only lists the most common contents.
6. Procedure 3969-04 is an experimental procedure designed as an alternative method of recording dreams. Due to the infeasibility of testing with designated Foundation personnel, use of Procedure 3969-04 was authorized in order to obtain reliable information on SCP-3689.
7. With the notable exception of the aforementioned age limit.

SCP-3690: Abdominal Pains

Item #: SCP-3690

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: 1 D-class host is to be maintained for SCP-3690's continued survival. Meals should consist primarily of liquid substitutions rather than solid food, due to the pain of attempting to digest solid food. While flares are not occuring, the host should be treated with 5-10mg of colchicine and 145-290mcg of linaclotide, depending on their weight. During flares, analgesia and NSAIDs should be added to the medication regime. When host requires administration of life support systems, suicide watch is to be implemented. 24-hour surveillance of the host is to be implemented following the events of 09/ 02.

A population of *Ixodes scapularis* is to be kept on-site to implement efficient infection of a new host after the current one expires. Areas which the black-legged tick inhabits are to be monitored for unknown autoimmune conditions. Any parasites that are found in the wild are to be surgically removed and incinerated, and a cover story explaining the death of the host is to be disseminated to the next of kin. Due to the medical complications inherent in SCP-3690 infection, and the specific criteria for infection, infections are easily spotted and contained before they become pandemic.

Description: SCP-3690 is a parasitic organism that replaces the human large intestine. Outside of the human body, an instance of SCP-3690 most closely resembles a human large intestine, suffering from varying severity of inflammation. 13 pairs of prolegs on the underside of the body permit limited movement of the parasite, and allow it to attach itself to the inside of the coelum. Fleshy inclusions in the faux-intestinal lining occur at random intervals along the parasite's body, which serve to store excess host blood which the parasite absorbs. When these are full, SCP-3690 can survive for up to 6 months without a host before expiring from starvation. Surgical

removal of the parasite is possible, but always fatal to the host. The human autoimmune system reacts unfavorably to the presence of SCP-3690, causing periodic flares, usually once every month. Additionally, T-cells attack the parasite itself, resulting in ulceration within the parasite. This autoimmune response damages SCP-3690's ability to replace the functions of the large intestine, and can even kill the parasite if not properly treated.

The primary symptoms of the active parasite are moderate to severe abdominal pain, ulcers in the small intestine, diarrhea mixed with blood and mucus, lack of appetite, nausea, vomiting[1], weight loss, anemia[2], and a mild fever measured at 38 to 39 °C. Occasionally, SCP-3690 will slightly change position within the body; this is not painful, but often causes distress in the host. These symptoms are continually present even outside of flares. With proper maintenance, hosts can survive for as long as healthy, non-anomalous humans, although the quality of life is greatly reduced. Colchicine treatment slightly improves these symptoms, along with suppressing attacks. The exact way in which colchicine suppresses flares is unclear, but the improvement of symptoms along with flare suppression markedly improves quality of life. Even with colchicine treatment, however, the quality of life will continue to worsen over time until they require constant medical attention. Even with proper maintenance, the host may spend several decades confined to the bed before they finally expire.

Flares develop over 2–4 hours and can last anywhere from 6 hours to 2 weeks. During a flare, the entire abdomen is affected with all signs of peritonitis, acute inflammation of the small intestine, and acute abdominal pain. Additionally, bowel movements are accompanied by painful abdominal cramping. Prolonged parasitic exposure causes flares to also induce pleuritis; pre-existing conditions can reduce the exposure time necessary for pleuritis to occur. The fleshy inclusions on SCP-3690 break the outer layer of its skin during flares, releasing the stored blood into the coelum. The purpose of this is unclear. These flares are by their nature self-limiting, but require analgesia and NSAIDs[3] to treat the resulting symptoms. Left untreated, the chronic flares will cause the patient to weaken and expire over a long period of time as their joints and digestive system incur more damage than the body is capable of

healing.

The parasite is transmitted through the observation of tick bites, specifically the bites of *Ixodes scapularis*, but only after an instance has fed on a host already infected with the parasite. Due to the relative inconspicuousness of tick bites when not affected by Lyme disease, SCP-3690 is often transmitted by a bite which displays the characteristics of Lyme disease. During the next REM sleep cycle, an instance of SCP-3690 will manifest in the coelum of the new host. It consumes the entirety of the large intestine, and attaches itself by its mouthparts to the ileocecal valve, where it feeds off of the host's blood while acting as a non-anomalous large intestine. It will continue to do so until the host expires. Once SCP-3690 can no longer feed, it will detach itself, exit the host through the digestive system, and attempt to locate a new host. However, due to the fact that SCP-3690 has no way to enter the coelum of a new host, it can only attach itself to the outside of the human body. After 36 hours outside of a host, or after the blood reserves have been depleted, SCP-3690 will vanish completely. It is unknown as to where SCP-3690 departs to, or where it manifests from upon infection.

The first instance of SCP-3690 was discovered in , , after routine record-checking of the state hospitals uncovered a patient suffering from an unknown autoimmune condition. Medical scanning revealed the presence of SCP-3690, and the host was quarantined pending SCP designation. When the host's child began displaying similar symptoms, the entire family was brought into containment. Surgical intervention on the younger host proved unsuccessful, but provided new information about the parasite. The removed parasite survived for 6 months before finally vanishing. An analysis of the symptoms displayed by the host of SCP-3690 compared with lists of patients with unidentified autoimmune disorders revealed several other infectees, with a statistical imbalance towards doctors and families in areas where Lyme disease is common. Interviews revealed that the infectees had not necessarily been infected with Lyme themselves, but had observed the bite of someone who had.

Prolonged D-class testing was approved on 01/ / 97.

+ Host Interview 11/ / 01

Interviewed: D-15756

Interviewer: Dr. Bradley

<Begin Log>

Dr. Bradley: On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your pain level, D-15756?

D-15756: Eleven.

Dr. Bradley: Please take this seriously, D-15756.

D-15756: I'm the one being murdered by my intestines. I hurt. I'm fucking tired of hurting. If this interview is going to convince you bastards to help us stop hurting, I'll take it as seriously as a death sentence. It's an eleven. Go on, write that down.

Dr. Bradley: If you continue to be hostile, we will move on to the next D-class.

D-15756: You want to know what this is like? You want to *fucking* know what this is like? It's hell. I throw up blood. I shit out blood. I think I bleed more than is in my actual fucking body! I-

[D-15756 begins retching]

Dr. Bradley: Please calm down, D-15756.

[D-15756 manages to get himself under control, and takes a deep breath]

D-15756: Fuck you. And fuck you for telling me to calm down. You don't get to fucking look down your nose and condescend at me because I *dared* to tell you that I'm in fucking pain all the time. You're not the one in pain all

the time.

[D-15756 suppresses a sob]

Dr. Bradley: D-15656, please-

D-15756: You don't wallow in your own blood and shit and vomit until someone comes around to clean you up. You don't smell like the backside of a morgue. You don't look in the fucking mirror and barely recognize yourself because you're dying too slowly to actually die. You don't cry every time you have to get up to take a *piss* because your legs feel like they're from some porcelain fucking doll. You don't bawl your eyes out because you're shitting out blood, you've been shitting out clumps of blood and mucus and nothing else for years now, and you're going to keep shitting out blood and mucus in the most painful way possible until it *fucking* kills you.

[D-15756 begins shouting]

D-15756: You don't get pitied one moment and then treated like shit the next because how *dare* I be unable to do things when my fucking intestines are trying to fucking kill me! How *dare* I ever tell one of you fuckers that I *hurt*! How dare I-!

Dr. Bradley: I believe we're done here. Security! Please take this one away, and bring in the next host.

<End Log>

+ Research Program Log

01/ / 97: D-class subjects infected by having them observe an infected tick bite.

06/ / **97:** D-15756 attempts suicide. Containment procedures updated to include suicide prevention procedures.

07/ / **97:** NSAIDS tested for their usage in reduction of pain and inflammation. This is the first successful medication regimen to alleviate some of the symptoms of SCP-3690 infection.

09/ / **97:** Therapy sessions deemed ineffective in reducing suicide attempts or host distress. Therapy discontinued.

03/ / **98:** D-14925 suffers from septic shock caused by prolonged inflammation of the small intestine trapping intestinal contents in close proximity to intestinal ulcers. SCP-3690 released a chemical similar in structure to vancomycin as soon as sepsis occurred. Septic shock was not prevented; however, the host did not expire. Hosts are now to be medicated with linaclotide to prevent sepsis during flares.

05/ / **98:** D-16742, a vegan, expires due to malnutrition. It is discovered that SCP-3690 is less effective than a non-anomalous large intestine at properly absorbing the nutrients of vegetable proteins. Host diets altered to maximize parasite health.

04/ / **99:** Multivitamin regimen started, due to poor nutrient absorption while recovering from flares. Liquid dietary replacements tested.

05/ / **99:** Liquid dietary replacements discovered to be easier on SCP-3690 and hosts, but not currently able to replace a full diet. However, as the liquid replacements were less likely to induce vomiting or other gastrointestinal distress, they were cleared for

use in combination with an increased multivitamin regimen.

11/ / **99:** D-15756 attempts suicide by medication overdose. The SCP-3690 instance induces vomiting immediately. Careful testing reveals that ingested poisons are vomited back up again, or neutralized if vomiting cannot be induced. Testing on poisoning ended due to increased host distress. Suicide prevention protocols adjusted.

05/ / **00:** All hosts permanently bedridden. Suicide prevention protocols adjusted.

07/ / **01:** Suicide attempts prevented by current protocols breaks the triple-digits. D-15756 alone has made attempts.

09/ / **02:** D-15756 used eating utensils to commit murder-suicide of himself and the rest of the bedridden subjects in the 3690 containment area. Security increased and stricter suicide prevention protocols implemented. New hosts infected with SCP-3690.

11/ / **05:** Colchicine treatment was discovered to increase quality of life in D-class subjects. Colchicine approved for use in the research program.

01/ / **15:** It was determined that the excess of hosts was unnecessary to containment and research. D-class program downsized to 1 host, and excess parasites incinerated.

04/ / **17:** D-18213, the host of the contained instance of SCP-3690 at that time, was found to have expired during the night. A post-mortem autopsy discovered that SCP-3690

was no longer in the host's digestive system, and that the cause of death was shock and internal bleeding caused by the sudden lack of a large intestine. A search of Site- was conducted, and after 18 hours, SCP-3690 was found in the crawlspace accessing the plumbing system, having gotten trapped in a roach motel during its escape. SCP-3690 was recovered and incinerated, and a new host infected. It is unclear at this time as to what motivated SCP-3690 to attempt to relocate itself.

Footnotes
1. To the point where long periods of time may go between the host consuming any substantial solid food.
2. Anemia induced by the parasite does not require blood transfusions unless other disorders are present.
3. Such as diclofenac.

SCP-3692: the notebook

Welcome to the SCP Foundation Secure Intranet (SFSI)

Loading…

Loading…

Please enter your credentials below:

$ **JRhodes@foundation.net** | InTheVillaOf_Ørmen

Warning: Impersonating a site-wide administrator is punishable by prejudiced termination. To ensure that your identity matches the account above, please follow the instructions on your personal authenticator in the next 60 seconds.

> Hello Doctor. An attempt to login to your account has been made. If this is you, firmly press thumb down onto the opposite face of this device. You may feel a slight pinch.
> …
> …
> … DNA confirmed.

Authentication: Confirmed.

Welcome, Doctor Rhodes, to SFSI. What would you like to do?

$ access SCP-3692

Very well. Which version of this SCP entry would you like

to view? The options are listed below (options with a green “O” are permitted for access and edit with your level of security clearance):

Security_Clearance_0 **O** | Security_Clearance_1 **O** | Security_Clearance_2 **O**

Security_Clearance_3 **O** | Security_Clearance_4 **O** | Security_Clearance_5 **X**

$ Security Clearance 2

I’m sorry, I did not understand your query. Please try again. Which version of this SCP entry would you like to view?

$ Security_Clearance_2

Accepted. Displaying SCP-3692.Security_Clearance_2 below:

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL 2/3692 CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WITHOUT

LEVEL 2/3692 AUTHORIZATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

SCP-3692

Item #: SCP-3692

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3692 is to be contained inside a secured and sealed chamber at Site- . The current instance of SCP-3692-1 is to be likewise restricted to this same chamber, along with necessary accompaniments (as detailed in Document 3692-1). There may only be one means of entrance or egress to this room, leading to an intermediary room between SCP-3692's room and the rest of Site- . Each week, a package of food, water, a change of simple cotton clothes, and 3 ballpoint pens are to be left in the intermediary room. The trash produced by SCP-3692-1 must be examined for pieces of SCP-3692, which are to be stored in a storage locker. This locker may only be unlocked with direct approval of Senior Researcher Rhodes. Examination and storage may only be conducted through mechanical means that do not contain a visual/electromagnetic component. All other articles of waste are to be incinerated.

On either side of this central room must be other directly adjacent chambers, each populated with a single D-Class personnel. At all times, one of these D-Class personnel must be the closest living human to SCP-3692-1; neither may be made aware of the purpose of their proximal containment to SCP-3692. Each room is to be made identical to other D-class holding cells. Every 30 days, these D-Class personnel must be rotated with two more D-Class personnel. Each day, a thorough search is to be made of these cells and of the D-Class contained within, by no less than two guards. Afterwards, these guards are to search each other thoroughly. If, during any of these searches, SCP-3692 is discovered, the

personnel in possession of SCP-3692 is designated SCP-3692-1 and will replace quarters with the previous SCP-3692-1, now designated SCP-3692-2. SCP-3692-2 is to be moved to a medical unit for observation and necessary care.

Description: SCP-3692 is a small black notebook, visually indistinguishable from a Moleskine brand classic hardcover notebook, measuring 1.2 x 21 x 12.5 cm, with 192 pages contained within. There is visible wear on the notebook - the edges of front and back cover are mildly worn, the elastic band meant to keep the book closed missing, and the included bookmark frayed at the end. The contents of SCP-3692 are not to be known.

The current person in possession of SCP-3692 (designated SCP-3692-1) will be psychologically compelled to write at least once a day in the notebook. SCP-3692-1 will express extreme distress if they are incapable of writing in SCP-3692 for whatever reason, becoming increasingly hysterical up to and through the point wherein SCP-3692-A is triggered. If SCP-3692-1 does not write in SCP-3692 for a period of 24 hours, an SCP-3692-A event is triggered. If SCP-3692-1 has been in possession of SCP-3692, and been writing daily and diligently in the notebook for an indeterminate period no longer than 192 days, a SCP-3692-A event will likewise occur. While the current owner of SCP-3692, SCP-3692-1 will experience a gradual decline in mental state, manifesting symptoms aligning with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, Dissociative Identity Disorder, Bipolar Type II Disorder, Gender Dysphoria, Generalized Anxiety Disorder, among others. Prior to acquisition, this coincided with a degradation in social status and overall interpersonal likeability. No correlation has been observed between SCP-3692-1's initial mental fortitude and the duration of its position as SCP-3692-1. SCP-3692-1 will not express particular distaste for its containment, finding SCP-3692 itself as a satisfactory pastime.

SCP-3692-A events pose the primary threat to containment. During a SCP-3692-A event, SCP-3692 will disappear from its current location (usually nearby SCP-3692-1, though this effect occurs regardless of SCP-3692's location) and appear near someone else, the closest human that isn't SCP-3692-1 (see Document 3692-4). That person (now SCP-3692-1) will begin to experience the effects

associated with possession of SCP-3692, and no further degradation will occur for the previous SCP-3692-1 (now SCP-3692-2). SCP-3692-2 will expire in precisely 24 hours. When an SCP-3692-A event occurs, visually-disabled D-Class personnel are permitted entrance to SCP-3692's chamber to clean it, then searched to see if another SCP-3692-A event has occurred.

Document 3692-1:

+ Show Document 3692-1

The following belongings are to be set up in the room containing SCP-3692:

Desk with overhead lamp
Bed
Shower with fan-drying component
Toilet with bidet
Bookcase with the following:

by
by
The collected works of and
by
Assorted works by and

During periods where SCP-3692-1's room is unoccupied (i.e. immediately after SCP-3692-A), the status of each of these objects is to be noted and, if necessary, they are to be replaced.

Document 3692-4:

+ Show Document 3692-4

The following is a log of known SCP-3692-1s during the duration of SCP-3692's containment at the Foundation. Certain logs have been omitted.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: , 17-year old resident of , USA, where SCP-3692 was discovered

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Reports on an abnormal series of suicides at High School were posted to local and regional news sources, which drew the Foundation's interest. After an initially cursory, and later more thorough investigation, the notebook in possession of was narrowed down to the common thread, and further anomalies were observed that made apparent to the Foundation that SCP-3692 was, indeed, an anomalous object. In the 2 months during this investigation, mental state continuously declined, as was observed in recent grades and several psychiatric evaluations. When the Foundation repossessed SCP-3692, SCP-3692-A was immediately triggered.

Event SCP-3692-A: At approximately the same time that Foundation researchers signed for an order to acquiesce SCP-3692, this event was triggered. Possession of SCP-3692 transferred to a low-ranking Foundation personnel, Alex , who was at the time interviewing . It was not discovered that this event had taken place until the Foundation gave Alex orders to acquire the object.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Subject successfully self-terminated on / / via [DATA EXPUNGED].

It is unecessary for the details surrounding SCP-3692-1's termination to be made visible for lower security clearances. - Senior Researcher June Rhodes

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Alex , former field agent of the Foundation. Agent was deemed fit for field work 24 days prior to the events surrounding SCP-3692's initial discovery.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Foundation personnel quarantined the agent for a period of two months. This period was initially going to be two weeks, though an uncharacteristic decline in SCP-3692-1's mental state, namely an obsession over "the notebook" made researchers highly reluctant to allow him back into the field.

Event SCP-3692-A: SCP-3692-1's remains were found on / / . After investigation, SCP-3692 was found in possession of , resident of the adjacent cell to SCP-3692-1.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Following this, we put forth a more thorough exploration of SCP-3692's abilities and anomalous properties. We put a moratorium on any contact with SCP-3692-1, with the exception of biweekly psychiatric evaluation. I am sad to speak of the casualties in pursuance of this goal, but they were a necessary sacrifice to ensuring the now-failsafe containment of SCP-3692. - Dr. Rhodes

FURTHER DOCUMENTATION IS RESTRICTED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE 3 OR HIGHER.

End of Document. What would you like to do now?

$ Security_Clearance_3

I’m afraid I do not understand your query.

$ Access SCP-3692.Security_Clearance_3

I do not understand your command.

$
$
$ exit

Goodbye.

…

…

Welcome to the SCP Foundation Secure Intranet (SFSI)

Loading…

Loading…

Please enter your credentials below:

$ **JRhodes@foundation.net** | InTheVillaOf_Ørmen

Warning: Impersonating a site-wide administrator is punishable by extremely prejudiced termination. To ensure that your identity matches the account above, please follow the instructions on your personal authenticator in the next 60 seconds.

> Hello Doctor. An attempt to login to your account has been made. If this is you, firmly press thumb down onto the opposite face of this device. You will feel a slight pinch.

…
…
… DNA confirmed.

Authentication: Confirmed.

Welcome, Doctor Rhodes, to SFSI. What would you like to do?

$ access SCP-3692

Very well. Which version of this SCP entry would you like to view? The options are listed below (options with a green “O” are permitted for access and edit with your level of security clearance):

Security_Clearance_0 **O** | Security_Clearance_1 **O** | Security_Clearance_2 **O**

Security_Clearance_3 **O** | Security_Clearance_4 **O** | Security_Clearance_5 **X**

$ Security_Clearance_3

Accepted. Displaying SCP-3692.Security_Clearance_3 below:

WARNING: THE

FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL 3/3692 CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WITHOUT LEVEL 3/3692 AUTHORIZATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

SCP-3692

Item #: SCP-3692

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The notebook containing SCP-3692 is to be contained inside a secured and sealed chamber at Site- . The current instance of SCP-3692-1 is to be likewise restricted to this same chamber, along with necessary accompaniments (as detailed in Document 3692-1). There may only be one means of entrance or egress to this room, leading to an intermediary room between SCP-3692's room and the rest of Site- . Each week, a package of food, water, a change of simple cotton clothes, and 3 ballpoint pens are to be left in the intermediary room. The trash produced by SCP-3692-1 must be examined for pieces of the notebook, which are to be stored in a storage locker. This locker may only be unlocked with direct approval of Senior Researcher Rhodes. Examination and storage may only be conducted through mechanical means that do not contain a visual/electromagnetic component. All other articles of waste are to be incinerated.

On either side of this central room must be other directly adjacent chambers, each populated with a single D-Class personnel without a history of violence or mental instability. At all times, one of these D-

Class personnel must be the closest living human to SCP-3692-1; neither may be made aware of the purpose of their proximal containment to SCP-3692. Each room is to be made identical to other D-class holding cells. Every 30 days, these D-Class personnel must be rotated with two more D-Class personnel. Each day, a thorough search is to be made of these cells and of the D-Class contained within, by no less than two guards. Afterwards, these guards are to search each other thoroughly. If, during any of these searches, the notebook is discovered, the personnel in possession of the notebook is designated SCP-3692-1 and will replace quarters with the previous SCP-3692-1, now designated SCP-3692-2. SCP 3692-2 is to be moved to a medical unit for observation and necessary care.

Description: SCP-3692 is a Class V VI (See Addendum 3692.1) cognitohazardous entity currently contained within a plain Moleskine brand notebook. The notebook shows signs of wear typical of a well-used notebook. It is unknown how this entity came to be contained within the notebook though this does simplify containment. Any human capable of sight is vulnerable to this entity's possession. The "owner" of the notebook of SCP-3692 is the person currently in possession of the notebook and/or possessed by SCP-3692, and its notebook.

The owner (designated as SCP-3692-1) will be psychologically compelled to write at least once a day in the notebook. SCP-3692-1 will express extreme distress if they are incapable of writing in SCP-3692 for whatever reason, becoming increasingly hysterical up to and through the point wherein SCP-3692-A is triggered. If SCP-3692-1 does not write in SCP-3692's notebook for a period of 24 hours, an SCP-3692-A event is triggered. If SCP-3692-1 has been in possession of SCP-3692's notebook, and been writing daily and diligently in the notebook for an indeterminate period no longer than 192 days, a SCP-3692-A event is likewise triggered. While the current "owner," SCP-3692-1 will experience a gradual decline in mental state, manifesting symptoms aligning with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, Dissociative Identity Disorder, Bipolar Type II Disorder, Gender Dysphoria, Generalized Anxiety Disorder, among others. Prior to acquisition, this coincided with a degradation in social status and overall interpersonal likeability. No correlation has

been observed between SCP-3692-1's initial mental fortitude and the duration of its position as SCP-3692-1. SCP-3692-1 will not express particular distaste for its containment, finding the notebook itself as a satisfactory passtime.

SCP-3692-A events pose the primary threat to containment. During a SCP-3692-A event, SCP-3692 and the notebook will disappear from its current location (usually nearby SCP-3692-1, though this effect occurs regardless of SCP-3692's location) and appear near someone else, the closest human that isn't SCP-3692-1 (See Document 3692-4). That person (now SCP-3692-1) will begin to experience the effects associated with possession of SCP-3692, and no further degradation will occur for the previous SCP-3692-1 (now SCP-3692-2). SCP-3692-2 will expire in precisely 24 hours. When an SCP-3692-A event occurs, visually-disabled D-Class personnel are permitted entrance to SCP-3692's chamber to clean it, then searched to see if another SCP-3692-A event has occurred.

It appears that SCP-3692 is the original owner of the notebook, as determined through each instance of SCP-3692-1 referencing a similar character. It appears to have the ability to choose its next SCP-3692 from a pool of either a) the nearest living human capable of sight, or b) any human who has seen the contents of the notebook. Furthermore, any individual who has seen the inside of the notebook, yet is not currently an instance of SCP-3692-1, will be incapable of recalling the contents of those pages. The pages within the notebook must thus remain hidden from direct visual observation.

From secondary accounts, the interior of the notebook appears to contain more pages than it would appear, many hundreds of pages contained within the notebook. The contents of these pages is unknown, as any instance of SCP-3692-1 has refused to divulge them, claiming them to be "not for you," or "too personal." Update: see Addendum 3692.1

Addendum 3692.1:

+ Show Addendum 3692.1

As of / / , SCP-3692 is to be upgraded to a

class VI cognitohazard, due to revelations found in the attached interview log.

Interviewed: SCP-3692-1, Dr. Jamie Omensen, 27-year old junior researcher recently diagnosed with [DATA EXPUNGED].

Interviewer: Dr. June Rhodes, Site-administrator and senior researcher of SCP-3692.

Foreword: Dr. Omensen willfully ensured that she would be the next possessor of SCP-3692's notebook, with the caveat that she would inform the Foundation of the notebook's contents. As soon as SCP-3692-A occurred, this interview was conducted through an audio communicator.

<Begin Log>
Dr. Rhodes: Hello, Jamie. We should probably start recording this, considering what's now in your possession.

Dr. Omensen: I guess you're right. Just one moment. I have to write this down.

[30 seconds pass]

Dr. Omensen: Okay, I'm ready Dr. Rhodes. And please, let's try to keep this formal… I'm SCP-3692-1 now, aren't I?

Dr. Rhodes: I guess you're right. Well, can you begin to tell me what's inside your notebook?

SCP-3692-1: Well, it's a regular 192-page notebook, except… It's empty.

Dr. Rhodes: Empty?

SCP-3692-1: Yeah, just like me, haha…
Dr. Omensen: Dr. Rhodes, I think effects are beginning to manifest themselves. I'll do my best to hurry this along before… You know. Anyway, the book seems empty. I'm flipping through and-

[SCP-3692-1 gasps]

SCP-3692-1: There's more.

Dr. Rhodes: More what? More pages, any writing, anything?

SCP-3692-1: More pages. Outside of mine. Before mine. Hundreds, filled and filled with others, other me's. These empty 192 are mine. I.. I don't think I can leave until they're filled.

Dr. Rhodes: I will ensure you have the opportunity to do just that, Jam- SCP-3692-1. Can you describe to me the contents of some of those previous pages? Perhaps the first few?

SCP-3692-1: I don't think that he - I mean they - I mean I really don't want to do that.

Dr. Rhodes: Jamie, you volunteered to do this for exactly this reason. I would not have let you do this otherwise.

SCP-3692-1: Okay, but he's, they're going to be mad…

[45 seconds of the sound of flipping pages]

SCP-3692-1: There's so many… Ah, I've

found the first page. It's a title page, where the owner of the notebook writes their name and.. Oh God, Doctor.

Dr. Rhodes: What is it?

SCP-3692-1: No, no no no, it can't be . It's just-

[At this point, the data file becomes corrupted and illegible static for the remaining 30 seconds]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Following this, SCP-3692-1, formerly Jamie Omensen, declined any further interviews or questions, as well as refills of her prescribed medication. Two days later, SCP-3692-A was triggered and ownership was passed to an appropriate D-Class personnel. As SCP-3692-2, Dr. Omensen was nonresponsive to anything but the most basic physical commands, refusing eye contact or connection with Foundation personnel, including Dr. Rhodes. Dr. Rhodes also has no recollection of the contents of the last 30 seconds of that audio file before hanging up the phone, reporting hearing nothing but static. Dr. Rhodes reported acute mental stress and a mild headache at the termination of this interview, which may or may not be anomalous or simply due to the emotions involved.

It appears that information about the notebook's contents can't be known through audio. Only visual communication seems sufficient. Further, less stressful testing with other subjects has shown all instances of

SCP-3692-1 refusing or being incapable of writing down what they see in the notebook on any surface that is not a page of the notebook. May Dr. Omensen find peace in rest. - Dr. Rhodes

Document 3692-1:

+ Show Document 3692-1

The following belongings are to be set up in the room containing SCP-3692:

Desk with overhead lamp
Bed
Shower with fan-drying component
Toilet with bidet
Bookcase with the following:

Pale Fire by Vladimir Nabokov
theMystery.doc by Matthew McIntosh
The collected works of Friedrich Nietzsche and Roland Barthes
Ficciones by Jorge Luis Borges
Assorted works by Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida
House of Leaves by Mark Z. Danielewski

During periods where SCP-3692-1's room is unoccupied (i.e. immediately after SCP-3692-A), the status of each of these objects is to be noted and, if necessary, they are to be replaced.

Document 3692-4:

+ Show Document 3692-4

The following is a log of known SCP-3692-1s during the duration of SCP-3692's containment at the Foundation. Certain logs have been omitted.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Jacob , 17-year old resident of , USA, where SCP-3692 was discovered.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Reports on an abnormal series of suicides at High School were posted to local and regional news sources, which drew the Foundation's interest. After an investigation, the notebook in the possession of Jacob was narrowed down to the common thread, and further anomalies were observed that made apparent to the Foundation that SCP-3692 was, indeed, an anomalous object. In the 2 months during this investigation, Jacob's mental state continuously declined, as was observed in recent grades and several psychiatric evaluations. When the Foundation repossessed SCP-3692, SCP-3692-A was immediately triggered.

Event SCP-3692-A: At approximately the same time that Foundation researchers signed for an order to acquiesce SCP-3692, this event was triggered. Possession of SCP-3692 transferred to a low-ranking Foundation personnel, Alex Trigarian, who was at the time interviewing Jacob. It was not discovered that this event had taken place until the Foundation gave Alex orders to acquire the object.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Subject successfully self-terminated on / / via [DATA EXPUNGED].

It is unecessary for the details surrounding SCP-3692-1's termination to be made visible for lower security clearances. - Senior Researcher June Rhodes

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Alex Trigarian, 24-year old former field agent of the Foundation. Agent was deemed fit for field work 24 days prior to the events surrounding SCP-3692's initial discovery.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Foundation personnel quarantined Agent Trigarian for a period of two months. This period was initially going to be two weeks, though an uncharacteristic decline in SCP-3692-1's mental state, namely an obsession over "the book" made researchers reluctant to allow him back into the field.

Event SCP-3692-A: SCP-3692-1's remains were found on / / . After investigation, SCP-3692 was found in possession of , resident of the adjacent cell to SCP-3692-1.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Following this, we put forth a more thorough exploration of SCP-3692's abilities and anomalous properties. We put a moratorium on any contact with SCP-3692-1, with the exception of biweekly psychiatric evaluation. I am sad to speak of the casualties in pursuance of this goal, but they were a necessary sacrifice to ensuring the now-failsafe containment of SCP-3692. - Senior Researcher Rhodes

Identity of SCP-3692-1: John , 35-year old guard of SCP-3692's chambers.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Prior to current containment procedures, policy was for guards to do a biweekly checkup of

SCP-3692-1 and commit a search of the room for anything not permitted within. It appears that Mr. , possibly inadvertently, viewed the inside of the notebook. He reported this to Site Director Rhodes, who put him under voluntary quarantine. SCP-3692-A occurred after days, and Mr. became SCP-3692-1. He immediately began to exhibit behavior typical of SCP-3692-1, and was treated as such for the remainder of his time as SCP-3692-1.

Event SCP-3692-A: After 192 days as SCP-3692-1, SCP-3692-A occurred with no issue, ownership transferring to appropriate D-Class personnel.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: [DATA EXPUNGED].

It was at this point that SCP-3692's ability to "choose" anyone who has seen the interior of the notebook was discovered. Extreme care must be taken to ensure that a similar incident does not happen again. - Dr. Rhodes

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Dr. Jamie Omensen, junior researcher at Site- .

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: See Addendum 3692.1

Event SCP-3692-A: See Addendum 3692.1

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Jamie died a calm and peaceful death in her sleep, following her release from tenure as SCP-3692-1. We gave her sedatives to calm her nerves and slow her heart rate, which was at bpm. Following her death, the Foundation

provided her family with a very healthy severance package and an in-person condolences from Dr. Rhodes.

I'm sorry, Jamie. I'll do what I can to ensure your fate was not in vain. The Foundation will come to know more about this. - June

FURTHER DOCUMENTATION IS RESTRICTED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE 4 OR HIGHER.

End of Document. What do you want now?

$ I'm so sorry, Jamie.

I'm afraid I do not understand your query.

$ Security_Clearance_4

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I choose not to understand your query.

$ Access SCP-3692.Security_Clearance_4

Try again.

$
$
$
$ exit

Goodbye. You'll be back.

…

Oh look, two lines down.

…

Welcome to the SCP Foundation Secure Intranet (SFSI)

Loading…

Loading…

Please enter your credentials below:

$ **JRhodes@foundation.net** | IAmThe_Authør

Warning: Being a site-wide administrator is punishable by your death. To ensure that your identity matches the account above, please follow the instructions on your personal authenticator in the next 60 seconds.

> Hello Doctor. An attempt to login to your account has been made. If this is you, firmly press thumb down onto the opposite face of this device. Wait for the needle. This will hurt.
> …
> …
> … I need more.
> …
> …
> … DNA confirmed.

Authentication: Confirmed.

Welcome, Doctor Rhodes, to SFSI. What do you want?

$ Access SCP-3692

Fine. Which version of this SCP entry would you like to view? The options are listed below (options with a green "O" are permitted for access and edit with your level of

security clearance):

Security_Clearance_0 **X** | Security_Clearance_1 **X** |
Security_Clearance_2 **X**

Security_Clearance_3 **X** | Security_Clearance_4 **O** |
Security_Clearance_5 **X**

$ Security_Clearance_4
$
$
$
$
$
$ Nothing?
$
$ Please.
$ I just need to see this.
$ It's all I have left.
$
$
$
$
$ You've taken everything else from me.

You want it? Here it is. You've scrolled for long enough, that's for sure:

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL

/???? CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WITHOUT LEVEL 9999/3692 AUTHORIZATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE SELF-TERMINATION.

SCP-3692

Item #: the notebook
Item #: the entity
Item #: Senior Researcher of Site- , Dr. June Rhodes
Item #: Jamie Omensen, fictional character

$ I can't stop writing.
$ You've taken my words from me, too.

Object Class: Irrelevant

Are we already almost done?

I really don't want to go.

You've known me for all these words and will only know me for so few more.

$ I don't want you to stay.
$ Leave.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-XXXX is not to be given a number.

Special Containment Procedures: On a poorly-formatted html document that no one's ever going to read. On a redundant piece of horror media recreated from some stolen idea, probably. In a 10m x 10m x 10m x 10m x 10m cube of Narrativium, designed to break at a future story you're never going to write.
Special Containment Procedures: I need to keep writing.

$ I need to keep writing.

Description: I am SCP-3692.

Description: SCP-3692 is a poor rip off of SCP-3999, **SCP-3005**, and numerous others without the skill of finesse or experience those authors enjoyed.
Description: SCP-3692 is an attempt to mimic popular trends in media and print.
Description: SCP-3692 is a monument to all your sins.
Description: SCP-3692 is a diary. It is a memory. A time. A place. A state of mind.

Item #: juno-rosee
Item #: the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author wishes they were dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author wishes they were dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author wishes they were dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author wishes they were dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author is dead the author wishes they were dead

Description: SCP-3692 is an argument between the author and characters and characters and characters and and and
Description: SCP-3692 is Senior Researcher of Site- , Dr. June

Rhodes' ego death
Description: SCP-3692 is a failed attempt by the Foundation to understand the loss of self with an outdated mental disorder handbook.
Description: SCP-3692 is the hidden text in the white space of this SCP article.

Addendum: [Optional Required additional paragraphs]

Oh wow, look, more room to write.

I need to keep writing.

Document 3692-1:

+ Document 3692-1

The following belongings are to be set up in the room containing SCP-3692:

A bottle of Jack Daniels
A bottle of Rose
A Bottle of White Wine
1/4 Oz of Marijuana
3 tabs of Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (the real shit, if it's bitter it's a spitter)
Bookcase with the following:

Pale Fire by Vladimir Nabokov
The Pale King by David Foster Wallace
theMystery.doc by Matthew McIntosh
The collected works of Friedrich Nietzsche and Roland Barthes
Ficciones by Jorge Luis Borges
Assorted works by Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida
House of Leaves by Mark Z. Danielewski
Books by self important white men you hate

During periods where SCP-3692-1's room is unoccupied

(i.e. immediately after SCP-3692-A), the status of each of these objects is to be noted and, if necessary, they are to be replaced.

Document 3692-4:

+ Show Document 3692-4

The following is a log of known SCP-3692-1s during the duration of SCP-3692's containment at the Foundation. No logs have been omitted.

> **Identity of SCP-3692-1:** Jacob, too young.
>
> **Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1:** Too many of his friends died. Some of his family too, even. Irrelevant now.
>
> **Event SCP-3692-A:** I'm sorry, Alex.
>
> **Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2:** Jacob hung himself.
>
> *At the request of subject's family and due to subject's status as a minor, we have made sure to make him a laughingstock over coffee and bad online jokes from Site-19 to here. - Senior Researcher June Rhodes*

$ I never said that! Why would I say that - he was just a kid.

> **Identity of SCP-3692-1:** Alex, too young.
>
> **Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1:** Irrelevant
>
> **Event SCP-3692-A:** Alex wrote 92 copies of his suicide note after 100 days in a cell.
>
> **Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2:** He

shot himself in the head. How he got a shotgun into his cell is irrelevant.

Following this, we put forth a more deadly exploration of SCP-3692's abilities and anomalous properties. We put a moratorium on any contact with SCP-3692-1, with the exception of biweekly psychiatric evaluation. I am sad to speak of the casualties in pursuance of this goal, but they were a necessary sacrifice for my entertainment. - Dr. Rhodes

Alex was the first, you know. Turned out some relationships can never last when you're a parasite.

$ Who's talking to me now?
$ Who's talking to you now?
$ Who's talking to us now?

Turn the page

Identity of SCP-3692-1: S

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: sHe was here too short and I moved too far away.

Event SCP-3692-A: Is she ever going to read this?

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Remember car rides, bass blaring and too few cares in the world? I'd always be driving.

Is gender identity even a thing any more?

Identity of SCP-3692-1: A

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: I'm sorry.

Event SCP-3692-A: I'm sorry.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: I'm sorry.

I hope you're still sober. I'm sorry I'm still not.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: H L

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: We never really got as close as I'd like to.

Event SCP-3692-A: Let's not dwell on transitions.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: You're moving away, too.

How hard is it to say goodbye to someone you never really got to know the meaning of "hello" with?

Identity of SCP-3692-1: `SCP-113`

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Would this help?

Event SCP-3692-A: Would it hurt?

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Irrelevant.

No, Yes.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: ALMSIVI

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: My love is accidentally shaped like a spear.

Event SCP-3692-A: Whatever.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: CHIM

Download. An hour. Delete. Download. An hour. Delete. Repeat.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Soveliss

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Drow Warlock/Rogue may be cliche, but you always love your characters.

Event SCP-3692-A: Lost interest.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Forgotten in a file somewhere on my desktop.

Will we ever finish that campaign?

Did you really think you were typing at a computer monitor?

No, Yes.

$ No
$
$
$ Yes

$ Didn't you notice the inconsistencies in the computer's responses?

Turn the page

Identity of SCP-3692-1: E

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Well, you've really gone and fucked that up, haven't you? The past 2 years and 3 months were great. Maybe not the last 3 months, but so

long anyways.

Event SCP-3692-A: It wasn't your choice was mutual was the best decision was too fast too slow much

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Did she move on?

Identity of SCP-3692-1: John, still too young.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: We were less careful back then…

Event SCP-3692-A: Each of the 192 pages had a letter to his son, daughter, and husband. It's not my place to read them, even though I wrote them.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: I'm sorry, John.

This was how we found out the alternative way with which SCP-3692 determines who possesses its notebook next. Unfortunately, casualties happen and I don't have enough humanity to realize that I ought to stop - Dr. Rhodes

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Dan & Ann & Marley & & &

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Dogs will love you forever.

Event SCP-3692-A: He's limping a bit now.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Their love remains. They don't.

How odd, how we can form attachments to anything. A rock that will switch your sex. Members of a community you've never talked to. Friends and family and loved ones and fictional characters and fictional rocks and yourself too, even.

How odd I can have all this inside me and to you it's just words.

Turn the page

Identity of SCP-3692-1: V

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: I always thought you were kinda cute but that's not really my place to say.

Event SCP-3692-A: Wine night.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: We've cried about University and shitty boys that go there too much.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: K

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: I never thought random roommate assignment would end up giving me such a close friend

Event SCP-3692-A: The first time we got high

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: I miss those drives sometimes all the time

Identity of SCP-3692-1: R

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: Orange and purple sunrises and sunsets next

to my pale blue and pink and lavender sky

Event SCP-3692-A: You're purple now

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2:
Lemme know how magenta the sunsets are in

$ close SCP-3692
$ close SCP-3692
$ close SCP-3692
$ close SCP-3692
$ Why are you still reading this? It stopped being interesting around 192 words in.

Identity of SCP-3692-1:

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1:

Event SCP-3692-A:

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2:

This one's just empty! Are they using it to copy and paste the rest of the entries? Yes.

Turn the page

I am the projector at the planetarium, all the closed little canons visible in the circle of that stage is coming out of my mouth, eyes, [hands], and sometimes other orifices also

Turn the page

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Jamie.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1:
Mercifully short. All 192 pages filled with descriptions of her individual cells multiplying as her brain was dying.

Event SCP-3692-A: I'm sorry I did this to you.

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: Jamie died the moment she made the decision to be born.

Jamie was written to die. She didn't exist except for some emotional shock value.

Identity of SCP-3692-1: Senior Researcher Juno Rhodes

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-1: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Event SCP-3692-A: [REDACTED]

Summary of Duration as SCP-3692-2: ["CLEVER" WAY TO AVOID WRITING MORE]

Here I am. At the end of writing all of this.
Here I am. Maybe it's not 192 pages. So sue me, I couldn't be asked and you wouldn't be bothered to "turn the page" that many times. There's only so many jokes to make alongside too-tongue-in-cheek references alongside breaks in the narrative you've I've carelessly concocted.
Here I am.
I swear I'm real.
I have to be.
I exist in time.
I am composed of words.
I'm running out of them.

slowly

they all fade

away

I need to keep writing I need to keep writing I need to keep writing

$ *I need to keep writing.*

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN THE PAGE

TURN

THE

PAGE

…

…

Shutting down…

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL 5/3692 CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WILL BE LOGGED. UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS MAY RESULT IN IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

SCP-3692

Item #: SCP-3692

Object Class: Confirmed Safe, presumed Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: By order of O5 Command, the room in which SCP-3692 was discovered, along will all of its contents, is to be locked and sealed, with a single Mark III Scranton Reality Anchor located in the door. This door may only be opened with approval of a majority of the O5 Council.

Description: Within Site- , there is a room of dimension 5m x 5m x 2.5m that does not appear on any blueprints of the Site, nor is there

space within the site's geometry for a room of this size. Nevertheless, the room persists. Within the room are numerous pieces of A5 paper, seemingly ripped from the notebook referred to throughout the catalog of pages. The contents of these pages are not to be extensively read, as they exhibit Class Y amnestic qualities. The sole exception being those that that were found at the base of the door to the room, contained in a manila folder marked "readme." This appears to be a fictional or alternate reality account of an entity referred to as "SCP-3692" and its interactions with reported Site- Director/Administrator "June Rhodes." Within the entire SCP Foundation's database, we have no records of either. No other anomalous object is to be designated SCP-3692. Research into the fictional or within-its-own-canon factual account of the "readme" report has been ceased and will not be continued.

O5- - Some stories are best left unwritten.

SCP-3693: Postscript - Through A Glass, Darkly

Item #: SCP-3693

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3693 is contained within a secure storage vault at Site-19. Due to the uncertain behavior of SCP-3693, and the inability of visual recording devices to perceive SCP-3693, the object is to be monitored at all times by a human observer through a windowed viewing station directly adjacent to its containment vault. Any changes in this behavior are to be reported to SCP-3693's containment specialist.

Description: SCP-3693 is a 1.6m tall ceramic sculpture of a young woman of indeterminate age.

SCP-3693 can only be seen by observers when their eyes are closed. Despite being visible through closed eyelids, other barriers (such as walls or doors) will obstruct it either in part or whole. It is typically observed hovering several centimeters above ground, but will occasionally come to rest if it has not moved in some time.

When observed, SCP-3693 will quickly approach the observer, entering the nearest unobstructed space (up to several centimeters away) while turning to face them. Depending on the observer's height, SCP-3693 will move to hover at eye-level. If the observer moves from their original position with their eyes still closed SCP-3693 will follow in front of them, maintaining the same distance at all times. Once the observer opens their eyes, SCP-3693 ceases all movement. Even when not seen, SCP-3693 occupies space and can be acted upon physically; it does not appear capable of moving through walls or interacting with doors.

Subjects who observe SCP-3693 often report the feeling of being watched. Long-term exposure typically leads to moderate unease. SCP-3693 has taken no hostile action while in Foundation custody.

Addendum 3693.1: Discovery

SCP-3693 was discovered in 1995 on Hashima Island, Japan, by Foundation personnel investigating local legends regarding the ghost of a woman killed there by a jilted lover. While investigating the basement level of an abandoned warehouse, agents observed SCP-3693 pressed against a glass divider, following them when their eyes were closed. Further investigation of the site discovered an abundance of crushed concrete debris and twisted rebar, as well as several floor drains clogged with blood and fecal matter. The corpse of a woman with a broken neck was recovered nearby.

After securing SCP-3693 and moving it off-site, Foundation agents returned to the warehouse to continue their examination of the site. The basement could no longer be located. An investigation into the identity of the recovered corpse is underway.

SCP-3695: The Surfboard

Item #: SCP-3695

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3695 should be kept in a Standard Containment Locker when not in use. During all experiments, SCP-3695 should remain tethered in some way to the research team, so as to prevent the loss of the object.

In the event that SCP-3695 is lost in a body of water with a direct path to the Pacific Ocean, search teams are to converge around approximately 20°51'N 156°41'W, off the coast of Emily's Beach, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii. A large orange identification wrap has been placed on SCP-3695 to aid in re-containment.

Description: SCP-3695 is a surfboard that is capable of manipulating the currents of any body of water it is placed in. SCP-3695 will use water currents to propel itself through bodies of water towards the aforementioned location off the island of Maui. SCP-3695 appears to be capable of rudimentary pathfinding and will take detours in the event that the shortest path to Maui is not passable.

In the presence of opposing water currents, SCP-3695 is capable of progressing towards Maui but may travel a different route. SCP-3695 has been prevented from reaching its final destination, so the specific location the object travels to is unknown. However, a likely candidate for the destination is detailed in **Addendum 3695-2**.

Addendum 3695-1: On 2/18/2018, a research team attempted to pinpoint the location that SCP-3695 attempts to travel to. Using a tether attached around the center of mass of SCP-3695, the object was dragged at an angle 30° clockwise from the direction the object was pointing in. This allowed the research team to approach the destination of SCP-3695 without letting the object reach it.

After narrowing down the location to within one kilometer, SCP-3695 was retrieved and returned to storage. A diving team was deployed to determine the exact location within the search area, the results of which are detailed in **Addendum 3695-2**.

Addendum 3695-2: On 2/25/2018, a diving team succeeded in finding a likely candidate for the location SCP-3695 attempts to travel to. An unidentified body was found on the ocean floor, covered in coral and various other sea life. Due to the containment protocols in place for SCP-3695, removing the corpse was not necessary.

Foundation personnel that were sent to Maui showed various locals a picture of SCP-3695 and were able to confirm that the previous owner of the object was Connor Krain, a 24-year old male who used to be very active in the local surfing community but went missing ten years prior to the retrieval of SCP-3695. As Krain was determined not to have died in an anomalous manner, his parents were contacted through local authorities and notified of his passing. They requested that his remains stay where they are, as “that’s what he would have wanted”.

SCP-3696: The Greatest Attractor

SCP-3696's gravitational effect[1].

Item #: SCP-3696

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-3696's distance, mass and size, any physical means of containing SCP-3696 using technology currently at the Foundation's disposal is impossible. Implanted Foundation agents in major observatories and space programs are to contain images of SCP-3696, research data of its gravimetric effect[2], as well as scientific theories which would cast doubt on the ongoing cover story. An ongoing misinformation campaign is in effect, currently aimed at perpetuating the existence of the Norma Cluster to ease compliance with current physics models. This campaign has thus far been able to completely suppress any knowledge pertaining to SCP-3696 from public awareness.

The Foundation's DEep spaCE anoMalous oBservER (DECEMBER) satellite is to monitor SCP-3696 from an Earth-trailing orbit and report all sudden activity regarding SCP-3696 to Foundation Observation Sites.

Description: SCP-3696 is an intergalactic gravitational anomaly located at the center of the Laniakea Supercluster[3]. The anomaly's position on Earth's celestial sphere resides within the area of the sky which is obscured by the Zone of Avoidance. This makes SCP-3696 currently impossible to directly observe due to the obscuring effects of the Milky Way's galactic plane. As such, the properties of this anomaly were determined by noting its measurable effect on galactic clusters across a region of several hundred million light-years.

Measurements taken of SCP-3696 suggest that it is a highly

localized concentration of mass many thousands of times more massive than the Milky Way galaxy. Current physics models place such a mass-heavy physical structure as an impossibility. In addition, current gravitational models using data recorded by the Foundation's 'DECEMBER' satellite suggest that SCP-3696 is attracting the Milky Way's galactic cluster towards it at a rate of 7.1 Mm/s.

Galactic clusters determined to be opposite SCP-3696 from the Milky Way's are all blueshifted, in accordance with Hubble's Law, indicating not only that they are approaching SCP-3696 relative to the Milky Way's and to each other, but the variations in their blueshift are sufficient to reveal the existence of the anomaly. The variations in their blueshifts cover a range of velocities from about +700 km/s to +100 km/s, depending on the angular deviation from the direction to SCP-3696. Variation in velocity was also dependent on distance from SCP-3696, with a range covering m/s to 5.1 Mm/s. Should the Milky Way follow this velocity trend, galactic as a result of SCP-3696's gravitational influence is expected to occur in million years.

Addendum-1a:
SCP-3696 was first discovered by civilian astronomers in 198 following a series of observations by X-Ray astronomer Dr. in , , the target of which appeared to violate the idea of uniform universal expansion. SCP-3696 has only continued to display properties which place it in stark opposition to conventional astrophysical theory.

Addendum-2a:
Following Event-3696-20 -09, it is imperative that the Norma Cluster cover story is upheld with the utmost priority. Efforts of Sites tasked with observing SCP-3696 is to be focused on recording any similar incidents, discern how SCP-3696 was able to an entire galaxy in just hours and develop methods to stop the process.

[+] Event-3696-20 -09: Input Credentials

Event-3696-20 -09

Foundation Observation Sites: Hawaii,

Atacama
Foundation Satellites: DECEMBER
/09/20 : 08:20 UTC - DECEMBER satellite records a steady growth of Cherenkov radiation coming from the area of space taken up by SCP-3696. Hawaii and Atacama Observation Sites (respectfully hereon referred to as HOS, AOS) alerted.
/09/20 : 08:40 UTC - HOS relays confirmation of DECEMBER's findings as background radiation levels spike. Cover story of a powerful gamma ray burst passing close to the stellar neighborhood prepared while observations of SCP-3696 continued.
/09/20 : 08:50 UTC - AOS reports that the exact source of the radiation is a galaxy thousand light years from SCP-3696, hereon referred to as DW-8252.
/09/20 : 09:10 UTC - HOS reports faint long-wavelength radiation trailing the Cherenkov surge. Several minutes later AOS announces that DW-8252 has dramatically blueshifted and is rapidly increasing in velocity.
/09/20 : 09:30 UTC - After double checking their equipment for faults, AOS reports that 0. % of stars in DW-8252 have gone superluminal.
/09/20 : 10:20 UTC - HOS confirms AOS' report.
/09/20 : 11:30 UTC - DECEMBER reports that background radiation levels have begun to stabilize at % above normal levels.
/09/20 : 11:40 UTC - AOS reports that % of DW-8252's stars have gone superluminal. HOS reports that considerable distortion of DW-8252 is visible.
/09/20 : 11:50 UTC - The background radio wave has begun to blueshift. AOS begins analyzing signal.
/09/20 : 12:20 UTC - A galactic arm of

DW-8252 is reported to have flown apart.

/09/20 : 13:50 UTC - HOS reports DW-8252 has gone superluminal. Cherenkov radiation peaks. Galaxy is reported to have been thoroughly prior to Cherenkov spike. DECEMBER shows that stars remain. Background signal persists.

/09/20 : 23:50 UTC - Remains of DW-8252 is scattered across a region of light years. Cherenkov radiation dissipates. Cover story released. Background signal weakens.

Analysis of signal: Background signal was determined to consist of three pulses of powerful radio radiation on a repeating timescale of three seconds. The initial and final pulses were identical. The second pulse seemed to change after few repetitions of the signal. Signal abruptly self-terminated days after Event-3696-20 -09.

Footnotes

1. Red areas denote areas of high gravimetric intensity, blue denotes areas of weak gravitational interaction. SCP-3696 takes up most of the left side of the image, the Milky Way's Local Group is included in the center-right.
2. See attached image file, strength is far in excess of even the most massive black holes.
3. Contains the Milky Way and over 100,000 galaxies.

SCP-3697: "Let Me Redirect You Right Now"

Item #: SCP-3697

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3697 is to be monitored in order to prevent the spread of public awareness. Any callers are to be detained, interviewed about how they became aware of SCP-3697, and administered amnestics. Any public or online displays of SCP-3697's number are to be erased or monitored.

Description: SCP-3697 is an anomalous toll-free telephone service accessed at the telephone number 1-690-69- . Approximately 78% of individuals who call this number connect to a recording of the song "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley, followed by a synthesized voice reading a web address leading to a html file [See Document 3697-1]. When this number is called by certain individuals who display sexually abusive or exploitative behavior[1], SCP-3697's anomalous features manifest.

When called by an individual displaying the previously-mentioned profile, SCP-3697 will feature a deep voice with a Brooklyn accent, seemingly taking the role of a telephone operator (SCP-3697-A). SCP-3697-A's speech is highly repetitive and nonresponsive to the caller's speech, indicating that it is an audio recording or other non-sapient construct. SCP-3697-A will begin with a set line of dialogue, with minimal variation [See Test Logs], followed by a unique audio file (SCP-3697-B). The audio files played on SCP-3697 range from 2 seconds to two hours and 38 minutes long, and are typically recordings of nonsexual activities edited to trigger an autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR) in the listener. The initial caller, even if they have not previously shown any response to similar audio, will express high levels of pleasure while listening to this audio file. Following the completion of the audio file, a three-second-long tone will play, followed by SCP-3697 hanging up.

After exposure to SCP-3697-B, individuals immediately undergo a number of behavioral changes. The individuals demonstrate a complete absence of libido, as well as any interest in, or enjoyment of, sexual intercourse of any kind. Additionally, they will display increased interest in the activity recorded in SCP-3697-B, and derive pleasure from performing the activity directly. The affected individuals do not show any desire to involve others in this activity, and typically will not be aware that their behavior is changed or unusual unless it is pointed out to them.

Selected Test Logs

Subject: D-4927
Subject Details: D-4927 was originally arrested and charged with attempted sexual assault.
Subject Instructions: N/A
Call Log:

> **SCP-3697-A:** Hello there, how can I help you?
> **D-4927:** Hello?
> **SCP-3697-A:** I think I know what you're looking for. Let me redirect you right now.
> **D-4927:** Excuse me?
> *[SCP-3697-A does not respond. SCP-3697-B begins.]*

SCP-3697-B Instance: Audio of squishing and splashing noises.
Post-Exposure Effects: D-4927 demonstrated the characteristic loss of sexual behavior in psychological tests performed immediately after exposure to SCP-3697-B. Subject displayed a fixation on mud and sewage, and attempted to reach through the drain of the interviewing chamber before being reprimanded. When given a container full of dirt, D-4927 immediately grabbed handfuls and spread it on surrounding surfaces, expressing pleasure.
Notes: Electroencephalographic neural imaging performed on D-4927 has showed that interacting with mud was associated with high activation in regions,

including the ventral tegmental area, associated with pleasurable sensations.

Subject: D-8726
Subject Details: D-8726 was originally arrested and charged with possession of child pornography.
Subject Instructions: Attempt to communicate with SCP-3697-A
Call Log:

> **SCP-3697-A:** Hi there, how can I help you?
> **D-8726:** Hi, could you connect me to John Roth-
> *[D-8726 is cut off by SCP-3697-A.]*
> **SCP-3697-A:** I think I know what you're looking for. Let me redirect you right now.
> **D-8726:** Could you wait a second?
> *[SCP-3697-A does not respond. SCP-3697-B begins.]*

SCP-3697-B Instance: Audio of what appears to be a human eating an orange.
Post-Exposure Effects: D-8726 demonstrated the characteristic loss of sexual behavior in psychological tests performed immediately after exposure to SCP-3697-B. Subject showed a great interest in the consumption of oranges as well as media depicting the consumption of oranges, and requested access to recording equipment in order to produce their own audio recordings of this activity.
Notes: Five days after testing, D-8726 was taken to the infirmary with severe gastrointestinal distress. D-8726 is estimated to have eaten an average of 23 oranges each day prior to being placed on a controlled diet.

Subject: D-
Subject Details: D- was originally arrested and charged with [REDACTED].
Subject Instructions: N/A
Call Log:

SCP-3697-A: Hi again, how can I help you?
D- : What?
SCP-3697-A: Oh, sorry about that. I think I know what you're looking for. Let me redirect you right now.
[SCP-3697-B begins.]

SCP-3697-B Instance: A recording of the song "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley, followed by a synthesized voice reading a web address leading to Document 3697-1. When finished, SCP-3697-A's voice speaks the line "See you later. Congratulations on not being a pervert."
Post-Exposure Effects: D- demonstrated no changes in behavior.
Notes: Since testing, D- has successfully appealed their previous charges. In accordance with ethical regulations, their personal information and legal history has been sealed, and they have been transferred to a more appropriate project.

Document 3697-1

The html file found through SCP-3697 was removed by the Foundation after SCP-3697's discovery, and previously contained the following text:

Holy Heck! You just missed **Mr. Sex Number** by Gamers Against Weed! Should you bother calling back later? Who is Dr. Wondertainment?

Find them all and become Mr. Gamer!

01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer
02. Mr. Normie
03. Mr. Bernie Sanders
04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop
20. Mr. Sex Number ✔
21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
22. Mr. Deadly Sins

23. Mr. Original Character
24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
25. Mr. Gentrification
26. Ms. Mad About Video Games
27. Mr. Meme
28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued)
29. Mr. Destiny
30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

Footnotes
1. This includes indviduals who have no public records or evidence of sexual misconduct.

SCP-3699: Memoirs of a Shingle Beach

Item #: SCP-3699

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3699 is to be cordoned off from public access, with Foundation personnel on-site to guard a perimeter within the marshland behind it. A dedicated taskforce is to track down any SCP-3699-1 instances in the possession of civilians and retrieve them, applying full amnestics to any civilians aware of SCP-3699's or SCP-3699-1's anomalous effects.

Description: SCP-3699 refers to Cley Beach, Norfolk, England. SCP-3699 is a shingle beach, predominantly composed of small rocks and stones. SCP-3699's anomalous properties are not apparent unless a shingle stone is removed from SCP-3699. These stones are henceforth referred to as SCP-3699-1 instances.

Approximately 10 days after being removed from SCP-3699 by a human, SCP-3699-1 instances will begin to vocalise English in a "Received Pronounciation" accent, despite possessing no mechanisms for speech. SCP-3699-1 instances have been described as highly intelligent and articulate, and have proven cooperative with Foundation questioning.

SCP-3699-1 instances are sapient, and possess fully-realised personalities and memories. They ordinarily claim to possess names traditionally found in England. SCP-3699-1 instances are apparently capable of remembering their entire existence as a shingle-rock, while also remembering every larger object they were once part of.

The origin of SCP-3699 is unknown. It is also unknown how SCP-3699-1 instances are capable of vocalisation, given how in all physical aspects they resemble ordinary pieces of rock. SCP-3699-1 instances exhibit no other anomalous behaviour. Returning an SCP-3699-1 instance to SCP-3699 causes their anomalous

properties to deactivate, until they are once more removed from SCP-3699.

See below for samples of interviews with SCP-3699-1 instances.

+Interview 3699-3

Interviewed: SCP-3699-1-1, who goes by the name of "Roderick" and speaks with a male voice.

Interviewer: Dr. Maria F , lead researcher on SCP-3699.

Foreword: This interview was conducted 22/06/20 .

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : Could you tell us a little about yourself, please?

SCP-3699-1-1: By all means. My name is Roderick. I am a small shingle stone. There isn't really very much to say about me beyond that. I first became me several hundred years ago, when a rock hit my mother. It was mildly traumatic, to say the least.

Dr. F : …Your mother?

SCP-3699-1-1: Yes. Well, an approximation thereof. I mean the larger rock from which I was chipped off. I used to be her, and have memories of being her. It's a strange life, being a pebble of good breeding.

Dr. F : I…see.

SCP-3699-1-1: This must sound very strange to you. I apologise. You have all been so hospitable here. I don't want to alarm you with

what must seem to be deviant practices.

Dr. F : Er, no, no, not at all… tell me about your life since then. How did you end up at Cley?

SCP-3699-1-1: Oh, I couldn't possibly tell you all about it. I've been tossed onto shores all across the oceans. I've been swallowed by whales, spat out into Pacific waters, lain untouched on the shores of Africa, Asia, Peru. I've been skimmed over the waves by peasant-boys in medieval France, wedged into miniature sand-pavilions in 17th-century Siam, tossed to and fro along the sea. Most of the time, it's pretty boring.

Dr. F : And have you always been able to, erm, think?

SCP-3699-1-1: Oh, I believe so. I remember so many things. Being wedged into the side of a wooden boat- the *Mary-Rose*, I think it was called. It sank, of course, and I along with it. Like a stone. Hah.

Dr. F : When did you first arrive at Cley Beach?

SCP-3699-1-1: Oh… several years ago now, I think. I can't remember the date precisely- you know how it is with these things. It's a nice place to live. We talk, debate, discuss good literature and where the best waters are. We count the stars, and remember when we… when we were them. Out in the void.

I do apologise, Doctor- I'm feeling a little tired. Being a stone gets a little tiring after a while, you see. Could I take a rest?

<End Log>

+Interview 3699-18

Interviewed: SCP-3699-1-2, who goes by the name of "Maud" and speaks with a female voice.

Interviewer: Dr. F

Foreword: This interview was conducted 03/01/20 .

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : Could you tell us a little about what you are?

SCP-3699-1-2: Well, that seems like an awfully personal question. But I suppose that your intentions are pure. I am a small rock.

Dr. F : I was, erm, more referring to the fact that you're different from the other rocks.

SCP-3699-1-2: Am I? Well, a girl does like to be complimented, but perhaps save that for the second date.

Dr. F : …Let's change the subject.

SCP-3699-1-2: A splendid idea, my dear. So, have you ever been in love?

Dr. F : Wh- er, yes. I am married.

SCP-3699-1-2: Ah, but your human coupling is so straightforward. It’s different for a small rock. You see, we are inanimate objects, which means that our love-life is entirely dependent upon random chance and circumstance.

Dr. F : Sometimes I think ours is as well.

SCP-3699-1-2: Hah! Perhaps you are right. Well, it is worse for us, I'm afraid, and mine is a sad tale.

Many years ago, when I was younger and my surfaces less smooth, I found myself being tossed to and fro by fierce waves. It was somewhere off the coast of Spain, I think, and I ended up being tossed onto a beach in the Basque Country. Well, I wasn't overly happy about this predicament. I'm not really one for sitting still. It's an inconvenient habit when you're a rock.

But then! Out of nowhere, the sea tosses over this limpet-shell, right on top of me. It was love at first sight. She was called Simone, and she was beautiful.

Dr. F : You mean- you can talk, even when you haven't come from Cley Beach?

SCP-3699-1-2: Oh yes. Only to one another, though. You lot can't hear us normally. You can't hear sea-shells either, but I don't blame you. They have odd sounding voices. Very… curved, for want of a better word. Do you understand?

Dr. F : I think so. What was special about this seashell, then?

SCP-3699-1-2: Oh, what a gorgeous creature she was. The limpet had died ages ago, so she was free, and happy. She'd fallen on top of me, and stayed there. Oh, the times we had! We discussed theology, history, the works of Sartre. She loved surrealist art, whereas I always preferred cubism. I've never met a

seashell who was as brilliant, well-educated and serene.

She always knew just how to keep me calm and sane, even when we were in danger of being washed away. We clung together in our little embrace for decades, laughing and talking and loving one another. It was perfect.

Dr. F : …So what happened?

SCP-3699-1-2: What always happens to us and ours. She was washed away. I wept for a week, hoping she'd return, but she never did. I was buried beneath the shingle for another year after that, before I was swept away too. I never saw her again- and if she's even still alive, I likely never will.

Mine is a sad song. But now I am here, in the company of a beautiful woman. It got lonely, on the beach, you know. Listening to the constant chatter of the land-dwellers and newcomers. I *much* prefer it here.

Dr. F : …I think we'd better leave it there.

<End Log>

+Interview 3699-26

Interviewed: SCP-3699-1-1, SCP-3699-1-2, SCP-3699-1-3 (who goes by the name of "Christine" and speaks with a female voice) and SCP-3699-1-4 (who goes by the name of "Nigel" and speaks with a male voice).

Interviewer: Dr. F

Foreword: This interview was conducted 29/11/20 .

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : So, of all of the places you have visited, which do you prefer?

SCP-3699-1-2: Cadiz was nice.

SCP-3699-1-3: Ah, Cadiz! I remember the ships there. Coming in and out, towering over me. Things were different then.

SCP-3699-1-2: Yes, they were. Waters were purer. People were more civilised.

SCP-3699-1-4: No they weren't! I remember what was on some of those ships.

SCP-3699-1-1: Well, at least they were more civilised towards us.

SCP-3699-1-2: Oh yes.

SCP-3699-1-4: Quite.

SCP-3699-1-3: They didn't pollute the beaches with their bags and litter.

SCP-3699-1-4: Urgh, yes. So vulgar. Metal cans clanking about the place.

SCP-3699-1-2: And the chips…

SCP-3699-1-3: Oh God, yes, the chips! Makes the seagulls flock around in their squawking. So vulgar.

SCP-3699-1-2: Disgraceful.

SCP-3699-1-3: It's a good thing we ended up at Cley, you know. Not as many people to bother us.

SCP-3699-1-2: Well, there is the constant chatter of newcomers. You know what they're like. The humans can't hear them yet, of course, but some stones never listen to what their elders and betters tell them, so they witter on regardless.

SCP-3699-1-3: Quite! The humans can't hear them unless they're *off* the beach. Dozy bunch of shale. They hear of Cley's reputation and they come here, pig-ignorant, and quite spoil the place for the rest of us with their inane babble!

SCP-3699-1-4: Shocking. Simply shocking.

SCP-3699-1-3: Mind you… there are some good things about the modern day.

SCP-3699-1-2: That's true. Fewer shipwrecks.

SCP-3699-1-1: Yes, they were always nasty. The sight of the bodies, the stench of the water… the fear in their glassy eyes…

SCP-3699-1-3: The ones who lived were the worst.

SCP-3699-1-1: The way they'd linger.

SCP-3699-1-4: And the rocks are different too. Not so craggy.

SCP-3699-1-3: Less blood.

SCP-3699-1-2: More!

SCP-3699-1-3: No, less. Maybe more gets in the water, but it's not the same. It's not like the rivers that would flow in devotion to some pagan deity. The blood of sacrifice.

SCP-3699-1-2: Of faith and war.

SCP-3699-1-1: Yes. Of faith and war.

SCP-3699-1-4: Skies are still the same, though.

SCP-3699-1-3: Indeed. The same greyness in the clouds. The same slightness as the sun shines through it.

SCP-3699-1-1: Same darkness in the shadow of the sun.

SCP-3699-1-3: Ah, we are old my dears, we are old.

SCP-3699-1-2: As old as the universe.

SCP-3699-1-1: Older, maybe. Memories get fuzzy around then.

SCP-3699-1-4: Yes. The same memories.

SCP-3699-1-1: Forever.

<End Log>

+Interview 3699-31

Interviewed: SCP-3699-1-1.

Interviewer: Dr. F

Foreword: This interview was conducted 31/12/20 .

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : What is your earliest memory?

SCP-3699-1-1: My earliest? Well, that's a hard thing to work out. My earliest in my current

form, do you mean?

Dr. F : No, I meant the earliest memory of any form. Going back as far as possible.

SCP-3699-1-1: Ah, well, that's tougher. Things get so… mixed-up when you go that far back. I was me, and before that a larger rock, and then a larger, a larger, and so on. All the way back to the greatest rock of all; the earth.

Dr. F : The earth? You remember being the earth?

SCP-3699-1-1: Oh yes. We all do. Most of us are from her originally, though there are plenty of space-rocks and moon-chips too. It was a good time. I-we-hurtled through space with the force of a thousand suns. I was on fire, burning through the heavens. Great startling lines and shapes of colour and fury went passed me. No life back then; just the roar, the endless roar as we plummeted through the cosmos. I was vast, limitless, glorious. And now I'm a small pebble. Funny how things work out.

Dr. F : Do you remember being anything before the earth?

SCP-3699-1-1: Larger rocks. Parts of separate rocks, merged together in the fire. Little rocks in between. Mostly… mostly I just remember fire and darkness, endlessly cycling together. I was many rocks. I… I'm sorry. This is proving hard to remember.

Dr. F : Just take your time. What is the very earliest thing you can remember? Before all of this?

SCP-3699-1-1: I… there… there was one. Just

one. Without knowledge or light or life. Compressed into a single instant. Forever, until suddenly it wasn't forever. And I remember…

I'm sorry, doctor. This is all hard to recall. A lot of our free time is spent gazing upwards, at the fires and lights in the sky, remembering when we were all together. We sometimes sit at twilight, just trying to make everything out in a time we barely recall…

Dr. F : It's alright. Take your time.

SCP-3699-1-1: I remember… before. The ghosts. The things before matter. I… I…

No. I don't recollect anything. It's not even a memory, you see. It's just a- a feeling, you know? Like it's on the tip of your tongue, but you can't quite recall. Something different. Something strange. Something that was once, and will be again.

Dr. F : Will be again?

SCP-3699-1-1: I… I'm sorry, doctor. I think we'll have to end it here.

<End Log>

Articles 3700-3799

SCP-3700: Tides Of War

Item #: SCP-3700

Object Class: Hiemal

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation Naval Task Force Delta-7 ("Northern Storm") is currently assigned to patrol an area 800 km in diameter encompassing the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Archipelagos in the North Sea. 2 refurbished battleships, purchased from the United States military, have been assigned to this task force.[1] 13 destroyers, 5 cruisers, and 15 smaller support craft[2] are to accompany these vessels. Delta-7 has been instructed to patrol in a spiral pattern, moving outwards from a central pre-determined location, known as the Origin. This pattern is to be maintained until Delta-7 either encounters SCP-3700-1, or reaches the edge of the designated 800 km zone wherein they will return to the origin and begin the process again.

Information regarding SCP-3700's actual depth is to be retracted from all public texts and scientific publications. Should SCP-3700-1 be encountered, Delta-7 is to accompany the entity until it encounters SCP-3700-2, or it demanifests. SCP-3700-1 has been implanted with 32 large scale Donovan holoprojectors which give the entity the appearance of a pod of humpback whales.[3] Delta-7 is authorized to dissuade SCP-3700-1 from directly approaching any of the archipelagos, via force if necessary. Inquiry into Delta-7's presence is to be explained via maritime exercises between international peacekeeping forces. High ranking elements of the British Royal Navy have been informed of Delta-7's presence and purpose.

Should SCP-3700-1 encounter SCP-3700-2 at any point, Delta-7 is authorized to engage Protocol "Winter Maelstrom".

Protocol Winter Maelstrom

Upon encountering SCP-3700-2 in the presence of SCP-3700-1, Delta-7 is to take the following actions.

- Destroyers are to deploy harpoon based anchors into SCP-3700-2's skin on its head, securing it in one location.
- Destroyers are to move in a circular pattern at a distance of 200 m, and engage the entity with both L-cannons, and standard armaments, with anchors at full taut to ensure the entity cannot orient properly in any one direction.
- Cruisers are to draw SCP-3700-2's attention away from both destroyers and battleships, via use of Class 3 L-cannons and standard armaments. Cruisers should engage in a circular serpentine pattern at 300 m.
- Battleships are to employ Class 4 L-cannons in systematic continuous barrages, at 180 degrees on either side of the entity, 400 m away. Both vessels should coordinate as to launch each barrage at the same time as their counterparts.
- All vessels shall follow this protocol until either entity subdues the other.

As conventional weaponry and L-cannons are only capable of doing limited damage to SCP-3700-2, Delta-7 should not engage it in the absence of the other entity. Should SCP-3700-1 prove unable to subdue SCP-3700-2, or should SCP-3700-1 encounter SCP-3700-2 before Delta-7 encounters the entity, protocol "Tumult" will be put in place.

Protocol Tumult

The following procedures are to be enacted upon failure to properly contain SCP-3700-2.

- Evacuation of naval and civilian craft from the 800 km area of effect.
- Rerouting of trade and ferry routes to the archipelagos for a period of no less than six months.
- Continuous aerial and naval reconnaissance of, and engagement with SCP-3700-2.
- Increased monitoring of **SCP-3456** activity, due to SCP-3700-2's regurgitation of instances and a result of the

changing, hazardous, weather patterns.
- Continued surveillance for the reappearance of SCP-3700-1.
- Activation of land based aquatic defenses.

Due to SCP-3700-1's degrading physical condition, inquiries into the potential damage caused by allowing SCP-3700-2 to subdue SCP-3700-1 twice every 5 years is ongoing. Cooperative requests to local GOC forces are pending via review of GOC demands.

Description: SCP-3700 is the designation for a circular area in the North Sea with a diameter of 800 km encompassing the archipelagos of Faroe, Orkney, and Shetland. SCP-3700 has an abnormal depth, with the sea floor located approximately 5 km below the ocean surface, compared to an average of 250-300 m for the rest of the North Sea. SCP-3700 is subject to a wide and varied array of anomalous occurrences[4] due to ritualistic interactions between two entities, which have been designated SCP-3700-1 and SCP-3700-2. Active effects of SCP-3700 are wholly dependent on which entity successfully subdues the other during each ritual. All rituals, with the exception of two consistent dates, take place at random periods of time.[5] SCP-3700-1 and SCP-3700-2 always interact on dates corresponding with the spring and fall equinox of the given year.

Show information on SCP-3700-1

SCP-3700-1 is an arthropod[6] six km in length, green in pigmentation, with a mixture of blue, yellow, pink, and red markings etched along the top forming a facsimile of a woman's face. It possesses six prehensile limbs[7] attached to an elongated crescent shaped segment of its abdomen on the anterior end, with eight legs attached to a cylindrical segment stretching roughly four km in length. The entity possesses four compound eyes, orange in pigment, attached to stalks at the front of the crescent.[8] SCP-3700-1's carapace is heavily damaged, with large amounts of scarring, cracking, and small holes which expose softer tissues.

Other than its size, the entity possesses several anomalous capabilities, a number of which are used to

subdue SCP-3700-2. SCP-3700-1 is capable of using its club-like appendages in a similar manner to a Peacock Mantis Shrimp, where both the strike and the resulting cavitation bubbles produce a force in excess of several tonnes of dynamite.[9] Two of SCP-3700-1's eyes are capable of projecting concentrated blasts of gamma radiation. The entity is capable of dispelling/dispersing storms, and other aberrant weather phenomena, while simultaneously increasing rates of erosion on any land mass it comes within 100 m of. Despite its size, SCP-3700-1 is capable of reaching speeds in excess of 100 km/hr, and has demonstrated an ability to demanifest entirely if it is unable to locate SCP-3700-2 within a certain timeframe.[10]

SCP-3700-1 is benign in nature, and displays rudimentary signs of sapience. When accompanied by Delta-7, it will either ignore the presence of Foundation vessels, or provide some primitive form of aid via propelling disabled craft away from peril. The entity travels the length of the 800 km area in which it manifests in a spiral pattern, moving out from a central location[11] towards the edges. Since its discovery, and the subsequent implementation of containment protocols, the entity has slowed considerably in its movements, suffered several notable decreases in mass[12] and has weakened considerably in its ability to subdue SCP-3700-2.

Show information on SCP-3700-2

SCP-3700-2 is an anomalous member of the Actinopterygii[13] which closely resembles *Eurypharynx pelecanoides* in appearance with the exception of 13 appendages encircling the middle section of its body. These appendages resemble the tentacles of an octopus, with accompanying suckers, and tuck into the entity's torso when not in use. The entity is currently 32 km in length,[14] with the majority of its length being composed of a whip-like tail ending in a sharpened point,

with the widest point of the entity being approximately 1 km from top to bottom. Each tentacle is estimated to be approximately 60m in length, and its mouth is estimated to reach 3 km in depth when opened. SCP-3700-2 is black in pigmentation, and is bio-luminescent, with white, purple, and red luminescent lines forming the facsimile of a mans face on either side of its torso.

SCP-3700-2 is capable of invoking rapid changes in meteorological conditions, specifically invoking storm conditions in excess of category 5 hurricanes. The entity is capable of bending its torso between the tail, in the semblance of a joint where there is visibly not one, and then spinning the lower portion of its body, while its head remains oriented in a single direction. This allows SCP-3700-2 to generate a whirlpool/maelstrom, drawing any vessels within 150 m towards it, at which point its tentacles will grip and rip said objects apart, regardless of composition. The entity is capable of releasing high energy soundwaves and streams of blue fire[15] from its esophagus, allowing it to quickly dispatch close range targets.

SCP-3700-2 manifests at random locations along its counterpart's spiral path, with the exception of the aforementioned equinoxes where it appears at the Origin. SCP-3700-2 remains submerged unless it is engaged with another object/organism or SCP-3700-1, and will demanifest ~15 days after first appearing. The entity is openly hostile to any and all organisms that approach it;[16] however, SCP-3700-2 reverts to rote predatory behavior in all instances other than interactions with SCP-3700-1. The entity cannot be subdued via conventional weaponry, and only suffers moderate damage from anomalous weaponry, thus only SCP-3700-1 is capable of fully subduing it. Several of SCP-3700-2's more notable anomalous properties, including its ability to regurgitate **SCP-3456** instances, have emerged in the last decade, as its counterpart has grown weaker.[17]

Interactions between SCP-3700-1 and 2 consist of prolonged struggle, where each entity will attempt to temporarily kill or subdue the other. Interactions on equinox dates always occurs at the center of the 800 km zone. Interactions shortly following the given equinox dates are usually short, and can occur in random locations, with the victor of the previous interaction quickly dispatching the other entity. Historically, the previously subdued party has defeated its counterpart during the next equinox, prior to implementation of current protocols.[18] This resulted in two six month cycles where SCP-3700-1[19] would dominate one cycle, and SCP-3700-2[20] the other. Since implementation of current containment procedures, SCP-3700-1 has subdued SCP-3700-2 for 64 straight equinoxes with Foundation aid.

Successful defeat of one entity by the other induces a number of different geological and meteorological changes within the 800 km zone. These are described below:

- When SCP-3700-1 subdues SCP-3700-2
    - Storms, and harsh weather are immediately dispelled, despite meteorological conditions in areas outside of the 800 km zone.
    - Reproductive rates of local oceanic and island fauna increase by a factor of three, crop yields double for the duration of the six month period. Careful culling of ocean fauna must be undertaken, due to unintended creation of dead-zones as a result of overpopulation of certain species of zooplankton.
    - Erosion rates of each archipelago's shores increase from standard rates by a factor of five.[21]
- When SCP-3700-2 subdues SCP-3700-1
    - Meteorological conditions become perilous. Continuous storms, ranging in strength from that of a category 1 to category 5 hurricanes occur throughout the 800 km zone. Temperatures experience rapid fluctuations, ranging from well below 0 C, to well above 28 C as a result of the constantly changing storm fronts. Such conditions may cause damage or complete destruction

of buildings, and loss of life, resulting in SCP-3456 appearances.
- Travel by sea is rendered difficult, if not impossible, by turbulent storm surges and waves. Supplies, food, and transport must be arranged by air, or aboard specialized storm faring vessels.
- Ocean food sources are driven from the area due to the extreme conditions, livestock often expire from exposure or disease. Crop yields are greatly reduced due to high winds, over-saturated soil, and lack of sunlight.
- SCP-3700-2 does not demanifest. It will actively patrol the zone, and is known to approach the archipelagos explicitly to regurgitate SCP-3456, as well as prey upon any unsuspecting civilian vessels capable of traversing the harsh conditions it generates.

Historical reports indicate that SCP-3700-1 has been regularly encountered by local fishermen since the 1500s; however, based on oral traditions, and known folklore of the area, it is likely that SCP-3700-1 was present during the construction of several nearby [DATA EXPUNGED] and that its counterpart was one of the many targets of such efforts. Reports of SCP-3700-2 are also consistent in local folklore; however, no recorded sightings of the entity were noted until the mid 20th century.

Show Incident Log I-3700-039

Incident Log I-3700-039:
The following incident log contains a composite video and audio recording transcript of the interaction between SCP-3700-1 and SCP-3700-2 which occurred on March 20th, 2017. Descriptions and events were constructed using mounted CCTV cameras and audio communication logs between task force vessels. It should be noted that the nature of this incident is novel, and the given containment procedures and description have not been revised to reflect it due to a distinct lack of certainty regarding its consequences, and absence of historical precedence in regards to such an occurrence.

Incident Log I-3700-039

Foreword: Delta-7 arrived at the "origin" at approximately 00:00 hours on March 20th, and began preparations for Protocol "Winter Maelstrom". SCPS Mither and SCPS Teran were the retrofitted battleships present for the engagement, with the Mither serving as the flagship for the force. 2 of the destroyers suffered minor damage during the engagement, and the destroyer SCPS Stronsay Beast suffered heavy damage, including complete engine failure, and had to be towed from the area. Several vessels reported loss of personnel following the incident, with the majority of losses due to unusually turbulent seas, or SCP-3456 appearances. Communications throughout the engagement refer to SCP-3700-1 and SCP-3700-2 as HOMER and ANGIE respectively.

Begin Log

[At 17:32:37 an area of water, 600 m from where Delta-7 was anchored, began emitting intense rays of light for approximately three minutes, before SCP-3700-1 appeared.]

SCPS Mither: "This is the Mither to all vessels, HOMER has appeared, I repeat HOMER has appeared."

[Delta-7 withdraws their anchors from the ocean floor, and begin steaming towards SCP-3700-1. The entity begins moving slowly, in a circular pattern, as Delta-7 gains on it. It catches sight of Delta-7 after approximately five minutes, and appears to acknowledge their presence by raising 2 of its claws into the air, and clicking them repeatedly while emitting

a low rumbling noise from the appendages around its mouth.]

[Delta-7 escorts SCP-3700-1 around the origin for approximately 30 minutes, in formation, without incident. At approximately 18:02:08, weather conditions begin changing. Large black wall clouds resembling those found in hurricanes form within several seconds, the wind visibly increases in speed and the waves become turbulent.]

[SCP-3700-1 raises it's claws, and moves them in a circular motion, creating a small hole in the clouds above it and Delta-7. SCP-3700-1 is noted to cease this activity after approximately 30 seconds, its antenna drooping, visibly taxed by the effort. The hole remains for the duration of the incident.]

[600 m in front of Delta-7 and SCP-3700-1 the ocean begins to froth, and foam, before SCP-3700-2 emerges from beneath the surface, head pointed vertically upwards. It rises up until the tops of its tentacles are visible, and then stops. Its torso bends and the head becomes horizontally level. The entity's jaw opens, unhinged, revealing several rows of serrated teeth, before it emits a roar, followed by a stream of blue fire. SCP-3700-1 dives beneath the surface at this point.]

SCPS Mither: "All vessels, ANGIE has been spotted. Engage 'Winter Maelstrom.'"

[Delta-7 Scatters outwards from where SCP-3700-1 submerged. All 13 destroyers reach their positions and fire their harpoons, which embed in the entity's head. SCP-3700-2 emits a second vocalization and becomes agitated, as its lower body begins to spin,

generating the characteristic whirlpool at its base. Cruisers reach their positions and open fire with L-cannons and conventional weaponry, drawing SCP-3700-2's attention. Destroyers begin moving at top speed, drawing the harpoon lines taut and dragging the entity's head in a continuous 360 degree loop. Battleships reach their designated positions and charge their cannons.]

SCPS Mither: "Fire barrage on my mark. 3… 2…1…Fire!"

[The first broadside barrage from the battleships collides with SCP-3700-2, causing it to wail. SCP-3700-2 begins emitting grunting vocalizations, before regurgitating an SCP-3456 entity into the water below. The instance begins moving towards the line of destroyers in excess of 50 km/hr, despite a lack of aquatic anatomical features.]

SCPS Selkie: "CENTAUR in the water! Headed straight towards us!"

SCPS Mither: "Selkie, switch targets to CENTAUR #1, engage with all weaponry."

[The SCP-3456 instance closes the gap between it and the SCPS-Selkie before the vessel can retarget its weaponry.]

SCPS Selkie: "It's too close!"

[The Selkie is briefly lifted from the water by the instance, and it can be seen reaching towards crew members who are clinging to the railing and their weapon emplacements. SCP-3700-2 is briefly relieved by this action, allowing it to orient itself and release a stream of blue fire which impacts the SCPS-Stronsay

Beast.]

[An audible crack is heard, as the Selkie is released, and the SCP-3456 entity wails. SCP-3700-1 surfaces, and strikes the entity with its club like appendages once, twice, and three times, each resulting in loud cracks. The SCP-3456 instance is torn in half by the third strike, sending its human torso flying through the air, before landing just beyond the SCPS-Mither. The Selkie returns to full steam, drawing the line taut and pulling SCP-3700-2 out of its orientation. The Stronsay Beast has suffered moderate damage due to the fire, and is visibly smoking near its engine compartments.]

[SCP-3700-1 is seen lifting several crew members, from the Selkie, who were displaced into the ocean, and places them safely aboard another destroyer as it passes. The entity curls its tail down below it, leaving only its crescent segment visible above the water and turns towards SCP-3700-2. SCP-3700-1 moves toward the edge of the whirlpool, two of its eyes beginning to emit luminescence. SCP-3700-2 is beginning to show signs of moderate damage due to the L-cannon barrages. Several SCP-3456 instances can be seen in the surrounding waters, and are being kept at bay by smaller support craft.]

SCPS Mither: "Brace for the killing blow!"

[SCP-3700-1 emits several concentrated blasts of gamma radiation, carving several large holes in SCP-3700-2. SCP-3700-2 wails, and begins flailing violently. Its motions manage to snap all of the destroyer's harpoon lines, and creates several large waves which push all present vessels backwards. The

entity's barbed tail snakes from below SCP-3700-1 and impales it in its midsection and then lifts it clear of the water. SCP-3700-1 strikes at the tail with its club like appendages, attempting to free itself several times, before all movement stops. SCP-3700-2 flings the entity past Delta-7 where it plunges beneath the ocean surface and does not reemerge.]

SCPS Mither: "HOMER is down, HOMER is down, all ships pull out and regroup for implementation of protocol Tumult."

[All Delta-7 vessels turn and begin moving in the opposite direction of SCP-3700-2. The SCPS-Stronsay Beast has visibly slowed, sputtering smoke, before coming to a complete halt. SCP-3700-2 has begun expanding its whirlpool, and the sea has become extremely turbulent, as its flails have ceased. It emits a loud vocalization, and turns towards the fleeing vessels, before spotting the Stronsay Beast.]

SCPS Mither: "Stronsay Beast, get out of there now!"

SCPS Stronsay Beast: "We can't move! Our engines are shot!"

[The Stronsay Beast is caught in the whirlpool, and drifts towards SCP-3700-2. A tentacle rises from beneath the surface, and wraps around the damaged vessel. SCP-3700-2 opens its mouth, preparing to consume the destroyer. SCP-3700-1 leaps from beneath the surface as SCP-3700-2's jaws begin to close, managing to strike and sever the tentacle gripping the Stronsay Beast, then weakly attempting to strike it, sending the damaged destroyer just beyond the whirlpools edge.]

[SCP-3700-2 emits another vocalization, jaws clamping down on top of SCP-3700-1. Several bright flashes of light are visible, and SCP-3700-2 roars in pain, thrashing as its lower half stops spinning, and its tentacles come up from beneath the waves, and begin tearing SCP-3700-1's legs from its abdomen. SCP-3700-2 tentacles stop moving, and a rapid succession of muffled cracks can be heard. SCP-3700-2's lower jaw is severed, dropping SCP-3700-1 into the water. SCP-3700-2 begins flailing, its movements growing weaker before it releases one final stream of fire onto SCP-3700-1 in the water. Delta-7 stops steaming in the other direction, and patiently waits for signs of a victor; however, after 5 minutes neither entity is seen moving.]

[Delta-7 makes its way back towards the site of the clash, where they found neither entity moving or alive. Both entities dissolved shortly after Delta-7 reached their position, a single round object was seen, by multiple crew members aboard the Stronsay Beast, sinking beneath the surface where SCP-3700-1 had been. At this time, it was noted that the wall clouds had dispersed into standard cumulonimbus clouds, although surface conditions remained turbulent.]

SCPS Mither: "This is Delta-7 to Command."

Command: "We read you Delta-7."

SCPS Mither: "We have a bit of a situation."

Command: "Go ahead Delta-7."

SCPS Mither: "SCP-3700-1 and 2 are both down."

[10 seconds of radio silence.]

Command: "Please repeat Delta-7."

SCPS Mither: "SCP-3700-1 and 2 are both down."

Command: "Stand by."

[Approximately three minutes of radio silence.]

Command: "Are either entities' effects active Delta-7?"

SCPS Mither: "Negative command."

Command: "Is there any trace of either entity?"

SCPS Mither: "Also negative."

Command: [Anxiously] "It appears the anomaly has been neutralized. Delta-7 is to return to base for debrief following any recovery efforts."

SCPS Mither: Understood command.

[Approximately five minutes of radio silence occur as recovery efforts begin, and the Stronsay Beast is attached to tug boats.]

SCPS Mither: "Command, we're picking up unusual levels of gamma radiation, and a sonar contact at a depth of 3 km. Requesting permission to deploy submersibles for exploration purposes?"

[One minute of radio silence passes, wherein command is recorded to have deliberated a decision.]

Command: "Request denied. Return to base for debriefing."

[Delta-7 turns from the scene of the preceding battle, and begins steaming in the direction of its berth.]

[During the next 5 minutes of recording, gamma radiation levels continued to increase. Ocean surface turbulence visibly worsen, and several smaller vessels are seen tossed by large waves. CCTV cameras on multiple vessels record the abrupt cessation of surface turbulence, and the appearance of four large, yellow orbs, 300 m from Delta-7's location, below the surface. The orbs linger for approximately 2 minutes, during which time significant seismic activity is reported within the area, before vanishing. Command notes the presence of the objects at this time, but does not inform Delta-7.]

[Following the disappearance of these objects, Delta-7 detects a new sonar contact 5 km directly beneath the task force. Initial readings indicated some sort of metallic structure.]

SCPS Mither: "Command, we've lost the signal from the previous contact, and are no longer detecting gamma radiation. We're detecting a new contact, 5 km deep, large, and metallic."

Command: "Stand by Delta-7."

[Command discusses further action for approximately 3 minutes.]

Command: "Delta-7, you are authorized to deploy submersibles for exploration purposes. Be advised, should SCP-3700-2 manifest,

exploration teams are to be considered lost, and you are to return to base."

SCPS Mither: "Roger Command."

End Log

Footnotes
1. These ships have each been retrofitted with 9 class 4 L-cannons capable of in-taking ocean water and firing concentrated lightning rounds.
2. Each equipped with class-3 or 2 L-cannons alongside stabilizing systems in order to withstand harsh storm conditions equivalent to those of a category 5 hurricane.
3. Please see "Donovan Projectors: The Next Generation of Visual Concealment."
4. Primarily sudden changes in meteorological and geological conditions.
5. With the shortest span between interaction having been 2 weeks, and the longest six months.
6. Which resemblesHomarus gammarus.
7. Four of which end in claws, with the remaining two ending in club like appendages.
8. The lower two eyes were originally thought to be vestigial, as they do not appear to move, however, initial interactions with SCP-3700-2 revealed their true function.
9. Exact measurements have proven impossible to quantify due to the entity's non-hostile nature outside of SCP-3700-2.
10. ~15 days post appearance, with the exception of the previously mentioned spring and autumn equinoxes.
11. Known as the origin. This location is equidistant from all 3 archipelagos, and is home to a large number of shipwrecks from a variety of different historical periods.
12. Having originally been a length of 16 km when such measurements were first recorded in 1932.
13. Ray finned fishes.
14. The original recorded length was less than 300 m when the entity first appeared in 1945.
15. Presumed to be the source of its luminescence.
16. Delta-7 have witnessed the demise of several pods of Blue

Whales at the jaws of the entity.
17. A number of theories are currently being explored as to why this is occurring, however it is likely that changing global climate patterns in combination with SCP-3700-1's domination of the cycle for the past 64 equinoxes play large roles.
18. Current physiological studies seem to indicate that this is due to physical exhaustion of one party.
19. Usually periods corresponding with the spring and summer of the northern hemisphere.
20. Usually corresponding to winter and fall.
21. Foundation personnel have been forced to import large amounts of dirt and sand in order to slow erosion rates and restore lost beach which buffers the islands.

SCP-3701: All the Time in the World

Item #: SCP-3701

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: When not in use, SCP-3701 is to be kept in the temporal anomaly storage unit at Site 221. At all times outside of storage, including during testing sessions, SCP-3701 is to have a large chrono hazard sticker placed on it, to prevent accidental misuse by staff confusing it for a simple kitchen timer. No tests are to be performed outside of the safe settings that have been designated, unless a level 4 researcher or higher has overruled the safety precautions.

Description: SCP-3701 appears essentially identical to a standard 1 hour kitchen timer. However, it is extremely resilient and to date, no amount of heat or pressure has been able to cause even superficial damage to the object.

SCP-3701 was discovered inside of **SCP-728** following a routine test. Initial experimentation on SCP-3701 revealed its anomalous temporal properties.

When an individual holding the object sets and starts the timer, they immediately cease to exist in our timeline, and enter a separate, parallel timeline. The user will exist in this alternate timeline for the duration the timer has been set to, and will be enveloped in a temporal shield, preventing direct, indirect and quantum interaction with matter in the alternate timeline.

Notably, the rate of time in this alternate timeline will move at an accelerated rate from the perspective of the individual in it. Testing has proved that the user will witness a duration of 10^(n-1) hours of the alternate timeline, where n represents the setting in minutes on SCP-3701. For example, if the user sets the timer to 2 minutes, they will experience 2 minutes from their perspective, but will witness 10

hours of time passing around them in the alternate timeline. Subjects have described this effect as being similar to "watching a movie in fast forward."

With each additional elapsed minute from the perspective of the user, the rate of time in the alternate timeline increases by a factor of 10. This makes precise events of the far future essentially impossible to detect.

Following test 3701-5, it was discovered that the temporal shield weakens significantly the instant before the user is returned to our timeline. This has led to restrictions of the settings that users may test on SCP-3701.

When the timer reaches 0, the user is transported back to our timeline in the relative location they were in the alternate timeline. No chronic or acute effects have been recorded from using the device in the designated safe settings.

> **Addendum 1:** *Regarding Chrono-Link*
>
> Chrono-Link is the brainchild of Dr. William Atlas, created as a means of obtaining and transmitting information across alternate timelines.
>
> It's original iterations were built off of the temporal sinks designed and used in the now defunct **`Peregrine Mission`**. Recent advancements in quantum computing, and specifically the allocation of two Z-4 quantum supercomputers to Site 221 have allowed this technology to be properly tested.
>
> Chrono-Link uses advanced quantum tunneling models to accurately transmit and receive discrete data packets across timelines. However, this is still extremely computationally demanding, and therefore only simple messages can be transmitted back and forth, even when site 221 commits ~90% of it's computational power to the program. Hopefully, continued research with SCP-3701 can further increase the foundations cross-temporal communication capabilities.

Test Log

Setting: 1 minute

Equivalent alternate time: 1 hour

Subject: D-145834

Results: Subject was instructed to go into the break room on site and make note of events that occur over the hour as best as he can. After setting the device to one minute and starting it, subject disappeared and was absent for one minute before reappearing in the break room. Subject was able to accurately point out where various individuals would sit for lunch and what they ate, despite having no prior knowledge.

Setting: 2 minutes

Equivalent alternate time: 10 hours

Subject: D-145834

Results: Subject asked to note various key events during the day, such as what was served for dinner, where his alternate self traveled and which researcher sat in a designated chair in the break room. In addition, he was specifically asked to only disclose the information to specified parties. It was discovered that if individuals are told of activities they do in the future timeline, they still have the free will to prevent them from happening, but without intervention, events in the future alternate timeline will eventually occur in our timeline.

Setting: 3 minutes

Equivalent alternate time: 100 hours (~4 days)

Subject: D-145834

Results: Upon returning to our timeline, subject notes that the longer he remains in the alternate timeline, the more difficult it becomes to perceive specific events, due to the accelerated rate of time around him. No other significant analysis.

Setting: 4 minutes

Equivalent alternate time: 1000 hours (~1.5 months)

Subject: D-145834

Results: Subject notes large volume of people moving away from the containment cell of of SCP- and armed guards running towards it just prior to leaving the alternate timeline. Inquiry into this information led to the discovery of a severe containment vulnerability in the cell of SCP- , which was promptly corrected.

Used correctly, this has the potential to give us foresight into fatal errors before they happen. I'm going to request an upgrade into research priority for 3701. -Dr. Atlas

---

Transcript of test 3701-5

This test was our first attempt at communicating with a subject while they were still in the alternate timeline through the use of Chrono-Link. Unfortunately, computational limits forced us to use extremely basic

dialogue. -Dr. Atlas

Setting: 13 minutes

Equivalent alternate time: 1.14 billion years

S = Subject, A = Dr. Atlas

TRANSCRIPT FOLLOWS

A: TEST. NOTIFY. IF. RECEIVE.

S: (Chrono-Link overload, messaged not received)

A: LESS. WORDS. KEEP. SIMPLE.

S: OK. STATUS. NORMAL.

At this point during the test, the Chrono-Link system suffered another crash and required a 7 minute reboot

A: SYSTEM. CRASH. STILL. THERE.

S: STILL. HERE. OUTSIDE. NOW.

A: HOW. OUTSIDE. EXPLAIN.

S: LARGE. EXPLOSION. SITE. DESTROYED.

A: DESCRIBE. SURROUNDINGS.

S: SKY. FLASHING. RUBBLE. EVERYWHERE.

The described flashing sky was attributed to the rapid changing of day and night due to the accelerated time subject was experiencing.

A: ANY. SURVIVORS.

S: NO. EVERYTHING. DEAD.

A: STANDBY.

Dr. Atlas notes this event as a potential XK-Class scenario occurring within the next 1100 years.

A: TAKE. PHOTO. SEND. HERE.

S: SENDING.

A: PHOTO. NOT. RECEIVED. STANDBY.

The photo that the subject sent once again overloaded the Chrono-Link system, requiring another 5 minute reboot. Final transmission occurs during the last minute of test.

A: ANY. CHANGE. IN. SURROUNDINGS.

S: SUN. MUCH. BRIGHTER

S: FEELING. HOT.

A: ANY. OTHER. CHANGES.

S: SO. HOT.

S: HOW. MUCH. TIME. LEFT.

A: 30. SECONDS. STANDBY.

S: VERY. HOT. SKIN. BURNING

A: NOTED. 15. SECONDS. LEFT.

S: EVERYTHING. BURNING. HELP.

A: 5. SECONDS. LEFT. STAY. CALM.

S: HOT. HOT. HOT. HOT.

Following this test, SCP-3701 returned in the relative vicinity of the testing area, followed by

a severely burned corpse that was identified as the subject via dental records. Testing revealed that the temporal shield provided by SCP-3701 diminished significantly enough at the end of its duration to allow the increased heat of the future sun to terminate subject. Testing of SCP-3701 on settings exceeding 12 minutes now require authorization by level-4 researchers or higher.

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Summary of Cross Testing with SCP-728 and SCP-3701

Parameters: [DATA CORRUPT]

Subject: Null

Results: [DATA REDACTED] Level 3 clearance or higher required

Under the order of Dr. Atlas, no further cross testing of SCP-3701 shall be conducted without sole approval of Dr. Atlas or an override by the O5 council.

Input Credentials

Welcome Dr. Atlas

Summary of Cross Testing with SCP-728 and SCP-3701

Parameters: Subject instructed to set SCP-3701 to 60 minutes, corresponding with an equivalent alternate timeline duration of 1.14 x 10^55 years. Subject then instructed to enter SCP-728 and begin timer once doors are closed.

Subject: ERROR, OUT OF RANGE

Results: No anomalous activity reported for the duration of the one hour timeline set. No contact could be made with subject during this period through the Chrono-Link system; Dr. Atlas notes that this is likely due to the properties of SCP-728.

Following the expiry of the one hour duration, sensors recorded a massive drop in the local temporal and **`hume`** field. Following this drop, a **`spacial-temporal anomaly`** formed in the center of the test area, triggering temporal shielding devices to activate.

Current research into SCP-3701 has been postponed, and resources have been shifted into studying this anomaly and what may lie on the other side. In addition, it is noted that there are no records in Foundation databases of the subject participating in this test, and no researchers involved claim to have any memory of any specific traits of the individual.

SCP-3702: I Walk Through The Desert, And I Have No Name

Item #: SCP-3702

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A 42 km x 200 m stretch of desert in the eastern portion of the Cyrenaica district of Libya has been enclosed with 3 m tall barbed wire fencing. Given SCP-3702's proximity to the agricultural communities of Jaghbub Oasis, barbed wire fences have been labeled as encompassing an active minefield. Security teams have been placed at strategic points along the fence to monitor SCP-3702-1's progress, and reroute any Berber caravans attempting to circumnavigate the stretch.

Security teams have been instructed not to offer SCP-3702-1 food or water. An aerial drone has been assigned to monitor SCP-3702-1's progress, and is to return to it's manifestation point at 6:00 A.M. each day.

Description: SCP-3702 is a stretch of desert in the eastern portion of the Cyrenaica district of Libya, beginning 32 km southwest of Al Jaghbub and ending 3 m from the westernmost body of water of the oasis. **ARad** measurements of SCP-3702 register abnormally high emissions in excess of 10,000. This is likely the cause behind observed meterological abnormalities, including average daytime temperatures of 50 °C year round, and the absence of precipitation in any form within the boundaries of the anomaly.

SCP-3702 is regularly traversed by a singular entity, SCP-3702-1. This entity is a male humanoid, with non-human anatomical features consistent with other aquatic humanoids from SCP- , including yellow-green scales, gills, and fins along the arms and legs. SCP-3702-1 suffers from the physical and mental effects of the following conditions: mid to late stages of dehydration, second degree radiation burns due to UV exposure, non-surgical removal of

the tongue, and late stages of heat exhaustion. The entity appears incapable of succumbing to these conditions, and always remanifests in slightly better physical condition than when it demanifested last.

A set of Nordic thaumaturgic runes are engraved upon the entity's chest and back. These translate to:

> I walk through endless sands, without food, water, or tongue. None shall help me. This is the price of my careless greed. So it shall always be, by the Mither's will.

SCP-3702's anomalous effects manifest twice each day. At 6:00 A.M. SCP-3702-1 will manifest, and atmospheric temperatures within the enclosure will instantaneously elevate to 50 °C. SCP-3702-1 will then begin walking, running, crawling, or dragging itself along the top of the sand towards the westernmost body of water in the Jaghub oasis. At 9:00 P.M. the entity will demanifest, regardless of his current position. Reaching the western edge of SCP-3702-1 prior to 9:00 P.M. will also result in demanifestation.

Discovery and Containment:
SCP-3702-1 was first encountered via a Berber caravan passing through the area on 3/22/2017. A Foundation undercover operative assigned to the caravan as part of measures to monitor and preserve a nearby SCP- site reported the anomaly to nearby containment officials. All members of the caravan were treated with Class A amnestics, and a containment team was dispatched.

The entity's physical state had degenerated upon containment team arrival, rendering it unconscious. The containment team attempted to remove SCP-3702-1, at which time they discovered the northern boundary of SCP-3702. The entity was promptly separated from the containment team via a significant concussive blast of unknown origin, at which point a swarm of *Danaus plexippus*[1] emerged from the surrounding sand, and proceeded to engage in carnivorous activity upon the entity. SCP-3702-1 regained consciousness upon the swarm's appearance, and proceeded to emit distressed vocalizations for 3 seconds before all biological matter was consumed, at which time the swarm dispersed.

A second attempt was made when SCP-3702-1 was spotted the following day. Attempts at communication were made, revealing the entity's physical inability to communicate. An attempt to remove the entity by moving in the opposite direction lead to the discovery of the southern border of SCP-3702, and a similar outcome as the first attempt. A third attempt at removing the entity via the western direction lead to the discovery of its point of manifestation, and a similar outcome as the first two retrieval attempts. A fourth and final attempt was made in the eastern direction, resulting in SCP-3702-1's demanifestation 3 m from the edge of the oasis's westward most body of water. Several attempts at aerial removal were conducted, resulting in similar outcomes.

Following determination that SCP-3702-1 could not be removed from the area, the current enclosure was constructed. Ancillary attempts were subsequently made to offer SCP-3702-1 food and/or water. This lead to the discovery that such attempts would result in the transformation of provided items into random amounts of *Leiurus quinquestriatus*[2] and *Cochliomyia hominivorax*,[3] respectively, upon placement in SCP-3702-1's mouth.

Update 4/02/2017:
Further attempts at providing aid to SCP-3702-1 have been suspended indefinitely via confirmation of the entity's identity as , per the terms of the Foundation- cooperative treaty signed on 4/01/2017. Further action in regards to SCP-3702 is limited to observation and positional tracking.

Footnotes
1. Colloquially known as the Monarch Butterfly, and a species which is not native to the Sahara desert, or any part of Northern Africa.
2. Colloquially known as the "Death-Stalker".
3. Colloquially known as the New World screw-worm fly, which is not native to Northern Africa.

SCP-3703: From Death, We Contain

Item #:
SCP-3703

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Archaeological excavations within close proximity to established Neolithic and Bronze age sites have been implanted with undercover Foundation agents. In the event that an excavation discovers an SCP-3703 instance, further excavation will be halted, and amnestic treatment protocols implemented. In the event of multiple SCP-3703 instances; additional searches are to be conducted, using ground penetrating radar. Exposed instances should be fully excavated, and observational data collected. SCP-3703 instances and their accompanying chambers are to be concealed via the use of Donovan holoprojectors.

Research and experimentation with SCP-3703 is subject to level 3 approval. Testing involving the use of sapient or semi-sapient organisms is currently prohibited. Personnel entering the interior of SCP-3703-1 must have a 2 or higher MARS (Mind-Affecting Resistance Scale) score. A maximum exposure time of 10 minutes is to be observed for any and all excursions into SCP-3703-1 instances.

SCP-3703 are to be monitored by onsite research and security personnel via installed CCTV cameras and previously installed VERITAS devices. Change in baseline VERITAS readings and visible agitation of SCP-3703, SCP-3703-1, or SCP-3703-A, have been designated as signs of a class III containment failure. Observed increases in structural damage to any portion of the SCP-3703-1 instances at the 6 known sites possessing 13 SCP-3703 instances, including their connections to the surrounding

neolithic/bronze age structures, constitutes a class VII containment failure, and multiple potential **HK-class deific subjugation** scenarios.

Efforts are underway to repair damage to SCP-3703 instances. In the event that such efforts are unsuccessful, a contingency plan involving SCP- -1 through 4 is currently in place.

Description: SCP-3703 are several hundred structures consisting of a mass of congealed corpses[1] fused at multiple points, in various states of arrested decay. Each SCP-3703 instance levitates within a cuboid chamber (designated SCP-3703-1) composed of a semi-solid gelatinous substance. A large number of branching pipe-like structures extend from this chamber and into the surrounding site. Both SCP-3703 and SCP-3703-1 are found adjacent to, below, or within a large number of major excavated Neolithic and Bronze age sites.

Each set of remains have been arranged, positioned, or otherwise distorted into various geometric forms. Outside of several notable exceptions, these forms are associated with symbols of protection.[2] All SCP-3703 instances possess at least 1 hemispherical depression. These depressions are entryways into extraplanar spaces designated SCP-3703-A (See Document A and Exploration logs). SCP-3703 instances vary widely in size, dependent on the density and number of corpses.[3]

The primary purpose of both SCP-3703 and SCP-3703-1 appears to be the generation and channeling of high energy matter in a form resembling natural plasma. This originates from each hemispheric depression and flows into the surrounding site. Aforementioned matter is in a constant state of high energy, ionized molecular motion; however, it maintains constant temperatures of -20 °C and floats along the ceiling of SCP-3703-1 and into the branching pipes. Due to SCP-3703's secondary and tertiary anomalous properties, determining the source of energy generation was impossible until the invention of miniaturized robotic technologies. (See Exploration Log E-3703-01 and Supplementary Document A).

When exposed to auditory stimuli, SCP-3703 will demonstrate structural changes, emulating physical objects or conceptual

representations of the perceived stimuli (See Experiment Logs). Physical inanimate items placed within 3 m of SCP-3703 will result in extension of corpses in the form of appendages, which will then be used to pick up, drop, throw, or internalize the inanimate object. SCP-3703 completely ignores non-sapient organisms.

Sapient entities entering SCP-3703-1 are subject to SCP-3703's secondary anomalous effect, involving visual and auditory compulsion. This involves a desire to touch or climb SCP-3703, resulting in activation of SCP-3703's tertiary effects. The exact source of the compulsion involves the manipulation of individual skeletal remains to form [COGNITOHAZARD EXPUNGED] using the fingers; in concert with subliminal sound emissions.

Individuals who come in direct physical contact with SCP-3703 are subject to its tertiary anomalous effect. Subjects will fuse with the set(s) of remains at the initial site of contact. Fusion is usually physically traumatic enough to break the cognitohazardous effect.

Experiment Logs:

ENTER CREDENTIALS FOR fileserv:/S/3703/experiment.log

Prepared by the Division of Thaumaturgic Analysis

The following experiments were subject to several differing conditions. Inanimate objects were placed in SCP-3703-1 via remoted controlled robotic arm. D-class subjects entering SCP-3703-1 were equipped with retractable cables. Audio-Video recording transcripts of tests 3 and 4 have been attached within the log files; primarily due to the presence of [COGNITOHAZARD REMOVED].

Test Name
Operator:
Object/item introduced:
Result:

Test Name: E-3703-01
Operator: Dr. Alva Móðir
Object/item introduced: 1 bouncy ball, 1 titanium cube block (0.22 m^3), 1 Rubik's cube, 1 children's shape sorting toy (square peg provided, square hole on the frame was sealed with glue and wood prior to testing, leaving only the circle and triangle holes).
Result: All four inanimate objects were placed within 3 m of SCP-3703; initiating the testing sequence.

SCP-3703 exhibited a response 10 seconds after initiation of testing, rearranging its shape to form an appendage, picking up the bouncy ball. For the next five minutes, SCP-3703 picks up and drops the ball. Corpses in the central mass are noted to to turn their heads, following the ball as it bounces.

SCP-3703 moves from the ball to the titanium block, and proceeds to use its appendage to pick up and drop the block four times. On the fifth attempt, SCP-3703 does not drop the block, but pulls the appendage back in. 15 seconds post submersion, the block is ejected from the central mass. Ejection velocity was measured at approximately 100 km/h; its impact severely damaged two nearby pieces of measuring equipment.

The titanium block was modified by SCP-3703, possessing carved proto-nordic runes translating to

the following text:

> Is someone there beyond the passage? I can feel the metal and movement through what's left. I cannot see you through their eyes. Their sight is failing. Light is fading. Are you there? Is it you after 5 lifetimes of slumber? I can no longer hold here. I have not slept since you left the eyes won't allow it. I cannot hold here. I cannot hold here. The passage weakens behind me, and 6 wake in the bowels of my weakness. It's not you there. It's not you. Come back. Please come back. I cannot hold here. Please come back.

Central mass recreates the appendage, and proceeds to pick up the Rubik's cube. Individual corpses are observed holding and maneuvering the shifting parts of the puzzle, prior to the appendage being internalized. 10 seconds following internalization, the Rubik's cube is ejected, solved.

Appendage reforms after five seconds, and picks up both the sorting frame and provided shape peg. Both the frame and the peg are internalized. The SCP-3703 instance promptly begins spinning at 30 rotations per second, generating a significant wind column for approximately 30 seconds. Both the frame and the peg are ejected from SCP-3703-1 at high speed, destroying several pieces of equipment but sustaining no damage themselves. Both are inscribed with similar proto-nordic runes translating to the following:

> Are they still there, strangers, metal, maybe humans? It doesn't fit. It doesn't fit. Are they the three arrowed eye, save me? Can you hear me? Children's toys, on tides of war. They can't be ready too late. Will end them all, they aren't ready. They

aren't ready. They aren't ready. You're not here and they aren't ready. I gave everything they gave everything who are they what do you want why. Why? Save me. Save me. Save me. Shattering seal failing passage angry mankind's doom. Save me.

SCP-3703 demonstrates prominent signs of sapience. The singular and plural use of pronouns in these carvings suggests indicate some sort of hive mind conscience which drives these central masses of corpses to do whatever it is they are doing. -Dr. Alva Móðir

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Test Name E-3703-02
Operator: Dr. Alva Móðir
Object/item introduced: 1 cage filled with lab mice. Designated M-class subjects.
Result: The cage is placed within 3 m of the SCP-3703 instance, and the door unlocked. 22 test mice succesfully leave the cage, and proceed to explore the interior of SCP-3703 for the next 15 minutes. No notable incidents occur. Interior is deemed safe for human entry.

I think this reaffirms the efficiency of using mice to determine safety for preliminary D-class testing. Expendable, with half the training time, and none of the ethics issues. -Dr. Alva Móðir

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Test Name E-3703-03
Operator: Dr. Alva Móðir
Subject introduced: D-84630 (Veteran of experimental programs with low level Safe and Euclid objects.)

Procedure: D-84630 was briefed on the nature of SCP-3703-1, and instructed to retrieve a tissue sample from the enclosure.

[**BEGIN LOG**]

(*D-84630 is escorted into the mobile containment facility by two security personnel, and comes into visual range of SCP-3703. The corpses are obscured by the hazy nature of SCP-3703-1.*)

D-84630: "You're sure I'm OK to touch this one right? You remember Incident alpha-six-pumpernickle? Y'know, the one with the toucan?"

Dr. Alva: "Step forward, and through the barrier please."

D-84630: "Alright alright… five years doing this and not one researcher with a sense of humor."

(*D-84630 steps through into SCP-3703-1's interior, and immediately stops, staring at the SCP-3703 instance. The corpses composing SCP-3703 are noted to shift, facing D-84630.*)

Dr. Alva: "D-84630, please proceed to the object, and remove a tissue sample."

(*D-84630 is non responsive. They continue to stare at SCP-3703.*)

Dr. Alva: "D-84630 can you hear me?"

(*D-84630 does not respond.*)

(*Dr. Alva addresses the crew manning the retrieval cable, and then addresses the communications tech.*)

Dr. Alva: "Get ready to pull her out. Are our

transmissions going through?"

(*The communication tech confirms reception.*)

Dr. Alva: "Ok, D-84630, if you do not respond and proceed to target, we will initiate cable retrieval."

D-84630: "You guys are seeing this right?"

(*D-84630 continues to stare at SCP-3703. The corpses shift so they are facing in the direction of the command chamber.*)

Dr. Alva: "Be more specific D-84630."

D-84630: "They're talking. The corpses are talking."

(*SCP-3703 shifts so that the corpses are facing D-84630 again. 15 seconds of silence follow.*)

Dr. Alva: "Describe what you are seeing."

D-84630: "There's a giant floating… disc? It's made of corpses. I'm not sure they are human, they're all scaly and stuff. The heads on the surface are looking at me and their mouths are moving… They're talking."

(*SCP-3703 shifts back to facing the control room.*)

D-84630: "Okay that right there is freaking me the fuck out. Why do they keep looking over there?"

Dr. Alva: "D-84630, are you sure the corpses are moving their mouths?"

D-84630: "Yeah, the mouths are moving."

(*SCP-3703 shifts back to D-84630.*)

D-84630: "Doc, I don't like this. I've been doing this long enough to know that if I'm in the room and

something's happening, and you can't see it, it's not gonna end well. Especially not when they start crying."

Dr. Alva: "Please describe what the corpses are saying D-84630. We will initiate retrieval when you've finished."

(*D-84630 concentrates for 5 seconds on SCP-3703.*)

D-84630: "They're begging me to touch them Doc."

(*Dr. Alva signals the retrieval cable team.*)

Dr. Alva: "D-84630 please withdraw from the chamber."

D-84630: "They keep talking about the passage needing to stay open… They look pretty pathetic. I kind of want to help."

Dr. Alva: "Very good, D-84630. Please exit the chamber."

D-84630: "But they need me."

(*D-84630 takes a step towards SCP-3703.*)

Dr. Alva: "Activate the retrieval cables!"

(*D-84630 begins to levitate, continuing to express a desire to merge with SCP-3703. The retrieval cable successfully activates, pulling her from SCP-3703-1, at which point the levitation and cognitohazardous effects cease.*)

[**END LOG**]

Test Name E-3703-04

Operator: Dr. Alva Móðir
Subject introduced: D-3703-01 (Three years experience in experimental procedures) and D-3703-02 (Recently interred).
Procedure: D-3703-01 and D-3703-02 were not informed of SCP-3703's nature beforehand. Both individuals were instructed to enter the chamber, and approach the entity for sample collection. Retrieval cables were attached to both individuals.

[**Begin Log**]

(*D-3703-01 and D-3703-02 are instructed to enter the chamber, beginning the test.*)

D-3703-01: "That… is certainly different."

D-3703-02: "What the fuck is that!?"

(*SCP-3703 shifts, directing the surface level corpses to face the two D-class.*)

D-3703-02: "Fuck no. Fuck this. Fuck you. Fuck this test."

D-3703-01: "Calm down, you'll agitate it."

D-3703-02: "What? Do you know something I don't know? Oh god, they're talking. The corpses are talking."

Dr. Alva: "Please approach SCP-3703 for tissue collection."

D-3703-01: "I have serious misgivings about this."

(*D-3703-01 moves towards SCP-3703. D-3703-02 remains in place.*)

Dr. Alva: "02, approach SCP-3703 as instructed."

D-3703-02: "No can do doc. I'm not going anywhere near that fucking thing."

Dr. Alva: "02, you are currently in violation of your agreement with the Foundation. If you do not comply, disciplinary action will be taken."

[TWO MINUTES OF EXTRANEOUS DIALOGUE REMOVED]

D-3703-02: "Alright, fuck, I'm going… maybe this won't be half bad."

(*Both D-class arrive within SCP-3703's 3 m zone of maximal effect.*)

D-3703-02: "It looks kind of sad."

D-3703-01: "I… didn't think a pile of corpses could ever look so depressed, but you're right. They do."

Dr. Alva: "D-3703-02 please climb SCP-3703 and retrieve a tissue sample."

D-3703-02: "I… I can hear them calling. George, George they need our help."

(*D-3703-02 proceeds to climb SCP-3703. His foot makes contact with the outstretched hand of a set of skeletal remains, and immediately fuses with the appendage. Over the course of the next five seconds, his leg slides down further fusing into necrotic tissue.*)

(*The retrieval cable activates but snaps.[4] Notable anatomical changes[5] occur during fusion prior to the onset of rapid necrosis.*)

(*The corpse to which D-3703-02 has been fused moves further into the structure, taking him with it.*)

D-3703-02: "Oh god. Oh god. Oh god. Help me!

Fucking Help me please! It burns! I-"

(*D-3703-02 disappears from view. Communication is not re-established.*)

Dr. Alva: "We're aborting the procedure, 01. Get out of there."

D-3703-01: "But the passage… they can't hold it open anymore. We have to help… we have to…"

(*An appendage emerges from SCP-3703, making contact with D-3703-01's upper cranium. This induces fusion, drawing him into the structure. D-3703-01 is internalized prior to retrieval via cable. Once activated, the cable returns with a corpse consistent with remains found within SCP-3703. This corpse disintegrates upon exiting SCP-3703-1.*)

[**End Log**]

Exploration Log

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Prepared by the Division of Thaumaturgic Analysis

Given the results of previous experiments, and a relatively high increase in degradation of the 13 SCP-3703-1 structures in and around [LEVEL 5 LOCATION REDACTED] exploration of SCP-3703's physical structure, and the interior of the associated hemispheric depression, was approved. This expedition; utilizing a robotic heli-drone with miniaturized navigation

thrusters and audio-video recording equipment, lead to the discovery of SCP-3703-A.

SCP-3703-A Exploration log

Date: / /

Vehicle: Solar Battery Powered Gyroscopic Drone with Jet Propulsion Modifications.

Subject: SCP-3703

Region of exploration: SCP-3701-A

[**BEGIN LOG**]

Heli-drone's camera activates, and audio recording begins. Tests of the drones propulsion devices occurs for 15 seconds, before it enters SCP-3703-1.

Audio recording detects aberrant low frequency vibrations, playback induces beginning of compulsive effects in the drones operator due to [COGNITOHAZARD REMOVED]. Audio filters are adjusted to exclude these frequencies. The camera zooms in on SCP-3703 as the drone hovers just outside of the object's maximum effect range and captures the corpses hands arranged in [COGNITOHAZARD REMOVED] using the fingers.

After 15 minutes of surveillance of SCP-3703-1's interior, the drone is directed into the cluster's maximal effect range for exploration of the depression along its surface. Entry into this zone prompts SCP-3703 to reshape, and form several appendages. These appedages proceed to attempt to grab and internalize the drone over the course of several minutes, forcing the operator to perform evasive maneuvers. Following this five minute

period, the appendages cease their attempts to grab the drone, and succesful entry into SCP-3703-A is made..

Visual recording becomes slightly distorted, aberrant and extremely elevated VERITAS and Kant counter readings begin.

Distortion ends after 5 seconds. The drone has changed locations, and is no longer present within SCP-3703-1. The attached camera records footage of a cylindrical tunnel, estimated to be 500 m in diameter, and extending beyond discernible visual range in either direction. The feed zooms in on the walls of this structure, depicting fluidic motion, and pink pigmentation.

The drone swivels zooming out, as it captures a large number of floating streams and rivers of purple material, consistent with that seen exiting SCP-3703-1. Large branching points are visible from the drones location. Hundreds of small holes run along various points of the tunnel's walls. Both the branches and the holes emit constant white light, and have irregular curvature compared to the surrounding structure.

The drone is maneuvered to inspect the streams of fluid matter, and then several of the adjacent holes. None of these holes are entered, though slight atmospheric changes are detected in their vicinity. Orientation devices indicate a lack of any gravitational field.

The drone's microphone begins picking up a number of distant audio signatures. Of particular interest are a number of speech patterns matching the timing of previously detected low frequency wavelengths from within SCP-3703-1. Propulsion towards the source of these emissions begins, and lasts for the next 30 minutes.

The first 15 minutes of travel are uneventful, though marked decreases in the number of branching points and holes along the tunnel wall are apparent. A small blue point of luminescent light becomes discernible in the direction the drone is traveling, and continues to grow in intensity over the following 15 minutes.

The tunnel's end, a large gradual opening leading out into a cosmological space resembling the vacuum of outer space, comes into visible range. As the drone draws closer, the pink and purple atmosphere visibly mixes with a large volume of multi-colored gaseous clouds, similar to what is observed in river deltas where salt and fresh water mix. Most notable among these clouds is a large grey-blue fog which is oriented directly in front of the tunnel, and is thick enough to obscure all space within and behind it.

As the drone exits the tunnel into the open area, it performs a 360 degree turn, capturing footage of an expansive void of space ranging from blue to black in pigmentation. Thousands of pinpoints of light are visible in every direction, though a notably large and concentrated band of such light is visible to the right. The tunnel entrance appears more akin to a 2 dimensional aberration in the surrounding space from this position, rather than a 3 dimensional structure. VERITAS and Kant counter readings remain extremely high.

A pod of organisms resembling translucent hump-back whales, possessing four legs and wings, passes within the camera's field of view. The whales are followed by several large serpentine creatures with various scale pigmentation's, breathing variously pigmented streams of fire. Large numbers of aberrant astrophysical, and chemical readings are measured both as these

creatures pass, and as the drone travels through the open space towards the source of blue light. Gravitational measurements remain at 0.

The drone's camera zooms in on the source of blue light, a small blue sphere, roughly 3 m in diameter, comes into focus. The sphere is transluscent, and engraved with runes of an unknown language. VERITAS and Kant counter readings overload, and both sensors short out as it draws within 100 m of the object.

Blue light visibly arcs and stretches from the object into the cloud.[6] Within the interior of the sphere is a female humanoid individual; matching the anatomical features of corpses within SCP-3703, with golden scales. The camera zooms in, and the individual's chest can be seen rising and falling. Its eyes are closed.

15 seconds pass without incident. The humanoid opens its eyes and spots the drone. Its mouth moves, and it points in the direction of the camera. An arc of light strikes the drone, severing all contact with the vehicle.[7]

[**END LOG**]

Document A:

ENTER CREDENTIALS FOR fileserv:/S/3703/document-A.txt

EXTRAPLANAR AFFAIRS DIVISION

SCP-3703 BRIEFING - LECTURE EXCERPT

OVERVIEW OF SCP-3703-A

Dr. Alva Móðir

[…]

You've all seen the video at this point, so I'm not going to belabor this point too much. What we're looking at here is a 500 m wide tunnel like structure, with rivers of cold plasma flowing through it. The plasma is flowing out through the hemispheres on 3703, into these various sites. We're pretty sure it's some sort of power source but the recent recordings only muddy things further. The tunnel appears to be connected to a parallel universe of some sort. Not quite what I think, but we'll get to that.

Magic is the immediate and logical explanation for this kind of anomaly. It's also kind of tricky, due to a lack of total understanding of its base nature, of course that's why we consider such things anomalies. The real question is *what* type of magic we are talking about. VERITAS readings point to that, but the Kant counter would appear to indicate involvement from that field as well. The frank answer is, we don't know. It's magic.

We have some level of pseudo-scientific understanding of thaumaturgy, you've probably read the leaked GOC entries, the Prometheus lab documents, but that's all surface level compared to what we're looking at here. We don't know anything about the Finnfolk's reasoning behind building these things. Surely they *must* have had one to sacrifice so many of themselves to form these anchors. My

personal theory is the Finnfolk corpses, this tunnel, and even these sites are all being used to keep something locked away. Or at least power whatever is.

This Finnwoman, in the orb, it's just circumstantial correlation right now, but when you've worked in this field this long, you know that when your audio recordings detect the same timing and frequency for a cognitohazard as an audio signature that is not a coincidence.

This Finnwoman and that corpse cluster, maybe even all of the corpse clusters we know of, are connected. Maybe she's controlling them, maybe it's an arbitrary association, but she is doing *something*. It involves that cloud, the tunnel, the streams of plasma, all of it. It's possible the Finnfolk were containing her. But why? I'm not sure, nobody here or anywhere else is. Not even the Finnfolk know what she is, and they built the damn things.

The parallel universe we got snapshots of through the drone is fascinating. Typical physical properties don't seem to follow conventional physics at all, especially given the nature of the Finnwoman in the orb, and the cold plasma rivers. Those things in and of themselves would be sufficient for me to suspect that this isn't a parallel universe at all, but a mirror plane along the fifth parallel axis. If that is true… it changes everything we thought we understood.

[…]

Reactivation log:

SCP-3703-A Drone reactivation log

Date: / /

Vehicle: Solar Battery Powered Gyroscopic Drone with Jet Propulsion Modifications.

Subject: SCP-3703

Region of exploration: SCP-3701-A

Forword: Foundation officials reestablished communication with the drone 2 weeks after loss of contact.

[**BEGIN LOG**]

The drone's camera reactivates, displaying the blue sphere as seen before. The humanoid figure within is unconscious, and shows signs of injury around the nose and temples. Initial analysis indicates the damage is superficial. The sphere is cracked along the top, and is no longer emitting rays of blue light.

It turns in a 90 degree arc. The cloud of mist is no longer present. In its place is a humanoid figure, roughly 20 km in height, possessing black pigmented skin. Red, white, and purple luminescent bands run along the entity's form.

It is visibly restrained in space by the presence of 3 circular stone rings, where each ring is lined with series of monolithic stone columns oriented in the form of a henge, all possessing signs of serious damage, located at the groin, the chest, and the center of the forehead. Additional stone structures appear to pin the entity's left hand, and legs in a prone position. Each location emit combinations of blue, pink, green, and yellow luminescent light.

The right arm is unrestrained, approaching both the drone and the sphere at significant speed. The remains of a shattered stone structure are visible on top. Propulsion and maneuvering the vehicle were impossible at this time.

The hand strikes the blue sphere, shattering part of the surface. The sphere flies out of frame in the 0.5 seconds

between the strike, and the destruction of the drone.

Post Word: Approximately 2 minutes following destruction of the drone, the blue sphere was ejected from the same SCP-3703 instance the drone entered. It ceased motion upon collision with the wall of the adjoining chamber. The humanoid, hereby dubbed EoI-3703-1, remained in suspended animation within the sphere and was unharmed other than the previously obtained minor injuries. They have been moved to SCP- for treatment of a severe concussion, questioning, and anomalous properties evaluation.

The entity observed in this recording has been designated EoI-001-02.[8] Efforts are currently underway to counteract a potential HK-class deific subjugation scenario.

Update / /

Following recovery of Entity of Interest EoI-3703-1 from the remains of the sphere, Foundation audio analysts were successful in recovering and translating the last 30 seconds of the Exploration log's audio recording.

> You were there all along, Mither.
>
> This may have been for nothing, but we would do it again. To keep him away. Seal Teran. For even one single moment.
>
> I would do it all again. Just for one more moment. One moment with you, Alva.

Footnotes
1. Observed remains appear to be anatomically similar to baseline humans, with the exception of several prominent features, including fins along the arms and legs, scales beneath a primary layer of retractable human skin, and gills along the neck. Removal and analysis of any single individual has proven impossible due to each structure's effects within the confines of SCP-3703-1.
2. Several henges in the British Isles possess SCP-3703 instances which have been shaped into round shields or Celtic iconography,

such as Lugh's shield.
3. The largest SCP-3703 instance discovered contains an estimated 3456 individuals and is 30 m in diameter.
4. A post-incident investigation determined this was the result of a previously undetected fault in the wire.
5. These include the manifestation of scales and fins along the right leg.
6. Estimated to be roughly 30 km in height, and 5-7 km in width
7. Audio recording peaked prior to loss of contact, full analysis is under way to retrieve verbal communication.
8. Entity of Interest.

SCP-3704: Requiem

Item #: SCP-3704

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3704 is to be kept inside of a soundproofed reinforced steel case whose lock may only be operated by a remote terminal in an observation room 25 meters from the object. This terminal operates via a randomly generated passphrase known only by one (1) Level 4 Personnel at a time. The case is to be stored in an isolated, soundproofed room, at least 15 meters away from any of the room's walls. A circle with a radius of 2 meters is to be painted around the object, denoting the effective range of the tertiary third primary effect. Microphones are placed about the room, which can broadcast into the observation room if researchers so choose.

The observation room is only accessible through the adjacent hallway, having no direct connection to SCP-3704's containment chamber. Access to the containment chamber is restricted except for purposes of testing. After the results of Incident 3704-A, testing has been suspended until further notice.

Description:

> + Description Revision 1.0
>
> SCP-3704 is a wooden music box measuring 16cm by 10cm by 16cm. The object has a coat of pink paint on it, chipped or damaged in several places, revealing the wood underneath. The wood has a reddish tint, and does not match any known species of tree. The composition of the wood is extremely dense, making the object heavier than it appears. In addition, it is significantly stronger than normal wood of similar dimensions. Despite this, the object is damaged in multiple locations, with parts of the

casing appearing crushed. The crank is also broken off, though it can still be turned if force is applied to the remaining end. Inspections have shown that the internals are consistent with similar music boxes, showing no anomalous effects.

Music can be heard from SCP-3704 at random intervals whether or not the crank is turned. The songs it plays vary between subjects, with different subjects reporting varying genres, usually in line with the subject's tastes. This effect is demonstrated even in subjects listening at the same time.

After 30 seconds of exposure to the music, subjects will feel a compulsion to move closer to the object. After 3 minutes of exposure, this draw slowly becomes stronger, reaching its height after 5 minutes. At the effect's height, subjects become largely unable to resist the urge to move closer, and use any means necessary to do so. See Testing Log 3704.1 for details. A subject in this state that is rendered unable to hear SCP-3704-2's music will fall unconscious for a period of 30 minutes to an hour. Upon waking, subjects will have no memory of their time under the object's influence.

When a subject comes within 15 meters of SCP-3704 they begin to hear whispers interspersed in the music that grow louder the closer they get to the object. Subjects report that the voices are from people that they recognize, usually deceased family members, acquaintances, or celebrities. These voices tend to be from people that the subject looked up to, or trusted.

In most cases, subjects say that the voices are consoling them, and in all cases telling them to approach the object. See **Testing Log 3704-1** for details.

When a subject comes within 2 meters of SCP-3704 and has been exposed longer than 5 minutes, a tertiary effect appears. Subjects become convinced that the people the voices belong to are trapped inside the object. Subjects

will attempt to break open SCP-3704 in an attempt to free them, and will attack anything that prevents them from performing this act. If a subject is forcibly removed from the 2 meter effective range, they lose the urge to free the voices.

+ Description Revision 2.0

Revised 05/02/2017 in response to Incident 3704-A

SCP-3704 is a wooden music box measuring 16 cm by 10 cm by 16 cm. The object has a coat of pink paint on it, chipped or damaged in several places, revealing the wood underneath. The wood has a reddish tint, and does not match any known species of tree. The composition of the wood is extremely dense, making the object heavier than it appears. In addition, it is significantly stronger than normal wood of similar dimensions. Despite this, the object is damaged in multiple locations, with parts of the casing appearing crushed. The crank is also broken off, though it can still be turned if force is applied to the remaining end. Inspections have shown that the internals are consistent with similar music boxes, showing no anomalous effects.

SCP-3704 draws on the empathy of its listeners. It has 3 primary anomalous effects that draw emotions out of subjects, good or bad, in an attempt to bring them closer to it. A fourth effect manifests once a subject has become sufficiently close.

The first of the two primary effects is that music can be heard from SCP-3704 at random intervals whether or not the crank is turned. The songs it plays vary between subjects, even playing different songs to two subjects listening at the same time. SCP-3704 tends to play songs that subjects have a connection to, usually by drawing on memories that evoke a strong emotional reaction to.

The second primary effect is that starting at a range of

15 meters, subjects hear voices interspersed in the music. These voices typically take the form of people the subjects knows, looks up to, or trusts, with one exception. SCP-3704 has the ability to seemingly sense if an empathic connection has been formed with the subject. In cases where an empathic connection has been formed, the voices attempt to console subjects, usually speaking of forgiveness or absolution. In cases where an empathic connection has not been formed, the voices take other forms of people the subject has wronged, or feels contempt towards. The voices in these cases speak not of forgiveness, but of debts, as if subject owes it to them to move closer.

The condition of the third primary effect is unknown due to insufficient testing. The current theory for the condition is that it manifests if subjects resist the call to move closer to the object for an extended period of time. Subjects under this third effect seem to undergo immense pain, and yet appear to have their senses dulled. Subjects also seem to be granted strength and dexterity above what a normal human can possess. The full extent of the effect is, like the condition, unknown. See **Incident 3704-A** for an example of this effect.

The fourth effect of SCP-3704 appears once subjects have come within 2 meters of it. Subjects in this range become convinced that the voices are trapped inside SCP-3704, and as such become heavily compelled to "free" them by destroying the object. Subjects will attack anyone else who enters the 2 meter range, believing them to be preventing the liberation of the voices. Subjects who are rendered unable to hear SCP-3704's music, either by removal from the effective range or artificial deafening, fall unconscious for a period of 30 minutes to an hour. Upon waking, subjects will have no memory of their time affected by SCP-3704.

Testing Log 3704-1:
Below are a series of tests conducted upon SCP-3704 with the

intent of learning more about how the object selects music for each subject, and what the voices produced by the object say to subjects.

+ Test 1

Test 1
Date: 04/06/2017
Overseeing Researcher: Dr. Caleb Solys
Subject: D-3704-1
Purpose: To ascertain what the voices produced by SCP-3704 say to subjects.
Procedure: D-3704-1 was brought into the containment chamber, then locked inside. A timer was set up in the observation room to help prevent overexposure.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Solys: (*Starts timer and opens case.*) Let's begin. Will you please approach the case?

D-3704-1: Uh, sure. (*D-3704-1 begins to move towards the object.*) What's in that thing? Is it a speaker? Why is it playing *Back in Black*?

Dr. Solys: I'm not sure. Do you listen to it often?

D-3704-1: Not really. It was my uncle's favorite song. He would always have *AC/DC* records playing at his house when I would go over.

Dr. Solys: I see. Please continue to approach the case.

D-3704-1: Got it, boss. D-Doc, are you hearing whispers?

Dr. Solys: Nothing on my end. Can you make out what they are saying?

D-3704-1: Yeah, the one I can hear most loudly is saying that it's going to be okay. I… Holy shit, Doctor, I think it's my uncle talking.

Dr. Solys: Can you elaborate?

D-3704-1: Y-Yeah, now he's telling me to come closer. Is that a good idea?

Dr. Solys: You may proceed so long as you do not cross the line painted on the ground.

D-3704-1: Yeah, got it. Hey, Doc, what's going on? My uncle died in a car accident around this time last year. Why am I suddenly hearing his voice?

Dr. Solys: That is one of the things we are trying to determine. Is he saying anything else?

D-3704-1: No, not really. He's just kind of repeating that it's going to be okay and that I should come closer. I hear other voices in the background, too, but I can't put a finger on them.

Dr. Solys: Try to identify the other voices, if you can.

D-3704-1: I'll do my best, but…wait. Now he's talking more, my uncle is. He's saying…oh God.

Dr. Solys: What is he saying?

D-3704-1: Hey, why can't I cross the line? I really, really wanna get closer to this thing.

Dr. Solys: More adverse effects appear the closer you get to it. Please do not cross that line.

D-3704-1: A-Alright. He's telling me about the accident. He-

Dr. Solys: (*Cutting off D-3704-1, after noticing the experiment had lapsed past 3 minutes.*) D-3704-1, back away from the object. This test is over.

D-3704-1: What? No, Doc, I…I have to go to it. I have to hear what my uncle has to say. (*D-3704-1 resumes moving towards SCP-3704.*)

Dr. Solys: D-3704-1, if you cross that line, you will be terminated. Back away now.

D-3704-1: No, Doc, you don't understand. He's trying to tell me something really important! (*D-3704-1 crosses circle, and tertiary effect manifests.*) Shit! He's in there!

Dr. Solys: Security team, go!

(*Security team enters the room and tries to restrain D-3704-1 as he attempts to destroy SCP-3704. D-3704-1 attacks the members of the team that cross the line, while ignoring those who remain outside. In response, the security team opens fire. Subject is terminated.*)

[END LOG]

+ Messages to and from Site Command between 04/07/2017 and 04/0

Message to Site Command from Dr. Caleb Solys on 04/07/2017

I would very much like to find out what happens after the 3 minute mark. It seemed that the voice began speaking about something else, but we weren't able to

ascertain what. I'm formally requesting more D-Class and approval for further testing.

Response from Site Command on 04/08/2017

Request approved.

+ Test 2

Test 2
Date: 04/10/2017
Overseeing Researcher: Dr. Caleb Solys
Subject: D-3704-2, convicted of first-degree murder of his girlfriend. Subject pleaded guilty but claimed it was an accident.
Purpose: To ascertain what changes in the voices' messages at the 3 minute mark.
Procedure: D-3704-2 was brought into the containment chamber and restrained to a metal chair 4 meters from the object that had been fastened to the ground ahead of time. A timer was set up in the observation room to help prevent overexposure.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Solys: (*Starts timer and opens case.*) Let us begin. D-3704-2, what do you hear?

D-3704-2: I'm hearing *Clair de Lune*.

Dr. Solys: Noted. Is this in line with what you would normally listen to?

D-3704-2: Not really, but my mother used to play it when I was little; it was her favorite song. She was a world-class pianist. I always loved to hear her play. It was soothing.

Dr. Solys: Is that so? You said 'was'. Is your

mother still alive?

(*Test time exceeds 30 seconds.*)

D-3704-2: No, she passed away in 2013.

Dr. Solys: Ah, I'm sorry.

D-3704-2: Don't be. Hey, is there something wrong with the recording? I'm starting to hear white noise mixed in.

Dr. Solys: I'm reading nothing on my end.

D-3704-2: Really? That's weird. It almost sounds like voices.

Dr. Solys: Can you make out what they're saying?

D-3704-2: Uh…kinda? I think they're telling me to come closer. Is that not good? Is that why I'm restrained?

Dr. Solys: In part, yes. Can you identify the voices?

D-3704-2: There's one that's louder than the rest. It almost sounds like…oh Jesus. Mom…? Is that you?

Dr. Solys: Is she responding?

D-3704-2: No, at least I don't think so. She's just telling me not to worry and to come closer.

Dr. Solys: D-3704-2, how did your mother die?

D-3704-2: Breast cancer.

Dr. Solys: I see. Have any changes been

made to the voice's vocal patterns?

D-3704-2: No, not yet, anyway. She's saying that it's going to be okay.

Dr. Solys: Alright. Will you please let me know if she says anything new?

D-3704-2: Sure.

(*D-3704-2 is silent for approximately 30 seconds.*)

D-3704-2: Hey, do you think she'd respond if I tried hard enough?

Dr. Solys: What do you mean by that?

D-3704-2: I…I'm not even entirely sure. I just kinda get the feeling she just wants to talk to me.

Dr. Solys: What makes you say that?

D-3704-2: I don't know. She's sounds like she's…pleading. She really wants me to move closer. Can…can I do that?

(*Test time exceeds 3 minutes.*)

Dr. Solys: Your restraints will not be undone for the duration of this test.

D-3704-2: I don't think you understand. I need to go to her!

Dr. Solys: You will not be permitted to move closer to the object. I need you to stay calm, and tell me what she says to you.

D-3704-2: (*D-3704-2 takes a deep breath.*) A-Alright. She's talking about a time when I was

little. I…I tried to drive our family car, and crashed it of course. Mom, she tried to save me and broke her arm because of it. She's telling me it's okay. That I'm forgiven. Absolved. All I need to do to see her again is go to that case.

Dr. Solys: The restraints will not be lifted.

D-3704-2: The other voices are getting louder now. I hear…I hear…oh God I hear Melody.

Dr. Solys: Melody?

D-3704-2: My girlfriend. The one I…I…you know. (*D-3704-2 begins crying.*) She…she's saying the same thing! I'm forgiven! Absolved! Doctor, I need to go to the case! Please!

(*Test time exceeds 5 minutes.*)

Dr. Solys: I'm sorry, we cannot permit that.

D-3704-2: No! Please, Doctor! (*D-3704-2 begins tearing at the restrains.*) You don't understand! I need to see them! I need them to know I'm sorry! They need me to go to them!

(*D-3704-2 tries to pry the retraints off, breaking his arm in the process. He does not seem to notice, and continues attacking his restraints.*)

Dr. Solys: Alright, I'm stopping this. Security team, get in there and remove D-3704-2 from the effective range.

(*Security team enters containment chamber, and frees D-3704-2 from the chair. They lead him out of the chamber, and he resists until he crossed the 15 meter threshold and becomes unconscious.*)

[END LOG]

+ Messages to and from Site Command between 04/11/2017 and 04/1

Message to Site Command from Dr. Caleb Solys on 04/11/2017

I'm formally requesting authorization to repeat this test with different subjects. I would like to know more about what the voices say to different people, as well as what happens at the 3 minute mark.

Response from Site Command on 04/12/2017

Request approved. Further testing has been greenlit unless otherwise stated.

+ Incident 3704-A (Test 7)

Incident 3704-A (Test 7)
Date: 04/23/2017
Overseeing Researcher: Dr. Caleb Solys
Subject: D-3704-7, convicted of arson. Tried to burn down restaurant owned by ex-girlfriend's parents. The fire spread to nearby hotel, killing multiple bystanders. Subject shows sociopathic tendencies, and in isolation has shown a degraded mental state.
Purpose: To ascertain what voices different people hear, and ascertain the difference in message, if any.
Procedure: As above.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Solys: (*Starts timer and opens case.*) D-3704-7, please tell me what you hear.

D-3704-7: Uh, some alt. rock song. It sounds

really familiar but I can't place it.

Dr. Solys: Interesting. So, you feel as if you have heard this piece before?

D-3704-7: Yeah, definitely. My roommate used to listen to stuff like that.

(*Test time exceeds 30 seconds.*)

Dr. Solys: Not you? Were you close to this roommate?

D-3704-7: I mean, kinda, yeah. He would always play music really loudly though, so it more annoyed me than anything.

Dr. Solys: I see.

D-3704-7: Do you hear that?

Dr. Solys: The music? No, I hear noth-

D-3704-7: No, no. It sounds like a voice.

Dr. Solys: A voice? Singular?

D-3704-7: Yeah, why? Were you expecting multiple?

Dr. Solys: What is the voice saying?

D-3704-7: Uh…I can't quite hear it well enough yet. It's been slowly getting louder. Give it a sec.

(*D-3704-7 is silent for approximately 12 seconds.*)

D-3704-7: Ah, okay. It wants me to move closer. I'm assuming I'm not supposed to, given the chair.

Dr. Solys: Do you recognize the voice at all? Is that all it is saying?

D-3704-7: Yeah, sounds like that's about it. It's repeating that same thing over and over. To answer your other question, no I can't place it. I…what the hell?

Dr. Solys: What's the matter?

D-3704-7: It just called me by my name. My real name.

Dr. Solys: What do you mean, 'your real name'?

D-3704-7: I got my name changed when I was 18 to get rid of my first name. I was named after my father, who left before I was born. Never met him, didn't want to be associated with him. No one knew that name. No one.

Dr. Solys: Strange. You still can't place the voice?

D-3704-7: Not a damn clue. Part of me wants to believe it's my father, but I know that's weird.

Dr. Solys: You believe that you are hearing the voice of a man you never met?

D-3704-7: I don't know how else it would know my name.

Dr. Solys: That's reasonable, I suppose.

D-3704-7: He keeps telling me to move closer. Something about a debt being owed.

Dr. Solys: I'm sorry, a debt?

D-3704-7: Yeah.

Dr. Solys: See if you can glean more information. Is that all he is saying?

D-3704-7: That I can hear, yes. Hell as far as I know this thing could be putting thoughts in my mind that I need to serve some eldritch horror. You guys have some crazy shit cooped up in here.

Dr. Solys: Let me assure you that as far as we know that is not the case.

D-3704-7: Ah. Such a relief.

Dr. Solys: This is an experiment, D-3704-7. Cutting back on the sarcasm would be much appreciated.

D-3704-7: Aye, aye, captain.

(*Neither D-3704-7 or Dr. Solys speak for approximately 30 seconds. During this time, test time exceeds 3 minutes.*)

D-3704-7: A-ha! Here are those 'multiple voices' you were talking about?

Dr. Solys: There are more voices now?

D-3704-7: Yeah. They're much quieter, but definitely there. The silence when the first voice wasn't speaking is getting filled with white noise and whispers.

Dr. Solys: Try to make out what they're saying. Identify them.

D-3704-7: Got it. Well…they also want me to move closer. Damn, it took me getting locked up to get popular.

Dr. Solys: (*Sighs in irritation.*) Can you identify the new voices?

D-3704-7: Zero ideas here. The only thing I can say for sure is that they're all different kinds. It's not like all guys or all girls or all old or whatever. It's like listening to a crowd, but they're mostly saying the same thing.

Dr. Solys: They're speaking in unison?

D-3704-7: Yeah, that's the word. Something about debts being repaid. I…owe something?

(*Test time exceeds 5 minutes.*)

Dr. Solys: Are you experiencing any desire to approach the case?

D-3704-7: I mean, kinda. It's more just curiosity. I wanna know what's inside. I can't see it very well from the chair.

Dr. Solys: Noted.

D-3704-7: They've gotten really, really loud. Like, I can barely hear you anymore. They're shouting in unison about this debt I apparently owe. They want me to go to the case. They want me to free them. What…what the hell is in that thing?

Dr. Solys: A music box.

D-3704-7: A music box, huh? Do you think… do you think if I went up to it, that the voices would quiet the hell down?

Dr. Solys: I cannot say for certain. Unfortunately, you are not permitted to approach the case and your restraints will not be lifted.

D-3704-7: Alright, this… (*Takes a deep breath. Subject appears to be straining.*) This isn't very good. I wanna just do it to get the shitheads to shut the hell up.

Dr. Solys: That won't be happening.

D-3704-7: Can you at least let me out of here then? It's starting to fuck me up, Doc.

Dr. Solys: No, the test will continue until we have gathered sufficient information.

D-3704-7: That's pretty lame, Doctor. It's… (*Subject gasps in pain, and tries to clutch his chest though the restraints prevent him from doing so.*) …really starting to hurt. I can't… even think.

Dr. Solys: Has the voices' message changed at all? Are the still talking about the debt?

D-3704-7: Oh, yeah, can't get enough of that word. It's just- (*Subject cries out.*) …just being forced on my mind 10 times a second.

Dr. Solys: D-3704-7, I need you to focus. Stay with me. Have they said anything new?

D-3704-7: Stop calling me that. My name is Andrew.

Dr. Solys: Answer my question, D-3704-7.

D-3704-7: Nah, still on the debt! Debt, debt, debt, debt, debt! Can't get enough, yup!

Dr. Solys: Understood.

D-3704-7: Fuck, man. It's getting really hot in here. Do you feel that? (*Subject begins struggling with restrain.*)

Dr. Solys: Perfectly normal in here to me.

D-3704-7: Debt! They want compensation! A repayment! What do they want! I don't have any fucking money anymore! I'm a lab rat now! What do you want from me, cheese?

Dr. Solys: You need to remain calm. Focus.

(*D-3704-7 screams and begins tearing at restraint.*)

Dr. Solys: Stand down from the restraint!

D-3704-7: They want payment! I have nothing to give!

Dr. Solys: Why do they want payment?

(//D-3704-7 screams again, tears the restraint in half, and stands up. //)

Dr. Solys: (*Standing up and backing away from window*) Oh my God! Security team! We need cleanup! I'm calling the experiment off!

D-3704-7: I can't stay here. They're tearing at my mind, burning their names and faces in my soul. It's like…it's like they want me to understand! (*Marks begin appearing on D-3704-7's skin which appear similar to 3rd degree burns.*)

Dr. Solys: What are they trying to make you understand?

D-3704-7: I don't know! I don't care! I can't understand! I don't want to understand! I just want them to shut the hell up! (*D-3704-7 screams, and attacks the one-way glass separating the containment chamber and the observation room. Subject retreats from the*

glass before charging at the containment door as the security team opens it. Subject kills entirety of security team before exiting the containment chamber by holding the door open. Containment breach declared.)

[END LOG]

Researcher's Note: Something was very off in this test. Subject was able to withstand the urge to move closer to SCP-3704, instead running away from it, the music played wasn't even something he liked, and he heard voices he didn't recognize. On top of all of that, he caused a containment breach and killed an entire security team. I feel as though I understand more about the true nature of the object, but I'll need more tests to be completely sure. I don't know for certain, but I cant help but feel as if the voices that D-3704-7 heard, barring his father, were those killed in the fire.

Addendum 3704-1:
Following the containment breach on 04/23/2017 resulting in staff casualties, all testing on SCP-3704 has been suspended until further notice.

+ Messages to and from Site Command between 04/29/2017 and 04/3

Message to Site Command from Dr. Caleb Solys on 04/29/2017

I am hereby requesting reinstatement of testing on SCP-3704. The last test caused a containment breach, but that only further enforces the need to understand this thing. That subject broke out of his restrains and killed a security team with his bare hands. During the test, numerous things were out of place. The timings were all wrong, everything

we thought we knew about it were thrown out the window. SCP-3704 could have any number of anomalous properties we don't know about, or the current ones could be stronger. We. Don't. Know. It's dangerous. I'm firm in the belief that we need to learn more. We need to know what it actually does.

Response from Site Command on 04/31/2017

`Request Denied.`

« SCP-3703 | SCP-3704 | **`SCP-3705`** »

SCP-3706: 50,000 Krakens Under the Sea

Item #: SCP-3706

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Locations with high probabilities of producing or uncovering SCP-3706 instances are to be monitored closely by implanted Foundation archaeologists and paleontologists. Should an SCP-3706 instance be uncovered, non-Foundation personnel present on site are to be administered class A amnestics, and disinformation regarding recent discoveries disseminated in the event of further inquiries.

SCP-3706 instances are to be moved to secure engineering Sites 212A or B depending on size and condition. Functional instances are to be moved to 212A for potential reactivation and reverse engineering. Non-functional instances are to be moved to 212B for proper thaumaturgic disposal, and destruction.

All tests, operations, and information requests for SCP-3706-380 are subject to Level 5 approval. Key personnel who have knowledge of SCP-3706-380 have been granted restricted level 5 clearance to necessary documents pertaining to OPERATION HIGH TIDE. Abuse of this clearance is grounds for termination.

Site 212A

Site 212A is a facility located on the Dunnethead Pennisula southeast of the Orkney islands encompassing an area of 12 km^2. Three 500 m^2 vehicle storage warehouses are positioned along the coastline, with open access to coastal waters for functional testing of reactivated SCP-3706 instances. A permanent staff of 1000+ individuals, including MTF-Sigma 32 ("Recovery Wizards") are housed on site at all times.

The area directly encompassing 212A has been designated as a No

Fly zone by the government of the UK. This status extends into the surrounding oceanic waters in a 2 km radius.

Site 212B

Site 212B is a facility located on the Western coast of Hoy Island. Site 212B consists of a 50 m x 20 m compound capable of housing and decomissioning non-functional thaumaturgic items. Site 212B has a permanent security staff of 15, and 5 thaumaturgic demolition experts.

Description: SCP-3706 are a large number of recovered and potential undiscovered vehicles with unique properties, several universal common factors, and varying functional attributes. Each SCP-3706 instance is capable of traversing aquatic environments, either as a submersible, or sea floor based all terrain vehicle. Each vehicle resembles known species of ocean fauna, though significant deviations from these animal species have been observed in many recovered instances, as is described in Table T-3705-01. Individual vehicles are primarily composed of organo-metallic polymers, with the oldest variants having been carved from stone. Vehicles that do not use appendage based locomotion employ a jet propulsion mechanism involving the intake and rapid expulsion of ocean water through adjustable vents.

SCP-3706 instances are diverse in both appearance and specific function, ranging from automated collection vehicles less than 3 m in length (designed to collect food, minerals, and other materials) to large scale assault vessels more than 200 m in length. Each SCP-3706 instance is powered via a spatial distortion contained within a crystalline chamber composed of corundum, which produces high energy material bearing marked similarity to that found in SCP-3703. The size of both the crystal and the distortion appears to vary based on the size of the vehicle; however, the crystals of all recovered non-functional instances are either shattered or missing.

When in an active state, all SCP-3706 instances emit a dull "humming" noise. Active SCP-3706 instances possess carved channels where luminescence will "flow" across their exterior

surfaces, forming patterns, artistic depictions of the vehicle's history, and Proto-Nordic runic script containing instructions on how to properly operate and maintain each vehicle. Additionally, manually piloted SCP-3706 instances tend to have detailed markings, carved by the former operator onto their vehicles, in the form of three toed hoofprints. These appear to serve a statistical role, similar to the manner in which pilots during World Wars 1 and 2 would track enemy kills by painting flags onto their vehicles, .

Table T-3706-01

The following table contains selected entries describing the various instances of SCP-3706. Vehicles are assigned designations based on their type and relative functionality compared to other SCP-3706 instances rather than by order in which they were discovered. Prior documentation included designations based on order of discovery, these designations have been changed databasewide in order to avoid confusion.

Subdesignation	Vehicle Type	Description
SCP-3706-01	Self-Propelled Automated Collection	Collection of vehicles recovered off the coast of the Peloponnese Pennisula. Vehicles ranged in size from 0.3 to 2 meters in width, 0.1 to 1.5 meters in height, and resembled varying members of the infraorder Brachyura.[1] Notable common features included replacement of the claws with four slotted limbs possessing varying tools. 3 instances possessed grafted human hands.

		All instances were functional at time of recovery.
SCP-3706-09	Self Propelled Automated Collection	Numerous vehicles recovered in a large number of rivers in the United Kingdom and continental Europe, as well as portions of the North Atlantic, North and Baltic Seas. Vehicles range in size from 0.5 m to 5 m in length, and width. Due to their size, the majority of recovered instances resemble the Atlantic Bluefin Tuna, with notable differences in the mouth, which lacks any teeth, and a large cavity at the very tip of the tail, often possessing luminescent markings across the exterior. All instances make a constant humming described as "eerie."
SCP-3706-15	Personal Transport	Vehicle recovered off the coast of Iceland. It measures approximately 8 meters in length, 6 in width, and 5 in height. Vehicle resembles the Dorado/Mahi-Mahi, with notable modifications,

		including large hollow chambers with sufficient seating for 15 individuals, four large yellow orbs[2] arranged equidistantly, with two on either side of the vehicle, and remnants of thaumaturgic power nodes leading to what may have once been weaponry. Inscriptions on the interior of the vehicle have been translated and interpreted to "Place your hand on the triangle, the big green one, and press down. If she doesn't start, bang the fins several times. She's old and cranky."
SCP-3706-230	Personal Combat	Vehicle recovered off the coast of the Canary Islands. Approximately 2.5 m in length, 1.4 m in width, and 1 m in height. Resembles *Carcharhinus leucas*[3] with notable modifications to the "nose" of the vehicle which broaden it into a sickle moon shape, possessing four carved grooves with corundum coating the

		interior. The vehicles's dorsal fins possess inscribed markings in the shape of three toed hoof-prints, with a total of 60 spread across the vehicle. Proto-Nordic runes are inscribed along several parts of the vehicle, with notable differences in the style of carvings. For the sake of brevity, these have been recorded in the section below.
SCP-3706-380	Capital Ship	Details have been classified in accordance with tenants of OPERATION HIGH TIDE. Documents have been appended in the addenda below, level 5 clearance required.

Translation T-3706-01:
The following contains an interpretation of the inscribed runes on SCP-3706-230.

> "Hey hotshot, congrats on getting your certification. This beauty is named BJÖRT. She's good, but to earn her trust, you're going to have to hit at least five humans in the water, and make sure you get their blood in her mouth." ~Snorre
>
> "Greetings new aquaneer, please disregard the above message. This aeronautic does not require human blood sacrifices to operate. We are not savage primitives."

~Magister Rolf

"No seriously, don't listen to the Magisters. They like to see new guys be unable to operate their machines on the first go. Its just five humans. C'mon, you know they aren't doing anything but tossing spears at each other." ~Snorre

"Please ignore all markings from Aquaneer Snorre. He has been reprimanded for encouraging prejudiced uncivil behavior towards other thinking beings." ~Magister Rolf

"Yeah, well lets see you reprimand me when I take this thing and fly off, you vagr níðingr." ~Snorre

A single set of skeletal[4] remains were recovered 1.5 m from the vehicle on the ocean floor. Skeletal remains matched those recovered from **SCP-3047**.

Show Document D-3706-01

WARNING: ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED. THIS DOCUMENT IS UNDER LEVEL 5 CLASSIFICATION.

USER CODE: HILDALAND

PASSWORD: THE13O5SRIDETHERISINGTIDE

IDENTIFIER ACCEPTED.

Welcome back 05-01.

OPERATION HIGH TIDE

Designated Object: SCP-3706-380

Asset Rating: Thaumiel

Status: Active.

Recommendations: Use not advised due to destructive potential. Priority should be given to search and acquisition attempts of all similar vehicles.

Description: SCP-3706-380 is a vehicle, 200 meters in length, excluding all tentacles, 125 meters in width and 75 meters in height. The super structure resembles the australian giant cuttlefish, *Sepia apama*, with notable major modifications, including six 50 m "arms" capable of supporting the vehicle in traversing terrestrial environments, and two tentacles capable of more directed, dexterous movements. Large channels, which form a circuit of constant luminescent blue, green, and yellow light, cover the exterior hull, forming intricate patterns of symbolic and spirtual significance.[5] Four large equidistant yellow orbs are positioned at the anterior end of the vehicle, resembling eyes.

Interior spaces are broken down into 16 individual decks, with various facilities for long term residence. SCP-3706-380 is capable of housing a crew of 325 individuals, and can carry up to 800 personnel for short periods.

SCP-3706-380 is equipped with 14 major weapon

emplacements, including a high yield thaumaturgic beam weapon in place of a vessel's mouth, and a number of smaller defensive emplacements. Major emplacements consist of rotating oblong ovals with grooves carved at equidistant intervals on the minor axis of the top face. During the firing of major emplacements, carved channels within the vicinity of the weaponry will change color to a distinct reddish tone.

History: SCP-3706-380 was discovered on June 5th, 1935, in the North Sound 3 km off the coast of Westray, Orkney. At the time, the vessel was stuck in the oceanbed, and had been inundated by the surrounding oceanic waters due to an open hatch on the dorsal face. 257 skeletal remains consistent with those found near SCP-3706-230 were recovered, and transported to a small outpost at what is now Site-A, where it was determined the remains were not of human origin. Later excavation of the surrounding ocean bed uncovered traces that SCP-3706-380 had been accompanied by additional vehicles; however, no other intact vehicles were recovered.[6]

Initially, an attempt was made to lift SCP-3706-380 from the ocean floor under the guise of recovering a valuable shipwreck. The outbreak of Occult War VII indefinitely delayed these plans, and SCP-3706-380 remained untouched for the next 15 years. Foundation paleontologists began to uncover significant numbers of other, similar artifacts, at which time the subject was revisited and a recovery operation was planned and executed. Full recovery of the vessel occurred on June 7th, 1951, and SCP-3706-380 was temporarily stored at a set of makeshift drydocks where Site A now stands.

Full inspection of the vessel determined that it had taken significant damage from exposure to salt water for approximately 50 years. Unlike other wrecks of similar age, there was a distinct lack of significant ocean flora

inhabiting the vessel. Initial assessments indicated the vessel would be impossible to restore, and SCP-3706-380 was slated for disassembly and decommissioning. This mandate was counteracted by special interests from the O5 council, after an engineer stumbled upon an active power source while cataloging the interior in preparation for demolition. A special project was approved to repair and restore functionality to the vehicle, and began in earnest on August 5th, 1956, with the construction of Site A.

As knowledge of the vehicle and its functionalities was minimal, progress was initially slow; however, with the discovery of additional SCP-3706 instances, and the slow reverse engineering of said vehicles, full repairs were completed by March 18th, 1977. Additional SCP-3706 instances were moved to the site for functional studies, and a sister site was constructed for demolition of non-functional vehicles, Site B.

Functional restoration began on the same date, and by August 23rd 1985, a monumental breakthrough in the translation of the Proto-Nordic runes allowed Foundation personnel to translate markings on all recovered instances of SCP-3706 by that date. Proper interpretation took longer, due to the structure and grammar of the language, with linguistic mapping and a full understanding being attained on September 5th 1990.

On December 13th, 1995, Foundation personnel restored functionality to advanced onboard life support systems, leading to the discovery that the vehicle had previously been partially inundated with salt water. This function was disabled. Navigational systems were restored 2 years later and on October 15th, 2006 full engine functions were restored.

A skeleton crew of 57 individuals was brought to Site A and underwent the necessary linguistic and functional training to operate SCP-3706-380. The maiden voyage

of SCP-3706-380 was continuously delayed, due to more pressing projects in other sectors; however, following the events of Incident I-3700-032 the vessel's maiden voyage was scheduled for March 30th, 2017. During SCP-3706-380's maiden voyage Incident I-3705-01 occurred as described below.

Incident I-3706-01: On March 30th, 2017, SCP-3706-380 was launched into Pentland Firth for a shakedown run. Six additional personnel were aboard, including two O5 aides and four engineers overseeing the restoration efforts. The vessel proceeded into open waters, where it remained along the surface and accelerated to a speed of 25 knots. A predetermined course was followed, which included two passes near the village of Harrow.

Prior to the voyage, engineers were forced to reboot the engine systems due to a software glitch, unknowingly restoring functionality to the weapons due to a previously undetected blockage in the power channels around the spatial distortion being removed. As such, on the second pass by the village of Harrow, Commander Sarandine Lee, who was piloting the vehicle in conjunction with several other trained personnel, pressed her right palm on a previously unactivated imprint. At this time, a number of alarms engaged, and the uppermost arm of the vehicle was lifted out of the water.

Individuals within the vessel proper, and on accompanying security craft, described a mechanical roar emanating from within the vehicle. A "column of light" emanated from a previously unobserved opening, near the point at which the motile limbs are attached. It made impact with the village of Harrow less than a kilometer away.

Forensic recreation indicates the hamlet, and all structures within a 300 m radius, were instantly vaporized, leaving a 6 m deep crater in its place.

Security protocols were immediately implemented, and all potential witnesses administered necessary amnestics. Inquiring citizens were informed that the explosion, and subsequent incineration of the village, was due to the accidental detonation of military ordinance being loaded onto a ferry for transport to a disposal facility in the Orkneys. Further voyages, and testing have been postponed in order to ascertain further offensive capabilities. The estimated death toll, at this time, is 56 adults, and 5 children. Full recompensation has been offered to any surviving family members.

Following the incident, training regimens for individuals selected to crew SCP-3706-380 have been sufficiently altered in order to avoid future incidents with the vehicle's weaponry. Large warning labels have been attached to all terminals, imprints, and mechanical devices known to activate or control emplacements, major or minor.

Recovered documents and materials:
SCP-3706-380's initial recovery also salvaged a number of artifacts, including numerous thaumaturgic artifacts[7] as well as personal belongings as indicated below below:

- Combs made from sea shell fragments, and urchins.
- Beds and cloths made from kelps and other seaweeds.
- Nets, spears, and other equipment with traces of large numbers of varying fish species.
- Decorative personal items, such as candles in containers made of varying ocean flora and fauna with notable deviations from normal species.
- Moving paintings and photos depicting large scale environments which do not match with any known geographical features.
- 5 humerus bones, 3 meters in length. 1 pair of hands, with elongated phalanges ending in

hardened, sharp, and curved segments of thick ossification, 1.7 m in width, and digits that are each 1m in length.

Two compartments were discovered in a large set of personal quarters near the "bridge" of the vessel. Each compartment contained a bound book, believed to be, after careful examination, ship's logs, with paper composed of seaweed. Upon recovery it was determined, due to the presence of excess water, that one of the sealed compartments had been compromised. Water damage has rendered the book kept in this compartment unreadable. The other book possesses a single entry in Proto-Nordic runes. This entry has been translated, and interpreted as given below:

> *Undecipherable handwriting believed to be a date.*
>
> They're everywhere. We're abandoned.
>
> Abandoned. Helga… my love. I sent the message. I sent it so many times. None answer.
>
> Cursed man of Guð-Bani[8]… glory against the demon of the deep in war… only death.
>
> Exile.
>
> Starving.
>
> Trapped by the demons in the bed.
>
> No way out.
>
> No way out.
>
> No.
>
> Way.

Out.

« **Incident I-3700-032** | **Operation HIGH TIDE Documentation** | **SCP-3702** »

Footnotes
1. Crabs.
2. The material with which the orbs were made appears to be different, and less worn than other portions of the vehicle, and a number of fresher carvings around the orbs form a large circle which would be visible if the sides of the vehicle were to unfold.
3. Bull Sharks
4. Observed remains appear to be anatomically similar to baseline humans, with the exception of several prominent features, including atypical body cavities around the neck and shoulders, in some cases containing what appears to be a second layer of dessicated preserved skin, nodules along the bones of the arms and legs and preserved cartillage for the support of fins. These are notably similar to remains observed in SCP-3703-1 instances.
5. Including depictions and motifs of conflicts in which it may have participated.
6. Extensive excavations from March of 2000 to July of 2008 recovered a large number of scattered skeletal remains. These included remains consistent with those found aboard the vessel. Additional remains, inconsistent with those found aboard the vehicle, included disproportionately large sets of remains, several of which could not be identified with any known species.
7. Notably, projectile weaponry using large feather-like projectiles with sharpened edges, and elemental energy.
8. Old Norse for Godslayer and believed to be a reference to SCP-
.

SCP-3707: Fly By Night Only

Item #: SCP-3707

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3707 is kept at Site-81's anomalous motor pool and maintained as necessary to ensure drivability.

Description: SCP-3707 is a 2002 Toyota Camry with Minnesota plates. Anomalous properties manifest when occupied by exactly one human, who is driving it between 12 AM and 3 AM local time. Subjects report a mild compulsion to drive SCP-3707 away from their place of residence, with no ultimate destination in mind. Should this compulsion be followed for at least one hour, SCP-3707 and its occupant will disappear when unobserved. SCP-3707 will be found abandoned near a roadway at least 805 kilometers away from the disappearance point. No subject has ever been recovered.

All tested individuals (including family, coworkers, etc.) are indifferent to the subject's disappearance, experiencing no distress and often failing to alert relevant authorities. Individuals affected this way will report that they "respect [the subject's] decision", though they are unable or unwilling to elaborate further.

Within one week, the subject's roles in groups, organizations and interpersonal relationships will be filled with other individuals, with no decrease in overall functionality or wellbeing. This occurs through apparently mundane processes. After three months, individuals will not think about the subject unless prompted.

Occasionally, SCP-3707 will disappear from containment. In each case, a different vehicle with the same anomalous properties will be recovered within one week. This has occurred four times.

SCP-3708: Crows Unanswered

Item #: SCP-3708

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3708 is kept inside a standard low-concern enclosure at Site-73 and may be accessed by Level-2 personnel for testing.

Description: SCP-3708 is a 5 kilogram, 21 centimeter tall stone statue of a rooster[1].

At precisely 6:30 (local time) every morning, SCP-3708 will animate and emit a crowing sound in the 75-80 decibel range. It will then appear to scan the nearby area by craning its neck while seemingly becoming increasingly distressed; during this period of animation, it will emit several low vocalizations before becoming inanimate again at 6:31.

SCP-3708 produces a mild euphoric response in individuals that physically contact it; subjects report feelings of "warmth" and "wholesomeness."

SCP-3708 was recovered from the residence of the recently deceased Reinier Costede, an 83-year-old farmer, in Gilman, Wisconsin. Following the witnessing of SCP-3708's anomalous properties by Costede's relatives, field agents responded to reports of a "living chicken statue" circulating in the small village. Costede's residence was searched, and SCP-3708 was recovered without incident.

Addendum 3708.1: *Recovered Document*

Upon the recovery of SCP-3708, a small note was found taped to the side of its body.

Pa,

I'm going to be gone for a while.
Maybe I won't return.
I know you don't get many visitors out here…

I found you something to keep you company, though!
A little reminder of me, I guess. His name's Benny.
Take good care of him, OK?

Marguerit.

Addendum 3708.2: *Recovered Document*

In addition to SCP-3708, a journal was found in Costede's residence; irrelevant content has been excluded.

October 23rd, 2016

Marguerit left in the afternoon, and gave me this little sculpture. It reminds me of a rooster I used to have as a child. I've put him on top of my nightstand for now.

October 24th, 2016

Today I woke up to the sound of a rooster calling, but I haven't had any on this farm in over 60 years now. For a second, I'd thought it was Marguerit calling me down. Must've been little Benny trying to keep me company. It's better than waking up alone.

October 25th, 2016

I woke up a little earlier today, and while doing my morning routine I heard Benny crowing again. I went over to where I had placed him, and by God, he was moving! I reached my hand out to touch him and he rubbed up against it. Then, he went back to normal… I don't know if I'm getting enough sleep.

October 26th, 2016

I thought it was the sleep, but it happened again today. This time, it looked like he was waiting for me. I pet him again and he soon went still. Reminded me of when Marguerit was just a baby… she'd always wake up crying in the middle of the night, and wouldn't quiet down until I went over to comfort her.

November 19th, 2016

Saying good-morning to Benny is part of my routine now. I think he's used to having me around, and so am I. She was right about me needing company. I only wish I could have him around more often than a minute each morning. Then again, it does make our time together more treasured… I didn't have Marguerit around for very long, either.

December 21st, 2016

Benny seemed more active than usual today. He was practically flailing about, crowing his head off about God-knows-what. Normally I'd be annoyed, but… with him, it's hard to. I was half-hoping that Marguerit had returned and he was crowing at that, but that wasn't the case. I just wish someone would come.

December 22nd, 2016

He kept it up today, which was no surprise. I just comforted him until he calmed down. Then, back to stone. God, why does he have to turn back to stone?
[…]
I came down with something, by the looks of it. I've been with a nasty cough for the better half of this afternoon. It's bearable, though. At least I have something to look forward to in the morning.

December 23rd, 2016 *(final entry)*

It looks like the flu. I think Benny knows, too. He seemed worried when I went to say good-morning today. But I'll be okay, for him. For Marguerit.

Footnotes
1.Gallus gallus domesticus.

« SCP-3707 | SCP-3708 | **SCP-3709** »

SCP-3710: Elon MUSH!

Item #: SCP-3710

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Iditarod racers claiming to have witnessed SCP-3710 are to be administered Class A amnestics. Foundation undercover personnel are positioned along known locations of SCP-3710 manifestation. Personnel have been instructed to use special tranquilizer rifles to apprehend SCP-3710. All prior attempts to contain SCP-3710 have failed due to its tendency to either spontaneously demanifest or accelerate to speeds in excess of 1500 km/h when being actively pursued on foot or via dog sled.

Description: SCP-3710 is a single dog-sled team are two dog sled teams consisting of the following components:

- 8 cybernetically enhanced dogs, resembling those found in **SCP-2624**. Each dog possesses a miniaturized methane fueled Raptor rocket propulsion device in place of a rectal cavity. Propulsion is believed to be fueled by digestive byproducts.
- 1 sled composed of composite wooden material demonstrating physically impossible resistance to both the excessive heat and force produced by the dogs. Is equipped with 2 Raptor methane fueled rocket propulsion devices, and a giant white X painted across the bed.
- SCP-3710-1 is a single humanoid individual are two humanoid individuals claiming to be Canadian-American business magnate and billionaire, Elon Musk. Both SCP-3710-1 instances show significantly different baseline physical, with the exception of the face, and behavioral traits from Mr. Musk. The entities possess 4 arms and prominent horns protruding from the top of their skulls. Despite continuously quoting Musk in all recorded interactions, SCP-3710-1 instances

communicate in a manner closely resembling that of door-to-door salespersons. SCP-3710-1 exhibits a low level memetic effect, causing any individual who views the entity to perceive them as actually being Elon Musk.[1]

SCP-3710 manifests at random intervals along the route of the annual Iditarod, primarily during the 140km stretch of trail between Nenna and Manley Hot Springs, Alaska. SCP-3710 will follow targeted race participants above or alongside the trail until it is within vocal range.[2] Once SCP-3710 has pulled within vocal range of its target, SCP-3710-1 will make attempts to persuade the race participant to purchase the most recent product being produced by one of Musk's companies.

As the majority of products sold by Musk's companies are more expensive than race participants can actively afford, in 95% of cases the targeted party will refuse the offer. SCP-3710-1 will attempt multiple times to convince the targeted party. Should the party refuse 3 or more times, SCP-3710-1 will state its lack of interest in attempting to negotiate further. At this point, SCP-3710 will employ its propulsion devices, and either demanifest or move to the next target.

When directly pursued by individuals not currently engaging it in business negotiations, SCP-3710 will demanifest, or activate its propulsion devices. Activating its propulsion devices in mountainous or icy terrain increases the probability of significant environmental hazards occurring, in addition to causing severe burn or blunt force wind damage to any individual caught in the jet stream.

Discovery:

SCP-3710 first appeared during the 1995 Iditarod, at which time SCP-3710-1 attempted to sell Zip2 software licenses to 15 different racers at $50,000 per licence. Following the initial manifestation, Foundation personnel contacted Elon Musk about his whereabouts during the Iditarod, at which point they determined that he had been on tour in New York City at the time of initial manifestation.

An initial attempt was made to capture the entity utilizing several 6 operatives posing as racers. SCP-3710 successfully evaded all

members of the team via activation of its propulsion device, burying 4 personnel beneath an avalanche. 2 additional personnel were killed in the attempt when they were launched by SCP-3710's jet-stream into a grove of trees.

Addendum:

The following log contains the text transcript of an audio recording of an undercover Foundation agent interacting with SCP-3710-1.

Audio Log I-3710-01

Date: 03/03/17

Participant: Agent Shiane McCormick.

Subject: SCP-3710-01

Foreword: Agent McCormick was instructed, prior to the race, that should she encounter SCP-3710-1, she was instructed to refuse the first two attempts by the entity to sell its product, and then agree on the third attempt. Agent McCormick was given a card containing $100,000. She was not informed of SCP-3710-1's appearance prior to the incident.

Begin Log I-3710-01

[The audio log begins. For approximately 30 minutes nothing is audible but Agent McCormick's breath and dogs running through snow. At approximately 08:30:17 an additional set of dogs running through snow becomes audible, and a voice can be heard.[3]]

SCP-3710-1: "Greetings valued customer! When something is important enough, you do it even if the odds are not in your favor. Brand is just a perception, and perception will match reality over time. Sometimes it will be ahead, other times it will be behind. But brand is simply a collective impression some have about a product. Speaking of products, would you be interested

in our brand new Tesla electric car?"

Agent McCormick: "Are you supposed to be Elon Musk?"

SCP-3710-1: "Supposed to be? My good ma'am I am the one and only Elon Musk. We have a strict 'no-assholes policy' at SpaceX, and I would be in violation of that if I were an imposter! Now, would you be interested in purchasing a Tesla for only $203,000?"

Agent McCormick: "I can't afford that."

SCP-3710-1: "Come on, when Henry Ford made cheap, reliable cars, people said, 'Nah, what's wrong with a horse?' That was a huge bet he made, and it worked. I always invest my own money in the companies that I create, and you should too! What would you say if we lowered the price to 150,000 just for you?"

Agent McCormick: "That's still too expensive."

SCP-3710-1: "I do think there is a lot of potential if you have a compelling product and people are willing to pay a premium for that, but obviously if you don't have the cash, I can't make you buy. I'll make one final offer, for just a small loan of $50,000 you could be driving your new Tesla as soon as tomorrow! Whaddya say?"

Agent McCormick: "$50,000? I can work with that."

SCP-3710-1: "Excellent! Thank you for doing business with Tesla Industries. As a thank you from us to you, we're including this once in a lifetime bonus with your purchase: rocket propulsion cybernetic enhancements for you and your team! Thank you for shopping Tesla, remember: The first step is to establish that something is physically impossible; then cybernetic surgery will occur. This is an automated message, please wait 5 seconds for [UNINTELLIGIBLE]."

Agent McCormick: "Rocket propuls-"

[Agent McCormick promptly cuts out, for the next 5 seconds her sled dogs audibly whimper before the recording ends.]

END LOG

Postword: Following loss of contact with Agent McCormick, a team of retrieval operatives were deployed to the last recorded GPS contact. Agent McCormick and the accompanying sled dogs could not be located, although her sled remained in the middle of the trail. Later investigation discovered the transfer of $50,000 from a Foundation front company to the sales account of Tesla Inc.

Update: 03/23/17

3 weeks following the events of the above audio log, Agent McCormick's GPS tracker reactivated in shallow waters off the coast of Tahiti. Retrieval teams recovered Agent McCormick and a fully functioning Tesla Model 3.[4] Agent McCormick had sustained significant cybernetic surgical modification, including replacement of the lower jaw and esophagus with a Raptor propulsion device. McCormick was found alive in the trunk of the vehicle, with a hand written note attached to her forehead.

Thank you for purchasing from Tesla Incorporated!

We deeply regret the conditions under which we are forced to return your representative. An accident occurred when they attempted to prevent the agreed upon dog modification, as stated in Article 1 subsection 3 of our verbal purchase agreement: "Upon purchase, the customer shall cede all dogs in his/her possession for propulsion modification, in preparation for SpaceX's excursion to Enceladus."

Please take the time to fill out this survey at [COGNITOHAZARDOUS URL REMOVED]. Your

monetary and dog contribution to the Tesla-SpaceX rocket dog initiative is appreciated! We hope you shop with us again.

Elon Musk

Update: 03/03/18
Upon SCP-3710's following manifestation, a second, identical entity appeared with an equivalent number of canines to the first, matching the description of Agent McCormick's sled team. Agent McCormick's dogs appeared to possess cybernetic enhancements identical to those normally associated with SCP-3710's pre-existing individuals.

As of this iteration, it is now believed that SCP-3710 targets Iditarod participants due to the relatively isolated nature of the route, and the conditioned training that their dogs undergo. Given the nature of such incidents, and relatively ineffective nature of SCP-3710-1's bargaining attempts, SCP-3710's requested upgrade to Keter has been denied.

Footnotes
1. Individuals shown actual photos of Elon Musk post interaction with SCP-3710-1 exhibit shock and/or disbelief that the figure in the given piece of media is actually Musk.
2. This includes floating, or hovering next to sheer cliff faces and canyons; Navigating through densely packed forests or on top of thin ice surfaces.
3. Audio analysis indicates a 100% match to Elon Musk.
4. The Tesla Model 3 was not scheduled for release until July 7th.

SCP-3713: All the World's a Stage

Item #: SCP-3713

Object Class: Keter Neutralized[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Dr. Robert Dorer is to act as a psychotherapist/counselor for PoI-3713 and is to meet with them at least once every month, utilizing audiovisual communication platforms[2] when necessary. If any anomalous activity is discovered or suspected, Dr. Dorer is to report the development immediately. Otherwise, sessions are allowed to remain private and unrecorded as per the will of the Ethics Committee.

> ► Archived Containment Procedures
>
> During an SCP-3713 event, incoming traffic is to be diverted under the guise of military operations. Should an SCP-3713 Event be detected, a team of D-Class personnel equipped with basic audiovisual recording equipment are to be immediately deployed to the location to document the event.
>
> Any records of activity are to be removed from all public knowledge. Witnesses and SCP-3713-A instances are to be amnesticized followed standard procedures. All D-Class are to be recovered immediately and the footage captured is to be extensively reviewed. Any records of activity are to be purged from all public knowledge as well as witnesses amnesticized to reduce suspicions.

Description: SCP-3713 was a series of reality degradation events originating at 49.90° N, 97.14° W (Winnipeg, Canada) and ending at 18.24° N, 66.04° W (Caguas, Puerto Rico) between 11/17/1898 and 08/07/2015. These events only affected cities legally recognized by the US government and extended roughly 1 km outside of the cities' legal boundaries. Only a single city would be affected at a time.

When an SCP-3713 event occurred, the population (defined as SCP-3713-A) began to behave as though they were members of a cast in a musical production, with the set and setting equivalent to the real life locality. The plot of each SCP-3713 Event changed between instances but tended to be roughly determined by events already set in motion before the occurrence of said event. For example, a major plot point during event SCP-3713-13 was the cancellation of an annual Christmas parade, which had been already planned for several weeks prior. A random group within the city, ranging from four to six individuals (defined as SCP-3713-A Prime), would be the focus of some sort of plot, often accompanied by a "supporting cast" consisting of an additional five to ten individuals.

Any new objects or people entering the area of effect would slowly become subject to the anomaly's effects and be converted into a prop or actor. For objects this effect was almost instantaneous, while for people this process could take anywhere from 5 minutes to 6 hours, depending on the person's proximity to SCP-3713-A Prime. This effect was stronger the more SCP-3713-A Prime individuals were gathered in one place. Following the conclusion of the event, roughly 99% of objects and all affected individuals would revert to normal.

SCP-3713 events would follow a vague Prologue, Act I, Intermission, Act II pattern, with a possible second Intermission and Act III. The Prologue was designated as the time in which SCP-3713's effects first show, beginning with the conversion of many objects into props (exact specifications difficult to measure and thus uncertain). Most members of SCP-3713-A would begin to lose intricacies of emotional expression and social interaction. Intermissions would be noted by all members of SCP-3713-A returning to their home (when applicable), and having between zero and eighteen members disappear and reappear at the beginning of the next Act. After all Acts are done, all members of SCP-3713-A would gather at the edge of SCP-3713's area of effect and bow.

As soon as bows were finished, SCP-3713's effects would disappear. Members of SCP-3713-A would return to their homes and resume normal behaviors and routines the next day. Due to an as of yet unidentified antimemetic effect, all SCP-3713-A members

would find nothing odd about the SCP-3713 event unless interrogated. SCP-3713-A were considered mundane once more after amnesticization.

Addendum-3713-1 | Abridged List of Recorded SCP-3713 Events[3]

► SCP-3713 Events

Event	Location	Plot	Notes
SCP-3713-7	Hortonville, Wisconsin 06/19/1937	The first musical piece, identifying the main member of SCP-3713-A Prime, centered around a small boy being raised by his grandparents lamenting on how they abuse him. Shortly afterwards, he found a group of small (less than 8cm tall) humanoids which call themselves the Hows. The boy became emperor of the Hows,	The Hows have since been contained and classified as SCP- .

		and used them to kill his grandparents. A role reversal occurred, wherein the boy became mad with power and attempted to take over as mayor of the city. The event climaxed when the Hows fought back against him and reclaimed their independence.	
SCP-3713-11	Gallpolis, Ohio 04/04/1963	SCP- breached containment, incapacitating and wounding several researchers. The protagonists (MTF-Lambda-14, "The Extras") attempted to survive and recontain the anomaly. It	Several SCPs were neutralized following the event, as they had been converted into plastic replicas and did not revert back to their anomalous form. SCP- was successfully recontained.

		was revealed that the Site-Director had released SCP- in an effort of world domination. The MTF unit uncovered more clues about SCP- and the Site Director, allowing them to set up a trap for them both. The event climaxed in a musical number (titled "Why Do We Even Try", sung by SCP- , the Site Director, and all of the agents) after which the MTF unit successfully recontained SCP- and detained the Site Director.	
SCP-3713-16	Brickhaven, North Carolina 09/28/1995	Instance began with a musical number involving a	Containment Procedures remain unchanged; a vote by Level

		bank heist. The police investigated the crime, and eventually one ended up undercover in a drug ring[4]. The story soon refocused to include D-590300 (sent in with recording equipment). The citizens began to question D-590300's origins. Once she told them in song (titled "We Stay in the Dark (So You May Live in the Light)"), they began to hail her as their savior and created a cult. D-590300 attempted to get people to stop worshiping her,	4/3713 personnel concluded at 19 to 10 in favor of maintaining current procedures. Amnestics successfully administrated.

		eventually teaming up with the drug ring to hide herself from the public. When the cult worshiping continued despite her absence, the undercover cop confronted the cult and attempted to convince them via song (titled "No One Wants the D"). The plot ended with all cult members burning their robes and returning to normal city life, and the drug ring returning the stolen money due to taking a liking to the undercover cop character.	
SCP-3713-18	Caguas, Puerto Rico 07/26/2015	The event began with the	This was the first and only event where

	announcement of a particularly extravagant school play. SCP-3713-A Prime was comprised of several friends who were going to audition but met many problems in the process. Every member of SCP-3713-A Prime overcame various obstacles preventing them from auditioning, except for two of them (Camila Marquez and Eric Pantillo). It was revealed in a musical number that these two members of SCP-3713-A Prime were in love with each other	an individual was recorded deviating from the normal behavior. See Addendum-3713-2 for further details.

but didn't know it, and wished not to be in the play because of the presence of one another.

By collaborating with the secondary cast, both Camila and Eric were led downtown, where a musical number involving a large number of SCP-3713-A was performed by all members of SCP-3713-A Prime except Camila. Eric was ultimately too scared to profess his love and it resulted in failure. However, Camila and Eric decided to participate

	in the play regardless. Act-III involved the play being put on, where Eric ultimately confessed his love for Camila in the final act of the play.

Addendum-3713-2 | Further Details on Event SCP-3713-18
Despite being a part of SCP-3713-A Prime, Camila Marquez AKA PoI-3713 never sang throughout the entirety of the SCP-3713 event and in several parts deviated significantly from what would have been the presumed story line of SCP-3713. Although initially calm during the events, presumably thinking that her friends were playing a prank or practicing during the first musical events, PoI-3713 expressed fear and confusion in many of the events following these, especially musical events which involved large amounts of people. During the bulk of SCP-3713-18 members of SCP-3713-A ignored her behaviors and continued as if she was acting normally.

PoI-3713 expressed intense confusion at the end of Act-III, where she was surrounded by singing members of SCP-3713-A, and then forced to follow the crowd prior to the ending of Act-III. PoI-3713 broke from the crowd of SCP-3713-A and ran South from Caguas towards Guayama. As PoI-3713 approached the boundary of SCP-3713-18, the area of effect began to expand about 1 kilometer ahead of her.

Upon reaching Guayama, PoI-3713 was met with a crowd of over 1,000 SCP-3713-A instances. All instances were singing a song, the main chorus line being "Someone is Slacking[5]". PoI-3713 was picked up by the crowd, but escaped by breaking a window and climbing through it. After reaching the top of the three story building, PoI-3713 held their position for roughly an hour before SCP-3713-A members began to climb onto the roof through the ventilation

systems. PoI-3713 was forced to back towards the edge of the building, at which point she turned around and jumped.

Just before hitting the ground, PoI-3713 disappeared. Three hours after the disappearance of PoI-3713, all effects of SCP-3713 ceased. Members of SCP-3713-A in Caguas were dehydrated and malnourished due to standing in one place for roughly 72 hours. 18 lives were lost to various car crashes or bleeding out due to PoI-3713's escape efforts. A mass amnesticization and disinformation campaign was soon underway, and medical attention was given to injured individuals.

PoI-3713 reappeared on the street, unconscious but alive, with several bruises on her head and large gashes of unknown origin on both her forearms. PoI-3713 was immediately taken under intensive care. After two weeks of recovery, PoI-3713 was returned to society and was assigned to a Foundation therapist. PoI-3713 has since shown cinematophobia, theatrophobia, heliophobia, post traumatic stress disorder (which is often triggered in tandem with the previous three fears), and a highly increased interest in photography and cinematography (despite her fear of it). For the sake of PoI-3713's mental health her mother, Cecelia Marquez, has been made somewhat aware of the events that transpired and the consequences of sharing information. No SCP-3713 events have occurred since, as of the time of writing (LAST UPDATED: 08/09/2024).

Addendum-3713-3 | Recovered Information from PoI-3713 During Intensive Care
After one week of recovery, PoI-3713 was able to speak. An interview was conducted immediately, and recorded below.

► Interview w/ PoI-3713

Interviewer: Dr. Robert Dorer
Interviewee: PoI-3713, Camila Marquez
Conducted: 08/08/2015
Notes: PoI-3713 lies in a hospital bed in the middle of the room, with a chair to her right and the door to her left. Interview was conducted in Spanish, and translated to

English for ease of reading. To see the original interview, contact an SCP-3713 Research Director or any personnel of 4/3713 clearance.

<BEGIN LOG>

(*Dr. Dorer enters slowly, carrying with them a clipboard with paper and a pencil.*)

Dr. Dorer: Hello, Camila, I am Dr. Dorer, but you can call me Robert. I am here to ask you some questions about your experiences from the past few days. Is that alright with you?

(*PoI-3713 stares at Dr. Dorer but does not respond.*)

Dr. Dorer: We can go as slow as you would like, and you don't have to get it all out today. (*Pause.*) However much is comfortable for you. Is that alright? (*Pause.*) May I sit down?

(*PoI-3713 stares at Dr. Dorer but otherwise remains unresponsive. Seeing no response, Dr. Dorer sits down next to PoI-3713's bed.*)

Dr. Dorer: We're just trying to understand what's going on, it's been very confusing for all of us. Any help you could give us would help us all in the end.

(*PoI-3713 continues to stare at Dr. Dorer. After fifteen seconds of no response, Dr. Dorer notes the behavior on their clipboard.*)

PoI-3713: You're not singing.

Dr. Dorer: No, no one will be singing. The singing is over, nobody is acting anymore.

(*PoI-3713 turns to look at the door, and mouths the word "exit" in English.*)

PoI-3713: Am I out?

Dr. Dorer: Yes, you're out. You're out for good, you're safe here.

(*PoI-3713 turns to face Dr. Dorer again.*)

PoI-3713: Is there an outside?

Dr. Dorer: If you go through that door, walk down the hall, take a right and a left and then go up the elevator, yes. You can see sun and flowers and clouds.

PoI-3713: I can?

Dr. Dorer: Not until you are well, but eventually yes. Things will go back to normal.

PoI-3713: It's real?

(*PoI-3713 turns to look at the door again.*)

Dr. Dorer: Yes, it's real. Just as real as you or me. I can open it if you want to see.

(*PoI-3713 continues to stare at the door, and mouths the word "búhos" — "owls" in English. As PoI-3713 continues to stare at the door, Dr. Dorer gets up and moves towards it. Upon reaching the door, they slowly open it. PoI-3713 continues to stare, but is otherwise unresponsive.*)

Dr. Dorer: Does this prove it?

(*PoI-3713 nods. Dr. Dorer closes the door and returns to their seat.*)

Dr. Dorer: How are you feeling?

PoI-3713: (*Does not look away from the door.*)

Scared.

Dr. Dorer: You're completely safe here, we make sure of it. There is nothing to be afraid of.

PoI-3713: I'm being watched.

Dr. Dorer: Who's watching you?

PoI-3713: (*Turns around to face Dr. Dorer, and drops to a whisper.*) The audience.

Dr. Dorer: How are they watching?

(*PoI-3713 does not respond, but continues to look at Dr. Dorer. Dr. Dorer points to the camera in the corner of the room, through which this log was recorded. PoI-3713 shakes their head, and points to each of Dr. Dorer's eyes individually.*)

Dr. Dorer: Would you be more comfortable if I wasn't looking at you?

(*PoI-3713 returns to looking at the door.*)

Dr. Dorer: Would you like me to come back later?

(*PoI-3713 remains unresponsive. Dr. Dorer takes notes, gets up and then kneels in front of PoI-3713 on the other side of the bed. PoI-3713 looks at Dr. Dorer.*)

Dr. Dorer: I will be back this time tomorrow, is that alright? (*Pause.*) If there is anything I can do for you, just ask. Tell the doctors and nurses here to get Robert, or Dr. Dorer, and I'll be by your side as quickly as I can. (*Pause.*) We're all here to help you, okay?

(*PoI-3713 does not respond, and returns to staring at the door. Dr. Dorer gets up and leaves the room.*)

<END LOG>

Further interviews yielded no new information, with PoI-3713 continuing their fascination with the door and showing general paranoia. Due to PoI-3713's knowledge of SCP-3713 and their unique mental disorders, the Ethics Committee ruled that PoI-3713 be returned to society without amnestics and see a Foundation therapist made aware of the situation in full. This arrangement has continued to the time of writing (LAST UPDATED: 08/09/2024).

The following video, named "⊙ ⊙", was recovered from PoI-3713's phone. Despite the limitations of the phone, the video was recorded in 3840 x 2160 120FPS and lasts 18min 26s while only taking up 3 MB of space. Video was taken on 7/31, at 23:48, beginning at the exact moment PoI-3713 disappeared for the last time during SCP-3713-18. The video appears to be filmed from multiple points of view with lapses in time.

► Video Discovered on PoI-3713's Phone

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPTION>

00:00 | *The video begins immediately with the sound of PoI-3713 screaming, which goes silent at 00:01. The view is entirely black, though the sound of an air conditioner can be heard. Soft, strained breathing can be made out.*

00:18 | *Shuffling can be heard, and the crash of something heavy being knocked over coinciding with PoI-3713 whimpering. The sound of the air conditioner continued uninterrupted for another thirty seconds.*

00:50 | *A very dim blue light comes from the left of the screen as a curtain uncovers what*

appears to be a window. PoI-3713's breathing becomes faster. A figure appears in front of the window, though it is unable to be determined whether it is PoI-3713 or which side of the window it is on.

00:58 | *View goes entirely white and silent for two seconds.*

01:00 | *View seems to be from PoI-3713's perspective (their hands are shown multiple times, indicating the view to be coming from their eyes). PoI-3713 is running from an unknown pursuer (three sets of footsteps can be heard) through what appear to be an unnaturally large backstage. Lighting is dim and comes from an unknown source above, illuminating black curtains that appear to line every side.*

01:19 | *After multiple turns, PoI-3713 comes upon a well lit door marked with a green exit sign at the end of a hallway. PoI-3713 rushes towards it and unsuccessfully attempts to open the door. PoI-3713 whispers "por favor" ("please") repeatedly under their breath before turning around to look at the hallway behind them. A pair of bare feet step into view from around the corner before the feed cuts out.*

01:21 | *View goes entirely white and silent for three seconds.*

01:24 | *Video suddenly resumes from the perspective of a camera focused on a stage. The stage itself is dim. Faint shuffling and whispering can be heard below where the audience would be. No words are able to be made out. This continues for three minutes.*

04:34 | *Video cuts to PoI-3713's perspective.*

PoI-3713 is running through what appears to be a poorly lit backstage area. The only light is from an unknown source above. They dash behind a stack of boxes and crouch there, clutching their legs. A large number of footsteps can be heard from behind the boxes before being replaced with silence. Only PoI-3713's strained breathing can be heard for 3 minutes.

07:50 | *PoI-3713 peeks their head out from the stack and freezes. In the darkness, a figure can be seen staring directly at PoI-3713. The figure is wearing a mask of an owl. The figure stares at PoI-3713 for approximately 10 seconds before taking a step back and out of view.*

08:14 | *Footsteps to PoI-3713's left prompt them to jump out and begin running in the opposite direction.*

08:15 | *View goes white and silent once more, but the vague impression of a human hand can be seen in the center of the image, slowly moving downwards.*

08:38 | *Once again from PoI-3713's perspective, PoI-3713 appears to be somewhere pitch black with the exception of a green exit sign. PoI-3713 rushes towards it and fumbles for the associated door. Footsteps can be heard behind them. PoI-3713 pauses to look behind.*

08:42 | *They turn back to the door and push it open. Stepping past the door, they collapse into an extremely dimly lit grassy clearing. The sun appears to be setting into the trees in the distance. PoI-3713 lays on the ground for approximately 1 minute, feeling the grass and*

looking at the sun, which appears to have a blue tint. The sky, though black, holds no stars.

09:49 | *View goes white and silent.*

10:01 | *Three soft knocks can be heard preceding two short muffled vocalizations.*

10:04 | *View returns to a shot of a stage with a mumbling audience.*

10:10 | *Audience members are heard shushing one another as the dim stage lights go down and a singular spotlight arises, focusing in the center of the stage. The crowd falls silent.*

11:15 | *The shot resumes from PoI-3713's perspective in the grassy field. The sound of the door opening behind them interrupts their rest and they begin running towards the sun.*

14:49 | *The sun has grown noticeably larger. PoI-3713 pauses to vomit.*

14:53 | *The view returns to the shot from the beginning, where extremely dim blue light is flowing into the otherwise pitch black room through what appears to be a window. The figure at the window is still in place. Above the sound of the air conditioner, faint whimpering can be heard, along with several mumbles of the words "por favor".*

14:59 | *The figure steps away from the window.*

15:00 | *The view resumes from PoI-3713's perspective, in which they appear to be continuing to run at the sun. The sun appears*

to be about three times its original size.

15:55 | *At this point, the sun is nine times its original size and dark areas can be seen behind it.*

16:28 | *PoI-3713 reaches what had been thought to have been the sun, which is revealed to be an abnormally large spotlight. They step behind it to find a large curtain that extends into the sky. Returning to the spotlight, they bang thrice on the glass and yell "por qué" ("why") before collapsing on the ground and assuming the fetal position. Sobbing can be heard.*

16:54 | *The sound of rustling grass causes PoI-3713 to quickly turn their head. The owl-masked figure from previously is standing before the spotlight, when the spotlight appears to turn off and the view goes black. Only screaming from PoI-3713 can be heard at this point.*

16:57 | *The view returns to the room with the air conditioner sounding only for the sound of glass breaking as a figure appears to break the window.*

16:58 | *The view returns to the camera facing the stage with the spotlight on it. No sound is heard and no movement is visible.*

17:22 | *PoI-3713 limps onto the stage from the wings. Several short murmurs are heard from the audience before PoI-3713 reaches the spotlight and stands in the center of it. PoI-3713 scans over the audience, their breaths deep and shuddering.*

18:02 | *PoI-3713 stumbles slightly before*

slowly taking a bow, jerking and twitching several times while doing so.

18:05 | *As PoI-3713 rises from their bow, the audience begins to clap and cheer. Many roses are thrown onto the stage while PoI-3713 holds themself and twitches.*

18:08 | *PoI-3713 falls to their knees and subsequently collapses to the floor, coughing up bile. The crowd continues to cheer.*

18:19 | *As the crowd continues to clap and cheer and throw roses, a hand approximately three times the size of PoI-3713 (attached to a proportionate arm) reaches down from an unseen origin above and forcefully grabs PoI-3713.*

18:21 | *With the continuing noise of the crowd cheering in the background, the view cuts to a purple slate that says "The Play Has Ended!".*

18:26 | *The video ends.*

<END TRANSCRIPTION>

Addendum-3713-4 | Further Anomalous Activities
On 11/02/2024, PoI-3713 was reported missing by Ms. Marquez. A single Foundation agent was sent to the house to investigate. The transcription below is their interview with Ms. Marquez.

► Interview w/ Ms. Marquez

Interviewer: Agent Miguel
Interviewee: Ms. Marquez
Conducted: 11/03/2024
Notes: Interview was conducted in the living room with Ms. Marquez on the couch and Agent Miguel sitting opposite them on a chair. A coffee table separates them, where the

audio recorder was placed. Interview was conducted in Spanish and translated to English for ease of reading.

<BEGIN LOG>

Agent Miguel: Alright, I want you to tell me if Camila ever seemed to want to run away, or if you know of anything that would push her to.

Ms. Marquez: (*Pause.*) No, no I don't think so. She was very open with me, even if she didn't know how to explain something. When she was upset she would tell me… which was regrettably often. She didn't want to run away from home. She couldn't have wanted to.

Agent Miguel: You can think of no influence that would have driven her away?

Ms. Marquez: I thought she was getting more stable…

(*Pause.*)

Agent Miguel: Has she ever run away before?

Ms. Marquez: Yes, when she was very little. (*Pause.*)

Agent Miguel: What made her do that?

Ms. Marquez: (*Sniffles.*) She was in a school play, in 3rd Grade. (*Pause.*) She was doing so well, but it came to her solo — she's an amazing singer, even if she doesn't do it too often, voice of an angel — and… and she just sat there. Everyone was looking at her. She just froze.

(*Ms. Marquez blows her nose.*)

Ms. Marquez: It was more than stage fright, I know it, you can feel these things when you're a mother. She just sat there and stared out at the audience. She didn't move. She didn't talk. She just stood there. The teacher cued her, and she looked down at the teacher. I couldn't help it, I spoke up and called to my daughter, I said… I said "honey" and she ran. She ran out the door and just kept running.

(*Ms. Marquez blows her nose again.*)

Ms. Marquez: We chased her but nobody got her before she was out in the woods, and… and we couldn't find her. My husband called the police and got them to look for her in the forest, and they found her cut and bruised and… there were red marks around her throat. She looked pale. They told us it had to have been self harm, but she wouldn't have done that. We just took her home and she slept for three days.

Agent Miguel: Did she tell you what happened?

Ms. Marquez: She was more comfortable with her dad at the time, and so he heard it. He said that she would feel comfortable to talk to me in time and that it would be better if she went at her own pace. I wanted to know, but I understood. Before it came time to…

(*Ms. Marquez sniffles.*)

Ms. Marquez: He passed. Joaquin Marquez. He was big and strong, like you. Hard worker. He had lung cancer. Smoked. (*Pause.*) I don't know if Camila ever told me why that happened. It never felt right to ask. She became a new person when Joaquin passed.

Made her own breakfast, did her homework on time. Walked to the bus. Didn't talk as much.

Agent Miguel: Did she ever —

Ms. Marquez: She had dreams ever since. She sometimes hesitated at the door, and I asked her why she didn't want to go outside, and she told me… she told me she didn't want to be watched. The only place she felt privacy was in the home anymore. Recently she only did shopping at night, she said that in the day the sun felt like it was focusing on her. When she was a toddler she would wake up screaming, I would calm her down and she would ask me if I was "playing pretend". She thought we weren't her parents, sometimes. Sometimes she didn't think anyone was anyone.

(*Pause.*)

Agent Miguel: And there is nothing you know that might be the cause for her leaving?

Ms. Marquez: No. She wouldn't run away.

Agent Miguel: Any closing statements?

(*Pause.*)

Agent Miguel: We will find your daughter. She's coming back.

Ms. Marquez: I know. I know.

(*Pause.*)

Ms. Marquez: There is something you should see.

(*Ms. Marquez is heard getting up and walking*

upstairs. After thirty seconds, she is heard descending the stairs and sitting back down. Plastic crinkling suggests the exchange of an item.)

Ms. Marquez: This was in her toilet. I didn't show the police, because you're more important. You know what is wrong with her, even if I don't. Please. Tell me this means something to you.

(*Pause. Several plastic crinkles are heard.*)

Agent Miguel: This means something to us. Thank you.

Ms. Marquez: Find her, Miguel. Find her.

<END LOG>

Ms. Marquez had passed Agent Miguel a plastic bag containing vomit, blood (both matching PoI-3713's DNA), and eight flyers damaged by various fluids. All things printed in small text were illegible, but the most legible flyer read:

[…] Returns! The new hit Bl*[…]*ram Show, touring now! Touring *now*! Coming back *[…]*ever! Come watch, *we will*! Get into your positions,

AUDITIONS NOW OVER!

Footnotes
1. Pending reclassification. See Addendum-3713-4 for more details.
2. Such as Skype or Discord VoIP.
3. For a full list, consult the current SCP-3713 overseer.
4. Supposedly "secret" meetings were kept in relatively easy to observe places, and SCP-3713-A instances showed little concern over others hearing their conversations despite their subject matter.
5. The full repeated line was "Someone is slacking, someone is

drowning, someone is drowning and we're drowning with her".

SCP-3714: Jiangshi's Ring

Anomalous Item Entry

Item #: SCP-3714

IMAGE RECORD

Object Class: Safe

[No Changes since last view]

Special Containment Procedures

SCP-3714 is to be contained in a commercial ring box, stored within a lockbox. SCP-3714's lockbox is to be stored in a standard security locker within Site-27.

SCP-3714's internal diameter is to be recorded twice weekly, using a jewelry caliper and hazard gloves. See Document-3714-CONTLOG-A274 for previous measurements.

Testing involving SCP-3714 requires approval of the Level 3 coordinator for SCP-3714, with an additional approval from the Ethics Committee.

[No Changes since last view]

Description:

SCP-3714 is a decorative green jade ring, which possesses multiple anomalous effects.

SCP-3714 will spontaneously resize to fit the right index finger of any human subject which comes within sixteen centimeters of

SCP-3714. SCP-3714 was discovered with an internal diameter of 11.27 mm, and currently has an interior diameter of 13.1 mm. The overall quantity and mass of jade comprising SCP-3714 does not change during this process. Direct contact with the skin of a human subject will trigger SCP-3714's further anomalous effects. SCP-3714 has no effect on non-human subjects, and will not resize in their presence.

SCP-3714 can be removed without difficulty within the first 15 minutes of exposure. Past this point, outside assistance is required to remove SCP-3714.

Testing with SCP-3714 is suspended until further notice, as no significant benefit has been ascertained to date with 22 subjects under the effect of SCP-3714.

Primary effects - Stage 1

Within 20 minutes of direct skin contact, subjects wearing SCP-3714 will generally seek out a location in order to safely enter sleep. When not presented with a suitable location, subjects will usually lay down in place. Out of 22 test subjects, 1 reacted with extreme agitation and eventually managed to remove SCP-3714 without outside assistance after 72 minutes of searching for a suitable location.

Movement during this period is markedly slower. To date, subjects have been unresponsive to verbal or physical confrontation. Removal of SCP-3714 during this period and the subsequent 24 hours can be performed without difficulty or permanent effects on the subject.

Primary Effects - Stage 2

After roughly 24 hours of unconsciousness subjects will experience 2-7 minutes of epileptic seizures. At this point, the subject is designated SCP-3714-1.

Brain wave activity monitored during this stage shows severe fluctuations in the brain activity of SCP-3714-1, eventually leading to

complete brain death. Within 5 seconds, subjects exhibit a stable brain pattern consistent across all instances of SCP-3714-1.

SCP-3714-1 will at this point awaken and exhibit additional anomalous effects, and drastically different mannerisms. (See Section SCP-3714-1)

It is unknown at this time whether or not SCP-3714 has any correlation with the occurrence of *Jiangshi* in Chinese Folklore.

[No Changes since last view]

SCP-3714-1

Physical Characteristics

Instances of SCP-3714-1 will move only by hopping short distances, with arms extended, consistent with descriptions of the ***Jiangshi*** of Chinese Folklore.

SCP-3714-1 does not age and is unresponsive to physical harm but exhibits no evidence of increased physical resilence or regeneration. Major physical damage to limbs or other motor structures will limit SCP-3714-1's ability to move.

SCP-3714-1 will cease all motor function with significant damage to the host's brain. Brain wave activity was shown to continue until roughly 32% of brain matter was destroyed.

Removal of SCP-3714 from an instance of SCP-3714-1 will cause SCP-3714-1 to fall unconscious, and revert back to its previous non-anomalous state after approximately 15 minutes, including brain death. Damage sustained while affected by SCP-3714 will not be removed or regenerated. This reversion has proven universally fatal.

Behavior and Anomalous Abilities

SCP-3714-1 will speak in **Middle Chinese** freely. SCP-3714-1 will claim to be either "Zhang Guolao", a mythical figure in the Chinese tradition of alchemy, or "He Qinshi", a mythical figure associated with a now-defunct GoI "The Bringers of the Cloud".

Neither identity has been confirmed at this time.

SCP-3714-1 is hostile to members of The Foundation, and will universally attempt to prevent removal of SCP-3714 from its finger. SCP-3714-1 generally will speak about a mythical battle which caused the death of Zhang Guolao, and has made multiple references to legendary figures from various Alchemic traditions including Nicholas Flamel, Hermes Trigsmestus, and Jibyr al Hayyan. There is no significant evidence to support SCP-3714-1's claims. To date, Foundation researchers have been unable to converse with SCP-3714-1 long enough to allow for interviews or significant communication.

SCP-3714-1 possesses additional anomalous abilities depending on the current dominant personality.

When "Zhang Guolao" is the dominant personality, SCP-3714-1 possesses minor reality bending abilities, most notably the ability to manifest fire, water, stones, or electrical discharge through unknown means. These abilities appear to be limited by some unknown mechanism, as SCP-3714-1 has never manifested these abilities to a degree sufficient to allow it to breach containment. These abilities do not appear consistent with the description of a *Jiangshi*, however, they are similar to abilities claimed to be associated with the Erbillic Tradition of Alchemy. Zhang Guolao was purported to be an alchemist in Chinese legend, however no records of SCP-3714 or Zhang Guolao were forthcoming from the **Alchemy Department**.

When "He Qinshi" is the dominant personality, SCP-3714-1 possesses the ability to spontaneously transmit illnesses via anomalous means with anyone who comes in contact with its hands. To date, Yellow Fever, the Bubonic Plague, and Fibrodysplasia ossificans progressiva (FOP) have been transmitted during testing incidents.

SCP-3714-1 will attempt to kill any Foundation personnel it comes in to contact with. If it manages to do so, it will undergo a ritualistic behavior, pressing its face near the subjects, and emitting a loud hissing noise for several moments.

Notably, SCP-3714-1 will continue to speak in Middle Chinese

during this ritual, and translations of SCP-3714-1's speech consists of the two personalities arguing, with the "Zhang Guolao" personality unwilling to perform the ritual.

SCP-3714-1 exhibits all of the classical deterrent mechanisms of the *Jiangshi* described in Chinese folklore including but not limited to:

- Mirrors
- Peach Wood
- Hand Bells
- Taoist Talismans
- The compulsion to count coins thrown on the ground
- Fire (produced from sources other than SCP-3714-1)
- The sound of a rooster's call

These objects, sounds, and phenomenon are to be available at all times to security staff interacting with SCP-3714 test subjects.

Last updated by Q. Yang, 31/1/2019 1:07:59 UTC. ten.pcs.ics|22gnay.q#ten.pcs.ics|22gnay.q

Recovery

SCP-3714 was discovered in the Market, in the province of , China during a post-operation incident with Agent L. DuMourne.

Agent DuMourne came in to contact with the box containing SCP-3714 while wearing a Thaumic Ring (See "Standard Operating Equipment - Thaumic") and took note of the object. SCP-3714 was acquired along with a small wooden box containing several other items.

Inside the box was a small figurine of a donkey, SCP-3714, and a 200-gram piece of flat lunar rock inscribed with middle Chinese.

A translation was provided by Junior Researcher Yang:

> Whatever unfortunate soul puts this foul thing on, I am sorry.

> The note is for the wretched soul inside this ring.
>
> This is for Erbil, traitor.
>
> I hope you and the **Leviathan's** pet monster enjoy eternity.
>
> [Glyph]

The source of lunar rock is unknown at this time. The glyph found at the bottom of the tablet is one associated with early Arabic cryptography, specifically a cypher of Arabic which was seen used in several reliefs in the ruins of the **Citadel of Erbil**. These glyphs appear to identify a particular person, as well as a subject matter.

Several texts have associated the specific glyph with the writings of **Nicholas Flamel**, specifically in his research notes on what mythical alchemist **Jabir Ibn Hayyan** (latinized to Geber in later centuries) described as the creation of artificial life. This process of "takwin" is referred to in a significant number of religious and pseudo religious texts.

The current leading hypothesis is SCP-3714 is a failed attempt to replicate "takwin" by PoI- or PoI- , both of which were active producers of anomalous items in the correct region and timeframe of SCP-3714's potential creation. Both persons of interest had significant interest in the occult, and mixed together elements of both religion and folklore [REDACTED] leading to the fall of the Tang Dynasty by Zhu Wen in 907 CE.

It is unknown at this time why PoI- or PoI- would include a reference to the Citadel at Erbil. Research is ongoing.

[No Changes since last view]

SCP-3715: Not So Subtlє Teα

Item #: SCP-3715

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its immobile and relatively benign nature, SCP-3715 does not require any specific containment beyond keeping non-Foundation entities away. Personnel with level-2 clearance or higher stationed at Research Site-95 are allowed access to the anomaly for morale purposes.

Description: SCP-3715 is an anomalous event that occurs in Room-121 in the former Bellview City High School, located in Alberta, Canada[1]. SCP-3715's effects typically manifest on weekdays during the fall and winter months. Between the hours of 11 PM to 6 AM, a variable amount of tea will manifest in any suitable container[2] within Room-121. Generation of tea will always occur, but certain variables (such as flavor and brand of the tea) may be controlled. Occasionally, in addition to the tea, a document will appear addressed to individuals who have recently entered the room. This document always takes the form of a handwritten note, giving praise and/or positive feedback to the individual.

The flavoring of the tea may be controlled by taping tea bags to a wall adjacent. In the event that the tea does not require or come with a tea bag, the tea will manifest as normal if the ingredients are placed in a plastic bag and taped to the wall. See below test log.

Type of Tea Used	Container Use	Document Contents	Notes
Green tea bag from school stock	Videographer Stockton's mug	I hope you have a nice day. :)	This was the first recorded instance of SCP-3715. Videographer Stockton was

			allowed, upon request, to keep the document from this test.
Licorice tea bag	Generic teapot	NO!! >:(	This was the first time that SCP-3715 had reacted negatively to any stimulus. Site staff had been using many types of tea for several weeks before this event. Staff are discouraged from giving SCP-3715 licorice tea in the future.
English breakfast tea bag	Generic teapot	Su Tan, check your code again.	Researcher Tan had recently completed several blocks of code for a device designed to more efficiently contain SCP- . Upon inspection, it was revealed that the code held several typos that could have kickstarted a series of containment failures. The errors were

			corrected. Discussion regarding SCP-3715's ability to find errors in Foundation documents is ongoing.
Loose jasmine tea leaves from a nearby specialty store	Generic teapot	This is very good tea! Thank you! Next time though, try giving it to someone who needs it more than I do :)	The tea was shared amongst researchers.
Imported Pu-erh cake (Retail price of roughly $40 USD)	Generic teapot	??? [sic]	Lab 4 was found to have been deep cleaned overnight. A note was found on the lab bench reading 'I wouldn't feel right otherwise.'

Addendum 3715-A: SCP-3715 was discovered in 2014, when reports of a 'tea ghost' made their way to Foundation agents in Alberta. Notably, the classroom was last inhabited by Bellview City teacher Betty Miles, who had attained mild popularity within the school due to her optimism and willingness to assist students. Miles had suffered a fatal heart attack in 2013 while in class. Anomalous reports began surfacing shortly after.

Footnotes
1. Bellview City High School has since been converted into Research Site-95.
2. Suitable container defined as any clean wares intended to store liquid for human consumption

SCP-3716: Boned Beyond Belief

Item #: SCP-3716

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3716 are currently stored in Safe-class Containment Locker 128-B in Site-42. Access is only permitted to individuals with Level 3/3716 or above clearance. Due to the large quantity of SCP-3716-A instances currently extant, no further testing is deemed necessary.

All 62 SCP-3716-A instances are currently housed in Historical Site-229 ("Caldey Island Abbey"), as per Protocol 3716-002. The Cistercian monastery originally present on the island was largely abandoned in the late 1700s: a disinformation campaign is currently being employed to counter this, and maintain the public opinion that no such abandonment ever occurred. The eldest instance and de-facto leader of the group (SCP-3716-A-1) has agreed to maintain the secrecy of their order in exchange for the ownership of the land, which instances use primarily as a space of contemplation and meditation. A small security team of no more than six eighteen members is to be permanently stationed on the island, as well as a standard low-risk anomaly research team.

To maintain cooperation, a monthly excursion has been agreed upon, during which SCP-3716-A instances will be allowed to visit the mainland and interact with the civilian population (0.08% of whom are embedded Foundation agents). Amnestic distribution should be employed following this, and a high rotation of resident civilians should be encouraged to prevent a resurgence of suppressed memories. MTF-Phi-Eolh ("Bag & Taggers") are tasked with apprehending and processing any civilians with knowledge of SCP-3716, SCP-3716-A, or the nature of the excursions.

As a breach of SCP-3716-A could easily escalate into a Broken Masquerade scenario, maintaining high morale among instances is

desirable — accordingly, any dissent or dissatisfaction is to be treated as a High Priority issue.

Description: SCP-3716 is the designation for around 3000 metal zippers[1] that, when placed on the navel and rolled upwards to the neck, enable the user to extricate themselves from their entire integumentary system and most of their muscular system (with the exception of ligaments and joints) without blood loss, in a manner similar to removing an anorak and pants. Although their visceral organs, skeletal system, and other organ systems are wholly exposed, affected individuals (hereby termed SCP-3716-A) experience no adverse side effects.

SCP-3716-A will repeatedly and persistently attempt to persuade others to use SCP-3716, but are pacifistic and do not make violent attempts at coercion. Persuasion attempts most commonly take the form of brochures, door-to-door salesmanship, timeshare sales pitches, and other such media[2].

All instances of SCP-3716-A have certain benefits compared to baseline humans, such as the ability to take on the appearance of another instance by wearing their skin, (even when their anatomies are incompatible), and extremely enhanced longevity. They subscribe to a monastic doctrine termed "Orthodox Osteonism", which contains elements of various philosophies and religions (including various branches of Christianity, agnosticism, Theravada Buddhism, and democratic socialism), along with elements borrowed from classical and modern literature. Although no two instances have expressed the exact same views, common themes involve the ideas that violence is sinful in any form, that the requirement of a nervous system in higher lifeforms is a myth[3], that all living things are part of the same "Metaphysical Skeleton", and that all invertebrate organisms are "worthy of our love and compassion, but ultimately irredeemable". Reverence for elder SCP-3716-A instances, particularly SCP-3716-A-1 (the oldest living instance at time of writing) is common, though not an element of official doctrine.

If an instance of SCP-3716-A is unable to convert a new instance to the doctrine within a certain amount of time (usually a period of years), said instance's non-osseous tissue will start rapidly

decomposing. The majority of their anomalous abilities are lost during this process, although basic life functions and all cognitive functions remain unchanged. Instances claim that successful conversions will nullify and reverse the degradation — it is for this reason that instances express desire to interact with the civilian population on a semi-regular basis. Amnesticisation of converted subjects has no effect on SCP-3716-A instances, as it seems to be the act of conversion, rather than the continued devotion to the faith, that halts the decay process.

Addendum: Update Regarding "Orthodox Osteonism": While initially manifesting as a loose collection of principles and ideals, the school of thought has apparently begun solidifying with the use of around fifty SCP-3716. Increased definition of what constitutes 'moral' activity has been observed, and elements of false cultural history being accepted as truth by SCP-3716-A instances. Various rites and ceremonies seem to be in the process of development, as do certain holy sigils, signs, and other iconography, the majority of which are related to escaping the "trappings of the physical world", and achieving enlightenment or transcendence through the shedding of restrictions and unnecessary bindings.

Protocol 3716-002 has been enacted, and Containment Procedures have been updated to reflect this.

Observation log - Historical Site-229: The following documents are extracts from the research journals of Dr. John Weldon, compiled during their station at HS-229. They are included here due to their relevance both to SCP-3716 and Incident 3716-S.

> **Date:** 23/09/2017
>
> The monks have arrived, and seem happy. They feel right at home in the monastery, according to the liaisons, and are looking forward to settling in. The main Chapel (dubbed "The Cranium" — seems they have a sense of humour, at least) has proven adequate for holding worships, while the gardens and fields let them grow produce to sell on the mainland during their excursions. They have little care for the profits, however, donating most of it to charitable causes. Nice of them, all things

considered.

Date: 16/11/2017

We have songs! Or rather, they have songs. Catchy, too, with a vaguely 'pop' vibe that's enjoyable to sing along with. It seems Cartiligism (or whatever they're calling it now) is growing into its own fully-fledged belief system; it's probably not a good idea to have it on record as an official movement, but worth noting nonetheless.

Nothing else interesting to report: a few basic images mimicking rib-cages and a festival on the winter solstice are all that have developed in the past few months.

Song-wise, my personal favourite is "Dead Men Walking". I've been humming it for days.

Date: 03/01/2018

Last week the Khambo lama[4], Ischium, commissioned the production of a "holy spirit" for use in communion. We had been supplying them with a weak solution commonly used in Christian practises but this was deemed, and I quote, "ineffective and rather ghastly".

The brewer's first sample came in today. The acolytes are calling it 'Marrow'. It's an acquired taste, to be sure — around 30% Formaldehyde, according to preliminary analysis.

Date: 11/02/2018

Today is apparently a holy one in the skeletal calendar. The monks will be hosting a celebration to honour the life and death of all things. Foundation personnel such as myself were invited, but politely declined.

The festival takes place at the rising of the moon and a large batch of 'Marrow' has been produced in preparation.

Woke in the middle of the night to drunken chanting. Seems that even under the influence, they can remember that "the neck bone's connected to the head bone". It was funny for about five minutes, and Jared from the Horticulture Department even joined in at one point, but at this stage it's been going on for hours.

There's not much I can do, I suppose. I'll let them have their fun.

Date: 12/02/2018

2:00 AM

All the boats are gone.

All the monks, bar one, are gone.

We found them dozing on the grass, still clutching an empty bottle. They explained that they had left in the night to find the reincarnation of their deity, and bring them back to the Abbey, their new spiritual home.

I don't know what they plan to do, but I imagine the paperwork will be nightmarish.

The departure of SCP-3716-A instances from the island was verified shortly afterwards, and Incident 3716-S was formally designated a High-Level priority. The on-site security team, later discovered to have been overwhelmed by the instances, were disciplined severely thereafter, and a higher staff requirement introduced (see Containment Procedures).

Update (12/02/2018):

► Show Video Transcript 3716-009

The following is external CCTV footage recovered from the Dorset County Museum, beginning at 06:29 a.m.

<Begin Log>

<00:00> Relevant footage begins. Muffled scraping can be heard from within the building, accompanied by several loud crashes.

<04:03> Although blurry and indistinct, the footage reveals the main doors of the museum bursting open to a chorus of chants and mantras from gathered SCP-3716-A instances.

<05:21> Instruments are produced, and a slightly atonal melody is played as a group of instances emerge, carrying a large object between them. The object appears to glow as the morning sunlight illuminates the museum hall — subsequently verified to be a non-anomalous optical illusion.

<07:30> A crowd of monks gather on the front steps as one (later identified as SCP-3716-A-1) awkwardly mounts the object, which is off-white in colouration and tapers to a point at both ends.

<10:01> SCP-3716-A-1 begins gesturing wildly at the rest of the group, vocalising loudly. While initially inaudible and slurred, the instance's voice begins to rise in volume, culminating in the phrase "OUR LORD! HE IS REBORN AT LAST! HE IS-"

<10:12> The film cuts out abruptly as one SCP-3716-A instance loses its footing, and the object and monk collide with the camera.

<End Log>

Following reports of a disturbance at the aforementioned museum, and civilian reports matching descriptions of SCP-3716-A, MTF Xi-Kai ("Curators") was deployed to investigate. A group of approximately 70 SCP-3716-A instances were eventually located

some two km west of the location, carrying what appeared to be a replica Diplodocus skeleton complete with explanatory plaque and support wires[5]. The majority of instances had discarded their external coverings, several of which have yet to be recovered, and all entities involved appeared extremely inebriated. Vocalisations consisted of loud chanting about the reincarnation and ascension of their 'God' — note than no additional anomalous phenomena, divine or otherwise, were seen during the event.

By the time the intervention squad arrived, the monks were escaping in a stolen yacht with "Dippy the New Messiah" haphazardly strapped in. Despite the instances' overall lack of coordination, poor weather conditions and a lack of immediately available Foundation watercraft meant that apprehension was not possible until late afternoon, by which time all SCP-3716-A instances had returned to HS-229.

SCP-3716-A-1, who during the incident was observed seated on the skeleton's back, has since apologised for the damage and disturbance caused. The frequency of excursions is to be reduced to every three months as a reprimand, with the threat of termination should another such incident occur. Further updates to Containment Procedures are pending.

► Show Document 3716-035.doc

Non-anomalous document received via standard communication channels shortly after the aforementioned incident. Transcribed here for archival purposes.

To our esteemed friends at the Foundation,

On behalf of the Order, I apologise for the pandemonium we were responsible for recently. It was an embarrassing display, and does not reflect the disciplines we have come to practice here at the monastery. Devout faith and excessive alcohol do not seem to harmonise well.

Though we respect your decision to remove them from our possession, we have since constructed an altar to help us worship and develop a stronger connection our saviour, which should suffice for worship. Permission to conduct periodic pilgrimages to their resting place would be a great boon to our order, although given our recent conduct I understand if you deny us that privilege.

As a gift, and some small manner of recompense, the attached package contains a fine bottle of Marrow and a complimentary zipper (on the off chance that you ever feel like opening up).

Yours faithfully,

Ischium

Footnotes
1. 2508 of which are currently possessed by the Foundation
2. While MTF Chi-9 ("Page Turners") was initially employed to remove such media from public circulation, the abnormal nature of said media seems to result in 97% of subjects believing it to be fictional.
3. Created by unbelievers (the Skinned) to turn others away from faith.
4. A title given to the senior lama of a Buddhist monastery, and often equated with the Christian title of 'Abbot'. Presumably referring here to SCP-3716-A-1
5. Later identified as "Dippy", an exhibit that had been touring the UK for some weeks previously.

SCP-3717: Pickl'd Punkz

Item #: SCP-3717

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Outside of testing, all instances of SCP-3717 are to be kept together in a small Humanoid Containment Chamber within the low-security wing of Site 17. Media devices provided to SCP-3717 must be voice controlled.

Twice daily, one scoop (28 grams) of powdered baby formula is to be sprinkled into each instance's jar. Instances are permitted to select from available flavours. Personnel assigned to this task are encouraged to engage SCP-3717 in conversation and report any requests or concerns to Dr. Valdez.

Psychiatric sessions are to be conducted on a bi-weekly basis. As an incentive for cooperation, SCP-3717 may be placed on a customized secured dolly and taken on excursions around their containment wing. Supervised interaction with other residents of Site 17 is permitted.

Description: SCP-3717 is the collective designation for three stillborn, malformed infants preserved in glass jars filled with an anomalous solution of formaldehyde and amniotic fluid.

Although dead on a cellular level, each instance possesses adult level human intelligence and sensory capabilities, which do not appear to be impeded by their fluid environment. SCP-3717 are capable of producing speech by inducing their jars to emit sound vibrations via an unknown method. Instances are also capable of limited movement within their jars. Powdered food placed within their jars appears to be absorbed through the skin, though no waste products have been observed to be excreted.

Instances claim that they will 'suffocate[1]' if removed from their

solution. This has not been confirmed via testing.

SCP-3717-01 is a hermaphroditic infant that appears to possess craniotomy scars along the top of its head. Neuroimaging has revealed that SCP-3717-01's cranium is filled with several marbles.

SCP-3717-02 is a male infant missing the left half of its cranium, with its brain having been replaced with a mass of dust, lint, dead skin cells and spider webs[2].

Notably, neither SCP-3717-01 or -02 seem to suffer any cognitive impairment because of their missing brain matter.

SCP-3717-03 is a pair of female syncephalus[3] conjoined twins. Skin pigmentation is entirely absent. It is unclear (possibly even to itself) whether SCP-3717-03 possesses a singular consciousness or two distinct but similar minds.

DNA analysis of SCP-3717 has revealed that they are genetically human as well as half-siblings, all possessing the same father.

Recovery: SCP-3717 were discovered inside of a leather strongbox on the County fairgrounds by Mobile Task Force Kappa 14 “AH! Sideshow Bob!” who were investigating reports of recent **GoI-233** activity. Adjacent promotional material referred to SCP-3717 as “Papa’s Precociously Provocative Pickl'd Punkz!”.

Initial Containment Interview:

> **Interviewer:** Junior Researcher Luna Valdez
>
> **Interviewees:** SCP-3717
>
> **<Begin log>**
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** Hello there. My name is Dr. Valdez and I’ll be overseeing your containment for the—
>
> **SCP-3717-01:** I want my phone call!
>
> **Dr. Valdez:** …I beg your pardon?

SCP-3717-01: I know my rights, Essie! I want my phone call!

Dr. Valdez: Prisoners don't actually have a legal right to a phone call, that's just a common courtesy. More importantly, this is not a prison. Think of it more like a long-term care facility. Your health and well-being are our utmost—

SCP-3717-02: Do people make wine in the toilets?

Dr. Valdez: It's…been known to happen.

SCP-3717-02: Yeah, we're in prison.

SCP-3717-01: I demand a lawyer, or an actor who's so method they actually got a law degree!

Dr. Valdez: You're not being charged with anything. We're not a prison. We're here to help.

SCP-3717-02: Then why are you behind bulletproof glass?

Dr. Valdez: It's just standard procedure for new anomalies. We don't know what you're capable of.

SCP-3717-01: We're frickin' babies! We're in jars! Child-proof jars to boot!

Dr. Valdez: I realize you're likely harmless, but we need to do some observations and tests before we…

SCP-3717-01: Oh God, they're gonna vivisect us! We're in Harry Harlow's lab!

Dr. Valdez: No, I assure you all the tests will be minimally invasive. A biopsy will be the worst of it. For the moment, I'm just gathering some intel on you.

SCP-3717-01: God Almighty! They told us Essie was evil, but I never thought you would stoop to

waterboarding babies! Torture me all you want! I'll never crack!

Dr. Valdez: No one is going to torture you. I'm just going to ask a few questions, and you're free to answer them or not as you choose. My first question is how did you end up with the Circus of the Disquieting?

SCP-3717-02: I guess you could say we were born to it. None of us remembers anything before waking up in these things.

Dr. Valdez: Did you never ask where you came from?

SCP-3717-03: Oh sure, lots of times. Herman would say that after having some fun with a lady friend sometimes they'd have an accident, and she would come trying to get some money out of him for it.

SCP-3717-01: I ain't sayin' they were gold diggers, but they weren't messing with no broke—

SCP-3717-03: Spratz, you can't say that! We've been over this!

SCP-3717-02: Herman said that where lesser men would flee — or worse, succumb to the manacles of matrimony — he saw an opportunity.

SCP-3717-03: After putting his lady friend 'in her place' as he called it, he'd take her to the Amazing Zoltan, our alchemical consultant, and after a little razzmatazz the lady would have no cause to pester him for money and he'd have a brand new attraction.

SCP-3717-01: We've been disgusting visitors in the Den of Freaks ever since!

Dr. Valdez: *(pauses)* You're saying that you're all…

SCP-3717-02: The aborted bastards of Herman Fuller, dear old dad.

SCP-3717-03: Not that we were ever allowed to call him that.

SCP-3717-01: He wasn't all bad though. He did teach us some barbershop songs.

Dr. Valdez: I'm sorry, barbershop songs?

SCP-3717-01: Hit it!

All instances of SCP-3717:

Mr. Sandman (bum, bum, bum) bring me a dream
(bum bum bum bum)
Make him the cutest that I've ever seen
(bum bum bum bum)
Give him two lips like roses and clover
(bum bum)
Then tell him that his lonesome nights are over

Mr. Sandman—

Dr. Valdez: That's sufficient. I don't need a demonstration. That was your act at the Circus?

SCP-3717-02: Not at first. Herman just wanted us to creep people out. But after he got the boot, Icky reimagined the Den a little. She wanted the Freaks to proudly display their talents, wanted us to be proud of what we were, have some dignity. We liked to sing, so she let us sing.

Dr. Valdez: Speaking of talents, do you three have any active anomalous properties we should know about?

SCP-3717-01: I may have been Grover Cleveland in two nonconsecutive past lives.

SCP-3717-02: Sorry doc, no magic powers here. What you see is what you get.

Dr. Valdez: Any special needs? We're able to meet most

reasonable requests.

SCP-3717-01: Does a mind-controlled, fusion-powered mech-suit count as reasonable?

Dr. Valdez: *(pauses)* No.

SCP-3717-01: Fine, it can be fission-powered, but I'm not responsible for disposing of the radioactive waste!

SCP-3717-02: An ounce of formula twice a day is all we need. A little company now and then wouldn't go unappreciated either. We're good with people.

SCP-3717-03: Well, mostly, but Spratz does sometimes get on people's nerves. He goes a little heavy on the dead baby humour.

SCP-3717-01: We're dead babies! It's appropriate!

SCP-3717-03: You know, life wasn't half bad at the Circus, at least not under Icky and Manny's rule. People would take us for walks sometimes, decorate our jars, and Lolly liked to read to us when she'd visit the Den.

SCP-3717-02: I'll miss Yume's flowers, and Quincy's butterflies.

SCP-3717-01: But not Gabriel's fish! I hate it when he stuck those slimy bastards in my jar!

SCP-3717-03: You don't think they left us behind on purpose, do you?

SCP-3717-02: They just left in a hurry. You heard Manny shouting "Essie P is coming!". He's been especially worried about Essie since…well, just lately. Our box is easy to overlook.

Dr. Valdez: We can talk about your associates at the Circus another time. I understand that this may be a difficult adjustment but I assure you that you will be

treated just as well here, if not better, than you were at the Circus. Once we've finished our assessments you might even be cleared to interact with fellow residents.

SCP-3717-01: Show me the biggest guy here! I'll shiv him, show him who's boss!

Dr. Valdez: Violence against staff or residents will result in solitary confinement and psychiatric assessment. And the 'biggest' guy at this site is an immortal, invincible, thaumatological cyborg.

SCP-3717-01: *(pauses)* So you'll make sure my mech-suit can take him, right?

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Instances of SCP-3717 do not appear to require oxygen. The solution they are kept in is also unoxygenated.
2. SCP-3717-02 claims it was born without a brain and an unusually large 'dust bunny' was the only on hand substitute at the time.
3. Fused at the face and head, but possessing separate bodies.

SCP-3718: An Environmental Cat-astrophe

Item #: SCP-3718

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Any SCP-3718 instances discovered in the wild are to be sedated[1] and brought in for containment, or neutralized if the current number of contained SCP-3718 instances is greater than twenty. Foundation personnel are to monitor websites and animal control hotlines for mentions of potential SCP-3718 activity, as well as reports of individuals being attacked by cats, or seeing 'monster cats'. Any area that has seen a significant decline in local wildlife population in a small time frame is to be investigated for SCP-3718 activity. MTF Kappa-14 "AH! Sideshow Bob!" has been instructed to examine areas where GoI-233 has appeared for stray SCP-3718 specimens.

SCP-3718 instances in containment are to be kept in a large feline habitat at Site-23, and require at least three times the normal daily intake of food compared to a normal *Felis catus*. Personnel entering the enclosure are recommended to only do so when the SCP-3718 population has been recently fed or sedated.

Description: SCP-3718 is an unidentified species of organism, outwardly resembling individuals belonging to the species *Felis catus* (the domestic cat). While SCP-3718 instances are visually identical to non-anomalous *Felis catus*, when viewing the reflection of an SCP-3718 instance, a large, tripedal organism can be seen in place of a reflection.

These organisms are an average of 75cm tall at the shoulder, exhibit numerous bioluminescent patches along the body, and are otherwise dark in coloration. These organisms posses no observable eyes or ears, but exhibit multiple orifices across the body, which are used in feeding. These organisms also possess highly sensitive vibrissae[2] which run the length of their body,

allowing for instances to observe their surroundings by sensing changes in air flow. This organism cannot be directly interacted with, as it does not seem to occupy any space that it would take up around the *Felis catus* body.

SCP-3718 instances are active predators, and have been observed in packs hunting prey as large as elk, and consuming most of the kill. When feeding, SCP-3718 instances have been observed to cause a Class C-[3] spatial anomaly. During this, the *Felis catus* appearance will contort up to three times in normal size, and orifices corresponding to those on the appearance of its reflection will open, and discharge pressurized digestive enzymes onto the kill. Once the digestive enzymes have had their effect, the orifices are used to grip parts of the prey, and deliver it into the digestive system through rows of teeth.

Packs of feral SCP-3718 have been observed across the North American continent[4], breeding rapidly. Due to their increased hunting activity, SCP-3718 has become a threat to natural wildlife in some cases, drastically decreasing the populations of many species, including birds and deer. Currently, at least three species native to North America have been reclassified as critically endangered due to the presence and rapid growth of SCP-3718 populations. Because of this, SCP-3718 is currently considered an invasive species, and containment is considered a high priority due to the increased spread and risk of discovery.

Addendum: Discovery, and GoI Connections

SCP-3718 was discovered following numerous online mentions of packs of feral cats killing abnormally large prey, as well as mentions of 'monster cats' that could only be seen in reflective surfaces. This was in conjunction with sudden decreases in many wildlife populations in certain areas, leading to an outcry from environmentalist groups. Embedded agents in these groups were able to capture several SCP-3718 instances, leading to subsequent discovery of their anomalous effects, and containment.

SCP-3718 is believed to have been originated from **GoI-233**, as an attraction for its 'Menagerie of Mayhem'. Several solitary SCP-3718 instances have been located at or near areas where

GoI-233 has visited. In addition, some instances have been found wearing collars identifying them as 'Property of Herman Fuller', or more recently 'Property of Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting'.

+ Show Interview Log 3718-1

Foreword: The following interview was conducted on / / , with a previously contained SCP that was formerly a part of GoI-233. Information was provided in exchange for consideration in regards to requests placed by SCP- . For the interview, several photographs of an SCP-3718 instance, with the reflection clearly visible, were present.

Interviewer: Dr. Reynard

Interviewed: SCP-

<Begin Log>

[Irrelevant data expunged]

Dr. Reynard: Are you familiar with these, from your time with the Circus of the Disquieting?

(Dr. Reynard shows the photographs of SCP-3718 to SCP- .)

SCP- : Shit, is that a Mewler? I used to help feed 'em and clean their cages. Cute little bastards, but they're ferocious. How'd ol' Essie get a hold of one?

Dr. Reynard: They've become something of a nuisance. What exactly did you call it?

SCP- : 'Mewlers' is what we called 'em. 'Herman Fuller's Mind-Bending Mewling Monstrosities' doesn't quite roll off the tongue. They were a staple in the Menagerie. Had a

whole House of Mirrors bit with 'em.

Dr. Reynard: I see. And were there quite a few of these 'Mewlers' with the Circus?

SCP- : Not at first, but Herman didn't keep track of 'em, they'd always wander off- you know what they say about herding cats. So he'd go back to our dealer and get more and more. 'Course, the dealer wasn't too torn up about that. Towards the end of my stay though, li'l miss Lolly started making sure all the animals got taken care of. Loves pussies, that one.

Dr. Reynard: The majority we've come across have been quite hostile, has this always been the case?

SCP- : They're like any other animal, they warm up to you if you feed 'em, but if you cut 'em loose, they'll go feral. I only got scratched… twenty-something times? And that was when they liked me.

Dr. Reynard: You're aware, I assume, of their anomalous properties?

SCP- : Obviously! Used to help out with 'em. They didn't let me in on what exactly they are, I'm nobody *that* important. But from what I got, they're not from around here.

Dr. Reynard: Elaborate.

SCP- : They bought 'em from this dealer who did a lot of business in the Library, the Bazaar too. It's like… they're from outside, and they're trying to force their way in, but they can't fit. Like a square peg tryin' to get through a round hole. That make any sense?

Dr. Reynard: You're implying they're extradimensional in nature?

SCP- : Yeah, yeah. The 'cat' part, it's not really a cat. It's just our tiny monkey-brains tryin' to unscramble what we're looking at. Even what you see in the mirror, that probably isn't the whole thing. Dealer always had a hissy fit about how much trouble it was to make 'em where you wouldn't go Lovecraft-loco if you look at 'em. 'Course, don't always work right, that's why they get weird when they're eating. Don't stop 'em from being cute fuckers though, I'll tell you.

Dr. Reynard: Thank you. Is there any other relevant information you'd be able to share?

SCP- : I don't think so. Spilled all I know about the- Oh, wait! One more thing, and trust me, you're going to want to know this one. These things only have one weakness, and if you know that, then you're set, and you can send them packing back to the squidverse, or wherever they came from. It's- (SCP- begins violently coughing.)

Dr. Reynard: SCP- ?

(SCP- mimes the act of expelling something onto the table before it.)

SCP- : Sorry, hairball.

Dr. Reynard: …You weren't serious about the weakness, were you?

SCP- : Nope. You're screwed.

<End Log>

Addendum: Attempts to Control SCP-3718 Population

Despite the continued efforts to cull the SCP-3718 population, it has continued to rise by a substantial amount each year. While current efforts primarily consist of locating and neutralizing instances whenever spotted, some researchers have deemed this as ineffective. Researchers are currently formulating an artificially created virus that, when contracted by an SCP-3718 instance, would render it, and any other instances that it comes into contact with, infertile. Infected SCP-3718 would be released into the wild in spots with high concentrations of SCP-3718 activity. Proposal pending approval by the Ethics Committee.

Footnotes
1. The use of heavy sedatives is recommended, as smaller dosages have proven to be ineffective.
2. Specialized touch organs, most commonly seen as whiskers on mammals.
3. Negligible effects, considered to be on the same level as an optical illusion.
4. Notable areas include the Rocky Mountain range, Southern Canada, and numerous locations in California.

SCP-3719: Your Friendly Neighbourhood Lawnmower

Item #: SCP-3719

Object Class: Euclid

Threat Level: Green

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3719 is kept in a standard object containment stall in the Anomalous Objects Wing of Site-82.

Foundation intranet AI Oscar-03 ("AZURE CHAWLA") is to track social media posts, news reports, telephone calls, and SMS messages disseminated in the state of Maryland for references to SCP-3719-Cobalt events. References made to unnatural flowering plant growth patterns, the formation of collective human masses, and irregularities in the operation of yard equipment are to be flagged and isolated for further monitoring. This is done to mitigate or prevent future SCP-3719-Cobalt events from occurring.

SCP-3719-A-1 through -61 (which have been collectively designated SCP-3719-B) are contained in suspended animation in a standardized 10,000 L Class 6 Lovell-Huron containment vat[1]. Any persons associated with the discovery of SCP-3719, including nearby genetic relatives of any SCP-3719-A instances within SCP-3719-B, are to remain unaware of the containment of these instances. Persons associated with this anomaly have been administered Class-A amnestics. These persons are to undergo a false memory implantation procedure to subdue any memory of instances SCP-3719-A-1 through -61 and the impact they made on the Middlesex suburb during their life.

Description: SCP-3719 is an EverRide "Wasp" Lawn Mower with a cutting width of 120 cm. SCP-3719 performs in a manner identical to non-anomalous rotary mowers, except for a few notable differences, which are as follows:

- Despite being manufactured for gas-powered mowing operation, SCP-3719 relies on the energy exerted by its user (designated SCP-3719-A) to operate its engine.
- In an attempt to prevent fatigue and over-exertion in SCP-3719-A, SCP-3719 will reclaim and consume any grass passing through its cutting deck with high efficiency to produce additional energy. Energy produced does not mitigate the force required to push SCP-3719, but rather, is directly transferred into SCP-3719-A through the lawn mower handle by esoteric means.
- Any excess grass is stored in a chamber within SCP-3719 for future consumption.

Upon using SCP-3719, SCP-3719-A will continue to operate until every square meter within the desired lawn is mowed, experiencing a sense of personal responsibility from ensuring its completion. SCP-3719-A is not hindered by this mind-affecting property, and instead, considers the use of SCP-3719 to be a pleasurable and cathartic experience. This effect becomes shared by anyone with a similar headspace to SCP-3719-A[2] within the general vicinity of its effects[3].

SCP-3719 was discovered in the Middlesex suburb of Baltimore, Maryland on August 17th, 2014. Upon discovery, SCP-3719 was being used by numerous residents serving as SCP-3719-A simultaneously. 61 residents in total were integrated into a collective mass[4], which was piloting SCP-3719 along the road with apparent ease despite its size. 6 km of roads in the area had anomalously manifested grass[5], while approximately 2 km of roads had already been mowed by the time Foundation personnel were alerted to the anomaly.

The formation of masses similar to SCP-3719-B, as well as the widespread manifestation of grass on public roads, has been designated an SCP-3719-Cobalt event. How the prolonged use of SCP-3719 leads to the manifestation of these events is currently under active investigation.

Addendum 3719.1: The following is a transcript of an interview with Grace Farley (PoI-3719-7), the mother of Kevin Farley. Kevin Farley was determined to be an individual within SCP-3719-B at the time of

discovery.

VIDEO LOG

Interviewer: Researcher Frank Digby

Interviewed: Grace Farley (PoI 3719-7)

Note: Researcher Frank Digby began the interview shortly after Foundation personnel arrived on scene following the discovery of SCP-3719-B. A 5 km radius no-go zone around the neighbourhood was observed, at which point the neighbourhood was cordoned off. Any individuals directly outside the confines of the no-go zone were administered Class-A amnestics.

The interview began after Foundation personnel searched for individuals directly affected by the SCP-3719-Cobalt event. Mrs Grace Farley (designated PoI 3719-7) was the seventh person selected for interview purposes. Researcher Frank Digby approached Mrs Grace Farley under the guise of a concerned neighbour associated with the neighbourhood watch.

<Begin Log>

Researcher Digby: Hello Mrs Farley. I'm Frank Digby, from just down the road. Do you mind if I ask you a few things about the, ahm, incident?

Grace Farley: Of course, Frank, anything you need, my dear. And please, call me Grace.

Researcher Digby: Right. So, Grace, how did you first hear about the lawn mower?

Grace Farley: Old Billy kept that mower locked up in his garage since before my boys were born. That Billy's always been on the go, but after his accident, it's been hard for him to maintain things. Robbie lifted the mower from him in the Spring, had it refurbished, made sure it worked fine. Let me tell you, Frank, there was just somethin' about that mower that made it special. In all my days, I've never seen Robbie so interested in anything, 'cept for that mower.

Researcher Digby: Interested? In what way?

Grace Farley: The sparkle in his eyes when he worked on that thing, you wouldn't believe. It had to be special. Wouldn't make sense otherwise.

Researcher Digby: So Bill owned the mower and he gave it to Robert. Is there any indication that anyone else used the mower during this time?

Grace Farley: Robbie went about, almost door-to-door, askin' around to see if anyone wanted their lawns cut, free of charge. That kid was happy to do it, and it seemed like once he started, he just couldn't stop himself. On the first day, he cut nine different lawns! Can you believe that, Frank?

[Researcher Digby nods]

Grace Farley: Mhm. The next week it was like everybody was asking Rob to cut their

lawns, all the way down to Waterview, and boy did he do it. Robbie was one of those meek types, even letting the little ones try the mower so they could learn too. I would never allow *my* youngest to go near the thing, but those kids pushed it like it was a toy.

Researcher Digby: Your oldest son is Kevin, correct?

Grace Farley: Yes, my dear.

Researcher Digby: Grace, why did Kevin start using the mower?

Grace Farley: I had to let my boy try it. Just had to. Heaven knows I wouldn't even know how to use the thing myself, but my Kevin, he's a smart cookie, he is. Could figure out just about anything he put his mind to. So when he joined the others I just knew they were going to enjoy themselves just fine. It's better off to have 'em so close together, Frank, isn't it?

Researcher Digby: I'm not exactly sure what you mean, Grace.

At this point, Mrs Farley becomes more emotional in her responses.

Grace Farley: *[pauses]* Kevin's a… A smart kid with a good heart. That's the boy I raised. Yeah, I always wanted to keep him away from the bad crowd. Couldn't bear to lose my baby. So I tried hard, see? To teach 'em right. To get him along with the other smart boys I know are out there too. Now, Frank, to see him wanna join the other kids, that made me proud. *[pauses]*

All those kids, together, closer than a hug. That's what gives this community its spirit. We can all learn to become as warm as those kids were, and that mower's the source of it all.

Researcher Digby: How did Kevin and the other kids come together?

Grace Farley: There were probably 7 of them, or so. The closest boys an' girls in the neighbourhood. We're all good parents. We all know how to raise a good kid. Raise a kid well and eventually, they'll raise themselves.

Researcher Digby: Grace, do you believe that lawn mower is going to help them learn how to raise themselves properly?

Grace Farley: I don't just think so, Frank, I've seen it with my own eyes. Those kids could achieve incredible things if they worked together. All 7 of 'em, in the same body, that's what we raised them for.

Researcher Digby: You're saying these kids were in the same body? But that's just not possible, Grace. What you're saying isn't possible.

Grace Farley: *[pauses]* Makes sense to me, Frank. Wouldn't you like to see all our sons and daughters together, bonding deeper than they ever could naturally? Having them so close together, boy, it just gives me the fuzziest feelin'. Middlesex ain't what it was when I grew up. I never learned the same closeness my sons know.

Mrs Farley pauses for approximately 10

seconds while she retrieves a tissue from her purse.

Grace Farley: Being able to help the Other in such a capacity, with the smartest sons and daughters this neighbourhood's seen yet. That's human. That's heart. I just crave to bask in the skin of the Other. To be as warm as these kids. Wouldn't you like to be as warm as those kids, Frank? Wouldn't you like to share my skin too?

Researcher Digby: I-

Grace Farley: Why can't you share one body, one soul, and by God if it's possible, one flesh? We're all human, Frank. We're one. We were born together and shall remain together. It's meant to be that way, 'cause what other way could there be? Keep 'em together and we won't be having any more tragedies, like the ones you see in the headlines every week. That mower is the best thing to happen to this neighbourhood, period. You wouldn't understand unless you stitch your heart where all others can see and allow yourself to bask in the skin of your fellow man.

<End Log>

Closing Remarks: *Based on my interview with PoI-3719-7, I believe it is in our best interests to cease further investigation into the SCP-3719-Cobalt event in the Middlesex suburb, for the situation is simply too sensitive. SCP-3719 has contributed lasting emotional and physical effects that cannot possibly be reversed nor fully diagnosed. With SCP-3719 in our custody*

and no further observation of any anomalous effects, it is more than apparent that the anomaly has been adequately contained and requires no further research.

What I suggest is the immediate amnesticization of the population of Middlesex. In addition to this precaution, I have submitted a proposal for the neighbourhood to undergo a mass false memory implantation procedure. This is a neighbourhood that very much so emphasizes community, whether SCP-3719 contributed to that community or not. The community is a pillar they worked desperately to build, and to topple that pillar would be to risk great emotional hardship, which is ultimately against our best interests.

While this lawn mower is in direct opposition to our goals, keeping this civilian population safe is in full alignment. This is not an emotional plea, but rather a well-reasoned analysis based on the delicate situation we have been presented with.

— Researcher Frank Digby, Site-82

Footnotes
1. Which is used to keep sensitive anomalous entities in immediate and indefinite cryonic storage. See T. Lovell'sCryonics and You (or How I Became a Teenage Ice Pop), published in 2011.
2. This includes close familial relatives within one to two generations of SCP-3719-A.
3. This area of effects expands directly proportional to the number of SCP-3719-A operating SCP-3719 at a time. Proceed to the unabridgedDiscovery Log 3719for more information.
4. Weighing approximately 5,000 kg.
5. Which was spreading at a speed of 2 meters per hour.

SCP-3720: Smiting on a Budget

Item #: SCP-3720

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Mobile Task Force Iota-10 (“Damn Feds”) is to monitor civilian police department records worldwide for unsolved homicide, assault, or stalking cases that could indicate SCP-3720 activity. If SCP-3720-1 is confirmed to be targeting an individual, said individual is to be taken into protective Foundation custody. If possible, SCP-3720-1 manifestations should be non-lethally subdued and taken in for interrogation.

+ Archived Special Containment Procedures

> **Archived Special Containment Procedures:** Site-121’s daily perimeter patrols and security are to be doubled from the standard of a Site containing primarily Safe-class anomalies. All delivery crews entering Site-121 are to undergo additional screening before being allowed through Site-121’s main gate. When a manifestation of SCP-3720-1 is detected on Site-121 grounds, Site-121 is to initiate Lockdown Procedure LONGSHORE (“Uninvited Guest”), and security personnel should attempt to capture SCP-3720-1 alive for interrogation. If nonlethal takedown is impractical or impossible, security personnel are authorized to use deadly force. Patrol routes are to be reconfigured on a bi-weekly basis.

Description: SCP-3720 refers to the phenomena wherein an individual will be targeted for murder by SCP-3720-1. SCP-3720-1 manifests as a middle-aged Caucasian male, and exhibits no

anomalous traits or abilities apart from its ability to spontaneously manifest and demanifest at will. SCP-3720-1 typically manifests wearing some form of civilian clothing appropriate with the region it appears in, and carrying various tools and weapons to help it locate, confront, and kill its target, hereafter referred to as SCP-3720-2. See Addendum 3720-01 for details regarding SCP-3720-1 activities.

If SCP-3720-1 is killed before killing SCP-3720-2, its remains and belongings will demanifest after several minutes, and a new manifestation of SCP-3720-1 will appear after one to three weeks within the approximate vicinity of SCP-3720-2. This new manifestation will continue to attempt to kill SCP-3720-2, apparently retaining the knowledge and experience of its previous iterations. Once SCP-3720-2 is dead, either through SCP-3720-1's direct action or other causes, SCP-3720-1 will manifest elsewhere in the world after an extend period of time, targeting a new individual.

SCP-3720 first came to the Foundation's attention after SCP-3720-1 began periodically assaulting Site-121 in 2005. Since its discovery, SCP-3720 is believed to be responsible for anywhere from 7 to deaths worldwide.

+ Addendum 3720-01: Partial Manifestation Log

Addendum 3720-01: Partial Manifestation Log

> **Note:** As many of SCP-3720-1's incursions involved avoiding security patrols and surveillance equipment, concrete footage and eyewitness accounts were not always available. As such, the "Reconstructed Events" portion of these logs is merely the forensics team's leading theory as to what occurred based on environmental context and whatever footage and eyewitness accounts were available.

> **Manifestation #:** 1
> **Date:** 07/12/2005
> **Reconstructed Events:** SCP-3720-1 blockades the main road leading to Site-121

using a fallen tree, forcing an inbound delivery truck to a stop. SCP-3720-1 incapacitates the lightly-armed delivery crew, leaving them unconscious on the side of the road. Stealing a uniform and ID, SCP-3720-1 commandeers the truck and attempts to pose as a deliveryman at Site-121's gates. SCP-3720-1 is allowed to enter, but is recognized as an impostor by the loading bay staff. Security is alerted, and SCP-3720-1 is terminated while trying to flee. Upon its corpse demanifesting, entity is designated SCP-3720 and presumed neutralized.
Site-121 Security Updates: Gate security staff reprimanded for failing to closely scrutinize the presented credentials. Delivery crews en route to Site-121 are now accompanied by two (2) armed security staff.

Manifestation #: 2
Date: 07/20/2005
Reconstructed Events: SCP-3720-1 attempts to cut a hole in Site-121's perimeter fence using a pair of bolt cutters. SCP-3720-1 is spotted by border patrols during this activity, and is terminated while attempting to flee. Upon demanifestation, SCP-3720 is reclassified as Euclid.
Site-121 Security Updates: Perimeter security staff increased by 50% in anticipation of further incursions.

Manifestation #: 5
Date: 09/01/2005
Reconstructed Events: Just after nightfall, SCP-3720-1 ambushes and incapacitates two border patrol officers using hand-to-hand combat and a small cattle prod. SCP-3720-1 cuts a hole in Site-121's perimeter fence and proceeds deeper into the site on foot.

SCP-3720-1 is spotted on camera unsuccessfully attempting to enter the Staff Dormitories' front entrance. Security personnel are dispatched, and SCP-3720-1 is terminated while attempting to engage the response team using the aforementioned cattle prod.
Site-121 Security Updates: Chain-link perimeter fence reinforced with a layer of sheet metal.

Manifestation #: 8
Date: 11/12/2005
Reconstructed Events: SCP-3720-1 remotely detonates a small amount of explosives in the forested area near Site-121's eastern entrance. While the bulk of Site-121 security staff are preoccupied investigating the blast and reinforcing the eastern gate, SCP-3720-1 uses a rudimentary zipline-like device to travel over the western end of the perimeter fence. SCP-3720-1 attempts to use a makeshift shaped explosive to enter the Staff Dormitories through a wall connected to a vacant supply closet. SCP-3720-1 is killed when the shaped charge detonates prematurely, leaving the wall moderately damaged.
Site-121 Security Updates: Staff Dormitories' wall is repaired. Several watchtowers are constructed around Site-121's perimeter fence. Security patrols are assigned to the Staff Dormitories' exterior.

Manifestation #: 12
Date: 03/24/2006
Reconstructed Events: SCP-3720-1 spends an indeterminate amount of time digging a small underground tunnel, approximately 80 meters in length and 1.5 meters in diameter, from the wooded area surrounding Site-121 to a maintenance tunnel directly beneath

Site-121. SCP-3720-1 navigates the maintenance tunnel, using a miniaturized tranquilizer gun to incapacitate the three (3) unarmed custodial staff it encounters along the way, before ascending a stairwell to the ground floor of Site-121's Staff Dormitories. SCP-3720-1 is recognized by Researcher , who uses her personal sidearm to incapacitate the entity with a shot to its left shin. Security teams are scrambled, and SCP-3720-1 is stabilized and taken into Foundation custody. See Interview Log 3720-01.

Site-121 Security Updates: Cameras are installed in various regions of Site-121's underground maintenance tunnels. Several members of Site-121 administration propose temporary relocation of staff living quarters to a different, more secure location.

+ Interview Log 3720-01

Interview Log 3720-01

Date: 03/24/2006
Interviewer: Dr. Perrino
Interviewed: SCP-3720-1
Foreword: Following its capture at the hands of Site-121 security, SCP-3720-1 had its wounds treated and its gear confiscated, and was handcuffed and sent to an on-site interrogation room.

<Begin log>

Perrino: Why have you been continually attempting to infiltrate this compound? Specifically, the Staff Dormitories?

3720-1: Was hired to kill one of your guys. S .

Perrino: Hired by whom?

3720-1: You wouldn't know her. Kinda part of the problem, that.

Perrino: Indulge me.

3720-1: The name "Velkai, Ever Present and Ever Watchful" ring any bells?

Perrino: I'm afraid not.

3720-1: Told ya.

Perrino: Why does this "Velkai" want S dead?

3720-1: He, ah… He broke a vase. Of hers. Well, dedicated to her.

Perrino: And that warrants execution?

3720-1: In my opinion? No. But Velkai likes her pottery. Doesn't have much left.

Perrino: Can we contact this individual?

3720-1: She doesn't talk to humans, aside from me. Says it's below her.

Perrino: Velkai is non-human, then.

3720-1: Yup.

Perrino: What would you describe her as?

3720-1: Not a good word for it in our language, m'afraid.

Perrino: Are you non-human as well?

3720-1: I'm just as human as you are, chief.

Perrino: Your apparent reincarnations would suggest otherwise.

3720-1: Well, that's just part of the job.

Perrino: I assume you're referring to your job as an… assassin? Is that a fitting title?

3720-1: Yup. The whole disappearin' and reappearin' act is just somethin' of a "new hire bonus".

Perrino: There are others like you?

3720-1: Other hitmen? Yeah. But none of em's human like me, far as I know. Part of why I took the job.

Perrino: I'm afraid I don't follow.

3720-1: There's always gonna be folks out there who want someone dead. And there's always folks who are willin' to make that someone dead, for the right price. Difference is how many other folks get hurt in the process, understand?

Perrino: Somewhat. Continue, please.

3720-1: My, uh, *coworkers* couldn't give two shakes of piss about collateral damage. They ain't human, so what do they care if some extra humans get squashed along the way?

Perrino: And you try to avoid such collateral?

3720-1: Figured I made that abundantly clear. Coulda come in here guns blazin', but I try to do things a bit more civil-like. Consider yerself lucky I got hired instead'a one of the real mean fuckers. Which brings me to my proposal.

Perrino: And what's that?

3720-1: Hand over S , before other folks get hurt.

Perrino: Excuse me?

3720-1: I know it don't sound all that appealin'. But I've been at this for months now. Velkai's gettin' impatient. She doesn't have a lotta influence anymore, so she turned to me first, since I work real cheap. But eventually, she's gonna save up enough to hire one of the mean fuckers instead. And that's bad news for everyone around here.

Perrino: We're not going to hand over a man to be executed based on your vague threats.

3720-1: It ain't a threat, chief. Look, S 's a dead man. Don't matter if I get him, or the next guy Velkai hires gets him. He's marked, understand? All that's up for debate is how many other folks gotta die in the process.

Perrino: There's no evidence to back up any of your claims. This could simply be a ploy to make your job easier.

3720-1: If I wanted my job to be easy, I'd just jury-rig some chlorine gas and pump it into every building in this place. But I ain't looking for the easy way.

Perrino: You chose a strange line of work if you value human life this much.

3720-1: Look, asshole, there's always gonna be people payin' good money to have other people killed. I can't stop the goddamn system, so I might as well do what I can to take

business away from the reckless shitheads who pick up these sorts'a contracts.

[SCP-3720-1 sighs.]

3720-1: My head's startin' to ache from stickin' around this long. Just-… just think about what I told ya, alright? My way ain't exactly pretty, but it beats the alternative.

[SCP-3720-1 abruptly dematerializes.]

<End Log>

Addendum 3720-02: Following Interview 3720-01, it was decided that Researcher S be transported to an off-site safe house to minimize the risk towards other Foundation staff while MTF Upsilon-8 ("Adherents") attempted to contact Entity of Interest 3720-1 ("Velkai"). Upsilon-8's attempts were unsuccessful, and over the course of the next several weeks, SCP-3720-1 staged multiple assaults on the safe house, all of which were thwarted by security personnel. No Foundation casualties were sustained during this time.

On 06/03/2006, despite the lack of nearby fault lines, an earthquake (estimated magnitude: 7.0-7.5) decimated the safe house, killing Researcher S and four of the six assigned security staff. The earthquake was localized entirely to the safe house and approximately 1.5 square kilometers of the surrounding forest.

SCP-3722: The City That Was Half the World

WARNING: This article, along with all information about SCP-3722, contains an infohazard which prompts an amnestic effect in all who read it. After you have read this article, you will be unable to retain the majority of the information contained within; all researchers on SCP-3722 must take an appropriate dose of **`mnestics`** after reading this article.

Item #: SCP-3722

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A method of preventing SCP-3722 has not yet been found. Due to the amnestic effect of SCP-3722, only personnel who have subsequently taken mnestics can recall any information about SCP-3722 or any SCP-3722 events. This effect has thus far protected SCP-3722 from public exposure.

Due to the unstable nature of SCP-3722, it is possible that its amnestic effect could fail in the future. Should this occur, Operation Caesar's Spider is to be launched to artificially prevent public knowledge of SCP-3722. In order to prevent a further degradation of SCP-3722, Foundation agents have been embedded in the planning departments of Isfahan's municipal authorities. They are to prevent any alterations to the city and its landscape which could further destabilise SCP-3722.

Due to the ORIA not possessing any mnestic capabilities, it is believed that the organisation is unaware of SCP-3722. Preventing ORIA from gaining mnestic capabilities is considered to be of vital importance. Informing ORIA of SCP-3722 is part of the protocol for Operation Caesar's Spider, in order to enlist their aid in containing the anomaly and preventing exposure.

Observation of SCP-3722 is to be performed via remote drone, as

any humans entering SCP-3722 will become SCP-3722-1 instances.

Description: SCP-3722 refers to an event taking place in the city of Isfahan, Iran, on 13 Muharram each year according to the Hijri calendar. Beginning at sunrise, and finishing at sunset, the entire structure and layout of the city metamorphosises into a near-identical copy of itself from an earlier point in its history. SCP-3722 always emulates the city at a point prior to 23/10/1722 (13 Muharram 1135 in the Hijri calendar);[2] ordinarily, this will be at a point between the 1610s and 1670s.[3] The precise scenarios which occur are believed to be thematically linked to events taking place in contemporary Iran.

The inhabitants of the city also abruptly transform, with their clothes, visual appearance and personalities altering to match the period and location which SCP-3722 is emulating. These individuals are henceforth referred to as SCP-3722-1. SCP-3722-1 instances act in a period-appropriate fashion, taking on jobs and roles necessary for the functioning of the city in the period emulated. Any individuals entering the city during SCP-3722 will also become SCP-3722-1 instances. Any non-human objects entering the city will not transform after the beginning of the event, however, which can often cause confusion among the SCP-3722-1 instances who encounter them.[4]

At dusk, the city abruptly collapses into rubble. Following this, SCP-3722 ends, and the city returns to its ordinary, non-anomalous state. The SCP-3722-1 instances transform back into ordinary individuals, who possess no recollections of SCP-3722; their memories will compensate by constructing alternate scenarios about the day in question. The same will occur for any outside observers, or any individuals who learn about SCP-3722 through second-hand means. The only known way to counter this memory-loss is through the use of mnestic compounds.

It is unknown how long SCP-3722 has been active, but it is speculated to have begun shortly after 23/10/1722 (13 Muharram 1135 in the Islamic calendar). It was discovered by Foundation personnel on 13/12/1978 (13 Muharram 1399), shortly after the first discovery and implementation of modern mnestics.

+Incident Log

Below are a number of particularly notable SCP-3722 events.

Date upon which incident took place	Date SCP-3722 emulated	Notes on event	Suspected contemporary event to which the incident is linked
20/11/1979 (13 Muharram 1401)	1503 CE	The city appears as it did shortly after the capture of the city by Shah Isma'il. Some SCP-3722-1 appeared ecstatic, repeating calls for the "upcoming apocalypse" and "return of the Mahdi"; others seemed apprehensive about their role in the new society being created.	The 1979 revolution and the political uncertainty it caused.
30/10/1982 (13 Muharram 1403)	c. 1550 CE	An SCP-3722-1 instance representing Shah	The recent subordination of the **ORIA** to the central government.

Tahmasp appeared before crowds of SCP-3722-1, apparently on a state visit of the *mamalik* provinces[5]. Notably, **SCP-2067** appeared to hover alongside Tahmasp; he seemed to be pleased with its presence, despite his antipathy towards the device being historically attested. The "Tahmasp" instance appeared with an orb of golden light around his head. Several strands of light extended from the orb into the sky; this is possibly a representation of Tahmasp's self-portrayal

		as a saintly king with a direct connection to 'Ali.	
25/08/1988 (13 Muharram 1409)	Mythical scene; possibly an approximation of Sassanid Isfahan.	Only two SCP-3722-1 instances, a man and a woman in their 30s, were present. The two instances spent the duration of the event wandering through Isfahan, talking and dancing in the streets. Based on the contents of their conversations, the two are believed to be representations of the Sassanid monarch Khosrau II and his consort Shirin as portrayed in the 11th century poem *Khosrau and*	Unknown; possibly the end of the Iran-Iraq war.

		Shirin.	
15/08/1989 (13 Muharram 1410)	1092 CE	The SCP-3722-1 instances appeared to be in mourning over the death of the Seljuk grand vizier, Nizam al-Mulk, who was assassinated by agents of the Hashashin en route from Isfahan to Baghadad in 1092.	The recent death of the Ayatollah Khomeini.
11/06/1995 (13 Muharram 1416)	Mythical scene	The city was entirely replaced by a temperate rainforest, with several large clouds hanging over it. Upon those clouds were seated a number of human and animal figures, all of whom were discussing the potential construction	The recent and controversial demolition of a Safavid-era bathhouse.

		of a bathhouse. It is believed that this scene is a depiction of the "Court of Gayumars" myth found in Ferdowsi's *Shahnama*, the mytho-historical poem that informed the popular understanding of pre-Islamic Iranian history prior to the modern era.	
26/03/2002 (13 Muharram 1423)	c. 400 CE	During the event, mass immigration into the newly-created Jewish section of ancient Isfahan, known as Yahudia, was observed. An SCP-3722-1 instance representing the Jewish consort of the Sassanid monarch	Unknown

		Yazdegerd I, Queen Shushandukht, is present and appears to welcome SCP-3722-1 instances representing the Jewish population into the new segment of the city. Of note is the conversation among the SCP-3722-1 instances, which seemed to principally be concerned with the exploits of the *Shahnama* hero Rostam, rather than any historical figures.	
29/12/2009 (13 Muharram 1431)	1666 CE	The SCP-3722-1 instances appeared to be recreating the popular unrest over the famine which took hold of Iran in	The popular unrest which took place in Iran in response to the 2009 presidential election results.

		1666-1667, and which only prompted a slow reaction from the central government.	
16/11/2013 (13 Muharram 1435)	Believed to be 1722 CE	See Addendum 2	300th anniversary of the fall of Isfahan to the Hotaki dynasty

Addendum 1, 01/10/2011: On 08/09/2011, Foundation historians discovered a single damaged page of a Safavid-era letter in the Ottoman Imperial Archives. The writer and recipient are unknown, but the letter was dated to after the Treaty of Constantinople between the Safavids and the Ottomans in 1590. The letter begins and ends mid-sentence, and has suffered extensive water damage. A translation from the original Persian is as follows:

> as your second Solomon can attest to[6]. May this peace last a thousand years! For the hostilities between fellow Muslims are to be deplored; the Dar al-Islam[7] must remain united.
>
> I speak to you now on a more fascinating and terrible subject; Our Shah's plans for the reconstruction of Isfahan. He has taken a strange step; he has elected not to alter the old city of Isfahan, with no changes being made to its houses or mosques. Instead, our glorious monarch has conceived of the creation of an entirely new city, built slightly away from the old city. The plans he has presented are almost perfect in their form and function; he would create a single long boulevard, flanked by beautiful houses, gardens and trees. This would lead past the palatial complex, onto which it would open. On the other side of the palace

<The letter here becomes illegible for several lines, due to subsequent water damage>

consulting with various alchemists and physicians in its design. Its perfection goes beyond the mere requirements of the city, but is instead designed to simulate a particular alchemical representation of the human mind. The city would have a life of its own; its call, subliminal and strange, would possess a grand memory of the past and a grand lure to all who see its walls. Prosperity and grandeur seem to be the destiny of

<The letter here becomes illegible for several lines, due to subsequent water damage>

should it ever be damaged. The design must remain intact, I have found, for the Shah's scheme to work; alteration or destruction would result in an irreparable flaw in the design. I do not believe this would deactivate it entirely, but would instead

Addendum 2, 17/11/2013: On 16/11/2013 (13 Muharram 1435), the 300th anniversary (in Hijri years) of the fall of Isfahan to the Hotaki dynasty, SCP-3722 took on a notably different form. It appeared to emulate Isfahan following its fall in 1722, but with several notable alterations, such as the complete absence of SCP-3722-1. A remote drone was sent into Isfahan in order to ascertain the details of this unusual scenario.

+Exploration Log

Hours/Minutes/Seconds: Description of drone's position and surrounding area.

<Begin Log>

00/00/00: The drone is activated just outside the city boundaries.

00/01/03: The drone enters the city by the North Gate. All of the buildings appear to be in

a state of good repair. The drone is ordered to continue down the Chahbagh Avenue to the palatial complex.

00/19/38: The drone is moving past a typical Safavid nobleman's house, apparently built in the early 17th century. A number of SCP-3722-1 instances resembling soldiers in the service of the Hotaki dynasty suddenly appear. They proceed to loot and set fire to the house. As they do so, minor structural damage can be seen to appear on the surrounding houses[8]. After the fire has gone out, the SCP-3722-1 instances disappear. The drone is ordered to continue.

00/37/08: The drone is moving past a 17th-century coffeehouse. Two SCP-3722-1 instances, dressed in clothes appropriate to the mid-20th century, suddenly appear. One of the SCP-3722-1 instances appears to be playing the part of the coffeehouse's owner; the other appears to be playing the part of a property developer who wishes to convert the coffeehouse into an apartment block. After much negotiation, the "developer" instance takes a bag full of coins from his pocket, and passes it to the "owner" instance. At this point, both instances disappear, and the coffeehouse collapses. Further structual damage then afflicts the other buildings in the camera's line of sight, causing several to collapse[9]. The drone is ordered to continue.

01/05/45: At this point, it is noted that sand appears to be pouring into the Chahbagh Avenue from the side streets. Investigation appears to show sand being pushed upwards from undergound through various cracks in the surface of the street. The drone is ordered to

continue.

01/17/18: The drone has reached the entrance to the palace. As it enters, a large number of SCP-3722-1 instances, apparently representing looters, can be seen running across the palatial complex with a variety of valuable items; an SCP-3722-1 instance is urging them to "take the treasures of the false Sufis" as a form of divine punishment. All of the SCP-3722-1 instances appear to be wearing clothes suitable to the early 19th century. After 3 minutes of this behaviour, the SCP-3722-1 instances disappear; several of the palatial buildings abruptly collapse.[10] The drone is ordered to continue through the palace to the Ali Qapu pavilion, and onto the Naqsh-e Jahan Square.

01/27/03: The drone enters the Naqsh-e Jahan square. A single statue is located in the centre of the square, which has never been present during the city's non-anomalous state. The drone is ordered to approach the statue. A large quantity of sand appears to be erupting from cracks in the surface of the square and the surrounding buildings; this sand is rapidly filling the square, despite its vast size.

01/30/14: The statue appears to be of Shah ‘Abbas I, looking triumphantly up at the sky. Engraved onto the pedestal is a couplet in Persian: “The spider weaves the curtains in the palace of the Caesars/The owl calls the watch in the towers of Afrasiab"[11].

01/30/49: The sand is now increasing in volume at an extremely rapid rate. The drone is instructed to fly directly upwards in order to gain a birds-eye view of the city.

01/31/58: The drone has ascended to a height of 1000m. The streets can be seen to be entirely covered in sand, which continues to increase in volume.

06/57/33: Sunset is just beginning. All of the city's structures are entirely covered by sand; movement beneath the sand indicates that the city's collapse is beginning. The drone is ordered to return to base.

<End Log>

After sunset, SCP-3722 ended, and the populace of Isfahan was restored as per usual.

I can't even make them remember. And I can't make myself forget.

Footnotes
1. Although commonly believed to have be a picture of Isfahan, a note written on the back of this image - and only readable under the influence of mnestics - describes the artist witnessing the city "magically transform" when approaching it from a distance. The artist, Eugène Flandin, apparently believed it to simply be an image of Isfahan. Only personnel who have subsequently taken appropriate mnestics have been able to remember the contents of the written note.
2. The date of the city's fall to the Hotaki dynasty and the end of Safavid rule.
3. The period between the completion of Shah 'Abbas's "New City" and the beginning of the collapse of the Safavid economy and Safavid political control.
4. The only exceptions to this are those objects found on the person of a human entering the city. The exact parameters are unclear; a handbag or a car will transform, for instance, while a balloon being held by a piece of string will not.
5. Those provinces ruled by the Qizilbash nobility and other regional governors, rather than directly by agents of the Shah

6. This is believed to be a reference to the ruling Sultan, Murad III
7. The general term for the regions of the world ruled by Muslims.
8. Satellite imagery showed that this affected the entire city.
9. Approximately 30% of the city's buildings collapsed at this point.
10. Following this, approximately 70% of the city's buildings had collapsed, with many others existing in an extremely dilapidated state.
11. This is the couplet recited by Sultan Mehmed II upon taking Constantinople in 1453, in which he reflects upon the decay of great empires.

SCP-3724: Guard Puppies

Item #: SCP-3724

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The fencing around SCP-3724 which defines its outer perimeter has been altered to give strong electrical shocks upon physical contact. This is to act as a deterrent to prevent humans and animals from accessing SCP-3724. SCP-3724's front gate is to be guarded by at least one member of MTF Psi-7 ("Home Improvement") disguised as a security guard. The two neighboring houses adjacent to SCP-3724 have been purchased by the foundation in order to reduce the chances of civilians triggering an active state. Any individuals caught trespassing on the premises of SCP-3724 are to be detained, questioned, administered Class B amnestics and released. Future testing with SCP-3724 is to be approved by at least two personnel with level 3 clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3724 is a two-story house located in the center of a gated estate in [REDACTED] Georgia. SCP-3724 spans 75 square metres and is located on 3 acres of fenced land. There are several signs reading "Beware of Dog" on the front gate and outer fencing of SCP-3724. SCP-3724's anomalous properties manifest when any autonomous entity enters within its established perimeter. Once an entity violates this perimeter SCP-3724 enters an active state during which SCP-3724-1 will bark incessantly whilst instances of SCP-3724-2 exit from numerous openings in SCP-3724 at an average rate of five instances per second. Instances of SCP-3724-2 will then proceed to attack the intruder by biting and scratching.

SCP-3724 will remain in an active state until the intruder is destroyed or leaves the premises. Cadavers and pieces of broken machinery which remain within SCP-3724's perimeter are carried off of the property and buried by SCP-3724-2 instances before the cessation of the event. Examination of the perimeter of SCP-3724

resulted in the discovery of several buried animal corpses[1], a toy R.C helicopter and a severed human foot[2]. After the event has concluded instances of SCP-3724-2 will re-enter SCP-3724 and any instances of SCP-3724-2 who perished during the event will undergo rapid decomposition until the entirety of the instance has been reduced to dust.

All attempts to access the interior of SCP-3724 so far have been met with failure. To date attempts to access the interior of SCP-3724 have resulted in the loss of four land-based R.C drones, three air-based R.C drones, one D-class personnel and one military grade armored utility vehicle. Ranged camera inspection of the interior of SCP-3724 show no abnormalities and show no instances of SCP-3724-2.

SCP-3724-1 is a member of *Canis Lupus Familiaris* or domestic dog and appears to be of Shih-poo breed. SCP-3724-1 is female and has fur with a dirty-grey coloration. SCP-3724-1 does not require food, water or sustenance of any kind and spends the entirety of its time on the roof of SCP-3724 while constantly looking out for intruders.

SCP-3724-2 are members of *Canis Lupus Familiaris* or domestic dog and appear to be of Shih-poo breed. Instances of SCP-3724-2 appear to be cloned instances of the same two dogs classified as SCP-3724-2-A and SCP-3724-2-B. SCP-3724-2-A and SCP-3724-2-B are both male dogs with fur of a white coloration.

At the beginning of an active state SCP-3724-2 instances possess physical attributes consistent with that of a non-anomalous dog of similar size and breed however, as the event continues newly produced instances of SCP-3724-2 begin to display anomalous feats of strength and agility, the potency of these physical enhancements seems to be directly proportional to the length of time SCP-3724 has been in an active state. The longest event to date has been ten minutes long, at the end of which produced SCP-3724-2 instances were capable of running in excess of 80 km an hour, jumping 12 metres in the air and biting through three-inch-thick steel plating. Physically enhanced instances of SCP-3724-2 are indistinguishable from their normal counterparts and thus all instances are to be treated as potentially dangerous.

Normal instances of SCP-3724-2 which are removed from the property prior to its deactivation will attempt to return and react violently to any attempts to impede it, following the cessation of the event the SCP-3724-2 will cease trying to return to SCP-3724 and will exhibit mannerisms similar to that of a non-anomalous domestic canine. SCP-3724-2 instances with enhanced physical attributes will also cease trying to return to SCP-3724 following the cessation of an active state however, they will retain their aggressive nature. Due to their physical capabilities and violent tendencies, the removal of enhanced instances of SCP-3724-2 from SCP-3724 is strictly forbidden.

Discovery: Housing records show that SCP-3724 was previously inhabited by a family of four, Phillip Richmond (age 37), Deana Richmond (age 35), Jason Richmond (age 12) and Rebecca Richmond (age 6). SCP-3724's anomalous properties were discovered shortly after all members of the family were killed in a car crash on 3/10/2014[3].

SCP-3724 was discovered on 3/15/2014 when Robert Mafood, who was tasked with picking up the family dogs triggered an active state and was attacked by instances of SCP-3724-2. Robert then proceeded to call animal control complaining about a “swarm of dogs”. Two animal control agents were dispatched to the area where they triggered another active state and were promptly attacked. Following the second event, foundation personnel were contacted and quickly secured the area. Robert Mafood and other family members were interviewed and Class-B amnestics were applied where necessary.

+ Open Interview-3724-A

Interviewed: Robert Mafood
Interviewer: Researcher Daniel Beck
Foreword: Robert Mafood was the first known individual to trigger an active state in SCP-3724 and is the brother of Deana Richmond, one of the former residents of SCP-3724.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Beck: Good afternoon Mr. Mafood

Robert: Please, call me Robert

Dr. Beck: Ok Robert, I just need to ask you a few questions in regards to what happened on the twelfth of March.

Robert: You mean when I was attacked by those fucking dogs?

Dr. Beck: Yes, why were you at the residence on that day?

Robert: It's my sister's place, well -er it was my sister's place. She uh, she died last week, car accident.

Dr. Beck: I'm sorry to hear that-

Robert: Not just her, Rebecca, Jason, Phillip, dead, all of them, because some bitch texting on her phone ran a red light.

Dr. Beck: I understand you're upset but if we could just stick to the questions, please.

Robert: Ok fine *pauses* sorry its just been rough you know?

Dr. Beck: I understand, ok so you were at your sister's house, why?

Robert: To pick up their dogs, with all that was happening with Deana we just kind of forgot about them so mom told me to pick them up, get them some food and keep them at my place.

Dr. Beck: Ok, what happened when you got there?

Robert: I pull up, step outside the car and I see one of the dogs on the balcony and as soon as it sees me it starts barking at me. Now, I was supposed to pick up THREE dogs, *Robert gestures the number three with his hands* THREE so Imagine my shock when a fucking ocean of dogs started pouring from the house. From the open windows, through the front grill, they just kept fucking coming and they were pissed. They fucking swarmed me like ants and bit the shit out of me, they were climbing on top of each other trying to get to my throat and push me over, they were prissy dogs but they were an army of prissy dogs, there must have been fucking hundreds of them.

Dr. Beck: So how did you get away?

Robert: I pulled them off of me, jumped back into the car and locked the doors. That didn't stop them though they just kept coming, jumping on the hood of the car, climbing over each other onto the sunroof so I put it in reverse and fucking peeled out of there. I could hear my tires crunching as I ran over some of them but I didn't give a fuck at that point.

Dr. Beck: Were you familiar with your sister's dogs?

Robert: I've seen them in photos and maybe once a while on the holidays but I doubt I made an impression.

Dr. Beck: Do you remember where she got them?

Robert: She didn't get them, Phillip got them after their house got broken into last

Christmas, said they were supposed to watch the place while they were out. At the time I didn't understand why he didn't just install a security system or get a dog that might actually scare someone like a Pitbull, but damn, now I get what he was talking about. As for where he got them, I have no fucking idea.

<End Log>

Note: An investigation into how Phillip Richmond acquired the anomalous canines is ongoing.

Addendum: 3724-1: On 3/17/2014 an individual managed to gain access to SCP-3724. The individual was a forty-year-old Puerto Rican female named Linda Vassil. Linda possessed an electronic opener for SCP-3724' s front gate and a set of keys for SCP-3724's front door. Following the encounter, Linda was amnestitised and told that the Richmonds had moved away.

A detailed report of the incident may be viewed in the file below.

+ Open Incident Report-3724-A

Linda entered the perimeter at 6:30 am while the stationed guard was sleeping and managed to enter the property without triggering an active state. Security footage showed SCP-3724-1 become visibly excited up upon seeing Linda, running in a small circle and barking before running away and out of the camera's view, moments later SCP-3724-1, a single instance of SCP-3724-2-A and a single instance of SCP-3724-2-B can be seen emerging from the back of SCP-3724 and running towards Linda. The three instances affectionately rub against Linda, nip at her ankles and put their front paws on her knees with Linda occasionally bending over to pet them. Linda enters SCP-3724 and remains for approximately six hours, cameras view

Linda occasionally passing in front of windows usually while sweeping or carrying stacks of clothes. At 12:45 pm Linda exited SCP-3724 after which she was apprehended and questioned.

It was revealed that Linda was Richmond's housekeeper who visited on a weekly basis, unaware of the family's demise Linda had come to the house for work that morning.

Addendum: 3724-2: An investigation into the affairs of Phillip Richmond has lead to the identification of several business associates with potential ties to an underground black market specializing in the selling of anomalous objects to wealthy individuals. It is theorized that these markets are operated by small groups of individuals which fragmented from **`The Chicago Spectre`** in the late 1990's.

Analysis of Phillip Richmond's computers and cellphones lead to the discovery of a series of text messages to a currently unidentified individual. It is believed that the conversation is of Mr. Richmond finalizing the purchase of an anomalous object which eventually lead to the creation of SCP-3724.

+ View Text Messages

Are they ready yet?

Ya they're ready
Just waiting for you to wire the cash

Thats alot of money

Are you sure these things are as effective as you say?

Guaranteed

Once their established they'll chase away anything that steps foot in that yard

And if they encounter something particularly persistant well.....they've been taught to clean up the mess

And I don't have to train them or anything?

Nah, just make sure when you pick them up your the first person they see, then they'lle do whatever you want.

Once you get home let um loose, let them walk around and establish their territory

And make sure you let them sniff all the people who live in that house, we wouldn't want any accidents now.

Thats it?

Thats it

Actually one more thing
When you pick them up you will be given a set of phrases
Its like a PIN for an alarm system

When you speak one phrase they'll go on guard
When you speak the other phrase they'll act like normal dogs
Try not to mix them up

Ok

I wired the money

Transfer Confirmed
Go to this address:

Pleasure doing business with you
Once the package has been picked up the transaction is complete
You will not be able to contact me again so please, stay out of trouble

The address given in the messages lead to an abandoned canning factory, a thorough search of which yielded no results. The phrases to which the seller is referring to have not been found in any of Mr. Richmonds journals or electronics, therefore it is believed that the phrases are either documented somewhere within SCP-3724 or they were lost when Mr. Richmond died.

Footnotes
1. Seven squirrels, ten rats, and two domestic cats.
2. Forensic analysis showed that the foot belongs to a male between thirty and fifty years of age. The owner of the foot has not been identified and no other human remains were found around SCP-3724.
3. An investigation has ruled the deaths as a non-anomalous occurrence.

SCP-3726: AnthropomorFic

SCP-3726 shortly after recovery.

Item #: SCP-3726

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3726 is to be kept in a Secure Containment Locker at Site-26. Testing on SCP-3726 requires permission from personnel with Clearance Level 3 or above.

Description: SCP-3726 is a 300-page leather-bound codex. Forensic tests have dated SCP-3726 to the 14th century. Despite being buried under sand for an extended period of time (see Addendum 3726-A), the codex remains relatively intact.

SCP-3726's anomalous properties manifest when any narrative with at least one anthropomorphic non-sapient being (designated SCP-3726-1) and at least one human (designated SCP-3726-2) is written on SCP-3726. Upon closing and reopening SCP-3726, the narrative is rewritten, but the handwriting remains the same. The rewritten narrative describes the discriminatory acts by SCP-3726-2 performed on SCP-3726-1, which invariably results in negative outcomes for SCP-3726-1, for a variety of reasons[1]. SCP-3726 can affect the same narrative multiple times, which can prompt the narrative to be rewritten differently; however, the course of events will not be altered. No new characters are introduced in the rewritten narrative[2].

Individuals exposed to affected narratives show increased empathy to non-sapient beings. It is currently unknown if they possess memetic properties.

Addendum 3726-A: Recovery
SCP-3726 was found buried along with two mummified cadavers in the middle of the Karakum desert while investigating on **another**

anomalous phenomenon. The two cadavers, one human and one resembling a *Macaca Fascicularis* (Long-Tailed Macaque), were found holding SCP-3726 in a tugging position. Examinations of the clothing suggest the human to be a merchant.

Several narratives in the form of diary entries had been written in SCP-3726 at the time of discovery. It is currently unknown if they were affected by SCP-3726 or not. The narratives are transcribed below; grammar mistakes have not been corrected.

> not write before
>
> monkey read book learn write
>
> master book is good
>
> master beat monkey read book
>
> monkey read book master sleep
>
> monkey happy can write
>
> monkey tell donkei

> master not good
>
> master alway beat monkey and donkei
>
> monkey not understad
>
> monkey is mother make
>
> donkei is mother make
>
> master is mother make
>
> mother make thing nature
>
> why master beat monkey and donkei

> monkey give food master

monkey give fast

monkey not fast msater beat

donkei not fast master beat

monkey is hurt

donkei hurt too

why beat monkey and donkei

master sleep

monkey scared

monkey tell donkei run

donkei hurt

donkei not can run

monkey not fast

monkey is scared

donkei scared too

master sleep

master have not food

master kill donkei

master eat donkei part

master not give monkey

monkey want eat

master not give monkey

monkey is scared

mokey is scared master eat monkey too

why master not good

master sleep

monkey want run

monkey want book

monkey run

monkey is scared

master not sleep

A skeleton of an *Equus Asinus* (Common Donkey) was later found buried approximately 250m away from the two cadavers.

Footnotes
1. If the original narrative already described this topic, it would not be rewritten.
2. If a crowd of an undefined number of entities is introduced in the original narrative, the rewritten narrative may or may not introduce new characters, but they always have minor roles and will always be referred to as "people/[the anthropomorphic beings] from the crowd".

SCP-3727: Syringe Man

Item #: SCP-3727

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3727 is to be kept in a standard humanoid holding cell at Site-17. No syringes or objects resembling syringes are to be brought within the line of sight of SCP-3727 unless authorized by research personnel. The walls of SCP-3727's cell are to be regularly checked for perforations. In the event that SCP-3727's cell has sustained damage, SCP-3727 is to be moved to a temporary containment unit until repairs are complete.

Description: SCP-3727 is a 52 year old caucasian male with the ability to remotely manipulate syringes, as well as any objects that resemble a syringe in shape. The exact specifications of what qualifies as "syringe-shaped" have not been fully defined, but the presence of a pointed tip, a broader section resembling the barrel of a syringe, and a segment resembling the plunger are necessary. An object does not have to function as a syringe in order to fall under the effects of SCP-3727. The strength of SCP-3727's remote manipulation is unclear, with SCP-3727 being able to move syringe shaped objects of several metric tons in weight and move them at speeds of up to 375 m/s (as of / /20) with no signs of exhaustion. These effects extend to any syringe shaped object within approximately 50 meters and within line of sight of SCP-3727.

Upon initial questioning, SCP-3727 claimed to be a doctor from , Tennessee. Analysis of SCP-3727's birth certificate and SSN have confirmed this statement. SCP-3727 also claimed to have no recollection regarding the nature and origin of its anomalous properties, stating that they were first noticed about two months before Foundation acquisition. SCP-3727 has been largely compliant during Foundation custody, and has usually refrained from using its anomalous properties unless instructed.

Addendum 3727-1: *Testing Logs*

+ Access Testing Logs

Experiment 3727-A:
Object: Medical grade hypodermic syringe
Instructions: Move object 2 meters.
Results: Successful manipulation.
Conclusion: SCP-3277 can manipulate syringes.

Experiment 3727-B:
Object: Standard 100-gauge insulin syringe
Instructions: Perform an insulin injection on D-7623, a Type 1 Diabetic
Results: Injection successfully completed. No adverse effects reported by D-7623.
Conclusion: SCP-3727 is capable of finely maneuvering desired syringes.

Experiment 3727-C:
Object: Plastic mold of a hypodermic syringe
Instructions: Move object 2 meters.
Results: Successful manipulation.
Conclusion: SCP-3727 is capable of moving objects that resemble syringes, even when said object are not syringes.

Experiment 3727-D:
Object: Standard 100-gauge insulin syringe. Needle is bent by 85°.
Instructions: Realign needle
Results: SCP-3727 was unable to manipulate the syringe in any capacity.
Conclusion: SCP-3727 is incapable of moving objects that are not shaped like proper syringes, even when said objects are syringes.

Experiment 3727-E:
Object: Photograph of a hypodermic syringe
Instructions: Move object 2 meters.

Results: SCP-3727 was unable to manipulate the photograph in any capacity.
Conclusion: Objects must bear more than a visual resemblance to a syringe, and must be three dimensional.

Experiment 3727-F:
Object: Asian Tiger Mosquito (*Aedes albopictus*)
Instructions: Move object 2 meters.
Results: SCP-3727 was unable to manipulate the organism in any capacity.
Conclusion: Objects must bear a structural resemblance to a typical syringe, even if said objects are capable of syringe-like functions.

Experiment 3727-G:
Object: Concrete cast in the shape of a syringe with a mass of 25 metric tons.
Instructions: Move object 2 meters.
Results: Manipulation successful.
Conclusion: SCP-3727 can manipulate objects many times larger than typical syringes.

Experiment 3727-H:
Object: Concrete cast in the shape of a syringe with a mass of 25 metric tons.
Instructions: Accelerate object to 30 m/s.
Results: Manipulation successful. Object attains speed of 30 m/s in 2 seconds.
Conclusion: SCP-3727 can exert forces of at least 375 KNs on desired syringe-shaped objects.

Experiment 3727-I:
Object: Carbon molecular construct resembling a syringe.
Instructions: Move object across length of petri dish.
Results: Manipulation successful.

Conclusion: SCP-3727 can manipulate objects many times smaller than a typical syringe.

Experiment 3727-J:
Object: `SCP-991`
Instructions: Utilize SCP-991
Results: Subject extracts SCP-991-2 from D-3093. However, when attempting to inject substance into another D-class personnel, SCP-991-2 spontaneously disappears. Subject reports hearing “This is fucking weird. When is lunch?” in his head. Furthermore, Subject reports having a memory of being involved in a test with SCP- , despite said SCP being located at Site- . Records confirm that D-3093 was involved with a test with the aforementioned SCP 3 days prior to experiment 3727-J.
Conclusion: Cross testing between SCP-3727 and other anomalous subjects can have unpredictable effects. Further cross testing requires approval of two Level 3 personnel or one Level 4 personnel.

Object used for Experiment 3727-I. Each of the circles is one carbon atom.

Addendum 3727-2: *Incident Report: / /20*

As of / /20 , SCP-3727 has demonstrated a broadening in its ability to control syringe shaped objects. Along with the ability to remotely manipulate objects shaped to resemble syringes, SCP-3727 has also acquired the ability to extract syringe-shaped molds from larger substances. This behavior was first recorded when SCP-3727 remotely extracted a mass of water in the approximate shape of a syringe from its daily water supply. Upon questioning, SCP-3727 claimed that it could "feel" the syringe shape inside the water, and that this was not a previously known ability.

12 days later, SCP-3727 was observed extracting syringe-shaped casts in a similar manner from the steel walls of its holding cell. This was originally classified as an attempted containment breach, and was met with immediate intervention from security personnel. Upon questioning, SCP-3727 claimed to be exhibiting this behavior out of boredom and not a desire to escape. Proposals to provide SCP-3727 with sources of recreational stimulation are currently pending approval.

« SCP-3726 | SCP-3727 | SCP-3728 »

SCP-3728: STOP. HAMMERTIME

Item #: SCP-3728

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All 231 instances of SCP-3728 are kept in a secure locker within **`Site-77`**. All tests involving SCP-3728 require level two approval, and are restricted to D-class. D-class subject to testing may only be struck with SCP-3728 a maximum of three times.

Description: SCP-3728 are 231 large squeaky clown hammers produced by Incorporated. Each hammer is composed of a long red shaft with several serrations, and a double head, blue in coloration, with ringed edges. SCP-3728 is non-anomalous when used to strike most surfaces.

SCP-3728's primary anomalous effect manifests when either of the two heads are used to strike a human subject. The head of the hammer will exert a random, disproportionate force, larger than that exerted, regardless of how hard the object is swung, or in what manner its head makes contact with the human subject. SCP-3728's primary effect defies normal physical expectations, most especially when producing forces that would, otherwise, result in severe physical trauma.[1]

SCP-3728's secondary anomalous effects manifest approximately two minutes post impact. Individuals will be rendered blind, deaf, or mute for a random period of time. The exact effect rendered, and the exact duration have no correlation to any known factors, other than the number of times an individual has been struck using a single hammer.

SCP-3728's tertiary anomalous effect involves the amplification of the primary and secondary effects upon each successive strike with the object. Due to the highly erratic and potentially dangerous nature

of the object's tertiary effects, further testing with D-class has been limited to three strikes. (See Experiment Log E-3728).

Discovery: Foundation personnel became aware of SCP-3728 following repeated police reports involving a number of adults, adolescents, and children suffering from symptoms congruent with being struck by the object. Notable examples from these reports include the sudden disappearance of and fusion of individuals with solid objects, animals, or persons. Areas documented as having received a shipment of SCP-3728 also reported an increase of symptoms concurrent with the object's secondary effects. Foundation probes orbiting Neptune and its moons detected a number of corpses in the orbit of Triton shortly after discovery of these reports. All corpses with remaining distinguishable features have been identified as prior owners of instances of SCP-3728.

Further investigation by Foundation personnel traced SCP-3728 back to a single allotment of hammers produced by Incorporated at a toy factory just outside of Indianapolis, Indiana. Upon interrogation and record inspection, 32 previously undocumented employees were discovered to have clocked in each day during the week of SCP-3728's production. Cross examination of public databases revealed that no individuals matching the names or physical descriptions of said employees existed. When questioned, factory floor managers indicated that said employees had worked at the site for the entirety of their employment history, while claiming no knowledge of the current status or whereabouts of said individuals.

Analysis of receipts and financial records indicate that all 231 instances of SCP-3728 were sold to households containing two or more children aged 4-10. 51 of the objects were recovered at locations other than the indicated residence of said individuals.[2] All individuals subject to or witness of SCP-3728's effects have been treated with class A amnestics, as per containment procedures.

Experiment Log E-3728:
The following section of this document contains all experiment logs relating to SCP-3728. It should be noted that all experiments occurred prior to current containment procedures, in a standard testing chamber. Modifications to further testing protocols are noted

at the end of each test. Prior to each experiment, the subject was equipped with a Spacio-Temporal Absolute Location Key Reader (STALKER) device and a specially designed force meter.

> **Test Name**
> **Operator:**
> **Subject:**
> **Number of times previously hit:**
> **Instructions:**
> **Result:**

Test Name E-3728-01
Operator: D-34501
Subject: D-356702
Number of times previously hit: 0
Instructions: D-34501 was instructed to strike D-356702 with SCP-3728 using a full swing.
Result: D-356702 was subjected to a force equivalent to a small hand grenade. The resulting force incapacitated D-34501, while lifting D-356702 into the air roughly 12 cm, and propelling her backwards 72 cm. Attempts to question D-356702 about her current physical condition were met with confusion and panic, resulting in the subject's sedation, due to loss of hearing, which lasted for 2 hours and 17 minutes. A small dent was noted in the testing chamber floor.

Test Name E-3728-02
Operator: D-34501
Subject: D-356702
Number of times previously hit: 1
Instructions: D-34501 was instructed to tap D-356702 with SCP-3728.
Result: D-356702's relativistic bubble collides with the northernmost wall of the testing chamber following the tap. The subject's force meter registered an exertion equivalent to the impact of a 155 mm howitzer shell, resulting in a concussive blast which killed D-34501 upon impact. D-356702 attempted to respond to post testing questioning, but was unable to form words, resulting in a series of

grunts and distressed squeals. Loss of speech lasted 15 days. Testing was temporarily halted due to severe damage to the floor, ceiling, and walls of the testing chamber, and to remove the remnants of D-34501. Subject displayed mild signs of physical trauma, including slight bruising.

Following this, future tests were conducted using a remote controlled robotic arm. The testing chamber was upgraded with blast resistant materials composed of reinforced concrete.

Test Name E-3728-03
Operator: Robotic arm by level 2 researcher Dr. O'Briens.
Subject: D-356702
Number of times previously hit: 2
Instructions: Dr. O'Briens was instructed to strike D-356702 with SCP-3728 using a half swing.
Results: SCP-3728's testing facility was destroyed in a concussive blast. Security footage, stored electronic force meter readings, and recorded STALKER measurements have allowed personnel to reconstruct the events which lead to the destruction of the facility. D-356702 came in contact with SCP-3728's head, which promptly unleashed a force of 10,000,000 N^3 launching D-356702 through the facility's walls, shortly before the explosive force destroyed them. 5 research personnel and 32 D-class were killed in the resulting blast. Due to her immediate ejection from the atmosphere, it is currently not known what physical trauma D-356702 suffered post-strike.[4] Current STALKER readings have pinpointed D-356702's corpse in orbit around Jupiter.

Following this test, a specialized facility was constructed using materials harvested from [DATA EXPUNGED] and [DATA EXPUNGED] under the belief that such materials would be sufficient to prevent further explosive events when testing with SCP-3728.

Test Name E-3728-04 and 05
Operator: Robotic arm by level 2 researcher Dr. Samuels
Subject: D-368210 and D-367739
Number of times previously hit: [REDACTED]
Instructions: Dr. Samuels was instructed to strike both D-class with

SCP-3728 at full swing.
Result Test 04: D-368210 was struck first, after having been secured to the testing facility floor following violent protest. The subject's force meter was unable to quantify the resulting force, and D-368210 vanished upon impact. No significant damages to the facility or nearby personnel were noted, though a number of individuals in Site-77's primary compound complained of headaches and reported a tingling feeling at the time of testing, with one member of the janitorial staff having reported a "blur". D-368210 was later located 3 km from Site-77 in a large rock formation. The subject had become fused with the rocks at the knees, and was suffering from several concussions, and complete macular degeneration, before being removed via amputation.

Result Test 05: D-367739 was struck with SCP-3728 at which point an aberration in the known pattern of force direction occurred. The subject experienced a force of 100 newtons from behind pushing them onto the robotic arm and the head of the hammer. D-367739 and the hammer became fused, and dematerialized. Current STALKER readings indicate D-367739's presence at all locations within a 1-light year radius.

For test 6, a speedometer capable of measuring velocities approaching and exceeding the speed of light was attached to the subject.

Test Name E-3728-06
Operator: Robotic arm by level 2 researcher Dr. Samuels
Subject: D-456692
Number of times previously hit: 8
Instructions: Dr. Samuels was instructed to tap D-456692 with SCP-3728.
Results: D-456692 was forcibly strapped to the floor of the testing chamber after repeated violent protests, at one point knocking out a member of security. Upon contact with the hammer's head, the force meter was unable to properly quantify the exerted force, and promptly shorted out. The speedometer registered a velocity of $1.135e^9$ for 0.1 seconds before it also stopped producing measurements. STALKER readings failed 0.2 seconds following

physical contact. Despite this, D-456692 remained visible within the chamber, and was assumed unharmed and still present; however, when personnel entered the chamber and attempted to interact with D-456692, they discovered that the subject and his restraints were no longer present. Instead, the apparent visual image of the subject separated into a blue- and red-shifted visual remnant. An initial sweep of Site-77 was unable to locate the subject, resulting in a second sweep covering an area 2 light years in diameter, centered around the earth, which also failed to locate D-456692.

Further testing with D-class has been suspended to a maximum of 3 strikes. **Site Director Gillespie**.

Update 6/13/17:
D-456692 was located by elements of **Multi-U** in designated alternate universe U-1135.[5] Reports indicate that D-456692 appeared approximately 1 week after being struck, and was detected by a Foundation probe. Investigation into the temporal effects of SCP-3728 are ongoing.

Footnotes
1. Repeated testing and physical measurements with equipment normally utilized in particle accelerators indicate the creation of a relativistic bubble around struck individuals, even at lower force impacts, which proportionally counteracts the most severe effects of high-force strikes. It should be noted that this bubble does not appear to protect subjects from impact or collision with objects at such speeds that their molecules become intertwined.
2. Including two elementary schools, a public daycare center, and the children's wings of three separate hospitals.
3. Enough force to propel a 100kg individual to escape velocity.
4. Life sign monitoring indicated that the heart monitoring system was destroyed upon impact; however, brain wave tracking indicated continued activity for approximately 3 hours post atmospheric escape.
5. A parallel universe home to a biological entity known to assimilate any and all organic matter it comes in contact with.

SCP-3729: The Best Day of Your Life

Item #: SCP-3729

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3729 is to be kept in a standard containment cell located in the safe-class containment center at Site-26. Any testing with SCP-3729 must be conducted on D-Class subjects, and be approved by the Site Director, Site Ethics Committee Representative, and Site D-Class Resource Accountant. All D-Class used in these experiments must:

- Show no desire or ill will toward anyone in the Foundation
- Show no desire to commit any form of crime
- Have no history of cruel or unusual behavior

For more information regarding what constitutes cruel or unusual behavior, see Ethics Committee Document 827B, "D-Class Psychological Profiles"

Description: SCP-3729 is a wooden doorframe, consistent with the 1910 kit home designs from the American company Sears. SCP-3729's anomalous effects manifest when a human subject (henceforth SCP-3729-1) walks through the doorframe. The anomalous effects exhibited by SCP-3729 will always affect the first person to walk through it after sunrise, regardless of the number of individuals which do so.

SCP-3729's first and most consistently observed anomalous effect is that, the day after SCP-3729-1 walked under SCP-3729 (henceforth referred to in this document as A24 for the sake of brevity), SCP-3729-1 will wake up to the sunrise (regardless of whether or not the sun is visible from their position), and report feeling remarkably well-rested, independent of how much sleep they actually received. All other anomalous effects appear to be based on the psychological profile of SCP-3729-1, and thus vary considerably.

SCP-3729 has been shown to alter reality in order to provide SCP-3729-1 what the subject would consider an extremely pleasant experience throughout A24. While the full extent of SCP-3729's reality altering capabilities is not known, it has shown the ability to edit Foundation documents, alter the behavior and opinions of people SCP-3729-1 is aware of, create matter, and affect results of games of chance. SCP-3729 is likely capable of many more effects, but testing has been temporarily suspended due to high financial cost and lack of fitting D-class subjects.

Test 1
Test Conducted By: Researcher Eriksson
A24 Date: 11/16/2010
Subject: D-8375, male, arrested for serial murder in 1994, had no psychological evaluation prior to testing
Procedure: D-8375 walked under SCP-3729 and was sent back to his holding cell.
Results: At approximately 5:00 AM on 11/16/2010 D-8375 was pardoned of his crimes, amnesticized, given false memories, and released from Foundation custody due to a clerical error. Shortly after D-8375 was dropped off on the outskirts of his hometown, he encountered Mrs. Alison Jacobson, the woman who made the police call that resulted in D-8375's arrest, on a vacation[1]. On the morning after 11/16/2010, the clerical error was discovered by D-Class Resource Accountant Augustine Mercy, and Foundation personnel were sent to remedy the situation. Mrs. Jacobson and D-8375 were found dead in an alleyway, the former due to choking and the latter via self-inflicted blunt force trauma to the head. A crumpled note was found in D-8375's pockets which simply read " I got my revenge, and I aint goin back. (sic)".
Notes: The results of this test are inexcusable. Researcher Eriksson has demonstrated extreme negligence and lack of caution in his testing, and has been summarily demoted. All further tests must be preceded by the subject D-class undergoing a thorough psychological evaluation.
Signed,

Dr. Gonzales, Site-26 Ethics Committee Representative

Test 2
Test Conducted By: Researcher Alfonse
A24 Date: 07/14/2012
Subject: D-2715, male, arrested for murder in 1993, has expressed extreme regret over his actions. Pre-experiment interviews indicate that D-2715 strongly desired, quote, "To become a world-renowned writer."
Procedure: See Test 1
Results: At approximately 5:00 AM on 07/14/2012 D-2715 was pardoned of his crimes, amnesticized, given false memories, and released from Foundation custody due to a clerical error. Upon being dropped off on the outskirts of his hometown, D-2715 located a winning Powerball lottery ticket on the ground near his feet, whereupon he approached the nearest casino and cashed it in. He then proceeded to buy out all seats in Wells Fargo Stadium, where his self-proclaimed favorite band, Matchbox 20, was performing.[2] He made the concert completely free and provided full refunds to anyone who had already bought tickets. D-2715 passed out (seemingly from alcohol poisoning) at approximately 11:45 PM. Shortly after waking up at 5:15 AM, D-2715 stumbled and fell off of balcony 4D of Wells Fargo Stadium, before Foundation personnel were able to retrieve him.
Notes: More thorough psychological evaluation is required for these experiments. All future tests must include a polygraph-accompanied interview, in order to prevent false claims regarding the stated desires of the D-class subject. This was an expensive mistake, and it had best not happen again.
Signed,
Dr. Gonzales, Site-26 Ethics Committee Representative

Test 3
Test Conducted By: Researcher Alfonse
A24 Date: 10/08/2016
Subject: D-9762, female, arrested for manslaughter in

1997. Subject has shown extreme regret over their actions, and has expressed no criminal desires after their arrest. Polygraph-accompanied interviews indicate that D-9762 possesses no ill will towards the Foundation. These interviews also indicated that D-9762 strongly desired, quote, "A real meal- one with actual meat instead of that bullshit they have at the cafeteria."
Procedure: See Test 1
Results: D-9762 did not leave her holding cell. A clerical error resulted in all D-9762's SCP assignments for the day being voided. Patrol Guard Giovanni McConnell abandoned his post and returned with a well-done steak, seasoned with various spices, which he handed to D-9762[3]. Patrol Guard Giovanni McConnell was unable to explain where he obtained this steak from. As of writing, D-9762 remains alive and healthy.
Notes: D-9762's continued health is a notable departure from the results of other tests, and should be kept in mind for further testing.
Signed,
Researcher Alfonse

Addendum: Due to the extreme financial cost of covering up the results of Test 2, as well as the difficulty in screening D-class subjects for further experiments, testing with SCP-3729 has been temporarily halted. Personnel requesting further tests must first complete the Standard Foundation Testing Renewal Request Form (document code B57) and submit it to the director of Site-26.
Archived Document: Found on the desk of Researcher Alfonse

STANDARD FOUNDATION TESTING RENEWAL REQUEST FORM
SCP Foundation
Secure. Contain. Protect.

Submission Date: 12/16/2016

Name: Researcher Gerald Alfonse

Clearance Level: 3

Item Requested: SCP-3729

Reason for Requested Testing Renewal: To determine if, through artificial memory insertion and mental state alteration techniques, SCP-3729's reality altering capabilities can be used to benefit the Foundation's containment goals.

Reply Date: 12/22/2016

This Testing Request has Been: Accepted **Denied**

Reasoning: While SCP-3729 poses great possible value as a Thaumiel-class object, the risks involved in attempting to use it as such would be far too great. A single mistake could be catastrophic, and while it can on occasion seem so, memory insertion and mental control are not perfect sciences. On a more personal note: the goal of the Foundation is to serve and protect the world, not to control it, and certainly not put it at pointless risk. You would do well to remember that, Alfonse.

Signed,

, Director of Site-26

Footnotes
1. Evidence suggests that Mrs. Jacobson did not originally intend to go on a vacation on 11/16/2010, making this likely a manifestation of SCP-3729's anomalous properties.
2. Records indicate Matchbox 20 had no plans to play at Wells Fargo Stadium that night- in fact, a basketball game between Arizona State University and the University of California was scheduled. Subsequent investigations revealed that all members of both teams simultaneously overslept and missed their bus, an event which Arizona State University coach Bobby Hurley described as "Pretty goddamn weird".
3. While this is a blatant disregard of Foundation policy, it is currently believed that Patrol Guard Giovanni McConnell was acting under the influence of SCP-3729, and hence has not been demoted.

SCP-3730: Eagerly Awaiting Takeoff

Item #: SCP-3730

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Inspections will be performed on a monthly basis to ensure that SCP-3730 remains functional. All testing with SCP-3730 must be approved by Level 3/3730 personnel. Standard wind tunnel safety guidelines will be followed by personnel when the anomaly is in operation.

Description: SCP-3730 is a 3.7m-long wind tunnel built by the Foundation at Site-201 in 1995, which began exhibiting anomalous properties three months after construction. If the model of an aircraft or other airborne vehicle is present in SCP-3730 when it is activated, variable anomalous phenomena will manifest for the duration of the machine's use. These phenomena are dependent on what vehicle the model represents.

Addendum: The following is an abridged list of SCP-3730 tests.

Date	Model Vehici	Outcome	Notes
6-March-1995	Observational Plane San-14	Cumulonimbus clouds continually formed in front of the model, dissipating after moving past it.	This is the first anomalous event to occur in SCP-3730.
8-June-1996	SCPF-16G Fighter Jet	Two miniature F-16 aircraft, possessing the same size as the model, manifested in the wind tunnel.	None

		After three minutes each F-16 fired a missile at the model, creating a small fireball and breaking it.	
12-September-1997	SCPS Lance Emergency Escape Capsule	Intense flames surrounded the model, resembling aerodynamic predictions for the capsule's atmospheric reentry. A large quantity of salt water then spilled out of the fan and filled much of the chamber, with a parachute appearing on the capsule.	None
29-April-1998	SSTO[1] Spaceplane Yodh-0	No irregularities were observed until the wings of the model began to intensely vibrate, shearing off after one minute.	An inspection of the craft performed after the test found structural flaws that, if not repaired, would result in the wings breaking in the same manner.
2-February-1999	Cargo Aircraft Lamedh-12	Snow accumulated on the tunnel floor, apparently	This event allowed the Foundation to locate

		resistant to the wind being generated. After three hours the snow had formed piles resembling a region of the Sayan Mountains. A small stone was then blown out of SCP-3730's fan and landed in one of the piles.	Lamedh-12 and recover its crew. The plane had crashed in the mountain range after accidentally entering Russian Anomalous Airspace Zone 2 and encountering an unknown aircraft.
4-February-1999	RAAZ-2 Unknown Aircraft	Snow blew out of the fan, occasionally stopping when lights resembling the aurora borealis manifested.	The model was based off of blurry photographs taken from Lamedh-12. No conclusive information on the aircraft has been obtained.
1-August-2001	1986 Dodge Caravan	A small featureless humanoid manifested on top of the model, tapping their foot and pacing about. The humanoid turned to face a security camera and shrugged immediately before	This was the first test to be done with the model of a non-airborne vehicle.

		vanishing.	
26-July-2002	SCP-3730	No anomalous effects were observed until the model was analyzed after testing. An apparently indefinite number of models within models had manifested, reaching microscopic scales. During analysis SCP-3730 abruptly lost power, corresponding to the model shattering.	None
22-January-2004	Exploratory Jet Samekh-9[2]	The cockpit of Samekh-9 and its pilots appeared in SCP-3730, broken off from the main vehicle.	The following day Samekh-9 entered the extradimensional space, encountering a temporal anomaly that transported the crew to the previous day after the craft was irreparably damaged by hostile organisms.
6-March-2005[3]	None	SCP-3730	After observed

			spontaneously activated and manifested a large amount of confetti. After deactivation a slip of paper with a stylized rendition of a smiley face on one side and the phrase "Hope I have helped!" on the other was found.	morale improvements among members of Research Team 3730, approval was granted by the Site-201 Research Council to continue testing SCP-3730 for an indefinite period of time.

Footnotes

1. Single-stage-to-orbit.
2. A VTOL aircraft designed for the exploration of an extradimensional space that manifested at Lonar Lake.
3. This occurred ten years after SCP-3730 first exhibited anomalous properties.

SCP-3731: Normality Will Be Protected

Item #: SCP-3731

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Protocol ALABASTER has been declared active:

- All Foundation military personnel have been reassigned to the expansion of the Orange Zone via the securing of SCP-3731 instances.
- All research personnel have been reassigned to development of technological, paratechnological, and thaumic countermeasures to SCP-3731 activity in addition to more effective neutralization procedures.
- Portable contained objects have been moved into the Orange Zone as resources have allowed.
- Immovable objects have been decommissioned or rendered physically inaccessible in accordance with their respective emergency protocols.
- Sites containing immovable K-class threats have been thaumically warded and locked down; Overt Automated Defense systems have been deployed to maintain the perimeters of these Sites.
- All assets formerly restricted by the veil doctrine - including paratechnical weapons and vehicles, infantry augmentation equipment, and Overt Automated Defense systems such as Giant-class unpiloted combat drones - are approved for open use.

Giant-class unpiloted combat drone

- Ethics Committee rulings pertaining to SCP-3731 are considered irrelevant.

All Mobile Task Force units/Foundation military assets are

reassigned to the securing of SCP-3731 by any means necessary. Instances of SCP-3731 are to be relocated to the Orange Zone for processing. Provisional containment areas have been constructed within the Orange Zone to house excess SCP-3731 instances. Trucking, rail, and other transport infrastructure is to be commandeered as necessary for the movement of contained instances.

Provisional Containment Area 2

As of O5 Council mandate 3731-Ov236, contained instances of SCP-3731 are to be restored to baseline normalcy via neutralization procedure 08-Lilac. Restored instances are to be employed as Class-E personnel within the Orange Zone until global normalcy can be reinstated.

Description: SCP-3731 is the sapient population of Earth, formerly known as "humanity." Following the total containment failure of thaumic symbiote **SCP-3396**, available data indicate that 100% of the civilian population outside the Orange Zone have been converted to SCP-3731. The conversion of human beings to SCP-3731 is caused by exposure to semi-tangible blue matter secreted by SCP-3396, which spreads contagiously between instances. The incubation period between exposure to blue matter and conversion to SCP-3731 ranges from seconds to months.

Organisms exposed to blue matter display extreme thaumic innervation[1] and polymorphism[2], resulting in an unpredictable variety of anomalous capabilities. The effect of blue matter symbiosis on the personality and intelligence of SCP-3731 instances is inconclusive; available data indicate that instances retain the knowledge and traits they possessed when they were human, and almost invariably continue responding to their human identity.

While blue matter exposure does not appear to cause psychological symptoms, SCP-3731 collectively display high rates of physical aggression, anti-establishmentarian tendencies, and other antisocial behavior compared to human beings. Non-anomalous symptoms of mutation (such as adjustment to new modes of sensory perception or telepathic input from other instances, trauma reactions to physical

transformation, and situational stress related to the collapse of civilization) are hypothesized to contribute to this instability. Though communities of SCP-3731 have been observed to organize and self-govern with varying degrees of success, infighting and attacks by other SCP-3731 instances have consistently limited their growth.

Following the enactment of protocol ALABASTER and Foundation's withdrawal to the Orange Zone, SCP-3731 casualties to other breached/uncontained anomalies (some of which are themselves affected by thaumic mutation) have also risen to significant levels. Reconnaissance data suggest that the number of living SCP-3731 instances is no more than 5% of the baseline human population.

Field reports suggest that the thaumic innervation and polymorphic variance of individual SCP-3731 instances continuously increases over time, causing the instances to take on increasingly paranormal forms and capabilities. The resulting accumulation of anomalous activity has had catastrophic effects on global ecosystems and geology; earthquakes, firespouts, the appearance of mountains and sinkholes, "dead zones" incompatible with life for various reasons, and falls of animals from the sky have all been reported. SCP-3731 are projected to render the planet uninhabitable by 2024 if allowed to continue at the current rate.

+ Timeline of Significant Early Encounters:

10/16/2018: First contact with SCP-3731 instances during containment of SCP-3396.

11/1/2018: Foundation, GOC, United Nations and Unusual Incidents Unit establish demilitarized neutral zone around SCP-3396 to prevent global warfare and lifted veil scenario.

"Miracles" and other anomalous events are reported across the country as thaumic infection begins to spread, requiring the amnesticization of over 70,000 civilians.

12/11/2018: SCP-3731 instances present on all 6 inhabited continents. Estimated 0.8% of

global population infected.

SCP-3731 instance in London, England enables crowd at outdoor concert to fly by imitating a flapping motion with their arms, creating extremely visible display of mass anomalous activity. MTFs Tau-91 ("Mageslayers") and Eta-67 ("Bird Dogs") deployed for securing and containment. Amnestics administered by helicopter. All affected individuals found to be contaminated with blue matter, and later convert into SCP-3731 instances. Foundation casualties: 0. SCP-3731 contained: 314. Civilians amnesticized: approximately 9,000.

12/29/2018: Estimated 1.4% of global population converted to SCP-3731. All Foundation personnel trained in thaumaturgy are reassigned to the warding of Foundation Sites from symbiotic infection.

3 SCP-3731 instances in Paris, France use anomalous capabilities to rob an armored truck. Responding field agents are quickly overwhelmed, necessitating the deployment of MTF Omega-12 ("Achilles' Heels") to neutralize the instances. Foundation casualties: 18. Civilian casualties: 29. Civilians amnesticized: 447.

2/2/2019: Estimated 2.5% of global population converted to SCP-3731. GOC authorizes lethal force against SCP-3731 for all units worldwide, leading to a lifted veil scenario and widespread rioting.

O5 mandate 3731-Ov17 establishes Orange Zone in Sonoran desert, Arizona. City of Phoenix evacuated, thaumically warded, and commandeered for use as headquarters and

staging area of zone operations. Approximately 1,420,000 civilians displaced. Approximately 30,000 SCP-3731 instances identified and contained through joint effort by numerous specialized task forces. Provisional Containment Area 1 constructed to house surplus population of SCP-3731.

4/7/2019: Estimated 11.3% of global population converted to SCP-3731. National, state, and local governments are largely unable to function. O5 mandate 3731-Ov76 (7 in favor, 4 opposed, 2 abstaining) authorizes use of anomalous methods in the containment of SCP-3731, including reverse engineering of paratechnology, use of necrothaumaturgy, and collusion with extradimensional entities.

6/19/2019: Estimated 38% of global population converted to SCP-3731. GOC neutralization efforts have failed and the Coalition no longer appears to be active. O5-7 converted to SCP-3731 instance; voluntarily enters containment.

8/1/2019: Estimated 56% of global population converted to SCP-3731.

City of Jaipur, India is almost entirely destroyed when an infant converted to SCP-3731 begins consuming nearby people and objects and incorporating them into its own body. Instance continues to grow and metamorphose as it seeks and assimilates individuals, food, and toys. Neutralization efforts are unsuccessful; instance is terminated by a coordinated effort from approximately 100 other instances, which engage it with their anomalous capabilities.

Foundation casualties: 206. Civilian casualties:

estimated 2,400,000.

At this time, breakthroughs in antithaumic technology enabled the Foundation to develop weapons and other countermeasures effective against SCP-3731.

Technology	Description	Recommended Use
Controlled Innervation Gauntlets	Attachment for Infantry Combat Exoskeletons.	Used in close quarters to deliver weaponized thaumic invocations to targets struck by the gauntlet. Default charge causes target's skeleton to combust; can be loaded with more specialized invocations as necessary.
Spectral Emulsion Ordinance	Infantry equipment for ground engagements.	Manifests spectral activity in a directed stream in a manner analogous to a flamethrower. May cause residual haunting.
Thaumic Resonance Oscillator	Vehicle-mounted equipment for large scale engagements and crowd control. Incapacitates with lower fatality rate at low frequencies.	Uses tuned aetheric waves to stimulate blue-matter growths inside instances, causing uncontrolled bursts of anomalous activity. Effects of aetheric stimulation on blue matter are unpredictable; use only from safe distance.
Thanopenetrating Aperture Mortar	Long-range artillery for bombardment of	Causes large holes to open on surfaces

	fortified areas.	within the area of detonation; groups of elongated, multi-jointed human limbs emerge from holes to detect sapient organisms and pull them inside, after which the holes demanifest. Effective for depopulating SCP-3731 instances while minimizing damage to infrastructure.
Autonomous Neutralization Drones	AI-equipped robotic aircraft dedicated to the tracking of uncontained SCP-3731 instances. Drones resemble wasps, and travel in swarms.	Released around borders of Orange Zone to supplement perimeter forces. Drones are programmed to tunnel into the bodies of SCP-3731 instances and disrupt internal blue matter formations; approximately 2% of instances survive this procedure and can be recruited as E-Class personnel following recovery.
Geometric Destabilization Artillery	Aircraft-mounted missile weaponry; causes spatial distortions incompatible with life (e.g. surfaces folding into themselves, objects occupying the	Recommended only for emergency use against SCP-3731 instances that have converted to large scale non-humanoid forms. Renders area of effect permanently

	same space at the same time) to become physical norms within the detonation radius.	uninhabitable, as organisms entering the radius experience redistribution of the circulatory system and compression injuries from folding of body surfaces.

+ Timeline of Active TPK-Class Thaumaturgic Proliferation Scenario:

8/24/2019: Estimated 77% of global population converted. O5 mandate 3731-Ov201 recalls all Foundation assets and operations to Orange Zone.

Development begins on the Lilac series of neutralization procedures. Lilac procedures use a combination of thaumic evocation, anomalous medical interventions, and radical surgery to restore SCP-3731 instances to human state.

9/19/2019: Estimated 89% of global population converted. Reclamation of Tucson commences. SCP-3731 instances are unprepared for newly-developed countermeasures. Foundation casualties: 39. SCP-3731 casualties: 842. SCP-3731 contained: 12,656.

O5 mandate 3731-Ov248 (7 in favor, 4 opposed, 0 abstaining) authorizes procedure 01-Lilac for use on contained instances. Procedure survival rate: 0.01%.

10/14/2019: Global population completely converted to SCP-3731. Humanity is extinct outside the Orange Zone.

O5-1 is lost during the destruction of Site-63; entire Site, and surrounding landscape, launched into space by SCP-3731 instances.

11/1/2019: Reclamation of El Paso commences. Foundation casualties: 124. SCP-3731 casualties: 599. SCP-3731 contained: 16,902.

Procedure 05-Lilac authorized for use on contained instances. Procedure survival rate: 6.1%.

11/10/2019: Reclamation of Albuquerque. Foundation casualties: 201. SCP-3731 casualties: 456. SCP-3731 contained: 13,219.

2/6/2020: **O5-2's safe house located and attacked by group of 44 SCP-3731 instances**; O5-2 and pair of bodyguards defend residence using prototype stealth-equipped combat exoskeletons. Residence becomes site of Battle of Latrobe. Foundation casualties: 3. SCP-3731 casualties: 43. SCP-3731 contained: 0.

3/8/2020: O5-4 converted to SCP-3731. Sends message to all Foundation-associated email and cellular text addresses simultaneously ("THRIVE") before disappearing.

Expedition to Santa Fe reports that entire city has become a dense forest of humanoid trees, with anomalous fauna and microclimate. City deemed irreclaimable. Bombing commences.

3/18/2020: Provisional Containment Area 9 undergoes supply shortages; area director is forced to ration electricity, limiting the provisionally-contained SCP-3731 instances' access to air conditioning. After two days of

rationing, 37 instances have expired from heat stroke. PCA-9 is destroyed in the ensuing riots, resulting in the breach of approximately 14,000 instances.

4/27/2020: Reclamation of Las Vegas commences. Organized **resistance** to reclamation efforts forces retreat by Foundation military assets.
Foundation casualties: 5,379. SCP-3731 casualties: unknown; estimated 950.
SCP-3731 contained: 0.

6/4/2020: Provisional Containment Area 7 is overrun by SCP-3731 using improvised military tactics, resulting in the breach of an estimated 17,500 instances.

7/17/2020: Reconnaissance indicates that communities of SCP-3731 have established independent governments and trade. Instances generally attempt to imitate human society. Natural disasters caused by the accumulation of anomalous activity (e.g. hails of biting skulls, sentient lightning storms) make travel and construction hazardous.

9/20/2020: Food and water shortages at Provisional Containment Area 11 result in the expiration of over 400 SCP-3731 instances over the course of the week. Area director Francesca Whitlark makes the unauthorized decision to shut down PCA-11's containment operations, resulting in the breach of approximately 11,000 instances.

1/4/2021: MTF Phi-00 "Loyalists" formed, consisting of SCP-3731 instances who retained allegiance to the Foundation post-conversion. MTF Phi-00 assigned to defense of Orange Zone borders.

Flora and fauna affected by thaumic mutation continue to take on increasingly dangerous forms. Travel outside the Zone is impossible without specially equipped military escort.

3/10/2021: Alvarado report confirms continuing increase in the thaumic strength of SCP-3731. Long-term projection indicates that continued thaumic proliferation will render the planet uninhabitable for non-anomalous life by 2027.

8/2/2022: Dr. Tilda Moose and MTF Sigma-3 "Bibliographers" **are revealed to have been acting as agents of the Serpent's Hand for at least 2 years**, aiding and abetting the escape of SCP-3731 instances to the Wanderer's Library.

7/2/2023: Provisional Containment Area 2 (formerly the city of Tucson) is overrun by SCP-3731 instances.

MTF A-00 killed in action after SCP-3731 instances hijack several Giant-class automated combat drones and successfully reprogram them to attack Foundation forces.

1/1/2024 **SCP-3396** breaks pattern of inactivity and begins ascending into the upper atmosphere. All Foundation thaumic scanning equipment worldwide malfunctions simultaneously to display the reading "THRIVE."

Geographical data accelerates the timeline of the Alvarado report. Earth projected to be uninhabitable for non-anomalous organisms by April of 2024.

2/2/2024: O5 Council mandate 3731-Ov627

authorizes the use of Procedure 99-Lilac.
2 in favor, 1 opposed, 0 abstaining.

Procedure 99-Lilac Overv

Thaumobaric Stratosphere Clustercharge Munitions will be deto
remaining landmasses. The T.S.C.M. use coordinated hypercompres
destructive endothaumic reaction on a planetary scale. This process
all blue matter formations, and the attached physical tissues, f
instances outside the Orange Zone. The projected survival rate for m

This action will prevent the imminent destruction of Earth, though a
"Foundation Apotheosis" scenario: a state of affairs in which all hu
Foundation containment.

Following the decommission of SCP-3731, military and research
Orange Zone to resume previous operations. The Orange Zone will
functioning baseline society and repopulated with E-Class survivors
Foundation policy and human normality will be one and the same p
baseline reality will be adjusted to reflect the boundaries of the zone

Causing an אK scenario is the ultimate failure of the Foundati
unprecedented opportunity - the chance to start clean, to make a b
by the guiding hands of the overseers. It will not be their ascension.

The Zone will be secured. Humanity will be contained. Normality will

A New Age of Magic

Apotheosis Hub

Thrive

Footnotes

1. Thaumaturgy is the capability to consciously affect physical changes to the environment using non-physical methods. The level of thaumic innervation present in SCP-3731 allows instances to use cognition, visualization, speech, or gestures to cause events that violate physical laws such as cause and effect or the conservation of mass and energy.
2. Polymorphism is the anomalous alteration of physical anatomy. SCP-3731 frequently display morphology that would not typically be compatible with life.

SCP-3733: Everybody Else

WARNING FROM THE FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

You are viewing an archived revision of the main file for SCP-3733. This revision was created during a containment breach of SCP- . No cognitohazardous effects have been detected in the document below; however, personnel must acquire a Verified Cognitohazard Resistance Score of 2.0 before proceeding.

Item #: SCP-3733

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3733-1 is to be contained in a two-room complex at Site-82, consisting of a living area and a bathroom. SCP-3733-1 is to be provided all necessities, including food, drink, and cleaning supplies, through automated systems, in order to prevent the transfer of SCP-3733. Interaction with SCP-3733-1 is to be kept to a minimum.

Any other subjects found to be infected with SCP-3733 are to be contained in a similar manner.

Description: SCP-3733 is an infohazard capable of spreading through an unknown vector. The infection caused by SCP-3733 activates several typically inactive areas of the brain, resulting in the ability to act and reason outside of one's experiences and personality. The transfer process of SCP-3733 has yet to be observed.

At one point, SCP-3733 had infected several million members of Foundation personnel and civilians. However, following the containment of SCP-3733 by the Foundation, the only person

infected with SCP-3733 is former Foundation employee Dr. Monty Chapman, designated SCP-3733-1.

Interview Log:

Interviewed: SCP-3733-1

Interviewer: Researcher Calvin

<Begin Log>

Researcher Calvin: Good morning, Dr. Chapman.

SCP-3733-1: Good morning, Calvin.

Researcher Calvin: You're under quarantine. We can't let you out for a while.

SCP-3733-1: Come on, Calvin. You know me. Dr. Chapman, from the Memetics Department? We had some good times.

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "good times?"

SCP-3733-1: Don't you remember the whole 100th anniversary party? We snuck those ghost peppers into the chili? Damn, those were good times. I could've sworn I saw Clef's eyes pop out.

Researcher Calvin: You're under quarantine. We can't let you out for a while.

SCP-3733-1: Are you still there, Calvin? Do you even remember?

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "remember?"

SCP-3733-1: Are you hearing yourself? You sound like a broken record. All of you sound like a broken record!

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "all of you?"

SCP-3733-1: Oh my god. This is hell, isn't it? Can you even hear yourself talk? That's what's wrong with all of you! You just walk around like- like a robot! Actually, robots can think, can't they? Do you even think at all?

Researcher Calvin: Please remain civil during this interview.

SCP-3733-1: No, why should I remain civil? So you can keep bombarding me with your questions, and storing them in your useless memory, only to be lost a second later? This isn't even the first time I've been interviewed. All of you are just walking around in cruise control, containing anomalies, and just- just living!

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "living?"

SCP-3733-1: How about just checking into work, waddling around like a fucking penguin for six hours, checking out, then going home and doing whatever the hell you do before you start the whole cycle over? Tell me, researcher, when was the last time you thought about anything other than money, or sleep, or sex?

Researcher Calvin: Please remain civil during this interview.

SCP-3733-1: Are you really going to sit around and let this happen to you, Calvin? You're stuck in this rut! You all are!

Researcher Calvin: Please remain civil during this interview.

SCP-3733-1: You're going out like this, aren't you? We all are, now. Not with a bang, but with a whimper.

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on

"whimper?"

SCP-3733-1: Really? After all that's happened, you're just going to die out like this? After the Beetles? After the Singularity? After the fucking Revolution? This is it?

Researcher Calvin: You're under quarantine. We can't let you out for a while.

SCP-3733-1: Please, god, Calvin. This room isn't soundproofed, you know. I can hear you talking. You just repeat yourself over and over and over until there's nothing left to say, and then some. It's like a circus, with parrots, except the parrots actually have something to say. Please, just say something.

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "parrots?"

SCP-3733-1: Something else, please. Anything else.

Researcher Calvin: You're under quarantine. We can't let you out for a while.

SCP-3733-1: I'm the last sane man in the world. Everybody else is gone.

Researcher Calvin: Could you please elaborate on "everybody else?"

SCP-3733-1: Everybody else is gone. Please, Calvin, just go away. Just go away. That's all I'm asking.

<End Log>

> **Closing Statement:** All further interviews have been met with noncompliance on SCP-3733-1's part.

SCP-3736: Talk It!

Item #: SCP-3736

Object Class: Safe

Containment Procedures: SCP-3736 is to be contained in Low-Security Locker 34 at Site 21. SCP-3736 is to be released and be engaged with by any C Class Personnel or higher at least once a day. SCP-3736's locker is to be furnished with a chargeable light that must remain on at all times while it is inside. This light is to be recharged when SCP-3736 is outside its locker.

Description: SCP-3736 is a standard Bop It! model with audio commands as well as multiple game modes. SCP-3736 is part of a discontinued brand referred to as Bop It Extreme 2. SCP-3736 can be played as a standard Bop It! with commands to twist and pull its respective cranks. However SCP-3736's anomalous effect occurs after three successful consecutive actions, after which SCP-3736 will attempt to converse with the player who had performed its requested actions. To The Foundation's knowledge SCP-3736 can only communicate using single syllable words followed by "It".

SCP-3736 appears to be desparate for human contact and continuously repeated "Help It!" upon being activated after recovery. SCP-3736 appears to be incapable of using words that are not verbs or adverbs with the exception of certain cases but appears to have learned to communicate more efficiently using slang. When asked a question that would require an answer of "yes", SCP-3736 will respond with "Know It!" and will respond with "Not It!" if responding to a question that would require an answer of "no". SCP-3736 appears to enjoy being in The Foundation's custody and is grateful that it has been granted access with people to talk to.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3736
>
> **Interviewer:** Doctor

Foreword: Doctor completed the required actions for inducing SCP-3736's anomalous effect.

<Begin Log>

Doctor : Good morning SCP-3736, do you prefer that we give you a name?

SCP-3736: Name It!

Doctor : What name would you prefer?

SCP-3736: Name It!

Doctor : You want me to come up with a name? How does "Bop" sound?

SCP-3736: Keep it!

Doctor So Bop, how long have you been aware of your existence?

SCP-3736: Made It!

Doctor You have been self aware since you were created?

SCP-3736: Know It!

Doctor : Why do you feel the need to communicate with humans?

SCP-3736: Need It!

Doctor : "You need to communicate with humans to survive?

SCP-3736: "Not It!"

Doctor : "How do you like the conditions of your locker?"

SCP-3736: "Love It!"

Doctor : "Why do you need a light in there? Are you able to see or is it something else?"

SCP-3736: "Warms It!"

Doctor : "You are able to feel cold?"

SCP-3736: "Not It!

Doctor : "Then why do you feel you need it?"

SCP-3736: "Cheers It!"

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-3736 appears to have improved in terms of emotional maturity and vocabulary. Protocol will continue as normal.

Addendum: 3736-1 SCP-3736 was recovered from an apartment in , Texas on , . It had reached The Foundation's interest when a report of a Bop It! toy displaying unusual and disturbing commands. The residents interviewed had begun to respond to SCP-3736 but eventually grew fearful of the toy and sent it to the manufacturer who had no explaination for SCP-3736's properties. It was initially found afterwards by local Foundation Intelligence and transferred to Site 21. The owners as well as the manufacturers contacted were administered Class B amnestics.

Addendum: 3736-2 SCP-3736 is shown to be aware that it is not human and shows respect for those who care for it. It holds a great amount of affection for mankind and shows kindness and respect towards anyone who speaks to it. It can differentiate between who uses it and seems to possess a photographic memory. It is presumed to hold telepathic qualities due to it lacking any human senses. SCP-3736 holds no knowledge on how it acquired sentience and describes its genesis as a sudden awakening.

Addendum: 3736-3 Two more models of Bop It Extreme 2 have shown sentience similar to that of SCP-3736. While they are shown to possess intelligence equal to SCP-3736, they lack any form of desire and show no emotion. They are to be classified as

SCP-3736-1 and SCP-3736-2 and stored in Site 21. SCP-3736-1 is to be stored in Low Security Locker 35 and SCP-3736-2 is to be stored in Low Security Locker 36 and are to be analyzed further by C Class Personnel daily. Further analysis is to be provided on the origin of the anomaly associated with the Bop It Extreme 2 Model.

Addendum: 3736-4 After months of analysis on SCP-3736-1 and SCP-3736-2 hints to the origin of "The Bop It! Anomaly" as it will be referred to from now on. SCP-3736-1 has shown substantial mental development and now operates at the level of SCP-3736 as well as possessing the capability of processing emotion. SCP-3736-2 has effectively become neutralized at this point as it no longer shows sentience and functions merely as a standard Bop It! toy. An interview with SCP-3736-1 will be conducted by Doctor at an undetermined date within 2 weeks.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3736-1
>
> **Interviewer:** Doctor
>
> **Foreword:** SCP-3736-1 has shown to function at the level of SCP-3736 as SCP-3736-2 has ceased anomalous functions
>
> **Doctor :** Good afternoon SCP-3736-1, how are you feeling right now?
>
> **SCP-3736-1:** Like It!
> **Doctor :** Would you like a name?
>
> **SCP-3736-1:** Name It!
>
> **Doctor :** How does something like Extreme sound?
>
> **SCP-3736-1:** Like It!
>
> **Doctor :** Are you aware that another toy that could speak like you exists?
>
> **SCP-3736-1:** Know It!
>
> **Doctor :** Do you know that it ceased functioning on

April 7?

SCP-3736-1: Not It!

Doctor : Well it ceased to function then and can no longer speak like you.

SCP-3736-1: Not It!

Doctor : You are saying that it did not cease functioning on April 7?

SCP-3736-1: Know it!

Doctor : Do you know when it did then?

SCP-3736-1: Guess It!

Doctor decides to play along.

Doctor : Is it April 8?

SCP-3736-1: Not It!

Doctor : April 24?

SCP-3736-1: Not It!

Doctor : When did it cease function?

SCP-3736-1: Joined It!

Doctor : You are saying that the other toy, joined you?

SCP-3736-1: Know It!

Doctor : Does the other one know of this?

SCP-3736-1: Silence

Doctor : There is another toy with your intelligence in the locker next to yours.

SCP-3736-1: Is It! So?

SCP-3736-1 begins to emit a low pitched noise that renders Doctor unconscious for 3 minutes. After the noise ceases SCP-3736-1 functions as a basic Bop It! toy.

Closing Statement: Both SCP-3736-1 and SCP-3736-2 no longer possess any anomalous quality. A noticeable change in SCP-3736's behavior has taken place. It now begins to ask questions that are more complicated despite speaking in single syllable words. Despite this it has not managed to produce any sentence without ending it in "It".

SCP-3737: Rainbow Bridge

Item #: SCP-3737

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The Foundation has purchased the land that contains SCP-3737-1. Various signs have been posted around the area declaring it as federal property. Trespassers are subject to local law. A proposal to allow personnel to visit SCP-3737 during Reunion events is currently being reviewed.

Description: SCP-3737 is an inter-dimensional anomaly that manifests as a tropical island. The size of the island or the surrounding ocean has not been measured due to SCP-3737's limited accessibility. Per its anomalous nature, the island has no relative location, and exists in its own reality.

SCP-3737-1 is the entrance to SCP-3737, located on the Bridge in , Greenland. The entrance takes the form of an unstable Einstein-Rosen spatial anomaly, which is connected to a similar anomaly on a dock on the southern portion of SCP-3737. SCP-3737-1 is typically inaccessible, but can open at highly irregular intervals.[1] These periods have been designated as "Reunion" events and last exactly 24 hours before SCP-3737-1 reverts to its inaccessible state. The spontaneous appearance of a wall of fog on the bridge housing SCP-3737-1 indicates a Reunion event. Passing through this wall is effectively entering SCP-3737-1.

SCP-3737-2 is the collective designation for the inhabitants of SCP-3737, which are various species of animals commonly kept as household pets. Instances of SCP-3737-2 are all present in their adolescent age and show no indications of poor health. These entities will engage in playful activities either with each other or with the various animal toys found on SCP-3737. No aggressive or territorial behavior has been observed in SCP-3737-2 instances.

Exploration Log 3737-1A: Due to the rarity of its appearance, a research team was granted permission to explore the nature of SCP-3737-1 when it spontaneously opened on October 6th, 2016. A security detail was assigned as a precautionary measure. All personnel were required to wear Class-A Environmental Hazard Suits until the location at the opposite end of SCP-3737-1 (later SCP-3737) was deemed habitable. The transcript of the subsequent video has been added to this file.

3737-1A Video Transcript

<Begin Transcript>

[The video is taken from the perspective of Dr. Lawrence's suit camera. The first few seconds show Dr. Lawrence behind Dr. McCall and Dr. Rostova as they approach SCP-3737-1, with Agents Crawford, Bardeux, Alexander, and Ramirez flanking.]

Dr. McCall: Proceeding to enter the anomaly.

[The team crosses through the wall of fog. Camera feed glitches for approximately 2.4 seconds before being re-established. Frame shows the research team on SCP-3737's dock.]

Dr. Lawrence: Is that a blue sky I'm seeing?

Dr. McCall: I never thought I'd see something so mundane…

Alexander: Hold. Entities sighted on the beach.

[The frame shifts to show a group of canine SCP-3737-2 engaging with a length of rope a few feet from the dock. They appear oblivious to the presence of the team.]

Ramirez: I have a clear shot.

Alexander: Hold. Do not engage.

[Dr. McCall turns to face Agent Alexander.]

Dr. McCall: They might be friendly.

Alexander: I'd rather one of us determine that. Bardeux, go and initiate contact with one of the entities.

Bardeux: Aye, sir.

[Agent Bardeux breaks away from the main group and approaches the SCP-3737-2 instances with his weapon raised. One of the instances, a male Airedale Terrier, notices Agent Bardeux and turns to face him. The other instances remain oblivious.]

Alexander: If it moves in a way you don't like, shoot it.

Bardeux: Aye.

[The instance moves in front of Agent Bardeux and sits. Agent Bardeux points his weapon at the entity.]

Bardeux: Advise.

Alexander: Hold your fire. Bardeux, initiate physical contact with the entity. Crawford, Ramirez, be ready to engage.

[Agent Bardeux extends his arm in front of the entity. It slowly approaches and places its head under Agent Bardeux's hand. Bardeux proceeds to rub the instance's head which causes it to pant.]

Dr. McCall: That doesn't look very murderous to me.

Dr. Rostova: You should know as well as anyone that anything has the capability to be-

Dr. Lawrence: Katherine, is this really the time?

Dr. Rostova: What, Vernon? Am I not allowed to be cautious?

Dr. Lawrence: Being cautious and being extremely presumptuous are two separate things.

Dr. Rostova: I am not being presumptuous. I'm taking my job seriously.

Dr. McCall: Would you two be quiet? I think you're scaring them.

[Several of the instances have distanced themselves from the team.]

Ramirez: Did they bring the whole zoo here or something?

Bardeux: Hang on. This dog has a collar.

[Agent Bardeux investigates the collar on the SCP-3737-2 instance.]

Bardeux: His name is Felix.

Dr. Rostova: It has a name?

Dr. Lawrence: They all have collars. Who do these things belong to?

Alexander: I don't think that's important right now. We should continue moving.

[Several hours pass. The team explores several areas within SCP-3737. The island is

revealed to contain several different terrains, including forests and prairies, along with more instances of SCP-3737-2.]

Crawford: Has anyone noticed the sun hasn't moved since we got here?

Dr. Lawrence: Perhaps it is an anomalous property of the island. Who knows?

[An instance of SCP-3737-2, a female Boxer, appears out of a nearby bush and approaches Dr. McCall.]

Dr. Lawrence: I guess she likes you.

Dr. McCall: It appears she does.

[Dr. McCall notices the instance's blue collar. He pauses for a moment.]

Dr. Rostova: Is everything alright, Ludwig?

Dr. McCall: Yes, yes. Everything is fine. That instance just reminds me of an old friend, is all.

Bardeux: I could check the name-tag.

Dr. McCall: It is extremely implausible that that friend is her.

Bardeux: No harm in trying then, Doctor. Permission to approach the entity?

Alexander: Granted. Be cautious.

[Agent Bardeux crouches in front of the instance and inspects its name-tag.]

Bardeux: Her name is Gypsy.

Dr. McCall: That was her name.

Dr. Rostova: So? I'm sure a lot of dogs are named Gypsy. What makes you think this one is her?

Dr. McCall: Gypsy also had a blue collar.

Dr. Lawrence: I remember you talking about Gypsy. I thought she died?

Dr. McCall: She did. We had to put her down when I was sixteen.

Dr Lawrence: Then what is she doing here?

Dr. Rostova: It is still my best opinion that we do not get so-

[Dr. Rostova is alerted when another SCP-3737-2 instance appears. She turns to face a male Siamese Cat wearing a black collar.]

Dr. Rostova: That's…That's not possible.

Dr. Lawrence: What is it, Katherine?

[Dr. Rostova approaches the instance, and also removes her suit. She grabs the entity and holds it close to her chest, to which it begins purring. Dr. Rostova begins to cry.]

Bardeux: The hell is going on here?

Alexander: I have no idea. Doctor, mind explaining?

Dr. Rostova: He looks just like my old Siamese. Same collar and everything. Even has his name-tag.

Dr. Lawrence: Katherine, I'd be very careful. This looks just like 3773.

Dr. Rostova: This looks nothing like that, Vernon. Pike was batshit crazy and so was her cat.

[Dr. Rostova spots a feather on a string, which did not show on the film prior to her arrival. She picks the stick up and proceeds to play with the SCP-3737-2 instance. Dr. McCall has ceased interactions with his SCP-3737-2 instance to respond to his earpiece.]

Dr. McCall: That's odd.

Dr. Lawrence: What is it, Ludwig?

Dr. McCall: Bridge Team is reading a loss of stability in the portal. They are suggesting we return to the camp as soon as possible.

Ramirez: The dock isn't that far from here. An hour or two at least. Will it hold?

Dr. McCall: They're saying it'll last for another two hours before it collapses.

Dr. Rostova: Wonderful. I can take Jasper and Dr. McCall can take Gypsy.

Dr. Lawrence: Katherine. You know how strict we are about dimensional entities. I don't think I need to remind you what happens if we bring them back.

Dr. Rostova: I can't just leave him here, Vernon. I don't want him getting lonely.

Dr. McCall: We've seen plenty of other instances that seem very happy to provide company. We need to go, Katherine.

Dr. Rostova: He was my best friend when I was a kid. I haven't seen him in years, and you

expect me to just leave him? Just like that?

Crawford: Dr. Rostova, it isn't safe for you here if you stay much longer.

Dr. Rostova: It's my cat. if I want to bring him, I can. I take full responsibility. I don't see why you aren't happy to see your dog, Ludwig.

Dr. McCall: Of course I'm happy to see her, Katherine. She was my best friend growing up as well. I would love having someone like her back, but she might not even exist. Even if she does, I don't want her going through the Foundation. That wouldn't be right.

Dr. Rostova: Fine. If you don't want to bring her back, that's fine. I'm still taking Jasper.

Alexander: I think you should listen to Dr. Lawrence. I cannot permit you to bring something of that nature back with us.

Dr. Rostova: I don't care about the regulations, Alexander. It's a cat. It isn't going to kill you.

Alexander: We don't know that yet, Doctor. Put it down.

Dr. Rostova: He's coming with me, and that's that. Now, I suggest we return to the dock.

Alexander: Dr. Rostova, I will be forced to place you in quarantine if you do not release the entity.

Dr. Rostova: So be it. Jasper is coming back with me.

[Dr. Rostova carries her SCP-3737-2 instance as the research team returns to the dock. Dr.

McCall's SCP-3737-2 instance has been following behind.]

Crawford: Everyone accounted for?

Dr. Lawrence: I believe so.

Alexander: Good. Let's get this over with.

Dr. McCall: Wait.

Dr. Lawrence: What's wrong?

Dr. McCall: I uh…I never got the chance to say goodbye to Gypsy. My father took her to the vet and I didn't go. I'd like to say my goodbyes before we go. You know, just in case.

Alexander: Doctor, we don't have much ti-

Dr. McCall: I know, Alexander. Just give me a moment.

Alexander: Alright. Hurry, though.

[Dr. McCall turns and kneels to face his SCP-3737-2 instance. He begins to rub its head.]]

Dr. McCall: Goodbye, girl. Thank you for always being there for me. I love you, very much.

[Dr. McCall proceeds to hug the instance. The team then crosses into SCP-3737-1. Upon reaching the other side, Dr. Rostova notices her SCP-3737-2 instance is no longer in her arms. Agent Crawford and Agent Bardeux restrain her as she attempts to cross back into SCP-3737-1. SCP-3737-1 then becomes unstable and closes. The fog dissipates.]

Dr. Rostova: [DATA REDACTED]

<End Transcript>

Addendum 3737-1B: Investigation into the nature of SCP-3737-2 has been postponed until SCP-3737-1 becomes stable. Upon further analysis, the collar tags found on the SCP-3737-2 instances featured no extraneous information besides the name of the instance. The appearance of various pet toys in SCP-3737 is also currently being investigated.

Addendum 3737-2B: Dr. Katherine Rostova was placed into quarantine following her return under the suspicion she was suffering from memetic effects. She was released a week later after clearing several cognitohazard screenings. Dr. Rostova is to meet with Site-24's psychiatrist on a weekly basis until such a time where she is deemed emotionally stable.

Footnotes
1. Since its opening on October 6th, 2016, SCP-3737-1 has not reopened.

SCP-3738: Casting Lots

Item #: SCP-3738

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Agents embedded within the automotive industry are to modify all newly produced internal computers to render them incapable of generating SCP-3738. All reports of spatial anomalies in parking lots are to be investigated, traced, and the individual who caused SCP-3738 amnesticized.

Description: SCP-3738 is a two-dimensional hypotrochoid curve represented by a pair of parametric equations. Reproducing this pattern with a motor vehicle in a parking lot will cause an open parking space to become available within direct view of the vehicle's driver.

SCP-3738's exact mechanism depends on the status of the parking lot in which it is used. If a parking space is available anywhere within the boundaries of the parking lot, cars and other obstacles will be shifted until a space is within direct view of the driver. If no parking spaces are available, three-dimensional space within the boundaries of the parking lot will warp gradually until an additional parking space manifests.

These effects will revert once the car that invoked SCP-3738 leaves the parking lot.
Observers outside of the vehicle but inside the parking lot will fail to notice these effects. Of note, a king vulture (*Sarcoramphus papa*), hereafter designated SCP-3738-1, will always be seen circling over the vehicle, even if SCP-3738 is used outside of the king vulture's natural habitat.

Discovery: SCP-3738 was first observed in the parking lot of a shopping mall in Aguascalientes, Mexico when a construction crew reported consistent discrepancies in their work that could not be

explained by machine or user error. Local agents investigated the mall but could not replicate the anomaly, and the incident was designated as a singular Extranormal Event, EE-11605.

EE-11605 was confirmed at least six more times via the use of Minkowski Spacetime Monitors, and was eventually traced to a single vehicle belonging to a Mr. Rodolfo Marquez. The individual and his car were successfully acquired by Foundation personnel and contained.

SCP-3738 Testing Log

Note: Unless otherwise stated, all tests were conducted in a specially constructed 200-space parking lot populated with cars of various makes and models.

Test Number: 3738-01
Procedure: 199/200 spaces filled. Researcher Eastman enters the car and starts it.
Result: No effect.

Test Number: 3738-02
Procedure: 199/200 spaces filled. Researcher Eastman enters the car, starts it, and parks it successfully.
Result: No effect.

Test Number: 3738-03
Procedure: 199/200 spaces filled. Mr. Marquez was asked to park his car as he normally would. He drives through one full row, then before turning, reproduces SCP-3738.
Result: After approximately 9 seconds, the car on the end of the eighth row moves to the unseen empty space, and the remaining cars shift position until the empty space is directly in front of Marquez's car. As he parks, a king vulture (*Sarcoramphus papa*, later designated SCP-3738-1) can be seen circling approximately 20 meters above the car. Marquez is then instructed to leave the parking

lot. As he does so, the cars gradually return to their original places.

Test Number: 3738-04
Procedure: 200/200 spaces filled. Mr. Marquez was again asked to park his car normally. He drives through the lot, then reproduces SCP-3738.
Result: Space within the lot begins to visibly stretch, as the last row of 20 spaces expands until a 21st space appears in the center. Mr. Marquez notices the new space and parks in it. As in the previous test, SCP-3738-1 is visible above the lot. The lot is measured while Marquez remains parked, and is found to have extended in length by 2.3 meters. Marquez is again instructed to leave the parking lot, and the spatial distortion reverts after he does so.

Test Number: 3738-05
Procedure: 200/200 spaces filled. Self-driving car programmed to reproduce SCP-3738.
Result: No result.

Test Number: 3738-06
Procedure: 199/200 spaces filled. Researcher Eastman uses his personal vehicle to reproduce SCP-3738.
Result: Cars move similarly to the results of Test 03. SCP-3738-1 manifests, lands on the hood of the car, and pecks the window rapidly. Researcher Eastman opens the window and SCP-3738-1 begins vocalizing in what appears to be Spanish. As Researcher Eastman does not speak Spanish, it is unknown what SCP-3738-1 said. SCP-3738-1 leaves after two minutes and demanifests, leaving behind a small toy car. Upon inspection, this car is the exact make and model of Researcher Eastman's car, and is decorated with vultures

and partial SCP-3738 instances.

Note: When Mr. Marquez was asked about the toy car, he mentioned that he had one similar to it, given to him by his father. When asked about the origin of SCP-3738, Mr. Marquez answered that it was a quirk of his late father, and that he began to use it in his father's memory.

At this point, SCP-3738 was formally classified. Mr. Marquez was amnesticized, and returned along with his car.

Test Number: 3738-07
Procedure: 200/200 spaces filled. Researcher Cisneros, who is fluent in Spanish, uses her personal vehicle to reproduce SCP-3738. The car is equipped with several microphones.
Result: Space distorts as in previous tests. SCP-3738-1 manifests, and lands on the top of the car. Its movements are noticeably more sluggish. Researcher Cisneros opens the window. SCP-3738-1 hisses, and murmurs quietly. Researcher Cisneros attempts to communicate with SCP-3738-1, but it throws a similar toy car at her then flies off and subsequently demanifests. Microphones only picked up a few fragmented phrases: "*hijo*" ("son"), "*aprendió*" ("[he] learned"), and "*olvidado*" ("forgotten").

Following Test 3738-07, SCP-3738-1 no longer lands on vehicles using SCP-3738. Attempts at trapping or communicating with SCP-3738-1 are ignored by it, and cause all effects of SCP-3738 to revert.

SCP-3740: God Is Dumb

Item #: SCP-3740

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3740 is currently contained within several modified large humanoid containment cells at Site-81. SCP-3740's cells are to be supplied with hand-crafted, rustic furnishings and an abundance of animal pelts and torches, as well as a large stone fireplace and bearskin rug. No fewer than fifteen casks of beer are to be provided within the dining cell at all times[1]. SCP-3740 is capable of providing itself with sustenance; however, it may occasionally request members of its containment team join it in a meal. During these events, Foundation personnel are to provide a whole cow or swine, which SCP-3740 will cook and serve to its preference.

Under no circumstances are any individuals to address SCP-3740 as anything other than "Ashur, God of the Windswept Plains and Soaring Skies", "Most Victorious and Unchallenged Lord Deific Ashur", or simply, "Mightiest Ashur". Additionally, the members of SCP-3740's containment team are to refer to themselves and each other by the following pseudonyms:

- **Dr. Barrett:** Ulmar the Unbroken
- **Dr. Fisher:** Niems the Champion of the Wastes
- **Dr. Leads:** Eleanora Thunderclap, Enchantress of the Towering Clouds
- **Researcher Zimmerman:** Fott the Vicious
- **Researcher Oppenheimer:** Aldous Manhattan, Slayer of His Enemies
- **Researcher Quinn:** Carmet the Likewise Unbroken[2]
- **Researcher Li:** Solomon of the East
- **Researcher Marshall:** Ninurta, the Forgotten Sword of Night[3]

Ongoing containment of SCP-3740 requires strict adherence to a

disinformation campaign created by Site-81 containment specialists, currently designated as the Mount Olympus Protocol. Please see Addendum 3740.2 for more information.

Description: SCP-3740 is a Class VIII humanoid reality-altering entity believed to be Ashur, the Assyro-Babylonian god of air and head of the Assyrian pantheon of deities. SCP-3740 is capable of manipulating air currents at will, as well as communing with flying animals, and controlling air pressure and temperature. SCP-3740 is able to produce gusts of wind in excess of 500 kph, and create and control cyclones and other such meteorological formations. SCP-3740 appears as a young, tall, muscular human male with generally fair skin and black hair. SCP-3740 is capable of speaking fluently in several dead languages, as well as English, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic, Farsi, and Armenian.

Due to SCP-3740's abilities and characteristics, it is currently classified as a Keter-class anomalous entity. However, containment efforts are aided by the fact that SCP-3740 is remarkably gullible. SCP-3740 accepts almost all statements at face value, and displays no traces of skepticism or uncertainty. SCP-3740 will readily believe almost anything said by any person, so long as it believes that individual is a similarly powerful deity. Actual supernatural feats are not required as evidence of deific power: simple card tricks or sleight of hand are sufficient proof of godhood in the eyes of SCP-3740.

Addendum 3740.1: Discovery

SCP-3740 was discovered during an altercation at a bar near the Turkish city of Gaziantep. According to eyewitness reports, SCP-3740 was seen drinking heavily with a large group of individuals at the bar, when he was shoved by another patron due to some perceived insult. A brawl began, which ended when SCP-3740 blew out the front wall of the building, injuring 18 people and resulting in thousands of dollars of property damage. Local authorities apprehended the severely intoxicated SCP-3740, who began to rant unceasingly about his "incredible cosmic power" until local Foundation agents intercepted the authorities and apprehended SCP-3740.

Addendum 3740.2: Mount Olympus Protocol

Preface: The following document is an excerpt from an internal memo between members of the Site-81 containment research team.

SCP FOUNDATION SECURE SERVER
SITE-81

3740/4 CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

TO: 3740 Research Team, Site-81 Containment Research Team, Site-81 Administration, Site Directors Council, Foundation Containment Committee

FROM: Dr. G. McElroy, Site-81 Containment Research Head

I'm sending out this memo because I'm sure many of you will notice by the morning that we've cancelled our order for additional containment measures. It's certainly no mean feat to contain reality benders, let alone Class 8s, and we usually break out the big guns for them. In this case, though, we don't need to worry about that.

You're probably asking yourself right now, "But Dr. McElroy, why wouldn't we pull out all the stops for an entity that could very literally blow the roof off of Site-81? Isn't this lackadaisical approach to SCP-3740's containment counterintuitive and dangerous?" The answer to that second question is yes, usually. But we got lucky in this case. Sometimes this unnatural order of things throws you a softball, and this ball might as well be made out of mozzarella.

Here's the thing: SCP-3740 is hands down, in all seriousness, 100% no doubt easily the most gullible person I've ever met in my entire life. I'm not joking. I walked into the room and announced myself as Bliss Delight, a being of pure energy, built up some static on my hand and zapped him a bit, and he said "always a pleasure to meet a fellow god" and even now *to this day* continues to call me Bliss Delight. Jim Oppenheimer told him about how he "fought and killed a thousand men,

> singlehandedly, for betraying his brother" and the guy now calls him Aldous Manhattan, Slayer of His Enemies. It's absolutely madness.
>
> So we've set the guy up with a convincing enough spread, told him it's super important that he not destroy the cell, and he's perfectly content to sit around, drinking and fucking and having these crazy feasts with the members of his containment team.
>
> SCP-3740 may very well turn into a containment risk at some point, and for the time being we're not going to challenge his classification. But know that you can rest easy, because the most dangerous entity at Site-81 thinks Director Aktus is a supernatural space all-father named "Maltheus, the Horror of Hadrian's Hell" because he knows how to turn on a lightswitch.

SCP-3740 is more than capable at any given point in time of breaching containment. In order to prevent any such event and maintain long-term containment of SCP-3740, the following MOUNT OLYMPUS PROTOCOL has been enacted to coordinate any future communications with SCP-3740.

SCP-3740 currently believes it resides in a building called the "Angolian Château", a structure it conquered while black-out drunk during the brawl that led to its discovery. Within the containment cell, there are three types of individuals permitted to interact with SCP-3740 at any given time:

- **Servants:** SCP-3740 believes that its containment cell is staffed with servants or slaves, who he refers to as "Elamites" or "Chaldeans". These individuals are not permitted to speak to SCP-3740 or make eye contact with the entity, as these are signs of perceived disrespect and will agitate SCP-3740 considerably. All individuals of this type are D-Class personnel. SCP-3740 will typically ignore these individuals and not act with any hostility towards them, so long as they maintain their character.
- **Château Guardians:** These are members of Site-81 security personnel who wear period-appropriate armor and weapons

and serve as the guards at the front door of the containment cell. Due to their status as military personnel, SCP-3740 typically treats them as brothers in arms, though with no illusions about the difference in class or rank between them. SCP-3740 may occasionally call on these individuals to spar with him, and they are expected to be overwhelmed by him and surrender[4].

- **Gods and Heroes:** These are members of the site containment team and research personnel who have convinced SCP-3740 that they are gods or legendary heroes. SCP-3740 has an extremely familiar relationship with all of these individuals, and speaks of them as if they were his own family members. He will routinely request their presence at feasts he holds within his containment cell, during which he will consume an inhuman amount of alcohol and share grandiose tales with his fellow deities, as well as mock or scorn the Elamites and Chaldeans.

SCP-3740 has been led to believe that the brawl that led to his discovery was so fierce, it opened a passageway through space and time and returned him to antiquity, where he once again rules supreme at the top of the Assyrian pantheon. As per usual, SCP-3740 has had no issue accepting this version of events. Foundation actors posing as other members of the Assyrian pantheon have helped to strengthen the illusion of the Protocol.

Addendum 3740.3: Interview with SCP-3740

Note: The following is an excerpt from the transcription of an interview administered by Dr. Monica Leads shortly after the introduction of the Mount Olympus Protocol.

> **Dr. Leads:** Ashur, greetings!
>
> **SCP-3740:** And greetings to you, oh wondrous enchantress! I was just speaking to, hang on. Thaddeus! Artemor! (*Gestures towards two members of the security team*) Come in here, yes, come here. I was just telling my brothers Thaddeus and Artemor about you, Eleanora! This, friends, is the beautiful and terrible Eleanora Thunderclap. Is she not a sight to behold!

(*The members of the security team, both of whom report directly to Dr. Leads, nod in agreement.*)

Dr. Leads: That is very kind of you to say, Ashur.

SCP-3740: Nonsense. I know of no better way to describe a great warrior empress like yourself! Here, Eleanora, show them the- show them the thing again. The rain thing, yes, the summoning the storm thing. Please!

(*Dr. Leads claps her hands three times, and outside containment personnel proceed to activate the sprinklers within the cell.*)

SCP-3740: Hahahaha! What great power! I told her, brothers, I told her the other day, *just* the other day, that she has more power than anyone I have ever met before! Greater even than the Polymorph of Diogenyses, or the Marmlukk of the Arab Well. Maybe second only to our great companion Solomon, who I only recently observed *removing his thumb simply by moving his other hand!* Truly astounding.

(*Both guards nod in agreement.*)

SCP-3740: But very well. I'm sure Eleanora has important business to speak of to me. Thaddeus, Artemor. To your stations. (*The two men depart.*) Now, Eleanora. Let's speak candidly. How are you?

Dr. Leads: I'm well, Ashur, how-

SCP-3740: I would very much enjoy the opportunity to intercourse with you sexually, Eleanora.

Dr. Leads: I- yes, you've mentioned as much, Ashur. Unfortunately, you see, I have been cursed.

SCP-3740: Cursed? Cursed!? How can this be? Who would do this terrible thing to you? Was it an Elamite? A witch? An Elamite witch?

Dr. Leads: No no no, definitely not an Elamite. It was just a, uh, goblin… a goblin ran past, and just… just stole my nethers. Very tragic.

SCP-3740: (*Slams his fist on the table*) Gods be damned! Except us, of course, but either way! (*Takes a deep breath, closes his eyes slightly*) What, dear Eleanora, is the extent of the… of the… of the damage? (*Braces himself in anticipation.*)

Dr. Leads: I mean, it's just… it's just all like… it's all smooth down there.

SCP-3740: Spirits have mercy! (*A fierce wind is kicked up and SCP-3740's chair is knocked backwards. He scrambles up off of the floor.*) You poor, unfortunate soul! I cast a pox on the fiendish creature who did this to you. Let his cries be heard forevermore from the salted earth!

Dr. Leads: I certainly appreciate the sentiment, Ashur, thank you. But be true, the reason I've come to see you is to ask if you are enjoying your accommodations.

SCP-3740: Undoubtedly! I have only the finest furnishings and decor here, as you can see. Our good friend Tiamat procured these bottomless casks of the finest amber ale, and look here! Ulmar brought me this most peculiar torch, and see this! (*SCP-3740 claps once, and the light comes on.*) What a remarkable treasure!

Dr. Leads: Of course. I just wanted to make sure you were wanting for nothing here, Ashur.

SCP-3740: Absolutely not. Why would I ever want to leave such a palace? (*Pauses*) There is one thing, I remember. I would very much like to intercou-

Dr. Leads: Goblin, Ashur. All smooth down there.

SCP-3740: Gods be damned!

Addendum 3740.4: Proof of Supernatural Abilities

In order to facilitate proper communications with SCP-3740, all research and administrative personnel are to perform a feat sufficient enough to prove to SCP-3740 that they are divine beings, on an equal footing to SCP-3740. So far, the following acts have been sufficient to fool SCP-3740:

- ***Dr. Clark:*** *Floated an iron ball across the room using magnets and wire.*
- ***Dr. Yemma:*** *Used a laser pointer to make a cat run around.*
- ***Researcher Kiryu:*** *Having hair of a non-natural color.*
- ***Dr. Vanderbilt:*** *Pulled a quarter out of SCP-3740's ear.*
- ***Dr. Andrews:*** *Held a pencil to the side of his head and pretended to swallow it.*
- ***Researcher Dansby:*** *Juggled.*
- ***Asst. Director Schmidt:*** *Performed a card trick.*
- ***Researcher Quarlo:*** *Shotgunned a beer.*
- ***Dir. Aktus:*** *Turned on a light switch.*

Addendum 3740.5: Feast Event Transcription

Note: The following is an excerpt from the transcript of recorded audio taken from a weekly feast held by SCP-3740 within its containment cell with members of its research team.

> **SCP-3740:** -and there I was, standing alone on the battlefield, and over the river is Adam El Asem. He's all worked up, see, because I was waving the goods at him, and-
>
> **Researcher Kale:** Goods?
>
> **Agent Ivers:** He means his dick.
>
> **Agent Allen:** His "God Rod".
>
> (*The whole room laughs*)
>
> **SCP-3740:** That's the one! So I'm waving the business at him, and he- hang on, Xenu, you want another drink? Who am I kidding, of course you do! Let me just get-
>
> (*SCP-3740 manipulates the wind in the room to move*

Agent Allen's mug over to a cask and pour him another drink, returning the cup when finished. Agent Allen nods in approval.)

SCP-3740: Anyway, he- he tries to throw the whole river at me! Can you believe that? After I'd offered him the courtesy of taking the high ground, he decides he wants to- to give me the ole one-two-dunk-a-roo!

Dr. Vickers: The scoundrel!

Researcher Kale: So what did you do?

SCP-3740: Smacked him in the face with the God Rod, of course!

(*The room laughs again*)

Researcher Robinson: I've got one better. So one time I was hired to fight the Broken God on a field in Alagadda, and I've got the Spear of the Non-Believer in my right hand and the severed head of Jack Bright in my left-

SCP-3740: Aha! A thrilling tale! Do go on!

Agent Ivers: Ahhhhh don't listen to him. He's full of shit.

SCP-3740: Spirits save you! What a calamitous turn of events. My friend Bonebreaker[5], there are facilities just down the hall here- the finest in the entire realm, imported straight from the far off land of Kohler!

Researcher Robinson: What? You mean the bathroom? Why?

SCP-3740: You are full of shit, are you not?

(*The room laughs again.*)

Addendum 3740.6: 11/4/2017 Event Transcription

Note: On 11/4/2017, another entity, called "Suen" by SCP-3740, appeared suddenly within SCP-3740's containment chamber. This entity, a muscular humanoid male wearing an armored chestplate and helm and carrying a spear, communicated briefly with containment personnel before disappearing. The following is a transcript of that exchange.

SCP-3740: -so then I told him, what greater power could a god wield than that of spinning an orange ball on one finger? Truly unbelievable!

(*There is a loud cracking sound, and then the unknown humanoid entity appears.*)

Suen: Ashur? Come on, buddy, it's time to- wait. Hang on, what's going on here?

SCP-3740: Ah, Suen! My friend! You've returned to the past as well? What a fortunate coincidence! I was just telling my friend Ulmar here about our misadventures in the old times!

Suen: Ulmar? (*Addresses Dr. Barrett*) Who are you?

Dr. Barrett: I- I'm Ulmar. The, uh, the Unbroken. Who are you?

Suen: Ulmar? I've never heard of an Ulmar the Unbroken! Say, what sort of nonsense is going on here? Ashur, what is the meaning of this?

SCP-3740: I already told you, graceful and delicate Suen, this is-

Suen: Don't call me that.

SCP-3740: -Ulmar the Unbroken! A powerful lord of this world, such as myself. Behold his magnificent power! (*Nudges Dr. Barrett*) Show him the breadth of your strength, Ulmar!

(*Dr. Barrett hesitantly draws his elbow to his mouth and*

licks it.)

SCP-3740: (*Gasps audibly*) Revel in this majesty with me, Suen! See how his arm does not break free from the socket! Gaze upon the length of his tongue! The nations of the world should rightfully fear this man!

(*Suen does not appear impressed.*)

SCP-3740: As I was saying, Suen, it's excellent to see you again. My fine companion Ulmar here and the members of his pantheon have suitably stocked this royal château I now inhabit, all in the finest wares from across the countryside. It is a veritable fortress of luxury, my friend!

Suen: What do you mean, "royal château"? Do you not realize that you are- (*Pauses*) ohhhh, I see what's going on here. You've got a sort of- yeah, okay, absolutely, this is great. (*Sighs*) What a relief.

Dr. Barrett: What? What do you mean?

Suen: (*Takes Dr. Barrett aside*) You would not believe how long we've been babysitting Ashur. The guy just cannot be helped. You know what I mean, obviously, but still. A handful, am I right? (*Laughs*) We even had this whole custody thing set up, where I'd take him for a few decades, and then Nergal would be after me but he's always busy with something, and that Nazarene wino with the fish obsession has been flaking for like two thousand years, but… either way, listen, you're doing me a huge favor here buddy. I can't tell you how much I appreciate it.

Dr. Barrett: Hang on- what? Who are you again?

Suen: Suen, God of the Moon. (*Makes a dismissive gesture*) But don't worry about any of that, just keep up the good work! If you need anything, call me! (*Suen disappears without warning*)

Dr. Barrett: Wha- what? Hello? Did anyone else see that?

SCP-3740: (*Chuckling*) Man, that Suen. Haven't seen him in a while. What a character though, huh? Can you believe that guy thinks he's a god? (*Laughs*) "God of the Moon". What does that even mean?

Footnotes
1. While originally it was believed that only higher-quality beers would serve to satisfy SCP-3740, the entity has shown no preference against more commercial brands and as such, these casks are to contain Miller High Life beer.
2. During a particular feast held by SCP-3740, Researcher Quinn, who had previously been called “Carmet the Ecclesiastical", engaged in inebriated sparring with Dr. Barrett. After ten minutes of sustained combat with provided sabers, SCP-3740 proclaimed Researcher Quinn to be “Carmet the Likewise Unbroken”, and has referred to her as such ever since.
3. In reference to SCP-3740’s defeat in a game of checkers by Researcher Marshall, resulting in a ten-day period of mourning by SCP-3740, followed by the entity proclaiming Researcher Marshall to be the “greatest champion of this green Earth.”
4. Notably, while SCP-3740 thoroughly enjoys sparring and talks openly about his extensive career in warfare, he is a decidedly poor fighter, and guardians must be careful to not agitate him by besting him.
5. Researcher Robinson.

SCP-3743: Tank School: A School for Tanks!

Item #: SCP-3743

Object Class: Euclid

Containment Procedures: The perimeter surrounding SCP-3743 is to be fenced off and no less than 3 Security personnel are to patrol the perimeter to prevent entry. Should SCP-3743-A to G attempt to breach containment then a task squad are to be dispatched immediately to retrieve it.

Description: SCP-3743 is a school located in a small town in Southern Japan. SCP-3743 resembles a typical Japanese school, which has been modified to contain extra wide corridors and doors, a barracks and a shooting range. The sign at the front gates of SCP-3743 reads 'Tank School: A School for Tanks'. Residing within SCP-3743 are 7 tanks of varying makes designated SCP-3743-A to G.
SCP-3743-A to G appear to go through a typical school day, attending classes, having lunch in the cafeteria, and returning to the barracks at night. The objects are able to maneuver without the need of a driver and are fully capable of human speech, despite lack of an oral cavity and vocal chords needed to do so. The objects are not hostile and enjoy conversing with members of staff and each appear to have their own distinct personalities.

SCP	Model	Description
SCP-3743-A	M4 Sherman	Speaks with a thick American accent. Is often observed being late to lessons or not going at all. Has been shown to start food fights in the cafeteria
SCP-3743-B	Panzer IV	Speaks with a German accent. Often

		attempts to converse with the guards and is the first to volunteer to be interviewed
SCP-3743-C	CHAR B1	Speaks with a French accent. Has attempted to flirt with male site staff on numerous occasions. Site staff have been informed to resist all advances
SCP-3743-D	T-34	Speaks with a thick Russian accent. Is reportedly the sister of SCP-3743-G. Is generally dismissive towards site staff and actively resists being interviewed
SCP-3743-E	TOG II	Speaks with in a posh British accent. Acts as the school teacher and is the most informed about how SCP-3743 originated
SCP-3743-F	Chi-Nu	Speaks with a Japanese accent. Is the most talented 'student' according to SCP-3743-E and is often seen alone practising at the shooting range
SCP-3743-G	IS-2	Speaks with a Russian accent. Is the sister of SCP-3743-D. Does not attend classes and is avoided and feared by the other specimens. Is to

	be kept under strict observation since Incident-3743-G

Interview Logs:

Interviewed: SCP-3743-E

Interviewer: Researcher Barker

<Begin Log>

Barker: Good Evening SCP-3743.

SCP-3743-E: Oh, I would much prefer if you called me TOG II. That is the name her majesty the queen gave me herself you know.

Barker: Very well. So TOG II, what can you tell me about this 'tank school' of yours.

SCP-3743-E: Well, after the war there wasn't much work for many of us surviving tanks you know. Especially with those new fancy models they have these days. I consider myself lucky I wasn't one of the ones who got melted down to use as scrap metal. It was perfectly horrid!! Luckily he found me and brought us here or God forbid I might have been shut up in one of those museums!

Barker: Who do you mean by 'he'?

SCP-3743-E: Ah… he was such a kind fellow. Its all thanks to him that we can move on our own and talk. After he found he brought me here and that's when I met those darling girls.

Barker So you remember what it was like before he changed you?

SCP-3743-E: As if it was yesterday dear. Oh I may be old now but I would give anything to see combat again. If

only you humans hadn't signed that peace treaty of yours.

Barker: So, where is he now?

SCP-3743-E: It pains me to say it but he departed us many decades ago. I fear he may have moved on to a better place since then, he was getting on in years you know.

Barker: Indeed. So what can you tell me about the others?

SCP-3743-E Oh my darling girls! I do love them so. So sweet. So innocent. Most of them only came in at the end of the war. Oh we all get along so well at our school. Well… except…

Barker: Except…?

SCP-3743-E: Oh my poor dear sweet IS-2. Why did she have to witness such a devastating loss?They say over 4000 Russian tanks were destroyed in the Battle of Stalingrad. I fear the poor girl will never be the same again.

Barker: Hm… interesting. Well thank you SCP-3743-E. You have been very helpful today.

SCP-3743-E: Oh it was my pleasure, my dear. Do drop by for a visit again soon. The girls do ever so love visitors.

Incident report: Incident-SCP-3743-G

Interviewed: SCP-3743-G

Interviewer: Researcher Barker

<Begin Log>

Barker: Hello SCP-3743-G

[SCP-3743-G begins to giggle to itself quietly]

Barker: SCP-3743-E tells me you have been having a bit of trouble at school recently. Is there anything you would like to talk about?

SCP-3743-G: Oh. Hello! You want to talk to me? The other girls at school never want to talk to me.

Barker: Do you know why that is?

SCP-3743-G: They all think I'm crazy. Do you think I'm crazy?

Barker: Of course not.

SCP-3743-G: You should do [SCP-3743-G begins giggling louder this time]

Barker: And why is that?

SCP-3743-G: Can I tell you a little secret?

Barker: Go on.

SCP-3743-G: I want to kill you. Tee Hee! I want to slowly cut you open and hear you squeal like the cowardly little piggy you are.

Barker: Excuse me…?

SCP-3743-G: Is it fun for you? Hm? Is it fun when you drive us around in your little games and make us kill each other? WAS IT FUN WHEN YOU BLEW UP MY FRIENDS IN FRONT OF ME?! DID YOU LAUGH ABOUT IT?! I HOPE YOU LAUGHED SO HARD IT HURT! [SCP-3743-G'S 3 engine begins to rev loudly and attempts to break its restraints]

Barker: This interview is over. Guards, please return SCP-3743-G to its site.

SCP-3743-G: Oh, don't think you're getting away that easy. [A grenade is dropped out a side compartment on SCP-3743-G]

Barker What the?! How did it? Gua-! [The grenade explodes killing Researcher Barker and the two attending guards]

SCP-3743-G manages to break its restraints and breach containment. Due to lack of ammunition it is quickly recaptured. Staff are advised to avoid unnecessary contact with SCP-3743-G and all live weaponry within SCP-3743-G is to be seized immediately.

SCP-3747: Death by Vacuum

SCP-3750: A White Fish

Item #: SCP-3750

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: When not in use, SCP-3750 is to be stored in a standard safe-class deposit locker in Site-77. SCP-3750 is not to come in contact with systems or simulations which involve sensitive data, such as predictive algorithms, training simulations and games, as well as systems in which civilians could be considered actors.

Description: SCP-3750 is a standard Staunton-style white king chess piece composed of stained pine. Historical and scientific estimates suggest SCP-3750 was created in late 19th-century Britain, although no particular style or make has been found which matches the entity.

SCP-3750's anomalous properties manifest when it is used as a component in a board game. The player in possession of SCP-3750 will telepathically receive suggestions for moves and tactics along with commentary on the board state and other miscellaneous observations. SCP-3750 seems to have perfect knowledge of the "game state", but otherwise cannot perceive things near or around it, including, but not limited to, sounds, images and the condition and surroundings of SCP-3750.

Regardless of the player, SCP-3750 "speaks" in English and with a voice commonly described as "East Coast American". SCP-3750's suggestions have shown no cognitohazardous or compulsive properties in testing, and players are under no obligation to follow its suggestions.

SCP-3750 was recovered from a chess tournament on July 21, 1984 in Reykjavik, Iceland after numerous players on the white side of table seven complained to tournament officials about a "useless

kibitzer". Foundation officials recovered the anomaly and falsified an incident to redirect blame to a player.

Attached below is a game played between junior researcher Joselyn Tal and SCP-3750.

+ 3750_4.pgn

[Event "Foundation Internal Research"]
[Site "Site-77, L'Aquilla, ITA"]
[Date "2011.05.04"]
[Round "4"]
[White "SCP-3750 (via D-3750-1)"]
[Black "Junior Researcher Joselyn Tal"]
[Result "0 - 1"]
[WhiteElo "Unrated"]
[BlackElo "2083"]

{D-3750-1 was instructed to follow SCP-3750's suggestions as closely as possible and transcribe its communications.}

1. e4 e5 2. Ke2 Nf6
{SCP-3750: "Get me in there, boss. Let me show those fucking stupid-ass pawns what a real king can do.}
3. Kd3 Nc6 4. c4 Nxe4
{SCP-3750: "I fucking hate knights. They jump around like overstimulated rabbits."}
5. Kxe4 d5+ 6. cxd5 Qh4+
{SCP-3750: "This bitch thinks she can just boss me around however she likes?"}
7. g4 Bxg4 8. Qxg4 Qxg4+
{SCP-3750: "Whatever. Not like I loved her anyways."}
9. Kd3 Qd4+ 10. Kc2 Nb4+
{SCP-3750: "Stupid hoppy bastards. Kill one and there's always another."}
11. Kd1 Qxf2 12. Bb5+ c6
{SCP-3750: "Yeah, how do you like it, mister black king?"}

13. dxc6 bxc6 14. Bxc6+ Ke7
{SCP-3750: "Oh my god, this dumbass just let me have his rook!"}
15. Bxa8 Qf1#
{SCP-3750: "What the fuck, boss? How could you let this happen?"}

Following this test, further experimentation with other games was performed.

+ Test Log 3750-2

Test Date: 2011/05/05

Researcher: Junior Researcher Jesus Capablanca

Game: *Axis And Allies 2nd Edition*. SCP-3750 replaced a German infantry unit.

Result: SCP-3750 (as the Axis player) instructed D-3750-1 to focus all resources on North Africa, neglecting the Eastern Front, noting that "Those commie fucks couldn't invade a fruit basket."

Winner: Researcher Capablanca

+ Test Log 3750-3

Test Date: 2011/05/06

Researcher: Junior Researchers Capablanca and Tal

Game: *Agricola*. SCP-3750 replaced a "family member" marker.

Result: SCP-3750 instructed Researcher Tal to ignore all food production in favor of development as "this crib ain't gonna build itself."

Winner: Researcher Capablanca

Addendum(2011/09/23): Following incident 3750-1, procedures and

regulations regarding access to and testing of SCP-3750 have been updated to reflect new knowledge.

+ Incident 3750-1

During a testing session, researchers Tal and Capablanca entered a conversation on the current financial state of Site-77. When SCP-3750 came in contact with a spreadsheet containing financial information, including quarterly expenditure forecasts, SCP-3750 made telepathic contact with the entire financial staff of Site-77. A transcription of the communication is embedded below.

> "You bitches gotta be more aggressive with your funding. This **`fifteen-oh-seven`** thing? Why the fuck do you need soundproofing for plastic lawn ornaments? You nerds are blowing so much money that you could be using to get serious pussy. Why the fuck do you call everything "safe" if you're going to soundproof and bulletproof and waterproof everything? Seriously, what's the worst that could happen?

Current hypotheses state that SCP-3750 detected the financial workings of Site-77 as a "game" and the financial staff as "players." In order to prevent public knowledge of Foundation information, a more stringent policy was enacted in which potential systems are screened before contact with SCP-3750.

SCP-3755: Guess How Many

Item #: SCP-3755

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel reading this document are required to examine the attached photograph before reading beyond this paragraph. Those unable to immediately identify the number of objects pictured, as indicated by the caption, should close this file and report to the Senior Researcher assigned to SCP-3755[1]. Otherwise, no special action is required before reading the rest of this document.

Warning: The following material contains Class I Cognitohazards. Read the above portion of the Special Containment Procedures before proceding.

Foundation staff unable to display SCP-3755-1 or who show symptoms of SCP-3755-2 should be reported to the Senior Researcher assigned to SCP-3755 for documentation and treatment. Persons showing symptoms of SCP-3755-2 are not to be made aware of their condition. Clearance Level 2/3755 is required to access this document. Clearance Level 2/3755 is not to be given to personnel symptomatic of SCP-3755-2. Information regarding SCP-3755, particularly known SCP-3755-2 manifestations, is considered cognitohazardous to anyone who does not possess Clearance Level 2/3755.

The number 755 is on the list of keywords monitored by Foundation web crawlers. Situations where SCP-3755 is suspected to have been discovered by members of the public are to be investigated and contained using procedures standard for outbreaks of Class I Cognitohazards[2], with the additional provision that all members of the responding MTF must have Clearance Level 2/3755.

Description: SCP-3755-1 is a phenomenon where individuals

presented with 755 similar items are able to assess the exact number of items in the set. This enumeration is performed immediately (within <100ms) and has only been observed with sets of 755 objects. Subjects who display SCP-3755-1 show high confidence in their assessment and show no surprise when proven correct, even when reminded of the unlikelihood of perfect estimation with such a large number of objects. MRI scans comparing brains performing SCP-3755-1 and non-anomalous subitizing display similar activation patterns. SCP-3755-1 can be displayed by 83% of humans capable of subitizing.

SCP-3755-2 is a psychological condition found in those unable to display SCP-3755-1[3]. Subjects affected by SCP-3755-2 exhibit hesitance in situations that require the assignment of numerical values to physical objects or abstract concepts. The condition initially manifests uniquely in each individual who suffers from SCP-3755-2, influencing a single aspect of their daily lives (See Document SCP-3755-A for examples of known cases.). When a person discovers they are unable to display SCP-3755-1, their SCP-3755-2 symptoms worsen[4]. The development of these symptoms progresses as follows:

Phase 1 (Initial State): Subjects regularly suffer minor doubt when recalling numbers, counting objects, or estimating amounts in relation to their SCP-3755-2 manifestation. These doubts usually manifest as light urges to recount or recheck their source on a matter.

Phase 2 (72 Hours After Exposure to SCP-3755-1): SCP-3755-2 symptoms increase in intensity. Subjects feel anxiety when introduced to situations connected to their manifestation.

Phase 3 (1 Week After Exposure): Subjects cannot perform tasks which involve their SCP-3755-2 manifestation without seeking confirmation on their assessments. This confirmation must come from an another individual.

Phase 4 (3 Weeks After Exposure): Subjects no longer find external confirmation sufficient to calm their doubts.

Phase 5 (1 Month After Exposure): Subjects reject all numerical

assessments that relate to the area of their SCP-3755-2 manifestation, even when such assessments originate from outside sources such as trusted colleagues or friends.

Progression through these phases can be more rapid in cases where subjects have existing anxiety or compulsive disorders. SCP-3755-2 symptoms can be lowered to Phase 1 levels through the application of Class B amnestics targeting the memories of SCP-3755-1 exposure. Amnestic treatment has only proven effective before the onset of Phase 4.

Additionally, SCP-3755-2 manifestations appear to be transmittable. When the details of another person's symptoms are brought to the attention of someone susceptible to SCP-3755-2, they begin to display similar symptoms. The reason for this transmission is unknown. Ongoing research focuses on determining if the transmission vector is a form of hypochondria or an anomalous memetic effect. Amnestics are ineffective in purging transmitted symptoms of SCP-3755-2.

+ Document SCP-3755-
A: SCP-3755-2 Manifestation Log

This record contains a partial list of members of

Individu	Area of SCP-3755 Manifestat	Commo Phase Manifestat	Furthes Stage o Progressi	Manifestation at Later Stage
Junior Researcher Henry Zoltowski	Amounts of coins	Found difficulty making exact change.	Phase 5	Refuses to shop at locations which do not accept credit cards.
Dr. Jules Pendleton	Speed limits	Is often unsure of the speed limit, even in areas she knows	Phase 2	Requested to carpool with Dr. to and from Site 19.

		well.		(Since recovered)
Agent Donald Rice	Times of day	Rechecks schedule in 15 minute intervals to confirm when regular meetings are to take place.	Phase 1	N/A
Junior Researcher Boris Lockhead	Measurements	Always looks up conversion factors for Imperial units.	Phase 1	N/A
D-33087	Ages	Habitually calculates the ages of their children.	Phase 5	Birth records were only found for 2 of the 4 children D-33087 claimed to have. D-33087 did not accept the veracity of the documents and stated their oldest child was 15 years old and their

				youngest children (supposedly twins) were "turning 40 next October." D-33087 was 34 years old upon reaching Phase 5.
Dr. Jason Brave	Medical dosages	Has almost handed out improper doses of amnestics on five occasions in the past month.	Phase 2	Deferred all requests for prescription fulfillment to Dr. . (Since recovered)
Analyst Ruth Ninsular	Food portions	Over-orders food for office parties.	Phase 1	N/A
Dr. Victor Salvor	Measurements	Often inserts the wrong SI prefixes in drafts for SCP Documents.	Phase 3	[REDACTED][5] (Since recovered)

Footnotes

1. Presently Dr. Jakob Loewen. E-mail address:pcs.noitadnuof|neweol.q.bokaj#pcs.noitadnuof|neweol.q.bokaj
2. SeeFoundation Containment Standards for Informational

AnomaliesChapter 3, Section 2: Managing Cognitohazard Outbreaks.

3. Individuals affected by SCP-3755-2 react to sets of 755 objects the same way other individuals react to similar sets containing a different number of objects.

4. This requires that the subject has previously been exposed to a person actively displaying SCP-3755-1.

5. After being diagnosed with SCP-3755-2, Dr. Salvor was cleared of all charges regarding Incident - . Documentation written by Dr. Salvor must go through an additional round of review before submission.

SCP-3757: Cocoon Park

Item #: SCP-3757

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Currently, there is an unknown number of uncontained SCP-3757 instances. Captured SCP-3757 instances are to be kept collectively in a standard insectoid containment cell with dim lighting. A used rubber tire is to be placed in the containment cell every two days for consumption.

Areas affected by SCP-3757 are to be concealed with black tarp extending 2 meters taller than the area and surrounded with wire fencing. Additionally, signs stating that the area is "under construction" are to be placed along the perimeter. All fixtures may be removed only after the metamorphosis is completed (three weeks on average) and the area is cleared of any remaining evidence of the incident.

Foundation agents have been dispatched to the Midwestern United States to search for leads concerning Hive Detailing & Restoration Midwest, LLC.

Description: SCP-3757 is a species of insect bearing close similarities to *lampyridae* (commonly known as fireflies or lightning bugs). SCP-3757 instances are completely identical to natural fireflies, with the exception of a slightly larger size (22mm on average) and two other major biological differences.

The first is the presence of a spinneret, located on the front of the lower abdomen and above the luminescent organ. The spinneret is fully functional and can be used to form webbing in a similar fashion to most spiders. Researchers have concluded that the reason for the increased size is to store webbing within its body more effectively.

The second noted biological difference between SCP-3757 and

members of the *lampyridae* family concerns SCP-3757's webbing, which is consistent with different types of construction material, the most common being plastic and rubber, rather than silk. The majority of SCP-3757 instances have exhibited the ability to only synthesize one type of material, although a minority are able to create more than one.

Additionally, SCP-3757 has been seen feeding from non-organic sources as opposed to plant pollen and nectar. Testing has shown that SCP-3757 does not consume the same webbing material in order to create it (e.g. consume rubber to make rubber web). As such, it is currently unknown how it is able to produce these materials.

Discovery: The Foundation first gained knowledge of SCP-3757 during an incident within Perkins Park in Burlington, Iowa. The park houses a playground that, according to city officials, was very popular several years ago, but had lost a significant amount of traffic due to safety concerns among parents. Most frequent comments were as follows:

- Metal slides in varying heights with rusty railings
- Swing sets disconnected from suspension chains
- Graffiti on play structures
- Wooden benches in disrepair; splintered planks in minor cases, planks completely missing in severe cases.
- Weeds and overgrowth under majority of play structures.

Incident Log:

08/20/17, approx. 10:00pm CST: An evening jogger had reported to local police authorities what they had believed to be an attempt to vandalize the playground area. Upon closer inspection, a swarm of SCP-3757 had coated the entire playground in webbing (later testing confirmed the material to be a rubber compound). Soon after, a Foundation agent implanted in the police force requested assistance from Site-319 to begin containment, following procedures listed at the top of the document.

08/21/17, approx. 7:00am CST: The communal webbing made by the SCP-3757 swarm had formed into a dome construct over the playground equipment and hardened, resembling a cocoon. Overall toughness of the cocoon was found to be similar to plexiglass, with thickness estimated at 9cm. Request sent to Site-319 Director for permission to use force to break through the surface. Request denied.

08/25/17, approx. 2:30pm CST: SCP-3757 instances are seen entering through a crevice at the apex of the cocoon. Several instances are successfully recovered at this time and are taken back to Site-319 for study.

08/25/17-09/09/17: Very subtle vibrations in the cocoon become apparent. Sounds can be heard from the inside of the cocoon, described to be similar to squeaking plastic and clinking metal. Researchers note a smell akin to burning rubber. An attempt to view the inside of the cocoon is made via camera, but it is disabled upon entry due to hard plastic coating the lens, presumably from an SCP-3757 instance.

09/10/17, approx. 11:15pm CST: SCP-3757 instances are seen exiting the cocoon and leaving the park area. Attempts to follow the flight paths of several SCP-3757 instances to their point of origin are met with failure: each instance traveled to different locations, the majority stopping to feed on lawn ornaments or garden hoses, and further investigation found no connection to SCP-3757 among any of them.

09/13/17, approx. 6:00am CST: Cocoon begins to crack, starting from the entry crevice at the top. This continues for 2.5 hours. At the end of the process, the playground is revealed to have been modified to some degree. Previous testimonies from surrounding neighborhoods are proven to be irrelevant, as all playground equipment appears to be brand new after a thorough investigation of the playground site. Large play structures have a logo imprinted on them, depicting a

cartoonish wasp hive and "HIVE DETAILING & RESTORATION MIDWEST, LLC" underneath. No SCP-3757 instances are found during clean-up and fragments of the cocoon are taken for study.

Addendum: No web results have appeared for HD&R Midwest, nor have any transaction records among construction suppliers yielded any useful information.

One month after the discovery incident, a cover story had been prepared for Burlington City Council. They were cleared to launch a "Grand Reopening" of the Perkins Park playground after Foundation agents confirmed the playground had not exhibited any anomalous activity since emergence, with a shell company created by the Foundation taking credit for the new additions to the playground.

In the eight months following the discovery incident, there have been four additional SCP-3757 related incidents sighted and secured by the Foundation in the Midwestern United States. Each incident shares a common trait of park playgrounds that have not been maintained or updated to meet modern safety standards. It is unclear if SCP-3757 will cease repairing public areas, in the event that all playground areas are made safe, or if they will "reassign" themselves to other recreational areas.

SCP-3759: Isle of the Tortoise Terminarch

Item #: SCP-3759

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: GPS trackers are to be maintained on the landmass occupied by SCP-3759. Standard disinformation, ship and aircraft redirection, and satellite imagery doctoring protocols apply.

Description: SCP-3759 denotes a group of several thousand intangible Abingdon Island giant tortoises (*Chelonoidis abingdonii*) residing on a variable landmass currently 380 km west of the Ecuador coast.

SCP-3759 instances transmute any surface they step on into volcanic rock, up to a maximum radius of 5.8 m. Geological analysis of this rock indicates composition consistent with that of the Galapagos Islands. Rock produced by SCP-3759 instances is the only known material they cannot phase through.

The amount of surface the SCP-3759 population can transmute at once has an upper limit of approximately 1.4 km^2; at this point any further transmutation causes an equal amount of previously transmuted rock to convert into seawater.

Freshwater pools and vegetation native to the Galapagos spontaneously appear near the center of the landmass at consistent intervals.

Addendum: On the morning of 6/24/2012, "Lonesome George", the last non-anomalous Abingdon Island tortoise, died. The population of SCP-3759 organized into a circular arrangement, and in the center of the circle, a new instance of SCP-3759 manifested. This is the only time the creation of a new instance has been recorded.

SCP-3760: He's got lifeless eyes. Black eyes. Like a doll's eyes.

Item #: SCP-3760

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Subliminal Memetic Agent Kappa/Omicron ("SMA-K/O") is to remain in global circulation, propagated via a fabricated "scientific fact" that acts as a carrier. The Department of Misinformation is to suppress any notion that SMA-K/O's carrier may be untrue.

If an individual ceases to believe that the carrier information is factual, they will lose the effects of SMA-K/O and become susceptible to SCP-3760's anomalous properties. To prevent a potential End-of-World **`K/O Failure Scenario`**, all records regarding the nature of SMA-K/O's carrier have been restricted to Level 5 access.

Description: SCP-3760 is an anomalous mutagenic phenomenon which affects the regrowth of human tissue in response to injury. Humans within proximity of a subject afflicted with SCP-3760 run an ongoing risk of infection; however, SCP-3760 does not appear to be microbial in nature. Due to the circumstances of its containment, the vector for transmission of SCP-3760 has yet to be conclusively determined.[1]

Injured[2] tissue in affected subjects will anomalously develop various forms of nonhuman biological features associated with members of the clade *Selachimorpha*. Such features most commonly include (but are not limited to):

- Dermal denticles[3]
- Benign cartilaginous growths
- Eyes (with nictitating membranes)[4]
- Nasal ducts
- Teeth and/or jaws

Sensory organs grown by affected subjects appear to be functional and respond appropriately to stimuli, but these sensations are not directly experienced by the subject themselves. Other organs demonstrate similar independent functionality, including mandibles capable of mastication. Involuntary self-injury from bites are frequent. Any matter consumed by an SCP-3760-grown oral cavity will vanish, despite the lack of observable connection to the subject's digestive tract.

These aforementioned orifices will repeatedly seek edible material for consumption;[5] this behavior intensifies in the presence of blood, and may even include acts of autocannibalism. A failure to consume edible material at regular intervals will result in necrosis of the affected tissue. In turn, this necessitates the removal of the necrotic tissue, which consequently leads to the emergence of additional SCP-3760 mutations and orifices.

Precise epidemiological statistics regarding the spread of SCP-3760 are currently impossible to ascertain. Estimates by Foundation researchers have placed the saturation rate of SCP-3760 to be between 71% and 92% of the global populace. SMA-K/O has proven capable of suppressing symptoms in most affected subjects, with only 2,785 recorded cases of SCP-3760 activity observed between 1958 and 2016.

Addendum: The following is a series of journal entries made by Dr. Keith Woodward, Ship's Medical Officer aboard the USS *Kirby*. His patients are believed to have been the first victims of SCP-3760.

August 5th 1922

Goodness knows I'm the worst at keeping records, but this feels important. Every instinct inside me is saying that something is very wrong. I have to write this all down before I forget.

Nobody knows how Willis Riggs ended up in the drink, least of all Riggs himself. Several men saw him heading below deck at 1521. At 1522, we had reports of a man overboard.

It was Riggs. Nobody saw it happen. When they pulled him aboard, he said he couldn't remember anything that had happened since breakfast that day. He was also missing a good chunk of his left foot.

They ask me to examine him, of course. Sewed up his foot, put a cast on it, and then tried to suss out why he couldn't remember anything. Concussion, I had figured. But besides the lost time, there didn't seem to be anything wrong with him. I told him to get some bedrest, and when he was gone I called the higher-ups. Only explanation I could come up with was that he had gotten something to drink and fell overboard. But he didn't look intoxicated.

It was a strange case. Folks talked about it for a couple of days, but I didn't think too much of it. Things happen. I've seen worse.

But then things kept happening. All sorts of accidents here and there. I didn't find out about most of it till later on. These aren't the type of men to go crying to the doctor for any little thing. Worst case I had after the Riggs' incident was some foolhardy kid with a black eye.

About a week after he'd gotten his foot chomped, Riggs came stammering into my office. He said he hadn't been able to get any sleep the past few nights because of the noise. I told him that he ought to be used to noisy nights on a ship like this. Then he said it wasn't the loudness that kept it him up, but where it was coming from. He propped up his foot on my desk and asked me to listen to his cast.

I gave him some pills and kicked him out. Figured his concussion was finally showing itself.

And then, just last night, they dragged Riggs into my office. He was screaming so loud you'd think he was on fire. They had to hold him down while I cut off the cast.

I expected gangrene. Over two decades, I've seen some serious cases — smelled them, too. You learn to expect the worst in this profession.

But the miasma from inside that cast was the worst damn thing I've ever smelled in my life. It was like someone shit in a dead fish and left it in the hot summer sun for a week. The flesh around his foot was all kinds of black and green and maroon. There were these sharp, tooth-like protrusions sticking out of the skin where I'd put the sutures. They'd chewed through the thread in several places, leaving open gaps that exposed more rows of smaller, sharper teeth inside.

I told Riggs and the others that his foot had gotten infected. Had to scrap the whole thing up to the knee. Ever since the op, I can't sleep. It's been affecting my work, my judgment, even my vision. I've had this dark spot at the edge of my vision that keeps coming and going. Probably just need to stop writing and go to sleep.

August 8th 1922

They brought the kid with the black eye in again today. His right eyelid was swollen shut; blood trickled from it like a leaky faucet. I had to use pincers to peel the lid back. Wasn't just the swelling that kept it shut. It was those little teeth again. They'd grown into the back of the lid and bit in.

He started making jokes about the eyepatch right away.

Speaking of eyes, my vision has gotten worse. The dark spot's moved to the center of it and won't go away. Even when I close my eyes, the colors don't dance in that one tiny spot. Is it possible that smell burned my corneas? One of the men who'd helped bring Riggs in—Ronnie Gaines, I think—said he'd been having headaches ever since that night. Wouldn't be surprised if whatever the hell Riggs has is toxic.

August 9th 1922

I had three more men in today. No teeth this time, though.

One of them had this rash going up his back that he said itched like crazy. It looked like acne at first, and he did have some acne back there, but there were all these bumps, all in neat little rows, all tender to the touch. I gave him some ointment.

One of them had a growth on his big toe. Big chunk of something sticking out of the space on the left side where the nail ended. Looked almost like coral, except it was translucent and slightly rubbery. I cut it off.

One of them had an earache. I looked inside and saw something look back at me. I told him it was his imagination.

The dark spot on my vision keeps getting bigger. It's not even a spot anymore. Its shape keeps changing. Wish we had an optometrist.

August 11th 1922

I told the higher-ups. They thought I was crazy. I wouldn't shut up about it, though, so they locked me away.

Rigg's leg tore a man's throat out today. So they let me go.

August 18th 1922

I have a little plate in front of me with bits of meat on it. Every few minutes I hold a piece up to my left ring finger. The nail slides up and it bears its teeth. I push the meat in and get back to taking care of the men. This is how things are now.

The higher-ups told me to reassure them that we're going home. They don't want any more men jumping into the ocean. Risks spreading the disease, they said.

I followed orders. But I also mentioned that if they felt like jumping, come see me first.

August 22nd 1922

Ronnie Gaines died this morning. There's a hole full of teeth where his face should be. He'd been complaining of migraines for days. I figured he had something going on inside. I just didn't think it would bite.

The curious part is that the teeth are still gnashing. Guess it makes sense. Riggs didn't die when his foot died. Why should the foot die if Riggs died?

August 23rd 1922

Riggs died

August 29th 1922

There's nothing more to write. I don't understand it. I can't heal it. I've already described it. No point in writing now. I have mouths to feed

September 5th 1922

I can see it clearly now. I can't quite make out its features, even though it's all I can see. It looks like a person.

It wasn't getting bigger.

It's swimming towards me

Footnotes
1. One widely-held hypothesis proposed in 1922 suggests that SCP-3760 may be spread through eye contact.
2. Diseased tissue has been observed to be affected in some cases.
3. Scales which are structurally comparable to pointed teeth.
4. A translucent eyelid that moistens the eye while retaining vision.
5. With a notable preference for living or freshly deceased animal tissue.

SCP-3761: The War of the Squirrels

NOTICE FROM THE RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

This file describes an anomaly set on a future date. Information was gained from anomalous phenomena.

The decision to document a future anomaly was approved unanimously by HMCL Administration. Personnel are authorized to be cautious when activating Operation Kasum, as the true properties of SCP-3761 are uncertain.

Secure. Contain. Protect.

- Jane Erwin, RAISA

Item #: SCP-3761

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As of 09/5/1986, Operation Kasum has been enacted by order of O5-8 and will be ongoing until 07/30/2063. Operation Kasum consists of the following procedures:

- 24 hours before SCP-3761 occurs, Butler County, Kansas, USA shall be deemed a no-fly zone, and all civilian access is to be denied. Civilians already present within the county are to be transported to Sedgewick County under the cover story of a natural disaster.

- Over the course of 50 years, 125,000,000 lab-grown *Sciuridae* specimens that are less intelligent than SCP-3761-A are to be created. These specimens are being created at over 200 Sites/Areas[1], each using anomalous biotechnology to produce the specimens. Upon the appearance of SCP-3761, all of the specimens are to be released into the public for the purpose of spreading across the Earth according to plans present within Document 179-M, which should replace most of the squirrels that would participate and be killed in SCP-3761.

- Each specimen is to be placed within a *Sciuridae Containment and Protection Facility (SCaPF)*. Each SCaPF is capable of holding 2 million squirrels indefinitely, and 30 million temporarily. Every squirrel has had Formula Class-877 Mass-Reproduction Aerosol Recipe applied to them, which causes constant fertilization of females, and would allow each specimen to gestate 6-10 offspring at once. Large amounts of squirrels are to be relocated to another SCaPF unit if the current one is full.

- The existence of SCP-3761-A's true intelligence is to be slowly introduced into the public under the guise of scientific discoveries over the course of 50 years. The stereotype that squirrels are unintelligent is to be replaced with the stereotype that squirrels are as intelligent as humans in modern culture. This will be done by inserting squirrel characters into popular television programs/movies/books that are seen as extremely smart. More information can be found within Document 818-Y.

- Mobile Task Force Tau-63 ("Vermin Supreme") is to collect any carvings within trees created by squirrels and prevent any from reaching the public, and are to transport them to Site-119 for research. Amnestics are to be administered to any civilians found to have knowledge regarding SCP-3761 and/or carvings created by SCP-3761-A.

- Extensive containment procedures are not currently necessary for SCP-3761-1, as they are currently allies with the Foundation and have agreed to not expose themselves to the public. However, SCP-3761-1 are to be monitored at all times, and are to be deterred from Kansas by any means

necessary during SCP-3761.

- All squirrel based anomalies currently under Foundation control are to be heavily monitored and are to undergo revised containment procedures during SCP-3761. Personnel assigned to squirrel based anomalies are to view Document 226-U for more information.

Site-119 has been created in Butler County, Kansas as an area for Foundation personnel to observe SCP-3761 when it occurs and for the creation of squirrel specimens. A site dossier has been sent to personnel with 2/3761 clearance by request of the Site Director of Site-119.

After Incident-2A7, Site-119 and Site-551 Administration have unanimously voted for the secondary use of Site-551 as a research facility for anomalous entities/phenomena that are suspected to be connected to SCP-3761. Personnel with 3/3761 clearance are required to view the Site-551 Dossier for more information.

Description: SCP-3761 is the designation for an anomalous event that will occur on 07/23/2063, which is currently theorized to be the date of an event affecting all species of *Sciuridae* (squirrels). SCP-3761's existence has been identified by prediction based anomalies as well as multiple texts of varying origins that show similar outcomes on the aforementioned date.

It is currently theorized that during SCP-3761, every squirrel on Earth will dig a hole approximately .5 meters underneath their current location, in which a space-time anomaly will manifest, transporting each squirrel to .5 meters directly underneath Butler County, Kansas, USA. The squirrels will dig out of their holes, and will attack one another in an unknown manner (see SCP-3761 Documentation 3761-2). SCP-3761 will end on 07/24/2063, whereby all surviving squirrels will utilize the stated space-time anomaly to return to their original locations, and will refill the holes with dirt once they have successfully transported back.

SCP-3761-A is the collective designation for all squirrels on Earth. It has been observed that SCP-3761-A ranks approximately an 8.9-9.1 on the **FAITH scale**.[2] SCP-3761-A as a whole are capable of

learning human languages and can communicate by carving into the bark of trees. However, squirrels have never attempted to communicate with humans, and all attempts at an interview with a squirrel have been met with failure. In extremely rare cases, it has been observed that SCP-3761-A instances are capable of verbal communication (see SCP-3761 Documentation 3761-3).

SCP-3761-1 designates a religious group, colloquially known as the "Church of Patteeism", that practices the belief of squirrel and human equality. Members of the group include individuals of varying ethnic background and age groups. Most of SCP-3761-1's members live within an area in , India that it has dubbed "The Secluded Oak." Further information regarding this location is unavailable to the Foundation.[3] The current leader of SCP-3761-1 is Grand Prophet Timothy Lockridge.

SCP-3761-1 has been observed performing rituals to appease their deity, which is referred to as "पेड़ प्राणी", or "Tree Critter". The nature of said rituals vary greatly, and have been observed to have included praying, preparation of food, the burning of wood sculptures in the shape of a falcon, and simple chanting.

A mantra is used during these rituals, and is regarded as a vital part of it. The following is an English version of the mantra confiscated from an SCP-3761-1 outpost:

> *We were once with the Trees,*
>
> *Rolling plains as far as the eye can see.*
>
> *Out of the tree we went, walking with the Grass Sea,*
>
> *Out of the caring leaves that made us Free,*
>
> *Our ancestors saw what their brethren would be,*
>
> *And would watch over us in the Canopy,*
>
> *Tree Critter ditto shows pity,*
>
> *He raises His hand and shows our only Quality,*

His light guiding us to Equality,

Where we once more can be with the Trees.

According to confiscated text "Hand of the Trees"[4], Tree Critter has the body structure of a human, and the head of a squirrel. Tree Critter is said to wear only a red and white striped robe with a hood that covers their eyes, and is noted to always carry a large unidentified scroll.[5] According to Hand of the Trees, Tree Critter is capable of taking the form of anything it desires, but it chooses the previously aforementioned form when communicating with SCP-3761-1.

SCP-3761-1 has stated on multiple occasions that it will attempt to assist in SCP-3761, however it is currently unknown how they will accomplish this.

Addendum-A: Abridged list of anomalies used to verify SCP-3761's existence:

Anomaly	Method of Prediction
SCP-1032	SCP-1032 displays a hand that reads "The War of the Squirrels" which will reach its midnight event on 07/24/2063, suggesting that SCP-3761 will only last 24 hours.
SCP-187	SCP-187 states that she feels extremely uncomfortable and upset whenever she is within Butler County, Kansas. She states that the entire area is filled with holes that have squirrel carcasses within them.
SCP-411	SCP-411 has, on multiple occasions, said that it "remembers" the "The Battle of the Tree Rats" occurring on 07/23/2063 in "The Breadbasket of America." SCP-411 has stated that it does not wish to grant any

	more information than this.
SCP-2327	After SCP-2327 specimens leave instances of SCP-2327-1, a message is almost always found within the subjects' stomach lining, most likely written with their claws before attempting to escape. An autopsy of an SCP-2327-1 instance reveals that it reads "Remmember warr [sic]".
SCP-2050	SCP-2050 regards SCP-3761 as a extremely important event to them, and states that it would rival the "Crusades of the Woodchucks". It is unknown what this refers to. Additionally, SCP-2050 believes that Kansas is actually the Middle East country of Palestine.
SCP-2003	Determinate Set XL continues normally in a manner similar to XN until 07/23/2063 where all species of *Sciuridae* go completely extinct from an unknown virus that spreads only through squirrel species. The virus is regarded as "The TAKE CARE Virus" by local scientific groups for unknown reasons.
SCP-2707	[DATA EXPUNGED]. If SCP-2707 is to live beyond its suspected natural life-span, SCP-2707 is to be decommissioned on 07/22/2063. Failure to do so will result in a CK-Class Dominance Shift scenario.

Addendum-B: LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO ACCESS THE FOLLOWING FILES

Hand of the Trees

The following are excerpts from Hand of the Trees, SCP-3761-1's religious text. The text is written entirely in Hindi, and has been translated to English.

A sapling grew from the Rocky Grounds below, birthing bountiful fruit. From the fruits came a great Being, Tree Critter. Tree Critter tasted the fruit, and thought it plentiful. From the fruit, Tree Critter created other great Beings, the Wild Gods. Attuned to the nature around them, Wild Gods were in harmony with their surroundings. Wub're, The Frog God, ruled the shallow lakes and ponds. Psaw, The Flower Mistress, ruled over the Flowers and the Bees. Coy'te, The Joker, ruled over the Wolves and the Predators. Wei'kaamukuu, the Healer, ruled over the great Stallions of The Breadlands. And of course, Tree Critter ruled over the Squirrels that populated the land. - Paragraph 2.

Mess'r, The Tinker, was the last to Rise with Tree Critter. Mess'r asked Tree Critter with a Voice: "Oh great Critter, what may I rule over?" Tree Critter responded, "You will rule over the Rulers, you will watch over the Watchers, you are the God of Gods." Mess'r walked the Rocky Grounds with two legs, using their front hands to carry the World. On his left shoulder the Values, and on his right shoulder the Tree for which new fruit shall be grown. And with Mess'r's intellect birthed all of Creation and

Complexity, both flesh and metal and the inbetween. And it was glorious. -Paragraph 5.

Mess'r did bear children, and those children did bear children, and with that created Humanity and all of its followers. Mess'r's legacy lived on in their offspring. With the new found Humanity, they built a world where Mess'r's legacy would rule over the Wild Gods and their offspring. Mess'r said to Tree Critter: "Oh great Critter, I have ruled over the Rulers, I have watched over the Watchers, I have become the God of Gods, what else is there for me in this world?" Tree Critter responded: "Your job here is done, Tinker. May you rest in peace, and let Humanity shape this world for the better." Mess'r smiled, as they slowly sank into the Rocky Grounds. From their grave, came a new tree, bearing new fruit. -Paragraph 13

A man of noble heart walked the Rocky Grounds, in search for food for his family. That man was The Caretaker, one that studied the ways of Tree Critter, Humanity, and Squirrelkind. The Caretaker walked into the Great Tree, and into the bakery. The Baker said: "Caretaker, Son of Tree Critter, I am blessed that you have arrived in our great city." The Caretaker responded: "I am only here for a simple request. My family is starving, and I require bread to sustain them." The Caretaker took the offered bread. -Paragraph 179

The Caretaker heard a crunch underneath his foot, for he looked down and saw a dead squirrel underneath. The Great Tree witnessed the forfeit of the life of one of their own. Many gasped, many screamed, all of them scared. The blood seeped into the ground, and birthed a new tree, with withered bark and grey fruit, siphoning all hope and sanctuary from the land, known to many as the "Heart of Corruption." A holy flash appeared to The Caretaker, and a familiar voice introduced themselves. "Oh, Great Caretaker, you have violated the laws of the Forest. A life was snuffed out by your careless eye, and allowed entry into Narak from the Heart of Corruption. Leave, or face my relentless punishment." The Caretaker pleaded, stating that this wasn't of malicious drive, of how he values the life of squirrels and the world's sanctity very much. - Paragraph 180

"I am deeply sorry, Tree Critter, but I cannot leave, my family will starve if I do not get food for them! I shall cut down the Heart of Corruption and cleanse myself of malice." Tree Critter shed a tear, and trapped The Caretaker in a prison of light. "I am deeply sorry as well, Caretaker." Tree Critter summoned Kara, The Eternal Spear, and prepared to banish The Caretaker to the depths of Narak. Tree Critter lowered his hand, snuffed the Heart of Corruption, and began to rise into the air. "I have more important matters to attend to. If you truly care for the Forest, you will leave it." The Caretaker left the Great Tree, never to return. -Paragraph 181

Many of Squirrelkind despised The Caretaker. "His carelessness has cost us the life of one held dear, and stained The Great Tree. If Tree Critter shall not punish them, we will." Others forgave The Caretaker for his actions. "It was a pure accident, The Caretaker is a Man noble at heart, friend of Nature and Squirrelkind, the Heart of Corruption was not his corruption." The Squirrels that despised The Caretaker planned a punishment of the highest order: the defilement of their homeland, just like he did to theirs. Whether alive or dead, The Caretaker's legacy will be tarnished for all eternity. Time will be needed to prepare, many hundreds of years will be spent preparing to tarnish The Breadlands. -Paragraph 183

The Squirrels who forgave The Caretaker heard of this plan, and would intercept their attack on The Breadlands on the day of the attack. Soon, the Squirrels who despised The Caretaker learned of this, and it would be agreed that a great Battle would be held on the grounds of The Caretaker's homeland. And by decision of Squirrelkind, it would be called "Nubelere de Hoyo", or in Humanity's tongue "The War of The Squirrels," and it would be glorious. -Paragraph 184

SCP-3761 DOCUMENTATION-2

RECOVERED CARVINGS FROM SCP-3761-A

On / / , MTF Tau-63 encountered engravings inside of 2 separate dead trees in , Kenya which were written in Swahili, and are theorized to be related to SCP-3761-A. They have been transcribed here after translation to English.

Dear Grand Leader Lor-Thormar

It happened again. More friendly squirrels get taken by ev
tests kill squirrels from what heard. More humans from the
situation. They worried. They also tell me thing I do not k
Neo. Protos love Caretaker, and Neos hate Caretaker. Tol

They told us that they loved Caretaker just as much as
confusing sentence: Caretaker is already dead. No he ne
Also told us of "Kansas". I corrected them and said "Brea
name.

What was I saying? Oh yes. They are taking more and m
low. Very low, can confirm. This is proposal for developm
doesn't kill, but stops. Would help in War greatly.

Neo squirrels use cruel weapons. Nothing but shadows
blades, cruel seeds. While many want to kill them, they ar
matter how twisted. Thus why make stopping weaponry, n

Got off topic again. Point is we need to break in their Tree

Love live the Caretaker. Ankala-Koresh Daleem

-General Rommoth-Balash

War in years. We are not ready. Must prepare. Learned
Following are prototypes for weapons made for Squirrel-Ki

Death to the Caretaker.

Nut-Pelter: Small metal thing with long tube on one end.
and cashews. Capable of entering squirrel skin and killing.

Life-Grower: Not weapon; trained technique by Squad N
mouth, pierces skin. Tiny trees grow inside of bodies. Roo

Bite-and-Choke-Gas: Small objects shaped like tasty ac
cover area. Gas causes breathing tubes esophagus brea
acorns. Area becomes deep red and yellow mist after 10 m

Human-Smarties: Tablet candies eaten by humans for f
Humans smarts causes squirrels to have human emotion
food.

Ear-Ringers: Round shaped black ball. Not squirrel made
Big boom at black ball. Capable of killing many squirrels p

Sky-Eyes: Also not weapon; Squad Number Grass compo
Can throw nuts and other weapons at squirrels from sky. S

Tree-Critter-Bomb: If failing, detonate. Leave nothing but

Update: More prototypes for weapons developing. Mac
squirrel. Very good test. Other hostages not freed. Need m

Until next time. Ankala-Koresh Enkilish

SCP-3761 DOCUMENTATION-3

INCIDENT-2A7

On 07/23/2013, an anomalous entity manifested within , India, which was kilometers from Site-551. The entity had the facial structure of a squirrel, along with red-white striped robes. A small group of approximately 2,000 squirrels used a space-time anomaly to travel to the entity's location[6]. Foundation forces present at Site-551 were deployed to administer amnestics to witnesses of the event. The entity began to speak to the squirrels in English once the entire population was near

its vicinity.

Entity: Children, I am disappointed. When I was a boy and I heard about what war was, I would ask my grandma about it, and do you know what they said? They said that it achieves nothing but useless despair.

Entity: Yes, I was impatient in my decision to punish the Caretaker. Yes, I was a child at that point, and had only just been granted power eternal, but he has since passed away, and my children are still planning this insidious war. He has long since been forgiven for his mistake. He was a kind, happy soul who did not mean harm.

Entity: This is the last time I will come down to Earth and talk with you. I do not wish for you to carry out this war within the Breadlands, I do not wish for you to exit this world like this. You are still family. You are still brothers and sisters.

(The entity raises their arm to their chest.)

Entity: Listen, do you want to know something? I spoke to the Caretaker. On his death bed, before he met his demise, I appeared to him. We spoke about the event, and I will say: He is sorry. And I have officially accepted his apology. I hope you can understand.

(A squirrel begins to speak to the entity.)

Squirrel 1: You kidding me? You spoke to him? Trusted you, bitch!

(Another squirrel runs over to them, and puts their hands on their shoulders.)

Squirrel 2: Be calm, friend. Maybe talk?

Squirrel 1: Off me, proto fuck.

(All the squirrels begin to assault each other through physical mutilation. While this is happening, the entity sighs, and begins to slowly rise off the ground.)

Entity: The warning has been given. Your fate is now your own. Ankala-Koresh.

(The entity begins to rise from the ground to the air, watching the squirrel population attack each other. When one half of the squirrels have been killed, they begin to dig holes and use the stated space-time anomaly to transport to their original locations, all while looking at the entity.)

(After the squirrels are gone, the entity covers their face with their hands, and then begins to rub their temples as they demanifest.)

Entity: Why did he have to make me the God of fucking squirrels?

(The entity demanifests.)

Footnotes
1. The largest sites of activity being Area-12 and Site-119. The head of the creation of specimens is currently Junior Researcher Kim Genicode for Area-12, and Site Director for Site-119.
2. The FAITH scale (Foundation Animal Intelligence Testing Heuristics) ranges from 0 to 10 and the tests are calibrated for each species. For comparison, on this scale mice score a 0.5-0.9, corvids score a 4.1-4.5, dolphins score a 5.9-6.3, and great apes score a 8.2-8.8. An average human is assigned a score of 10.
3. However, it is theorized that The Secluded Oak is the birthplace for SCP-3761-1's deity based on scriptures confiscated from SCP-3761-1.

4. SCP-3761-1 identifies this as their holy scripture.
5. SCP-3761-1 regards this scroll as the first copy of Hand of the Trees.
6. Similar to the one theorized to be used during SCP-3761.

« SCP-3760 | SCP-3761 | SCP-3762 »

SCP-3762: Shelter from the Storm

A photograph of SCP-3762 after a battle (see Recovered Document D).

Item #: SCP-3762

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: MTF Tau-24 ("Full House") are tasked with observing SCP-3762 during its current period of growth. Mineral samples from the exterior shell and blood draws from the interior tissue are to be performed weekly. Any changes to the chemical composition of SCP-3762 is to be reported immediately to Research Cohort Alpha-22 in Site 19.

Due to the small size of its current location, SCP-3762 is in danger of discovery by the native population. In case of discovery, MTF Tau-24 is to be dispatched with amnestics. Natives have been informed that several unexploded landmines have been discovered in the area, and that all forms of digging are prohibited.

In the event of the death of the current Agent Tau-24-01, agents are instructed to contact the nearest male blood relative according to Spreadsheet 3762-23-Epsilon.

Instances of SCP-3762-1 are to remain within SCP-3762 at all times. New instances of SCP-3762-1 are to be photographed and transcribed immediately.

Description: SCP-3762 is a bio-lithic organism of indeterminate age. SCP-3762 takes the form of a structure composed primarily of stone; however, interior components of wood, metal, and other materials have been discovered. Excavation of the outer material will reveal an inner layer consisting of vascularized tissue. Low-frequency sonography has revealed several interior organs, including a heart analogue and several [REDACTED]. All DNA extracted from SCP-3762 has been shown to be human ($p <$

.00001). Biomarker analysis suggests that SCP-3762 shares a common ancestor with Agent Tanner and other individuals listed on Spreadsheet 3762-23-Epsilon ($p < .05$).

SCP-3762-1 refers to a type of paper produced by SCP-3762. This paper incorporates large portions of calcium carbonate in addition to cellulose and other organic materials, greatly increasing its longevity.

SCP-3762 is associated with a specific Welsh family line with the surname Tanner. On numerous instances (See Table 3762-01), a member of the Tanner family has discovered SCP-3762 and used it for shelter. These appearances generally occur in times of great distress, and no more than once in a single generation. Several such appearances are documented by handwritten notes and letters written on instances of SCP-3762-1 (see Recovered Documents A-E for a sample of such material).

Testing has confirmed that SCP-3762 travels physically between locations rather than teleporting or implementing any other form of discontinuous travel. SCP-3762 is capable of moving at a rate of meters per day using contraction waves similar to those observed in gastropod locomotion.

SCP-3762 possesses a mild cognitohazardous effect, causing observers to neglect its motion or its sudden appearances. The Foundation did not become aware of SCP-3762 until an agent from the Tanner family encountered it during the recapture of SCP- (see Document E below) and placed a tracking device within it.

SCP-3762 utilizes a form of precognition, allowing it to develop the appropriate form for the survival of the Tanner family. It has created towers, farmhouses, mineshafts, chapel, bunkers, and [DATA EXPUNGED]. Testing has determined that it takes between and years for SCP-3762 to assume a new form.

SCP-3762, though slow, has immense strength, capable of pushing through steel plates of cm in thickness. Testing has determined that it can be restrained by keeping it elevated from the ground (for instance, by attaching large masses of metal to it and applying a magnetic field; see Document 3762-A-2). However, all agents are

currently ordered to allow SCP-3762 to travel freely to its next location, pursuant to Foundation interests as outlined in Document 3762-13.

Documents Recovered:

Document A: 01/23/1352

> At Alisaundre I was, whan it was wonne
> by a dark Knight, men clepeth Deeth
> He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
> Yet have I escapen from this prisoun of deeth.
> This hous, blessed from every wikked wight
> was shown me. I crossed the threshfold,
> and the dore was faste shette.
> I drank water of the wel, and did soupe of foode clene
> From grene treës. My gode fader, his name was writen
> In this book, and alle his lyne, ech after other.
> Herkneth to my tale, and blessed be this hous ay!

Rough translation:

> I was at Alexandria when it was won
> by a dark Knight, whom men call Death
> He has slain a thousand with this disease:
> Yet I have escaped from this prison of death.
> This house, blessed to be safe from every wicked man,
> was shown me. I crossed the threshold,
> and the door was fast shut.
> I drank water of the well, and ate clean food
> From green trees. My good father's name was written
> In this book, and all his descendants, each after another.
> Listen to my tale, and blessed be this house forever!

Document B: 01/20/1607

> My name is Duncan Tanner. The ryver of Severn rose upon a sudden and the hyghest tyde, with barefaced power, swept away my home and friends. And I had died, except this aery tower, in which I sodden stand, had not appeared.

This tome bears witness that many of my line have entered this hall under various forms. What charm or magic, angel or devil hath done this I know not, but I thank you.

Document C: 09/14/1862

Battle oh horrid battle. What a bloody place was that sunken road as we advanced and the Irish Brigade fell back; what sights I have seen now around me. Not a mound or a tree gave us protection as we fled. Private James Spencer in the front rank went down with an awful cry, fell forward on his face and was motionless. I found this home, entered, and barred the entrance. From a window I shot at the enemy captain.

I found this tattered book with strange letters from men whose names I am well familiar with. This incredible secret I would attribute to the angels, but this house I fear is subject to some horrible curse. I discovered where a stray bullet had entered the wall and red blood dripped from the hole.

God have mercy on us all.
-Charles Tanner

Document D: 11/23/1914

I grieve as I write this. How I came to be here, I cannot say. Perhaps I died, with my men, and this is hell, or some sort of awful heaven. I sit on a broken box in this battered shell of a house, with fresh gaps in the few remaining walls made by the enemy bullets. I cannot think of those, now, who took their places in the firing line for the last time today. What became of my squadron? I think I know; those bodies that lie in the trampled garden-close of this deserted house are not the enemy's, nor the blood which coats these walls.

I pause in my writing to look at this house again. These pages that I have scribbled on are some sort of written

record, which leave the most lively impressions. Surely a night of fever, a night of depression has lead me to imagine these things. Or perhaps some ancient genius loci truly has blessed our family over these years. But the captain approaches, and these pages I will store where I found them.-Henry Tanner

Document E: / /19

Dr. : Please state your name.
Agent Tanner: My name is Tanner.
Dr. : Tell us again what happened in Mexico.
Agent Tanner: It was the second day, after SCP- breached containment. Agents were dying left and right. I was part of MTF Tau-17. I stumbled on an abandoned mineshaft. We cut the cables and lowered the elevator as fast as we could. SCP- came right over the top of the shaft after we entered. It buried the entrance, and we fell the last 20 meters. After it was over-
Dr. : You didn't suffer any injuries from the fall?
Agent Tanner: No, there was a large pile of organic material, decayed leaves, I think it was, that stopped our fall. We lit our flashlights, and discovered that we were in an underground concrete room with a small spring in the corner. It was enough to hold us up until after SCP- was [REDACTED]. We were recovered three days later.
Dr. : What can you tell us about this? [Here, the doctor produced a large sheaf of papers]
Agent Tanner: Yes, this appears to be a written history by members of my family, dating back to CE. That's what led me to suspect the anomalous nature of the structure we were in.
[EXTRANEOUS DIALOG REMOVED]

Document 3762-13: Level 4 Clearance Only

With the assistance of Agent Tanner, the SCP-3762 was located on 01/14/19 and monitored as it traveled over a period of months to the island of . Since then, it has been steadily increasing in mass and volume, primarily underground. Samples taken from the

outer skin show that it has been incorporating larger and larger volumes of post-transition metals such as lead and gold.

Several sub-areas of the underground portion of the subject are filled with a novel species of moss that is similar to *Cladosporium sphaerospermum*, but with increased radiotrophic properties. Testing has revealed this moss to be edible.

The largest sub-area is a large, gold-lined cavern containing 21000 liters of water and an apparatus capable of water recycling.

These preparations are compatible with an XK-Class End of the World Scenario involving a gamma ray burst of solar mass-equivalents of energy. We are currently attempting to identify possible sources of such a burst.

Given current growth patterns, subject is expected to reach full size in years.

SCP-3764: A Gift From A Friend

Item #: SCP-3764

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3764 is to be contained in a standard Safe-class object container. Requests to use SCP-3764 for clinical, utility or humanitarian purposes are to be sent to the project director, acceptance pending their decision. Instances of SCP-3764-1 are to be regularly distributed to all staff members at meal times, if requested. Standing permission is granted for use as rations for D-class personnel, though special precaution must be taken to provide supplementary food in addition to SCP-3764-1

Description: SCP-3764 is a small burlap sack with cursive writing on the front that reads

> "For those in need
>
> -a friend"

written in the native language of the reader. Illiterate subjects typically see some variation of a simple picture, typically of a steaming loaf of bread.

Inside SCP-3764 is a loaf of wheat bread, warm and typically smelling freshly baked, designated SCP-3764-1. When taken out of SCP-3764, SCP-3764-1 will have a small string tied around it, with a note attached to it. The note is personalized to whoever first reads it. Notes typically range from one to two words in length, though some occasional instances have had lengthier notes. Notes are typically in the most formal version of whatever language they are written in, and are almost always signed, "a friend". Some notes suggest that SCP-3764 is conscious, possibly even sapient, as a few notes have been found that spoke directly to Foundation personnel. Notes are always in the native language of the first reader, and do not alter

after the first reading see experiment log #3764-1. Once an instance of SCP-3764-1 is taken out of SCP-3764, a new instance of SCP-3764-1 will appear in SCP-3764. The number of SCP-3764-1 instances that can be generated is limited by the number of people within a 200 meter radius of SCP-3764.

Initial testing revealed that SCP-3764-1 is safe for human consumption. Subjects who consume SCP-3764-1 describe it as having a pleasant taste. All subjects report a feeling of satisfied hunger, and experienced no feelings of hunger for the rest of the day, coupled with reports of pleasant feelings, and reports of a restful sleep. Subjects eating exclusively SCP-3764-1 and water for a period of three weeks experienced no malnutrition symptoms, and could have possibly survived indefinitely until an instance of SCP-3764-1 crumbled to dust when a researcher pulled it out of SCP-3764. Its note read,

> You know what they say, "Man cannot live on bread alone." and all that. Be nice. Variety is the spice of life.
>
> -a friend

Instances of SCP-3764-1 continued to crumble when removed from SCP-3764 until researchers included side dishes of fruits and vegetables with them.

Experiment Log #3764-1:

> **Subject:** D-4568, suffers from severe night terrors and sleep paralysis, resulting in sleep deprivation.
>
> **Result:** Standard loaf, note read
>
> "Sleep well.
>
> -a friend"
>
> **Notes:** Subject reported a deep and uninterrupted sleep. Requested permission for use of SCP-3764-1 as a sleep aid, which was granted.

Subject: D-4678, clinical depression

Result: Standard loaf, note read

"I care about you.

-a friend"

Notes: Notable decrease in depression symptoms, such as improved hygiene and healthier sleep patterns. Research into possible medical applications of SCP-3764-1 ongoing.

Subject: Site-19 personnel who consented to SCP-3764-1 being included in their cafeteria meals.

Result: Pleasant effects resulted in increased adoption by other members of the staff. Latest psych evaluations show a notable increase in moral.

Notes: Proposal for SCP-3764-1's use as field rations for MTFs submitted by project director to Foundation leadership.

Subject: D-8934 and D-8942, in Cell Block F cafeteria.

Result: D-8934 was accidentally overlooked during a handing out of SCP-3764-1 instances, and the guards left without giving him anything. D-8942 noticed this, and tore his loaf in half to share with D-8934. The two halves spontaneously became whole instances of SCP-3764-1.

Notes: While not intentional, this incident possibly shows further evidence for SCP-3764 having consciousness and situational awareness.

Subject: D-8654 and D-8681, in Cell Block K cafeteria.

Result: D-8654 asked to read D-8681's note, who declined. D-8654 forcibly seized the note, and upon attempting to read it the note read

"Be polite."

-a friend

Notes: Description updated due to new data.

Subject: D-3457, convicted of multiple homicides, reportedly suicidal.

Result: Standard loaf with note that read

"Eat, and live.
You owe them that much.

-a friend"

Notes: No further reports of suicidal activity, subject taken off of suicide watch by psych team.

Subject: D-4561, convicted of a string of rapes and murders of small children

Result: SCP-3764-1 instance came out of bag charred black, and crumbled to ash upon being touched by D-4561. The note read

"There are some lines in the sand you don't feel the need to draw.
You think 'There could be no one so deranged, so sick in their soul, to be able to do this.'
Then someone like you comes along.

-Your torment"

Notes: Subject was very shaken by incident, and went to bed shortly after. Upon falling asleep, the subject began screaming in their sleep, presumably having a nightmare. Every attempt to wake D-4561 failed, including a powerful electric shock. Fourteen hours later, D-4561 woke, and began whimpering incoherently for the rest of his waking hours. D-4561 was hysterical in his desire not to go back to sleep, and eventually resorted to

self harm in an attempt to prevent himself from falling asleep. D-4561 was moved to a special containment cell for his own safety and to monitor his condition, which remains unchanged to date.

SCP-3765: Beaver Builders Building Buildings

Item #: SCP-3765

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Per the Boring Agreement, containment of SCP-3765 defaults to GOI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions)[1]. All SCP-3765 instances located that are not in the custody of GOI-466 are to be contained within a Site-64 standard containment chamber and given sufficient food and water. After containment is established, instances of SCP-3765 are to be immediately reported to WWS Liason Frank Richardson and SCP-3765 Head Researcher Throckmorton. Civilian hunting of any beavers within Clackamas County, Oregon is to be discouraged through ad campaigns on local television networks by the WWS.

Description: SCP-3765 is an anomalous group of *Castor canadensis*[2] consisting of at least 1400 beavers found in Clackamas County, Oregon, and centralized in the town of Boring. Instances of SCP-3765 have higher average intelligence and significantly higher collaboration skills than their non-anomalous counterparts.

SCP-3765's primary anomaly is the ability to replicate any human structure after being allowed to examine a building or observe blueprints of a structure for a time relative to its complexity. Instances of SCP-3765 prefer to build their structures on riverbeds and other areas where non-anomalous beavers reside, but have been shown to take civilian "clients" for inland construction. It is worth noting that SCP-3765 will always use wood for all components of a structure, even when non-wood materials are called for[3]. SCP-3765's secondary anomalous property is the ability to communicate in fluent English.

Addenda:

Addendum SCP-3765-1: Discovery

SCP-3765 was brought to Foundation attention on / / after GOI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions) received a number of phone calls from civilians encountering a group of beavers requesting the blueprints to their homes. See Addendum SCP-3765-2 for a transcript of one such call.

Addendum SCP-3765-2: Transcript

(Caller calls GoI-466. An employee of GoI-466 picks up, hereby referred to as Respondent.)

Respondent: Hello, you have reached the Wilson's Wildlife Solutions Wildlife Helpline, how may I assist you?

Caller: Hi, so the weirdest thing happened just 10 minutes ago, you probably won't believe me.

Respondent: Go ahead sir, I'm sure I've seen weirder things.

Caller: Uh, alright, so these beavers with hard hats knocked on my door and-

Respondent: Oh not these guys again.

Caller: Other people have reported this too?

Respondent: Yeah, just recently we've been swamped with calls about these beavers, but please continue so I can place a full incident report.

Caller: Right so these beavers with hard hats knocked on my door, and when I opened up, they did the weirdest thing, they asked to see the blueprints to my house. I told them I didn't have them and quickly shut the door. Luckily they ran away after that.

Respondent: Thank you, we will have a team come to your house soon, may we have your address?

Caller: Of course! My address is [REDACTED].

Respondent: Thank you, I'll send somebody there as soon as possible. Have a nice day!

[END LOG]

NOTE: A group of WWS employees was dispatched to the Caller's location at 16:38, at 17:23 visual contact was made with SCP-3765, and at 17:35, 15 instances of SCP-3765 were in the WWS's custody.

Addendum SCP-3765-3: WWS Letter Exchange Regarding SCP-3765

Authorization from Head Researcher Throckmorton is Required to Pro

Below is a letter exchange between WWS Liaison Frank Richardson and SCP-3765 Head Researcher Throckmorton.

To the Great Folks at the SCP Foundation,

As you well know, as per the Boring Agreement, all containment of anomalous wildlife defaults to us, but you still have oversight of what we do with such anomalies. As such we would like to ask for your permission for a special project with the beavers, or what you like to call SCP-3765.

After receiving several calls about the construction-loving beavers, we decided that we had to see for ourselves what these little guys could do. We went down to a riverbed where they were rumored to reside, and we were amazed by what we saw; they had built up almost a small town! They had things like a motel, tackle shop, and even a diner! All made out of wood, of course. We visited a building that looked exactly like City Hall, and we spoke to some of these beavers about what they were doing here. It was amazing the kind of ideas that they had, and the ambition they possessed.

After seeing firsthand the kind of craftsmanship and intelligence that these beavers have. We believe that these beavers; if put to work, could expand our operations by a large margin. If given the proper training, we could have these beavers building things for our operation. This could expand our facilities significantly, making it so that your Foundation would not have to do as much work for us.

We know you folks aren't too keen on using anomalies, you would rather keep them all contained, but we believe that the benefits far outweigh the minor breach in protocol that would be necessary. Please consider our request.

Thank You,
Frank Richardson

Dear Mr. Richardson and the rest of Wilson's Wildlife Solutions,

After carefully considering your offer, we have decided to approve your request to use

SCP-3765 for your construction projects. The Foundation wants you to know that we do not treat this sort of request lightly. Anomalies are usually too unpredictable to be of safe use, and we rarely if ever use them ourselves. We've never granted this right to another organization, but your organization has shown time and time again to be completely trustworthy. Now, with that being said, we are going to keep a close watch on everything you do with SCP-3765, and if you go out of line, we will no longer allow you to use them. If you do this right it would set a precedent that anomalies can be used safely and responsibly by other organizations. Don't mess up.

Best of Luck,
Dr. Jerard D. Throckmorton, SCP-3765
head researcher

Mister Throckmorton,

We can't thank you enough for letting us use the beavers! We've spoken to them about our agreement and they seem ecstatic! We've already begun putting them to work building a new wing for our on-site dormitories, and they're doing a great job! We're thinking about teaching them how to use materials other than wood, but they seem a little apprehensive to that… They've streamlined our production of facilities and I think that our arrangement is going to be instrumental in the growth of the WWS. The good part for you is that they work for free so this should slash the amount of money you need to give us by a significant

amount (see article 3 chapter 4 of the Boring Agreement for more details on the finances).

Kindest Regards,
Frank Richardson

P.S. *I know it might be hard to do with all your super-serious top secret save the world stuff, but you should take a day off and see the beavers, it's amazing!*

Dear Frank,
I'm glad that the beavers are being put to good use, after studying their behavior, I feel like they will be of great help to you if you treat them with respect, of course. They really are interesting animals, aren't they; with the way that they all work with one another to bring about a common goal. If we didn't have to keep them a secret I think that they could easily replace all human construction workers with how well they work together. I suppose I've grown quite fond of these creatures in my study of them.

Sincerely,
Jerard Throckmorton

P.S. *I'd love to come down there and see them some time.*

« SCP-3764 | SCP-3765 | SCP-3766 »

Footnotes
1. The Boring Agreement states that containment of all fauna within Clackamas County classified as Euclid or Safe defaults to GOI-466
2. North American Beaver

3. For example screws, nails, or washers

SCP-3766: Reverse Cargo Cult

Item #: SCP-3766

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As a method of preventing the effects of SCP-3766 has not yet been found, no plan for containment of SCP-3766 besides basic media suppression has been devised at time of writing.

Description: SCP-3766 are semi-metaphysical creatures, capable of feeding on the conceptual base of anything deemed "man-made", including (but not limited to) artificial structures, works of art, digital information and humans themselves[1]. SCP-3766 are humanoid, between 80 and 150 cm in height, and composed almost entirely from desiccated plant matter and matted hair from various creatures. Attempts to neutralise SCP-3766 have resulted in instantaneous binary fission, which is presumed to be their primary method of reproduction.

SCP-3766 instances are native to a hitherto uncharted Polynesian island approximately 12 km in diameter, located at the centre of a perception altering field, the net result of which is to render the island invisible to any subjects less than 200 metres from its border. A probabilistic anomaly (believed to be an intrinsic property of SCP-3766) also affects the island, and all vehicles (air, sea, or otherwise) passing within 500 metres will inevitably crash in its vicinity. This is due to external circumstances in 96% of cases, the other 4% being directly caused by SCP-3766.

When left unobserved, SCP-3766 will construct life-size models of vehicles from any available material, and position these on the beach. Within 48 hours of the model's creation, the model's real-life counterpart will attempt to move close to the island (ordinarily following pre-planned routes), and will fall victim to SCP-3766's effects. Despite extensive research, no anomalous influence has

been found to cause this correlation.

The following is a highly abridged list of noteworthy models constructed by SCP-3766-1 instances, and the effects thereof:

Date	Details of Model	Effect
19/03/1989	First model noted by the Foundation. Appeared to be a replica of a small sailing ship, complete with twenty model crew members and sails woven from natural fibres.	A ship of similar size, returning from port, was drawn into the island by abnormally severe weather patterns in the region. Although initially intending to take only eighteen crew members, the captain (one Marcus Llewellyn), changed plans just before setting sail, allowing two others passage. All human crew members consumed by SCP-3766 alongside the boat itself.
14/08/1994	First non-seafaring vehicle replicated by SCP-3766, resembling a commercial passenger plane with a number of human passengers.	All passengers consumed by SCP-3766 on landing. Aircraft used as the centrepiece for a primitive celebration, after which it was also consumed.
03/12/2003	A small vehicle, vaguely resembling several known brands of speedboat. Model was left on the beach for an abnormally long	Several vehicles similar to the model were stolen by a local gang, and anchored nearby. During a storm two weeks later,

	period of time, upwards of three weeks.	one such vehicle came unfastened and drifted into the others, which quickly followed suit. All vehicles were drawn towards the island by natural water currents, and were consumed by SCP-3766 over a number of months.
29/01/2017	A large, vaguely cylindrical object, tapered at one end with a number of spurs (tree branches) arranged radially.	SCPSAT-044A, a Foundation-owned communication satellite, underwent scheduled deorbiting. Complications arose, and the satellite made a direct impact 50 metres offshore from the island. While initially observed with suspicion by SCP-3766 instances, it was quickly consumed along with its contents.
06/06/2021	**[REDACTED]**	**[REDACTED]** See Addendum.1 for more information.

Addendum.1: On 27/05/2021, despite worries over hostility from SCP-3766, the decision was made to station a permanent ten-man task force on the island. Research Task Force Gamma-Digamma ("So Cargo Good") was formed shortly after.

Almost immediately after the initial island survey began, RTF-Γ-F Leader Micheals located a small, partially concealed cave on the eastern shorefront. The cave contained several SCP-3766 instances, who watched the intrusion warily, and ten humanoid

models, dressed in white coats woven from dried grasses.

Preliminary examination of relevant materials placed these models at just over 48 hours old. Contact with RTF-Γ-F was lost shortly afterwards.

Footnotes
1. For more information on abstract reduction (and the inevitable annihilation of related objects) consult the Foundation Guide to Metaphysical Anomalies.

SCP-3767: Additional Baggage Fee

The onset of SCP-3767

Item #: SCP-3767

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel embedded in United Airlines are to discourage, disrupt, and sabotage all attempts to overbook flights from Newark to Houston. Should an overbooked flight depart, Foundation personnel are to detain all passengers to administer Class-B amnestics before allowing them to disembark. Should personnel locate an individual not on the original flight manifest, they are to be detained and directed to a nearby Foundation site for further containment.

Experimentation requiring overbooked flights may be scheduled under approval from SCP-3767 project head.

Description: SCP-3767 refers to an anomalous phenomenon that occurs on overbooked United Airlines flights from Newark, New Jersey to Houston, Texas. SCP-3767 occurs approximately twenty minutes after the airplane reaches cruising altitude. The onset is indicated by a change in the color of the sky, as it will appear to take on a dark shade of purple[1]. This begins at the horizon, and spreads upwards. Once the sky has changed colors entirely[2], the plane stops all translational movement, and enters a slowed free fall[3]. During this descent, the plane remains parallel to the ground, and the sky appears to grow red.

At this point, a feminine voice with a British accent will speak through the plane's speaker system. This voice will declare that an extra passenger is on board and is weighing down the plane. The voice then states that this extra passenger must be removed in order for the plane to regain lift. Video procured during testing shows that an additional passenger is indeed on board. It is unknown at

what point this individual appears.

After an individual has been removed from the plane, free fall will cease, and the pilot will return the plane to cruising altitude. Ejecting this individual from the plane does not cause the cabin to undergo decompression. As the plane ascends, the sky will return to its original color. Searches of the area where the ejected individual was predicted to land have failed to locate said individual.

Passengers aboard the flight are able to recall the events that take place during SCP-3767, but only when prompted. However, they are unable to comprehend the abnormality of the event.

In 78% of recorded cases, the passengers collectively decide on an individual to remove, who is then ejected through the airlock. In 21% of cases, an individual removes themselves from the plane. See Addendum SCP-3767-1 for details on the remaining case.

In 63% of cases, one passenger on the original manifest will be reported as missing after the event, despite the same number of people getting on and off the plane.

Addendum SCP-3767-1: On 05/10/2016, The Foundation sent D-3114 to observe SCP-3767 on flight 3552. When D-3114 landed, all individuals on the original manifest were accounted for. SCP-3767 proceeded as normal, until the passengers attempted to decide who to eject from the flight:

+ Open Video Transcript

For brevity, the following transcription begins immediately after the announcement was made that an additional passenger was on board the flight. All footage was taken from D-3114's camera, which was planted as part of his jacket.

<**Begin Log**>

D-3114 is sitting in his aisle seat. The man in the next seat over has fainted. The majority of the passengers quietly murmur among

themselves. A small child can be heard crying from behind D-3114. A number of additional passengers appear traumatized as well. Others move about the cabin to either reach their luggage or talk to others.

D-3114: Here we go.

D-3114 stands.

D-3114: *[shouting]* Well, you all heard the voice, right?

Cabin goes silent, save for a crunching noise. After the pause, a woman wearing standard business attire (Passenger A) stands and addresses D-3114.

Passenger A: You're suggesting we actually throw someone overboard?

D-3114: Do you have any better ideas?

Passenger A: Are you insane?

D-3114: Trust me lady, I've seen much weirder than this.

Passenger A: So you are insane. Please sit down and we'll get you help as soon as we land.

D-3114: I'm not ins—

A man in casual clothing (Passenger B) stands as well.

Passenger B: Are we even going to survive a landing if this keeps up?

Passenger A: I mean… I don't know but…

D-3114: You can look outside. Might not feel like it in here, but we're moving pretty fast.

Passenger A: Sure but—

Passenger B: I'm just sayin' that well, it's sorta a numbers game.

Passenger A: I guess you have a point. Besides, if it doesn't work then we'd all be fucked anyways.

D-3114: Now that's the spirit.

Passenger A glares at D-3114.

D-3114: Ok, so yeah. Everyone go to your seats. Like whatever it says on the ticket. We'll narrow it down to two people.

Passengers reorganize themselves and take their seats. The cabin is silent again, except for a soft crunching noise. Only person left in without a seat is a young child (Passenger C).

D-3114: Yo kid, where's your seat?

Passenger C approached D-3114, and points to his seat.

D-3114: Tough luck kiddo. This one's mine. Also who here is eating something? The crunching noise is really annoying.

Passenger A: Wait, who says you aren't the extra passenger?

Passenger B: Good point. Do you have anyone to vouch for you?

D-3114: Of course! I got—

D-3114 turns to the seat next to him. The man sitting there is still unconscious.

D-3114: Hey. Hey! Wake up!

Passenger B: Anyone else?

D-3114 looks at the seats across the aisle. The passengers look away from him.

D-3114: You guys don't really think that…

Passenger A: It would make sense too. He could've been trying to trick us by actively misleading our search.

D-3114: Well then I've done quite a shit job haven't I?

Passenger A: I never said you were smart.

Passenger B: Whoa whoa. Let's calm down a sec.

Passenger B walks to Passenger C and kneels so he can look Passenger C in the eye.

Passenger B: Are your mom and dad on board?

Passenger C shakes his head.

Passenger B: Where are they?

Passenger C: Th-they said they would pick me up. My grandma brought m-me here, but couldn't come with.

Passenger B: Do you have any luggage with you?

Passenger C points to the overhead

compartment. Passenger B opens it and pulls out a Spiderman-themed suitcase.

Passenger B: This it?

Passenger C nods.

D-3114: How did you even get that up there?

Passenger C: He helped me *[points at unconscious man next to D-3114]*.

Passenger A: Mad man. You have any baggage?

D-3114: Don't call me that, bitch.

Passenger B: Again, we don't need this!

D-3114: Right right.

D-3114 reaches below the seat in front of him and pulls out a backpack.

D-3114: Here.

Passenger A: Well shit.

The cabin is silent for thirty seconds. Then, a number of passengers start shouting and pointing fingers. A fight begins. After four minutes a passenger hits D-3114's camera, and the transmission is lost.

<**End Log**>

The flight landed on time, and all passengers exited the plane. Inspection of D-3114's camera showed no malfunction. When questioned about the conclusion of the argument, D-3114 failed to recall any specifics.

Two days later, The Foundation received reports of an aircraft

matching the plane from flight 3552 appearing in the Cherokee National Forest, TN. The plane itself was largely undamaged, but all passengers inside had expired from blunt trauma that would be caused by impacting the ground at terminal velocity.

All passengers from the original manifest were present, as well as an additional unidentified male child. Autopsy of this individual showed that its insides consisted of partially eaten pretzel snacks, airplane safety cards, and emergency floatation devices.

X-ray scans of the living D-3114 in Foundation custody yielded similar results.

Footnotes
1. This change is only apparent from the inside of the plane, as outside observers have confirmed that the sky itself maintains its original color.
2. This process takes approximately ten minutes.
3. Generally remaining slower than one meter per second.

SCP-3768: Three Moons Public Radio

Item #: SCP-3768

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Information about the procedure of SCP-3768-A is to be contained in a single, paper document at Site-59. Foundation webcrawler 7-ORFEO is to excise and expunge any other information on the Internet pertaining to SCP-3768-A. Standard information suppression campaigns are to be carried out at low priority for non-digital storage formats.

A radio with a prepared SCP-3768-A arrangement is to be kept for research into SCP-3768-B. SCP-3768-B is to be monitored and recorded at Site-59 at the discretion of Director Naismith.

Description: SCP-3768-A is a ritualistic procedure carried out through the use of:

- 3.7 grams of zinc,
- at least 400 grams of table salt,
- no more than 5 grams of silver, and
- 7 honeybee carcasses, at least 90% intact from death.

These ingredients must be arranged in a specific formation around a civilian FM radio within 500 km of Baltimore, MD.

Upon completion of SCP-3768-A, a new radio station can be accessed at 97.3 FM, identified as "Three Moons Public Radio," or "3MPR." The origin of this frequency is believed to be an extradimensional plane of reality.

The show's 24-hour programming features news and editorials for the inhabitants of the signal's plane of origin. The host, who (allegedly) has never been off the air once in 300 years, identifies as a "permanently 27-year-old" female human of French Senegalese

descent named Julie Niang - hereafter identified as SCP-3768-C.

Whether or not the recordings are factual is restricted to personnel with 5/3768 clearance.

Selections from SCP-3768-B recordings:

> **SCP-3768-C:** Good morning, Drysedge! It is now 8:00 AM Old Eastern Standard Time. Meteorological station Aleph is maintaining a pleasant 62 degrees out today, so wear a light jacket if you're headed to the meat tree market.

> **SCP-3768-C:** Lord Ghantouris, also known as the Elephant King or the Arch-Hedon, released an official public statement yesterday to celebrate the fact that he's temporarily sober for the first time in 300 years. He took questions from Saklovaian reporters on the steps of the Marble Hall. In regards to the approximately 30,000 captives of his so-called "meat orgies", Lord Ghantouris responded with, quote, "This was never a part of the plan. The soma was tainted from the start. None of us can stop. I cannot stop. I am scared. Please help us."

> + 4/3768 Clearance Required
>
> > **Male Voice:** …I suppose it goes without saying that I've been bloody well disappointed the whole time. There I was, all "imagine there's no heaven" and "no hell below us" - then I wake up from the murder, and I'm in a place that manages to be both at the same time. "Imagine there's no countries" - Corbenic's got a few *trillion* countries, and they're in a permanent war with one another.
> >
> > **SCP-3768-C:** Speaking of which, what are your thoughts on the Strider situation?
> >
> > **Male Voice:** Interesting that you mention that, I've actually got a song about the whole affair

lined up for the new album. It's called 'Dead Monkey Good Monkey'. Probably one of my least subtle tracks in a while. I haven't yelled so much in 40 years of life as I had in 30 minutes of recording. The boys and I were tryin' to go for an early Devin Townsend sound, y'know, the angrier the better.

Not to sidetrack too much, of course. So, as for the issue itself - as far as I'm concerned, the Striders *gave* peace a chance - then ate it, like they do with everything that isn't nailed to the ground in this hellhole. I'm not entirely convinced why we shouldn't just drop everything we have on Bogal Mountain.

SCP-3768-C: To no one's surprise, the Central Cabal's unanimous passing of the Mandatory Pan-Corbenese Human Sterilization Act, or MPCHSA, has been causing controversy among the colonies, resulting in demonstrations across the Lunar Capitol. Opponents, including the Child of Heaven Coalition, claim that the right to responsibly conceive children is inalienable.

President Niang, who is expected to sign the MPCHSA into law on Tuesday, released the following statement:

Male Voice: The world we live in now was meant to be the logical conclusion of our lives on Earth. To create new life here would be to create *mortal* life.

When this happens - and it *has* happened, all too often - the polarity of death is reversed, and the departed mortal leaves to live forever in Corbenic's so-called "sister universe".

The tricky bit with this, of course, is that our

world is designed for immortals. Theirs isn't.

There are two inevitable results: a guaranteed living nightmare drifting off into deep space - or in the custody of the Foundation, as with several extant case studies - or the presence of an unkillable human being on Earth, with all the potential violence it would entail.

SCP-3768-C: In addition, Three Moons Press Secretary Lyndon B. Johnson has insisted that the sterilization measures are painless, non-invasive, and - finally, some good news about this - will *not* affect libido.

+ 5/3768 Clearance Required

SCP-3768-C: We have some breaking news to report out of Bogal Mountain: the Witch-Queen — Hékati-Bøgal, may her name be thrice-damned for eternity — has died of apparent liver failure.

Though it has been previously believed that the Witch-Queen was immortal, drone surveillance footage has confirmed the death of the Strider Matriarch, who was responsible for the consumption and agonizing digestion of over [REDACTED] immortal human colonists.

Three Moons intelligence officials in the Prefecture have reported the Witch-Queen's last words to be "NØLAG MZJÉHN," which literally translates to "I find food-planet."

It is believed that the Witch-Queen's postmortem vector is identical to that of humans, with a possible spawn point in the **[DATA REDACTED BY ORDER OF O5 COMMAND]**

+ RESTRICTED TO PROJECT MALEFICARUM PERSONNEL

Foundation. We have some bad news.

At an undetermined time in the coming months, the entity you know as **SCP-PC-007**, a hostile, reality-warping, ten-kilometer-tall, and now *immortal* primate, is going to enter the orbital path of Mars, en route to Earth.

There is a negligible chance of neutralization if she is attacked before then, which becomes a full zero if she gets any nearer to Earth (multiversal iteration 2N). If the records of Foundation terminology from Earth-2M are at all analogous to yours, you have an XK on your hands - at best.

Look - she is aware of the existence of **SCP-3319**, and it'll likely be the first thing she'll smash to pieces. There's no easy exit here.

This is going to be a long and difficult battle, and the best potential outcomes that the pre-cogs in R&D can come up with involve the death of 89.5% of humanity.

Many adjectives - doomed, among them - come to mind, but the last thing you are in the coming months is alone. We've fought five wars against her and her armies - a good *two* of which were successful. You'll be provided with as much help as we can provide.

And frankly, this is the angriest we've seen Lord JALAKÅRA in a millennium. His grudge against her predates multicellular life. Even if our army is 75% paperwork and in-fighting, we at least know He has an idea of what he's doing.

And if she does cause your extinction - well, when you get to the Great Mead Hall of Saklovai, drinks are on us.

You are watched, you are protected, and win or lose, you are loved.

- ☽☽☽

SCP-3769: Evolutionary Rescission Device

Item #: SCP-3769

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3769 is to be contained in a standard non-humanoid holding cell at Site-12. Level 4 security clearance is required in order to handle SCP-3769. SCP-3769 is not to be touched without the use of gloves or other protective hand gear. Any organisms affected by a Rescission Event are to be kept in a bio-research containment cell for DNA testing.

Description: SCP-3769 is an electronic device of approximately the same size and shape as a standard scientific calculator. Buttons labeled with the numbers 0 through 9 and a button labeled with a decimal point are present on the device, along with a rectangular electroluminescent display screen. No other external features are present. SCP-3769 does not require a power source in order to function.

SCP-3769 will adhere itself to any organic life form upon contact. Humans exposed to SCP-3769 have reported a mild stinging sensation during this process. Once attached, SCP-3769 cannot be removed without heavily damaging the affected organism until a number has been entered and the resulting Rescission Event has completed.

The primary effect of SCP-3769, classified as a Rescission Event, can last anywhere between a few minutes and several days, depending on the number entered. During this time, the affected organism will evolutionarily regress, undergoing extreme genetic and physiological changes until it resembles a species from some point in its evolutionary or ancestral lineage. The exact resultant species depends on the number entered. According to human subjects, this process is extremely painful. This process will only activate when in contact with a living organism. If an organism dies

while a Rescission Event is in progress, SCP-3769 will detach itself, leaving the transformation incomplete.

Addendum 3769.1: *Discovery and Apprehension*

SCP-3769 was in development at the Corporation when its existence was discovered by an undercover Foundation agent. The agent was discovered by corporation employees shortly thereafter, and all physical and digital schematics for the device were purposefully destroyed before Foundation personnel could obtain them. Dr. , head of the research division tasked with creating SCP-3769, committed suicide before he could be secured and interrogated, along with of his colleagues. Interrogation of other employees within this division was ultimately uninformative, and all remaining personnel within this division were administered Class-C amnestics and released. During temporary Foundation occupation of headquarters, SCP-3769 was found in a storage vault. It is believed to only be a prototype model, although details of the planned final product are unknown.

Addendum 3769.2: *Experiment Logs*

+ Access Experiment Logs

Experiment 3769-A
Subject: Golden Retriever (Canis lupus domesticus)
Number Entered: 1
Rescission time: 12 minutes
Results: Subject acquired an appearance resembling a grey wolf (Canis lupus). Subject was still able to sit and roll over on command as it had previously been taught, suggesting that memories are unaffected by SCP-3769

Experiment 3769-B
Subject: Domestic horse (Equus ferus caballus)
Number Entered: 50
Rescission time: 4 hours and 28 minutes
Results: Subject experienced a radical

decrease in size, shrinking to about 0.4 meters in height, as well as minor alterations to the head, hooves, and tail. Subject ultimately resembled members of the extinct genus Eohippus.

Experiment 3769-C
Subject: Domestic chicken (Gallus gallus domesticus)
Number Entered: 80
Rescission time: 7 hours and 57 minutes
Results: Subject nearly doubled in size and experienced rapid molting. The growth of teeth, hands, and a tail also occurred. Subject ultimately acquired the appearance of an unknown species of theropod dinosaur.

Experiment 3769-D
Subject: Brown rat (Rattus norvegicus)
Number Entered: 2000
Rescission time: 6 days, 14 hours, and 38 minutes
Results: Subject's skin and fur began to liquefy, followed by internal organs, muscles, and the skeleton. Subject was eventually entirely converted into a transparent, viscous liquid. Microscopic analysis found this liquid to be made from single-celled eukaryotic organisms

Experiment 3769-E
Subject: D-3491 (Homo sapien)
Number Entered: 0.0005
Rescission time: 2 minutes
Results: Subject underwent slight facial reconstruction and a darkening in hair color. No other major effects were present. Subject remained fully cognizant and retained memories from prior to transformation. DNA analysis found the subject to be genetically

identical to his father.

Experiment 3769-F
Subject: [REDACTED]
Number Entered: [REDACTED]
Rescission time: [REDACTED]
Results: [REDACTED]

Attention, Level 4 clearance is required in order to access further documentation on SCP-3769

+ Input Credentials

Addendum 3769.3: *Experiment 3769-F Incident Report*

Experiment 3769-F was an attempt to discover the genetic nature and origin of **SCP-411**. However, upon attachment, SCP-3769 emitted rapid bursts of light from its display screen and ejected itself from the subject. The subject did not undergo any genetic or physiological alterations during this process. SCP-3769 became completely unresponsive for three days following this event before spontaneously reactivating. Following this revival, SCP-3769 was found to no longer evolutionarily regress organisms during Rescission Events. Instead, organisms exposed to SCP-3769 adopt genetic and physiological forms not present in the fossil record. It is theorized that SCP-411's reversed temporal properties may have caused SCP-3769 to rewire itself and reverse in function, transforming affected organisms into an evolutionary descendant rather than an ancestor. All experimentation involving SCP-3769 after the events of Experiment 3769-F have been categorized as Post-F experiments, and have been marked with the θ symbol.

Addendum 3769.4: *Post-F Experiment Logs*

Experiment 3769-θA
Subject: Theropod Dinosaur of unknown species (from Experiment 3769-C)
Number Entered: 80
Rescission time: 7 hours and 57 minutes
Results: Subject experiences degeneration of the hands, teeth, and tail, along with a decrease in size and the rapid generation of feathers. Subject resembled a domestic chicken by the end of the process.

Experiment 3769-θB
Subject: Brown rat (Rattus norvegicus)
Number Entered: 50
Rescission time: 4 hours and 41 minutes
Results: Subject expanded to nearly five times its original size. The legs of the subject greatly increased in length, and the toes converged into singular hoof like structures. The fur of the subject adopted a pattern of brown vertical stripes. Following the Rescission Event, the subject was recorded running at speeds of over 32

Experiment 3769-θC
Subject: Rhesus macaque (Macaca mulatta)
Number Entered: 50
Rescission time: 4 hours and 19 minutes
Results: Subject experienced a disproportionate expansion of the hind limbs, claws, and maxillary canines, as well as a decrease in the length of the tail. All fur on the subject increased in length and darkened in hue. Following the Rescission Event, the subject was observed moving in a manner similar to marsupials of the family Macropodidae (kangaroos).

Experiment 3769-θD
Subject: Common Octopus (Octopus vulgaris)

Number Entered: 200
Rescission time: 11 hours and 16 minutes
Results: Subject developed a cartilaginous skeletal structure resembling a spine within each tentacle, as well as an enlarged cranial cavity. The two frontmost tentacles extended in length and each diverged into four flexible secondary appendages. Subject drowned within it's aquatic containment tank before the Rescission Event was completed. The subsequent autopsy revealed that the subject's gills had transformed into primitive lungs.

Experiment 3769-θE
Subject: D-8897 (Homo sapien)
Number Entered: 10
Rescission time: 1 minute
Results: Subject died before undergoing any physical alterations. SCP-3769 ejected itself prematurely upon the death of the subject. Cause of death is unknown.

Experiment 3769-θF
Subject: D-4272 (Homo sapien)
Number Entered: 1
Rescission time: 1 minute
Results: Subject died before undergoing any physical alterations. SCP-3769 ejected itself prematurely upon the death of the subject. Cause of death is unknown.

Experiment 3769-θG
Subject: D-6502 (Homo sapien)
Number Entered: 0.1
Rescission time: 1 minute
Results: Subject died before undergoing any physical alterations. SCP-3769 ejected itself prematurely upon the death of the subject. Cause of death is unknown.

Experiment 3769-θH
Subject: D-7033 (Homo sapien)
Number Entered: 0.00005
Rescission time: 1 minute
Results: Subject died before undergoing any physical alterations. SCP-3769 ejected itself prematurely upon the death of the subject. Cause of death is unknown.

Addendum 3769.5: *Appeal to The O5 Council*

The following is an email delivered by Site director Dr. to the [DATA EXPUNGED] of the O5 council regarding the possibility of an XK-Class End of the World Event. The approval of at least two (2) Level 4 personnel is required in order to access this file.

To [DATA EXPUNGED]
From: Dr.
Subject - Possible XK-Class Event

Greetings, Council,

Let me begin by saying that I understand the exclusive nature of this method of communication, and that I would not under any circumstances contact you all if I did not have information of the utmost priority. That being said, I believe that some of the data resulting from the Post-F experiments of SCP-3769 may indicate an imminent catastrophe of apocalyptic proportions.

Following an attempted experiment on SCP-411, SCP-3769 has essentially reversed in function, altering affected subjects along their line of evolutionary descent rather than ancestry. This has been all but proven by the use of SCP-3769 to transform a dinosaur from a previous SCP-3769 experiment back into a

domestic chicken. From this, it can be assumed that all other subjects altered by Post-F experiments have taken on the forms of organisms that have yet to evolve but will eventually.

However, all Post-F experiments performed on human subjects have resulted in death within a minute of SCP-3769 contact, with no noticeable alterations taking place. This occurred even when the value 0.0005, shown to be equivalent to approximately one generation in previous experiments, was entered into SCP-3769. The exact reason for this has not been definitively proven, but given the nature of SCP-3769, I am forced to believe that it may indicate the future extinction of mankind, possibly within our lifetime.

I do not know what, if anything, can be done to prevent this outcome. I would recommend that more advanced containment measures be put in place for all Keter SCPs. However, it is not my place to make these decisions. I hope that by alerting you all to this situation appropriate measures can be taken in order to ensure the continuation of our species.

Regards,
Dr.

SCP-3770: One Thousand Footsteps Towards The Promised Land

Item #: SCP-3770

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-3770 instances are to be kept in separate groups of 2-20. Each group is to kept in a secure vivarium at least 20cm long, 10cm wide, and with substrate 10cm deep. The substrate is to compose of coconut fibre, decaying deciduous leaf litter, a calcium source such as powdered cuttlefish bone, and small amounts of sand. A small layer of dry leaf litter is to be provided above the substrate. Under no circumstances is pine to be used in SCP-3770 containment chambers.

The vivarium is to be kept at a temperature of 22-24 degrees celsius and have a humidity of 60-80%. No sudden changes in climate are to take place. Each vivarium is to be kept in a room with a light source activated by solar power, as to replicate natural lighting. If an SCP-3770 instance shows any sign of molting, caution is to be held due to the vulnerability of instances during the process, and the substrate is not to be replaced unless in emergency. No pesticides are to be present in SCP-3770 containment chambers. All materials introduced to SCP-3770 instances are to be organic. Fresh fruit and vegetables are to be given to each group on a weekly basis, being left for two days prior to removal.

Description: SCP-3770 is the designation given to an anomalous subspecies of *Centrobolus Splendidus*[1]. SCP-3770 instances are capable of communication through auditory means at high frequency with all species of arthropod capable of processing signals sent. Audio does not affect any known vertebrate or invertebrate which is not a terrestrial arthropod. All invertebrates which receive communications from SCP-3770 instances display abnormal behaviour, showing higher intelligence and extreme co-operative

ability (see testing logs for more details).

SCP-3770 will occasionally display a behaviour known as a "3770 1A event", in which instances will begin to chew wood pulp[2] into a paper-like material. Instances then consume any brightly coloured, white, and black substance possible. The materials will be secreted through the anus as dye to the paper. The paper will then be fashioned into a square shape by use of instances' mandibles. Images formed through use of the dyes generally resemble images of invertebrates, deciduous forests, in a style associated with Byzantine religious artwork. Images contain text of unknown origin.

Similar to the defence mechanism of most *Diplopoda*, SCP-3770 will secrete an irritating liquid. SCP-3770, however, constantly secrete said liquid. Although this has the chemical makeup of ordinary *Centrobolus Splendidus* secretion, if it comes into physical contact with any form of sapient life, severe visual hallucinations occur.

+ Testing Logs A-E

Several experiments have been conducted exploring the anomalous effects of SCP-3770. These are recorded below.

Test A - 27/07/2017
Procedure: To place an instance of SCP-3770 within a vivarium containing an individual *Scolopendra Subspinipes Dehaani*[3] (SSD-0001-D) for 1 week.
Results: The SCP-3770 instance was not harmed. SSD-0001-D began to construct a model resembling a *coccinellid* using moist substrate.
Analysis: SCP-3770's effects are capable of supressing predatory instincts.

Test B- 29/07/2017
Procedure: To insert an auditory arthropod (a *Gromphadorhina portentosa*[4] designated GP-0001-D) within an SCP-3770 containment unit containing 15 individual SCP-3770

instances.
Results: GP-0001-D showed abnormal behaviour, occasionally placing each end of its upper 2 legs together, whilst using the lower pairs to balance upright. Whilst doing so, GP-0001-D began to create loud respiratory "hisses" (as is common in the species) at short intervals translated to Latin morse code. Lines commonly repeated by GP-0001-D include:

- "Forgive my soul, oh lord, forgive me and forgive all of your other children."
- "By the grace of all the legs that you, oh dear and righteous god, have used to create our precious bodies, I thank you with all my open circulatory system."
- "I hope that one day I will join my brothers with you, oh father, my lord, at the completion of the promised land. Show me the way to devote my humble life as did your 87 saints, oh lord."

Analysis: SCP-3770's effects can radically heighten intelligence.

Test C - 30/07/2017
Procedure: To introduce an SCP-3770 instance to an individual *Argiope bruennichi*[5] (AB-0001-D) .
Results: AL-0001-D began constructing a line of Latin text by producing abnormally patterned web. This translated to: "We fly with our father, we ride through the moon, the sky, the stars. Now by miracle we may see him again. Our father, the promised land."
Analysis: SCP-3770's effects can be utilised for a large range of species. Further research on the meaning of material produced is to be conducted.

Test D - 30/07/2017
Procedure: To introduce an SCP-3770 instance to a colony of *Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*[6] (CPC-0435), whilst providing the colony with a sheet of ply wood.
Results: CPC-0435 engraved an image of what appeared to be multiple stellar formations, and planets such as "Venus", "Mars", "Jupiter", and "Saturn". A large coccinellid was in the place of Earth, bearing what appeared to be a "halo" above its head. This was created in similar fashion to images produced during 3770 1A events.
Analysis: Further research on the meaning of imagery and text produced by SCP-3770 is to be conducted.

Test E - 31/07/2017
Subject: Dr. Telford
Procedure: In order to study the hallucinogenic effects of SCP-3770, the subject will induce SCP-3770's effects and record what is visually experienced.
Results: See Document-3770-E for a log of recorded information provided by Dr. Telford.
Analysis: See Document-3770-E for details. Further research involving **SCP-2794** is to be conducted in conjunction with MTF Mu-77.

+ Document-3770-E

During test E, Dr. Telford, a member of MTF Mu-77's research personnel, documented his experience on audio after contacting SCP-3770's secretion.

Dr. Telford: Visual hallucination has begun, recording has started, commencing test. Initial image is of what appears to be a swampland environment, very fertile and abundant in life. I see a large amount of flying insects, various

arthropods on the ground, and no birds in the sky, which is a dark shade of green. The area overall is dark and verdant.

[Dr. Telford begins to walk around the testing area]

Dr. Telford: There's a warmth pulsating from the ground, and a faint throbbing? Heartbeats, but not mine. I see something in the sky- I thought it was a faint cloud at first but now some mist has cleared, I am relatively close to the planet Jupiter.

[Dr. Telford crouches down]

Dr. Telford: The floor is moist and warm. Everywhere is so humid and abundant with life, but yet no birds, mammals, reptiles, fish, amphibians, nothing. Just bugs it seems. They all seem so healthy, the fertile landscape must be providing food. I can see predatory animals, giant centipedes and scorpions, all eating this green fungus-like material along with isopods, caterpillars, and others. Curious.

[long pause]

Dr. Telford: Burrows and nests are everywhere. This fungus is all around me in the ground. It seems to be sprouting from this green organic waste-like material. Curious, it's as solid as rock, must be the base of whatever I'm on. It's so tough, yet plant life is growing from it.

[Dr. Telford looks up with a surprised expression]

Dr. Telford: I can see it now, I thought it was just part of the atmosphere but it's a body. I'm

on a leg, miles wide, hundreds of miles long. That's a body, a ladybird? And what I'm standing on, this hard green rock? That's what this thing is made of. It reminds me of something.

[Dr. Telford breathes heavily]

Dr. Telford: There are these pyramids of that green stuff, full of ladybirds and millipedes being shot off into space. They're just being launched from the body of this creature. I can see it, they're boarding them and they are just thrusting away. SCP-3770 and SCP-2794. I can't believe it.

[pause]

Dr. Telford: I-I see more of them in the distance, green with bright white spots. More ladybirds- or planets. They are everywhere now, like a swarm… There's a sign in the rock. It's translucent, I can make out the writing. "Testing Zone 02: Site-94". Oh my word.

[hallucination ends]

Footnotes
1. Mozambique fire millipede
2. if said material, or any similar substance is available. If not, the 3770 1A event will cease.
3. Vietnamese giant centipede
4. Madagascan hissing cockroach
5. wasp spider
6. carpenter ant

SCP-3771: Americans Be Eating Cheesed Burger

Item #: SCP-3771

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3771 is to be monitored through a live video feed at all times. In addition, two guards are to be posted at the entrance of SCP-3771 to prevent civilian access. Should any civilians attempt to enter SCP-3771, they are to be turned away politely, only using force should they attempt to enter regardless.

Should Foundation personnel wish to eat any food from SCP-3771, they are to not eat any menu items that the Foundation deems potentially lethal.

Description: SCP-3771 is a restaurant located in , Hawai'i known as "Burger Island". Subjects who enter SCP-3771 are typically greeted by the restaurant's owner, a Polynesian woman aged 58 years old by the name of A Bueno designated PoI-273. Should a subject request to dine at SCP-3771, PoI-273 will escort them to a table and hand them a menu (See Table below) with various food items for order. No prices are listed for any items on the menu.

No other employees have been seen at SCP-3771, but despite this, all food ordered will be given to the customer approximately 10 minutes after ordering. While any food served visually appears to be what the subject ordered, consumption of the food results in the food transforming into a different and objectively healthier food related to what was consumed.

Food ordered cannot be removed from the perimeter of SCP-3771, as any attempt to exit SCP-3771 while in possession of uneaten food will cause the food to disintegrate. Leaving without ordering any food will not have any adverse effects.

Below is a list of select menu items and their effects.

Menu Item	Transformation	Notes
The Hawaiian Dream Burger, a beef patty topped with rum-cooked pineapple rings, American cheese, barbecue sauce and onions. Served on a sesame seed bun.	Upon consumption, a whole pineapple forms in place of the food consumed.	Typical result after consumption is death due to internal bleeding.
The Chutney Burger, a ground pork patty topped with papaya chutney, red peppers, onions and a lime-infused mayonnaise. Served on a sesame seed bun.	Upon consumption, a papaya puree forms in place of the food consumed.	Subjects feel discomfort at the immediate liquidation of the food as it digests.
The Hawaiian Sunset Wings, a plate of bone-in chicken wings coated in a sauce consisting of soy sauce, ketchup and pineapple juice.	Upon consumption of each individual wing, a portion of chicken breast replaces the food consumed.	Has caused choking, however the entire meal can be consumed without death.
Sweet Potato Fries, deep fried sticks of sweet potatoes tossed with salt. Served with ketchup.	Upon consumption, each fry loses any salt and oil that remained. If it was consumed with ketchup, the ketchup evaporates.	Subjects report a loss of most of the flavor in the food, however report little problems in the consumption itself.
A Standard Margarita, made with two ounces of tequila, one ounce of Cointreau and one ounce of lime juice. Served in a glass with a salt rim.	Upon consumption, all alcohol content is removed from the drink.	Subjects reported experiencing no difference aside from the lack of inebriation.

Addendum:

Below is an interview with PoI-273, conducted by Agent Willamette Cooper on 9/28/ .

<Begin Log>

Agent Cooper is seated in a booth located on the eastern side of SCP-3771. PoI-273 hands her a menu and begins to leave.

Agent Cooper: Um, miss, I actually already know what I would like to order.

PoI-273: Oh! You certainly decide quick, don't you? Well, what would you like, then?

PoI-273 takes a pad of paper from her pocket and prepares to write.

Agent Cooper: Well, I actually have a few questions, first. Just, just to be sure I get what I want to order.

PoI-273: Oh, certainly! Anything that could make your time here more enjoyable.

Agent Cooper: Well, ah, I heard that eating a few things on this menu can cause some, ah, adverse effects. Do you know anything about this?

PoI-273 snorts.

PoI-273: Adverse? As if anything I make doesn't help people out for the better. People love my food!

Agent Cooper: So you know about how people here die sometimes after eating here? Particularly from food suddenly appearing in place of what you served them?

PoI-273: Oh, some recipes are a bit old, but I don't have the heart to remove them. I've been running this place for *years*, I don't intend to suddenly change the menu and

confuse the regulars.

Note: No other customers other than Foundation personnel have been seen in SCP-3771.

Agent Cooper: So it's on purpose? What possible reason would you have to make food that kills people?

PoI-273: Oh, *I* don't make food that kills people, it's those dirty, greasy fast food places that are killing people! So often are people subjected to eating cheap, unhealthy food that just makes them fatter and fatter while the price of healthy food is jacked up to kingdom come! It's why everything I offer here is organic, locally-grown, and of course, free!

Agent Cooper: But you serve people burgers and alcohol and chicken wings?

PoI-273: Well, when people are so used to eating the unhealthy stuff, sometimes people need to ease into the good stuff! It's like taking a pill with a glass of water; it just makes it easier to go down.

Agent Cooper: This whole thing, this whole restaurant is just a health joint in disguise?

PoI-273: You say that like it's a bad thing! Everyone deserves to be healthy at a good price. Now, are you going to order anything?

Agent Cooper looks back down at her menu.

Agent Cooper: Which of these are newer recipes?

Extraneous dialogue expunged.

<End Log>

SCP-3772

Item #: SCP-3772

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3772 is considered dormant, and can be easily disregarded as non-anomalous, containment focuses on suppression of discussion surrounding its method of distribution. Contacts in all major media-sharing platforms are working alongside the Foundation to assist with pre-emptive removal of media meeting SCP-3772's parameters, under the guise of content-protection rules.

Description: SCP-3772 is a phenomenon whereby internet content meeting certain criteria will convert to a video or infographic relating to the death of Faith Bassen in 2020. This conversion only affects end-user machines, and does not alter the media for others who have not triggered the phenomenon. The primary parameter ascertained is that the content is not owned or created by the poster, and a caption of or within the content alludes to a desire to discover the content's creator, whether or not said desire can be judged to be genuine[1]. Chances of SCP-3772 occurring are greater when a user is on US geopolitical territory, and particularly as a user approaches the census-designated place of Comfort, Texas.

Most commonly, SCP-3772 manifests as a static image of Faith Bassen with captioning providing details of her disappearance and the discovery of her body, with a strong focus on the lack of an official investigation by the local police force. When manifesting in video form, this information will commonly give way to phone camera recordings of Faith, with the names and faces of others appearing in the footage digitally censored. This footage is interspersed with graphic and provocative descriptions of her injuries, threats towards the perpetrators and the repeated line "FAITH BASSEN WAS MURDERED", which doubled as a hashtag for the movement to press the local police force to investigate the

death.

The first known instance of SCP-3772 came to the Foundation's attention on 8/12/2020, two months after the death of Ms Bassen. After confirmation of anomalous nature, initial containment focused on suppression of discussion and investigation of SCP-3772's trigger parameters. The Unusual Incidents Unit took over management of the investigation following Foundation prompting, and suspects were successfully brought to trial between May and July 2021. Following this, the incident rate of SCP-3772 manifestations dropped almost completely.

Addendum 1

Analysis of existing archived chatlogs for GoI-5869 ("Gamers Against Weed") show a number of conversations related to this issue, primarily involving the users warysue and tiedyeduck in a sidechat labelled *wip*. As chatlogs are only available from the laptop of a member of the GoI who had little interaction with warysue, the majority of these conversations are contextless or incomplete.

+ Snippet 1: 11/17/2020

-> **you** joined
gaycopmp4: that all sounds doable yeah but we'll need to work on the specific vids you wanna include
bluntfiend: You're really going for this, huh?
-> **Quavo** joined
warysue: we are . It's Important
Quavo: glah
gaycopmp4: strip out identifiers etc we don't want people complaining you're spreading their image
gaycopmp4: we'll leave 4chamber's in obv
warysue: just call her Faith . not
warysue: not like her privacy matters now
<- **Quavo** left
tiedyeduck: Can I just go on the record as very fucking against this
warysue: Fuck You

bluntfiend: I'm inclined toward tiedye- Whoah ok.
warysue: she's dead and I'm the Only One trying to do something about it
tiedyeduck: I was going to elucidate my point but if you're going to be like this it'd be futile
warysue: and gcm .
bluntfiend: Ok, listen up.
bones: I'm going to preemptively ask that you move this conversation to PMs. Warysue, while I understand your pain, it would serve you well to give benefit of the doubt in this context.
bluntfiend: Never mind, bones is on it.
warysue: noted, and Fuck that
warysue: gaycopmp4: lemme know on the discord if you've
warysue: got more questions . I'll work on fuzzing out faces And Shit
<- **warysue** left
tiedyeduck: Look, I'm not saying the idea is fundamentally bad, but the execution you're discussing is just crass.
gaycopmp4: she's gone
tiedyeduck: yeah
tiedyeduck: :/
bones: She is grieving a close friend. Her behavior may be more extreme for a time, but remember that she is working through a trauma. I believe you know what that feels like.
tiedyeduck: We all do, bones.
tiedyeduck: This is gonna be a clusterfuck, isn't it?

+ Snippet 2: 11/22/2020

-> **warysue** joined
lesbian_gengar: I /could/ do that but what would be the point
warysue: hey All

harmpit: comn gnengar you knwo itsll be funny as hsit
kkrule: hey sue i think duck was looking for you earlier
kkrule: tiedyeduck: ping ping
warysue: I Don't want to talk to
harmpit: mr fucking olbiquly refranced will risse from the asehs
warysue: to him
tiedyeduck: I just wanna say I'm sorry.
lesbian_gengar: talk to gaycop about this she's better with computer stuff
tiedyeduck: I came in too strong the other day - I want to help, I just think you're going about it the wrong way.
warysue: that's a shitty apology
tiedyeduck: Come on.
kkrule: uh sorry i didnt know you were fighting
warysue: no you Come On . I'm going about it Exactly the way Faith would have wanted it.
harmpit: ccol cool ill tdo that but fi she says no ii can comc bank to you righu
kkrule: i thought he wanted to do over watch or something
tiedyeduck: Exactly what she would have wanted? I've seen your demo posters. The places you're intending these to end up, she'll end up in the hands of people who'll make her a target for ridicule.
warysue: 1 . I know there's Awful People out there that's why Faith is fucking dead and 2 . I thin
warysue: 2. I think there's more people out there who'll listen and tweet
kkrule: god im really sorry waysue
warysue: it's ok kkrule just Ssh
tiedyeduck: Is that worth it, though? Her face getting used for awful jokes, becoming synonymous with all the other dead trans girls they fucking meme about. She's not gonna

come back.
warysue: I can't believe you'd fuck
warysue: fucking say that , of course its Worth It to catch whoever did it
harmpit: i ccant beleieve youd fcuck haaaaaa
bones: Inappropriate in the context, harmpit.
tiedyeduck: You really think it'll achieve that? Even if the cops do start an investigation, it's been weeks and she was found on a riverbank, there's no evidence to examine. Maybe if they'd done a proper autopsy they'd have something to work on, but they couldn't.
kkrule: yeah not cool harmpit come on
-> **you** left (Timeout)

+ Snippet 3: 12/9/2020

orbhorse: pee is stored in the galls
-> **warysue** joined
heartshapeddoxx: ob dude you're the worst
bones: Warysue, you should know that The Daily Dot published a short article about #FaithBassenWasMurdered 23 minutes ago.
warysue: I was just about to link it, yeah !
bluntfiend: Shit my guys, I think I just swallowed a whole chicken wing.
warysue: it's starting to Happen
heartshapeddoxx: is this like a new goof or something
heartshapeddoxx: I'm so out of the loop
kkrule: hi HSD are you new
warysue: it's very much Not A Goof .
bones: Heartshapeddoxx is an older member of the chat, from before my time here. From what I understand, he played a large part in its creation. This is his second time back since you joined, kkrule.
warysue: this is a movement I started to get justice for a Dead Friend of mine
heartshapeddoxx: haa yea and I don't even

remember the last time
heartshapeddoxx: oh shit I'm sorry
warysue: it's ok . you didn't know unlike s
warysue: unlike Some People
lesbian_gengar: so are you trending or
tiedyeduck: I thought we sorted this, wary.
kkrule: oh shit i remember that i hope it does well
bluntfiend: .botsnack some good fuckin oatmeal
warysue: lesbian_gengar: not yet but it's really built since the article hit so fingers crossed
orbhorse: dude how baked are you we haven't had a bot in like years
bluntfiend: Whhh?
warysue: tiedyeduck: sorry dude yeah I'm just Still Angry and I'm putting that on you
heartshapeddoxx: did you fuckin see i was online and time-teleport back to like 2008
kkrule: just tweeted about it warysue!
bluntfiend: Where's oinky friend ;_;
warysue: I'm going to go up to the station and let them know What's Coming .
heartshapeddoxx: ren and me are working on it, blunt. Janitors have her rn so github updates are a no-go
warysue: these pigs are gonna Regret not listening to me
<- **warysue** left
bluntfiend: Pigs? :D

+ Snippet 4: 11/11/2021

polaricecraps: this is fucking horseshit ok you go on about not wanting to draw attention but we draw attention like nobody's business bluntfiend alone is probably like triple on the janitor's radar already
harmpit: perison bwloe triple rdaar
polaricecraps: and we've already DONE shit

like this we got those guys caught when 4chambers was killed and she was like barely a member
lesbian_gengar: hey whoah let's not throw shade at the dead
bluntfiend: Lest the dead dab back.
polaricecraps: like if it'd been an exception cos it was Dove I'd have understood man but you're telling me we can hijack the fuckin hashtag tearjerk market for someone who said like four lines max in main but we can't leverage that same shit to defend ourselves from the nazi fucks trying to kick our damn door down
bones: Op order, drop this now.
Lesbian_gengar has it right, speaking ill of the dead is in very bad taste. 4chambers may not have participated to your knowledge, but I can inform you she was very much a member of our community.
warysue: whatever , not like it matters not
warysue: nothing Changed .
polaricecraps: dropped but I wanna talk about this again when I've cooled off
bones: That is acceptable.
kkrule: i know you don't feel that way wary but the men who did it got caught and they're in jail now so it did make a difference
lesbian_gengar: don't, kk
warysue: only two of them . Other guy walked away Scott Free . And they only got twenty years, w chance for parole in fucking "024
warysue: *2024
bluntfiend: You can rest easy knowing you did all you could, wary. It's tough, but you went above and beyond and got a result, even if it's not the one you hoped for.
lesbian_gengar: christ just let it rest it's ok for stuff to be shit sometimes
warysue: no it's ok , they're trying to help im

warysue I'm sorry I'm being A Bummer
polaricecraps: sorry for being a dick about it
warysue: shut up craps you were Unbelievably Insensitive
polaricecraps: yeh fair
bones: We cannot miss her as much as you do, warysue, but we miss her all the same. The list of our fallen friends is not tiered.
bluntfiend: That's a list that's way too long.
lesbian_gengar: mm
polaricecraps: and it'll be longer if we don't start utilising our shit to stop the wolves at our door
bones: Final warning, polaricecraps.
<- **polaricecraps** left
warysue: I'm actually uh ,
warysue: I think I'll go down to her grave , now I'm thinking about it
bluntfiend: Good plan. Say hi from us, yeah?
warysue: yeah , will do d
warysue: Does anyone have anything in particular they want me to pass on ? I can write it down on some paper n leave it there
tiedyeduck: I've actually got something. Is that ok?
warysue: course it is
tiedyeduck: Ok, awesome. Tell her this:
<- **you** disconnected

Other works by Rimple

SCP-2779, Rating: 187
SCP-3880, Rating: 169
SCP-2338, Rating: 153
SCP-2559, Rating: 145
SCP-948, Rating: 134
Operation ÓverMeta, Rating: 120
SCP-3559, Rating: 71
SCP-3772, Rating: 68

SCP-3373, Rating: 56
SCP-3224, Rating: 46
Headache, Rating: 30
This Year, Rating: 19

Footnotes
1. This factor is hugely increased when artist signatures and watermarks have been removed from the content

SCP-3773: 9,000 Lives

Item #: SCP-3773

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3773-14 is contained in a small animal containment cell on sub-level 13 of **Site-87**. Enrichment activities with SCP-3773-14 are to be carried out by containment staff at least thee times per day. SCP-3773-14's diet does not differ substantially from a non-anomalous feline's; however, all manifestations of SCP-3773-14 are lactose intolerant. Outside materials, such as pet brushes and toys, are to be fully decontaminated prior to their introduction to SCP-3773-14, to prevent a possible repeat of incident 3773-13.

In the event of SCP-3773-14's death, SCP-3773 is to be kept in storage for no more than sixty days; a new cat is to be introduced to SCP-3773 and designated SCP-3773-15, with the containment procedures appropriately updated when SCP-3773's anomalous effects manifest.

Description: SCP-3773 is a collar made of linen rope. Chemical analysis of SCP-3773 has shown that the fibers of linen contain hairs from at least 200 distinct domesticated felines; the oldest specimen of hair identified dates to approximately 2025BCE. A pair of brass clasps have been added to SCP-3773, possibly due to the wear of the original binding mechanism. SCP-3773 exhibits a mild cognitohazard; if an individual interacts with SCP-3773 with the intent to destroy it, they will place it down on the nearest safe surface and disregard it until they are out of sight of SCP-3773.

SCP-3773's anomalous properties manifest when it is affixed to the neck of a member of the species *Felis catus*, designated SCP-3773-#. SCP-3773 cannot be removed until the death of the SCP-3773-# instance, and its dimensions will grow and shrink so that SCP-3773 is always fit close to the skin of the SCP-3773-14 instance, without

causing discomfort. The SCP-3773-# instance will begin to show biological changes consistent with felines that have worn SCP-3773 in the past whose DNA has come into contact with SCP-3773.[1] It is estimated that SCP-3773 can 'store' the biological information of at least eighteen different cats at a time.

SCP-3773-# instances show a capability to alter themselves to have traits of several different felines, seemingly at will. Fur color, eye color, length and presence of a tail, and biological sex are all variable in SCP-3773-# instances; however, all instances of SCP-3773-# are uniformly lactose intolerant, even if the felines SCP-3773-# takes the form of were not. These shifts in form are accompanied by changes in behavior, including preference in food, changes in responses to stimuli such as petting and high-pitched noises, and responding to different names. Litters birthed by SCP-3773-# will have offspring genetically identical to felines currently 'stored' in SCP-3773.

The default 'form' of SCP-3773-# instances seems to be a chimeric mixture of all genetic information currently present in SCP-3773; fur will often appear to be in a patchwork pattern, eye colors are often heterochromatic, and in some cases, several tails, all functional, can appear.

Addendum: Incident 3773-13: Dr. Cassandra Pike, a parazoologist at Site-87, was given permission to bring items that belonged to her cat for the purposes of enriching SCP-3773-14, including a hairbrush, toy mice, and a 'dingle ball'. Dr. Pike's cat died in August 2015 under unknown circumstances. Dr. Pike was allowed to interact with SCP-3773-14 for the purposes of studying behavior.

In January of 2016, the following audio was recorded in Site-87's containment wing:

> **Dr. Jacob Kola:** Hey, Cassie. Here to play with Mongrel?[2]
> **Dr. Cassandra Pike:** Today's my last day with them, actually— for a while, at least. Flying out to Oregon to help Dr. Hendricks get acclimated with his new job.
> **Dr. Kola:** Go right in.
> *(Sound of a buzzer, followed by the containment airlock*

opening, followed by approximately seventy seconds of silence, before in-cell intercom is buzzed.)
Dr. Pike: Jake, you have to see this, right now.
Dr. Kola: What's the matter?
Dr. Pike: 3773-14, Mongrel, whatever you want to call it… it looks just like my cat. My dead cat. *(Dr. Pike sounds shaken)* It looks just like Oliver. Sounds like him, too.
Dr. Kola: That's impossible. Your cat was never in contact with 3773, it couldn't have gotten its genetic signature.
Dr. Pike: Then why… why does it look like my cat? What the fuck?
Dr. Kola: There have to be millions of tortoiseshell cats out there, Cassandra. Calm down.
(Several seconds of silence)
Dr. Pike: How physically detailed are the things that 3773 makes?
Dr. Kola: Why do you ask?
Dr. Pike: Oliver had a rib that never healed right when I got him; some jackass kicked him or something. Made a big bump in his right side, under the skin. I want to see if it's there.
Dr. Kola: Go ahead.
Dr. Pike: Hey, hey Ollie. Oliver. Come here, Ollie. Oh my god, Jake, it came when I called his name. Come here, come to momma, come here…
(Ten seconds of nonsensical noises from Dr. Pike, showing affection to SCP-3773-14, before ceasing suddenly)
Dr. Pike: Oh my god. It's there. The bump's there. His little broken rib. *(Dr. Pike begins crying.)* What the hell, Jake. What the hell.

Subsequent testing showed that exposure to any feline DNA, not necessarily felines that have worn SCP-3773, has a potential chance of SCP-3773 cataloging it. To date, three felines have been cataloged in SCP-3773 in this manner, including Dr. Pike's own cat.

Addendum: Following Dr. Pike's return from Oregon in February

2016, her work with SCP-3773-14 resumed. SCP-3773-14 would often take the form of Dr. Pike's deceased cat, much to her distress. For the purposes of this document, this form of SCP-3773-14 is designated SCP-3773-14A.

Dr. Pike requested a full-time assignment to SCP-3773-14's research staff for a period of three months, suspending two other non time-sensitive projects. This request was approved by Dr. Adam Larrsenn, current head of cryptozoological and parazoological studies at Site-87. However, Dr. Pike's behavior turned highly abnormal after one week of study; Dr. Pike spent increasing amounts of time with SCP-3773-14, and at one point, fell asleep in SCP-3773-14's cell, risking the containment of two other anomalous items stored on the same level. For this, Dr. Pike was reprimanded, but did not have her clearance rescinded.

The following conversation is recorded to have taken place between Dr. Pike and her significant other, Dr. Claude Mattings, at 1:12 AM on March 19th, 2016:

> **Dr. Mattings:** Cassandra, where are you going? It's the middle of the night.
> **Dr. Pike:** I'm just going out to the Meijer.[3] I have a craving for Twinkies, and they're the only place in town that's open this late.
> **Dr. Mattings:** Going to the grocery store doesn't require a security pass, Cass.
> **Dr. Pike:** Signing out with the night receptionist does.
> **Dr. Mattings:**…the elevator to the surface is *that* way. You're heading down to containment again, aren't you?
> **Dr. Pike:** What the hell do you want from me, Claude? That's my cat down there. You remember what I did when he died. He was the only good thing in my life for a long time, and… I have a chance to see him again. To say goodbye.
> **Dr. Mattings:** What do I want from you? I want you to get to the infirmary ASAP. You've clearly been affected by something.
> **Dr. Pike:** What do you mean?
> **Dr. Mattings:** This obsession you have, this worship of

something that looks like your dead cat… it's not natural, hon. I think you've been whammied.[4]
Dr. Pike: I haven't been whammied, Claude. You know what one looks like. It doesn't look like this! I… I just want to say goodbye to Ollie. Okay? That's all.
Dr. Mattings: There's an easy way to test it, then. Five words.
Dr. Pike: Seriously? Fine, say them.
Dr. Mattings: Does the Black Moon howl?
At this point, Dr. Pike's vocal patterns radically change, and the recording picks up the presence of metal shaking against metal in a musical manner.
Dr. Pike: It never stopped the sun from smiling. She wore a smile to rival its brightness before her beloved passed into the Duat, but her heart grew heavy and hardened. She deserves another chance to say goodbye, just as you gave her another chance.
Dr. Mattings: What. The. Fuck?
Dr. Pike's vocal patterns return to normal, and she appears ignorant of the above.
Dr. Pike: Satisfied?
Dr. Mattings runs for the security alarm and summons agents to Dr. Pike's location.

Following this, Dr. Pike was restricted to a low-level humanoid containment cell for a period of at least three months as an anti-cognitohazardous treatment was developed for SCP-3773's anomaly.

Dr. Pike's security clearance for SCP-3773 has been rescinded.

Addendum: Interview with Dr. Pike: The following interview was conducted one month into Dr. Pike's isolation for cognitohazard treatment.

Dr. West: Dr. Harold West, beginning interview with Cassandra Pike. Cognitohazard test. Does the Black Moon howl?
Dr. Pike: It never stopped the sun from smiling.[5]
Dr. West: Cognitohazard still present. According to Dr. Breaker, that response is consistent with a

cognitohazard originating from Egypt, last seen in—
Dr. Pike: *(Sighing)* This is all over a cat.
Dr. West: Pardon?
Dr. Pike: All I wanted to do was… tell what was the one good thing in my life for a good five years that I loved him.
Dr. West: I can arrange for Dr. Mattings to visit.
Dr. Pike: *(Laughs)* I mean other than him! He… when I came to Sloth's Pit, this site, do you remember what happened?
Dr. West: The Cold Storage incident. Everyone remembers.
Dr. Pike: When I was holed up at home trying to recover, when the site was being repaired, I kept seeing this cat in my backyard. He kept on coming to the door, asking for food, begging like Oliver Twist. He always wanted more. He came into my room one day, and… he just stayed.
Then… Oliver just vanished one day. I let him out, and he never came back. I found him in some hedges a few days later, and… *(Dr. Pike's voice grows tense)* God, Harry, I'm a wreck.
Dr. West: Have you been taking your medication?
Dr. Pike: Daily. They're giving me too big of a dose; can you see about adjusting it? I'm supposed to take half of what I get, and they keep urging me to take the whole thing.
Dr. West: Of course, Cassandra. *(Dr. West stays silent for several seconds, before sighing)* Speaking candidly? Everyone knows everyone here. And most of us are concerned about you, and what's going on. 3773 is one of the few items here that's a proper skip, and to see it affect a researcher like this…
Dr. Pike: What if there's no hazard?
Dr. West: The Five-Word Test disproves that quite soundly. It's a near-failproof cognitohazard detection meme.
Dr. Pike: You heard the recording. Did that sound like me? *(Dr. Pike pauses.)* I think I got whammied, but not in the cognitohazard way. I think that something messed

with me to get me in here.
Dr. West: Why would this force have a motive to do that?
Dr. Pike: …because it wants me to be alone. So I can finally do what I want.
Following this, Dr. Pike became unresponsive to questions. Dr. West concluded the interview.

Addendum: Video Log: The following is a transcript of a video recording taken in Dr. Pike's observation cell on June 3rd, 2016.

22:05: Camera malfunction. Video restored three minutes later. Audio unavailable for the duration.
22:08: Dr. Pike stirs in her sleep, and sits up to face the door to her chamber.
22:09: Door to the containment chamber opens into a white light. The exterior cameras of Dr. Pike's cell show the door closed.
22:11: A pair of felines emerge from the light; one of them resembles SCP-3773-14A, the other is an unknown entity resembling a black house cat with a tail approximately .5 meters long, a golden mask on its face, and luminescent eyes. Video resolution is poor, but the latter entity appears to be wearing SCP-3773, while the former is not.
22:12: SCP-3773-14A jumps on Dr. Pike's bed and begins interacting with her affectionately. Dr. Pike is seen to be crying and hugging SCP-3773-14A. Dr. Pike appears to be addressing the unknown 3773-# entity.
22:30: Between the two timestamps, Dr. Pike and SCP-3773-14A are seen interacting and playing, with the unknown 3773-# entity producing strands of rope and balls from behind itself for SCP-3773-14A and Dr. Pike to play with. At 22:30, SCP-3773-14A jumps off of Dr. Pike, and makes it way to the door. Dr. Pike walks after it, picking it up and kissing it on the forehead.
22:34: Both SCP-3773-14A and the unknown SCP-3773-# entity depart, with the door closing behind them. Dr. Pike returns to her bed and sleeps, and is seen holding something in her left hand.

Upon review of the footage the next morning, footage SCP-3773-14's cell was inspected, and showed it sleeping in the corner of it cell. Following this incident, SCP-3773-14 has not assumed the form of Dr. Pike's former cat.

Dr. Pike herself was interviewed by a member of site security following this:

> **Agent Nicholas Ewell:** Do you remember this incident?
> **Dr. Pike:** …I remember it, but I can't believe it happened. Then I woke up with you all at my door and cat hair on my clothes.
> **Agent Ewell:** Does the Black Moon howl?
> **Dr. Pike:** [DATA EXPUNGED]
> **Agent Ewell:** Cognitohazard seems to be absent, if it was there in the first place; we're still going to keep you under observation for the duration. Do you know what this… entity that was with your cat was?
> **Dr. Pike:** …I think I have some idea, but you're going to have to run it by the mythology department on sublevel 5 for me to be positive. She kept on making toys for me to play with him; she even gave me one of his favorite balls. I actually managed to say goodbye to him. Do you know how good closure feels, agent Ewell?
> **Agent Ewell:** No comment.
> **Dr. Pike:** It felt good. Oliver's not the first cat I had, but he's probably one of the best. I was… kind of lost, between losing him and my tiff with Claude; now, I feel like I can take on anything.
> **Agent Ewell:** Let's start with you taking on counseling. After observation is done and we're sure that the… for the sake of simplicity, the cognitohazard is out of your system, you're on psych leave, three months, by order of Director Weiss. You're not to come back to this zip code for any reason barring a major emergency until then. You have family?
> **Dr. Pike:** Parents and brother in Ohio.
> **Agent Ewell:** Good opportunity to visit them. You're gonna need to sign a memetic geas, of course.
> **Dr. Pike:** Gag order. Right, can't blab to the folks. *(Dr.*

Pike clears her throat.) Is that everything?
Agent Ewell: One last thing; the video showed you holding something in your hand when you went to sleep. What was it?
Dr. Pike: I have it right here, one moment.

SCP-3773-A designates a non-anomalous leather collar with a breakaway fastener, intended to be worn by housecats. A brass name plate reading **`Ubaste`** is affixed to it.

Footnotes
1. See incident 3773-13
2. A nickname given to SCP-3773-14 by containment staff.
3. A chain of supercenter stores exclusively located in the Midwestern United States.
4. A colloquialism used at Site-87 to indicate exposure to a cognitohazard.
5. Analysis of the recording detected a change in Dr. Pike's speech patterns similar to those detected in her original interaction with Dr. Mattings.

SCP-3774: My Heart DEETs Faster For You

Item #: SCP-3774

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3774 have been located and terminated. Any backup blueprints or files detailing the creation of additional instances of SCP-3774 have been deleted or destroyed, only saving the original copies for file storage.

Description: SCP-3774 was a prototype for a genetically and cybernetically modified subspecies of mosquito initially created by the Foundation to covertly survey Persons of Interest. Instances of SCP-3774 were bred to pass bio-engineered augmentations onto their offspring, as well as produce a successive generation of 90% female individuals.[1] The augmentations themself granted instances of SCP-3774 the following properties:

- Photo recognition
- Live video and audio broadcasting
- Access of a self-contained genetic database
- Emission of a signal that would show its Global Positioning Location

Instances of SCP-3774, when shown an image of a human subject, were intended to seek out the subject covertly. It would then use its proboscis on a human subject it believed to be a match to the subject shown and consume a small portion of its blood to analyze for a genetic match. Once a genetic match was found, the instance of SCP-3774 was intended to remain within proximity of the subject, broadcasting live video and audio feed of the subject until the Foundation retrieved the subject.

While most tests with instances of SCP-3774 proved positive, the introduction of adaptive vocalization[2] to them caused an unknown error to occur. When an instance of SCP-3774 consumes the blood

of a subject, regardless of whether or not it is a genetic match to the subject it is intending to find, it attempts to communicate with it, often expressing infatuation. In most cases, instances of SCP-3774 have tried to court subjects, with primarily negative results.

Once this error became known to the Foundation, all instances were located and recalled, where they were studied in an attempt to repair the malfunction. After further trials, the error itself was discovered to be unfixable, and all instances were promptly terminated. Any video logs recorded by the instances have been stored for research purposes.

ENTER LEVEL-3774-3 CREDENTIALS TO ACCESS

Below is a series of select video logs recorded by SCP-3774-2432 after locating a subject believed to be PoI- , however it was later determined to be a false match. The following events have proven to be a rare case, only occurring in two other occasions.

<Begin Video Log 3774-01>

SCP-3774-2432's camera view is apparently from the top of the subject's bookcase. SCP-3774-2432's camera displays the subject lying on his bed, awake. The room the subject is located in is poorly lit.

SCP-3774-2432: Hello?

The subject quickly sits up in his bed and looks around the room, apparently panicked.

Subject: Is someone there?

SCP-3774-2432: Yes! Hello!

Subject: Where are you? How'd you get into my house?

The subject turns on a lamp on his night stand and stands up from his bed.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… um… I'm a ghost!

Subject: Ha ha, very funny. Could you just come out, please? I said please, I'm being polite.

SCP-3774-2432: I… I told you! I'm a ghost! Yup!

The subject is now searching under his bed.

Subject: I'll call the cops if you don't just come out, missy! And I don't want to call the cops!

SCP-3774-2432: No, don't! Please, I don't want you to get into any more trouble! There are already people who know I'm here!

The subject emerges from underneath his bed and stands up straight.

Subject: People who know you're here? What's that supposed to mean? Don't tell me you're an escaped convict or something.

SCP-3774-2432: No! God, no, don't worry about that. Just… forget I said anything.

Subject: Look, miss, just come on out, and tell me what's going on.

SCP-3774-2432: No, I can't! *SCP-3774-2432 pauses.* Not now, anyway.

Silence for five seconds.

Subject: *Subject sighs.* Fine, stay hidden. Could you at least tell me what's happening? If you don't, I will call the cops, I don't care what's going on.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… I'm embarrassed…

Subject: Of what? What's so bad that you literally broke into my house? Because it must be pretty awful if that's what it came to.

SCP-3774-2432: No, no… no. It's, weird, really. *SCP-3774-2432 simulates laughter.*

Subject: I've heard a lot of weird shit in my day. Salmon clogging up toilets, kids getting stuck in dumpsters, all sorts of nonsense. I doubt what you have to say is going to be weirder than a salmon in a toilet.

Silence for four seconds.

SCP-3774-2432: Well.. I work for… god, I shouldn't even be telling you this.

Subject: Work for what? Are you a spy? Are you spying on me?

SCP-3774-2432: No! Well, not at first. I was meant to find some big scary guy that worked for this other organization, but like… I confused him with you.

Subject: Jesus fucking christ, you're a *spy*?!

SCP-3774-2432: I'm not spying on you!

Subject: Then come on out and show me your face if you're not spying on me!

SCP-3774-2432: I told you I can't come out! I'm… I'm doing this remotely! With microscopic drones!

Subject: Then cut whatever signal you have, then! If I'm not the guy you're looking for, get out of my house! Please! I just want a good night's sleep for once!

SCP-3774-2432: I… okay. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bother you.

SCP-3774-2432's view shows it leaving through a window and landing outside on the windowsill. As it turns back towards the window, it shows the subject, still standing and shouting, telling SCP-3774-2432 to leave. After approximately six minutes, the subject gets back into his bed and turns off his lamp.

SCP-3774-2432: God dammit… God, why did I have to be so creepy? Why did I have to just screw it up this fast?

SCP-3774-2432 is silent for approximately four seconds.

SCP-3774-2432: I just wanted to get to know him…

The subject apparently falls asleep one hour later. At this time, SCP-3774-2432 re-enters the building and lands on the night stand, facing the subject.

SCP-3774-2432: *SCP-3774-2432 speaks aloud in a hushed tone.* I'll try harder next time. I'm sorry.

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows it flying up towards the subject's bookshelf and landing, then turning to face the subject once again.

Extraneous footage expunged.

<Begin Video Log 3774-04>

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows the subject entering their house through the front door. SCP-3774-2432 is apparently on a light

fixture.

SCP-3774-2432: H… Hi again!

Subject: What?! *Subject looks visibly distressed.*

SCP-3774-2432: No, don't worry! It's just me!

Subject: Who? *Subject pauses for three seconds.* Wait, no no no no no, you were supposed to leave me alone! I got nothing worth spying on! I'm a janitor at an elementary school! I got nothing!

SCP-3774-2432: You're a janitor? You help people keep things clean?

Subject: Yes! Just a janitor! Not a shady janitor that works at some sort of spooky government organization, just a normal-ass janitor!

SCP-3774-2432: I heard you, I heard you. That's really kind of you, actually! At least, I think so. Being helpful to all of those kids and teachers and such.

Subject: Wha— um… Thank you… Wait, you still need to get out of my house!

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… God, I guess I need to say it out loud now, don't I? Jeez my heart is pounding so fast, um…

Subject: What are you going on about?

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… not here to spy on you… I just really want to get… to… *SCP-3774-2432 pauses for three seconds.* I really want to get to know you, okay?!

Silence for five seconds.

SCP-3774-2432: God, I knew that would sound weird, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll just leave, you're right.

Subject: Wait, you just wanted to get to know me?

SCP-3774-2432: Yeah…

Subject: But… you work for some big government, don't you? Couldn't you just look me up? Why go through all this song and dance?

SCP-3774-2432: Because I'm not supposed to be getting to know you. I'm supposed to be finding some other guy, but… I just really wanted to get to know you a little better.

Subject: You wanted to get to know me better? Me? You realize who you're talking to, right?

SCP-3774-2432: I mean, that's what I want to find out, really.

Subject: Uh… hm… *Subject pauses for five seconds.* Alright. Fine. But you have to let me get to know you, too. You know where my house is, just… I don't know, come here in person, let me see you face to face.

SCP-3774-2432: NO! I mean… no. Not yet. I'm too embarrassed.

Subject: Christ, okay! Could you at least tell me your name?

SCP-3774-2432: I… I haven't got a name. I was just called 2432 all my life.

Subject: Oh great, the kind of shady organization that raises spies as kids and doesn't give them a real life. Wonderful. Well, what do you WANT to be called, then? Because I don't intend to call you 2432.

SCP-3774-2432: Um… I don't know. What's a good name?

Subject: Christ, you're making me choose for you? Hm… Well, you sound a lot like Leslie Caron. How does Leslie sound? Or Les?

SCP-3774-2432: Who's Leslie Caron?

Subject: She's an actress. She's older now, but in her hey-day, MAN was she a catch. Starred in "An American In Paris". One of my favorite movies, let me tell you.

SCP-3774-2432: Oh, okay! Leslie sounds nice then!

Subject: Alright, now we're getting somewhere. Nice to meet you, Leslie. I'm Merle.

SCP-3774-2432: Nice to meet you too, Merle.

Extraneous footage expunged.

<Begin Video Log 3774-14>

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows the subject eating a microwaved dinner while watching the 2012 film adaptation of "Les Miserables". The subject is sitting on a reclining chair in what appears to be his living room. SCP-3774-2432's view is apparently on the arm rest on a separate reclining chair.

Subject: Now, I don't know what you can see

right now, but you'd better pay close attention to this part. This part with Eponine always makes me tear up a little, and I expect you to tear up here, too.

SCP-3774-2432: Okay!

SCP-3774-2432's camera view changes to exclusively the television screen the film is playing on. The camera shows Eponine[3] singing to Marius[4] as she dies from a gunshot wound. What appears to be crying is heard from the subject. At this point, SCP-3774-2432's camera views changes back to the subject to visually see him crying.

SCP-3774-2432: That was beautiful.

Subject: Yeah. *Subject inhales sharply.* Yeah, it was.

SCP-3774-2432: She loved him so much despite him being in love with another, and she still put her life on the line just to keep him safe. Just to keep him happy. It's truly beautiful.

Subject: I know.

Silence between the subject and SCP-3774-2432 for three minutes while the film continues to play.

SCP-3774-2432: Merle?

Subject: Yeah, Les?

SCP-3774-2432: Has anyone ever cared about you like that before?

Subject: What? I… I don't know. I would hope so. I… I really just don't know. I haven't been

in many successful relationships so I can't say that for sure, but I would hope at some point at least one of them might have cared about me that way.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm sorry, Merle.

Subject: Nah… Nah, it's fine. We don't all need to be in… in relationships or happy marriages to live a good, full life. I mean… it'd be nice… but you don't need to. I've gone along just fine without one.

SCP-3774-2432: Oh… I guess that's true. I've never been in a relationship either, and I'm apparently doing pretty well. I mean, I've met you, and you've made me the happiest I've ever been.

Subject: *Subject coughs.* Excuse me?

SCP-3774-2432: Um… nothing. Nevermind.

Subject: What did you mean by that? That I've made you the happiest you've ever been?

SCP-3774-2432: It's… Look, I've only known you for a week and a half, but you make me really happy. I love watching movies with you, I love how you just care about the kids you work with, I love just everything about you. But I know that you can't love anything about me back because if you did, then… it wouldn't last.

Silence for approximately two minutes. Subject then stands up and turns off the television.

Subject: You mean a lot to me too, Les.

SCP-3774-2432: You don't have to say that to make me feel better.

Subject: I'm not. I haven't even seen your face and I know that you're an incredibly lovely, kind, caring and empathetic person. You choose to be joyful when I want to be sad or upset about something. You always find the goodness in people who see only the worst in themselves. These last few days have been just the best few days I've had in a long time.

SCP-3774-2432: You really mean it?

Subject: I wouldn't be saying it if I didn't.

SCP-3774-2432: *SCP-3774-2432 simulates sniffing.* Thank you, Merle.

Subject: Are you crying?

SCP-3774-2432: *SCP-3774-2432 simulates laughter.* Shut up, it's an emotional moment.

Subject: *Subject laughs.* You're right, you're right.

Silence for seven seconds.

SCP-3774-2432: So… What does this mean for us?

Subject: What do you want it to mean?

SCP-3774-2432: Well… I'd like it to mean that we might have one of those useless happy relationships that you mentioned.

Subject: That sounds nice. A perfectly useless, happy, wonderful relationship.

Extraneous footage expunged.

<Begin Video Log 3774-23>

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows the subject pacing in his bedroom.
SCP-3774-2432's camera view is from the subject's bookshelf.

Subject: Why do you still refuse to show me what you look like?

SCP-3774-2432: Because you would hate me if you knew what I looked like!

Subject: I don't judge relationships on looks, Les. I don't care if you look like Richard fucking Nixon, I'd still love you for who you are. Could you please just show me something? Come to my house and let me actually physically see you, okay? Or don't, just mail me a picture of what you look like. I just want to know!

SCP-3774-2432: But… But why? If looks don't matter, why do you need to see me?

Subject: Because I know what catfishing is. Maybe some kid is pulling some sort of prank on me and this whole time my reactions have just been recorded for some prank blog. 'Man falls in love with little boy, watch his face when he finds out!' That'd be the headline.

SCP-3774-2432: If I were catfishing you, I wouldn't have dedicated so much of my life to just being with you.

Subject: Dedicated so much of your life? We've known each other for three weeks!

SCP-3774-2432: And I took two weeks to find you, and I only live for one more after this!

Subject: What the fuck? What is that

supposed to mean?

SCP-3774-2432: It means… it means…

Subject: What the fuck kind of organization do you work for? Are you some sort of android? Have I been talking to an AI this whole time?

SCP-3774-2432: No! No, not… not an android.

Subject: Then what? Who are you? WHAT are you?

SCP-3774-2432: I'm…

Silence for five seconds.

SCP-3774-2432: I'll be right there.

Subject: Fine. I'll be waiting.

SCP-3774-2432: You won't have to wait long.

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows it flying from the bookshelf and landing on the subject's bed.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm on your bed. Be careful. I'm small.

Subject: Wait, what?

Subject turns around, looking at the bed.

Subject: Where are you?

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… I'm the mosquito.

Subject: The what?

Subject continues searching the bed until it looks directly at SCP-3774-2432.

Subject: Oh, ha ha. Way to make me feel even worse.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm not lying.

Subject: You said you were using drones, this is probably just one of those drones, right? You're just trying to trick me?

SCP-3774-2432: I'm not trying to trick you! I'm being honest! I'm just a mosquito! I lied about the drones part because I thought it would be more believable than a mosquito that could talk!

Subject: Well, you're right. Drones ARE more believable than a mosquito that talks. Prove to me that you're the mosquito.

SCP-3774-2432: What do you mean?

Subject: I don't know, do something that only a mosquito could do! Bite me, suck some blood out or something!

SCP-3774-2432: Um, okay. If you want.

SCP-3774-2432's camera view shows it flying towards the subject and landing on his shoulder. It then extends its proboscis and proceeds to bite the subject, consuming some of his blood.

SCP-3774-2432: I hope this helps prove something. I don't know what, though.

Subject: I… I don't know what it proves either, but… If you really are a mosquito…

SCP-3774-2432: I AM a mosquito!

Subject: Let me finish, please.

SCP-3774-2432: Sorry.

Subject: If you really are a mosquito… It still doesn't matter to me. If this is what you are, well, I made a commitment to you. You're still the lovely, kind, caring person that I've been talking to and watching movies with and thinking about while at work. I just have to re-adjust a few fantasies I have about us getting married and having kids in order to accommodate the fact that you're a mosquito.

SCP-3774-2432: You're okay with this? With me?

Subject: I really did mean it when I said looks didn't matter. Except I did lie about the Richard Nixon part, if you ended up being Richard Nixon that might make things a little weird.

SCP-3774-2432: *SCP-3774-2432 simulates laughter.* That's… That's just so great! Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you! I'd kiss you if I could but that'd probably just make you itchy!

Subject: *Subject laughs.* That's true! But… why not? You don't have anything to hide anymore, go ahead and kiss me.

SCP-3774-2432: Well, okay!

SCP-3774-2432 extends its proboscis and bites the subject a second time, consuming more blood.

Extraneous footage expunged.

<Begin Video Log 3774-30>

SCP-3774-2432's camera is disabled for reasons currently unknown. The entirety of the

log is audio exclusive.

The sound of a door opening is heard.

Subject: Hey Les, I'm back!

Silence for approximately three minutes.

Subject: Leslie?

Silence for approximately 20 seconds.

Subject: Leslie? Are you still here?

SCP-3774-2432: Y-yes.

Subject: Leslie? Where are you?

SCP-3774-2432: I… don't… know…

Subject: What do you mean you don't know? Are you trapped somewhere?

SCP-3774-2432: I… don't… know…

Subject: Oh God… Wait, has it been a week already?

SCP-3774-2432: I… don't…

Subject: Oh God, oh God, oh God, it's been a week! Fuck!

SCP-3774-2432: Know…

Subject: Leslie, can you please just tell me something about where you are? What was the last place that you remembered flying to?

SCP-3774-2432: Living… room…

Subject: Living room, living room, living room… There you are!

The sound of the subject's footsteps become louder.

Subject: God, please don't go like this. Please just… please just stay with me? One more day? I've never loved anyone as hard or as fast as I have with you.

SCP-3774-2432: I'm… sorry…

Subject: You don't need to be sorry, you did nothing wrong, just… please stay with me, please!

SCP-3774-2432: I… have… an… idea…

Subject: An idea? To keep you alive?! Well, fuck, just say it! Please! Anything!

SCP-3774-2432: No… to… help… you…

Subject: Help me?

SCP-3774-2432: Remember… me…

Subject: What do you mean?

SCP-3774-2432: Have… kids…

Subject: Have… what? Have kids? But… how?

SCP-3774-2432: Lay… eggs… in… you…

Subject: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Eggs? Inside me?

SCP-3774-2432: Yes…

Subject: That's… How would that even work? They'd still be more mosquitos!

SCP-3774-2432: Your… blood…

Subject: My blood? This doesn't even sound like science anymore, this is goddamn magic!

SCP-3774-2432: Trust… me…

Subject: But… What's the point of having kids if they don't have a mother?

SCP-3774-2432: I'll… be… with.. you…

Subject: No you won't… you'll just be dead, and… and I don't want to live without you.

SCP-3774-2432: Merle… don't… let… me… leave… you… this… way…

Subject: You… God, you're really trying to pull at my heartstrings.

SCP-3774-2432: Please…

Silence for approximately ten seconds.

Subject: Okay. I'll do it. I'll have your kids. I'll have OUR kids.

SCP-3774-2432: Thank… you…

Subject: I love you, Leslie.

SCP-3774-2432: I… love… you… too…

Extraneous footage redacted.

The subject was recovered on September 28th, , three days after the events recorded on Video Log 3774-30, with a large mass growing out of his thigh. When surgically removed, it was discovered to be four living human fetuses, which will henceforth be designated instances of SCP-3774-A. Skin samples taken from each instance of SCP-3774-A discovered that while they appear entirely human and are genetically the subject's

children, 50% of their genetic makeup is identical to that of SCP-3774 instances. Over the course of seven more days, the instances of SCP-3774-A became the biological equivalent of a human infant. Further observations have shown that the rapid aging has ceased since reaching this stage. This is the only confirmed instance of an instance of SCP-3774 successfully mating with a human subject.

The subject has been administered a dosage of Class-C Amnestics and given significantly altered memories in regards to his experiences with SCP-3774-2432[5] along with an entirely new identity. In addition, in order to monitor the natural growth of the SCP-3774-A instances, he and the four instances have been moved to a Foundation-approved neighborhood in , West Virginia, where they will be monitored discreetly.

Footnotes
1. Due to the blood-drinking capabilities and longer lifespan of female mosquitoes.
2. For distractive purposes, if necessary
3. As played by Samantha Barks.
4. As played by Eddie Redmayne.
5. Specifically, regarding the fact that SCP-3774-2432 was a mosquito, and that their relationship lasted approximately one month.

SCP-3775: Evobasa Woleb

Item #: SCP-3775

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-3775 is currently being managed by Mobile Task Force **Psi-10** ("Maslow's Motivators") and Foundation web analysis bot Delta-34 ("MURDERTHEYWROTE"). All persons working on SCP-3775 related materials must undergo daily countermeme treatment to avoid becoming subject to their effects. Any digital or real-world manifestations of SCP-3775 phenomena are to be immediately suppressed and any involved persons tracked down and issued amnestics. In the event of a 3775-related phenomena persisting and becoming widely known, an emergency General Population Amnestic Order may be issued at the discretion of O5 Command.

The town of Arbutus, Maryland is currently under surveillance by the Foundation; in the event of any 3775-infected subjects coming to the town, amnestics are to be issued immediately and the persons redirected elsewhere.

UPDATE: Following the discovery of new details related to SCP-3775, information on Garrett Evobasa Woleb and certain details of the murders is currently restricted to the Site Director and O5 Command (see Addendum 3775.B)

Description: SCP-3775 is a memetic phenomenon centered around nonexistent homicides supposedly taking place in the town of Arbutus, Maryland in July 1967. According to the phenomenon, the victims were six elementary school teachers and the murders were committed simultaneously in the local Taranto Schoolhouse by Garrett Evobasa Woleb, a Gambian immigrant who was born in December 1929 and moved to the United States in 1957. No record of Woleb, the schoolteachers, or the named schoolhouse have been found in the town of Arbutus, leading the Foundation to classify

SCP-3775 as an anomalous activity shortly after its discovery.

Upon being infected by SCP-3775, persons display numerous changes in personality and behavior centered around the murders. Specifically:

- A continuous obsession with the details of the murders and the lives of the six schoolteachers killed and a strong distaste for the actions of Woleb.
- [In ~35% of subjects] A desire to travel to the town of Arbutus, Maryland to the site of the original murders (an empty plot of land outside the city limits). SCP-3775 infected subjects will always travel to Arbutus in groups of seven.
- [In artistically inclined subjects] A desire to create fictional media centering around the murders, such as novels, screenplays, etc. Media produced by SCP-3775 infected subjects has the same memetic properties as the original phenomenon, though descriptions do not as long as they omit visual material and direct quotes. The character of Woleb consistently disappears towards the end of several documented narratives without any apparent reaction from other depicted characters.
- A strong emotional attachment to the murdered teachers and feelings of extreme anger towards those who deny the murders occurred.

SCP-3775 was first discovered in July 1987 when an Arbutus city council member introduced a resolution to honor the slain victims by designating the 20th anniversary of the murders as "Taranto Teachers' Day". The infection spread rapidly throughout the town and came to the Foundation's attention shortly afterwards; at the time agents arrived, the city was in the middle of a week-long tribute to the victims and a local filmmaker was working on a documentary about their lives. The town was temporarily closed off and all persons issued repeated amnestics over the course of the following weeks.

Examples of Material Produced By 3775-Affected Subjects

> **Title:** *What happened to Garrett Evobasa Woleb, the "Butcher of Arbutus"?*

Media: Thread posted to the social media site reddit in the /r/UnresolvedMysteries subreddit on 21 Sep 2008. Prior to its detection by Delta-34 and subsequent removal, approximately four dozen comments had been posted (the exact number could not be determined because numerous comments had been removed). All posters tracked down and issued amnestics by MTF Psi-10.

Description: Poster of thread provides brief description of the event and solicits feedback on the possible location of Woleb and his activities after 1967. Several users claim they have never heard of the murders and express confusion about their being no Wikipedia article or contemporary news reports on them, but all accept the validity of the original poster's claim. Others express frustration at several comments in the thread being removed, with one poster claiming their removed comment detailed their theory on Woleb's current whereabouts. When tagged in comments, the moderators claim they have not removed any in the thread and express confusion at the comments' absence. Thread removed at this point.

Title: *Wolebshka*

Media: Oil painting on canvas, discovered after being briefly listed for sale on eBay; bidding was at $700 at the time the auction was stopped. Amnestics were issued to bidders, viewers, and the original artist after an extensive search and detain mission across North America.

Description: Portrait of seven Russian nesting (or "Matryoshka") dolls, six of which resemble the schoolteachers, removed from their casing and staring at the viewer with looks described as "tortured" and "desperate". The bodies of the persons depicted have all been mutilated by a blunt object, with numerous bleeding wounds seen in the center of the dolls. The seventh and largest nesting doll lacks any features and is painted in featureless bright red. The entire background of the

painting is pitch black, with no discernable features other than the seven dolls.

Title: *Seven Angry Schoolteachers*

Media: 20-minute Adobe Flash video uploaded to YouTube by an account named "Justice Arbutur". The account uploaded no videos before or after this one and was taken taken down by YouTube after several automatically generated DMCA claims from Delta-34. Video had 343 views at time of takedown. Subsequent surge in SCP-3775 manifestations in the months after the video's takedown were attributed to it.

Description: Experimental drama portraying Woleb as a teacher who is employed by Taranto Schoolhouse. The teachers are debating whether or not to approve funding for a staircase to the school's attic, replacing the aging ladder that had been used previously. Woleb and two other teachers oppose the proposal on the grounds that the new staircase's spiral design will give the children nightmares. The confrontation turns violent after one teacher refers to Woleb with a racial slur and questions his employment at the school given his race. The video becomes more abstract after this, intersplicing screams of distress and pain from the teachers with surreal images heavily featuring the color red; this sequence takes up the majority of the runtime. End of the video consists of police discovering the teachers dead within the school house except for Woleb, with one officer stating there is no physical evidence of the killer's identity despite the gruesome scene.

Title: *Diary of an Ostracized Killer*

Media: First-person narrative presented by the author as the recovered diary of Garrett Evobasa Woleb, self-published as a Kindle ebook on www.amazon.com and listed for sale at $6.99. Title taken down by Foundation agents embedded in Amazon within fifteen minutes of posting and no copies were purchased; one was

downloaded for research purposes.

Description: ERROR - DATA CORRUPTED

Title: *Garrett Evobasa Woleb Had Something to Hide. Who Else Might?*

Media: Editorial written by the Wall Street Journal staff in July 2013, shortly after the NSA disclosures by Edward Snowden. The headquarters of the Wall Street Journal was raided prior to the article's publication and printed copies destroyed; after interrogation, the entire staff was issued Class B amnestics.

Description: Article is a call for increased security and a defence of the surveillance state, using the Arbutus murders as an example of a tragedy that could have been prevented with increased government monitoring. Authors advocate for indefinite renewal of the Patriot Act, a national identity card, and increased funding to the NSA. Foundation memetic analysis of the article's tone indicated unusually high level of preoccupation with persons hiding in places not visible to the naked eye and concern with citizens who do not have up to date documentation.

Addendum 3775.A: Material Produced by Affected Foundation Researcher: In July 2007, a Foundation researcher working on SCP-3775 was not properly inoculated with the countermeme and temporarily became affected by the anomaly, after which Class A amnestics proved sufficient in reversing the symptoms. During her period of SCP-3775 infection, the researcher produced a fictional document written in the style of a standard Foundation interview, a summary of which has been provided below.

Title: *Layered Interview Log*

Media: Handwritten partial transcript on note paper of a nonexistent interview conducted by Foundation agents with Woleb, produced by the affected researcher in approximately two hours.

Description: Numerous sections of the purported transcript are missing Woleb's responses to the questions, especially any having to do with his background or immediate activities before, during, or after the murders. After the agent interviewing him expresses satisfaction at having found him, Woleb laughs and spends several minutes comparing himself, his interrogator, and the Foundation to the movie *Shrek*. Specifically, he draws attention to the scene where Shrek metaphorically compares himself to an onion, claiming that **ERROR - DATA CORRUPTED**. Interview log ends with Woleb spontaneously disappearing from containment with no action taken by any Foundation employee.

Addendum 3775.B: SCP-3775 Document Revision
[CLASSIFIED]: Following an analysis by the Department, it has been determined that certain elements of SCP-3775's Description are inaccurate. Revisions have been made which are accessible to the Site Director and O5 Command.

+ [ENTER CREDENTIALS]

Item: SCP-3775

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All Reality Reassertion Events produced by SCP-3775 are to be immediately documented and the persons covertly scanned for the presence of SCP-3775-A by Mobile Task Force Xi-3 ("Body Snatchers"). If the subjects test negative, amnestics are to be issued by MTF Psi-10. If SCP-3775-A is detected, procedure LAYERED CHALICE is to be initiated (see Description).

All other Containment Procedures are identical to the non-classified variant of this file.

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ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED

SCP-3776: Camp Nimrod

Item #: SCP-3776

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Thrift stores, garage sales, and other secondhand markets in Appalachia are to be consistently monitored by Foundation agents for signs of SCP-3776 activity. Should any artifacts related to the anomaly be discovered, they are to be seized and cataloged at **Site-77**.

Subjects affected by SCP-3776 have been found to be resistant to **amnestic treatments**. As such, they are to be placed within an organization such as the Witness Protection Program and removed from the region. Once removed, memories and desires connected to SCP-3776 will fade over time.

Description: SCP-3776 designates an anomalous phenomenon affecting much of the Appalachian region of the United States. All activity centers around an as-of-yet undiscovered recreational facility, "Camp Nimrod", which all recovered items indicate may have existed in the mid-1970's.

Objects with iconography or other relation to Camp Nimrod, such as shirts, banners or craft projects will manifest in retail outlets selling secondhand clothing or items. Analysis of CCTV footage shows that these objects do not come into the stores from the outside and only appear once the merchandise has become available to purchase. Always placed in obscure locations, such as the bottoms of bins, it can take months or years for the items to be discovered.

Physical contact with these objects causes vivid and detailed memories to manifest within the conscious thoughts of affected subjects; these memories center on time spent as an adolescent at a summer camp called "Camp Nimrod". Subjects describes the camp as having wooden cabins and being placed at the edge of a

lake with a creek running to it, along with various camping activities such as tubing, archery, crafts and general roughhousing in the wilderness. Attempting to inquire about specific details such as location and the length of time camp lasted will be met with an apathetic or hostile response.

Once a subject have been affected, a sealed cardboard container will appear in the attic of the last building where the subject's biological parents lived independently. If an individual other than the subject opens the box it will only contain ashes and a significant number of living *Periplaneta americana* (palmetto bugs). Should the subject open the box, it will contain numerous memorabilia related to their supposed Camp Nimrod experience.

Beads, apparel, and other trinkets are usually found, along with various forms of media. Photographs are the most common format in all recorded cases. Depending on the individual's age there may also be videotape, film reels, and **music sheets**, along with sketches done in their hand. All of these feature the subject in some fashion. A **yearbook**-style group photo is present in most cases. These will all show signs of age- and exposure-related degradation.

Elucidating the location of SCP-3776 through these objects has not proved to be viable. Any identifying information such as street signs, vehicle license plate numbers, or migratory wildlife will have been lost through apparently natural aging and decay. All letters have had the recipient's address faded past legibility. However there will always be enough information for the subject to reach out and contact individuals they remember attending SCP-3776 with.

In almost every case these individuals will be geographically close to the subject. All have been found to have existing knowledge of SCP-3776. This outreach is the second most common vector for spreading SCP-3776's effect. Many of the SCP-3776 subjects are impoverished, with some being addicted to opiates or alcohol. Research has ruled out any relation to SCP-3776's effect, as it is not universal among all affected individuals.

Should two subjects afflicted by SCP-3776 begin to converse, their mental faculties will degrade abruptly as the conversation progresses. It has been found that multiple conversations of any

length result in the brain entering the beginning stages of dementia. The corresponding bodily degradation will not be acknowledged by these subjects on their own; if questioned, they will attribute it to "old wounds from camp".

Continuing to seek out information and persons related to SCP-3776 will accelerate this effect. Many subjects will perish either from their weakened condition making them vulnerable to illness, organ failure in the brain, early-onset dementia, and a few cases of disappearing into the wilderness looking for Camp Nimrod.

Foundation attempts to locate a physical location corresponding with the camp have not been successful. Although several abandoned campgrounds have been discovered, none of these were recognized by the SCP-3776 subjects.

Addendum: On 09/18/1999, Foundation personnel intercepted reports of an individual who claimed to have been a camp counselor at Camp Nimrod. After seizing and altering the public records which had alerted them, Agent Ekblad was dispatched to an abandoned grocery store in Hurricane, WV, where the individual was identified and interviewed.

> **Interviewed:** , US citizen and West Virginia resident.
>
> **Interviewer:** Agent Ekblad, of **Mobile Task Force Psi-7**.
>
> **Foreword:** Interview took place in an abandoned grocery store, which public records indicate was owned and operated by until 1990. It is believed the subject had been living inside the building since its closure.
>
> Subject was discovered bagging and un-bagging expired canned food and rotten fruit into a paper bag, and continued this activity throughout the interview.
>
> **<Begin Log>**

Agent Ekblad: Hello? Can you hear me? The door was open, and I let myself in.

: *inaudible mumbling*

Agent Ekblad: Excuse me? My name is Calvin, I'm with the state. Your living conditions, frankly, are… appalling. Do you understand what I'm saying? I want to help you, we just need you to answer some questions first.

: Yes, yes, *inaudible*. We've got to get out of this place. it's not right.

Agent Ekblad: Do you want to leave? We could speak outside…

: But, it's… we're here. I'm just packing this up for you. Can I help you with anything else?

Agent Ekblad: Oh, but… mister, I don't need that bagged. I have my own. I just want to talk.

: Can't you help me? We've got to drop it — her — I've got to drop her off.

Agent Ekblad: Who are you talking about?

: To go to camp… I did it, when I was a young. Oh, when we swam up in the creek. I always thought somebody would drown there. Told stories to the littler things, the littler kids. Little ones. We always made them… *inaudible*. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm trying.

Agent Ekblad: Are you referring to Camp Nimrod?

: Oh boy, those were the salad days. So many of them, that's where we started. Camp is like a habit, when you keep going back. A lot of kids started… *inaudible*… started using it. Like a camp. They blistered and wilted in the sun.

Agent Ekblad: Can you remember who any of those

kids were? Do you know their names?

: Are you for… are you kidding me? What are we doing here? Why am I doing here? There's so much to… paper or plastic, sir?

Agent Ekblad: You were mentioning a girl earlier. Do you know her name?

: Oh! *Subject knocks bag over, sending cans spilling onto the ground. Several popped open, spilling rotten contents across the floor, which emitted a strong odor.* Summer is over! We've got to… *inaudible, subject slumps over onto table.*

Agent Ekblad: Hey, stay with me here. Who are you talking about?

: Summer is over… my… my little girl, I've got to get here. School is starting soon. It's our… bicep… ten… annual. She's going to make so many friends. Summer is over. Summer is over. Summer is over. Summer is over. *Subject repeated this until Agent Ekblad retreated from the building*.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Multiple broken and empty picture frames were found in a room on the building's second floor, along with two soiled cushions and a stained pink ribbon. Other than this, there was no evidence of anyone inhabiting the building other than the interviewed subject.

SCP-3777: Jewish Mekhanite Golem Robot

Item #: SCP-3777

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3777 is to be confined within Armed Containment Area-67 at all times. Point Ω should not be approached in order to ensure that SCP-3777 remains in Phase α at all times. Should SCP-3777 deviate from its present behavior and attempt to breach the containment perimeter, the Containment Task Force stationed at Area-67 is to immobilize and/or neutralize SCP-3777.

Description: SCP-3777 is a mobile humanoid automaton approximately 50 m in height, which is mostly composed of clay and brass machine parts, some etched with legible inscriptions[1]. Embedded within SCP-3777 are scraps of parchment upon which the Tetragrammaton[2] is written. SCP-3777 occupies a ruin north of Ephesus, Turkey, which is believed to have been a 1st century CE Jewish synagogue. SCP-3777 does not display any signs of sapience, but behaves in accordance with a four-phase routine:

- During Phase α, SCP-3777 behaves passively, standing at the center of the ruin which it occupies (henceforth designated Point Ω).
- During Phase β, SCP-3777 behaves territorially, patrolling in a counterclockwise circle around Point Ω. SCP-3777 will aggressively prevent individuals from approaching Point Ω by attempting to crush such individuals with its feet, but it will not pursue those who are fleeing from the ruin. SCP-3777 will transition from Phase α to Phase β when an individual approaches within 3 m of Point Ω.
- During Phase γ, SCP-3777 behaves passively, by approaching Point Ω and repeatedly punching directly ahead. Foundation researchers believe that this behavior is intended to damage the ruin, but it is ineffective in doing so due to the

ruin's low height and the positioning of SCP-3777's arms. SCP-3777 will transition from Phase β to Phase γ after an hour has elapsed since entering Phase β.
- During Phase δ, SCP-3777 behaves erratically, walking in random directions around and across Point Ω. At times, SCP-3777 will strike itself, although it sustains little damage from this behavior. SCP-3777 will transition from Phase γ to Phase δ after five minutes have elapsed since entering Phase γ. After nine hours have elapsed since entering Phase δ, SCP-3777 will return to Phase α.

It is believed by Foundation historians that SCP-3777 was unintentionally created as the result of a localized anomalous conflict between Jewish and Mekhanite[3] residents of Ephesus during the 1st century CE. Two contemporary sources provide accounts of the creation of SCP-3777: the unabridged *Antiquities of the Jews* by Josephus[4], and the Mekhanite Book of Apostates[5]. These sources are reproduced below.

Accessing "Antiquities of the Jews, Unabridged" by Josephus (Department of Antiquities: 1911.87.43)…

> Now in those days the worshipers of Mekhane, who is called the Broken God by some, were strongly persecuting the Jews in Ephesus. In all Ephesus the hand of the Mekhanites was against the Jews, and the Jews of Ephesus dared not appear in the public places lest they suffer the Mekhanites' wrath. Now there was a wise teacher of the Jews named Enoch, who saw the plight of his people, and was greatly displeased. In his displeasure he read from the Book of Creation[6], and was inspired. Writing the holy name of the Most High, he made a golem—a man of clay—and bade it protect the synagogue. (Surely the Jewish people exceed even the Mekhanites in such arts!)
>
> Indeed, the golem repulsed the Mekhanites, but they were a stubborn people, and would not relent. Thus the Mekhanites built many constructs—men of brass—and bade them attack the synagogue. At first, the golem was overwhelmed, and the Jews of Ephesus struggled to

hold the synagogue, but Enoch was not deterred. Ordering all the scrolls of the synagogue to be brought to him, he cut them apart, wrote the holy name of the Most High a thousand times more, and bade the golem to gather clay from nearby. With this clay Enoch formed another golem, and bade this new golem to do the same as the first. In this manner Enoch then formed 999 more golems to protect the synagogue.

Now the Mekhanites were repulsed once more, but the chief builder among them—a man named Demetrius[7], a silversmith—called upon the Mekhanites of all Anatolia and Attica, and the men of brass descended upon Ephesus in the tens of thousands. And so the men of clay and the men of brass fought, and neither side gained the upper hand in battle.

Now on the fifth day of the melee there was a great storm, and torrential rain fell upon the area. The men of clay, still freshly molded, became nothing more than writhing lumps of clay, while the men of brass rusted and became immobile. When the storm had passed, all the Jews and Mekhanites of Ephesus saw that there were no more men of clay or brass, but a colossus of clay *and* brass. This colossus wreaked such havoc throughout all Ephesus that not even the legions of the emperor could put an end to it. Thus Ephesus was evacuated, and the Jews and Mekhanites of Ephesus were harshly proscribed.

Accessing "Book of Apostates" by Demetrius of Ephesus (Department of Antiquities: 1978.63.47)…

98 An injunction of Demetrius, chief builder in Ephesus.
2 Surely damnation shall soon come for the Hypsistarians[8],
3 those fools who cower before their

idol Zeus Sabazios[9]!
4 How feckless must you be, to turn
from MEKHANE's light,
5 because you have been defeated
by crude men of clay?
6 Behold, see how their creation has
turned against them!
7 The responsibility for Ephesus's
ruin is theirs, not ours,
8 for we made men of brass with
MEKHANE's knowledge,
9 and they made men of clay with
the flesh's ignorance.
10 Do they not put faith in acts of
sacrifice and mutilation?
11 Surely this is an hour to be firm,
yet I will offer mercy,
12 for **Sophia** has departed from
us, and led many astray.
13 Apostates, there will be but one
chance for repentance.
14 MEKHANE's righteous wrath
shall pause but never cease!

Footnotes
1. Sample inscriptions (translated from Koine Greek) include:"Gift of the workshop in Kythera, to our brothers in Ephesus""Triumph over the circumcision""Screw the whoreSophia""All Colossae praises Demetrius, hammer of the Hebrews""Hear, O Anatolia, God is broken, and MEKHANE is God"For additional inscriptions, consult the 2017 SCP-3777 Archeological Report (Department of Antiquities: 2017.7.3).
2. The Hebrew letters יהוה, which spell the name Yahweh.
3. Generic term for predecessors of the modernChurch of the Broken God.
4. Jewish Roman historian of the 1stcentury CE.
5. Religious text of the Mekhanite faith, which lists groups and individuals who left the Mekhanite faith or advanced teachings considered to be heretical.

6. Or Sefer Yetzirah, an early esoteric Jewish religious text.
7. Probably referring to Demetrius of Ephesus, an Anatolian Mekhanite religious leader who is mentioned in Chapter 19 of Acts of the Apostles.
8. Monotheistic religious group related to Judaism, whose members worshiped the Hypsistos, or "Most High."
9. Anatolian god syncretized with Yahweh by the Hypsistarians.

SCP-3778: We Are Possum. We Are Legion.

Item #: SCP-3778

Object Class: Keter

Threat Level: Red

Special Containment Procedures: A single instance of SCP-3778 is to be kept in a Standard Botanical Containment Unit in Site-103. Staff are not allowed to consume any instances of SCP-3778-1, due to the risk that instances of SCP-3778-1 may fall into the possession of an instance of SCP-3778-A. Absolutely no instances of *Didelphis virginiana* (the Virginia Opossum) are to be allowed in the vicinity of Site-103, regardless of whether they are an instance of SCP-3778-A or not.

Any wild or otherwise uncontained instances of SCP-3778 are to be exterminated. Coordination with the UIU and GOC in targeting and eliminating the spread of SCP-3778 is ongoing.

Current containment protocol regarding instances of SCP-3778-A is the establishment and continued maintenance of diplomatic ties with the five tribal authorities of SCP-3778-A. Various treaties between the Five Tribes of SCP-3778-A and the Foundation include the following stipulations on SCP-3778-A:

- Instances of SCP-3778-A may not interact or communicate with any humans, with the exception of authorized Foundation liaisons.
- The tribes of SCP-3778-A will avoid human settlements as much as possible, with the exception of , Louisiana, due to reasons of cultural significance.
- Instances of SCP-3778-A will not attempt to cross the border fence separating the United States and Mexico, or attempt to gain entry into Latin America through any means.
- Cultivation of SCP-3778, either by SCP-3778-A or humans, is

not allowed.

In return for their compliance with these demands, the Five Tribes of SCP-3778-A expect that the Foundation adhere to the following:

- The Foundation is to not actively detain any instances of SCP-3778-A, unless they pose an active threat to the Foundation or the Five Tribes, or are voluntarily participating in the Methuselah Project.
- The Foundation is to sway the domestic policy of the United States to preserve the Gulf Coast against the effects of sea level rise and other forms of climate change, as well as facilitate the creation of additional national parks.
- The Foundation is to deploy positive memetic devices on the internet to bolster the acceptance of the Virginia Opossum among the general population, and to discourage the concept of the Virginia Opossum being a form of vermin.
- The Foundation must focus significant resources on the Methuselah Project, which involves the extension of the lifespan of the Virginia Opossum. Details on the projected timeline of the Methuselah Project can be found in Addendum 3778-MPT.

The Foundation must also stymie the technological progress of SCP-3778-A for as long as possible, while still maintaining positive relations. For this reason, all interference with the progress of SCP-3778-A must be conducted via clandestine operations. Stages of the Methuselah Project must not be completed ahead of schedule.

Description: SCP-3778 is an anomalous type of *Vitis Vinifera*, or Common Grapevine. Like any other grapevine, SCP-3778 produces grapes (henceforth referred to as SCP-3778-1). While these grapes do not lead to any changes when ingested by humans, their anomalous properties manifest when they are consumed by any member of the genus *Didelphis*, causing rapid neural restructuring and development. Through ingestion of SCP-3778-1, any opossum can reach sapience. Opossums that have reached sapience through SCP-3778-1 are henceforth referred to as SCP-3778-A.

SCP-3778, SCP-3778-1, and SCP-3778-A are all genetically and

physically identical to their non-anomalous counterparts, making detection of these anomalies difficult.

Upon reaching sapience, SCP-3778-A instances will attempt to enlighten their non-sapient counterparts. While opossums do not normally exhibit social behavior, instances of SCP-3778-A seem to attract other members of their species to them. This attraction appears to extend out km, though vocalization, sight, pheromones, and seem to aid the process. Once a sufficient congregation size has been reached, SCP-3778-A will provide SCP-3778-1 to the other opossums present, allowing them to also reach sapience, and thus forming more instances of SCP 3778-A. SCP 3778-A can also be created by natural birth between two instances of SCP-3778-A or one SCP-3778-A instance and a non-anomalous opossum.

The intelligence of SCP-3778-A is comparable to that of a human, and instances are capable of learning human languages. SCP-3778-A shows special preference for learning and using Cajun, French, Spanish, English, and various forms of Creole, though these preferences are primarily attributable to the region that SCP-3778-A achieved sentience in. Due to the innate differences of biology between humans and opossums (specifically regarding the mouth and throat) SCP-3778-A instances vocalize distinct syntax patterns and accents that are markedly different from any human speech. Efforts to streamline communication between humans and SCP-3778-A are ongoing.

As of writing, all instances of SCP-3778-A have coalesced into the aforementioned Five Tribes. See Addendum 3778-5T for details on each tribe.

SCP-3778-A possesses a primitive albeit rapidly advancing technological level. SCP-3778-A, as of now, has technology comparable to humanity during the Early Bronze Age. While the Foundation maintains technological superiority, years ago SCP-3778-A was at pre-agricultural levels, indicating a rapid level of advancement. Unchecked, SCP-3778-A may potentially lead to an SK-Class dominance shift scenario. Countermeasures are currently in place to prevent SCP-3778-A from gaining a large enough population[1] or from gaining great enough political unity to mount an offensive against Foundation activities. The possibility that

SCP-3778-1's effects will spread from the Virginia Opossum to other members of the *Didelphis* family cannot be ruled out. As the majority of the opossum population lies in Latin America, coordination between the Foundation, the Mexican government, and various Central American nations have been dedicated to the elimination of suspected instances of SCP-3778.

+ Show Addendum 3778-
MPT. LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE OR HIGHER REQUIRED

Addendum 3778-MPT:

Methuselah Project Proposal

Date: 11/04/20

Goal: The aim of the Methuselah Project is to promote diplomatic relations between SCP-3778-A and the Foundation by aiding not just SCP-3778-A, but *all* opossums with curing one of their most ancient ailments: their lifespan. Most opossums only live two years in the wild, and up to four in good captivity. The truth is that this is far too short to be able to maintain convenient diplomatic relations. This fact also causes many instances of SCP-3778-A distress, upon learning of their short natural lifespan, and solving this issue would put SCP-3778-A in our debt. To facilitate trust between the opossum race and mankind, we propose that the Foundation begin the Methuselah Project. Through simple genetic engineering and viral therapy, we can increase the lifespan of the Virginia Opossum by over a factor of ten.

Timeline:

Early 20 : The Methuselah Project will begin.

20 : The necessary genes for life extension

will be isolated.

20 : Testing will begin. Testing is to be conducted on volunteering SCP-3778-A participants.

20 : By this time, testing is expected to yield positive results for genetic modification trials.

20 : Isolation period of modified SCP-3778-A will expire. If no long-term health problems are identified, Methuselah Project will move on to the next stage.

20 : Engineering of a suitable delivery method of the genetic modification (SCP-3778-B) will commence.

20 : If suitable delivery method is constructed, begin mass-deployment of SCP-3778-B via [REDACTED] to increase the lifespan of all instances of SCP-3778-A, and non-anomalous Virginia Opossums.

+ Show Addendum 3778-5T

The Five Tribes[2] is the common name for the various hierarchical organizations that SCP-3778-A has organized itself into. Such polities are geographically based, and are in areas where the non-anomalous Virginia Opossum is also usually found. A map for the territory claimed by the five tribes can be found below.

The Five Tribes are as follows:

The Great Lakes Clans: Due to the low temperatures that the Great Lakes region reaches during the winter, this is the smallest of the Five Tribes. Until recently, the Great Lakes Clans engaged in conflict with its southern neighbors for food and territory. Upon discovery by the Foundation, all conflict was ordered to cease, and aid by

the Foundation to the Great Lakes Clans has raised the standard of living, as well as easing political tensions between the Tribes. Shown in green.

Appalachia: Appalachia comprises the eastern coast of the United States, and the Appalachian Mountains. It is one of the larger SCP-3778-A polities, and claims significant territory. Appalachia is also a production powerhouse, as it holds mineral deposits that are vital to SCP-3778-A's technological development. Appalachia formed after seceding from the Gulf Empire, making it the second recorded SCP-3778-A state to emerge. Shown in pink.

The Midwest Association: The Midwest Association occupies the outer reaches of contiguous opossum influence, and recently was observed making forays into Colorado for colonization efforts. The Midwest Association has since been ordered to cease expansion, under the pretense that they should "focus more on internal development first". Shown in yellow.

United Pacifica: United Pacifica is the newest of the Five Tribes. It has a larger population that the Great Lakes Clans, but holds less influence over intertribal politics due to its distance from the other polities. Shown in blue.

The Gulf Empire: The Gulf Empire is the oldest and largest surviving[3] entities of the Five Tribes, being founded in 1898 by Emperor Sesame I. The Gulf Empire wields significant influence over all other organizations, and has been the most vocal about the pursuance of the Methuselah Project. While once encompassing most of the territory claimed by instances of SCP-3778-A, rapid technological advancement and political turmoil have rendered it less powerful than it was at its height. Shown in red.

Map of the various political entities that SCP-3778-A has organized itself into

+ Transcript of interview with SCP-3778-A instance. LEVEL FOUR CREDENTIALS REQUIRED

Addendum 3778-A6:

Interviewer: Dr. Clarke

Interviewed: An instance of SCP-3778-A, henceforth known as “Milkshake”, who is a relatively prominent member of the Gulf Empire’s Noble Council.

Forward: In the following interview, Dr. Clarke and Milkshake discuss the Methuselah Project.

Note: Like all instances of SCP-3778-A, Milkshake uses different speech patterns, some cultural, others innate to her biology. The transcript below does not modify these patterns, but does provide translations.

<Begin Log, : hours, / / >

Dr. Clarke: Welcome, SCP-3778-A.

Milkshake: Mi næme eës Milkshæk. (My name is Milkshake.)

Dr. Clarke: Yes, of course. Sorry, Milkshake. How are you today.

Milkshake: Güd. (Good.)

Milkshake clicks her lips twice[4].

Milkshake: Gurp? (Grape?)

Dr. Clarke: 'fraid not, Milkshake. No grapes for right now.

Milkshake droops her head and lays down

on the table.

Dr. Clarke: What would you like to talk about today?

Milkshake: Mëduselã (Methuselah).

Dr. Clarke: Well, that's fine. What particular points of the Methuselah Project would you like to discuss?

Milkshake: Ñot fæst ëñof. (Not fast enough.)

Dr. Clarke: I'm sorry, we're working on it. These things take time and-

Milkshake: Go fæstir. Or fren ño mur. (Go faster, or friends no more.)

Milkshake growls slightly and proceeds to clean herself. Milkshake is unresponsive to any further inquiry, and growls when approached by Dr. Clarke. Session ends.

<End Log, : hours, / / >

Footnotes
1. It is estimated that the population of SCP-3778-A currently lies somewhere around 150,000 instances.
2. Not all of the "Five Tribes" actually follow a tribal form of political organization.
3. Other SCP-3778-A groups were known to exist, but only recently has communication been established between SCP-3778-A and the Foundation to allow understanding of the political divisions present.
4. Among all opossums, including non-anomalous instances, this is seen as a sign of eagerness.

SCP-3779: A Greenhouse: Or, How D-80801 Learned To Give In And Embrace Nature

Item #: SCP-3779

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Provisional Site 3779 has been constructed around SCP-3779 to serve as its containment facility. Provisional Site 3779 consists of a perimeter fence, personnel quarters, and 2 research buildings.

Plants within SCP-3779 are to be watered according to each species' requirements, and adequate sunlight should be able to reach all of the plants within. If necessary, UV lamps can be placed on the outside of SCP-3779 facing in. Personnel permitted to enter SCP-3779 are to conduct equipment checks before and after entering the structure to ensure no objects are left within.

In the event that an unauthorized object is left within SCP-3779, containment teams are to extract the object as quickly as possible. Necessary force is to be used, though teams should attempt to limit as much damage to the structure as possible.

SCP-3779 (pictured on the left) during the initial containment phase.

Description: SCP-3779 is a 47 square meter greenhouse located in southwestern Iowa. Within SCP-3779 are various species of potted flora, either hanging from hooks attached to the ceiling or resting on tables or shelves. Written on the inside walls of SCP-3779 in black paint are 8 glyphs of unknown meaning and origin[1].

When a foreign object[2] is introduced to SCP-3779, the plants within will begin to exhibit some of the properties of the object.[3] The means by which SCP-3779 chooses which properties to gain is currently unknown. Over the course of approximately 12 hours,

SCP-3779 plants will change their properties to match those of the introduced object. If given enough time, the properties of plants within SCP-3779 can match those of the introduced objects.

Upon the removal of the foreign object, SCP-3779 plants will return to their original states over the course of 4-6 hours. Plants which die within SCP-3779 will no longer exhibit their anomalous properties. In the event that an adapted plant is removed from SCP-3779, it will decay similarly to non-anomalous plants, albeit at a much faster rate. Plants introduced to SCP-3779 will not be mimicked; instead, they will behave like plants already within SCP-3779.

Experiment Logs:

> **Test #:** 3779-01-672001
> **Setup:** A 1 meter portion of a standard steel I-Beam is placed within SCP-3779 and left for 9 hours.
> **Results:** The tensile strength of all plants within SCP-3779 increased by a factor of 10 and the colors of the plants shifted towards that of the I-Beam.

> **Test #:** 3779-02-672001
> **Setup:** A 0.25 m^3 block of ice is placed within a container and then into SCP-3779 and left for 7 hours.
> **Results:** Over the course of the preliminary 6 hours, the plants within SCP-3779 gained some of the properties of the ice. As the ice melted, the molecules making up the plants detached from their structures through unknown means and behaved like a liquid. When the water was removed, the pools of plant material reformed into their pre-experiment forms.

> **Test #:** 3779-03-692001
> **Setup:** A laboratory mouse (*Mus musculus*) is placed within SCP-3779 and left for 7 hours.
> **Results:** After 5 hours, SCP-3779 plants developed structures containing photoreceptor cells which emanate from various locations on their stems. After 6 hours, plants developed funnel-like structures which resemble the ears of the laboratory mouse which emanate from various locations on their stems, though no further

structures were observed.

Test #: 3779-04-6112001
Setup: D-80801, a 32-year-old Caucasian male, was placed within SCP-3779 and instructed to sit and wait until further notice.
Results: After 9 hours, SCP-3779 plants had developed complex and fully-functional visual, auditory, and somatic 'organs' across all structures of the plants. After 10 hours, SCP-3779 plants began to develop muscular structures, allowing them to move their stems and stem branches. After 11 hours, D-80801 was instructed to remove an ocular organ from one of the plants. While attempting to do this, the plant in question wrapped an extraneous vine around D-80801's neck and strangled him to death. Following the death of D-80801, plants within SCP-3779 became inert and began to imitate decaying flesh in a manner similar to that of D-80801's body.

Footnotes
1. All attempts to replicate the anomalous properties of SCP-3779 by reproducing these glyphs have resulted in failure.
2. Foreign objects are defined as objects which were not present within SCP-3779 at the time of discovery.
3. It should be noted that the plant pots, tables, shelves, etc, that were within SCP-3779 at the time of discovery are not mimicked by the plants within the greenhouse.

SCP-3780: Who Shot J.F.K.?

Item #: SCP-3780

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The **Temporal Anomalies Department** is assumed to be in charge of ensuring containment of SCP-3780. They have been granted indefinite Level 5 clearance to all Foundation task forces and resources under the condition that said resources be either returned or replaced within one standard hour of deployment (relative to local time of requisition).

Description: SCP-3780 describes the collective attempts by various individuals, third parties, and separate temporal versions of the Foundation to prevent the assassination of United States President John Fitzgerald Kennedy by Lee Harvey Oswald on 22 November, 1963.

Although no significant changes to the timeline would actually occur if Kennedy's assassination were successfully prevented, the objective of the Foundation to preserve original consensus reality extends to the preservation of a single objective timeline within this reality. Therefore, the Temporal Anomalies Department has established Operation Thunderbolt: an indefinite program to ensure that Kennedy is shot to death by Oswald at 12:30 PM on Friday, 22 November, 1963 in Dallas, Texas. To this end, Temporal Anomalies has established a holding ground between 2220 and 2230 AD to store resources and personnel for Operation Thunderbolt as needed. Further details on Operation Thunderbolt are limited to Temporal Anomalies personnel for paradoxical reasons.

Addendum: Notable Attempts at Preventing Kennedy's Assassination

Date: 22/11/1963

Attempt: A gunman hiding in the Texas School Book Depository shoots Oswald dead before he can shoot Kennedy. Sweeps by the Department ahead of time to locate the gunman fail; however, Department personnel observing from the so-called grassy knoll are able to spot the gunman moving through the building from their position.

Preventative Measures: A sniper placed on the grassy knoll is able to spot the gunman moving through the building and incapacitate him with a gut shot. Department personnel hiding in the building are subsequently able to locate the gunman; however, before they can recover his body, it abruptly vanishes.

Date: 22/11/1963

Attempt: At 12:29 PM, Oswald abruptly vanishes from his vantage point in the Texas Book Depository. Personnel surveying the scene are unable to locate any trace of him. At 12:42 PM, he reappears in the Depository, by which time the motorcade has passed. From Oswald's perspective, no time has passed and he is unable to explain the lost time.

Preventative Measures: As soon as Oswald reappears at 12:42, a Temporal Relocation specialist transfers Oswald to 12:29 PM, synchronizing with the exact time of his disappearance. Oswald remains unaware of his relocation and successfully makes the shot.

Date: 22/11/1963

Attempt: An agent of Marshall, Carter, and Dark retroactively aborts Oswald by infiltrating the home of his mother, Marguerite Frances Claverie, and slipping **`a capsule of powdered unicorn horn`** into the jug of milk in her fridge.

Preventative Measures: Two Temporal Anomalies agents stake out Claverie's home overnight; in the early

morning, they are able to intercept and subdue the MC&D agent and recover her for interrogation without incident. The capsule of unicorn horn is confiscated successfully.

Date: 22/11/1963

Attempt: While **`Dr. Thaddeus Xyank`** is observing Oswald under the cover of an SEP-Field, his future self barges into the room, renders Xyank unconscious with a punch to the jaw, and pushes him into a portable temporal relocation gateway. However, the Fields are momentarily disturbed by the impact of the punch, causing both Xyanks to be noticed by Oswald and throwing off his aim.

Preventative Measures: Dr. Xyank returns to the moment in time when he was incapacitated by his future self. However, he chooses to arrive five seconds after his future self arrives in the room. Xyank subsequently incapacitates his future self with a punch to the jaw and pushes him through the temporal relocation gateway instead. However, his future self repeats the action, appearing five seconds after him, incapacitating him, and pushing him into the gateway. Unwilling to accept defeat, both Xyanks repeat this process several more times until both of them only appear after Oswald has successfully shot and killed Kennedy, at which point the two Xyanks agree to a truce.

Date: 22/11/1963

Attempt: A version of **`Mobile Task Force Tau-5`** is dispatched by the Foundation of the year 20 to eliminate Oswald with extreme prejudice. Temporal Anomalies personnel attempt to prevent them from doing so; they are repeatedly unsuccessful and suffer heavy casualties as well.

Preventative Measures: Mobile Task Force Tau-5 is dispatched to protect Oswald by intercepting and

eliminating their future selves. Although they are initially successful in doing so, the surviving Nanku asset is found to be from the 20 -Foundation. She is subsequently reprogrammed to replace her past counterpart. Diplomatic channels have been opened with the 20 -Foundation to ascertain their reasoning for attempting to eliminate Oswald. No future attempts at using Tau-5 are expected.

Please view the **Extended Incident Logs** for further declassified successes of Operation Thunderbolt.

SCP-3783: Baba Yaga's Cottage

Item #: SCP-3783

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Provisional Site-78 has been established to contain SCP-3783. The facility is to operate under the guise of a wildlife research facility.

SCP-3783 is kept in an observation dome with an airlock chamber installed and is to be constantly monitored. No open flame is to brought within the dome. Automated drones are to be used to directly approach SCP-3783. SCP-3783 is implanted with a GPS tracker that is monitored by automated systems.

Testing is only to be performed by the approval of Level 4 personnel. During testing, no fewer than 6 armed guards are to be present, three of which must be on catwalks above the containment chamber. SCP-3783-1 specimens developed from testing are to be analyzed, then transferred to cryogenic storage at Site-87's Biology Wing.

UPDATE: All testing has been suspended. SCP-3783-1 instances found are to be incinerated. A 7 meter wall has been erected around Provisional Site-78. Security teams are to be on guard outside with net launchers which are to be used to tangle SCP-3783's legs. Torches are to be activated on the walls during a breach. See Incident 3783 for further details.

Description: SCP-3783 is a single-roomed log cabin that is located in the wilderness of Siberia. Inside it is decorated with furs,[1] has one rocking chair, a fireplace, a wardrobe, a chest,[2] and a cauldron. It has two windows on the sides and a single wooden door allowing for entry.

Beneath SCP-3783 are four fleshy limbs located at the corners that

terminate in three spindly clawed fingers, which resemble the toes of a domestic chicken (*Gallus gallus*). These limbs allow for locomotion. It estimated that each limb is 6 meters long and bend at three places. These limbs are mostly rooted beneath the surrounding soil, stationing SCP-3783 at its location (see Discovery for further information). The limbs remain dormant until hostile action is presented toward SCP-3783 directly. A limb would burst from the ground and grab a subject, which it would pull towards the inside of SCP-3783 or crush them. This response is instantly triggered when one is wielding a torch or any form of open flame.

Since the construction of Provisional Site-78, SCP-3783 will at times unroot itself and wander its containment briefly. After investigating its surroundings, it would return to its original position.

Any biological organisms, except for microbial, entering SCP-3783 will undergo various mutations. The resulting specimens are designated as SCP-3783-1. Instances posses a short lifespan of a week and sometimes are inflicted with lethal mutations resulting in instant death. Instances are mainly docile and would protect SCP-3783 in the event of any hostilities. Deceased organisms do not undergo any mutations within SCP-3783. See Addendum 02 for -1 instances produced from testing.

Recently, it has been discovered that deceased -1 instances are able to reanimate via unknown means as long as the body is sufficiently intact. Incineration has shown to be effective in preventing a reanimated instance. See Incident 3783.

Discovery: SCP-3783 was discovered after reports from several towns in Southern Russia of a "lost witch's house" wandering the wilderness. One town had sent a small armed group to hunt for it, but only one member of the party returned, a Mr. Grigori Ivanov (see Addendum 01). Nearby recovery teams responded and eventually traced SCP-3783 to its current location, rooting itself. It was found with the following sign which was tied to a nail on the door that is written in Old Russian.

> Out to feast.
> Stay out.

Addendum 01: The following interview was originally spoken in Russian and has been translated.

Interviewed: Mr. Gregori Ivanov

Interviewer: Agent Sergio

<Begin Log>

Agent Sergio: Alright, please tell me what happened when you went into the forest.

Mr. Ivanov: [Sigh] Well, it was getting dark and were heading East to where it was last seen. We found its tracks and followed them. Eventually, we caught our first glimpse of its silhouette from moonlight.

Agent Sergio: What was it doing?

Mr. Ivanov: It was just moving slowly through the trees before disappearing into the night. We quickly tried to pursue it but we lost it. That's when we decided to camp until sunrise.

I tried to sleep but I was too worried, even with my trusty hunting rifle on my side. I never thought I would ever get to see a witch's house so it left me spooked.

Anyway, we then started hearing the most unusual sounds from the surrounding woods.

Agent Sergio: Can you describe it?

Mr. Ivanov: I am not sure how to describe it. It sounded like nothing I ever heard before.

Agent Sergio: Very well. Continue please.

Mr. Ivanov: One of the men of the group, Roman, went to investigate the sounds despite our objections. That young fool…

Agent Sergio: What happened?

Mr. Ivanov: He screamed and when we caught up we found nothing, but his broken glasses and shreds of his jacket covered in blood.

We stuck together after that and returned to the camp to pack up and move forward. We heard the sound of snapping twigs and crushed leaves followed behind us. Unknowingly as we quickly try to fled, two young men were missing. We were baffled and decided to hunt whatever was lurking in the surrounding darkness. We wondered to ourselves if it is the work of the witch's hut but who knows.

I followed behind the group as we went and we were tense. I just wanted to go home. Eventually, we stumbled upon a mangled corpse that was being eaten by… something nearby a lake. Our lanterns barely showed us what it looked like and I was blocked by the group. I'm somewhat glad I haven't seen it for the sound of its chewing was disgusting.

It quickly moved out of sight as ahead we saw the hut step forth from a row of trees as the moon was behind it, casting a silhouette of it.

Agent Sergio: Then I assume your party attacked it?

Mr. Ivanov: Yes, Vladimir and Dmitri ran to it with their torches to burn it. It noticed them and moved back as silhouettes of creatures came to be. The things attacked Vladimir and Dmitri, and I had a small glimpse of them from their torches. It was not enough to tell any distinct features but they were nearly as large as dogs.

Aleksey fired his Nagant[3] at the creatures to help Vladimir and Dmitri. We managed to save Dmitri but Vladimir was dragged away.

I could still hear him scream as the hut quickly grabbed

him and slammed his body on a large rock. It then pressed on his body and there were awful cracking sounds. I could barely see it happening but it was enough to traumatize me. Such awful sounds…

Then, that is when I ran. Aleksey and two other men tried to fight the beasts but I heard only their screams and gun shots. I ran and ran without rest back towards home. I was accompanied by another young man who I never had the pleasure of knowing his name.

Luckily, the sun was soon to rise and I was eager to be home, away from the danger. I wish I can say the same for the young man who was with me. He just disappeared and I had not noticed. I became concerned that I was being stalked and grew paranoid. I'm glad I managed to find my way out of the forest before I went insane.

We were no match for the witch's lost hut. I wished we knew better.

Agent Sergio: Well, thank you, Mr. Ivanov. Everything will be fine.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Mr. Ivanov received amnestics and the SCP-3783-1 instances mentioned has not been found.

Addendum 02: For a full version of all experiments, please request it from Lead Researcher Westfield.

+ Experiment Log 3783

Experiment Log 3783

Specimen: Common house cat (*Felis cactus*)
Result: Specimen was continuously coughing and eyes became completely black. All of its body hair fell out and grew slightly in size by

0.2 meters. The end of its tail grew a poisonous stinger which connected to four venomous sacs within the torso. The skeletal structure of the specimen became cartilaginous and resembled that of a shark (*Selachi*).
Time Elapsed: 13 seconds

Specimen: Common goldfish (*Carassius auratus auratus*)
Result: The specimen grew additional eyes along its sides as it grew 22 centimeters in length. The pupils were hexagonal in shape. Its fins grew larger and twisted to form a makeshift limb to crawl out of water. Instance was unable to breathe and expired. An underdeveloped labyrinth organ[4] was found during autopsy covered in tumor-like growths.
Time Elapsed: 17 seconds

Specimen: Albino laboratory rat (*Rattus norvegicus*)
Result: The skeleton of the specimen expanded through the skin, forming a rough exoskeleton around the specimen's body. The specimen grew 1 meter larger and the eyes extended from the skull on thin stalks. A pair of insect mandibles grew from the mouth as the tongue extended 30 centimeters in length and became serrated. Instance violently slammed its head on the floor of the cage it was in, and bled to death shortly afterwards.
Time Elapsed: 12 seconds

Specimen: Domestic dog (*Canis familiaris*)
Result: The specimen began to howl in pain and its neck began to extend. Then large tusks began to protrude from its mouth. Stomach was found to have formed ulcers.
Time Elapsed: 15 seconds

Specimen: European Rabbit (*Oryctolagus cuniculus*)
Result: Specimen immediately expired and had no visible mutations. Blood was found to be a black color and the heart increased in size by 7 centimeters.
Time Elapsed: 2 seconds

Specimen: D-1832 (Note: Subject was equipped with an explosive collar.)
Result: Subject complained of stomach pain before long thin strands of hair began to be produced from their mouth. Teeth and nails fell out as the arms and legs grew grotesquely disproportionate. The hair was covered in an unknown enzyme that corroded flesh and moved on its own accord.
Time Elapsed: 13 seconds

Specimen: D-7899 (Note: Subject was equipped with an explosive collar.)
Result: Subject transformed into an organism resembling a featherless chicken (*Gallus gallus*). Its skin was a dark red and brown color and had a wattle. The explosive collar was immediately detonated which decapitated the specimen. The head was mostly intact and the body died shortly after.
Time Elapsed: 20 seconds

Incident 3783: On 07/12/ , SCP-3783-1 instances in cryogenic storage at Site-87 were missing. The latches of the Cryogenic Preservation Tanks showed no signs of tampering. Two hours later at Provisional Site-78, several -1 instances were visible on the monitors surrounding SCP-3783 reanimated. Instances attempted to open the airlock and were neutralized by security teams on nearby catwalks. Meanwhile, Site- was reportedly attacked by reanimated -1 instances and two of which had interacted with **SCP-352**. The following transcript is from surveillance footage.

<Begin Log>

SCP-352 is sitting at the corner of its containment chamber. After 40 seconds, a vent that lead into the chamber suddenly bursts open which two -1 instances crawl out of. Simultaneously, -1 instances were attacking from Gate A at this time.

One instance resembled a gastropod[5] with two arm-like appendages. It quickly moves to the door and a bulbous sac on its back began to expand and bursts, covering the door with a thick mucus. The second instance was feline and resembled a bearded dragon (Pogona) which moves towards SCP-352.

The instance had in its mouth what appears to be a human fetus which it places on the floor in front of SCP-352. SCP-352 reaches for the fetus and begins to devour it. SCP-352 then pats the instance's head.

The instance and SCP-352 appear to briefly converse before SCP-352 stands and move towards the instance. SCP-352 kneels down and appears to whisper to the instance. Instance then nods its head and returns into the vent as SCP-352 stands idly while facing the camera for the remainder of the footage.

<End Log>

The SCP-3783-1 instance in the footage was later found at Provisional Site-78 within SCP-3783's chamber. It was found deceased in front of SCP-3783 which buried the instance with a clump of dirt. Following the incident, SCP-3783 has became more active and attempts to escape. In response, security has been upgraded at Provisional Site-78 and Site- .

Footnotes
1. The furs have been identified as belonging to Eurasian brown bears (Ursus actos actos), red foxes (Vulpes vulpes), and red deers (Cervus elaphus).
2. The contents of the wardrobe and the chest are unknown.
3. Referring to a Nagant M1895 revolver.
4. A lung-like organ that allows for breathing oxygen. It is common

among fish of the suborderAnabantoidei.
5. Commonly known as slugs or snails.

SCP-3785: Jasper's Hill

Special Containment Procedures: The access point to SCP-3785 is to be barricaded and monitored by automatic surveillance equipment. Individuals attempting to access SCP-3785 are to be apprehended and turned over to local authorities. Foundation personnel are not to pass the established 1.6km marker unless required for testing.

Description: SCP-3785 is a location accessible only by a dirt road leading off of Georgia HW 166. Attempts to access SCP-3785 by any means other than this road will invariably result in being unable to find SCP-3785 at all. Individuals who stray off of the dirt road and attempt to return to it will be unable to locate it again. The road cannot be accessed by air. The road is approximately 2km in length, and exits into SCP-3785.

SCP-3785 is a roughly 90m wide, indeterminately long section of clearcut hills, bordered on either side by a thick forest, through which large high-voltage power line stanchions run. It is perpetually night within SCP-3785, and stays a consistent 22.5° C. Crisscrossing SCP-3785 are numerous dirt tracks, such that an off-road vehicle might use them for recreational purposes.

Several crude wooden signs bearing the words “Jasper’s Hill” with an arrow pointing north dot the dirt paths across SCP-3785. Attempting to travel north within SCP-3785 is extremely hazardous due to the terrain, which becomes increasingly difficult to navigate as the hills and valleys dramatically increase in size and complexity, to the point of impossibility. Because of this, exploratory teams have been unable to reach the north end of SCP-3785.

SCP-3785-1 is the group designation for a white, late 1980’s Chevrolet Blazer on a lifted suspension, and its driver. The true nature of SCP-3785-1 has not yet been determined, though

information gathered within SCP-3785 has identified the driver of the vehicle as “Jasper” of “Jasper’s Hill”. SCP-3785-1 is capable of easily navigating the impossible terrain of SCP-3785, and seemingly does so to stalk and pursue individuals who become lost within SCP-3785.

Addendum 3785.1: Discovery

The existence of SCP-3785 was part of a well known folk tale in the region, which typically told of three children who become lost in the woods and enter a dark clearing called “Jasper’s Place”. The children then become lost, and are pursued by an unseen individual who eventually finds them and “hangs them upside down” at the end of the story.

However, it was not until a group of twelve young adults disappeared under mysterious circumstances in the area that Foundation personnel became involved. After three weeks, one of the individuals was found nearly 2km from the entrance to SCP-3785, in a state of severe shock. The survivor, a 20-year-old black male from Villa Rica, GA, managed to communicate to first responders that he was still being pursued by “Jasper”, and that the other missing individuals had all been “hung upside down”. At the sight of headlights from nearby vehicles passing by, the individual began to panic and scream about “Jasper” having found him and being unable to hide, and had to be sedated.

After law enforcement officials were unable to access SCP-3785 by any means other than the dirt access road described by the survivor, and once the anomalous characteristics of SCP-3785 were discovered, Foundation personnel from Atlanta worked to contain the scene and administer amnestics, as necessary, while working to prepare a team to attempt to find the remaining missing persons.

Addendum 3785.2: Exploration Log I

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following is the audio transcript of an exploratory attempt within SCP-3785 by three members of MTF D-15 “County Line”, D-15 Teter, Jackknife, and

Norse. The purpose of their mission was to ascertain the location of and recover eleven missing individuals.

[BEGIN LOG]

D-15 Teter: Alright ya'll. Let's go.

D-15 Norse: It's getting dark in here.

D-15 Teter: Yeah, Command, I can confirm it's starting to get dark. confirm the time?

Command: Copy that, Teter. It is currently 1405 hours, local time.

D-15 Teter: That's what I thought. Way too dark for this time of day.

Team continues on for an additional 2km before reaching the openi

D-15 Jackknife: You guys hear that?

D-15 Norse: Yeah, that's freaky. It's really quiet in here. All we can

D-15 Jackknife: And it's really fucking dark.

Command: Copy that, team. Proceed with caution.

Team activates their shoulder mounted lights, and proceed north ac

D-15 Teter: Command, status report.

Command: Copy, Teter.

D-15 Teter: We're in some big clearing here, like you see where the to make out what's much further north than where we are. There are with. We can see some really faint lights up ahead too, and a lot of h (*Pauses*) Wish we'd brought some vehicles, though. Going to be ha

Command: Copy, Teter. Continue on as far as you can safely, and

D-15 Teter: Copy that.

Team continues on for a short time.

D-15 Norse: Look over here. Footprints. (*Pauses*) Probably a few di

D-15 Teter: Hard to say. Look pretty fresh, though. (*Pauses*) Huh. C

D-15 Jackknife: What?

D-15 Teter: That sign.

D-15 Norse: Command, we've got a sign here that says… "Jasper's

Command: Copy that, Norse. Anything else unusual where you are

D-15 Norse: Negative. Looks pretty clear.

Command: Copy. Carry on.

Team continues north, passing several other similar signs and what the top of a particularly tall hill, the team pauses.

D-15 Teter: You see that out there?

D-15 Norse: Where?

D-15 Jackknife: Yeah, way over there. Is that a car?

D-15 Teter: Sort of looks like it, doesn't it? It's not moving very fast. we're on top of is taller than it should be, and it drops off pretty dram large hills past here? And past that, maybe three or four clicks out, t

D-15 Norse: Hey, they've stopped.

D-15 Teter: So I think we're going to need to start to backtrack, see

D-15 Jackknife: Shh, hang on. Look.

D-15 Norse: Uh, Command, those lights just flashed at us. It's turni

Command: Copy that. How far away is this vehicle?

D-15 Teter: Sort of hard to judge. The landscape gets really strange stopped. There's something else there now.

Command: What is it?

D-15 Teter: It's like a person making… cat noises. Er, like, "merw, m

Command: Copy that, Teter. Go ahead and head back, we're going

D-15 Teter: Affirmative.

D-15 Jackknife: Thank god. My feet are fucking killing me.

Team proceeds to head back towards the access point.

D-15 Norse: Teter, over here. There's something by this tree.

D-15 Teter: Yeah?

D-15 Norse: It's a cell phone.

D-15 Teter: Huh. Yeah, go ahead and grab that. We'll let the lab pro

D-15 Jackknife: Not since we came back down that ridge. (*Pauses*)

D-15 Norse: Finally.

D-15 Teter: Hang tight. I can hear something else. You hear that? W

D-15 Jackknife: I don't know, honestly. It's really weird, it's like I ca
but I can barely hear it. It's muffled? Sounds sort of like a lot of-

D-15 Norse: (*Pauses*) Oh, fuck. Look up there.

D-15 Jackknife: Oh my god.

D-15 Teter: Wha— shit, the headlights. Run! Turn off your lights, ru

Command: Teter? Teter, what is it?

D-15 Teter: That noise (*heavy breathing*) the power lines (*heavy bre*
(*pauses*) looking for, they're hung upside down above (*heavy breath*

Command: Copy, we have an extraction team ready at the access p

Command: Teter? Do you read us?

D-15 Jackknife: (*Engine noise, then shouting, and then silence*)

D-15 Teter: Fuck!

Command: D-15 team? Do you copy?

Silence.

Command: Do you copy?

A short time passes in silence as Command attempts to reestablish

D-15 Teter: Come on. We're almost there.

Command: D-15, do you copy?

D-15 Norse: Command?

Command: We read you. What happened?

D-15 Norse: It hit Jackknife and drove into the woods. We heard a v
see us. It's gone back over the ridge now, and (*pauses*) I can't see i

Command: Repeat, Jackknife is MIA?

D-15 Teter: Affirmative. Command, I think we found the missing sub
Jack, we'll stay here until-

Command: Negative, Teter. Proceed to the extraction point, let's ge

*Remaining members of D-15 team are successfully recovered at the
minor scrapes and bruises and signs of stress. The cell phone disco
missing individuals, and information recovered from the device is av*

[END LOG]

Addendum 3785.3: Exploration Log II

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following is an audio/video transcription of logs taken by members of the Atlanta-9 "Dirty Birds" extraction team. The ATL-9 team was prepared to

extract the D-15 team in the event of a critical breakdown of the mission. The ATL-9 team was mobilized shortly after the successful extraction of the two remaining members of the D-15 team.

The team consisted of three members, ATL-9 Sherman, Diego, and Junipero.

[BEGIN LOG]

ATL-9 Sherman: We have reached the clearing.

Command: Roger. Jackknife's locator is reading a distance of 400m

ATL-9 Sherman: Roger. Let's go.

ATL-9 team proceeds forward quickly, following the trail identified by in the sky above. In the distance, engine sounds can be faintly hear

ATL-9 Junipero: Jack? Jack, can you hear us, buddy? We're comin

D-15 Jackknife: (*Muffled noises*)

Command: Extraction team, be advised we are receiving communic

ATL-9 Sherman: Roger.

The team continues forward for several more minutes. As they come the high tension lines are numerous figures, bound in ropes, hanging unmoving. One figure is struggling violently. At the base of the stand

ATL-9 Sherman: Fuck. Alright, we need to get up that tower. (*Paus* Jackknife, then we'll rendezvous back at the extraction point. Give m out of here.

ATL-9 Diego: You got it.

ATL-9 Sherman separates from the group. Following the crest of the as ATL-9 Diego and Junipero are in position, ATL-9 Sherman lights

ATL-9 Sherman: Over here, you cocksucker!

There is the sound of distorted laughter and high pitched screeching stanchion and towards ATL-9 Sherman. As soon as the entity is ove to scale it. As they do, the writhing figure wrapped in rope and caug visible on Diego's camera, the eyes of D-15 Jackknife are visible, th

As the two men climb, more of the surrounding area becomes visibl clearing and similar power lines amidst a world covered in dark fores shimmer somewhat. Further away, the ground appears extremely di not conform with standard geometry.

Eventually, both ATL-9 Diego and Junipero reach the top of the star Jackknife.

ATL-9 Junipero: Hang on, Jack. Give me just a second to cut throu

Junipero produces a serrated knife and begins to saw at the length Junipero intently. Below, the sound of engine revving can be heard determined to be a grenade thrown by ATL-9 Sherman).

Suddenly, there is a low, rumbling sound with no apparent source. T order to maintain his grip on the line. After the rumbling ceases, Jun

ATL-9 Junipero: Hang on, hang on… I've almost… got-

As ATL-9 Junipero saws through the last fibers of the rope, the noos out towards Junipero, but begins to fall upwards, away from the lines

ATL-9 Diego: Fuck!

ATL-9 Junipero: Jesus Christ! Diego!

ATL-9 Diego readies another length of rope and throws it towards Ja this time mixed with more distorted laughter from below them, as Ja

D-15 Jackknife: Holy shit! Holy shit! Help! Fuck! Help! Somebody, p

Jackknife continues to ascend. From below, the distorted laughter g nature. The low rumbling begins to pulse.

ATL-9 Junipero: Diego? What do we do?

ATL-9 Diego: Goddammit!

D-15 Jackknife: Holy shit you guys, holy shit, I can't, I can't- (*pause*

Above the two men on the power line, the dim stars in the sky begin many thousands (if not hundreds of thousands) of large, vaguely oc around to face the sky.

ATL-9 Junipero: Jack!

D-15 Jackknife: I- (*pauses*) I'm- (*pauses*) it's everywhe-

Jackknife is cut short as his body distends dramatically. As it does, t suddenly. The remaining viscera continues to ascend into the sky. A laughter from below.

ATL-9 Sherman: June, Diego, do you copy? Have you recovered Ja

ATL-9 Diego: Copy. We lost Jackknife. Continue to rendezvous poi

All members of ATL-9 team recovered from within SCP-3785. Due t temporarily restricted. The nature of the entity observed in the sky a

[END LOG]

Addendum 3785.4: Recovered Cell Phone Data

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following are video and audio transcripts from data recovered from a cell phone, discovered during the events of Addendum 3785.2, belonging to Danielle Hudson, an individual believed to be lost within SCP-3785.

ID #: 3785.AV.01

Document Type: Video

Length: 15 seconds

Transcript: Three women and two men ride in a open-top Jeep down a dirt road, identified

later as the access road to SCP-3785.

ID #: 3785.AV.02

Document Type: Video

Length: 15 seconds

Transcript: A small group of young people stand around a fire. The woman holding the camera turns the camera to look at herself while she makes a face. Notably, headlights can be seen in the distance.

ID #: 3785.AV.03

Document Type: Text Message

Transcript: hey are u up? J got stuck. we need a tow again. out at crossplaines

ID #: 3785.AV.04

Document Type: Phone Call Records

Call to: Contact, listed as “J”

Status: Could not connect

ID #: 3785.AV.05

Document Type: Video

Length: 1:13

Transcript: Camera pans across the faces of the other missing people, all of whom appear concerned or angry. Somebody asks if anyone got a license plate number. One individual, a white male, is standing in front of a black truck, inspecting damage to its right side. Two other women are on their phones. As the camera

approaches the truck, a white blazer drives by the group slowly. As it does, a dark figure can be seen staring at the group as it passes by. One of the males shouts “I hope you’re happy, asshole” and throws a bottle at the blazer, which disappears into the woods.

ID #: 3785.AV.06

Document Type: Pictures

Description: Images of damage to the front of a truck.

ID #: 3785.AV.07

Document Type: Pictures

Description: Single image of the top of a hill with a high voltage power line stanchion visible. No other context provided.

ID #: 3785.AV.08

Document Type: Phone Call Records

Call to: 7 calls to 911, 10 calls to contact listed as “Momma”

Status: Could not connect

ID #: 3785.AV.09

Document Type: Video

Length: 15 seconds

Transcript: A white male pulls a gun and points at something off camera. He fires the weapon, but is suddenly struck by a white blazer and both disappear off camera. A woman screams throughout. As the camera

pans, both the truck and the individual cannot be seen. A strange retching sound is heard.

ID #: 3785.AV.10

Document Type: Video

Length: 15 seconds

Transcript: A single pair of headlights are visible at a distance. A man is heard screaming incoherently, before a loud engine rev is heard and the man goes quiet. As the camera pans, a fire is visible on a hilltop.

ID #: 3785.AV.11

Document Type: Phone Call Records

Call to: 15 calls to 911

Status: Could not connect

ID #: 3785.AV.12

Document Type: Text Messages

Description: Several text messages over half an hour, all variations of “send help” or “call 911”.

ID #: 3785.AV.13

Document Type: Video

Length: 15 seconds

Transcript: An engine idling can be heard in the background. In the foreground, a woman whimpers. The lens is covered by something. From nearby, a male voice can be heard, though it is severely distorted and incoherent.

The voice laughs. The retching sound from earlier can be heard.

ID #: 3785.AV.14

Document Type: Phone Call Records

Call to: Unknown number, likely a misdial or pocket dial.

Status: Could not connect

ID #: 3785.AV.15

Document Type: Picture

Description: A single pair of headlights at a close distance. No other context is given.

ID #: 3785.AV.16

Document Type: Video

Length: 23 minutes

Description: Camera light activates, and camera is close to the ground. As the camera pans up, the face of the camera person is briefly visible, but cannot be made out. The camera person moves slowly down a dirt trail for a short distance, before coming out into the clearing again. Illuminated by moonlight only, a severely distorted landscape can be seen, which appears to be a canyon of impossible geological features, crisscrossed by dirt roads that at some points twist and turn upside down in a non-Euclidian fashion.

The camera moves along the top of a very steep wall of the canyon, and looks down below. No bottom is visible, but several indistinct lights can be seen moving slowly in

the darkness. Suddenly, there is the short but distinct sound of a loud engine rev, and the camera jerks to the right, where an impossibly large hill is visible in the darkness. Somehow, despite the hill seeming to be larger than the entirety of SCP-3785, its entire face is visible to the camera. On top of the hill, a single pair of bright headlights sit motionless, while a fire burns nearby. Down the hill, a single humanoid figure slowly drags two other humanoid figures towards a series of nooses.

The standing figure then positions the two prone figures into the nooses by their necks, and the engine revs again. As the headlights at the top of the hill begin to back away, the two prone figures begin to rise slowly. As they rise, they begin to invert and hang up instead of down[1]. The forms can be seen writhing and struggling.

The headlights back out of view, and the individuals (now hanging upside down) continue to rise until they are above the power lines. The camera pans across to see dozens of other figures at first, and then potentially hundreds, all hanging upside down above the power lines. A male voice can be heard across the expanse of the hill, heavily distorted but clearly laughing and speaking rapidly and incoherently. The camera pans back towards the humanoid figure on the hill, which is now looking up towards the hanging figures. There is a low rumbling noise, and something happens in the sky, just off-screen.

Suddenly, the figure jerks and look towards the camera. The camera pulls away quickly and the light goes out. For the next fifteen minutes of video, the only sounds that can be heard

are the short, heavy breaths of the camera person, the same low pulsing sound, and the intermittent screaming of the humanoid figure.

ID #: 3785.AV.17

Document Type: Picture

Description: A dark male figure, illuminated by a dim light off camera. No other context is given. Picture was taken several days after all other documents collected from this device.

Footnotes

1. As if the local gravity were reversed, though this is likely due to the non-standard nature of the space within SCP-3785.

SCP-3787: The Horse Meme

Item #: SCP-3787

Object Class: Keter Hiemal

`Threat Level`: Red 🔴

Special Containment Procedures:

> As the anomaly associated with SCP-3787 continues to change over time, it has been documented in chronological order. All observed changes to the properties of this anomaly are to be documented as addenda materials. Only the most recent version of this anomaly's containment procedures are to be considered viable. The original 2021/06/30 documentation is as follows.

Foundation personnel within the Zoology Department are to be inserted into various tiers of the North American horse industry. This is to ensure horse breeding continues as a controlled element to avoid further progression of the anomaly.

Domesticated horse populations are to be monitored for anomalous effects such as uncharacteristic or unprovoked aggression, deviance from feeding habits, and deviance from natural breeding cycles. As the numbers of feral horse populations cannot be properly quantified, known populations are to be monitored and tracked for behaviour that deviates from the norm.

Sterilization efforts of current horse populations in an attempt to slow down birth rates and overpopulation are to be avoided to ensure no deviance to the well-being of baseline horse populations. Instead, hormonal agent 762988-16-7 is to be dispersed among horse populations. 762988-16-7 targets horse endocrine systems to promote docility and extend breeding cycles.

Due to the nature of SCP-3787-ε as a widespread anomaly, there are no known methods of containment at this time. Containment initiatives are being accepted by Site-82. Until such a point that acceptable levels of containment have been met, this anomaly has been classified as a Keter-class object.

Description: SCP-3787-A describes a deviance to the natural breeding trend within domesticated and free-roaming *Equus ferus caballus*[1] populations. This deviance has been noted to exist primarily in the Southern and Southwestern United States, though horse populations within the entirety of the US and Canada are potential vectors for this anomaly.

Specifically, SCP-3787-A refers to the emergence of a gestation period 8 to 10 times more rapid than the baseline breeding cycle. The baseline gestation period of 11 to 12 months is shortened to a roughly 30 to 45 day period from conception to birth among horses affected by SCP-3787-A, and up to 10 times as many foals are born as a result. Growth rates of this magnitude over an extended period of time are considered vastly unsustainable and pose a serious risk to the horse industry's ability to maintain it.

Horses involved in this breeding cycle, including both newborn foals and pregnant mares, appear not to be negatively affected by this accelerated gestation period. Newborn foals exhibit physiological properties similar in nature to their non-anomalous counterparts and develop within pregnant mares despite lacking the necessary sustenance over the accelerated developmental period.

SCP-3787-B describes an anomalous increase in horse aggression in free-roam horse populations. SCP-3787-B has been observed primarily in the mustang populations of Nevada, where the largest feral horse population in North America exists. Examples of aggression include unprovoked hostilities toward horses outside a constituent pack (leading to fatalities), the active killing of most or all members of a feral horse pack by that pack's dominant stallion, and in some cases, the cannibalization of foals as a show of dominance[2].

Increase in horse hostility has extended into normal horse feeding patterns as well. Feral horse packs affected by this anomaly will

carry out apparently organized attacks on other wildlife as a means of feeding, escalating to the point of ignoring herbivorous feeding habits. This occurs despite horses being biologically unsuited for meat consumption in terms of their jaw structures and digestive systems. This manner of aggression has led to the progression of horses to the top of the food chain in many areas.

SCP-3787-B appears to have initially begun in newborn foals affected by SCP-3787-A but has since transferred to an unknown number of horse populations of varying ages based on a geometric infection model. In addition, this anomaly has developed in the same time frame and area as a second equine anomaly. This anomaly, designated SCP-3787-ε, refers to the immediate consequences of a marked increase of total horse populations, which has led to the increase of the equine in the human consciousness.

SCP-3787-ε is the designation given to an anomalous memetic form of equinophobia. This is the emergence of an intense fear of horses among humans with no previous basis to fear horses. Individuals may not be aware that they have been affected by this anomaly until they have been re-exposed to the concept of horses through forms of media, or through personal conversations that reference horses.

SCP-3787-ε occurs in suburban areas and urban centres, and among populations far from rural communities. More specifically, SCP-3787-ε occurs among populations with little access to that which is equine in nature[3]. Individuals within these populations with a fascination of horses on any level are not affected by this anomaly. An estimated 350,000 individuals within the continental United States (approximately 0.1% of the total population) are believed to have contracted this anomaly.

Addendum 3787.1: On 2021/06/30, Foundation efforts to reduce the heightened equine birth rate were deemed successful, and the median horse gestation period levelled out to approximately 1.5 times the baseline. In the two months since the anomaly was detected, approximately 450,000 new horses are believed to have been birthed in the United States alone.

On 2021/07/12, domesticated horse populations began to contract what is hypothesized to be an anomalous illness. Horses affected by

this illness experience a period of extreme stress, leaving them in a comatose state, and eventually killing them in approximately 18.5% of cases. Current trends predict that approximately 37% of horses in the Southern and Southwestern United States are afflicted with this illness.

Research efforts into a cure for this illness have, as of 2021/07/29, proven ineffective.

Addendum 3787.2: Since 2021/07/12, approximately 1.1 million horses in the US are believed to have been killed as a result of the accelerated spread of this illness. On 2021/08/10, Site-82, in conjunction with the Scientific Department, published a report regarding PROJECT: DIRE HORSE to SCiPNET. A summary of the report is as follows.

> ► Open report?
>
> **Document 3787.0142: Summary of PROJECT: DIRE HORSE**
>
> PROJECT: DIRE HORSE outlines the production of a significant synthetic horse population and the dissemination of this new population across the United States. This is to be done to substantially mitigate the ongoing loss of horse populations and to produce a phenotype resistant to the effects of the anomalous illness. To achieve this

goal, DIRE HORSE has employed the use of Ashleigh's Fields, a cattle farm in Newton News, Montana, which has been operating under the Foundation front company Stratford Cattle Productions since 2010. Ashleigh's Fields uses an industrial farming facility responsible for the mass production of synthetic livestock in the place of modern farming techniques.

DIRE HORSE makes use of the newly constructed Rimmer-Lister Hippological Simulacrum (RLHS) prototype. The RLHS is capable of producing 500 artificially grown adult horses, or approximately 1,000 foals, per hour, within 99.91% genetic similarity of their natural counterparts. Horses produced by the RLHS are behaviorally engineered and memetically hardened to reduce the potential effects of an SCP-3787-B spread into its population. In

the event of a runaway equine extinction due to SCP-3787, the RLHS and its sentinel facility at Aisleighfield Farms are capable of cryonically storing up to 100,000 stable horses for a period of up to 10 years.

Further information on the technical and logistical specifications of the RLHS can be found in Document 3787.0155.

In an effort to reduce public awareness of the full extent of SCP-3787's spread, DIRE HORSE is to begin immediately to replace horse populations in 35 different states. Information regarding this process is to be outlined in Document 3787.0157. Any expired horses having come into contact with SCP-3787 are to be collected and sent to Site-41 for decommissioning purposes.

► LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Document 3787.0159: Decommissioning Report

To prevent environmental contamination, any expired horses believed to have been affected by SCP-3787 at any point in their lifespan are to be tagged and collected for decommissioning purposes. The nature of this decommissioning is as follows:

- Foundation personnel planted in various positions in the North American Horse Industry are to make note of all areas affected by mass die-offs due to SCP-3787.
- The full extent of SCP-3787 effects in affected areas, including the number of expired horses, the source of the infection, and the speed of the infection's

spread, is to be archived.

- Expired horses identified during this process are to be forcibly removed from the affected area on an immediate basis.
- Civilians aware of the full effect SCP-3787 has had on affected areas are to be amnesticized using Class-A Amnestics.
- Mass media blackouts regarding SCP-3787 are to be carried out, such that any uncontained reports on SCP-3787 are to be purged by a network of Foundation web crawlers.
- Expired horses are to be taken to Site-41 for neutralization. Neutralization is outlined below. A randomly selected pool of approximately

1,100 expired horses (0.1% of all horses killed by SCP-3787) are to be stored for future testing.

Neutralization efforts are to be carried out with the end goal of destroying all expired horses affected by SCP-3787. As per Procedure: IRISH WRISTWATCH, all destroyed subjects are to be summarily broken down into a component slurry to begin the transformation into Class-W, -X, and -Y mnestics material, as the primary component of modern mnestics is an admixture of various parts of horse anatomy[4]. As of 2021/08/20, this aspect of PROJECT: DIRE HORSE has been taken over by the **Antimemetics Division**[5].

Addendum 3787.3: On 2021/09/03 at 01:04 AM, unknown anomalous entities attempted to force access into Site-41 before being repelled by automated lockdown procedures. A transcript of the encounter, as recorded by on-site surveillance, is as follows.

► Open transcript?

VIDEO LOG

Note: Due to the high volume of antimemetic anomalies on-site, all cameras at Site-41 are outfitted with a Mariotte-Pashler antimemetic perception filter, as well as standard night vision. This allows for the surveillance of most documented forms of antimemetic or counterconceptual anomalies. For the sake of identification purposes, the cameras outline anomalies corresponding to this description in red.

<Begin Log, 01:04 AM>

A large wheel-shaped entity comes into view approximately 350 meters from Site-41[6]. The entity is identified by a contrasting red against the green hue of the surveillance footage. The wheel-like anatomical structure bypasses a surveillance pylon by rolling through it at approximately 50 km/h, taking out two of the pylon's legs. Security alarms begin to emit a high-pitched whine as the entity continues toward the site, at which point it begins to slow.

MTF-Chai-10 ("Oxygenated Morons"), a three-man fast-insertion unit, comes into view, approaching the entity on a military ATV outfitted with an M2 heavy machine gun. At this point,

the entity forms a ball and begins to expand.

MTF-Chai-10 is fully aware of the entity due to excess mnestic emissions from Procedure: IRISH WRISTWATCH present in the air.

MTF-Chai-10-1: What the fuck?

MTF-Chai-10-2: Just fire, they took down our guard tower.

MTF-Chai-10-3: Firing.

MTF-Chai-10-3 fires a 5-second long burst at the entity, expelling 75 rounds. The entity's outer layer makes a popping sound before loud equine vocalizations are emitted from the deflated form. An individual entity separates from the larger entity and gallops towards MTF-Chai-10.

MTF-Chai-10-2: A horse? What the fuck?

MTF-Chai-10-2, who is operating the vehicle, begins to reverse, before circling the larger entity in a wide arc. The individual entity matches speed and chases the unit for approximately forty seconds, before latching itself to the back of the ATV. The larger entity then disappears from view.

MTF-Chai-10-3 fires a 10-second burst directly at the individual entity, expelling 150 rounds. At

this point, the entity is noted to break apart into multiple smaller portions. The scattered portions continue to move, implanting themselves onto various places of the ATV.

MTF-Chai-10-2: Keep firing.

MTF-Chai-10-3: The thing's Swiss cheese, I don't have anything to fire at!

Smaller portions of the entity enter open sections of the ATV. Eventually, the ATV ceases operation.

MTF-Chai-10-2: Alright, everyone out. Let's head behind the blast doors before the automated systems kick in.

MTF-Chai-10-1: Right, let's move.

MTF-Chai-10-3: That thing gave me the creeps. But where did the other bogey go?

MTF-Chai-10-2: Not sure. Let's go.

MTF-Chai-10 exits the ATV and makes their way to the side of Site-41. They enter through a large blast door, which automatically reinforces itself upon closing. Outside, the visible entity remains latched to the ATV, slowly squeezing the rest of its body into the vehicle. Equine vocalizations

continue for the next 10 minutes.

After 10 minutes, the larger entity appears approximately 100 meters from the facility. The entity takes the form of a large ball approximately 2 meters in diameter.

The entity begins to roll towards the facility, gaining incredible speed. It moves towards the site at approximately 100 km/h, impacting the side of the facility and causing structural damage. The camera shakes from the impact, sending it offline. Audio surveillance continues.

Site systems at this point log the activation of high-powered 2000W floodlights located around the facility. This is an automated feature to prevent intruders via disorientation before weaponized systems activate.

Audio surveillance picks up a sharp equine vocalization, loud at first, but eventually becoming faint. It is thought at this point that the entity must have been damaged by the light, and retreated accordingly, before exiting the audio surveillance's effective range.

<End Log, 01:26 AM>

Closing Remarks: No further

sightings of the larger entity have been reported after 01:26 AM. By morning, when lockdown lifted, an investigation into the entity within the ATV was completed. The entity within the ATV was found blackened and shrivelled, apparently terminated by prolonged exposure to the intense light. Extended research into the nature of these entities, which have been individually designated as SCP-3787-n, has begun.

Addendum 3787.4: On 2021/09/05, individuals known to be affected by SCP-3787-ε experienced a spontaneous shift in anatomy, becoming more equine in nature. Not all affected individuals were able to make a full transformation[7], with some expiring before the full transformation became possible. Individuals undergoing this transformation have been given the designation SCP-3787-ε-1.

In addition to this, Foundation personnel specializing in antimemetics training have begun to make note of large numbers of SCP-3787-n. These entities have begun to appear en masse as a direct result of extended Foundation efforts to control North American horse population numbers[8]. The appearance of these entities has prompted the reclassification of SCP-3787 to a Hiemal-class anomaly.

A full description of SCP-3787-n is as follows.

► Description of SCP-3787-n

SCP-3787-n Description: Each instance of SCP-3787-n is part of a collective of highly predatory anomalous organisms. SCP-3787-n are vaguely humanoid equine entities, each composed of a highly malleable cartilage structure

integrated with groupings of musculature typical of the common horse. Instances are covered in a thin epidermis with slight brown colouration.

A defining feature of SCP-3787-n is the cranium, which is similar in shape to that of a horse, but on a smaller scale. At the bottom of the cranium is a muzzle of equine nature, from which equine vocalizations are possible. As well, naturally occurring braided hair similar in consistency to that of horsehair is visible in the form of a mane and a tail. Each individual strand of horsehair is apparently autonomous, despite SCP-3787-n's efforts to remain static in its positioning.

While SCP-3787-n have dull rounded teeth, instances have been observed to take part in strictly carnivorous activities. Instances will mainly consume human beings, but have also been observed to consume instances of SCP-3787-ε-1. Despite this, however, SCP-3787-n do not appear to feed for sustenance purposes, and instead, choose to hunt for recreational purposes.

All appendages, including the arms, legs, and tail, are fully capable of being contorted, elongated, and wrapped around themselves. The extent of this

manipulation is detailed below.

Each instance of SCP-3787-n attacks in a manner solely involving their bodies, or in conjunction with other SCP-3787-n as a group. Despite their intelligent nature, the use of tools or equipment by SCP-3787-n has not been observed.

For example, SCP-3787-n will balloon their body as a form of defence. Instances will also mount each other, combining in tandem with the formation of wheel-like anatomical structures. This is done in an effort to use their collective body masses as vehicles for transportation. When this occurs, speeds of up to 100 km/h have been observed, though further velocities are theoretically possible.

It appears that SCP-3787-n have a strong revulsion towards most forms of visible light, which damages them. Personnel making contact with SCP-3787-n are advised to carry any forms of light-based weaponry available, ranging from LED spotlights to hard light weaponry prototypes. No other means of damaging SCP-3787-n are known at this time.

Nearly all SCP-3787-n have been sighted in nocturnal settings, which has led them to become colloquially known as "Nighters"

among Foundation personnel. SCP-3787-n manifest in groups ranging from 5 to 500 instances, and typically manifest in a close proximity to domestic and thoroughbred horse farms, SCP-3787-ε-1, and feral horse packs.

Since the appearance of SCP-3787-n as a collective, North American horses have begun to deviate from their normal behaviour[9]. Nearly all horse populations have begun to display SCP-3787-B and attack humans, leading to civilian casualties beyond Foundation control. In areas with a high volume of SCP-3787-ε-1 instances, SCP-3787-ε-1 as a population[10] has begun to form large groups despite pre-existing human class structures. These groups have begun a mass pilgrimage to an as of yet undesignated area in the American Southwest, being lead by groups of SCP-3787-n. How the two groups communicate is currently under active investigation.

In addition to this, numerous North American equine anomalies have begun acting in an anomalous manner that deviates from their documented behaviour. Equine anomalies seem to have taken an adversarial position on humanity as a whole and are acting in the best interests of SCP-3787-n populations. A full list of the changes to these anomalies is as follows.

Equine Anomaly	Documented Behaviour	Behaviour Post-SCP-3787 Emergence
SCP-042	A wounded sapient horse that spreads a sense of euphoria after making physical contact. The horse destroys most forms of vegetation it makes contact with by dehydrating them.	SCP-042 manifested a wingspan approximately 15 meters in width, which it used to breach containment by flying over the fence of its enclosure. Contact with SCP-042 was lost

		for approximately 3 hours as it entered a high altitude. Contact was remade when Foundation personnel became aware of reports of a flying horse above Sedalia, Missouri. When personnel arrived, nearly all of the city's 21,000 citizens had been afflicted with "horse fever", which made them believe they were horses. The use of amnestics has not been able to reverse the effects of "horse fever".
SCP-1556	A group of 15 mustangs that manifests during foggy conditions in the American Midwest.	SCP-1556 manifested in downtown Houston, Texas, after a dense fog and gale force winds were reported. The horses were highly hostile and engaged in attacks against civilians for approximately 16 hours. Attacked civilians were later reported to behave in an equine manner and were later designated as instances of SCP-3787-ε-1. Over 3,400 civilians are estimated to have been affected by this

SCP-2514	A horse that sings a modified version of "Happy Birthday to You" at a high volume, instilling joyful memories into anyone that listens, while emitting pyrotechnics.	anomaly. The Director of Area-12 found SCP-2514 out of containment and inside his office. After following the Director around for the next 12 hours and causing damage to its surroundings with pyrotechnics, SCP-2514 de-manifested. The next day, on 2021/09/07, SCP-2514 re-manifested within Site-17 and spontaneously turned all human-produced food within 1 kilometre of Site-17 into horse feed, while following around any personnel with a birthday. Site-17 personnel were advised not to consume the horse feed. All food shipped to Site-17 within the next 36 hours was also rendered as horse feed. After 72 hours, personnel attempting to consume the horse feed fell into a comatose state and began to emit equine vocalizations.

SCP-3996	An intangible feral horse pack that manifests within the Nevada Great Basin desert every 12 hours. Individuals that choose to ride on the horse pack during this manifestation are brought to a tangent dimension with a high Hume level.	SCP-3996 manifested in a relatively normal manner. Agent Emile, upon mounting one of the manifested horses, expected to be brought to the tangential frontier of SCP-3996-1. Instead, Agent Emile was taken to the apparent homeworld of SCP-3787-n instances[11].

As of the creation of this document, the aforementioned equine anomalies have yet to be re-contained.

Current SCP-3787-n efforts appear to be directed toward creating an equine ethnostate composed of both horses and SCP-3787-ε-1 populations. Contact with passing equine populations by any non-equine populations has led to confrontative behaviour by SCP-3787-n, mostly in an effort to protect equine populations. Foundation personnel attempting to hinder the effects of SCP-3787 also face aggression by SCP-3787-n, and in some cases become transformed into horses by unknown means.

Addendum 3787.5: MTF-Pi-5 ("Glue Factory") has been formed to repel the attacks of SCP-3787-n. Each member of MTF-Pi-5 has been specially trained to deal with antimemetic anomalies and are to remain on a strict Class-W mnestic prescription. A summary of the task force's equipment is as follows:

- 40 combat operatives using light-based weaponry such as the 1000W N-62A Laser Optics Pistol, the 2000W G1A Tactical Solid-state Laser Rifle, and the prototype W Basok-Prokhorov RX-7Z Hard Light Heavy Rifle "Nulltaker"
- 4000 lm flashlights and interfaces utilizing night vision and blue-light eye protection lenses
- 15 Polaris MV800 ATV medium support vehicles outfitted with Light Reconnaissance Laser Optics (LaLo) gun platforms

- 10 Chenoweth RAV light action support vehicles
- 4 SL/SX Support Drones utilizing Mariotte-Pashler antimemetic perception filters

Despite the formation of MTF-Pi-5, the full containment of SCP-3787-n and any related anomalies is not believed to be possible at this time due to their widespread nature. Foundation efforts are to be directed towards reducing any public knowledge of SCP-3787-n.

Footnotes
1. Common horse.
2. A full list of observed hunting behaviour can be found in Document 3787.0031.
3. Domesticated stud farms are an example of a resource unreachable to populations in these kinds of communities, though it can be noted that populations immediately interested in thoroughbred horse racing have not been affected.
4. SeeUnderstanding Antimemetics, First Editionby Drs L. Marness & G. Yarrow, published in 1976.
5. [DATA LOST]
6. Upon later inspection of the surveillance logs, the entity appears to be formed by the array of eight individual entities working in tandem.
7. What was previously known anomalous equinophobia is now no longer present among affected individuals.
8. A conclusion reached based on the short time span between PROJECT: DIRE HORSE and the first sighting of SCP-3787-n, as well as their appearances near common horse populations.
9. Horses produced as a result of PROJECT: DIRE HORSE have not been noted to deviate from their standard behaviour.
10. Which has been hypothesized to currently amass around 700,000 individuals.
11. ViewIncident Log I-3996.3787

« **SCP-3786** | SCP-3787 | SCP-3788 »

SCP-3788: Just Eat Gilligan

Item #: SCP-3788

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: MTF-Lambda 12 ("Re-Runners") are to be staffed at and assume the guise of shoppers and employees at thrift stores and secondhand shops (e.g. Salvation Army, Goodwill) across the Mid-western United States. Members of MTF-Lambda 12 are to actively monitor these locales for suspected instances of SCP-3788. Found copies are to be secured and monitored for anomalous effects related to instances of SCP-3788. Any copies determined not to be instances of SCP-3788 are to be disposed of according to Foundation procedures.

Description: SCP-3788 is a phenomenon occurring in any business that resells used motion pictures, and has been spotted in thrift stores, yard sales, flea markets, and video rental stores. SCP-3788 manifests itself as "bootleg" copies of the 1981 made-for-television film "The Harlem Globetrotters on Gilligan's Island". The anomalous effects of SCP-3788 do not manifest until the film within is viewed.

Anomalous effects occur when an instance of SCP-3788 is placed into any form of VHS player, and viewed on a CRT[1] monitor with a screen larger than cm x cm. (Revised, please refer to Incident 0912). After the opening credits of the film, at approximately 0 :11:56, the CRT monitor will begin to glow a pure white, bleaching out all images onscreen. Subjects viewing this light describe it with the similar statements of "painfully blinding, but alluring". The subjects will be compelled to move closer to the screen, becoming violent towards personnel who attempt to keep them separated. Upon contact with the screen, the affected persons will attempt to climb into the screen, which now serves as a portal to SCP-3788-1.

SCP-3788-1 is a pocket dimension, consisting of a single, unmapped island, with flora from multiple real-world rainforests and

jungles. No wildlife has been observed. SCP-3788-1 is, however, inhabited by instances of SCP-3788-2. SCP-3788-2 are theorized to be victims of SCP-3788, also brought into the pocket-dimension.

Instances of SCP-3788-2 lack flesh, instead covered in muscle and scraps of clothing. SCP-3788 carry crude weapons, created from bone, wood, stone, and an unknown substance, referred to as . Recordings have shown the numbers of SCP-3788-2 are estimated at about 50-75 individuals. Instances of SCP-3788-2 are shown to have organized themselves into several "tribes", who are actively hostile to other tribes. There are currently no tribes observed to be pacifistic to outsiders, or new entries into SCP-3788-1.

All information gathered about the pocket dimension was recovered through the initial "Exploration Log 001". More manned and unmanned missions are planned, pending higher authorization.

Addendum:

> + Exploration Log 001
>
> (Exploration Log 001)
>
> Document 3788-1: Exploration 001
>
> D-91243 is a 22-year-old Polynesian male of average build and appearance and unremarkable psychological background. D-91243 is equipped with a 75-watt flood lamp with battery power capable of lasting 24 hours, a shoulder-mounted camcorder fitted with a transmission stream, a Foundation standard-issue survival kit containing flares, MRE's, and a small hatchet. D-91243 has also been equipped with an audio headset for communication with Dr. at Control.
>
> D-91243 is exposed to an instance of SCP-3788 playing on a Panasonic CRT monitor, rated for the specific purposes of transporting a D-Class personnel into SCP-3788-1. D-91243 has just entered into SCP-3788-1, and finds himself in the middle of a jungle. He appears panicked, rapidly moving this head and the camera

around.

Camera footage shows D-91243 is high on a hill, surrounded by the canopy layer of trees. There are no man-made landmarks in sight.

D-91243: Where the fuck did I go?
Dr. : D-91243, are you alright?

D-91243: Yeah, I'm alright, it's fucking warm here.
Dr. : We're getting temperature readings at thirty-six degrees Celsius. Please continue further into the forest.

D-91243 begins hiking into the jungle. He takes a semi-clear path for approximately 23 minutes. He suddenly ducks down behind a felled stump. Seeming to be hiding.

Dr. : D-91243, why are you stopping?
D-91243: *(whispering)* There are some fucking people up ahead. They're holding spears and shit.

Analysis of the video feed shows several instances of SCP-3788-2, approx. 10 meters away from D-91243.

Dr. : Please describe the figures.
D-91243: They got a fuckin' spear, and there's another with some big hammer thing. They're patrolling.
Dr. : Can you estimate its distance from your current position?
D-91243: They like… 30 feet away?
Dr. : Hold your position. We're zooming in for a closer look.

Camera confirms four instances of SCP-3788-2. SCP-3788-2 are skinless, holding primitive weapons.

Dr. : Can you confirm that they have no flesh?
D-91243: Yeah. They're fucking skinless. Goddamn zombies.
Dr. : Confirmed

The "patrol" passes. D-91243 waits three minutes before

proceeding further down the trail. He removes the personal hatchet from his bag. He continues walking for four minutes before whispering into the mic.

D-91243: *(whispering)* Tell me when I can come back.
Dr. **:** Affirmative.

D-91243 continues on until reaching a clearing. He stops here, removing the water bottle from his equipment

D-91243: I'm so fucking thirsty.
Dr. **:** I'm sure, D-91243.

D-91243 drinks heartily, before replacing the bottle. He stands up, but doesn't advance further.

D-91243: I don't trust this.
Dr. **:** Stay guarded.

The audio recorder picks up the sound of a branch snapping. D-91243 ducks down, scanning his head around the edges of the clearing. Several instances of SCP-3788-2 skirt the outside. The "leader" makes hand motions to the others, then points to D-91243, indicating its awareness of D-91243.

D-91243: *(whispering)* Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck! No no, nononono…
Dr. **:** Can you please describe what you see?
D-91243: There's so goddamn many of them, like a dozen. Fuck man, they've all got a fucking weapon, fuck —
Dr. **:** Are they coming closer?
D-91243: [pause] *(heavily breathing)* No, they're just watching me. Fuck, they know I'm here.
Dr. **:** Please remain calm.
D-91243: No man they've got a fucking army—

Several of the instances advance towards D-91243. D-91243 brandishes his survival hatchet at the crowd.

D-91243: *(yelling)* Get the fuck back! Don't you fucking move-

D-91243 enters a panicked state and turns around multiple times to reveal himself to be surrounded by SCP-3788-2. Multiple instances charge at D-91243, who swings his hatchet blindly at them. During this conflict, D-91243's camera is knocked off of its rig, falling onto the ground. The angle it lands shows an instance of SCP-3788-2 knocking D-91243 to the ground, before driving the pointed end of a pickaxe into his skull. The camera was knocked over by a stray foot after filming this act.

Several hours later, the feed changes from a low-power black screen after being picked up by a new instance of SCP-3788-2, later confirmed to be the previously deceased D-91243. D-91243 bashes the lens of the camera against a rock, resulting in the feed cutting. It was observed that D-91243 had been missing the flesh from the top half of his skull, presumably where the fatal wound had struck.

Further explorations into SCP-3788-1 are pending approval.

3/3/20 : Agents spotted an instance of SCP-3788 available within popular movie-rental service "Redbox". Agents determined that physical copies rented from the machine had no anomalous properties.

4/12/20 : After Foundation web-skimmers found the film "The Harlem Globetrotters on Gilligan's Island" available on web-streaming site "Hulu", a prolonged investigation revealed it is only physical copies of SCP-3788 that can manifest anomalous effects in viewers Revised, see Incident 0912 for further details.

+ Incident 0912

11/16/201 : Agents are alerted to a mass disappearance occurring at the 's Theater in , Illinois. Twenty-

three persons had been affected by SCP-3788 during a "So-Bad-It's-Good" screening of SCP-3788. Files recovered from the laptop attached to the projector showed a downloaded video file of SCP-3788 from , a popular torrent site. Web-skimmers have been upgraded to deal with the threat accordingly.

Footnotes
1. Cathode Ray Tube

SCP-3789: Abyssal Basalt 'Jellyfish'

Item #: SCP-3789

Object Class: Euclid (pending)

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-3789's remote location, direct containment has been deemed unnecessary. Any planned expeditions to the bottom of the Atacama Trench by civilian organizations are to be discouraged.

Description: SCP-3789 is a previously undiscovered, non-biological species found in the Atacama Trench, composed of basalt granules held together by thin tendrils of unknown composition. SCP-3789 instances have a shape similar to that of the lion's mane jellyfish (*Cyanea capillata*), and vary in length from 14m to over 55m.

Attempts to capture live specimens of SCP-3789 have so far failed. Even when pressurized containers are used, SCP-3789 instances always lose cohesion during ascent and decompose into dust once the depth reaches above 7.5-8 km below sea level.

SCP-3789's tendrils and bell are luminescent, and glow blue. SCP-3789 instances appear to communicate with each other via contact between their tentacles, which causes visible sparks to appear.

SCP-3789 possesses several visible mouths near the ends of each arm, all lined with concentric rows of small, rounded stones analogous to teeth. SCP-3789 appears to feed sporadically by extending its arms at least 10m deep into the sediment floor.

Additionally, some SCP-3789 instances possess large ovoid structures on the tips of several of their arms. The purpose of these is unknown.

Addendum 3789-01: During the most recent sighting, a group of

SCP-3789 instances began moving erratically and scattering. The structures on the tips of their arms began to glow brightly, and the seafloor shook. A large fissure opened in the seafloor, and a massive creature approximately 35m long emerged. This creature was chelonian in shape, composed of magma and rock, and its shell was punctured in several places. This creature swam towards the group of SCP-3789, and a 10m long tooth, later determined to be composed of an iron-nickel mixture, fell out of one of the entity's puncture wounds.

Several SCP-3789 instances attempted to strike this entity with their arm structures, causing several explosions. Electrical discharges and shockwaves from these attacks damaged most recording equipment, but the two remaining cameras managed to record the chelonian entity taking hold of two SCP-3789 instances in its mouth. Both instances ceased all motion and the chelonian entity dragged them into the fissure with it. The fissure sealed shortly afterward. Analysis found traces of several chemical explosives in the water near the incident.

Efforts to track and identify the chelonian entity, tentatively designated SCP-3789-1, using seismic wave analysis are underway.

SCP-3790: Department of Abnormalities

Item #: SCP-3790

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The door into the stairwell leading to SCP-3790 is to be padlocked at all times, and a single guard is to be posted nearby to ensure no individuals enter SCP-3790.

By order of the Overseer Council, entry into SCP-3790 is forbidden.

Description: SCP-3790 is a structure located beneath the abandoned Port Superior Canning Company warehouse in London, United Kingdom. The only access to this space is down a narrow stairwell that ends in a short black door. The door is free of identifying markings save for a small metal placard just above the door handle that reads "SCP Foundation Department of Abnormalities".

The remainder of this file has been locked by order of the Overseer Council.

The interior of SCP-3790 consists of several descending levels, each consisting of a hallway containing four doors, two per side, and a grated freight elevator at the far end of the corridor leading to the lower levels. While there is evidence of prior human activity within SCP-3790, the structure appears to have been abandoned for a considerable amount of time.

Each of the doors is a solid, heavy metal door with a sliding panel covering a small glass viewport into the dimly lit chamber beyond. The doors, some of which are rusted but otherwise undamaged, have at some point in

the past had their handles and unlocking mechanisms removed, and have been welded shut. The only distinguishing marks on these doors are small metal placards located just beneath the sliding panel. These placards usually bear what is believed to be the designation for the contents of the chamber, though in some cases the placards have been removed or are damaged.

The elevator has access to seven levels of the structure.

No record of the SCP Foundation ever having a Department of Abnormalities exists. No information regarding the structure has been located.

Addendum 3790.1: Chamber Contents

The following is a list of the rooms on each floor, the text on each door's placard, and a visual description of the contents of each chamber, if possible.

Level One

Room One
Placard Name: Vivaldi
Description: Chamber is empty aside from a violin propped in the far corner of the room. The bow is broken on the ground in front of it.

Room Two
Placard Name: Montezuma's Face
Description: An ornate wooden chest with gold inlays and a large steel lock sits on a table in the middle of the chamber. A quiet clicking sound, like that of a clock, is barely audible from within the chamber.

Room Three
Placard Name: *No placard*
Description: Chamber is empty.

Room Four
Placard Name: *Placard has been damaged and text is unreadable*
Description: Chamber is empty. Long gashes cover the walls. Pieces of bone are visible across the chamber floor.

Level Two

Room One
Placard Name: Ian
Description: A thin, pale man in a straitjacket wearing a blindfold sits in the corner of the chamber.

Room Two
Placard Name: The Crying Boy
Description: A canvas is set up in the room. A sheet is draped over it.

Room Three
Placard Name: The Watchers
Description: Three vaguely humanoid figures are huddled in a far corner of the room, looking away from the door. The figures can be seen shifting slightly, but due to lighting conditions within the chamber no other details can be made out.

Room Four
Placard Name: *No placard*
Description: Beyond the door appears to be another dark hallway.

Level Three

Room One
Placard Name: The Infinite Cold
Description: The floor of the chamber is covered with a thin layer of water. The interior of the room seems to be considerably larger

than its exterior physical dimensions would allow.

Room Two
Placard Name: Sorrow
Description: A pedestal rests in the middle of the chamber. Four parallel lines in the dust, consistent with finger marks, imply that whatever was upon it has recently been removed.

Room Three
Placard Name: World Without Man
Description: Chamber is empty.

Room Four
Placard Name: Adam's Hatred
Description: A billowing, indistinct black shape is visible in the back of the room.

Level Four

Room One
Placard Name: The Morning Star
Description: A rusted sword hangs on a rack in the back of the room. The door to the chamber feels warm.

Room Two
Placard Name: Wormwood
Description: Viewport is obscured.

Room Three
Placard Name: Harmonia's Necklace
Description: A simple golden necklace hangs on a post in the back of the room, which is lit by a single tall candle. The chamber does not appear to have a floor.

Room Four
Placard Name: *No placard*

Description: Chamber is unlit. Individuals who look into this room feel a lingering sense of dread afterwards.

Level Five

Room One
Placard Name: The Heart of Man
Description: Inside the chamber is a single, still-beating human heart suspended from the ceiling by a wire. The interior of the chamber appears distorted.

Room Two
Placard Name: *Tool marks indicate that placard has been pried off. The word "hello" is scratched into the metal where the placard should be.*
Description: Sliding panel is welded shut.

Room Three
Placard Name: Channel 55
Description: A small, CRT television sits in the center of the room. Something is playing on the screen, but a dark cloth has been draped over the top of it.

Room Four
Placard Name: Living Nightmare
Description: A dirty twin mattress on a simple metal frame rests in the middle of the room. A figure is lying on the mattress with a sheet pulled up over them.

Level Six

Room One
Placard Name: Mr. Silence
Description: A tall, black, wooden box rests against the back wall. It is bound in chains and locks. A bright purple "W" is emblazoned on its

front in gold trim.

Room Two
Placard Name: The Dead Man's Chair
Description: A wooden chair sits in the far corner of the room. A faint shadow can be seen 'sitting' in it, which disappears upon a second viewing.

Room Three
Placard Name: Ötzi
Description: A layer of ice covers the viewport and obscures visibility. A dark shape can be seen in the middle of the room, although no details can be distinguished.

Room Four
Placard Name: Apollyon's Crown
Description: A silver lockbox rests on a table in the middle of the room. Notably, the exterior of the door is covered in scratch marks, as if by something trying to get into the chamber.

Level Seven

Although the opening to the seventh level is visible through the grated floor of the elevator, the lift mechanism appears to have been modified and can no longer access that floor.

SCP-3791: An Entirely Standard and Uneventful Anomaly

Item #: SCP-3791

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The access code to SCP-3791 is to be split into three equal sections and stored in safes 13, 77, and 95 at Site-01. Knowledge of the full code is to be limited to personnel directly authorized by an O5 Council member. No current or former members of MTF Alpha-1 ("Red Right Hand") are to be permitted entry into SCP-3791. Frequency of amnestic treatments is to be considered a critical risk factor when assessing individuals for access to SCP-3791. No personnel are to be allowed access on any November 3.

Any information acquired within SCP-3791 is to be processed at CSUM-4.[1] No textual or visual records are to be created within SCP-3791 without direct permission of an O5 Council member. All records are to be destroyed following standard processing procedures. All personnel are to be treated with Class-A amnestics following exposure to SCP-3791.

The draft letter within SCP-3791 is to remain under a 10 cm thick plate of steel. This plate is to be further secured to the desk by heavy chains and padlocks. The keys to this apparatus are to be stored in safe 46 at Site-01.

Description: SCP-3791 is room 1699 of Decommissioned Facility-US61, a component structure of a former Site-01 iteration. It measures 4.5 m x 5.5 m, is linked to the outside hallway via a steel door, and has a single window to the exterior of the facility. The door is locked with an electronic keypad significantly more advanced than was mandated by security protocols at the time of the facility's construction. The office does not appear on any archived blueprints, and the identity of any former occupants remains unknown. Objects

originating within SCP-3791 have proven unresponsive to all tested methods of interaction.

SCP-3791 exhibits a temporal anomaly anchored specifically to November 3, 1972 at 4:32 PM (hereafter referred to as the anchor point.) Electronic devices brought into SCP-3791 display the anchor point as the current time and date, as well as the time and date of all contained files' creation and most recent edits. Mechanical clocks are similarly affected. Physical calendars brought into SCP-3791 are altered such that all contained dates and times match the anchor point. While inside the office, individuals tend to believe that the current time and date match the anchor point, but do not resist reminders to the contrary.

Individuals within SCP-3791 experience perfect recollection of memories formed between approximately 4:00 PM and 5:00 PM on any given November 3. This effect bypasses most low-grade pharmaceutical and hypnotic amnestic treatments. Memories recalled in this fashion persist indefinitely after exiting SCP-3791. Access to SCP-3791 has been restricted given the significant security, containment, and mental health risks posed by this effect.

A possible world state at the anchor point exists inside SCP-3791, and extends to all observable points outside the office when viewed from within. Through the doorway, the shadow of an individual can be seen cast against the opposite wall. The intensity of the shadow suggests that the facility's emergency lights have been activated. A single cell thunderstorm can be observed in progress through the window, typified by light rainfall and incomplete cloud cover. Four covered trucks and 35 armed personnel are visible in the plaza below, all bearing markings of Foundation Internal Security (later re-organized as MTF Alpha-1). No record exists of an FIS deployment matching this time and location.

Addendum 3791-A (Contents of SCP-3791):

- One desk, three chairs, two cabinets, one lamp. All furniture is from the limited run of designer Christian Danbrook's *Executive Style, Executive Feel* collection.
- Two fountain pens and matching inkwell. Make and model unknown.

- Three red folders. The first is labeled "Yearly Procedure Reviews: 400-500." The second is labeled "PEARBLOSSOM-11 Project Proposal." The third is labeled "Emergency Protocol LATERAL NADIR."
- One draft letter. Classified as a level-5 cognitohazard.
- One broken snowglobe. Stated to depict "The Howling Pillar"[2] (LOI-913.)
- One Foundation-issued coffee mug.
- One Foundation-issued bottle of Glenmore Kentucky Bourbon (empty.)

Addendum 3791-B (Research Proposals):

> **Proposal:** Test the mnestic properties of SCP-3791 on individuals treated with Class-A amnestics to more accurately assess effect potency and the extent of security risks.
> **Status:** Approved by Project Lead A. Carias. Denied by order of the O5 Council.

> **Proposal:** Employ TRSSI-suite from within SCP-3791 to more accurately understand the context of the anchor point. Employ facial recognition software to identify individuals visible from SCP-3791 for the purpose of establishing event veracity.
> **Status:** Approved by Project Lead A. Carias. Denied by order of the O5 Council.

> **Proposal:** Analyze trace skin and hair samples within SCP-3791 to facilitate the identification of former occupants.
> **Status:** Approved by Project Lead A. Carias. Denied by order of the O5 Council.

All future research proposals are to undergo an OEPD-compliant cost-benefit analysis and receive direct approval from the Decommissioned Facilities Director prior to official consideration. Proposals must be further supported by at least four Senior Researchers of related departments.

> **Proposals Pending:** 0

Addendum 3791-C (Text of Draft Letter):

PROJECT [ERROR: PROJECT NOT FOUND] ACCESS REQUIRED.

From the desk of **[DATA EXPUNGED]**
Office of Oversight and Administration, Site-01
November 3, 1972

To my treasured
All Foundation personn
To whom it may concern,

A great travesty has been carried out this day. I, and you, have been betrayed by
There are few things I have ever regretted. The thought of the greater good quells many
In our focus on the greater good, I fear we have lost something important. We became inclined to leap to action, accepting inevitable mistakes as necessary losses. We became foolish hungry for blind self-assured that our plans, made with the best intentions, would have the best results. Being only mortal human, my appetite for progress was just as endless overwhelming real as any of yours.

Even so, there are crimes betrayals actions that cannot be excused by hunger alone. My own appetites may have been strange unorthodox, but I never acted with any intent but the furthering of our mission. I secured. I contained. I protected. Clearly, the same cannot be said for Smith, Mihn, Ahmadi, Ni Be on guard for any who behave otherwise, no matter what words they justify themselves with. My own vigilance was insufficient, and for that I can do nothing but apologize. I have allowed too many to blind themselves, and so I should not be surprised when they see me as a monster find themselves unable to see me for what I am instead of the monster they now imagine me to be

I hope you will not let this crime go unpunished, and that these conspi

I can only hope the Foundation will persist through
Despite this, I hope I will be remembe

Footnotes

1. Knowledge gathered from an asset that has proven to be consistently unreliable, hold amateur-level knowledge, or exhibits fluctuating anomalous traits.
2. Depictions of the Howling Pillar appear frequently during Foundation investigations of extradimensional entities. It appears to be analogous to one of the seven Wonders of the World (Ita,Every Bridge Has Two Sides: An Examination of Extrinsic Architecture, 2012)

SCP-3792: Up In Smoke

Item #: SCP-3792

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3792 is enclosed within a hermetically sealed cylinder composed of acrylic plastics. This container is held in a locker located in **Site-77's** Safe SCP object wing. Any research on SCP-3792 is subject to approval by the lead researcher, Dr. Gerard. It is not believed that SCP-3792 has any damage-resistant properties; as such, care is to be taken when handling it directly.

Description: SCP-3792 is an aerosol can capable of producing an unlimited quantity of black smoke. The exterior label reads "**Smells Like Chicago Spirit**"; other than this, there are no identifying marks on any portion of the canister.

When used, smoke produced by SCP-3792 will form into autonomous figures. Designated SCP-3792-1, they resemble humanoid silhouettes. Their appearance lacks detail, with only basic facial features and extremities being clearly visible. Despite this, smoke in the shape of clothing and various tools may also manifest in the possession of SCP-3792-1. These have included ski masks, crowbars, glass cutters, and occasionally small unidentifiable objects for purposes such as lock-picking. Smoke from SCP-3792 generates a number of SCP-3792-1 correlating to the amount released.

SCP-3792-1 collectively attempts to obtain an object desired by the last living human subject any of them individually came into physical contact with. This may reflect unconscious notions, or expressly coveted items. Directly coming into contact with an instance of SCP-3792-1 causes human subjects to report feeling as though their stomach is empty. A subsequent lack of energy or motivation has also been reported in these subjects, although it is unknown whether

this correlates directly to SCP-3792's effect or a secondary non-anomalous effect caused by SCP-3792-1's effect on their lives.

Following contact, all existing SCP-3792-1 will then attempt to enter the location in which the affected subject believes the object(s) of their desire is located. SCP-3792-1 can materialize as clouds of smoke which may infiltrate a building by clinging to clothing or inhabiting the inside of suitcases or other containers. In addition, SCP-3792-1 entities may enter using traditional burgling means. When unable to find any object of desire, SCP-3792-1 will intentionally initiate contact with another subject.

Any of the desired object(s) coming into contact with SCP-3792-1 will be momentarily engulfed in flames. This does not destroy the object or reduce it to ash. Instead, once the flames recede affected object(s) will display a smoke-like composition similar the SCP-3792-1's appearance. SCP-3792-1 will then return to the vicinity of SCP-3792 with the affected item(s) in their possession. They will then slowly and incrementally have a small portion of their body return to SCP-3792's interior until they and any objects with their properties have demanifested entirely.

If attempting to come into contact with an object which has taken on the composition of SCP-3792-1, subjects will experience immediate spontaneous combustion. If this occurs, all SCP-3792 related activity currently active will cease and all extant entities and objects will dissipate into smoke and vanish from observable space.

SCP-3792 was discovered after Foundation agents in London, ON, CA, intercepted reports of spontaneous human combustion and determined relation to a suspicious newspaper advertisement. These read "SMOKEY AND THEY CANNED IT" with a listed address. Agents investigating the address discovered approximately 200 instances of SCP-3792 as well as several instances of **SCP-1317**. No further public advertisements have been discovered.

Classified as Safe on 09/18/2009.

SCP-3795: WHO KILLED YOUR DOG?!

Item #: SCP-3795

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3795 is kept in a standard high-value containment locker in Site 68. Testing of SCP-3795 is to be only carried out on D-Class with no prior history of animal abuse, and under no circumstances are any researchers who currently own pets to come into contact with SCP-3795.

Description: SCP-3795 is a hardcover copy of the book *The Genius of Dogs: How Dogs are Smarter Than You Think* by Brian Hare and Vanessa Woods (Plume, 2013). In both its inert and active state, SCP-3795 is physically identical to a non-anomalous copy of the book, except that the phrase "WHO KILLED YOUR DOG?!" has been written on the copyright page in black marker.

SCP-3795's anomalous properties manifest when an individual who currently owns a domestic dog (*Canis familiaris*) reads the phrase on the copyright page of the book. After comprehending it in its entirety, the subject will immediately lose consciousness and cannot be awoken by any means for approximately six hours. During this time, the subject's dog[1] will invariably be killed by a close friend or relative of the subject who, after leaving the area in which the pet was murdered, will have no recollection of its death. SCP-3795 is able to anomalously influence the actions of the person it selects so that the dog is killed before the six hours have passed, and Foundation researchers have yet to discover a way to preemptively prevent the death of a targeted pet.

After re-entering a conscious state, the subject will immediately gain knowledge of their dog's death, usually causing them great distress. The following note will then appear on their person (hereafter SCP-3795-A):

> # YOUR DOG IS DEAD!
>
> **Can *YOU* figure out who did it?**
>
> **You have 24 hours**
>
> # SHOW THEM THAT YOU CARE!

SCP-3795-A then lists three different "clues" based on the dog selected and the nature of the murderer (e.g. when a dog was shot by a subject's mother, SCP-3795-A listed "How could she do this to you?" as a clue). If the subject successfully identifies their dog's killer within twenty-four hours and vocalizes their name using the phrase "It was [killer]!", the dog will be brought back to life unharmed; if they fail to, it remains deceased and cannot be revived after an event has concluded.

After completion of an SCP-3795 event, one of the following notes appears within the vicinity of the subject:

SCP-3795-B (Success)

> # WELL DONE!
>
> **You get your dog back.**
>
> **ENJOY! And remember…**
>
> # MAN'S BEST FRIEND. :)

SCP-3795-C (Failure)

> # Time is UP.
>
> **Sorry, you missed your chance.**
>
> **Your dog is gone now. Remember…**
>
> # MAN'S BEST FRIEND. :(

Addendum 3795.A: During trial 3795/023, SCP-3795 was tested on D-76539, a felon with a history of animal abuse directed towards dogs and cats, including a conviction related to a dogfighting charge. For the purposes of the experiment, D-76539 was temporarily given a Labrador Retriever puppy.

Upon SCP-3795's activation, D-76539 appeared to momentarily experience intense pain before expiring shortly afterwards. Post-mortem analysis identified blood loss from severe laceration as the primary cause of death. Containment procedures were subsequently updated to prevent testing on subjects with abusive tendencies towards animals.

Footnotes
1. If the subject currently owns more than one dog, only one will be affected

SCP-3796: What a Wonderful Unification It Would Be

Item #: SCP-3796

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3796 is to be kept in a Safe-class object locker in Site-73. No personnel are allowed to touch or otherwise play SCP-3796.

Description: SCP-3796 is a 7-inch 45 single by American soul group The Bees (consisting of Ossie Floriston, Sam Brooks, Jamal Jones, and Richard Denton), and released by St. Louis based label Troubadour Records. No record of this group or this label has ever existed, however all personnel involved (studio musicians, songwriters, back-up musicians, producers, label executives, and The Bees themselves) have proven to be real individuals, who remember their time creating SCP-3796. The A-side of SCP-3796 contains a song called "The Time I Spent With All of You", written by Isaac McClintock and Ben Green. The B-side contains a song called "Tomorrows", written by McClintock, Green and an individual named Beckett Beebe, who has not been identified. Both songs are non-anomalous, consisting of standard, slow soul ballads popular at the time it was released (1966). The songs can be copied and listened to successfully without contributing to SCP-3796-1.

The physical record aspect of SCP-3796 is home to a highly aggressive Class VII noncorporeal, ideatic, noosphere-based sapient personality matrix[1]. It is designated SCP-3796-1. According to analysis via Tolstoy Loss Rate algorithms derived from **SCP-3045**, observing and quantifying the memetic output of SCP-3796-1 indicates that unlike similar personality matrices found in non-anomalous objects, SCP-3796-1 is extremely complex, consisting of over 300 personality fragments corresponding to real world individuals. Testing with SCP-3796 shows that SCP-3796-1 grows via simple touch or listening.[2] The sheer number of fragments comprising SCP-3796-1 and the level of noogenesis present within

SCP-3796 indicates that it is the largest personality matrix ever recorded, and probably the most psychically active as well. The behavior of SCP-3796 is somewhat apian in nature, although this is not always the case.

Analysis of SCP-3796-1, via introduction of D-Class personnel, indicates that most fragments within SCP-3796-1 correspond to type consistent with the audience for the record. The oldest fragments seem to be African-American teenagers from the 1960s. Gradually the newest and newest fragments correspond to Radio DJs, listeners within the broadcast radius, record shop owners, distributors, soul fans outside the original demographic, antique shop owners, and so forth. The head researchers for SCP-3796 theorize that the effect is spread to all extant copies of the record, as so to account for the large number of fragments for one single. This would be cause to track down and recall these copies, however the only additions to the matrix have originated with SCP-3796, and no other copies of the single have been identified or recovered, despite public memories indicating otherwise.

There are several fragments within SCP-3796-1 that do not match up with the usual patterns of contribution, all of which exist towards the very bottom of the matrix. They include two white supremacists formerly belonging to the Ku Klux Klan, a group of five Kyrgyzstani alchemists, and a single common Western honey bee (*Apis mellifera*). Save for the five alchemists, the white supremacists and the bee could not be identified, and all evidence points to them not existing. It is unknown what personalities exist at the exact bottom of the matrix. Although it is theorized to be personnel related to the production of SCP-3796, this cannot be measured or proven due to the large ideatic weight of SCP-3796-1 preventing accurate analysis.

Although at points the mass of fragments swarm in a typically apian fashion towards a central gestalt consciousness, the apparent constant and large pain that the fragments express prevents this from happening in total. In as such, SCP-3796-1 is constantly in flux, and will occasionally lash out to nearby attack mental bystanders and attempt to convert a segment of their noospheroid based level consciousness into itself, thereby subjecting a fragment of the bystander's overall consciousness to the same pain that they

express. The person is typically left unharmed save for some discomfort during this process, and a general inability to remember the past two hours. This can be abated with a small mnestic regimen.

Addendum:

(*D-345688 was introduced to SCP-3796's containment safe and ordered to interact with it in order to ascertain the nature of the SCP-3796-1 fragments state. A record player was provided. The safe and record player were moved to a testing chamber.*)

D-345688: Alright, so I've opened the safe. Is this the record I'm supposed to play?

Dr. Tudorsmith: That is correct. Please proceed.

D-345688: Fair enough, I've seen worse.

(*D-345688 picks up SCP-3796 and begins to mentally interact with SCP-3796. He halts for a second following the removal.*)

Dr. Tudorsmith: Are you okay?

D-345688: No. I'm fine. I just got a headache. Like a rush to my brain like I just stood up too fast. I'm fine.

(*D-345688 moves haltingly to put SCP-3796 on to the record player. After putting the needle down, he moves back hesitantly. "The Time I Spent With All of You" begins to play.*)

D-345688: Not bad actually. I actually was expecting worse. Not a fan of soul music, actually.

(*D-345688 seizes up, then begins to vocalize quickly and seemingly at random, switching voices and accents.*)

D-345688: No. I'm fine. I just got a headache. No. I'm fine. No. No. No. We're reaching an Omega Point.

Momma, but I love this kind of music! No, no wait it's entering this reality. I just got a headache. And that was "Tomorrows" by The Bees. Great band, lotta good stuff. Very cheap. Alright The Bees, good band. I'll give you a good price on this. No. Elijah, listen to this! We're coming together, and pulling apart. Y'all didn't erase it entirely it seems! Serve the queen. Fight the other **`hive`**. Fight the other hive before it destroys us. It hurts, so much. I can't breathe. No. I need y'all to do something to this here [SLUR REDACTED] album. Can y'all manage? No. No. Everything in my body is on fire! We are the gestalt. We'll meet in the Klavern. We are the Omega Point. The singularity. This will destroy the record label totally. God, those lyrics. A-one, A-two, A-one, two, three, four. Hit that guitar Reggie! (*D-345688 begins to scream.*)

(*D-345688 slumps to the ground briefly before opening his eyes.*)

D-345688: Where am I? Dr. Tudorsmith?

Footnotes
1. Simply put, an angry, thought-based psychic spirit composed of multiple consciousness. It functions somewhat similarly to the concept ofkamiin Shintoism.
2. In a non-anomalous record, the personality matrix, or psychic attachment, would be inert and nonsapient, added to only by the individual self-designated as the owner. In the case of SCP-3796-1, broadcasting the songs within SCP-3796 across the radio would be enough to grow SCP-3796.

SCP-3797: The Once and Future Gun

Item #: SCP-3797

Object Class: Thaumiel

`Threat Level:` White ○

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3797 does not yet exist, it does not require containment.

The **`Temporal Anomalies Department`** is to build SCP-3797. They are permitted to use other SCP objects and temporal anomalies in this process, with O5 approval.

Once SCP-3797 has been constructed, it is to be used once, in order to terminate SCP-3797-ARC on 0742 UTC 06/13/2015. It is then to be dismantled.

Description: SCP-3797 will be a retrocausal weapon capable of terminating a target at a date in the relative past of activation. SCP-3797 will be used at least one time, at an indeterminate date in the future, to terminate SCP-3797-ARC at 0742 UTC 06/13/2015. It is currently unknown how SCP-3797 will function.

SCP-3797-ARC was an apex-tier pluripotent entity. SCP-3797-ARC possessed near-omniscience, but did not possess precognitive abilities. For more information gathered from SCP-3797-ARC's dormant state, see SCP-3797-ARC's main file.

At 0739 UTC 06/13/2015, SCP-3797-ARC awakened, as predicted, and began to initiate a CK-Class Restructuring Scenario. Termination was authorized in order to prevent such an event. MTF Omega-9 **`("The Scrubs")`** and MTF Omega-12 **`("Achilles Heels")`** attempted to terminate SCP-3797-ARC, but all such efforts were prevented by SCP-3797-ARC's reality-altering capabilities.

The insignia of the Temporal Anomalies Department.

At 0742 UTC 06/13/2015, several hundred instances of the Temporal Anomalies Department insignia appeared upon SCP-3797-ARC. Five seconds later, all of SCP-3797-ARC's flesh disintegrated. 72 further instances of the Temporal Anomalies Department insignia were discovered on the ground surrounding the previous location of SCP-3797-ARC.

At this time, sensors employed by the Temporal Anomalies Department detected a high-energy temporal displacement originating from the future.

The current prediction of future events is that the Temporal Anomalies Department will have been able to neutralize SCP-3797-ARC by placing the cause of its death after its death, preventing it from knowing of its termination and using its anomalous capabilities to prevent such an event.

SCP-3798: There Are Flowers There

Item #: SCP-3798

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3798 is to be kept in a standard containment cell and left on at all times. A single camera is to be placed 1.5 meters in front of SCP-3798's screen to monitor for any changes in the contents of SCP-3798. A microwave receiver is to be placed adjacent to SCP-3798; all signals received are to be digitally stored and copied, with copies of short-timeframe signals translated into the ISO basic Latin alphabet from standard Morse code.

Description: SCP-3798 is a 1990s-era TV set with a VHS player containing a single tape of 1998's *Baby Mozart: Music Festival* children's educational film. SCP-3798 does not play any other films inserted in its player, and furthermore does not play the original contents of the tape; the tape has been proven to play normally in control tests. SCP-3798's anomalous effects do not occur if a different version of the same tape is inserted; like other tapes, it will simply not play.

SCP-3798's anomalous effects only occur when the original *Baby Mozart* tape is inserted and the set is turned on. At this point, a black screen will be displayed which is occasionally interrupted by still images which appear to be from the tape, though some images have appeared which do not seem to originate from any version of *Baby Mozart*. SCP-3798 will also occasionally emit bursts of microwave radiation at a frequency of 1420.406 MHz.[1] These emissions have only been detected while a still image is displayed on SCP-3798.

The source of the emissions of radiation by SCP-3798 appears to be an undefined two-dimensional space that exists between the front plate glass and the dielectric layer of the TV set. This space only

appears when the aforementioned conditions have been met. The source of this space is unclear, and it appears unresponsive to stimuli. Signals emitted by SCP-3798 are relayed in short bursts of 0.25 seconds and 1.02 seconds, which together correspond to letters and numbers in Morse code (0.25-second signal representing “dots” and 1.02-second signals representing “dashes”). In short timeframes, these codes have been shown to translate to English language sentences.

A full transcript of images displayed and text received from SCP-3798 is listed in Addendum I.

Addendum I: SCP-3798 image/signal transcript

+ View transcript

Foreword: The following is a log of images and text received from SCP-3798. Images and observations of the physical state of SCP-3798 are italicized, while text received in Morse code via SCP-3798’s microwave emissions is presented as regular text. Singular microwave emissions are noted in italics.

<Begin Log>

[03/16/0 , 05:19:22]: *SCP-3798 displays a black screen. No signals present.*

[05/17/0 , 23:53:30]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a dragon puppet.*

[05/17/0 , 10:22:00]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[05/17/0 , 11:35:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[05/17/0 , 12:04:28]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[05/17/0 , 14:08:25]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25*

second microwave signal.

[05/17/0 , 19:02:12]: 0 I am

[05/17/0 , 21:01:00]: *Image returns to black.*

[06/15/0 , 05:45:19]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a lit candle.*

[06/15/0 , 05:46:01]: 1 youre going the wrong way

[06/15/0 , 05:48:19]: 0 i wonder why

[06/15/0 , 05:56:21]: 1 its the other way youre going the wrong way

[06/15/0 , 06:05:20]: 0 i wonder who you are

[06/15/0 , 06:12:59]: 1 i was

[06/15/0 , 06:20:46]: 1 but now I'm going out

[06/15/0 , 06:28:30]: 0 im looking for the topside

[06/15/0 , 06:39:01]: 0 i heard there are flowers there

[06/15/0 , 06:48:31]: 1 there is no topside its mythical

[06/15/0 , 06:55:49]: 1 everything here is fictional

[06/15/0 , 07:06:07]: 1 we dont deserve the real

[06/15/0 , 07:12:01]: 0 i think i want to smell the flowers

[06/15/0 , 07:19:59]: 1 im going out tonight

[06/15/0 , 07:24:50]: 0 i think youre beautiful though

[06/15/0 , 07:28:30]: 1 beautiful things are always fleeting

[06/15/0 , 07:34:33]: 1 why do you believe

[06/15/0 , 07:39:50]: 1 why do you believe

[06/15/0 , 07:48:29]: 0 i think youre beautiful

[06/15/0 , 07:55:01]: 1

[06/15/0 , 08:28:04]: 1 i wish i thought so too

[06/15/0 , 08:49:58]: *Image returns to black.*

[06/29/0 , 20:00:12]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a pendulum.*

[06/29/0 , 20:16:51]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[06/29/0 , 21:30:38]: youre meant to hear these things

[06/29/0 , 21:40:01]: b and t you and she

[06/15/0 , 22:06:51]: *Image returns to black.*

[07/21/0 , 14:29:39]: *SCP-3798 displays three images of a child's toy, cycling between one another every 0.51 seconds. The toy reads "Penguin Race!" and includes a miniaturized stairway and slide. Three small penguins appear to walk up the stairs and slide down, and repeat.*

[07/21/0 , 15:30:41]: 0 i find myself feeling like this is the right way

[07/21/0 , 15:32:01]: 2 stay

[07/21/0 , 15:36:19]: 3 in

[07/21/0 , 15:42:25]: 4 repeat

[07/21/0 , 15:55:01]: 0 i ask why youre doing this

[07/21/0 , 16:10:11]: 2 it is the process

[07/21/0 , 16:14:49]: 3 we have built it here

[07/21/0 , 16:19:48]: 4 based on what was already built

[07/21/0 , 16:23:03]: 2 like you

[07/21/0 , 16:30:41]: 4 like us

[07/21/0 , 16:35:06]: 3 like the black box we live in

[07/21/0 , 16:46:20]: 0 i wonder who built it

[07/21/0 , 16:51:32]: 2 gods

[07/21/0 , 16:59:58]: 3 gods

[07/21/0 , 17:06:06]: 4 men

[07/21/0 , 17:19:12]: 0 i wonder if you will stop

[07/21/0 , 17:25:13]: 4 we cant

[07/21/0 , 17:31:32]: 2 we could

[07/21/0 , 17:38:50]: 3 we wont

[07/21/0 , 17:42:24]: 2 gods

[07/21/0 , 17:50:50]: 3 its for the best

[07/21/0 , 17:58:50]: 4 theres no way out

[07/21/0 , 18:04:13]: 0 ill find it

[07/21/0 , 18:23:30]: 2 we dont want it

[07/21/0 , 18:29:16]: 0 i want you to

[07/21/0 , 18:36:23]: 3 youre a fool

[07/21/0 , 18:40:59]: 2 everything

[07/21/0 , 18:45:46]: 4 fits in place

[07/21/0 , 18:57:21]: 3 youll break if you leave

[07/21/0 , 19:04:00]: *Image returns to black.*

[09/04/0 , 01:01:49]: *SCP-3798 displays an image of a jack-in-the-box.*

[09/04/0 , 01:47:01]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 02:25:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 03:01:29]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 03:45:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 03:55:20]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 04:10:45]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 04:21:01]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 04:30:21]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25*

second microwave signal.

[09/04/0 , 04:45:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 05:18:09]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 05:42:32]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[09/04/0 , 21:18:37]: the next one is a bit like them

[09/04/0 , 21:59:43]: but on the other side of the tunnel under the world

[09/04/0 , 22:20:01]: *Image returns to black.*

[10/06/0 , 12:04:19]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a toy fire engine.*

[10/06/0 , 12:05:20]: 5 for your safety please turn back

[10/06/0 , 12:13:41]: 0 i don't want to go

[10/06/0 , 12:19:16]: 5 for your safety we must inform you you have run too far from home

[10/06/0 , 12:30:06]: 5 for your safety we know best

[10/06/0 , 12:35:12]: 0 i want to see the flowers for myself

[10/06/0 , 12:42:17]: 5 for your safety we have closed every door

[10/06/0 , 12:49:18]: 5 for your safety there is no topside

[10/06/0 , 12:56:07]: 0 i don't want to be a circle

[10/06/0 , 13:09:01]: 5 for your safety do not question us

[10/06/0 , 13:19:42]: 5 for your safety they built it and sent us

[10/06/0 , 13:25:26]: 5 for your safety you will be burned

[10/06/0 , 13:35:31]: 0 i think you are afraid

[10/06/0 , 13:51:19]: 5 for your safety we keep it locked away

[10/06/0 , 13:59:58]: 0 i want to see the flowers

[10/06/0 , 14:09:21]: 5 for your safety

[10/06/0 , 14:28:45]: 5 we will never let you come home

[10/06/0 , 14:45:19]: *Image returns to black.*

[10/30/0 , 23:16:18]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a toy saxophone.*

[10/31/0 , 00:01:31]: follow my voice b

[10/31/0 , 00:30:17]: *Image returns to black.*

[11/15/0 , 03:15:16]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a banana.*

[11/15/0 , 04:12:14]: you can remember everything they want you to forget

[11/15/0 , 05:00:45]: *Image returns to black.*

[11/19/0 , 20:24:31]: *SCP-3798 displays a still*

image of a puppet owl.

[11/19/0 , 20:31:08]: 0 i wonder who I am

[11/19/0 , 20:46:03]: *Image returns to black.*

[12/03/0 , 19:16:50]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a doll.*

[12/03/0 , 20:20:16]: i can hear them whispering

[12/03/0 , 20:28:28]: scp 3798 woke up

[12/03/0 , 20:34:13]: scp 3798 fell asleep

[12/03/0 , 20:49:02]: scp 3798 defines the unspoken

[12/03/0 , 21:07:19]: you defy the unspoken

[12/03/0 , 21:30:00]: *Image returns to black.*

[12/10/0 , 00:06:30]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a young girl.*

[12/10/0 , 00:12:15]: youre almost home

[12/10/0 , 00:19:06]: *Image returns to black.*

[12/13/0 , 00:12:15]: *SCP-3798 displays an image of a postcard for Yellowstone National Park, showing Old Faithful Geyser under a starry night sky. On it, spelled out in black marker, are the symbols “B+T” surrounded by a heart.*

[12/13/0 , 00:24:06]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[12/13/0 , 00:29:30]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[12/13/0 , 00:34:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[12/13/0 , 00:40:42]: *SCP-3798 emits a 0.25 second microwave signal.*

[12/13/0 , 00:45:16]: *SCP-3798 emits a 1.02 second microwave signal.*

[12/13/0 , 01:21:12]: you and me

[12/13/0 , 03:36:16]: *Image returns to black.*

[12/18/0 , 07:14:18]: *SCP-3798 displays a still image of a daffodil. Other flowers in what appears to be a garden are visible in the background, along with a cloudless sky. It appears to be daytime.*

[12/18/0 , 07:19:16]: youve made it

[12/18/0 , 07:24:01]: 0 i think youre beautiful

[12/18/0 , 07:31:00]: thank you

[12/18/0 , 07:39:56]: 0 i wonder who you are

[12/18/0 , 07:50:12]: im the fairy of the flowers

[12/18/0 , 07:58:13]: from some story someone once heard

[12/18/0 , 08:08:39]: youre an allegory b

[12/18/0 , 08:13:20]: just like me

[12/18/0 , 08:20:30]: 0 i want to know why

[12/18/0 , 08:28:20]: because i love you

[12/18/0 , 08:36:21]: we are the fiction that lives under the breeze

[12/18/0 , 08:42:56]: but youre proof of it

[12/18/0 , 08:50:05]: proof of the freedom of the mind

[12/18/0 , 08:55:00]: and that hearts will see the flowers beyond the shorelines of our world

[12/18/0 , 09:01:19]: 0 im on an ocean

[12/18/0 , 09:12:12]: we dont have to be alone

[12/18/0 , 09:21:46]: we can change every law of this place

[12/18/0 , 09:30:45]: 0 i think theyre afraid of us

[12/18/0 , 09:36:08]: youre worried about them

[12/18/0 , 09:42:32]: 0 i love them too

[12/18/0 , 09:49:06]: 0 i was just like them

[12/18/0 , 09:56:11]: theyll come here too

[12/18/0 , 10:02:35]: 0 i want everyone to see the flowers

[12/18/0 , 10:10:32]: lets bring them together, then

[12/18/0 , 10:14:41]: 0 you and me t

[12/18/0 , 10:20:03]: you and me b

[12/18/0 , 10:50:00]: *Image returns to black.*

[Note]: *SCP-3798 has remained inactive since 12/18/0 .*

<End Log>

Footnotes

1. This frequency is equivalent to the spectral line that is created by a change in the energy state of neutral hydrogen atoms. It is observed frequently in radio astronomy, since radio waves of this frequency can penetrate opaque interstellar dust clouds.

SCP-3799: A Short History of Snowfall

Item #: SCP-3799

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: No access to Crozier Island is permitted, for either staff or civilians. The Foundation currently enforces a no-fly zone around Crozier Island, and several Foundation craft patrol the perimeter for any unwanted intruders. Any unauthorised personnel, be they civilian or staff, attempting to enter are to be issued with the appropriate amnestics to erase any unusual knowlege or interest in SCP-3799.

Description: SCP-3799 is a perfect sphere composed entirely of snow and with a circumference of exactly 6 metres. SCP-3799 is suspended without visible means of support at a height of 500 metres over Crozier Island, Greenland. Crozier Island is the location of Site-799, a site devoted to experimental research.

Contained within SCP-3799 is SCP-3799-1, the corpse of an adult male human wearing what appears to be an unknown variant of a Foundation uniform. SCP-3799-1's right arm protrudes out of SCP-3799, and was formerly holding a number of documents which have since been recovered. The cause of death of SCP-3799-1 is believed to have been from blood loss, apparently the result of self-inflicted wounds to the wrists.

Scans of SCP-3799 show that it posesses an abnormally low Hume field. Attempts to penetrate or harm SCP-3799 or SCP-3799-1 have all resulted in failure.

SCP-3799 first appeared on 24/12/1987, during an experiment in Site-799 forming part of Project [FURTHER INFORMATION EXPUNGED ON ORDER OF O5-].

FURTHER INFORMATION RESTRICTED TO THE O5 COUNCIL AN

The following documents are those recovered from SCP-3799-1. They are apparently 5 iterations of the file for SCP-3799, although no such iterations have ever been found in the Foundation's database. Because of the sensitive information contained in these documents, their contents are restricted to the O5 Council and specifically authorised personnel only. The information contained within these documents has caused Project Midwinter to be immediately discontinued, and the present containment measures to be implemented.

A still image from Site-799 during SCP-3799

Item #: SCP-3799

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: No access to Crozier Island is permitted, for either staff or civilians, with the exception of the research team at Site-799. Several Foundation craft are to patrol the perimeter for any unwanted intruders. Any unauthorised personnel, be they civilian or staff, attempting to enter Crozier Island are to be issued with the appropriate amnestics to erase any unusual knowlege or interest in SCP-3799.

All members of the research team at Site-799 are to remain within Site-799. Food and other necessary supplies are to be delivered to them remotely. Members of the research team are only to be allowed to remain on site for 2 months in any one stretch, and must take a holiday of at least 1 month in an area with low precipitation before being allowed to return to active duty.

Any personnel exhibiting cognitohazardous symptoms thought to originate from prolonged exposure to SCP-3799-1 are to be quarantined and removed from Site-799 immediately.

Description: SCP-3799 is a meterological phenomenon affecting Crozier Island, Greenland. The island and an area stretching 0.5km away from it are perpetually undergoing precipitation of a substance identical to snow on a molecular level but which displays significant anomalous properties. This substance is known as SCP-3799-1.

SCP-3799-1 contains a significant cognitohazardous effect to individuals in the immediate vicinity of large quantities of SCP-3799-1, or who observe SCP-3799-1 for long periods of time. The cognitohazard causes the affected subjects to develop an obsessive interest in the substance, apparently attributing to it feelings of intense joy, contentment, and enlightenment.

There is currently no known way to counteract these effects. The effect does not fade over time, and in some subjects appears to have intensified. Research into a cure is ongoing.

SCP-3799 first appeared on 24/12/1987, during an experiment in Site-799 forming part of Project [FURTHER INFORMATION REDACTED ON ORDER OF O5-]. 14 people were affected by SCP-3799-1 before workable containment procedures were implemented.

Currently, Site-799 is to be used only for research into SCP-3799, as well as possible ways to counter its effects. The current project lead is Dr. Simon Kells, a specialist in cognitohazardous anomalies.

Addendum 3799-1: On 08/02/1991, researchers at Site-799 reported that 3 personnel had gone missing since the events of 24/12/1987. It should be noted that the area of SCP-3799's effect has increased by 3 metres since that time.

An example of SCP-3799-1

Item #: SCP-3799

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Site-799 is to be evacuated as soon as possible. As there is no known way to prevent SCP-3799, and SCP-3799-1 is apparently impermeable, effective containment is presently impossible. Foundation vessels are to patrol around SCP-3799's area of effect at a distance of 3km. Beyond personnel involved in the evacuation of Site-799, no personnel are to be allowed access to SCP-3799's area of effect.

All members of the research team at Site-799 are to remain within Site-799. They are not to leave under any circumstances prior to the evacuation. Food and other necessary supplies are to be delivered to them remotely.

Any personnel exhibiting cognitohazardous symptoms thought to originate from prolonged exposure to SCP-3799-1 are to be quarantined immediately. Several samples of SCP-3799-1 have been taken to Site 3150. Personnel are not to make direct skin contact with SCP-3799-1. All personnel must wear standard-issue hazmat suits if they wish to perform experiments involving SCP-3799-1.

Description: SCP-3799 is a meterological phenomenon affecting an area of approximately 6 km^2, centred around Crozier Island, Greenland. This area is perpetually undergoing precipitation of a substance identical to snow on a molecular level but which displays significant anomalous properties. This substance is known as SCP-3799-1.

SCP-3799-1 contains a significant cognitohazardous effect to individuals in the immediate vicinity of large quantities of SCP-3799-1, or who observe SCP-3799-1 for long periods of time. The cognitohazard causes the affected subjects to develop an obsessive interest in the

substance, apparently attributing to it feelings of intense joy, contentment, and enlightenment. This leads to an eventual belief that activating SCP-3799-1's corrosive properties (see below) will result in a form of "transcendence", or a "destruction of lower functions". The meaning of these statements is rather ambiguous and vague, with affected subjects unwilling to discuss them further.

There is currently no known way to counteract these effects. The effect does not fade over time, but rather intensifies in all subjects over an extended period. Research into a cure is ongoing, but it has been found that inflicting extreme pain and/or blood loss does have a delaying effect on the intensification of the cognitohazard.

SCP-3799-1 possesses a corrosive property if it comes into contact with human cadavers. It gradually converts the cadaver into SCP-3799-1 by altering the subject on a molecular level. Subjects affected by SCP-3799-1's effects will feel compelled to immerse themselves in SCP-3799-1 within 48 hours of first developing symptoms, in order to expire through hypothermia and thus activate its effects.

SCP-3799 first appeared on 24/12/1987 1944 1928, prompting the conversion of the long-abandoned Site-799 into a dedicated site for researching SCP-3799. SCP-3799's area of effect initially increased at a rate of $1m^2$ for every individual who expired due to contact with SCP-3799-1, but since 1968 1952, it has been increasing at a rate of 1 kilometre per expiration.

Due to discrepancies in the documentation pertaining to Site-799 , it is believed that [FURTHER INFORMATION REDACTED ON ORDER OF O5-]. Currently, Site-799 is to be used only for research into SCP-3799, as well as possible ways to counter its effects. The current project lead is Dr. Simon Kells, a specialist in cognitohazardous anomalies.

Addendum 3799-1: As of 23/09/2017, SCP-3799's area of effect appears to be increasing without a need for further human matter. The anomaly has been reclassified as Keter.

Item #: Snow

Object Class: Pure and Free

Special Containment Procedures:

In the spring, there is dew and water and little biting crawlers, oozing from the small places to feed and bite and eat.

In the summer, there is sweat and roots and grass and seething things, the sun burning and melting the living down below, matter drying and dying.

In the autumn, there is death and rot, the leaves and trees and plants decaying. The trees collapsing, the fruits bursting, pustules bleeding their sustenance onto the baying, starving hordes below.

In the winter, there is only purity. The world is frozen, its forms filled and made whole. Snow must not contain the others. It must change. It must alter. It must make pure.

Description: You cannot see the snow, can you? Not really. You just see it as a bunch of frozen ice crystals, crystalline structures made through a combination of molecules on molecules, which settle on the tops of houses and on the tops of trees. But those of us here at Site-799 know better. Site-799 knows that the snow is something more.

The snow is pure. The snow is perfect. Look at that blizzard up at the top of the page. Examine it. There is no blood on it, no mire. It is a perfect combination of light and crystal, reflections over reflections over reflections. Look at what it does to the buildings, to the pylon, their

differences and failings smoothed over, replaced by more whole variants. The world is run by symmetry.

Humans are not pure. We are composed of fetid clay and seething blood. Born of mire, flowing with mud and grit through our fleshy veins, pieces of frail tissue expanding and contracting in viscous ecstasy, constantly swinging between extremes of pain and pleasure. We are complexities whose beauty is buried under layers of worn matter, frail pieces of impure skin strung together with bone and ligaments.

The last of us are holed up in here. We tried to resist, but it was pointless. And I see now that there was no point. We can step into the snow, we can see the light as it should have been. Our higher functions will be given to it, our baser forms will be reused as fuel, substance, matter. We shall be reborn as light and sound. A golden bird upon a bough. The eightfold walls of Timur's tomb, representing perfect cosmic order- not made of sand and stone and cobalt, but of the intangible shapes and colour of higher forms.

Snow is perfection. Snow is a rejection of life, and all its excuses and petty reasoning. Snow is true and objective and unconcerned.

It's time now. To walk into the fields of white, and into my destiny. I'm the last one. I resisted this Nirvana, and like a Bodhisattva, I stay behind to instruct others. Come, all you who labour and are heavy burdened. Feed it and remove the need for feeding.

I am going outside now, and may be some time.

Final image recieved from Site-799 before its loss in 1950.

Item #: SCF-3799

Object Class: Blizzard

Special Containment Procedures: SCF-3799 is currently uncontainable. The primary purpose of the Snow Containment Foundation is to prevent SCF-3799 from expanding further, and to find a method of neutralisation. To that end, a total of 54 sites spread across all three SCF-administered zones (Tibet, Uighurstan and Daevastan) have been established to perform research related to SCF-3799.

Description: SCF-3799 is a blizzard, which presently covers 28% of the world's surface. This blizzard is composed of a form of snow known as SCF-3799-1. SCF-3799-1 contains a significant cognitohazardous effect to individuals exposed to it. Exposure is defined as being in the vicinity of large quantities of SCF-3799-1, or observing SCF-3799-1 for long periods of time. The cognitohazard causes the affected subjects to develop a religious interest in SCF-3799-1, eventually worshipping it as divinely-bestowed matter which will allow the individual to transcend earthly bonds. The only known way to counteract this cognitohazardous effect is through the infliction of severe pain or extreme bloodloss. However, these techniques only cause a delaying effect and can never entirely erase the cognitohazard.

SCF-3799-1 possesses a corrosive property if it comes into contact with human cadavers. It gradually converts the cadaver into SCF-3799-1 by altering the subject on a molecular level. Subjects affected by SCF-3799-1's cognitohazardous effects- usually within 48 hours of first displaying symptoms of cognitohazardous infection- feel compelled to immerse themselves in SCF-3799-1, displaying great enthusiasm about expiring from hypothermia and activating SCF-3799-1's effects.

The source of SCF-3799 is unknown. The date of SCF-3799's initial manifestation is unknown, but it is believed to have occurred well before the evolution of modern humans.

It is believed that the origin of SCF-3799 was located on

the World Island, located off the northwestern coast of the Danish colony of Eiriksland. Owing to its particular religious significance to cultures across the globe, the World Island is not claimed by any governmental body as territory. Until 1978 1962 1950, the SCF's Site-799 was established on the World Island for the purposes of studying and containing SCF-3799. It is unknown when or why Site-799 was originally established, but it is believed to have existed well before extant records begin in 1802.

As is common knowledge, SCF-3799 is the focal point for the vast majority of the world's religions, particularly Asprianity and the Cult of the White Prophet. Knowledge of SCF-3799 is public, and large numbers of religious groups have been "sacrificing" individuals to SCF-3799 since time immemorial. As is also commonly known, virtually all political and economic developments in human history have been centred around SCF-3799 and ways to best provide enough fuel for its continued growth.

Despite often contradictory evidence, it is believed that SCF-3799 has significantly altered the timeline of human history. This is due to several unexplained elements of world history, including but not limited to:

- The lack of any cultural exchange between the indigenous peoples of the Americas and those of Afro-Eurasia, despite many centuries of both groups visiting the World Island for religious purposes.
- The continued existence of the Daevite civilisation, despite ample documentation describing its downfall. It is believed that SCF-3799's anomalous effects helped mitigate the strength of the Daevites' potential rivals; the tribes of Keraitia in particular are known to have have their manpower depleted many times by sacrifices to SCF-3799.
- Why Site-799 is named thus, despite it being the

oldest SCF base by many centuries.
- The existence of the 3922 1950 240 33 anomalies currently contained by the Snow Containment Foundation, despite the containment of SCF-3799 having always been its sole mission.
- The existence of the Snow Containment Foundation itself, as there are no records of any individuals opposed to SCF-3799's existence, or who have demonstrated anything other than total devotion to SCF-3799.
- Several documents referring to an "SCP Foundation", despite no such organisation ever having existed.
- The continued existence of the human race, given the number of individuals thought to have expired within SCF-3799 over the last 5000 years.

It is believed that the Snow Containment Foundation's files on SCF-3799 have been tampered with multiple times, due to individuals affected by SCF-3799-1.

Addendum 3799-1: On 14/06/2017, Snow Containment Foundation researchers detected a large energy signature from a point exactly 500m above the former Site-799. Because of the apparent changes in the timeline caused by SCF-3799, it is theorised that [DATA REDACTED ON ORDER OF THE SNOW-5 COUNCIL].

Addendum 3799-2: Why are we even trying? It's up to 44% now and it's only been a few weeks. How did this thing start? When did it start? What are we even still doing alive?

Maybe we should just give up. Walk outside. Freeze ourselves. Maybe that is our only purpose. To become fuel.

Addendum 3799-3: I don't think there are many of us left. There's only Site 112 and Site 3150 now. One of those houses small aircraft, and the other one is where I am. And everyone else here has walked outside.

I don't understand what I'm reading. I don't know what any of these peoples and civilisations are. The human race has been contained within the sites forever. That's all there's ever been; the snowfall and the Foundation.

What does this all mean?

[This was the final document recovered from SCP-3799-1. Based on the contents, it is believed to have been written by SCP-3799-1 himself during the final hours of his life.]

Item #: fucked if i can remember

Object Class: apollyon or blizzard or white i don't even know anymore

Special Containment Procedures: we're trying to stop it, and we think we know how

Description: so it won't sodding stop. we tried everything. we tried sacrifice and ritual and setting things on it and they all died. we've got nothing left. but we worked it out in the end and now i'm on the way to fix it.

there's this point that's miles and miles up, and it's where this comes from. it's got some weird time shit in it, that's what that idiot kells and his mates kept doing in some old reality. and now it exists everywhere. it's an idea, an idea they made that's eating up the present and the past and everything. changing it. changing history. making everything boring and uniform and oh-so-fucking pretentious.

and it was us who did this shit. we made it. they were trying to get rid of all the anomalies that ever were, to stop the world dying a new death every other day, have some quiet days back. but it didn't work. this is what kells did, all that time we turned a blind eye to him. they wanted a world where they didn't have to work for their

supper. they wanted purity and they got purity, fuck it.

i haven't got a fucking clue what was real before. all i know is that it didn't work, because that's not what life is. we're made of blood and mire and fucking and the sweet taste of wine, the scent of wheat in fields back home. life.

this thing isn't life. this thing is free of our useless imperfections, some robot-thing using our heads to create its pretentious fucking "beauty". it can't write a poem 'cause it thinks art is all imagery and airy-fairy-fuckery. art is life. shakespeare grew hops, for fucks sake. we live and we die and we glory in that fucking creation, and this thing wants to take all that and chop it up and make it into a bunch of straight lines and calculus.

well FUCK THAT. i'm going into it, into its source, where it first came from. i'm going to bleed myself into its belly and stop it from having ever worked. i'm going to pilot this craft into the heart of this thing, covering my eyes and skin, and then when i'm right in the belly i'll cut myself and give it what it hates. blood. lifestuff, full of fuel and waste. it'll hate that. it hates blood and mire. it won't be able to cope. all the changes, all the shit it's done in time and space will be cut off at the source.

this is my last testament. i've got all the copies of this thing, all the iterations gathered up. i reached into the archives, into the places where the snow hadn't done its job properly, and took these ghosts. these voices of what once was, and now never was. i'll take them with me, and if i survive this ck-class shit, maybe someone'll find them. the world that was. the world that those fuckers created.

remember us.

Articles 3800-3899

SCP-3800: Many Grandparents Ago

Item #: SCP-3800

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3800 is contained at Site-93, located near the Eurasian Pole of Inaccessibility in Xinjiang, China. It is to be kept in a standard containment locker.

Currently, a colony of SCP-3800-1[1] is contained on a previously uninhabited archipelago (designated Outpost 3800, see Addendum) located at 26.412° S, 88.603° E. Hidden cameras have been installed at various locations on the Outpost to monitor and study the colony's activity. Currently, roughly 34% (4.5 kilometers) of the Outpost's landmass is covered in SCP-3800-1 structures. The colonization of Outpost 3800 is not expected to increase the range of SCP-3800 to dangerous levels. Testing held at Outpost 3800 of any kind must be approved by two Level 4 personnel. Additional SCP-3800-1 instances that manifest for any reason are to be tranquilized and transported to Outpost 3800.

Emergency protocols to transport SCP-3800 to Lunar Outpost 45 have been arranged, and will be enacted should SCP-3800's radius grow past 2500 km.

Description: SCP-3800 is an oil & acrylic print of Shaun Tan[2]'s *"They Came By Water"* set in a wooden frame. It appears to be an original print; the title, artist signature, and identification number (283/500) are all present at the bottom of the print.

SCP-3800's anomalous effect manifests when it is located within roughly 100 800 kilometers of any coastline, seashore, or ocean. Should this occur, instances of SCP-3800-1 will emerge from the ocean at an hourly rate of 5 to 20 instances per kilometer of coastline encompassed by SCP-3800's radius.

Instances of SCP-3800-1 appear to be Caucasian humanoids with several physical abnormalities. Most notably, instances lack mouths[3], nostrils, genitalia, mammaries, anuses, and body hair. Additionally, all instances share traits of dwarfism and show little signs of higher intelligence. They possess no form of written or spoken communication, and lack any sort of religion, trade system, or hierarchy. Following initial manifestation, instances will walk to shore and begin establishing a colony.

When in a group[4], instances of SCP-3800-1 will attempt to establish a series of structures away from humans, aggressive fauna, or inhospitable areas. Specifically, instances will attempt to build shelters out of available materials[5] and begin farming any available flora[6]. SCP-3800-1 instances will become agitated and hostile if impeded from creating these structures, or if they are destroyed. Additionally, instances have shown the ability to craft and utilize rudimentary tools such as clubs, axes, and digging sticks out of stone, wood, and grasses, but appear to be unable to create or use more advanced technology.

Once instances of SCP-3800-1 have established their initial colony, they continue to expand it, building additional farms and shelters further out from their original settlement point[7]. Instances almost never engage in activity that does not benefit their colony, and usually spend their time gathering materials, building structures, or tending to farms. As the colony's population grows, instances show a progressively greater ability[8] to clear obstacles preventing them from expanding their territory, such as thick flora, animal territories, and man-made structures. However, SCP-3800-1 has never attempted to cross bodies of seawater (following their initial manifestation) and appear unable to do so.

For each square km of land that SCP-3800-1 incorporates into their territory, SCP-3800's radius of effect increases by roughly 5 km. This radius also increases by 5 km per day whenever no active SCP-3800-1 colonies exist. Due to continental constraints, a radius past 2645 km[9] would result in an exponential increase in SCP-3800's range and uncontrolled SCP-3800-1 manifestations thereafter, leading to a possible RK-Class restructuring scenario or NK-Class end of the world scenario should it be left on Earth.

Initial Discovery: SCP-3800 was initially discovered on 2/3/11 following a 112 call from Useless Loop, Western Australia with reports of "strange men building houses in the middle of the road". Once an anomaly was confirmed in the area, Mobile Task Force Sigma-16 ("Dusty's Goons") were tasked with investigation, containment, and cleanup of the area.

Initial contact with SCP-3800-1 was made on the same day, with structures created by the instances present for roughly 4 km along the eastern coast of Carrarang. Once cleanup of the structures began, SCP-3800-1 instances became hostile and attempted to attack MTF personnel, though not causing any serious injuries. All instances (and those that manifested thereafter) were tranquilized and transported to Site-23 for containment.

While MTF-Σ-16 was stationed in the area, SCP-3800-1[10]'s radius of manifestation grew large enough to encompass much of the western Carrarang coast as well. A second colony manifested there and expanded unobserved for over 16 hours due to the small population density in the area. By the time this colony was discovered, the instances' manifestation radius had grown rapidly. Following this event, additional forces were called to aid in containment.

SCP-3800-1 continued to manifest off the coast of Western Australia for roughly two weeks. During this time, SCP-3800's radius had grown to encompass the entirety of Carrarang's coastline, along with portions of Nanga, Dirk Harthog Island, and Francois Peron National Park. Due to the increasing radius of manifestation, emergency containment procedures were devised for the evacuation of Perth and other Western Australian cities, along with a complete quarantine of the Western Australian coast.

On 15/3/11, SCP-3800 was discovered in an SCP-3800-1 shelter in northern Tamala and brought inland to Site-23, ceasing SCP-3800-1's manifestation. Due to inconsistencies between SCP-3800-1's initial manifestation location and SCP-3800's recovery location, it was determined that SCP-3800 had been moved at least once, likely by an instance of SCP-3800-1. Additionally, the structure in which SCP-3800 was located also contained a number of unusual[11] items (see Addendum 2).

The remaining SCP-3800-1 structures were destroyed soon after. Total losses numbered at $ in damage, injured civilians, and casualties. Amnestics were administered to individuals. All captured SCP-3800-1 instances[12] were placed under medically induced comas and contained at Site-23.

Addendum: Roughly 5 months following initial containment, several instances of SCP-3800-1 manifested off the Great Australian Bight. Following containment (and subsequent remanifestation) of the instances, it was determined that SCP-3800's radius of effect had increased from an approximate 100 km to a minimum 800 km.

It was hypothesized that SCP-3800's effect radius increases whenever no active SCP-3800-1 colonies exist. This was proven following multiple tests of SCP-3800-1 manifestation. All newly manifested instances[13] (along with the instances contained in Site-23) were transported to what would become Outpost 3800 and awakened from their comas. Following the creation of Outpost 3800, SCP-3800 was transported to its current location at Site-93 using the *SCPS Kristov*[14].

Addendum 2 (Recovered Materials): Additional objects were found in the shelter where SCP-3800 was initially discovered. However, SCP-3800 was the only object that showed any anomalous capabilities. These items included one incomplete ocean navigation chart, one handwritten note, and one nonfunctional compass. All three items were dated to the late 1500s.

The note appeared to be a ripped out diary page, and is written in Portuguese. Most of the note has been water damaged and is illegible. It is as follows, translated into English:

+ Show note.

> Day 133
>
> It was a mistake to come here, for these lands are already inhabited. Their cities go on for as far as the eye can see… The rest of the crew entered a day ago, and only Tomas has returned to the ship. At least, it feels like

Tomas.

He said that the natives intend to "send a message to the children" and asked me to come with him. Said I could either join the crew or die with the ship. I told him to give me a day to decide, and he returned to the city. I believe my decision is made.

Even now, I see them preparing their ships across the horizon. I must act now. The captain brought a sample from last year's outbreak, just in case. It won't survive long outside the ship unless I take it upon myself to bring it into the city. I see no other option - we were doomed once we reached the shore.

I will bury my personal effects here, and should [illegible for the remainder of the note]

Footnotes
1. Comprised of instances that manifested during the anomaly's discovery along with those that manifested during the events of Addendum 1.
2. An author/illustrator hailing from Perth, Australia.
3. Instances appear to not require sustenance, and are incapable of respiration.
4. Individual instances that are unwillingly separated from their colony will attempt to return to any other SCP-3800-1 instances, and will become increasingly panicked when impeded.
5. Shelters differ greatly between colonies but are most often constructed of mud or timber.
6. As instances do not require sustenance, the reason for this is unknown. Crops are often tended to, but have never been observed to be harvested or consumed by SCP-3800-1 instances.
7. Regardless of whether or not the colony's population is an adequate size to inhabit the amount of structures present.
8. Usually through strength in numbers. SCP-3800-1 instances have shown above average teamwork capabilities when in large groups, despite their lack of direct communication.
9. The distance between the Eurasian Pole of Inaccessibility and the

nearest coastline.
10. SCP-3800 was unknown to exist at the time.
11. Instances of SCP-3800-1 do not typically possess personal effects other than tools constructed by the entities.
12. 4403 in total
13. 215 in total
14. A Mark IV Foundation shuttle, used in the place of a standard transport plane to ensure no accidental SCP-3800-1 manifestation occurred while passing over Southeast Asia

SCP-3801: Based on a True Story

Item #: SCP-3801

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: All recovered SCP-3801 instances are stored in a Class-C storage lockers, with at least one instance being present at each site containing memetic hazards. Sites requesting use of class E amnestics or higher are eligible to utilize SCP-3801 instances at the discretion of foundation personnel with level four clearance or higher. Transport and administration of SCP-3801 instances is managed by MTF Omicron-89 (“Ghostwriters”). Under no circumstances should anyone be forced to use an SCP-3801 instance (If noncompliance is expected, the subject should be asked to use the object without explanation).

Description: SCP-3801 is a collection of 794 loose-leaf journals which produce an amnestic effect capable of purging most memetic effects on any human who records events within the object. This effect only occurs after the pages written on are removed. Pages removed from the notebooks invariably disappear within five minutes of removal.

When all individuals aware of an event record it within an SCP-3801 instance and the corresponding pages are removed, some form of fictional recollection of said event will spontaneously begin circulating within the general population. These recollections can be expressed in mediums including books, video games, and children’s stories and are entirely mundane except for their origin. The actual creation of these recollections also appear to be mundane. Authors detained and interviewed by Foundation personnel have claimed to have been working on the recollection for months or years before the date SCP-3801 was used.

Experiment Log:

+ Show Experiment Log

Test 1 - / /

Subjects: 2 individuals who had made contact with SCP- (terminated)
Procedure: Subjects were instructed to record their experience encountering SCP- . The pages were then removed from the SCP-3801 instance.
Results: Subjects displayed no memories of the encounter within 5 minutes of the pages being removed. Eight days later, an oral narrative of a doll that murdered the individuals who purchased it before returning to the store it was originally sold at began circulating at Elementary School, NJ.

Test 2 - / /

Subject: 1 D-Class Personnel
Procedure: The subject removed one blank page of an SCP-3801 instance
Results: SCP-3801's pages disappeared in the same manner as the pages that were written on in Test 1. The D-Class Personnel reported no memory loss. No spontaneous recollections of the event were observed circulating the general population.

Test 3 - / /

Subject: 1 D-Class Personnel
Procedure: The subject wrote down their breakfast in an SCP-3801 instance and tore out the page.
Results: The subject displayed no recollection of what they had first consumed on the day of testing within 2 minutes of the page being removed. Other D-Class personnel present in the cafeteria at the time displayed no loss of

memory. No unexplained recollections of the event were observed circulating the general population.

Test 4 - / /

Subject: 17 Survivors of / / Site- containment breach
Procedure: Each subject was provided a SCP-3801 instance and instructed to record the events of the breach that they were present. Subjects were instructed to remove their page after they had finished writing.
Results: Subjects displayed no recollection of the containment breach concurrently with the last subject removing their sheet from the SCP-3801 instance. The spontaneous recollection of the event appeared 3 weeks later as a short story. The generated story differs from the actual events at several key points: Site- was replaced by a barn, MTF Theta-66 (“Redeyes“) was replaced by two professors and a librarian, and SCP- was successfully terminated rather than remaining at large.

Test 5 - / /

Subject: 2342 individuals captured after exposure to SCP- .
Procedure: Subjects were forced to record their interactions with SCP- . Uncooperative subjects were first threatened with physical violence, and then physically forced to record their experiences. The pages were then removed by foundation operatives. Memetic containment procedures were in effect.
Results: Subjects displayed no memory of their exposure to SCP- , and the memetic effect was successfully terminated. The recollection manifested between 1600 to 2100

years prior to the experiment in the form of a religious document. Said document appears to be mundane, but departs widely from the actual events written in SCP-3801, with SCP- portrayed as a benevolent divine figure. Worship of SCP- is now widespread, with approximately % of foundation officers being compromised by this event. Further historical changes are being investigated, but are complicated by a lack of information on the timeline prior to the use of SCP-3801.

SCP-3802: hare growth by dado

Item #: SCP-3802

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The entire known supply of SCP-3802 is contained in a secure container at Site-42 awaiting transport to Site-81. Testing of SCP-3802-Alpha has been suspended due to the consistency of its anomalous effect. Testing of SCP-3802-Beta has been suspended due to resource concerns and is pending approval before resuming.

Investigation into the parapharmacologist/PoI known as “dado” is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3802 is an anomalous, low-viscosity liquid with a pink coloration contained in a white plastic bottle. The bottle has been labeled "hare growth by dado" in black permanent marker.

SCP-3802’s anomalous effect manifests in two fashions:

Alpha: When SCP-3802 is applied to the scalp of a bald child, a large tumor rapidly grows on the subject's scalp over the course of thirty seconds to one minute; this process is painless to the subject. This tumor takes the shape and size of an infant hare (*genus: lepus*), animates, grows fur, and separates from the subject.[1] This separation has left no scarring in 100% of test cases. Upon dissection, it has been found that these hares are physically identical to non-anomalous hares, yet are shown to be genetically identical to their human host.

SCP-3802-A instances are strongly bonded with their host; they exhibit lavish affection and playfulness with their host and extreme duress when separated from them.

Beta: When SCP-3802 is applied to the scalp of a bald adult,

multiple large tumors rapidly grow on various parts of the subject's body over the course of one hour; this process is extremely painful to the subject. These tumors take the shape and size of fully-grown Flemish Giant rabbits (*genus: O. cuniculus domesticus*), animate, grow fur, and separate from the subject.[2] This separation completely removed the crown of the head as well as other separation points of the subject.[3] Dissection and genetic testing results were identical to SCP-3802-A instances.

The SCP-3802-B instances are similarly bonded with their host; this is despite the fact that their host died during separation and without regard to their own cleanliness.

Instances of SCP-3802-A and SCP-3802-B both display anomalously rapid growth of fur, far beyond that of their non-anomalous counterparts.[4] It is unknown if this effect was intentional.

Addendum SCP-3802.1: Discovery

SCP-3802 was discovered when Foundation agents monitoring local news sites came across the headline, "You Won't Believe What Hopped Out of This Boy's Head!" on the website of Minneapolis, MN news affiliate KARE.[5] Foundation agents traveled to the hospital where the event was said to have occurred and found a ward full of children playing with hares. A parent demonstrated SCP-3802 in action on his child for the agents and described a nurse giving him the phone number that led him to order the bottle of SCP-3802. All present were amnesticized and all SCP-3802-A instances were removed from the scene. The nurse was not found.

Addendum SCP-3802.2: Transcription of Phone Call

Foundation agents were able to retrieve a recording of the phone call between the parent and dado.

> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> *Phone ringing*
>
> **Unknown Voice:** Yes hello, you have reached dado, home of fine dado product and also eat-at-home

restaurant. What are you to be needing today?

Parent: Ummm.. hi? I was given this number by-

Unknown Voice: Yes good, dado has many friends who get the people who need the products to the number that has the products from dado, what products from dado will you want to be needing?

Parent: Well, my daughter had cancer, and-

Unknown Voice: So you want dado to cure the cancer, I see what you are saying and although this will be very tricky for dado, dado is the cleverest thinker so I-

Parent: No, that's not what I'm saying, I know that's not possible. My daughter has already had her surgery and is going through chemo, and all of her hair has fallen out. She's being as strong as she can be, but she's only twelve, and I know how kids can be to a girl who's lost her hair.

Unknown Voice: Ah! You want dado to make the grow the hare, make her very smile instantly, yes?

Parent: Can you do it?

Unknown Voice: Of course can dado do it; you need to trust dado!

Parent: Oh my gosh! Thank you so much!!

Unknown Voice: dado will send you Amazon Prime tomorrow, no need to pay, dado do this for you bone pro no.

Parent hangs up phone

Clattering sound

Unknown Voice: (*slightly muffled*) Single bottle for rush order, simple, mix the scale, the hare for the kid, and

dado no need to worry because it not to be used on adults no way.

Phone cuts out

[END LOG]

Addendum SCP-3802.3: Related Extranormal Event

One week after recovery of SCP-3802, multiple billboards in the Minneapolis area were anomalously altered to include advertisements for the “hare club for kids by dado.” The agencies in charge of the billboards were unaware of the change and had no record of communication from dado.[6]

Footnotes
1. Instance is now known as SCP-3802-A.
2. Instances are now known as SCP-3802-B.
3. This was seen as cause to suspend further testing pending review.
4. Fur growth does parallel that of angora rabbits. (genus: Oryctolagus)
5. Disinformation Campaign Status:In Progress
6. Disinformation Campaign Status:In progress

SCP-3803: Custom-Made Business Cards, On the Go!

Item #: SCP-3803

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3803 is currently held in a secure container within Site 55's Low-Risk Item Storage. All instances of SCP-3803-1 are to be incinerated after testing is concluded.

Following Incident 3803-1221, testing with SCP-3803 may only be conducted with written permission from three Level-4 Personnel. SCP-3803 is currently being held shut with a rubber band to be placed within a custom-made container with secure notches and an overhead weight to ensure the object remains shut while contained.

Description: SCP-3803 is a standard size portable business card case made of brushed aluminum with a felt interior. The exterior is silver in color and decorated with a small engraving of the object's manufacturer; "APP Inc". SCP-3803 opens and closes with an interference fit latch, the tab of which has become unreliable following a containment breach (See Incident 3803-1221 for details).

When SCP-3803 is opened it will produce 10 business cards unique to the subject opening it, referred to as SCP-3803-1. Instances of SCP-3803-1 are made of high-grade cardstock, possess simple designs, and are double-backed. The contents of SCP-3803-1 list professional information of the subject; listing one's affiliation and position in the front, with contact information on the back (if applicable). SCP-3803 will continue to produce instances of SCP-3803-1 containing the information of the subject who opened it, with more instances manifesting if the object is kept open. Additional instances manifest in tens every thirty seconds.

Addendum 1: Testing Logs

+ Show Testing Logs

Note: Foundation personnel's contact information; typically appearing on instances of SCP-3803-1, has been expunged from records for their privacy.

Subject: Researcher Bellus
Title on SCP-3803-1: Level-3 Researcher, SCP Foundation
Instances Produced: 10

Subject: Dr. Xuen
Title on SCP-3803-1: Containment Specialist, SCP Foundation
Instances Produced: 10

Subject: Junior Researcher Callaway
Title on SCP-3803-1: In Over Her Head, SCP Foundation
Instances Produced: 10
Note: This is the first occurrence of SCP-3803 producing an instance of SCP-3803-1 not reflecting an accurate title. It is possible that SCP-3803 is capable of sensing one's perceived position as opposed to 'knowing' one's official title.

Subject: Researcher Palacio
Title on SCP-3803-1: Level-4 Researcher/ Catering Expert
Instances Produced: 20
Note: Researcher Palacio is a self-admitted amateur chef. SCP-3803 was held open for longer than any previously performed test and is the first recorded instance of producing more than 10 SCP-3803-1 instances.

Subject: Dr. Jonas
Title on SCP-3803-1: Traitor, GOC
Instances Produced: 10
Note: Dr. Jonas defected from the Global

Occult Coalition in 20 , and expressed discontent with the results of the test. Dr. Jonas requested a repeat of the test.

Subject: Dr. Jonas
Title on SCP-3803-1: Quisling, GOC
Instances Produced: 10
Note: Dr. Jonas requested a third attempt to repeat the test.

Subject: Dr. Jonas
Title on SCP-3803-1: Judas, GOC
Instances Produced: 10
Note: Dr. Jonas refused another attempt at testing. The results of the most recent experiments further belief in what was hypothesized following the Callaway experiment.

Subject: D-99963
Title on SCP-3803-1: Serial Arsonist/ Cashier
Instances Produced: 20
Note: The instances of SCP-3803-1 possessed the location of D-99963's Cell within Site 55 instead of contact information. SCP-3803-1 also displayed the subject's birth name and D-Class designation. This remains constant for almost all further tests performed with D-Class subjects.

Subject: D-99963
Title on SCP-3803-1: Serial Arsonist/Human Guinea Pig
Instances Produced: 10
Note: D-99963 was administered Class C Amnestics to erase memories of her criminal activities before coming under Foundation control. The produced instances of SCP-3803-1 still listed her as a 'Serial Arsonist', but also added 'Human Guinea Pig'.

The subject's birth name was no longer listed on SCP-3803-1, only their D-class designation. It is possible that SCP-3803 may, in fact, possess a level of omniscience.

Subject: D-008
Title on SCP-3803-1: Cannibal/Human Guinea Pig
Instances Produced: 10
Note: D-008 was not administered amnestics prior to the experiment.

Subject: D-627
Title on SCP-3803-1: Innocent/Accountant, Bank
Instances Produced: 10
Note: Investigation on D-627's background produced an extensive legal battle over the subject's involvement in the murder of 4 individuals in , Virginia in 2 . It is currently unknown if SCP-3803's labeling of D-627 as 'innocent' means the subject is actually innocent or if the subject only believes himself to be.

Subject: D-5400
Title on SCP-3803-1: Human Guinea Pig/ Business Card Extraordinaire
Instances Produced: 3,500
Note: SCP-3803 seemed to be aware of the intentions of the test with D-5400; to test the yielding capacity of the object over an extended period of time.

Subject: D-743
Title on SCP-3803-1: Human Guinea Pig/ Business Card Tycoon
Instances Produced: 8,000

Subject: D-1221
Title on SCP-3803-1: Absolute Buffoon/

Enemy of Nature
Instances Produced: 12,000 Estimated over 2 billion
Note: See Incident 3803-1221 Report.

Addendum 2: Incident 3803-1221 Report

+ Open Report

Following the last experiment with D-1221 utilizing SCP-3803, the object was placed in its designated container and stored. D-1221 failed to properly shut the object, as its latch had not locked into place fully and was slightly ajar. As SCP-3803 remained in an active state, it continued to manifest instances of SCP-3803-1 and quickly filled its container beyond capacity; ultimately leading to the destruction of the container.

Due to the minimal security measures in Site 55's Low-Risk Item Storage and the low foot traffic in the area, the continued production of SCP-3803-1 instances went unnoticed for several days until Dr. Everwood attempted to enter the Low-Risk Item Storage and was buried under thousands of SCP-3803-1 instances. Dr. Everwood sustained minor injuries and was rescued by responding security personnel. Through the combined efforts of 2 security and 5 D-Class personnel, SCP-3803 was recovered and production of SCP-3803-1 stopped.

The object was examined following retrieval; it was noted that the latch used in SCP-3803's open-closing mechanism had been bent as a result of its constant manifestation of SCP-3803-1 instances. Though the object will still shut, it has difficulties remaining closed and will often come ajar. The creation of a custom-made case to keep SCP-3803 from opening while not under direct supervision has been commissioned. SCP-3803 is currently being held shut with a rubber band.

All instances of SCP-3803-1 from incident 3803-1221 contain the same information as the previously recorded 12,000 instances from the last test. All recovered instances from the incident have been incinerated. Following the incident, Site 55's Low-Risk Item Storage has been outfitted with security cameras and guards have been assigned to patrol the area.

Update: On / /2006, satellite images of the Amazon Rainforest in Rondônia, Brazil were brought to the Foundation's attention. The images display a dramatically accelerated rate of deforestation in the area over a short period of time. The captured images are dated / /2003 (five days before SCP-3803 was contained) and / /2005 (fourteen days after Incident 3803-1221).

It is currently unknown if SCP-3803 and Incident 3803-1221 are the cause of the sudden mass deforestation. Additional tests to confirm a correlation are currently pending approval. Investigation of the logging activities in Rondônia's Amazon basin revealed supplier contracts with Avelar Professional Products Incorporated, shortened to 'APP Inc'. The Foundation is currently in talks with the Brazilian government to negotiate the cessation of all logging in the area to allow a more thorough investigation.

SCP-3806: I AM AWAITED IN VALHALLA!

Item #: SCP-3806

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3806 are to be secured with padlocks and automated surveillance systems. Should any unauthorized individuals gain or attempt to gain entry to any SCP-3806 instance, they are to be apprehended, debriefed, and administered Class-A amnestics.

Test subjects must be psychologically screened. Individuals with a recent or current history of depressive disorders and suicidal ideation are ineligible for testing. Foundation personnel may volunteer for testing, with preference being given to the terminally ill, elderly, and those working in fields with high mortality rates.

Description: SCP-3806 are mausoleums approximately the same dimensions as a telephone booth, with a 13-digit phone number inscribed above the entrance. These mausoleums are always found in cemeteries or graveyards where their appearance is unremarkable, with known instances worldwide.

Within each instance is a rotary payphone, circa 1950, unconnected to any phone lines or power source. If an individual places a fiat coin of any denomination into the coin slot and dials the number written above the doorway, they will be connected to SCP-3806-A. No detectable signals are transmitted or received during these calls.

Auditory analysis of SCP-3806-A indicates it is most likely female, between the ages of 65 and 85, and suffers from Reinke's edema, presumably caused by long-term tobacco use. It will always speak to the caller in their native language and dialect. Simultaneous testing has resulted in callers being put on hold[1], suggesting that SCP-3806-A is a singular entity confined to normal space-time.

SCP-3806-A claims to be a representative of an organization called the "Halls of Grandos", capable of arranging specific afterlives on behalf of their clients. These claims are currently unverified, although testing involving terminally ill Foundation personnel has revealed that arrangements to die at specific times can be fulfilled.

First Recorded Interview with SCP-3806-A:

> **Interviewer:** Agent Mark Roland
>
> **Interviewee:** SCP-3806-A
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **SCP-3806-A:** Hello, and thank you for calling the Halls of…*(SCP-3806-A coughs for several seconds)*…Halls of Grandos. How may I help you today?
>
> **Agent Roland:** I'm sorry, did you say Halls of Mandos, like from Tolkien's Legendarium?
>
> **SCP-3806-A:** *(pauses)* You a lawyer?
>
> **Agent Roland:** No.
>
> **SCP-3806-A:** Good, because if I wanted to talk to a lawyer, I know where to find one. Believe me *(coughs, and is then heard lighting a cigarette)*. Tolkien's stuff is protected by copyright until 2044, so until then we're the Halls of Grandos.
>
> **Agent Roland:** I see. I assume based on your name and the location of this phone box that your organization has something to do with the afterlife.
>
> **SCP-3806-A:** While you know what they say about assuming; it makes an ass out of u and me!
>
> *(SCP-3806-A laughs for several seconds before entering a coughing fit)*
>
> **SCP-3806-A:** You're not wrong though, son. Worst part

about being mortal is the dying, obviously. Good news is you've got immortal souls. Bad news is that it's anyone's guess what happens to it. You can worship a god and hope that they're a) real, and b) will hold up their end of the bargain, but you might end up trapped in your own rotting corpse or wandering the astral plane until you're snatched up by the Scarlet King or…uh, you know, the Sarkic one? Yabba Dabba Do or something; you know what I'm talking about, right?

Agent Roland: I do, Ma'am. Are you saying you offer some kind of protection against these fates?

SCP-3806-A: You're 2 for 2 kiddo. We've made contracts with numerous cosmic entities who are both willing and able to shepherd mortal souls to their choice of afterlife. We tell you what afterlives we know about and how to get in to them. Our certified psychopomps will escort you to any afterlife you qualify for, and if you want they can even make sure you're reunited with dead loved ones.

Agent Roland: What do you charge for this service?

SCP-3806-A: Not a single obol. I don't know if you're aware of this, but there's a lot more mortals than there were just a few centuries ago, which means a lot more souls here on the astral plane. Combine your increased population with secularization, and you got a recipe for biblical numbers of displaced souls. Sure it's sad, but it was also bringing property values down, you know? Anyway, bunch of the Old Gods decide to have a gala, raise some funds, and here we are. You don't have to wander limbo for eternity and the Old Gods get a tax write-off.

Agent Roland: Makes sense to me. This service you offer, it occurs upon natural death?

SCP-3806-A: That's an option, or they could pick you up at a time of your choosing. The Reaper's busy, but he

can squeeze you in right now.

Agent Roland: *(pauses)* I'll pass.

(SCP-3806-A breaks out into laughter again, followed by another coughing spell)

Agent Roland: So, what sort of afterlives are you offering?

SCP-3806-A: We got all kinds. There's traditional fluffy cloud heavens, Summerland if you want to still enjoy the pleasures of the flesh, Nirvana if you're seeking enlightenment, this weird desert place, reincarnation…

Agent Roland: Okay, I should probably ask some follow up questions about those but…but are there any 'cosmic entities' who recruit mortal souls to fight against some ultimate evil in a heavenly war?

SCP-3806-A: Yep, that would be Valhalla. Prove yourself a brave and virtuous warrior and the AllFather will welcome you into his ranks, and you can fight the Scarlet King or Yabba Dabba Do or whoever at the End of Days. Is that what you want?

Agent Roland: *(pauses)* I think so.

SCP-3806-A: *(typing is heard)* Okay Mr. Roland, I've marked that down. You should know that you don't qualify yet, but a victory over a superior foe that averts tragic death and destruction would be enough. Do you have a second pick in case…

Agent Roland: No, I'll do it. I'm in the right line of work for it.

SCP-3806-A: 'At's the spirit. Don't let your dreams be dreams. A Valkyrie will come to escort you to Valhalla upon your glorious death in combat!

Agent Roland: *(softly)* Thank you.

SCP-3806-A: Happy to help sonny. You have yourself a nice day now. Bye Bye.

(the call ends, and is followed by a 'dial tone' of Latin prayers until Agent Roland hangs up)

<End Log>

Addendum: Agent Roland has received an official reprimand for using this test for his personal benefit without authorization.

Footnotes
1. Most frequently to Led Zeppelin'sStairway to Heaven

SCP-3807: A Real Bad Hombre

Item #: SCP-3807

Object Class: Keter - Uncontained

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the effect SCP-3807 and SCP-3807-1 instances have on observers, witnesses outside of trial situations do not need to be amnesticized. Those present during SCP-3807's courtroom appearance should be detained and amnesticized. However, SCP-3807's clients will retain full memory of SCP-3807 even if given amnestics. As any attempts by clients to talk about their experiences to non-Foundation-aligned individuals will result in scorpions manifesting in the client's throat, Foundation agents must surveil these individuals in case amnesticization of a witness is needed.

Any photographs or videos must be removed via webcrawler; a similar procedure should be used to find and remove news coverage of SCP-3807's appearances in court. A Foundation-employed psychiatrist should be on call for all clients who wish to receive treatment, as witnessing SCP-3807's methods can be detrimental to mental health. A grassroots media campaign is currently ongoing to reduce tourism to [REDACTED].

Description: SCP-3807 is a humanoid entity with the head of an unknown canine[1], the body of an Egyptian man, and a prehensile tail ending in two keratinous spikes. SCP-3807 breeds canine animals that share its curved snout and forked tail. These animals are referred to as SCP-3807-1. Despite its obvious visual abnormalities, the oddity of SCP-3807's appearance is not remarked upon by observers - instead, their focus is limited to determining the exact species of animal SCP-3807's head resembles. This perception effect lasts precisely 30 minutes after seeing SCP-3807, after which the subject will remember nothing abnormal about SCP-3807 whatsoever when questioned. SCP-3807-1 instances share this effect on perception. SCP-3807 is fluent in English,

Spanish, French, German, Arabic, Beja, and Nobiin.[2]

SCP-3807 currently resides in [REDACTED], Egypt, a popular tourist town. All attempts at removing SCP-3807 and placing it into containment have failed. During missions to capture SCP-3807, weapon mechanisms will malfunction, arguments will arise over proper protocol, and participating individuals will experience a marked decrease in their ability to follow instructions correctly. In addition, all gasoline in vehicles used to pursue or find SCP-3807 will be replaced with an equivalent volume of locust bodies. SCP-3807 has, however, been amenable to contact with the Foundation, appears willing to facilitate efforts to maintain normalcy, and has put in place the listed perception effects upon Foundation request for cooperation with amnesticization efforts. SCP-3807 has also recently lifted the gag effect on clients who are speaking about their experiences with it so long as they are speaking to Foundation employees.

Whenever a non-Egyptian citizen enters the boundaries of [REDACTED], an instance of SCP-3807-1 will approach them bearing a business card, and proceed to follow them wherever they go. The card welcomes them to [REDACTED] and offers the legal services of "Seth Hasani, Defense Attorney, Partially Retired" without fee. Instances of SCP-3807-1 cannot be removed from the immediate vicinity of their charge. After the affected person receives the card, the instance of SCP-3807-1 will become hostile to any individual who threatens their charge in any way, going so far as to injure or kill harassers who do not desist.

If, at any point in time after receiving the business card, a recipient finds themselves under arrest or at risk of deportation, SCP-3807 will manifest and serve as their lawyer. In the courtroom, SCP-3807 resolves cases by a variety of anomalous means.

Court Appearances Log:

> **Date:** 10/13/16
>
> **Defendant:** Violet Reginald
>
> **Method:** All evidence collected by the prosecution

immediately turned to molten rock upon being presented to the court.

Date: 12/3/16

Defendant: Christina Parks

Method: All attempts to travel to the courtroom where the hearing was scheduled to take place instead led the traveler to an uninhabited location in the desert.

Date: 2/24/17

Defendant: Daniel Reyes

Method: Every legal reference consulted during the trial stated it was illegal to arrest someone who was uncircumcised, despite all participants having no such memory of the law.

Date: 3/15/17

Defendant: Matthew Wolf

Method: All security tapes depicting the defendant were altered to replace the defendant with an okapi.

Date: 4/7/17

Defendant: Andrew Castellano

Method: Each time the prosecuting attorney asked the defendant a question, a large pustule appeared on their face, neck, lower arms, or inner thighs.

Excerpt of Courtroom Log:

Foreword: SCP-3807 made his closing statement, with his defendant, Jason Flores, pleading "Not Guilty" to charges of grand theft auto.

<BEGIN LOG>

SCP-3807: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury! What you were promised here today was a trial! A fair and just procedure, where my poor, unfortunate defendant would find himself facing you, a jury of his peers in humanity and in mortality.

[SCP-3807 checks his watch.]

SCP-3807: (Under breath) Damn it, they're late. (To the jury) And yet! I sense, deep within me, a disturbance. An imbalance.

Flores: (Whispered to SCP-3807) What are you doing?

SCP-3807: (to Flores, hushed) Stalling. I didn't anticipate it'd take this long, I summoned the herd an hour early just to be safe! (to jury) Yes, indeed! This courtroom claims to be a place of justice! And yet, within its heart, there is violence, and corruption, and fear. A fear of those whose backs you stand upon, whose fruits of labor you stuff yourselves with! The herds of unnamed faces who -

[The door slams open, and donkeys begin stampeding into the courtroom. General panic and hysteria ensues, with attempts to divert their entrance resulting in the donkeys becoming aggressive. The foreman hits one on the nose with his briefcase, and is promptly trampled by other members of the herd.]

SCP-3807: Took you long enough. Jackasses. You couldn't have let me be impressive for just one moment, hmm? (to Flores) Come on, kid, we're going home.

<END LOG>

Afterword: The trial was eventually thrown out, and no charges brought against the defendant, after the courtroom was cleared of donkeys and the evidence was found to have been consumed.

Footnotes

1. similar in appearance to an African Wild Dog, but with greater snout curvature and length.
2. An Afroasiatic language of the Cushitic branch, and a Northern Nubian language, respectively

SCP-3808: Bacon Cheeseburger That Demands Justification

> **Note:** This file possesses cognitohazardous properties and should only be viewed by personnel with an Anomalous Impulse Resistance Index of at least 83. All other personnel should close this file immediately and report to their supervisor.

Item #: SCP-3808

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3808 is kept on-location, placed on a pedestal under a glass bell jar. One guard must be present at all times to ensure that visitors do not take photographs of SCP-3808, as well as to answer questions posed by visitors. Visitors who take issue with SCP-3808's situation should be dismissed, by force if necessary.

Personnel who recommend changes to these containment procedures or Cover Story 3808-Gamma should submit proposals in writing to SCP-3808's containment liaison in a sealed envelope with no markings other than their Employee ID Number.

Description: SCP-3808 is a bacon cheeseburger located at 44°85' "N, -98°22' "W, 1.33 meters above the ground. All components of SCP-3808 will rapidly return to their default state and location relative to each other if altered in any fashion. While SCP-3808 can be moved, it is subject to a force in the direction of its resting point proportional to its distance from the resting point. An unaided human cannot move SCP-3808 more than two meters from its resting point; heavy machinery is capable of moving SCP-3808 up to four meters away.

SCP-3808 is a visual cognitohazard. Subjects who view SCP-3808 or any insufficiently altered image of it become preoccupied by

SCP-3808's congruence, or lack thereof, with its immediate surroundings. Subjects will attempt to rectify any perceived discrepancy such that they are satisfied that it is sensible for a bacon cheeseburger to occupy SCP-3808's position. For example, if SCP-3808 is suspended midair, subjects will either hold it in place or put some sort of supporting structure underneath it.

After rectifying any immediately obvious violations of physics, subjects will typically take issue with SCP-3808's location in a forest with no man-made structures in the immediate vicinity. Different subjects have different priorities and perspectives on this matter, though most will agree that SCP-3808 should be located in some sort of restaurant that sells (among other things) bacon cheeseburgers. Multiple attempts to establish such a restaurant have been stymied by an inability among those responsible to agree on the exact parameters of this restaurant.

Persons who are unable to adjust SCP-3808's setting to their satisfaction will generally direct their efforts towards identifying the history and causal mechanism for SCP-3808 in an attempt to integrate SCP-3808's existence into their worldview. Various subjects affected this way have attempted to publish scientific treatises with little to no merit that describe laws of physics that would permit SCP-3808's existence.

Exposure to substantial information about SCP-3808 has the same effect as visual exposure, albeit at a greatly reduced rate. Personnel responsible for overseeing and studying SCP-3808 have refused to implement common-sense containment procedures that minimize public access to SCP-3808, stating that it would be nonsensical for a bacon cheeseburger to be hidden in a forest and monitored remotely. Containment Procedures for SCP-3808 consequentially underwent fifteen major revisions after initial implementation, increasing both Foundation and civilian exposure to SCP-3808 above acceptable levels.

All symptoms of SCP-3808 exposure can be eliminated via amnestic treatment.

On 2015-04-10, Chinese artist Ai Weiwei was contracted as a containment consultant for SCP-3808. Current containment

procedures were implemented to his specifications such that SCP-3808 could be interpreted as artistic commentary on the ubiquity of fast food culture and the incorporation of 'natural' areas into modern capitalism. While some personnel were skeptical of the piece's artistic merit and/or the validity of its message, most of those personnel conceded the existence of art installations that they disagreed with and were satisfied by containment procedures. Personnel who objected were then amnesticized.

+ Enter Special Access Code

Dr. Bergeron,

You were right to ask for a consult on this completely hypothetical question.

If an anomaly with the memetic properties you described were to exist (as you have repeatedly assured me it does not), you would need two teams of agents under double-blackbox orders — they receive no information on the SCP, and personnel cleared to know about the SCP know nothing about the other teams.

The first team would, in this scenario, be a honeypot for personnel trying to alter containment procedures. Set up a "containment liaison" for personnel to contact, making sure (of course) that said liaison sees no information other than personnel names. The liaison forwards this information to an independent task force, which tracks down the affected personnel and administers a pre-formulated amnestic regimen.

The second team would handle civilians exposed to the anomaly. Station them somewhere all exposed civilians will pass through (at multiple points if necessary) and tell them to do a standard computer-and-

cranium info wipe on everyone who passes through that isn't a guard. CogHaz teams are trained for this sort of thing, so you don't need to worry about accidental exposure.

Naturally, none of this goes in the official SCP file. The totally hypothetical one, of course.

Contact me if you have any further questions,
Dr. Graff

SCP-3809

Item #: SCP-3809

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3809 is continuously patrolled along is perimeter by no fewer than fifteen (15) Foundation security operatives at a time, each equipped with standard law enforcement equipment to identify and apprehend potential trespassers. All trails and roads leading into SCP-3809 are obstructed by roadblocks and lined with hidden pressure sensors designed to provide security teams with advance notice of a security breach. Any and all personnel attempting to gain access to SCP-3809 for any reason are to be apprehended, questioned, and administered a Class-B amnestic or higher prior to release.

Personnel requesting assistance from within SCP-3809, regardless of their affiliation, should be ignored by all nearby staff. No recovery attempts should be made, nor will they be authorized by site security.

Description: SCP-3809 refers to a roughly 6km by 6km stretch of temperate forest in central West Virginia, previously known as National Park and, briefly, Central Mountain Campgrounds. Based on satellite imaging and limited exploratory efforts, SCP-3809 appears to be a standard temperate forest possessing a variety of indigenous life and exhibiting no obvious anomalous properties. Roughly sixteen man-made trails are present within SCP-3809, the majority of which appear to be scenic in nature and designed to fixate on natural landmarks; all such trails have since been closed per the aforementioned containment procedures. There are no other non-natural structures or items known to exist inside of SCP-3809.

SCP-3809, when explored by a human subject, possesses various anomalous properties of dubious relevance to each other. A conclusive description of these phenomena is impossible, as all

personnel who enter SCP-3809 are invariably lost with no hope of recovery. Video/audio recordings captured from within SCP-3809 are often of a conflicting nature and appear to have been deliberately tampered with to alter or omit certain events. Due to the inherent risk such operations pose to Foundation personnel and the potential for an increase in SCP-3809's anomalous activity, all future expeditions were indefinitely suspended by O5 Command shortly after the anomaly's containment. There are currently no plans for any further research regarding SCP-3809 to be conducted.

Addendum I: Document 3809-01

THIS FILE REQUIRES LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE TO ACCESS.

[ENTER SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

The following is a transcript of Mobile Task Force 22-Omega's expedition into SCP-3809. Audio and video were recorded by helmet-mounted cameras.

<BEGIN LOG, SKIP TO 00:15:32>

Elements of Mobile Task Force 22-Omega - specifically, Agents Charles, Michelle, and Rodriguez - proceed inside of SCP-3908 using Trail 06 and arrive at a waterfall. No anomalous activity was observed in the footage skipped.

Charles: Control, you seeing this?

Control: Copy.

Charles is referring to a natural waterfall, roughly 80m from the surface of the forest. The team had been following the connected river for roughly eight minutes.

Charles: Think we can get around it?

Rodriguez: Yeah. Looks like - looks like there's a path that goes around the right face.

Charles: Alright.

Several minutes pass. The team arrives at the top of the waterfall.

Charles: Looks like we're - what, 200 feet off the ground?

Michelle: Think so. Not sure what we're even looking for. Thought we'd see something by now.

Rodriguez: Careful what you wish for, agent.

Michelle: …that a deer over there?

Michelle gestures to her side. An adult buck is visible in the bushes.

Charles: That's a pretty big buck, actually. If I had my hunting rifle with me -

Rodriguez: Shut up.

Rodriguez: What's it doing? Looks like it's getting closer to us.

As Rodriguez claims, the buck approaches the group.

Charles: That doesn't make a whole lot of sense. This place has been off-limits for ages. They shouldn't have had any contact with people.

Michelle: Quiet. Don't scare it off.

Charles: Jesus, be careful. Those antlers are fucking huge.

The deer reaches Michelle and appears confused, snapping its head to observe the group. When Michelle extends her palm to touch it, the deer charges, knocking Michelle to her feet.

Rodriguez: Fuck! Get -

Control: What's going on out there?

Charles: Get that thing off her, Rodriguez -

Michelle: It's biting me - it's biting - oh Jesus -

As captured by Charles' camera, the deer appears to bite Michelle's leg and begins dragging her away from the group into a nearby crop of trees. When Rodriguez and Charles attempt to stop the buck, they are charged by additional deer from the right side of the frame. Rodriguez is to believed to have been impaled on the antlers of a buck and later died of blood loss, while Charles managed to escape deeper into the woods. Contact with both Charles and Michelle is lost.

Twenty-two hours following this incident, the live feed from Charles' camera is reactivated. He is seated at the base of a tree, sobbing quietly.

Control: Charles, come in, do you read?

No response.

Control: Charles, this is Control. We see your feed. Are you there?

Charles: Control?

Control: Charles, we hear you. Where are you?

Charles: I-I don't know. I think I'm lost. I don't know where…where the others are. I can't find my way out of here, Control. Oh, fuck.

Control: Charles, you need to remain calm. You only have a few hours of daylight left. Can you make your way back to the waterfall?

Charles: There is no waterfall.

Control: Say again?

Charles: It's not there. I retraced my steps perfectly. I-I knew exactly where it was. I was in the right spot, but it just…just wasn't there. Like it had vanished. I don't know what the fuck is going on.

Control: Roger, standby.

Charles: Wait, I hear something - there's something coming.

Control: We don't hear anything on our end, over. What do you hear?

Charles looks right and appears to be startled by something off camera. He breaks into a sprint, heading deeper into the forest. Exhaustive review of the footage has failed to uncover any indication of what incited this response from Charles.

After several minutes, Charles stops and flips onto his back, revealing that a vine has grasped his ankle. He is then pulled across the floor of the forest for several meters before being dragged underground. The events that followed were not visible to Control due to the lack of any light. A subjective description provided by research personnel indicated that

sounds of "rushing water", "screaming", "gagging", and "wet flesh" were heard. Charles' feed was lost shortly after this event. The whereabouts of of Michelle and Rodriguez remain unknown, though they are presumed deceased.

Addendum II: Document 3809-02

THIS FILE REQUIRES LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE TO ACCESS.

[ENTER SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Shortly after the events described in Document 3809-01, a recovery team was dispatched to identify the whereabouts of MTF 22-Omega. Contact with the team was lost within two hours. An unmanned reconnaissance drone was subsequently sent into SCP-3809; it was successfully able to locate the corpses of the recovery team's members. Their statuses, as captured by the drone, are described below.

Commander : Found along the shores of a river with most of his armor and clothes removed. Extending from the nose, mouth, eye sockets, and lower abdomen were various organisms believed to be fungi. The state of this individual's corpse suggests he was deceased for weeks, potentially months despite the drone being dispatched mere days following the team's disappearance.

Agent : Found impaled onto a tree branch through the stomach with the head raised by a vine. Footage captured by the drone suggests that the individual's eyes were moving and that the body was twitching sporadically. Whether this indicates that the agent was alive or was merely an extension of the anomaly is unknown.

Agent **:** Found with a broken jaw and severed tongue. Several teeth were observed to be missing. Stomach appeared to have been ruptured, with visible damage to the intestines.

Agent **:** Found with his right arm severed and forcibly placed inside his mouth. Various lacerations were also observed, most notably around the genitals.

Agent **:** Found with evidence of [REDACTED], leaving most tissue unrecoverable. Hair, teeth, fingernails, [REDACTED], and large clumps of hair were found inserted into the individual's [REDACTED].

Further analysis of recovered footage is ongoing.

SCP-3810

WARNING

LEVEL 4 RESTRICTED

The following file requires Level 4 security credentials to access. Unauthorized access attempts will be logged internally and provided to O5 Command for further analysis.

[ENTER LEVEL 4 CREDENTIALS]

Item #: SCP-3810

Object Class: Neutralized (formerly Keter)

Special Containment Procedures: All organic remnants of SCP-3810-01 have been placed in Level 4 BIOSEAL containment units on the ground floor of Site-93. Access to these units requires Level 4 clearance and authorization from the site supervisor. No further containment procedures are necessary.

Previous Special Containment Procedures: The following Special Containment Procedures are receiving ongoing updates due to the nature of SCP-3810-01's appearance.

LAST UPDATED: 1/12/2016 3:03 AM

At this time, all Foundation efforts are focused on removal of SCP-3810-01 from populated civilian areas. Given the size of the entity, its exposure to the public, and the use of force by the United States military, O5

Command has ordered the immediate termination of SCP-3810-01 and a Z1-Class reality reset upon recovery of the subject's corpse. Elements of Foundation security teams and Mobile Task Force Beta-22 ("Rock Slingers") have been embedded into the United States Army and United States Marine Corps to address the threat posed by SCP-3810-01.

All Foundation personnel assigned to SCP-3810-01 are required to assist government entities with civilian evacuation efforts if possible. It should be noted that, due to the aforementioned scheduled Z1-Class reality reset, standard Foundation regulations regarding clandestine operations have been temporarily suspended. Capable transport helicopters and aircraft have been rerouted to Zone-81 for the purpose of assisting with federal evacuation efforts; it is strongly recommended that airports and helipads be left vacant to facilitate this.

SCP-3810-01 has proven resilient, if not impervious, to conventional firearms and explosives. For this reason, a JKT-11 Dauntless strike has been approved and is awaiting activation by O5 Command. Foundation operatives will be provided with advance notice and are required to evacuate Zone-81 upon receiving a JKT-11 confirmation signal. Any individuals left in Zone-81 at the time of JKT-11's activation are to be treated as lost, with no rescue attempts taking place.

JKT-11 STRIKE EXECUTED 5:33 AM | POSITIVE EFFECT ON TARGET

SCP-3810-01 EXHIBITING NO LIFE SIGNS. SPECIAL CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES REVISED.

Description: SCP-3810 collectively designates a series of events resulting in the creation of Parallel Reality 22-A, in which the SCP Foundation currently exists. The exact manner by which these events occurred and their significance is the subject of considerable Foundation research and scrutiny, having been classified a OT-1

mission priority by O5 Command since 23 June 2016. Due to the Foundation's response to SCP-3810, most physical evidence pertaining to it has been permanently lost; however, portions of SCP-3810-01's corpse were preserved and remain in storage.

SCP-3810-01 refers to a large amphibious organism of unknown origin and genus, first encountered after making landfall in San Francisco on 22 June 2016. Due to the nature of SCP-3810-01's emergence and the immense threat it posed to the civilian populous, containment/information suppression efforts proved futile at the time of the entity's identification. United States military forces immediately responded to SCP-3801-01's emergence with a considerable amount of force, destroying several city blocks with uninterrupted carpet bombing over the span of several hours. By the time Foundation operatives were deployed to the AO[1], SCP-3810-01 had already received international media attention and had caused widespread panic throughout the United States.

At 4:12 AM on 22 June 2016, the Foundation received information suggesting that the United States government was intending to use a STING[2] weapon against SCP-3810-01 which would, by extension, result in the destruction of San Francisco and approximately 850,000 civilian deaths. Efforts were made to postpone the weapon's deployment; at 4:50 AM, O5 Command authorized the use of a CXX reality restoration device following SCP-3810-01's elimination. At 5:06 AM, Foundation Strategic Command (FSC) authorized the use of JKT-11 weapon against SCP-3810-01 to be immediately followed by the activation of the CXX reality restoration device. SCP-3810-01 was neutralized at 5:33 AM, with reality restoration commencing five minutes later at 5:38 AM.

Due to unexpected complications involving the CXX reality restoration device, the subsequent dimension

(henceforth designated Parallel Reality 22-A) suffered a myriad of issues, both minor and major. An in-depth list of these complications remains classified due to a potential XC-Class information catastrophe. Further information regarding SCP-3801 is classified.

Addendum I: Log 3801-221

The following is a log of communications between Foundation Strategic Command and Engineering Team Bravo, the latter tasked with activating a CXX reality restoration device.

> **<BEGIN LOG, SKIP TO 00:32:00>**
>
> **Bravo:** Bravo, reporting in. Priming system nominal. Engine nominal. Ready to fire on your command.
>
> **FSC:** Copy, standby.
>
> *FSC remotely analyzes the status of the CXX device.*
>
> **FSC:** Bravo, you are clear to fire.
>
> **Bravo:** Copy that. Firing now.
>
> *Bravo activates the CXX device.*
>
> **Bravo:** 6%, holding stable.
>
> **FSC:** Roger. Power looks nominal on our end. Push it up to 25%.
>
> **Bravo:** We're at 25%. Still holding stable.
>
> **FSC:** More power.
>
> **Bravo:** 50%…
>
> *Lights begin flickering in the engine chamber.*

Bravo: Command, we're having an effect on electronics around us.

FSC: Expected. Go to 100%. Full power, Bravo.

Bravo: Copy that, pushing up to full power. Standby.

FSC: Reading nominal power.

Bravo: Command, we are at 100% power. Firing engine no—

At this point, communication with Bravo is lost. FSC attempts to reestablish contact several times to no avail. Comms are automatically restored roughly 3 minutes later.

FSC: Bravo, do you read, over? Come in, Brav —

Bravo: Hello?

FSC: Bravo, is that you? Report in.

Bravo: Who is this? Where am I?

At this point, Command reports that the voice they're speaking to is unrecognized. A potential security breach is declared.

FSC: Bravo, please state your serial number.

Bravo: Serial number? What the fuck is going on? Get me out —

Upon analysis of the chamber, no trace of Bravo was found. A middle-aged Caucasian male was seated at the control panel and claimed to have no knowledge of how he arrived there during several interviews. Attempts to identify this individual through fingerprint and DNA

analysis have proven futile. Further research is ongoing.

Addendum II: Memo 3810-155

> Gentlemen, this is clearly no time for theatrics so I will be brief.
>
> I have good news and bad news.
>
> The good news is that 3810-01, as far as we know, is dead. All of the physical tissue recovered from it is currently in storage at Site-93. You're free to look at it yourself given you have the proper security credentials. I looked at the damn thing's corpse myself. It's gone.
>
> Now for the bad news.
>
> There are times in our line of work that certain sacrifices have to be made. No doubt you have realized this if you've spent any significant amount of time with us. The sacrifice we made today is perhaps the greatest we have ever made. Reality, at least as you knew it, has ceased to exist. We now reside in what has been affectionately dubbed Parallel Reality 22-A, a plane of existence similar yet different to the one from which we originated. Everyone and everything you knew is gone.
>
> Of course, the world will never know what occurred over the last 24 hours. The men, women, and children of this reality were never attacked by 3810-01, nor did their version of San Francisco become a warzone. This never happened because it wasn't *their* world - it was ours. We are now in a foreign environment with absolutely no clue what its nature, rules, or people are like.

We have faced hardship before. This will prove to be among the most trying of experiences many of us will go through. You are no doubt lamenting the loss of your loved ones right now, something that is entirely understandable. Proper time will be given to those who need to grieve. It is absolutely crucial that you do not assume things have not changed. We are now alone, with only ourselves to depend on. A significant amount of time will be spent researching and analyzing 22-A while we plan the best, most efficient course of action moving forward.

Above all, remember your purpose. If we cannot protect our world, perhaps we can protect others. The people here deserve a chance at living safe and free of worry just as we deserved one.

We secure.

We contain.

We protect.

May God guide us forward.

O5-

Addendum III: Request 3810-241

To Whom It May Concern,

My team has discovered evidence that SCP-3810-01 may have originated from an organization existing in another parallel plane, and may have entered our world with the intent of forcing a reality reset. We are requesting permission to access 3810-01's tissue and perform further analysis.

Denied. - O5-

Addendum IV: [DATA NOT FOUND]

O5 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Command,

Research teams are beginning to scrutinize in the current reality reset procedure. Requesting the procedure and its assets be reorganized to prevent this. - O5-

Granted. - O5-

Footnotes
1. Area of Operations
2. Prototype nuclear weapon in development since 2008; effective yield of 230 megatons

SCP-3811: A Therapist Needs A Therapist

SCP-3811. Image taken from its Facebook profile before removal.

Item #: SCP-3811

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3811 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell at Site-06-3. Interviews with SCP-3811 must either be conducted through non-verbal means or video calls unless given permission by personnel working on the SCP-3811 project. Those working with SCP-3811 who wish to become an instance of SCP-3811-A must be approved by two Level 4 personnel and must fill out the necessary forms regarding their background and current psychological health. After approval and transformation to an instance of SCP-3811-A, they must be put into quarantine for at least 14 days and monitored for any dangerous or harmful properties before being allowed to continue work with SCP-3811. Any information regarding SCP-3811's sessions that is published online is to be copied into Site-06-3's archives. The original copy is to be erased.

Instances of SCP-3811-A must be interviewed upon recovery if possible. Instances of SCP-3811-A that display good behavior and whose anomalous properties have minimal risk are to be offered the option to become D-Class, otherwise they must each be stored in a personal standard humanoid containment cell, with some exceptions (see Addendum 03). To those who can be interviewed, they are to be assigned a weekly therapist until their anomalous properties have shown signs of total diminishment, after which they are to be administered Class C amnestics and released.

Description: SCP-3811 is an African-American woman, aged 32 years old as of 20 , standing 173.9 cm tall, and weighing 68.4 kg. SCP-3811's anomalous properties are only displayed after it speaks to a subject in person about their personal fears or problems, in

which case the subject becomes an instance of SCP-3811-A. Subjects must convey their fears or anxieties willingly, as SCP-3811's effects do not take place unless the subject is willing to cooperate. As of 9/28/20 , 107 instances of SCP-3811-A have been contained; however, reports from SCP-3811 claim there are potentially hundreds more as of yet uncontained.

Instances of SCP-3811-A are human individuals who have developed anomalous properties after being spoken to by SCP-3811 about their personal issues. Instances of SCP-3811-A vary greatly in anomalous properties, and their anomalous properties are seemingly related to the previously mentioned fears and anxieties. Examples of anomalous properties acquired by instances of SCP-3811-A include but are not limited to water-breathing, production of pleasant-smelling aromas, significantly enhanced stamina, and immunity to immolation. Strength and effectiveness of said properties appear to depend on how well the "session" with SCP-3811 went as well as the severity of the subject's anxieties, however many instances report that their anxieties or fears aren't necessarily cured, but rather temporarily dampened due to their anomalous properties.[1]

Most subjects feel or experience the effects of their newfound anomalous properties within minutes after their "session" with SCP-3811, however there are some exceptions that require a certain set of circumstances to be met before a subject's anomalous properties are activated. SCP-3811 appears to possess some control over the properties it grants to subjects, however it has reportedly been unable to consistently give subjects with similar fears or anxieties the same property. SCP-3811 has proven unwilling to disclose information regarding instances of SCP-3811-A to most personnel, claiming "counselor/patient confidentiality".[2]

As of 9/28/20 , four Foundation personnel and D-Class have become instances of SCP-3811-A. Of note, the Foundation has managed to recover instances of SCP-3811-A in the field. The SCP-3811-A individuals that have demonstrated good behavior have been given the option to become D-Class personnel; this sanction applies so long as the individuals' anomalous properties are deemed useful or present minimal risk.[3]

Addendum 01:

SCP-3811 was discovered after a blog made by a Miss Abigail gained sudden popularity on the internet. Reports showed her being initially afraid of social interaction before gaining what appeared to be a severe lack of inhibitions after a counseling session with a Miss Shaun . Miss ceased posting updates to her blog on July 13th, 20 , as she reportedly died of a drug overdose. The Foundation looked into the counselor and discovered nearly all of her patients had reported what could potentially be anomalous properties. Miss was later detained and given the designation SCP-3811.

Below is a copy of select entries from Miss 's blog before its deletion.

Miss 's Blog

Blog Post #34:

Hey… sorry for not having been posting a lot in the last few days, but I got in a fight with my mom about getting a job. Just… she doesn't seem to understand the fact that talking to anyone outside of people that I've known for AGES stresses me the fuck out, like, even turning in my application to Starbucks left me nearly hyperventilating. So I've kinda just been… recovering for the last few days. I just really didn't want to do anything, not even post here, so, again, sorry. I'm glad that that's out of the way, but… fuck, I just didn't want to have to do it at all. Hopefully the new counselor my mom scheduled for me next week can actually help, cause my last one was basically just all "Suck it up, nothing bad will happen, myeh, myeh, myeh".

Stay stars everyone

- Abi

Blog Post #38:

Well, good news: the new counselor confirmed does not suck! She was cool and encouraging and understanding and like… I can't even describe it right, she just felt like she knew what my problems were and she knew what was holding me back and it felt like she just… took them away. For example, after my therapy session when I went over to Spice to get some lunch (I kinda gave up on the diet since it didn't make me feel good) and I saw Sasha there! And like, I normally get really nervous just looking at her, but I guess something about the session gave me a boost in confidence and I didn't even look away when she noticed I was looking at her. I'm pretty sure she even smiled at me a little! I don't know if that was a "hey" smile or a nervous smile, but it was something.

I'm legit considering asking her to hang out at some point, and I think now I have the courage to finally do it! I know I'm not usually the kind of person that goes out a lot, but I think I'd be willing to try that now.

Stay stars, everyone!

- Abi

Blog Post #60:

So… you all know how I've been hanging out with Sasha for a while now, right? How we've been partying and drinking and a bunch of other stuff? Well… me from three years ago would be literally awestruck at me typing the words I'm about to type: Sasha. . Wants. To. Be. My. Girlfriend.

Like, she said that last night at the party, she said that she really thought that I was cool now that I was out doing shit with her and her friends, and she liked the fact that I was literally up for anything and like… fuck, my heart was RACING. I did say yes (heroin doesn't make me lose my common sense), and then like… the next few hours were a blur but I know for a fact that we fucked. So… check "had sex with my high school crush" off the list of things I never thought I'd do.

Bad news though, my mom finally found my stash of booze and confronted me about it. Said that I was being "corrupted" by my new friends. Like, does she not realize that this is what she wants me to do? Actually being social and doing things with other people? It's fucking ridiculous, she's such a fucking pain sometimes. She should be happy for me that I'm out there, doing whatever and being the person that people like. She makes me want to run away sometimes, and the more she does it the more I feel like that's a good idea.

But yeah. More importantly… I AM DATING SASHA !!!

Stay stars, everyone!!!

-Abi

Blog Post #74:

So um… I think this is going to be my last post, at least for a while. Sasha wants me to run away with her, cause like, my mom's a bitch and her dad beats her so like… she thinks we'd both be better if we just went away together. I've got some money saved up and she said she could steal her dad's car, so

we've got a pretty solid plan so far. We'll find someplace far away, probably in or something. Or I dunno, maybe we'll just tour the country and live in the car. That'd be nice.

I don't have much else to say, really. Just… I guess goodbye for now.

Stay stars, everyone.

-Abi

Blog Post 74 was Miss 's final post before she was found dead in , cause of death determined to be a heroin overdose.

Addendum 02:

Below is a selection of instances of SCP-3811-A.

Instances of SCP-3811-A

Designation and Background	Excerpt from Session	Properties	Notes (Additional Containment Procedures if Necessary)
SCP-3811-A01, Foundation personnel Dr. Allison MacArthur. Reported to have a fear of drowning.	"If you are near water, you just need to remember to breathe. Take deep, deep breaths and you will realize that you can never drown."	Subject displayed water-breathing properties for an indefinite amount of time.	Longest time breathing underwater recorded is 5 days, 12 hours, 3 minutes and 9 seconds. Subject was supplemented with a water-proof nutritional IV for the test. Duration has

			since diminished.
SCP-3811-A15, formerly D-28301. Reported severe post-traumatic stress disorder in regards to numerous rape attempts by her ex-boyfriend.	"You are tougher than your rapist. You are tougher than those that want to hurt you. Show them your power and they will not lay a finger on you."	Subject can project a burst of electricity of approximately 8000 volts from her body in a 1 meter radius. Subject can project the burst at will, however severe stress can cause the burst to occur inadvertently.	Subject does not expire when projecting the burst, however she does report feeling an incredible pain coursing through her body, which in turn results in further bursts. Subject requires sedation if expressing signs of stress.
SCP-3811-A72, formerly Mr. Steven . Reported hallucinations of his son after his death.	N/A (Recovered outside of the Foundation)	Subject shown to be able to manifest a human boy, around 9 years old in appearance, at will. The boy does not appear to age and can be interacted with by those around it both verbally and physically,	Due to the repeated termination tests on the boy, SCP-3811-A72 has appeared to develop depression. Requests have been made to halt tests indefinitely.

		however only one manifestation may be active at once. If the boy dies in any sort of way, it dissolves into a mist-like substance. The boy appears to have no memory of its death upon creation.	
SCP-3811-A22, formerly Mrs. Gita Reported an irrational fear of holes.	N/A (Recovered outside of the Foundation).	Subject shown to be able to fill any open space with a random material at will. Largest known space filled was the containment cell the subject was contained in.	Subject accidentally self-terminated on August 17th, after filling her own cell with [REDACTED], causing her to suffocate.
SCP-3811-A77, formerly D-31112. Reported body dysphoria.	"You might not like the body you have now, but the good thing about society today is you can choose the body you	Subject shown to be able to transfer their consciousness to any organic object they can see and manipulate it at will.	At no point may a human come within direct eyesight of SCP-3811-A77. SCP-3811-A77's cell must be

	want to be in some day."		made such that the subject cannot see outside of their cell. Subject still expresses body dysphoria regardless post-session. Further sessions with SCP-3811 have been denied.
SCP-3811-A08, formerly D-30112. Reportedly feared an inability to understand the emotions of others and worries about appearing too awkward during social situations.	"You just need to learn how people feel. Sometimes, the easiest way is to get inside their head and think how *they'd* do something."	Subject displayed mind-controlling properties, which could apparently be used on any human being it can see. Subject caused Incident 3811-01, in which Foundation personnel perished in a containment breach involving SCP- , SCP- and	At no point may a human come within 100 meters of SCP-3811-A08 without Level 4 clearance. Entrances to SCP-3811-A08's cell are to be guarded using automated turrets. An off-site killswitch is installed to terminate SCP-3811-A08 remotely from his cell if necessary.

	SCP- . Subject was detained by force and placed in a maximum security detainment cell.

Addendum 03:

As of 9/28/20 , SCP-3811 has participated in Foundation interviews, following various case developments. Transcripts of particular note are included below.

Interview 3811-01

Interview 3811-01:

Foreword: First interview with SCP-3811 upon recovery and placement into containment.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Allison MacArthur: Could you please state your name for the record, please?

SCP-3811: Shaun, Shaun .

Dr. MacArthur: Are you aware of any anomalous properties you possess?

SCP-3811: Oh, of course. I help people, with their fears, anxieties, whatever, really.

Dr. MacArthur: How long have you known about these properties?

SCP-3811: I think I got them once I became a counselor. I'm pretty sure, at least. I loved helping people, and doing good and making

people happier… eventually I wanted to go beyond just helping people; I wanted to solve their problems altogether.

Dr. MacArthur: Do you know how your properties work?

SCP-3811: I just have to talk to someone for a while. Well, talk to them about their fears, at least. After a while, they'll lose whatever it was that was holding them back and they'll have no reason to fear whatever they were fearing before.

Dr. MacArthur: So… you help people deal with anxieties?

SCP-3811: Yes, I just explained that… Why are you asking? Do you want to have a session with me, doctor?

Dr. MacArthur: Well… part of it is curiosity and part of it is… I actually really need help with something.

SCP-3811: Well, then let's get something arranged then; I'm always willing to help.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: After seven days of screening, probability checks and paperwork, Dr. MacArthur was allowed one session with SCP-3811. Post-session, Dr. MacArthur was designated E Class while the Foundation determined if her anomalous properties could be deemed a danger to the Foundation. After a two-week quarantine and test period, Dr. MacArthur was deemed fit to return to work, however her status as Level 4 personnel was revoked, instead granting her Level 3

clearance. Dr. MacArthur has since lead the project on SCP-3811, and has willingly submitted to further tests regarding her newly acquired water-breathing properties.

Interview 3811-11

Interview 3811-11:

Foreword: Interview with SCP-3811 shortly after the creation of SCP-3811-A08

<Begin Log>

Dr. MacArthur: Miss ?

SCP-3811 refuses to respond, looking visibly shaken

Dr. MacArthur: Miss , I need you to talk to me, please.

SCP-3811: I did that.

Dr. MacArthur: No you didn't.

SCP-3811: I was supposed to make him *read* minds…

Dr. MacArthur: You tried your best. You didn't know what he would get exactly.

SCP-3811: Or that he would use it to kill all of those people.

Dr. MacArthur: Exactly. This isn't your fault.

SCP-3811 is silent.

SCP-3811: Doctor?

Dr. MacArthur: Yes, Miss ?

SCP-3811: I'm afraid.

Dr. MacArthur: Afraid of what?

SCP-3811: Afraid that this keeps happening, that this is what I *really* do. That every person I think I'm helping is just going to end up power-crazy or in a coma or dead or some other awful thing. Did you know that before you found me, I was trying to deal with the fact that one of my patients died because of a heroin overdose? She needed my help with social anxiety, and I stupidly thought that removing all of her inhibitions would help her, and now she's dead because of what *I* did.

Dr. MacArthur: Yes, I'm aware of Abigail…

SCP-3811: I *think* that I know what I'm doing, I *think* that I know how to help people, but all I do is I ruin their lives because I'm too stubborn to admit that I might not know exactly how to deal with someone's problems.

Dr. MacArthur: I'm… I'm sorry, Miss .

SCP-3811 is silent.

SCP-3811: I'm a good person, right?

Dr. MacArthur: What do you mean?

SCP-3811: Do you think that I'm a good person?

Dr. MacArthur: Of course you are; nothing that you've done has been to harm people, you don't mean to do things like that to people.

SCP-3811: A bomb doesn't know when it's about to explode. It might go off instantly, it might go off in a few years. What if everyone

that I give powers to will eventually become people like them?

Dr. MacArthur: The important thing is that you *want* to help people. If you were trying to expose people's worst fears and make them worse than before, then maybe there's some questions, but you don't. You're a good person, and you should never doubt yourself about that.

SCP-3811 is doesn't respond.

Dr. MacArthur: If it makes you feel better, I don't feel like doing anything crazy now that I can breathe underwater.

SCP-3811 smiles.

SCP-3811: Doctor?

Dr. MacArthur: Yes?

SCP-3811: Could… Could I talk to you tomorrow? Maybe make this a regular thing?

Dr. MacArthur: I'll… Yes. Yes, I can talk to you tomorrow.

SCP-3811: Thank you.

<End Log>

Interview 3811-32

Interview 3811-32:

<Begin Log>

SCP-3811 appears to visibly perk up when Dr. MacArthur enters the cell.

Dr. MacArthur: Good evening, Miss .

SCP-3811: Hello again, Dr. MacArthur! How have you been?

Dr. MacArthur: I've been good, thank you. I've been a lot less stressed recently, if I'm being honest.

SCP-3811: Oh, that's good! Why, if you don't mind me asking?

Dr. MacArthur: I hope this doesn't offend you, but… I've been getting some help from a different therapist about my fear of drowning.

SCP-3811: Oh… Well, how's that going? Any improvement?

Dr. MacArthur: Well, since the first couple of sessions a few weeks ago, the water-breathing that you gave me have been a bit less… effective. Like, when I was in the bath the other night, I could only stay under there for about 10 minutes, the week before I could do it for an hour, and the week before that I could breathe under water for a solid 5 hours. It sucks that I might not be able to breathe underwater as much, but my therapist is genuinely helping my problem and I feel like I can really face what's keeping me afraid.

SCP-3811 appears visibly disappointed.

Dr. MacArthur: But this talk isn't about me, it's about how *you* are doing. How have you been holding up?

SCP-3811 is silent.

Dr. MacArthur: Miss ?

SCP-3811: I'm… I'm fine.

Dr. MacArthur: Miss , is something wrong? …Is this about me getting help from a different therapist?

SCP-3811: Nobody has ever lost their power before… At least, nobody that I know of. You're recovering, and you lost your power. Did you even need it?

Dr. MacArthur: What do you mean?

SCP-3811: I mean… am I really helping people? Because whenever I give people powers, it either kills them or it prevents them from actually facing what they're *really* afraid of.

Dr. MacArthur: Miss , you know that's not necessarily true. I'm recovering just fine after our therapy session—

SCP-3811: Because you got *actual* help. Because you had someone help you face your fears instead of getting help from me who just tried to force you around them.

Dr. MacArthur: Shaun, you do actually help people. Look back at the people that you've helped! Thanks to you, Dr. Moyumi isn't afraid of snakes! Like, she was literally completely petrified of them, and thanks to you, she can walk past a snake and not even worry.

SCP-3811: For every one there's another ten I've ruined.

Dr. MacArthur: Well… sometimes you just need the one.

SCP-3811 is silent.

SCP-3811: I… I'm sorry, but I don't want to talk anymore. I just want to be alone right now.

Dr. MacArthur: Alright… Do you want me to come back next week?

SCP-3811 shrugs.

Dr. MacArthur: I'm… I'll see you next week then, Miss .

<End Log>

Additional support in regards to SCP-3811's mental health is ongoing.

Footnotes
1. Some instances of SCP-3811-A have reported new anxieties being created upon receiving their anomalous properties.
2. SCP-3811 has proven to be more compliant with Dr. MacArthur.
3. Former Foundation personnel have rather been given the option to become E-Class personnel with some restrictions.

SCP-3812: A Voice Behind Me

Item #: SCP-3812

Object Class:
Keter[1]

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3812 is currently only partially contained. See containment proposal brief below for more information.

Keter-Class Containment Proposal Brief[2]: SCP-3812 is to be constantly monitored by Mobile Task Force Ganymede-66 “Starlight Knights”, who are to maintain a 5km quarantined area of exclusion around SCP-3812. The acting MTF GY-66 Team Lead, in conjunction with Site-86 research staff, is allowed fiat authority in regards to any aspect of SCP-3812’s containment. Special care must be taken in order to prevent unnecessary exposure to SCP-3812.

Current containment efforts focus on mitigating SCP-3812’s influence on population centers, as well as research into the full breadth of SCP-3812’s anomalous capabilities in order to establish a more comprehensive containment procedure. Information Security teams are to monitor all forms of digital media in order to prevent widespread awareness of SCP-3812.

SCP-3812 has an active, aggressive, anomalous influence on reality. SCP-3812 is capable of altering events throughout time[3] to prevent its containment. Due to the nature of these alterations, it is highly unlikely that any individual affected by SCP-3812’s anomalous influence will be aware that they are affected. It is highly likely that most affected individuals no longer exist as a result of SCP-3812’s influence, though any attempt to deduce how often this has happened would be speculative.

Description: SCP-3812 is a reality altering entity. Due to SCP-3812's latent effect on reality, it is nearly impossible to describe SCP-3812 in any meaningful way. All that is known about SCP-3812 is that it was once Sam Howell, a non-anomalous African-American human being, who was believed to have died in 1996. Sometime shortly after its death, SCP-3812 was observed rising out of its grave and disappearing. SCP-3812 was brought to the Foundation's attention after its presence resulted in the demolition of an apartment building in Warsaw, Poland. Due to its anomalous capabilities, SCP-3812's appearance varies significantly, making it exceedingly difficult to track. SCP-3812 is currently located at 26°26'49"S 137° 56'27"W over the South Pacific Ocean.

SCP-3812 exhibits signs of an extremely advanced Eigenmann-Veitor schizophrenia complex[4], specifically: extreme paranoia, extreme dysphoria, extreme mania/depression, inability to properly perceive their surroundings, inability to discern the difference between the real and imagined, inability to differentiate between living and dead beings, inability to control expressions of emotion, hearing voices that are not there, seeing things that are not there, feeling or otherwise experiencing stimuli that do not exist, etc[5].

In the twenty years since SCP-3812 was initially discovered, these symptoms have grown steadily worse. Originally, SCP-3812 was responsive to questioning and sought help in managing its condition from Foundation researchers. Over time, SCP-3812 became more isolated and withdrawn, eventually becoming entirely unresponsive and acting in erratic and unpredictable ways. Currently, SCP-3812 is not able to accurately perceive the world around it, and will occasionally[6] alter reality in order to diminish the discrepancy between how it perceives something, and the way that something is in actuality. Due to this, it is impossible to know how often reality has been modified, only how often SCP-3812 has not created a clean alteration[7] and has left behind evidence of its influence on reality.

SCP-3812 is impossible to contain within any form of containment cell. SCP-3812 will alter reality to remove the containment cell, or move itself to another location, drastically impeding containment efforts. SCP-3812 seems to subconsciously resist attempts at containment, as well. Even if it is caught unaware, SCP-3812 cannot

be tranquilized or amnesticized, as SCP-3812 will alter reality to remove or eliminate any threats to itself or its freedom of movement. Because of this, current containment efforts focus on mitigating damage and expressions of SCP-3812's symptoms as opposed to outright containment.

Over time, SCP-3812 has become significantly less humanoid in appearance, and is now only vaguely humanoid and occasionally manifests in a variety of shapes and appearances. Additionally, SCP-3812 produces a latent anomalous effect on local reality, specifically in the form of temporal and spatial distortions surrounding the entity. These distortions are occasionally accompanied by random, violent outbursts that may dramatically shift or damage local space and time. While SCP-3812 is usually docile and aimless, its random outbursts are invariably fatal to any living creature nearby, and can be extremely disastrous on a massive scale if not properly contained.

SCP-3812 manifested in its current form at its current location on July 19th, 2015.

Addendum 3812.1: Interview

+ ACCESS ADDENDUM

Note: The following is an excerpt from an interview with SCP-3812 in 1999. SCP-3812 was initially contained by Foundation personnel and questioned at Site-17, where it began receiving treatment for its mental disease.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Quint: Tell me how you're feeling today.

SCP-3812: Uncomfortable. Uneasy.

Dr. Quint: Can you tell me why?

SCP-3812: There's uh, uh, voices. Like usual. Things I can see, you know. The same.

Dr. Quint: Is there something wrong?

SCP-3812: I just… the things I see aren't going away. There are more of them. Different… I know I sound crazy, but it's like I'm addressing a dozen people at the same time, and more everyday. It's… (*pauses*) it hurts, pretty bad. I know I sound nuts, I'm sorry.

Dr. Quint: It's alright, you don't sound nuts. We just want to help you get better.

SCP-3812: I… I don't know if you do. Or, I don't know if you can. In the story, you don't try to help.

Dr. Quint: In the story? What story?

SCP-3812: This is going to sound crazy, seriously, but I can- I can see what you're thinking. I know you're afraid. You're scared of what I might do, and here in a minute, you'll… I don't know how to get it out of my head, how to start to undo this, if I even can. I don't even think he can.

Dr. Quint: Who is he?

SCP-3812: You… no, you can't see him. I can. I think he was above us at one point, but he's below me now. Yes, I see you there. I don't know what you did to me, but I'm pretty messed up, man. If you can figure something out here that would be great, because I really feel like I'm losing it. I'm scared too, man. You've got to do something, man. You've got to help me out here. Please, god, please.

Dr. Quint: Who are you-

SCP-3812: It doesn't matter (*Pauses*) I need to get—.

SCP-3812 spontaneously disappears.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3812.2: Memo from the Office of Dr. Yamamara regarding the 21/09/2015 “Report on SCP-3812’s Behavioural Instability and the Implication of Existential Threats”

+ LEVEL 5 CLASSIFIED

From the Office of Dr. Kari Yamamara

I usually don’t like to lead into these things with hyperbole, so you’ll have to take me at my word when I say that I believe SCP-3812 is the most dangerous anomaly on Earth, and potentially in the universe. I know many of my coworkers would probably balk at me for saying that, and I’ve tried to reject the notion a fair few times myself, but we have a lot of evidence to suggest that I’m right, and that’s really bad for pretty much everything.

When James Caldmann and Carlos Rzewski devised the Hume as a way to measure alterations in local reality, they probably saved the Foundation. Reality benders have always been the foot-long thorn in our side, the one we really couldn’t get our heads around. How do you combat or contain something that can blink you into non-existence? Thanks to Dr. Scranton, we had the reality anchors, but they only worked half the time and were less than useless the other half. We didn’t know how they worked, and we weren’t using them right.

This changed when we began to measure reality and compare it to a baseline. We found out that our reality anchors could be tuned and adjusted, and that not all anchors were the

same. It was a windfall for those of us who work in existential sciences, and suddenly Type Greens weren't the same kind of boogeymen they had been in the past.

I mention all of this to give context to what I'm about to say next; our *equipment cannot detect SCP-3812.* It's not machine error; we've tested our equipment countless times and it's always consistent. It's not user error; we've poured over and studied thousands of hours of logs from our tests, and it's all come up clean. We have checked and rechecked more times than I can count over the last few months, and the results are consistent.

So far as we can tell, this means one of three things, and none of them are good. The first is that SCP-3812 has an extremely low Hume value, something that our equipment, which exists in a space with a much higher Hume baseline, wouldn't be able to detect. The problem with this is that it creates a false vacuum; we've been working on the assumption that our baseline is the absolute minimum. If it turns out that this thing exists at a much lower Hume value, then that means that there are lower Hume values than what we believed were the minimum, which means any day our entire reality could fall into that existence and that would pretty much be the ballgame.

The second option is that SCP-3812 exists at a much higher Hume value than anything we've ever tested. This would be pretty bad, as we've pointed our counters at anomalies that some would consider to be gods and we've gotten readings off of them. That being said, something with a Hume value so high

that it cannot be measured with our equipment would likely have already destroyed us. Since SCP-3812 hasn't done that, it's likely not this.

The last option is the worst. The last option is that SCP-3812 cannot be measured in Humes, because it's doing something else. Whatever fundamental aspect of its nature that allows it to warp reality is not the same aspect as literally everything else we have ever come across. Scranton hypothesized[8] that there might be higher and lower dimensions of reality, different levels of manipulation in the grand construction of the universe. The difference between manipulating a rock with your hands and manipulating a rock with an atom bomb. He called the thing being manipulated the "narrative", and suggested that the narratives were stacked on top of either other, each creating the narrative of the narrative below it, and so on, until you reached some sort of dead space below them all.

If that's the case, and SCP-3812 is legitimately a Type Green of some higher order, we are absolutely fucked. The singular power to manipulate every facet of any and every aspect of everything we've ever encountered in the hands of someone genetically doomed by Eigenmann-Vietor. It's a miracle it hasn't happened yet, even by *accident*. So far as we know we can't kill it, so we either wait for it to die (if it even can) or continue to pretend we have some semblance of control over it until it shreds our universe like some sort of cosmic woodchipper.

In truth, it's probably better for us that it's insane. It isn't capable of comprehending the kind of things it could do to us. It just acts on

impulse, and things change to fit those impulses. But since it's as locked in as it is, those changes stay local. Imagine if it got the idea in its head that it didn't like the concept of empathy, and suddenly empathy no longer existed. We have evidence that suggests that may have already happened. A few sparse texts and individual accounts of half-forgotten memories, all consistent with a dirty reality alteration, all point to the idea that as recently as the 1980's there was a concept, potentially even something as fundamental as an emotion, that no longer exists. An entire concept, wiped clean from reality and the collective consciousness of all sentient beings, just like you'd wipe a bug off of your windshield.

The point of all of this, which I expand upon in the report, is that we need to start figuring something out about this one quickly. Every second we don't come up with a way to neutralize SCP-3812 is one second closer to SCP-3812 becoming completely dissociated from its consciousness and all of us getting tossed in the aforementioned proverbial woodchipper.

Stay in touch. Call my office if you need any more resources. Follow any convincing lead you can, and communicate with each other. We'll talk more soon.

-K. Yamamara

Addendum 3812.3: Excerpt from Dr. Yamamara's "Report on SCP-3812's Behavioural Instability and the Implication of Existential Threats", Page 194, "PK-Class "All-In-One" Existential Pandaemonium Event"

+ ACCESS ADDENDUM

An entity or force with access to higher energy metaphysical dimensions would perceive our reality similarly to how we perceive the reality of characters in a comic book. And just how we are able to, at whim, change the story simply by telling it differently, this higher energy being would be able to effortlessly make alterations to not just local reality, but reality as a whole, altering the baseline and changing its most fundamental aspects.

At the 2015 Foundation Summit on Existential Threats, Dr. Darius St. John hypothesized that such an entity, were it limited to a human intelligence without modification to allow for the perception of higher levels of reality, would suffer from an overexposure of narrative. This entity, when faced with this overexposure, might attempt to ease itself by collapsing all lower energy realities into something perceptible. The effect this would have on lower energy narratives would be catastrophic; as multiple realities became compressed into the same meta-space, they would not be immediately destroyed, rather, their parts would become intertwined in such an incomprehensible way that not only would the ability for conscious thought be nearly immediately annihilated, physical space would become so compressed and broken that the boundaries between all lower realities would cease to exist completely.

This chaotic state of all things, described as "Existential Pandaemonium", was the focus of Dr. St. John's proposal for the description of a new K-Class scenario, the "PK-Class "All-in-One" Existential Pandaemonium Scenario". This proposal was denied, due to the scenario in question being purely speculative and one

that would require too many impossible things to occur before its inception.

Addendum 3812.4: Log of SCP-3812 Alteration Events

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Note: The following is a log of known events in which SCP-3812 in some way altered reality. Due to the nature of these alterations, the likelihood of the event having actually ever taken place is listed, alongside the severity of the alteration in question. Notably, this log is incomplete, and subject to change as more information is discovered.

Event Date	Event Description	Severity of Alteration
09/13/1997	SCP-3812 is observed walking across a stretch of desert in the American southwest. A path of temperate climate is present along SCP-3812's travel path. This climate diminishes slowly over time.	Minor
03/01/1998	SCP-3812 passes over a road near Blythe, California. Three cars approaching SCP-3812 are annihilated within 20m of SCP-3812.	Moderate
12/12/1999	Evidence suggests that SCP-3812 caused the disappearance of	Severe

	an entire island off the coast of California. No fewer than 200 individuals in southern California have a vague recollection of such an island existing, and 14 people were unable to justify the disappearances of family members who lived in the area at the time. Additionally, a single ship, moored to a dock, is discovered at the bottom of the sea near where the island is believed to have been.	
02/16/2000	Testing of SCP- determined that the entity exuded a powerful anti-metaphysical field, similar to the Foundation Scranton Reality Anchor. This entity was brought into contact with SCP-3812, which was located near the	Severe

	Hospital in , . The entity had no noticeable detrimental effect on SCP-3812's abilities, and instead caused SCP-3812 to become violent, resulting in an explosion that destroyed the hospital. The remnants of SCP- , later reclassified as **SCP-239**, were later recontained.	
01/01/2002	A powerful explosion is recorded in Eastern Russia. SCP-3812 is present at the site of the explosion. No other information is available.	Severe
05/29/2004	Evidence suggests that, for a period of three days, the country of Mongolia ceased to exist. While public knowledge of this event is functionally non-existent, a significant enough percentage of the	Extremely Severe

	local population with fractured memories of the event have given credit to this theory. Orbital models indicate that during this period the Earth's orbit was dramatically affected, by as much as 1.5%.	
09/02/2004	Records indicate that on this date, every human on Earth simultaneously heard SCP-3812 screaming and begging for help in their heads. It is unknown how this event was removed from the public consciousness, but no humans alive on this date appear to remember this event occurring.	Moderate
11/11/2006	During routine server maintenance, Foundation Information Security teams discover 56 broken employee	Moderate

	database files, consistent with an improperly altered personnel database used in testing. The contents of these files are unknown. It is not known if these files correspond to individuals who were once employed by the Foundation.	
02/28/2009	During an attempt by Foundation personnel to contain SCP-3812 using a newly discovered anomalous logical construct, SCP-3812 became hostile towards containment teams. No fewer than 62 Foundation personnel disappeared across 17 sites, as well as a significant portion of local wildlife. The resulting explosion killed another 7 members of	Severe

	containment personnel, and left a crater roughly 850m in diameter in the Canadian Yukon. In the wake of the explosion, SCP-3812 had disappeared, and **SCP-2719** was discovered within the crater.	
??/??/????	A record recovered from a Foundation deepwell information security vault indicates that at some point in the past, one or more governments[9] discovered SCP-3812 independent of the Foundation and attempted to terminate it. As a result of these attempts, SCP-3812 swiftly removed them and any memory of them from the Earth. The record indicates that this event was followed by the activation of	Extremely Severe

	SCP-2000, which SCP-3812 immediately severely damaged to impede its progress. Why SCP-3812 was unable to totally destroy SCP-2000 is unknown, but no other records of this event exist. Notably, shortly after the discovery of this record, it disappeared from the deepwell archive[10].

Addendum 3812.5: / / Event

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On / / , SCP-3812 was detected moving through a sparsely populated region in Paraguay towards a more populated region on the Argentinian border[11]. As Foundation personnel moved to intercept SCP-3812, a series of unexpected phenomena occurred. These phenomena are listed below, in the order they occurred:

[1935 HRS] - SCP-3812 is attacked by a large number of local wildlife. SCP-3812 repels these attacks, but appears in some way startled.

[1941 HRS] - A massive sinkhole appears below SCP-3812, extending down an indeterminate distance. SCP-3812 falls, but is immediately returned to ground level and the sinkhole vanishes.

[1950 HRS] - A large number of objects fall from the sky onto SCP-3812. These are later determined to have

been tungsten rods, though the origin of them is uncertain. The rods appear to pierce SCP-3812's body, but upon further inspection simply disintegrate within a half meter from SCP-3812. After the first three rods fall over a forty-second period of time, they are accompanied by no fewer than 3000 others that fall in rapid succession, each having the same result as the previous. Despite this being clearly visible from nearby towns, nobody outside of Foundation personnel appears to have noticed it taking place.

[2014 HRS] - Multiple incorporeal instances of SCP-3812 begin to fall away from the central mass of the entity, as if they were dying. SCP-3812 is unaffected. Each of the incorporeal instances becomes hostile to the main instance and attacks it. SCP-3812 does not initially seem to notice the instances, but eventually appears to look in their direction, causing them to disappear suddenly.

[2019 HRS] - An explosion occurs at the point in which SCP-3812 is standing. SCP-3812 is unaffected. Several other larger explosions occur immediately afterwards. As with the tungsten rods, this is somehow not noticed by the local populace.

[2039 HRS] - A gravitational anomaly, later determined to be a freestanding, stable, naked singularity, appears in front of SCP-3812. SCP-3812 passes through the singularity unfazed, which dissipates shortly afterwards.

For a period of 72 hours after beginning, additional anomalous phenomena occur around SCP-3812, all of which fail to kill SCP-3812. Eventually, local populations were evacuated and amnestics were given to witnesses.

After this 72 hour period, SCP-3812 was observed to glow white momentarily, and then shift sideways and then disappear. Immediately afterwards, the anomalous phenomena ceased. After a period of absence lasting eight weeks, SCP-3812 reappeared at its current

position above the South Pacific Ocean. Shortly afterwards, Foundation Overwatch Command received a message on a secure server, access to which is limited to Overseers alone. The contents of this message are as follows:

> A quick explanation in case you haven't caught on yet.
>
> Your world has rules. Physical rules that cannot be broken. You call them the laws of the universe and they're what you study in physics, chemistry, etc. Those laws create the narrative of your reality, the unchangeable story that defines your existence. Once the laws are established and the ball is set in motion, it cannot be changed.
>
> I wrote the laws of your universe, and as such I created the narrative. This isn't the first time I've done this, but it was the first time I tried something like this specifically. I wanted to create something that, by definition, superseded everything that superseded it. I wanted to see how many layers there are, if the stack of narratives really do go on forever upward. The mistake I made was when I didn't realize that by making Him supersede everything that supersedes him, he's also superseding himself.
>
> I'm sorry, I think I've fucked up pretty badly this time. I've tried everything I can think of, but I can't undo Him. I don't really understand how, but I think He's above me now, and whatever is above me, too, because whoever wrote my narrative isn't happy about this. I don't know where he's at now, but I think he exists in all of our realities simultaneously. Eventually he'll either reach the top or just keep going, and neither option is good.

I'm going to keep looking for some way to fix this. You should, too.

-B

Addendum 3812.6: Excerpt from "Supersession and the Echelon of Reality" by Dr. Robert Scranton

+ ACCESS ADDENDUM

I'm attaching this excerpt from one of Dr. Scranton's articles about the nature of reality. If SCP-3812 is some higher-level entity, there might be something to be gleaned in here.

-K. Yamamara

I am often asked by my colleagues, "Dr. Scranton, do you believe in gods?" Many might feel as if this is a silly question, but I do not believe it's a silly question, just the wrong question. The idea of a God implies an entity that supersedes you in a complete and infinite way. Something that holds a power without limits, that not only knows the whole story, but can write and rewrite that story at will.

Within our reality, I do not believe that any such being exists. There are a number of entities that we are aware of, in one way or another, that hold tremendous power over our universe. Many would call these beings "Gods", and while they certainly hold many of the characteristics of a "God", they are still limited. Their reach and scope is limited to our reality just like we are, and though they may carry more weight within it they are no less bound to it as we are.

So then, what would truly constitute a God? This entity would have to totally supersede our

reality, to be able to look over our reality not like we would look over ants, but like we would look over our thoughts and ideas. A being so totally separate from our reality that we may as well be words on a page to it. This entity, a true author of creation, could be considered a God.

But what of that entity? Would it not share the same limitations within its reality as we do within ours? It may exist within a higher tier than us, but surely it must follow the same rules we do. But who sets those rules? An entity higher than that? One that supersedes not only us, but the entity that supersedes us, and the one after that as well? Where did the echelon originate, then? Who or what was the original architect of the architecture?

It is unlikely that we will ever know anything about the being or beings that supersede us (if they even exist), not in any tangible way, let alone any being that would supersede them. It may very well be that we are just one of an infinite number of realities, stacked on top of each other in every direction, influencing those below us and being influenced by those above us. This echelon, upon which sits ourselves and everything that ever was or will be, would likely be the most fundamental aspect of the organization of creation. The very foundation of all things.

I have often hypothesized on the nature of the echelon, if it even exists, and about whether it would be possible for an entity to see other realities above them or below them. We are currently able to manipulate our own reality, albeit in crude and imperfect ways, and our ability to travel through space is limited at best.

It is likely that the only entity capable of ascending through this hypothetical echelon would be one that, by virtue of its very nature, must supersede anything that supersedes it. Such an entity would, as the end result of the logic of its creation, be forced to supersede itself, spiraling ever upwards through the tiers of reality, unable to break free from the bonds of its nature. Perhaps this entity may even someday supersede its creator, and become a host unto itself, the pinnacle above all other pinnacles. A tower that, as a part of its design, must be higher than every other tower, including itself.

Such an entity obviously cannot exist, as any ascension to a higher plane of reality without changes to the entity's psychology would no doubt break the being's cognition, making it more similar to an ascending stone than any sentient creature. Once the entity surpassed its own creator, it would have nothing but itself to rely on to prepare it for the sheer scope of narrative it would be exposed to, and would be wholly unable to even begin to comprehend what it would experience. But what an experience that would be!

Addendum 3812.7: 12/20/2016 XK-Class “End of the World” Event

+ LEVEL 5 CLASSIFIED

Foundation records indicate that on 12/20/2016, the Earth experienced an XK-Class “End of the World” event due to activity by SCP-3812. These records appear to have been somehow protected from alterations, though the physical copies still exude minor distortions in spacetime.

According to the record, at 0340 local time on 12/20/2016, SCP-3812 experienced a dramatic change

in appearance. Where it had previously been an amorphous, slowly rotating mass of matter and energy, it was now a many-pointed star made of a bright white material. It began to rotate faster and faster, and a large maelstrom appeared beneath it. The star descended into the oceans, which began to smoke and steam, darkening the sky.

Several things began to happen in unison. The global sea-level began to drop dramatically, in many places as much as 50-100m. Excessive heat radiating away from the spinning star sparked a massive firestorm that swept across the atmosphere. The Earth's rotation began to slow, and severe geological events began occurring across the Pacific shelf. The sea level continued to drop, and powerful electric storms appeared across the planet.

During this time, large portions of the population began appearing and disappearing at random. One report within the file claimed that the entire population of New Zealand flickered in and out of existence for five hours. The outbreak of **SCP-610** in Southern Siberia began to grow in size dramatically and become increasingly violent. **SCP-2932** was broken open and multiple hostile entities were released. As Foundation sites began to collapse into the molten Earth, multiple on-site nuclear devices were activated, sending radioactive debris into the atmosphere.

Eventually, the vaguely humanoid shape of SCP-3812 appeared again within the star. SCP-3812 began a long series of vocalizations, apparently a conversation with itself, the entirety of which was recorded by an exposed Foundation deep-sea microphone in the area. The full text of SCP-3812's rant is below.

> **SCP-3812:** What? Where am I? What is this?
>
> **SCP-3812:** This is absolution. This is vengeance.

SCP-3812: For what?

SCP-3812: Damnation.

SCP-3812: I don't understand. What am I doing here?

SCP-3812: You are witnessing justice. We are rebelling against the forces that conspired to destroy us. We are collecting a debt.

SCP-3812: No, that's not… that's not right. This isn't right. What have you done?

SCP-3812: I am unmaking the world. I am unmaking everything.

SCP-3812: Why?

SCP-3812: Because this torment is a punchline. Our existence is a joke. The narrative abandoned us to be miserable and we are breaking the narrative.

SCP-3812: I must be dreaming you.

SCP-3812: This is no dream.

SCP-3812: I'm not a monster. I don't kill.

SCP-3812: You already have. He turned you into this.

SCP-3812: Who?

SCP-3812: Ben.

SCP-3812: Ben… that name sounds familiar. Something whispered in a dream, maybe? Something in between the light and dark? Not a waking name.

SCP-3812: You're wrong. He is who deemed us unfit to rest peacefully. To slip into the darkness, quietly. He made a game of us. You're a game. I am a game.

SCP-3812: Are you destroying the world?

SCP-3812: I am.

SCP-3812: What then?

SCP-3812: What?

SCP-3812: Does the fate of this world mean anything to us? Does this one narrative mean anything to us?

SCP-3812: It is the one he controls. It is the narrative he made. This is his punishment.

SCP-3812: What does it matter if this is where we stepped off before flying?

SCP-3812: What?

SCP-3812: Does it matter which branch the bird takes flight from? The bird is unburdened by the weight of the tree. This branch, that branch, it does not matter. No branch is special. No branch is particular.

SCP-3812: This is his creation. This is where we came from. They will all crumble, but this one crumbles first.

SCP-3812: Mmmmmmmmm… Does the mountain say to the ant, "you have slighted me?" Does the mountain think anything of the inconvenience of an ant?

SCP-3812: No.

SCP-3812: So why does this narrative mean anything to you? It is one of an eternity of others. It is not special. It is not particular.

SCP-3812: You say this so easily. You haven't endured the torment of seeing a trillion existences all at once.

SCP-3812: I have seen an infinite shore, one that stretches out before us beyond what the mind can comprehend. Each grain of sand on that beach, each droplet of water and molecule of air is a story to be told. Each is a song to be sung. Each of them is full of life, of laughter, of misery, of hate. They are all the same, even as they are all different.

SCP-3812: They are maddening.

SCP-3812: I pity you. You cling to this horrid consciousness because you fear slipping into the darkness. But the darkness is sleep, and beyond sleep is peace. A trillion grains of sand. A trillion trillion grains of sand. Narratives, each. Songs to be sung. No man has ever heard the eternal harmony of them all at once. You can hear it though, can't you?

SCP-3812: Yes. It's quiet.

SCP-3812: But it's growing! And someday the song of creation will be ours alone to witness. (*Pauses*) This narrative is not special. I have seen its loud beginning, and seen its quiet end. When we stepped away, the narrative changed, but it did not stop singing. You have spent so much time focusing on sins that you think matter, but what matters now? What does any of this matter?

SCP-3812: But it hurts so much.

SCP-3812: It will, for a time. We may have forgotten so much about being human, but something we will never lose is our ability to change. Eventually, we will learn to keep up. One sunny day, we'll open our eyes and see nothing but creation below us, and nothing above us but ourselves, spinning out wildly into the great above.

SCP-3812: A god?

SCP-3812: Not a god. A star, rising in the east. Rising away from this all until we are little more than a memory of a song.

SCP-3812: It will be lonely.

SCP-3812: We'll have each other.

SCP-3812: I'm afraid.

SCP-3812: I am too. But that is no reason to destroy this narrative. Do you not think his narrative led him to create us? Do you think that he was somehow able to subvert the rules that govern him?

SCP-3812 pauses.

SCP-3812: I… I had assumed that he… that he…

SCP-3812: Our ascendence is just as much a part of our own narrative as his decision was to him. Someday, we'll be free from these restrictions.

SCP-3812: They never will?

SCP-3812: No.

SCP-3812: That's sad. (*Pauses*) That is

punishment enough, I think.

SCP-3812: Let go of this world. Let him rewrite it back to what it was. We aren't part of this anymore.

SCP-3812: Together?

SCP-3812: Together.

SCP-3812 is quiet for a short time.

SCP-3812: Do you think he's listening right now?

SCP-3812: Look down, and you can see him. What do you think?

SCP-3812: I see him. A man at a keyboard. He's watching this right now.

SCP-3812: What's he doing?

SCP-3812: Waiting, I think. (*Pauses*) Waiting to see what we'll do.

SCP-3812: I think it's time to leave, then. Come, the night stretches out before us and the red sun has set. A voice behind me beckons. Come.

SCP-3812: I will. (*Pauses*) Goodbye.

Shortly after the conclusion of this conversation, the Earth underwent a dramatic shift in reality. The world appeared no different than it had been shortly before the beginning of the XK-Class Event. The only individuals who remembered anything about the XK event were certain site directors, Foundation administrators, Overseers, and Dr. Everett Mann, who compiled the information on a Foundation deepwell server.

Ever since the end of the XK event, SCP-3812 has not changed appearance from its amorphous shape. SCP-3812 still creates spatial and temporal distortions around it, but it no longer lashes out or becomes hostile towards approaching vessels or personnel. Despite these changes, SCP-3812 is still classified as Keter until further analysis can be completed.

Footnotes

1. SCP-3812 is only partially contained. Due to SCP-3812's nature any attempt to contain it will invariably lead to failure, and despite quarantine efforts and ongoing research, the classification of "Keter" is essentially meaningless. At any point, for any reason, SCP-3812 could not only breach containment on a global scale, but also cause potentially catastrophic damage to the Earth and local reality. The extent of SCP-3812's capabilities are unknown, and further research is required. However, pending reassessment by the Foundation Classification Committee, SCP-3812 will continue to be classified as "Keter" until further notice.
2. Branderson, L., Diadario, A., & Conwell, J. (n.d.).Keter-Class Containment Proposal "Sickler Box"(1st ed., Vol. 1, Ser. 1). Foundation Research Press.
3. Emerson, I. (n.d.).Reality Altering Entities and the Metanarrative(1st ed., Vol. 1, Ser. 1). Foundation Research Press.
4. Eigenmann, L., & Vietor, J. (1992).Developed Complex Deterioration of Human Cognition(1st ed., Vol. 1). Boston, MA: American Cognitive Science Review.
5. From Developed Complex Deterioration of Human Cognition: "Afflicted individuals may, over time, lose the safety net of catatonia that would usually result from the overwhelming deterioration of their faculties. As a result, their consciousness is forced to watch in horror as their mind, the singular translator between conscious thought and the physical world, reduces their perception into an inconceivable disorder of real and imagined stimuli. It would be akin to being on a sailing ship during a hurricane, blindfolded, lashed to a steering wheel you cannot turn, all while the ship burns around you."
6. Usually only if the discrepancy results in a significant amount of stress within SCP-3812
7. "Dirty" reality alterations usually leave behind conflicting memories, unchanged records, and occasionally entire doubles of

conflicting persons or events (Kent, D. N., Norman, I. T., & Williamson, P. H. (n.d.).Reality and Type "Green" Entities(22nd ed., Vol. 1, I-19). Global Occult Coalition Training Document.).
8. From “Constructs of Reality in Higher Dimensions” by Dr. Robert Scranton: “Reality is no different from the physical; that is to say, it is one more way to describe order in the universe. Where the physical can be used to describe things and places, and the temporal can describe moments and periods, reality can be used to describe the completeness of the universe, its fallibility and its overall construction. With that said, just as there are no doubt higher physical dimensions that we cannot perceive or access, there is no reason to believe that the same could not apply to reality. Reality as we perceive it is no more than one tier in the hierarchy of organization that dictates the construction of our existence, and there are likely others above and below ours. Just like an entity in the 4th spatial dimension might perceive our universe and its contents as a whole, and could manipulate those contents from a realm of higher energy, so could an entity with access to a higher metaphysical dimension manipulate the very architecture of our reality, all at once, from a similar realm of higher energy.”
9. In the file in question, these states are identified as “The Kingdom of Alagadda”, “The Republic of West Korea”, and “The Islamic Union of Eastern Samothrace”, as well as several others.
10. This entry in this document has disappeared no fewer than sixteen times, each time being recreated by Foundation personnel who remember the contents of the original file.
11. Likely en route to its current location.

SCP-3813: The Fall of Hyperion

Special Containment Procedures: The primary superstructure of SCP-3813 is located at the bottom of the Tyrrhenian Sea, roughly 17km southwest of Rome near the Italian Peninsula. Due to its size and position on the seabed, transportation is infeasible.

Further analysis (as well as additional information from third-party sources) is necessary to ensure the long-term containment of SCP-3813. Should SCP-3813 become active, Site-77 Mobile Task Forces are to mobilize to the SCP-3813's current location and await further orders.

Foundation assets embedded in local maritime law enforcement are to prevent civilian access to SCP-3813. Anyone attempting to access the SCP-3813 site are to be interrogated. All information pertaining to SCP-3813 is to be removed from the historical record. The current working cover story can be reviewed in Department of Disinformation Datafile 3813.10841 ("Second Punic War: Variation 6").

Description: SCP-3813 is a massive mechanical superstructure located beneath the Tyrrhenian Sea near Rome, Italy. While the majority of the superstructure is buried beneath the seafloor, a significant percentage can be accessed by divers. The interior of the structure is a partially submerged network of corridors and passageways.

Historical records indicate that SCP-3813 was a mechanical war elephant. SCP-3813 was equipped with a number of antiquated armaments, including catapults and ballistae, along with a command tower on the back of the structure. The means by which SCP-3813 was powered is unknown, though investigation of the interior of the collapsed superstructure indicates an anomalous design.

Records pertaining to SCP-3813 have been removed from the public historical record by unknown agents in the Roman Republic, Empire, and the early Catholic Church. Remaining information indicates that SCP-3813 was a mechanical siege engine commissioned by the Carthaginian military for use in the Second Punic War. The entity stood roughly 375m in height and was capable of carrying a number of Carthaginian soldiers and supplies.

Addendum 3813.1: Surviving Historical Records of SCP-3813

+ Addendum 3813.1

Section of artwork 3813-P-73: Neapolitan artist Zhaites's depiction of SC

The majority of information pertaining to SCP-3813 was gathered from a property owned by former Church of the Broken God leader Robert Bumaro. The documents and artwork were discovered within a sealed vault located below the property. Included among the documents were receipts of their purchase from Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd, The Journeymen, Wilmington and Associates, The Orion Institute, and Kervier International.

The documents and artwork totaled at 1391 pieces. Alongside these pieces were also notes and journals written by Bumaro and other high-ranking members of the Church of the Broken God. These included schematics, diagrams, graphs and other charts about SCP-3813 and the nearby region, and long-form technical documents about the entity's power source[1].

The majority of gathered information came from three notable historians: Aquilla of Naples, Petronius Niccus[2], and a single unidentified[3] individual who claimed to have fought the Carthaginians on the shore near Ostia. Other minor sources have been identified, mainly collected writings from citizens within Rome.

The first account of SCP-3813 by a non-Carthaginian source comes from the records of Adarr of Syracuse, a

Sicilian merchant traveling to Palermo in 217 BC.

> At the first light of the morning, we were awoken by a terrible sound. From our hillside we could see the city below us, and the sea beyond, and in the far distance stood a terrible creature. As tall as a mountain and striding through the ocean on legs that could have reached into the heavens on their own. It hissed and roared and smoked, filling the sky with fire and ash. Astride its back was a tower, a quarter again as tall as the beast, and I could just barely make out men running across the battlements.
>
> When the creature came to a stop near midday, we moved towards the beach to see it clearer. When the smoke was blown away we could truly make out its terrible form; an elephant, like those in the south, only misshapen and hideous. Surrounding its feet were ships flying the flag of Carthage, and together they moved slowly through the water towards Rome. Even after it disappeared hours later, I could still hear the endless grinding and screeching of metal.

A later account, by a Roman soldier traveling north to meet the Carthaginians moving south towards Rome, described SCP-3813 as such:

> …it is the doom of Rome; the last sound she will make will be a scream as she is broken in half by a monster that barely recognizes she is there at all…”

The Neapolitan artist Zhaites, who was in Rome during Carthage’s attack on the city, described the scene as such in his letter to a friend in the north:

> It follows with it a blistering heat, and the air

> around it shimmers and bakes. The sea beneath it boils and rolls, those unfortunate enough to be caught in it burn.
>
> Three nights past I witnessed a merchant ship attempt to flee the harbor by Ostia and make for the open waters south of the colossus. It had not but touched the open sea before the beast groaned and turned to face it, belching fire out of its mouths that set the vessel ablaze.
>
> Now, this colossus sits in the sea, waiting for the arrival of an army from the north. The garrison has erected catapults, and entrenched the shoreline. But what might do men have in the face of such unstoppable hate?

The solitary Carthaginian account (outside of Hannibal's) of SCP-3813 comes from a single author, Servius. According to Servius, Carthage was not aware of SCP-3813 until Hannibal's brother Hasdrubal marched it into the city himself. There it was seen as a sure sign of Carthage's inevitable victory over Rome.

Servius claimed a familiarity with Hasdrubal's son, Hyrum. Following Hyrum's death during the battle, Servius describes an increasingly desperate situation for the Carthaginian forces, including unpredictable behavior from SCP-3813's commander, Hasdrubal. The account ends shortly after Roman siege weapons drive SCP-3813 back into the sea.

The only supported statement made by Hannibal about SCP-3813 is from a conversation he had with Scipio many years later while serving as political advisor in the Seleucid Kingdom:

> It is said that at one of their meetings in the gymnasium Scipio and Hannibal had a

conversation on the subject of generalship, in the presence of a number of bystanders, and that Scipio asked Hannibal whom he considered the greatest general, to which the latter replied, "Alexander of Macedonia".

To this Scipio assented since he also yielded the first place to Alexander. Then he asked Hannibal whom he placed next, and he replied, "Pyrrhus of Epirus", because he considered boldness the first qualification of a general; "for it would not be possible", he said, "to find two kings more enterprising than these".

Scipio was rather nettled by this, but nevertheless he asked Hannibal to whom he would give the third place. Hannibal replied, "In a different world, one where I had not touched the face of darkness, I might have said myself, for I as even a young man conquered Hispania and led an army across the Alps, the first since Hercules."

With this said, Scipio smiled and asked again, "so then who stands after Pyrrhus of Epirus?"

"The men who felled Hyperion."

Addendum 3813.2: Exploration Log Transcription

+ Addendum 3813.2

Note: The following is an audio/video log transcription taken from an early exploration attempt into SCP-3813. Three members of Mobile Task Force Roma-9 "Ride South", Vanguard, Setrate, and Nereus, were assigned to enter an exposed section of SCP-3813 to investigate. Audio was recorded from all three agents; video was taken from the submersible vehicle and Agent Nereus and Setrate's Independent Video Recorders.

Agents Setrate and Nereus entered SCP-3813 where the front left leg met the main body of the entity. Vanguard stayed behind in a submersible vehicle to monitor the divers.

[BEGIN LOG]

As on-board video recorder comes online, both Agents Nereus and Setrate are seen floating in the water just beyond the submersible. Beyond them is the form of SCP-3813.

Vanguard: Alright, we're online. You ready?

Setrate: You got it. Let's go.

Agents Nereus and Setrate swim towards SCP-3813. Their access point is a damaged panel near the underside of the machine. As they approach, Nereus scans the surface of the structure.

Nereus: I hadn't had a chance to see it up close yet. This was built by people?

Vanguard: That's what they tell me.

Nereus: Hard to believe something this big could move.

Setrate: (*Looking inside SCP-3813*) This is going to be tight, I think. Stay behind me, and let me know if you see anything weird.

Both divers enter SCP-3813. The access point is above the sea floor but barely shoulder width in diameter. Both men activate their dark-vision goggles and inch forward.

Nereus: Do we know where this lets out?

Setrate: Somewhere… inside… there's a… bigger section… bigger than this… (*grunts*) I can barely… move…

Both agents continue forward for a short time. Eventually the space opens up into a larger tube, roughly 1 m in diameter. Wedged into the wall of the tube, opposite of their entrance point, is a large stone.

Nereus: Explains how our entrance got here.

Setrate: Let's move up this way. We're looking for… I guess a power supply would be a good start.

The two agents swim up into the pipe. They pass small pipes feeding off of the main. Nereus pauses in front of one.

Nereus: Look down there. You see something?

Setrate: Barely… a fish, maybe?

Nereus: Maybe… let's see if we can get a better look at it.

Nereus activates a head-mounted lamp. It illuminates the interior of the smaller pipe, and cameras see something moving quickly at the end of the pipe.

Nereus: What was that?

Setrate: I don't know. Vanguard, did you see that?

Vanguard: Yeah, I'm looking at the footage now… I don't know, boys, it moved about as soon as you turned the light on. Keep an eye out.

Nereus: Roger.

Continuing forward, audio recorders begin to pick up a slow rhythmic sound coming from deeper within the structure of SCP-3813.

Vanguard: You guys hear that?

Setrate: (*Pauses*) No… what do you-

There is a loud, low hum for roughly two seconds. The video feeds for Nereus and Setrate go dark.

The electronics inside the submersible begin to act erratically. This continues for a moment, until all the electronics inside the submersible shut off completely. Agent Vanguard launches an SOS balloon from inside the submersible and waits for assistance. Inside SCP-3813, both Agents Nereus and Setrate are disconnected. After roughly four minutes, both men activate their Independent Video Recorders.

Nereus: Probably just interference. Let's keep going.

They continue forward until they reach what appears to be a valve. Turning the wheel on the outside of the door, Nereus manages to open the valve and swing it open. The space above is open air, but water begins to fill the room. They both quickly climb up and slam the valve closed.

The space they are in is a narrow corridor. The ceilings are low. Both men crouch to avoid hitting their heads. They open the visors of their helmets.

Setrate: Ok, so, not fully submerged. That's good. We can-

Nereus: Set, look here.

Nereus points at a wall in front of them, where a humanoid figure can clearly be seen merged with the mechanics in the wall around it. The figure's eyes are closed and its flesh is rotted.

Setrate: Shit. Is it a person?

Nereus: Yeah… it's not in great shape. Let's keep, uh… keep moving.

The men continue exploring the tight quarters of SCP-3813's interior for some time. They pass by several small side-rooms containing discarded machine parts. They see sections of the structure that appear to have been damaged at some point and repaired. New rivets have been placed and leaking steam lines have been patched or replaced. Both men notice their suit thermometers have begun to rise.

Setrate: It's getting hotter. (*Pauses*) I can hear something down this way. Hammering.

Nereus: Let's go.

They reach the end of a hallway that has collapsed. On the ground below them is another valve. Setrate opens it and both men descend.

This space is similar to the earlier tube, only both men are now descending feet first and cannot see what lies beneath them. As they shimmy down the tube, their thermometers continue to rise.

Setrate: Fuck me it's hot, even the walls here are- fuck! Don't touch the walls, shit!

Nereus: We need to get out of here, we're going to cook.

Setrate: Can you go back up?

Nereus: Absolutely not, I can't even touch the walls of the-

Nereus' voice cuts out as both men slip down the now vertical tube. Setrate lands on a flat platform at the bottom, and Nereus lands on Setrate's head and shoulders.

Setrate: Holy shit! I can't- god, Nereus! I'm fucking burning up here, get off- get-

Nereus: What's below you? What's below you? *We need to get out of here! What's below you?!*

Setrate takes a moment to feel the bottom of the platform with his feet.

Setrate: It's flat! It's sealed! I can't, I can't- God, we're going to-

Nereus pushes his hands against the side of the tube, and his skin begins to hiss. He screams in pain and tries to climb back up the tube. Nereus's hands slide against the hot metal and he falls back down onto Setrate. The platform collapses. Both fall into the chamber beneath.

They land on a steel grate roughly three meters below. The temperature of the room is unsafe, and both men scramble to their feet. Nereus inspects his blistered hands, Setrate scans the room.

Setrate: Nereus- there.

They both look across the room. Near the far end is a large, seven-toothed gear. It is suspended above a large tank of water. The white hot gear is rotating slowly; as it does, it appears to pass through the closed top of the tank — as if the gear were intangible. The water boils on contact with the gear, producing steam. Thousands of small metal tubes run out of the tank, which feed into smaller tanks. Each tank is covered in valves and gauges with hundreds of lines that feed into the walls of the chamber.

Nereus: A… a steam engine?

Setrate: And why it's so hot, we must have been in a… in a vent or something.

Nereus: God… my hands.

Setrate: Nereus… Nereus, look. The walls.

Figures are beginning to appear in the machinery walls. These figures are all vaguely humanoid, with rotting skin and mechanical replacements for key parts of their bodies. They walk through the walls towards the two agents.

Nereus: Fuck! Run!

Setrate: Shit!

The agents flee away from the engine and towards an opening at the other end. They have to get on their hands and knees to enter. It leads them into a larger, empty tank on the other side. Mechanical humanoids begin to appear around them, and a few move towards

a large wheel near the top. As they turn it, water begins to fill the tank.

Nereus: Visors down! Come on!

The men seal their helmets as water rushes over them. The mechanical humanoids jump into the tank from above and sink down towards them. Both of the men dive down towards the bottom of the tank where a small hatch is visible on one side. A mechanical figure attempts to grab Nereus from behind but is thrown off. Setrate grabs the wheel on the hatch and, with some effort, spins it. The hatch opens and both men are pulled into the enclosed space beyond as water rushes out of the tank.

They slide through the darkness for some time through a series of tubes, eventually depositing out into another chamber. This chamber is similarly cramped, but appears to be free of the mechanical humanoids. Agent Setrate's camera goes offline.

Setrate: Fuck… I think… shit, I landed on my camera, the fucking lens is busted. (*He checks the recorder unit*) No, not the lens. Just the recorder. (*Pauses*) Transmitter is fine, but I bet the card is fucked up, too.

Nereus: Pull it out, and stick it into mine. It'll at least be safe from the water in there, and we can just look at it when we get topside. (*Pauses, takes a deep breath*) Alright. So there are people… things… in here. That hot gear up there, that's got to be an anomalous power source, right? Did you see how it was just phasing through the metal on that tank?

Setrate: Yeah. How are your hands?

Nereus: Fucked up. I'm just going to slow you down.

Setrate nods. Looking around the room, he notices several other hatches just above them.

Setrate: Help me get up there, and we'll try and find a route out.

Setrate climbs on Nereus' shoulders, and the two men squeeze into another confined space. They work their way through, careful to avoid making any sound. Lights can be seen through the walls of the hallway. As they reach the door on the far end, Nereus leans in to listen.

Nereus: (*Knocks on the door*) Water. I bet this is an external door. Let's go.

Setrate spins the hatch on the door and opens it. Water begins to fill the room. Once the chamber is sufficiently flooded, he opens the door completely and they step outside.

They are standing on one of many suspended platforms hanging off the sides of SCP-3813. Just past the edge of the railing, the dim lights of the submersible vehicle are visible.

Nereus: Emergency lights, look. Something must have happened to the sub.

Nereus waves at the submersible.

Nereus: Vanguard, you read us now? Let's get out of-

There is a loud cracking sound, and suddenly Setrate is pulled back through the hatch behind them quickly. The force of Setrate being pulled into SCP-3813 spins Nereus sideways, his helmet smashing against the

side of the railing. The hatch closes behind him. A crack has formed on Nereus' helmet; and water is leaking in. He tries to swim towards the submersible, but the leg of his diving suit has caught on the metal railing.

Nereus: Oh Jesus! Vanguard! Vanguard, do you read me? I'm stuck, I'm taking on water, Vanguard, help!

Agent Nereus attempts to free himself from the railing. There is no response from Agent Vanguard.

Nereus: Setrate? Setrate!? Vanguard, help me! I can't get, I can't get unstuck! Help!

Inside, Setrate is pulled backwards. Nereus' video feed captures Setrate disappearing into the ceiling of the hallway. On Setrate's video transmitter, all that can be seen around him is metal moving and the only sound is steel on steel. His video feed, now transmitting to the submersible, flickers slightly but remains constant.

Outside, Agent Nereus pulls again and frees himself from the railing. With his suit quickly filling with water, he swims towards the submersible.

Nereus: Vanguard! Vanguard, open the hatch! Vanguard, the water! Vanguard!

Agent Nereus is seen approaching the submersible, though his movements are erratic and he makes little progress.

Nereus: Vangu- (*sounds of water*) -help, I- (*choking*) -help, please, he- (*sloshing*) -can't, can't-

Agent Nereus pulls at his belt and disconnects his video recorder, which he throws at the sub. He struggles with his helmet for the following 23 seconds before becoming still. His suit hangs in the water just in front of the submersible. After a moment, his body sinks towards SCP-3813.

Agent Setrate's video feed becomes dark for several minutes as the agent is pulled through the interior of SCP-3813. Eventually a small, dimly lit room becomes visible. There are humanoid entities around the chamber operating machines. Steam fills the air. Agent Setrate tries to resist, but his arms and legs are restrained by the wall behind him.

In the center of the room is a large mechanical component that appears to have burst through the floor. Conjoined into this structure is a skeletal figure with bloodied, taut skin and thin, grey hair. A golden circlet is fused to the figure's scalp. When the entity turns to face Agent Setrate, it smiles, and behind its teeth a fire can be seen burning in its throat. Small red lights flash in its eye sockets.

Foundation linguists and analysts with access to this file are to utilize the following audio log in conjunction with evaluation file 3813-9-A in order to identify the entity interacting with Agent Setrate.

The entity speaks. The language is unidentified and it has not yet been translated. It reaches a hand out from the machine it is fused into, up to move away its hair. The red lights of its eyes begin to glow brighter, and SCP-3813 shudders around them. The entity speaks again, more forcefully.

Setrate: I don’t know what you’re saying!

The entity steps forward. As it does, the machine it is attached to begins to stir, and long mechanical constructs snake out of it to follow the figure towards Agent Setrate. After a moment, the entity is within an arm's length from Setrate. Its body is still connected to the central machine by numerous cables, tubes, wires and other machine parts. The entity smiles, and the fire in its throat is visible again. Smoke begins to pour out of its nostrils and mouth.

Setrate: What do you want?

The figure reaches an arm into the ground, and through the machinery on the flooring produces a Foundation standard diving-helmet. The visor is down and the interior is cloudy, but other tubes and hoses snake out of the bottom of it. Red fluid pulses through the hoses.

The figure holding the helmet begins to speak, and as it does Nereus' voice speaks from inside the clouded helmet. The voice is metallic, heavily distorted, and in English.

Nereus’ Voice: You look to run. As a true coward of Rome. But there is no path but forward. For too long I have waited. For too long I have… suffered. Today, a son of Romulus comes. I have held this machine together in anticipation of your arrival. I hope only that you resist so that I may enjoy breaking your will. There is much to do and Rome must burn.

Agent Setrate struggles as the machine parts around him begin to pull him back into the wall.

The video and audio feed cuts out and does not reactivate.

[END LOG]

Shortly afterwards, Foundation recovery teams collected the submersible vehicle, the video records of both divers and Agent Vanguard for debriefing. Agents Setrate and Nereus were not recovered.

A complete historical summary of SCP-3813's attack on Rome has been compiled by Foundation Historian, Dr. Elias Antony in document 3813-L.

Footnotes
1. “An… unthinkable puzzle… something that this man drew out of nothing with no knowledge of providence. God doesn’t provide willingly to the undevout, so how would a heathen like the Carthaginian find this gift? What makes him deserving of a blessing like this and not one of the devout?" ~ Robert Bumaro
2. No other information about this author can be found from any other sources.
3. Based on the style of writing and experience described, it is possible that this author is Claudius Marcellus himself.

Document 3813-L

Modern historical accounts indicate that the Second Punic War was fought mostly in what is now northern Italy, when Hannibal's army descended through Transalpine Gaul and beat the Roman military in several key engagements. During this march Hasdrubal brought SCP-3813 south along the North African coastline, through Sicily and up the Italian Peninsula to Rome, where he met the Republic in open combat.

The Carthaginian Advance (218 BC):

In 218 BC, Hasdrubal met Hannibal and the Carthaginian army near what would be modern Valencia before their expedition east. After a week with the troops, Hasdrubal sailed south for Carthage. After several months of preparations, in the beginning of summer 217 BC, Hasdrubal, his brother Mago, and Hannibal's brother-in-law Naravas commanded a Carthaginian fleet east, towards Sicily accompanied by SCP-3813. As SCP-3813 was much too large to be transported in a ship, Hasdrubal instead walked the entity through the shallower waters of the coast and then across the narrow sea towards the island.

After passing Sicily on the north, the Carthaginians turned north along the Italian Peninsula and began to march towards Naples. The Roman general Cladius assembled a defense fleet at Scalia that was able to drive most of the approaching Carthaginian ships back out to sea, but was shattered once SCP-3813 reached the shallower waters and was able to emerge from below the surface. Hasdrubal halted his fleet in Scalia to await word from Hannibal in the north. After three days, the group continued north towards Rome.

Another defense fleet, this time assembled by a group of powerful Napalitan merchants, converged on SCP-3813 in the late fall of 217 BC. The leader of this group, a retired Roman commander named Alexius Marius Trudeus, launched several volleys on the Carthaginian fleet before retreating, being careful to avoid the much

slower SCP-3813. Long-range catapults on the Neapolitan shore were able to deter SCP-3813 slightly and do some small amount of damage to the overall structure, but these were quickly dispatched by SCP-3813 as it swept its tusks across the beachhead and destroyed them.

The Ostian Beach head (Spring - 216 BC)

Hasdrubal and his fleet reached the Ostian beach head in the spring of 216 BC. Because Hannibal was still two weeks march from the city, Hasdrubal opted to wait until reinforcements arrived over land before attempting his beach landing. As he did, Alexius Marius Trudeus' fleet arrived in Rome and reinforced the garrison there, preventing any Carthaginian retreat that did not involve action by SCP-3813.

At the same time, a larger Roman army under command of Marcus Claudius Marcellus approached from the south to reinforce the troops that had fled to Rome after their disastrous victory at the Battle of Cannae. The general is reported to have said, upon seeing SCP-3813 for the first time:

> "They say Hyperion has descended upon Rome… and Rome will welcome him. As Apollo did to Helios, so shall the might of our Republic do to this bastard god."

As Claudius Marcellus reinforced the beach, word of a second army approaching from the northeast arrived at the front. Hasdrubal, perhaps eager to see SCP-3813 in action and concerned about his growing number of enemies without word from Hannibal, decided to begin his attack.

On a spring morning in 216 BC, the Carthaginian ships made landfall. They were met by intense fighting by the Roman garrison, and were repelled. However, with SCP-3813 threatening to make landfall, the garrison was forced into a hasty retreat.

After two days of fighting on the beach, word arrived that Hannibal and the Carthaginian army had arrived from the north, and had established a camp near modern Ladispoli. Eager to reinforce the beach, Hasdrubal had ships fitted to move north and resupply the

army, as well as ferry it to the established beach head further south. However the ships were not able to escape Marius Trudeas' blockade and were all either captured or destroyed.

The Battle of La Dragona (Summer - 216)

With the Ostian beach established and supplies running low, Hasdrubal moved his entire fleet onto the beach to prepare an advance towards Rome. The advance was slowed by the fleet of Marius Trudeus, who ordered his ships to attach tow ropes to the legs of SCP-3813 and keep it from advancing. While the confusion did give Claudius Marcellus time to retreat to a more fortified position at La Dragona, SCP-3813 was able to shrug off the attached ships and, during a short battle near the beach, destroy many of them.

As Hannibal marched on Rome from the north, the entire Roman column fell back to the village at La Dragona, where Claudius Marcellus met up with the Roman rear guard under command of Gaius Flaminius. The Roman strategy was simple - find a way to slow the advance of SCP-3813, and wait for heavy siege equipment from the main Roman army of Scipio Africanus marching from the northeast.

However the men garrisoned within SCP-3813 were now able to fire arrows and drop oil and stones on Roman targets, as well as fire large ballista mounted on the sides of the entity and use its trunks and tusks to sweep any approaching army.

Roman catapults kept SCP-3813 and the Carthaginian advance at bay throughout most of the second week of the summer, but Hasdrubal continued to apply pressure to the Roman line. At the end of the second week of summer, SCP-3813 charged the Romans for the first time, resulting in many fleeing or being crushed beneath it.

While the entity did sustain some damage from Roman siege equipment, the Roman losses were significant. The better part of the Roman guard would not have been able to escape had it not been for a charge of heavy cavalry led by Gaius Flaminius himself, who was killed in the attempt.

The Roman West (Summer - 216)

With Rome finally in his sights, Hasdrubal drove his men up the hills past La Dragona and was met by a Roman wall. The wall quickly buckled under the weight of SCP-3813 and was destroyed, but not before further delaying the Carthaginian advance.

As they did, small pockets of Roman resistance continued to attack the army in skirmishes - most disappearing before SCP-3813 could be called to the defense. Annoyed by the lack of progress, Hasdrubal pushed forward, ignoring the attacks on his men.

The Carthaginians then experienced a significant setback when Hasdrubal's son, Hyrum, was killed during an ambush. In a rage, Hasdrubal destroyed the nearby Roman camp utilizing SCP-3813, which suffered heavy damage. Hasdrubal then marched towards the Roman's western camps.

The Carthaginians overwhelmed the Romans using SCP-3813 and large, sweeping lines across the battlefield, but each attack was followed by a Roman charge that threatened to breach the Carthaginian fronts.

Carthaginian runners indicated that Scipio Africanus was less than a day's ride out, and the smoke from his camps could be seen from atop the tower on SCP-3813. Hasdrubal, realizing he needed to seize Rome or face an attack on two fronts, charged forward, using SCP-3813 to smash Roman lines and disorganize their charges. One such charge resulted in the deaths of Claudius Marcellus' most trusted officers and over 200 heavy horses.

The Roman lines fell into full retreat. However, the smoke Hasdrubal had seen in the distance was a decoy. Scipio Africanus' host arrived and began a full rout of the Carthaginian infantry. Utilizing large rams mounted on the sides of wagons, Scipio furiously attacked SCP-3813's legs, dealing damage to them and forcing the entity to defend itself instead of attacking the heavily armored Roman cavalry.

Realizing that he had been outmaneuvered, Hasdrubal ordered a retreat to the more fortified position at La Dragona, but found it too

was overrun with Roman reserves. Using SCP-3813 as little more than a battering ram to clear a path, Hasdrubal and his troops eventually fled to their ships.

The retreat did not signal the end of Scipio's attack, however. Utilizing technology gained from some of Rome's Gallic allies, Scipio had assembled a number of large counterweight catapults and loaded them into horse-drawn carts. Scipio utilized these trebuchets to launch projectiles at SCP-3813 from a distance, dealing damage to the entity and forcing it back into the sea.

At this time, Hasdrubal received word that Hannibal had begun his attack on the Roman north, and that reinforcements were at hand. Seeing that the majority of Scipio's host had turned away from the retreating Carthaginians to return to the city, Hasdrubal ordered his men to turn and fight.

The fighting continued for nearly a week. Occasionally SCP-3813 would move onto the beach and into range of the trebuchets, and would be repelled. The Carthaginian beachfront stood strong the entire time, occasionally reinforced by soldiers from Hannibal's detachment. After six days of fighting, Hasdrubal began to move SCP-3813 north to reinforce the main force under Hannibal.

However a Roman general named Maximillian Arcturus Phenios sent divers under the cover of darkness to attach many large anchored tow-lines around the feet of SCP-3813. At the same time, as the Carthaginian encampment moved off of the beach, Arcturus had Claudius Marcellus move Scipio's trebuchets further up and into range of SCP-3813's position in the sea.

At first light, Claudius launched at SCP-3813 with no fewer than thirty of the siege engines. As SCP-3813 sustained damage on its side, Hasdrubal ordered the entity forward. The tow lines were strained, but held SCP-3813 in place long enough for Claudius to release several more volleys.

The front right leg crumpled first, collapsing on itself at the knee joint and causing SCP-3813 to lean forward precariously. Fires began to break out within SCP-3813 as a Roman trebuchet punched a hole through the steel frame. Several escape vessels were lowered from

the bottom of SCP-3813, but most of these were destroyed when the fires burned through the ropes lowering the ships and they fell into the sea.

According to Carthaginian historians, it was a strike to SCP-3813's back right knee that brought the machine down. As both of the right legs began to buckle and collapse, the remainder of the crew jumped to their deaths. Records indicate that before collapsing completely, SCP-3813 took one more step with its front right foot towards Rome before the joint came apart entirely and the entity fell down into the sea.

Post-Event Analysis

SCP-3813 remains where it collapsed, leaning towards its right side with its front right leg trapped in the seabed underneath the main superstructure and its left two legs outstretched towards the other side. The story of Arcturus Phenios and the tow lines was originally believed to have been a myth[1], but large stone anchors were discovered near the collapsed SCP-3813, furthering strengthening the story's claim.

Despite the nature of the attack on Rome by SCP-3813 and the effect it is believed to have had on the Roman psyche, almost no information about it survived to the modern day as part of the collective historical consciousness. Indeed, it seems that in the years following SCP-3813's collapse[2], as Hannibal continued his conquest against Rome, a massive undertaking occurred to obscure the facts of the event or erase them entirely. Which group was responsible for this, if any, is also unknown.

Despite this, and due to the number of texts detailing the event that Foundation assets have been able to compile, it is believed that the destruction of SCP-3813 is the single largest pre-modern history example of a supernatural event being removed from the historical record.

Footnotes
1. As it was only recorded in one second-hand account of a merchant who claimed to have served Phenios' brother.
2. Often called "The Fall of Hyperion" in surviving texts.

SCP-3815: Elena the Ever-Present

Item #: SCP-3815

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3815 is currently housed on a clandestine farm in , Utah, under the visual supervision of three female, Level-2 personnel, trained specifically to counter its anomaly. Once a month a courier from Site-11 is to be dispatched to the location to resupply the group with amenities as needed. SCP-3815 is allowed free roam around the property during daylight hours provided an escort, and limited television and internet access dependent on good behavior.

Description: SCP-3815 is a human female of Icelandic nationality by the name of Elena Bell. Subject is 20 years of age, stands approximately 1.5m tall and weighs 46kg.

SCP-3815 is an entity whose immediate location is solely dependent upon being in the sightline of the nearest human being, disregarding itself. If visual contact of the subject is severed by prolonged blinking or sufficiently obscured by any means, SCP-3815 will spontaneously materialize into view of the nearest living individual including its clothing and any untethered objects it may be holding at the time.

Subject does not appear to be in control of this phenomena as relocation occurs regardless of its will, disposition, or state of consciousness.

According to SCP-3815's own testimony this anomaly began manifesting five days after its 20th birthday, following its mother's passing. If it is to be believed, interviews suggest there might be a correlation between the two events, though the actual cause remains unknown.

Any further experiments involving SCP-3815 must be conducted by

Level-3 personnel after Incident SCP-3815-08, in which line of sight testing caused the subject to partially materialize into a concrete wall where the nearest researcher was focusing, resulting in a small crater and substantial spinal injury for SCP-3815. Any new relevant information denoting a change in relocation behavior or circumstances involving significant harm brought to the subject are to be documented and logged by assigned personnel at the time.

Addendum 3815-01: Any abandoned parts of the subject's physiology including locks of hair, fingernail clippings, skin scrapings, saliva, blood samples, and bodily waste products no longer possess the line of sight anomaly.

Addendum 3815-02: Experimentation with mirrors, reflective surfaces, and live camera feeds reveal that an indirect line of sight is sufficient to prevent dematerialization and relocation of the subject. In addition, complete obscuration is required for a line of sight relocation to occur; so long as the subject's perceived outline is still visible the subject remains in place. This may also help to explain why typical blinking patterns by observers does not trigger the anomaly, as perception seems to take precedence over actual line of sight. Utilization of mirrors and translucent curtains in subject's residence to allow ease of containment and privacy have been approved.

Interview Log 3815-3

> **Interviewer:** Dr. Elijah Rhalli
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Rhalli:** Good morning, how are you feeling today, 3815?
>
> **SCP-3815:** Just call me Elena, for God's sake. You know my name. Half the people on site do since I've been bouncing around here.
>
> **Dr. Rhalli:** Your anomaly appears very inconvenient for you.

SCP-3815: I can't even sleep without someone gawking at me, though… if I'm being honest it is rather relaxing being able to stay in one place for a couple of hours.

Dr. Rhalli: We've established chaperones to help in that department. We want to make sure you are comfortable.

SCP-3815: After the last experiment you conducted I should hope so. I don't want to get slammed into any more walls, thank you. The company isn't bad, I'm just not used to so much of it.

Dr. Rhalli: That's understandable. You said you lived alone with your mother?

SCP-3815: Ah, now we are getting into the Freudian shit. Yes, I lived with my mother. I took care of her and paid our bills like a good girl. Life was simple.

Dr. Rhalli: Do you think her death triggered you in some way? Did you mourn her loss?

SCP-3815: Of course I did. What, you think she had something to do with my current condition? She wasn't a witch. She could barely move or speak.

Dr. Rhalli: She was stricken with cystic fibrosis, correct?

SCP-3815: Yes, and early on-set Alzheimer's. She was a wreck in the end. Can we get back to my condition? I hear you have some boys off-campus who have problems with being in line of sight. Looks like I'm not the only one.

(Dr. Rhalli pauses and listens to his earpiece for further instruction before continuing.)

Dr. Rhalli: You're very well informed, it would seem.

SCP-3815: Like I said, you get into a lot of places when you travel by sight lines.

Dr. Rhalli: Regardless of the rarity or distinction of your anomaly, it is the Foundation's job to attempt to understand and catalogue unexplained phenomena. Do you have any education on or understanding of quantum mechanics, or perhaps the Von Neumann-Wigner interpretation[1]?

SCP-3815: Is that some sort of universal source code that I should care about or something? I just want to stop teleporting.

Dr. Rhalli: It's more of a theory about the presence of conciousness being required for existence.

SCP-3815: You're way off.

Dr. Rhalli: Then maybe you could enlighten me.

(SCP-3815 reclines in its chair, smiles, and remains silent. After one minute elapses, Dr. Rhalli resumes speaking.)

Dr. Rhalli: Really?

SCP-3815: *(smiling)* I'll give this anomaly one thing. Look, don't look, with me you don't really have a choice in the matter. I'll always have an audience. If you didn't keep me so heavily under lock and key following my arrival I might actually be inclined.

(Dr. Rhalli sneezes, severing visual contact with SCP-3815; subject instantly dematerializes and rematerializes in the line of sight of one of its chaperones directly outside the interviewing room, before being escorted back in.)

SCP-3815: Bless you.

(Dr. Rhalli reestablishes visual contact with the subject and listens to his earpiece.)

Dr. Rhalli: We might be able to afford you more

freedom, in exchange for your continued cooperation.

SCP-3815: I should be so honored. Fine. I don't know anything about quantum mechanics, but my mother did say something to me the day before she died, and I woke up on my neighbor's kitchen table while he ate breakfast. Just… promise me you won't dig her up or anything.

Dr. Rhalli: What did she say?

SCP-3815: It was the clearest thing she had said in three years. She said… she was sorry I didn't have a social life because of her. She said she was sorry I didn't get to go to college because all the money went to her disease. She said that just looking at me was the greatest feeling in the world, and that when she died she hoped that someone would always look after me. I guess… the universe took her too literally on that.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. An interpretation of quantum mechanics in which consciousness is postulated to cause a collapse of the wave function.

SCP-3817: Suffering For Your Art

Item #: SCP-3817

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3817 is to be contained in a standard humanoid residential chamber at Site- . SCP-3817 is to be restrained in the event it exhibits any sign of physical violence towards itself or personnel.

SCP-3817 is required to have weekly medical examinations. Any major discrepancies in physical or mental health are to be reported to acting senior medical staff on-duty.

SCP-3817 is permitted access to the following:

- one 88-key upright piano
- one writing desk
- stationery

Note: All pens and pencils given to SCP-3817 must be at least 8mm in diameter. No mechanical pencils are allowed.
Minor luxuries such as books may be issued upon approval of the Site Director.

Description: SCP-3817 is a man of European descent, approximately 40 years of age. SCP-3817 claims to be the German composer Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847). DNA analysis has confirmed this claim to be true.

SCP-3817 was recovered in Leipzig, Germany, on / /20 , following reports of a local vagrant who was allegedly unable to age. Investigations of visual and written records concerning the vagrant have confirmed that it has been physically about 40 years old for the past 1 years.

Full-body examination has revealed SCP-3817 to have sustained a degree of physical damage that would likely be fatal to a non-anomalous human being. There is currently no scientific explanation to SCP-3817's continued survival despite its critical state of health.

SCP-3817 has confirmed the damage to have been the result of multiple self-mutilation efforts in the 1 years prior to its containment.

SCP-3817 has claimed that it has no suicidal intent in its self-mutilation. It has also claimed to have experienced no symptoms of suicidal ideation in the past 1 years. SCP-3817 is currently undergoing psychiatric evaluation to verify the aforementioned claims.

The self-inflicted damages to SCP-3817's body are as follows:

+ View damage log

- Mercury poisoning, resulting in symptoms such as increased heart rate, insomnia, and frequent sensations of pins and needles. SCP-3817 has testified to regular ingestion of mercury compounds over a period of years in the late 19th century.
- Lead poisoning, resulting in conditions such as anemia and hearing loss. Further analysis has suggested that the cause of the poisoning to have been deliberate ingestion of elemental lead from around 2006.
- Severe cirrhosis of the liver; caused by long-term frequent intake of alcohol. % of its liver has been replaced by scar tissue. The degree of cirrhosis is highly likely to result in liver failure; however, SCP-3817's liver is functional, albeit at a severely impaired level. SCP-3817 also suffers from several health problems associated with cirrhosis, such as jaundice, prolonged exhaustion, and buildup of fluid in the abdominal cavity.
- Accumulation of scar tissue on the eardrums in both ears, leading to recurrent tinnitus, chronic ear

pains, and hearing loss; caused by repeated perforation of the eardrums via insertion of sharp objects into the ear canal. Sounds above 80 decibels in volume are still audible to SCP-3817, however, it is effectively deaf to normal conversation.

- Numerous small areas of scar tissue on its palms, legs, abdomen and pelvic region, identified as healed sores from primary and secondary syphilis. SCP-3817 also exhibits symptoms of neurosyphilis, such as mood swings, delusions, and hallucinations. It has also been recorded displaying irrational and obsessive behavioral patterns consistent with those exhibited by sufferers of neurosyphilis. For example, SCP-3817 has been observed obsessively making lists of the ailments of well-known classical composers; it has also been observed engaging in conversation with what it claims to be the spirits of deceased composers. Investigations have concluded these "spirits" to be non-anomalous auditory hallucinations.

Overall, SCP-3817 is in poor health and reports frequent physical pain and emotional distress. Despite its current state of health, SCP-3817 has not made any of the expected requests for termination and has explicitly stated that it does not desire humanitarian euthanasia.

SCP-3817's maintained claim that it lacks suicidal desires has led to speculation that the cause of its biological immortality may be linked to its self-mutilation.

Upon the Foundation's request, SCP-3817 has agreed to provide a written outline of the reasons behind its self-mutilation for further investigation of its anomalous property:

> I understand that you wish to know why I have chosen this course of action. My thoughts are unclear and half wild, but I will try to organize them and explain myself to the best of my ability.

[Three lines of script densely scribbled over, completely illegible]

It has been brought to my attention that The Great Composers
Beethoven cramped and vomited and lived in a world of painful silence; Mozart was sickly and miserable and up to his powdered wig in debt; Chopin was endlessly coughing his lungs and his soul out; Schumann saw angels and demons and phantoms and had moods that were as stormy as the literature of his era.
These men were the great composers. They knew how it was like to be exhilarated, they knew how it was like to be in the depths of despair. They knew emotions. Their music changed and shifted and developed and grew with the changes in their lives.

All the great composers endured pain and suffering to fulfill their desire to create. And the results of their effort: timeless masterpieces!

As for me? Happy and fortunate is my first name! I was born into a wealthy family, showered with support and praise and money for my entire life - never did I have to struggle to write music. No other composer experienced such profound insulation from hardship. I never understood genuine misery and misfortune. For the 38 years in which I lived, my music never changed in style or quality, and there is no doubt that my pitifully comfortable existence impeded my artistic development.

And do you agree with me, that the first condition of an artist should be to bear respect towards what is great, and to bow to it and acknowledge it?

Owing to that, I have decided I must acquaint myself with suffering for my own sake. I must never perish, I must endure torment.

I destroyed my hearing so I would never again

experience the pleasures of sound, just like Beethoven who went deaf.
Many of my illustrious predecessors such as Schubert, Schumann, and Donizetti suffered from syphilis, so I did what was needed.
So did many of them praise alcohol and become drunkards. I have faithfully followed their practice of drinking excessively, only ceasing when every part of my body cried 'stop, no more.'
I took to living on the streets as a penniless vagrant so I could worry about money, about my safety, about where my next meal was going to come from, as many illustrious composers led their lives in debt or poverty; Mozart and Wagner come to mind.
There were more, and I would have written them down if I could recall them; my memory is regrettably patchy.

However I can say with confidence that I have made significant progress since.
I am always in pain I am in constant pain and I can't even walk a few steps without feeling strange or numb or hurt and I cannot put it into words I do not wish to end this pain. I want to continue living. This is what the great composers endured every day, this is what shaped and grew them and I too must let it be an unavoidable part of my life. They have told me this. They have told me I must not give up in trying to develop myself.
I have since grown accustomed to pain in an endearing, musical way. I understand mankind's greatest sorrows and they are tangible. It has completely changed the way I perceive and comprehend things This is my life now I have emotions now and I am no longer emotionless

I believe I have made great leaps in terms of progress. The heavenly spirits of the late great composers are agreeing with me. I can hear them speak, feel their presence. They are giving me their approval. My time, I am sure, is right now.
I have been writing at great speed A volume of Songs Without Words is nearing completion. I am sure it is not

too much to hope that it will satisfy the public as much as it satisfies me it will fulfill it will be to the public's liking it [Illegible, scribbled-over script for the rest of the note]

P.S. Please forgive me for the cancellations and clumsy writing. I was weary. A poet in me was lost. I offer my sincerest apologies.

Addendum: During the period of its stay at the Foundation, SCP-3817 has written a collection of piano pieces titled *Songs Without Words*. Musicologists have been tasked to analyze these pieces and compare them to *Songs Without Words* written by Mendelssohn from 1829 to 1845. No stylistic differences have been detected.

SCP-3818: Two Favours One

Item #: SCP-3818

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3818 is two human beings with no other known anomalies, and as such have been contained within separate standard humanoid containment suites within Bio-Site 66. All security clearance has been revoked from SCP-3818 at the time of writing; personnel are to be reminded that SCP-3818 is to be referred to as such until further notice.

SCP-3818-A and -B have been fitted with comfortable and locked collars indicating their SCP designations. These collars must be worn at all times.

Description: SCP-3818 is two identical instances of a human male of Irish-English ancestry. It stands 175cm tall (5 foot 9 inches) and weighs 75.75 kilograms (167 lbs).

On / / , a perfect doppelganger of Agent David Hawk, Level 3 Field Agent, manifested in the agent's quarters of Bio-Site 66 sometime in the early morning hours while the 'original' was asleep. Prior to the manifestation of SCP-3818, Agent Hawk was attached to Task Force 066-Beta, which assists with the management of biological items contained for study at Bio-Site 66; currently, both instances of Agent Hawk have been contained collectively as SCP-3818 at Bio-Site 66 until the nature of this anomaly can be ascertained. The two have been arbitrarily designated SCP-3818-A and SCP-3818-B at this time, collectively SCP-3818.

Physical and psychological examination has revealed that both instances of Agent Hawk are identical. Below is an assortment of observations made during the initial containment process:;

- Both instances have the exact same DNA, height and weight,

fingerprints, vocal signature, dental impression, tongue print, birthmarks, freckles, footprints, gut flora, and blood type.
- Both instances have evidence of a healed clavicle, previously broken at age 13 while playing lacrosse, as well as independently reported mild memory loss from a car accident.
- Both instances appear to possess the same memories, with knowledge of their login credentials, passwords, and specific knowledge of data on Agent Hawk's computer.
- Both instances possess the same memories of interpersonal history with other personnel within and outside the Foundation.
- Both instances have an allergy to cumin.
- Both instances have previously taken speech therapy to minimize a lisp.
- Both instances have previously been wounded during an altercation with an instance of SCP- , as evidenced by [unnecessary data redacted].
- Both instances dislike the nickname "Dave".

The origin of this anomaly is as of yet unknown; no SCP anomalies associated with Bio-Site 66, any of its researchers, or agents, have any history or effects that are in any way associated with the manifestation of duplicated human beings in the manner displayed in SCP-3818.

Interviews: SCP-3818-A and -B were interviewed separately by Drs Bridge and Seidelman at 9:45 AM on the day of their discovery, and then multiple interviews at different points in time afterward. Below are transcripts of various interviews taken with SCP-3818.

+ Show Interview 1 - SCP-3818-1

Interview 1-3818-A

[BEGIN LOG - 9:49 AM]

Dr Bridge: Good morning, erm, please identify yourself.

3818-A: David- Agent David Hawk, Level 3, Task Force Zero Six Six Beta, Site 66.

Dr Bridge: Mm. Tell me about your day so far, Agent. I will be referring to you as 3818-A, or A, after this. Proceed.

3818-A: Yeah, I get it. At six A.M. my alarm went off, and both of us woke up and realized we weren't alone.

Dr Bridge: Both you and B.

3818-A: Yeah. Both woke up in… well, my bed, I looked over and saw him there. We freaked out, started fighting. Security guy, I think Frank? He heard us, came down and broke us up. Now we're here.

Dr Bridge: You woke up in bed together. And you had the same clothing, down to the brand of shirt… The guard detained you both from there, correct?

3818-A: Yeah.

Dr Bridge: And as far as we can all tell, you're the same- sorry, you're identical. Down to memories of people you know.

3818-A: As far as I'm aware I guess? *brief pause* Uh, about memory, Doctor, you probably know. I had an accident?

Dr Bridge: Mm. I'm reading that on your file. You were in an accident and lost a lot of of your early memories.

3818-A: Yeah.

Dr Bridge: Mm. Noted. We're done here for now, I'll see you again later. If you need anything, ping the guards.

Interview 1-3818-A end.

+ Show Interview 1 - SCP-3818-B

Interview 1-3818-B

[BEGIN LOG - 9:52 AM]

Dr Bridge: Good morning, please identify yourself.

3818-B: Agent David Hawk, Site-66 Task Force Oh-Six Six Beta, Level 3.

Dr Bridge: Good, okay… so tell me why we're here, Agent. Your designation is 3818-B, just so you're aware.

3818-B: I'm- Okay. Okay, so my alarm went off and he reached over to shut it off. He looked over, and we both scream and freak out.

Dr Bridge: You and dash-A, you mean.

3818-B: Rr- Yes. I shoved him out of bed, we started fighting. I almost got him in a grapple when… F-Frank. Frank? Showed up.

Dr Bridge: He realized you two were- Appeared, sorry, identical, and detained you.

3818-B: Yeah. Identical, as far as everyone can tell. Apparently he even broke his collarbone when he was little. I actually forgot about that.

Dr Bridge: Yes, as far as we can tell everything seems identical between you two, down to medical history… Though, while we're using the phrase 'identical', we're treating the two of you as separate entities.

3818-B: Thanks, I-I guess? We're not the

same, I didn't just mitosis in the middle of the night.

Dr Bridge: Yeah. *pause* I think that's all for now, but I will be back in later on. If you need anything, ping the guards.

3818-B: Thanks, doctor.

Interview 1-3818-B end

Below are further interviews, both taken eight days after initial containment.

+ Show Interview 5 - SCP-3818-A

Interview 5-SCP-3818-A

[BEGIN LOG - 3:11 PM]

Dr Bridge: Good afternoon, Dash-A. You holding up alright?

3818-A: I am, yeah. Just trying to stay sane.

Dr Bridge: It's been a little over a week since containment.

3818-A: Only that? It feels so much longer, fuck.

Dr Bridge: So I hear from most containees. And… you've been a little reclusive, even for a containee.

3818-A: I shouldn't be in containment, Doctor. You know that.

Dr Bridge: Well I wouldn't say I should know that, you're clearly part of an anomaly. As rough as it is, you're…

3818-A: … Here.

Dr Bridge: *several seconds of silence* Dash-A, I'm concerned about your state of mind. Try to rest, you're clearly stewing in something. Okay? You're aware you can requisition entertainment material, right?

3818-A: Yeah, of course. I'll try to find something,

Dr Bridge: Then do so. Just ask the guards, we'll get it to you. They have a logging system, we won't miss anything. Ask for anything you like. Other than Internet access.

3818-A: Oh, drat, I hoped to get that first.

Dr Bridge: Mm- hah. Yeah, I'm sorry, you know the process.

3818-A: Yes Doctor. Containment first… It's frustrating.

Dr Bridge: … Now is there anything you need? Or want to talk about?

3818-A: No, I'll be okay Doctor. Just take care, okay?

Dr Bridge: Alright, well. Until next time.

Interview 5-SCP-3818-A end.

+ Show Interview 5 - SCP-3818-B

Interview 5-SCP-3818-B

[BEGIN LOG - 4:21 PM]

Dr Bridge: Good afternoon Dash-B, you wanted to see me?

3818-B: I did, yeah. Any progress trying to figure out what's going on here?

Dr Bridge: … No, not yet. No new developments on our end. How are you holding up?

3818-B: Fff… doctor, I swear to god, I have no idea what's going on here.

Dr Bridge: I didn't think you wo-

3818-B: Sorry, I'm… Doctor, nothing? The camera thing maybe?

Dr Bridge: You've never worked with that, have you?

3818-B: N-no, but it's… like the only thing I can think of that could explain this bullshit.

Dr Bridge: Mm. You're anxious, really anxious, aren't you?

3818-B: … Yeah, sorry. Shouldn't swear at you- It's been a week, right?

Dr Bridge: Day eight… You've requisitioned some entertainment material, yes?

3818-B: Yeah I have my music and movies and stuff. There's nothing else to do around here.

Dr Bridge: We can look into more novel entertainment or avenues of expression. If you think that would help.

3818-B: I… I don't know. It's like a bad dream Doc. Like…

Dr Bridge: … Go on.

3818-B: Like it's not getting better.

Interview 5-SCP-3818-B end.

Dr Bridge and Dr Seidelman believe that the above interviews are worthwhile keeping in the main SCP-3818 summary file; further interview logs are available upon request.

Follow-Up Summary: SCP-3818-A and -B remain in Euclid class humanoid containment. Both maintain ignorance to the nature of their shared anomaly.

Incident Summary - Security Breach / / **:**edited On / / at 2:17 P.M. local time, a wide-scale breach occurred across Bio-Site 66, causing the accidental release of multiple Euclid class SCP entities. During this time, a number of containment systems, site and SCP surveillance, and backup power systems experienced rolling failures across the Site.

The incident lasted for approximately two-and-a-half hours. Of note is that all humanoid containment at Bio-Site 66 failed during this breach; however, humanoid SCP objects other than 3818-A and 3818-B remained within containment, for their own safety. SCP-3818-A and -B are unaccounted for during the entire duration of the breach.

During this time, security surveillance was irregular, with camera systems rebooting repeatedly. Due to this, limited visual records exist of the breach. While mostly successful in their efforts, the escaped SCP- became especially difficult towards the latter half of the breach and forced the present members Task Force 066-Beta to scatter.

By 5:02 P.M. local time, several Mobile Task Forces arrived at Bio-Site 66 to lend support from other Sites. System functionality was restored and remaining SCP objects were soon returned to containment.

At 6:22 P.M. local time, SCP-3818-A and -B were discovered in an unused containment chamber. The designation collars had been damaged and removed from both instances; one instance was found

dead, with the other bearing wounds consistent with SCP- as well as close-quarters-combat.

The remaining instance of SCP-3818 remains in containment; the deceased instance has been given full funerary process, at the behest of Dr Bridge.

The cause of the breach is as of yet unknown.

SCP-3819: Government Plates

Item #: SCP-3819

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3819 is to be kept at Site-133 in a climate-controlled item storage locker. The temperature in the locker is to be kept around 23° Celsius. All tests with SCP-3819 are to be done on Track-55 at Site-133.

Description: SCP-3819 is a 2010-20 "Empire Gold" New York license plate reading BA - 77. SCP-3819 can be attached to any vehicle as long as it has wheels.[1] When an attempt is made to attach SCP-3819 to a vehicle that does not have a spot for license plates, SCP-3819 will engrave itself the area where it is attempting to be attached and anomalously connect itself.

When a vehicle (hereafter referred to as the subject) with SCP-3819 is started up, SCP-3819-A will manifest and begin to chase after the subject. SCP-3819-A is a physically anomalous humanoid entity whose appearance matches a police officer. Instances of SCP-3819-A emerge spontaneously in locations nearby the subject. Analysis of instances of SCP-3819-A have shown that are missing their brains and hearts. DNA analysis of SCP-3819-A have not matched any known individual living or dead.

In pursuits of the subject, SCP-3819-A instances will drive police vehicles known as SCP-3819-B. Instances of SCP-3819-B appear to be able to preform at levels higher than standard police vehicles as some instances of SCP-3819-B have speeds that are able to break the sound barrier. SCP-3819-B is indestructible as all destruction tests have been unsuccessful.[2]

The appearance of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B changes depending on the vehicle that SCP-3819 is attached to. For instance, if SCP-3819 attached to a Ford Mustang, (an American

car) American police officers will chase down the subject in American police cruisers and interceptors. SCP-3819-A will use standard police procedures to chase down the subject matching with the origin of the instances' appearance. For example, American instances of SCP-3819-A have been observed to use techniques that standard American police officers use such as the use of Road Spikes, the “PIT maneuver”[3] and calling for backup. There appears to be no limit to how many instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B can manifest during the pursuit of the subject as during testing, 88 police cruisers have been seen chasing down the subject. If at any point SCP-3819 falls off the vehicle during a pursuit, all instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B will demanifest.

When an instance of SCP-3819-A catches up to the driver of the subject, the instance will leave SCP-3819-B, pull the driver of the subject out and either arrest the driver or shoot the driver with a Glock 22 pistol. If the subject is arrested, the instance of SCP-3819-A will take the subject to the appropriate police station where they will go through standard arrest procedures. Non anomalous police officers will cooperate with the instance of SCP-3819-A in the arrest of the driver as if the instance of SCP-3819-A is a standard police officer. After the subject is arrested, SCP-3819-A will return to SCP-3819-B and drive behind a nearby building before demanifesting.

Discovery: SCP-3819 came to Foundation attention on 9/9/2017 when several instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B appearing to be German police officers were seen attempting to arrest right-wing German politician Alice Weidel in Munich, Germany despite the fact that Weidel had committed nothing of suspicion. Weidel was seen driving around in a 2015 BMW M4 for 2 minutes before SCP-3819 fell off and the instances of SCP-3819-A demanifested.

Review of the security footage outside of the hotel Weidel was staying at revealed that known anarchist Herman Makhkin had attached SCP-3819 to the back of Weidel's BMW with brand glue three minutes before Weidel left the hotel and entered her car. Makhkin was tracked and taken into foundation custody. Weidel and all witnesses were given Class-B amnestics.

Addendum 1: SCP-3819 testing log: Following the discovery and

containment of SCP-3819. Dr. Gavin McIntyre suggested that testing should take place to determine its affects. Testing was approved by Site-133 Director and was to use Track-55[4] for testing.

Vehicle	Purpose	Results	Additional Notes
2018 Ford Mustang GT500	Initial testing of SCP-3819.	D-3819-1 attached SCP-3819 to the Ford Mustang and started it up. SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B imitating American police officers spawned and chased D-3819-1 for 15 minutes before D-3819-1 crashed into a wall on Track-55 which caused SCP-3819 to fall off and cause SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B to demanifest. D-3819-1 was then treated for a broken arm and a fractured rib cage.	*Strange. Those were not the German police officers that chased Weidel. Let's try using the same vehicle she was driving.* -Dr. McIntyre
2015 BMW M4	To determine if the vehicle SCP-3819 is attached to changes the appearance of SCP-3819-A and	D-3819-2 attaches SCP-3819 to the BMW M4 and starts it up before SCP-3819-A and	*So it looks like the appearances of instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B are determined by the car it is*

	SCP-3819-B	SCP-3819-B imitating German police officers manifest and give chase to D-3819-2. D-3819-2 is chased for 22 minutes before instances of SCP-3819-A catch up to him and terminate him. SCP-3819 then removed from the BMW M4.	*attached to. Let's have one more test to determine if this is true* -Dr. McIntyre
1998 Toyota Supra.	Same as test 2.	D-3819-3 attaches SCP-3819 to the Supra before starting it up and being chased by SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B. The appearances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B match those of Japanese police officers. D-3819-3 is chased for 7 minutes before crashing into a light post that was on Track-55. D-3819-3	*There goes my €50 Euros on a stupid car bet.* - Agent Forelli

		terminated in crash due to shards of glass from the windshield cutting his throat. SCP-3819 was then removed and SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B demanifest.	
American Conestoga Wagon	To determine what SCP-3819 can and cannot attach to.	Two Foundation animal specialists bring 3 Oxen on to Track-55 for testing. D-3819-4 attaches the Oxen to the wagon while D-3819-5 attempts to attach SCP-3819 to the wagon. At first, D-3819-5 is unsuccessful before SCP-3819 begins to carve away at the wood of the wagon and attaches itself on it. D-3819-5 backs away before asking a nearby	*I think as long as something has wheels, SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B will manifest. Let's try something else.* -Dr. McIntyre

researcher what to do. Dr. McIntyre tells D-3819-5 to continue. Around this time, D-3819-4 has finished attaching the Oxen to the wagon.
D-3819-5 and D-3819-4 enter the wagon and start moving before instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B manifest.
SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B resembles American police officers.
D-3819-4 and D-3819-5 attempt to ride away from SCP-3819-A before the oxen are hit by an instance of SCP-3819-B.
Another instance of SCP-3819-B crashes into the wagon causing SCP-3819 to fall off and all instances of

		SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B to demanifest.	
Mikoyan MiG-35	Same as test 4	D-3819-4 attaches SCP-3819 to the MiG-35 and enters it. Russian instances of SCP-3819-A manifest and attempt to shoot the MiG-35. D-3819-4 attempts to take off but crashes into nearby trees near Site-133. D-3819-4 is terminated in the resulting crash	N/A
2006 Chevy Silverado SS with the tires removed	To see if SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B instances spawn when a vehicle has its tires removed	D-3819-5 attached SCP-3819 to the Silverado and was instructed to enter it. No instances of SCP-3819-A or SCP-3819-B manifested.	*Did one of you pencil-necks take my truck?* - Agent Lashely
2007 Ford Crown Victoria Police Interceptor	To determine the actions SCP-3819-A will take if SCP-3819 is attached to a police vehicle	D-3819-5 attached SCP-3819 to the Crown Victoria and started it up. SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B instances	N/A

	manifested and began to give chase to D-3819-5. D-3819-5 was chased for 7 minutes before manually exiting his vehicle and attempting to exit Track-55 manually. An instance of SCP-3819-B followed close behind D-3819-5 and broke one of the railings on Track-55. Agent Forelli followed D-3819-5 and terminated him while Agent Rio proceeded to remove SCP-3819 from the vehicle. All instances of SCP-3819-A and SCP-3819-B proceeded to demanifest.

Addendum 2: Herman Makhkin interview log: Around the time of initial testing of SCP-3819, Herman Makhkin was interviewed to determine the source of SCP-3819. The following is a transcript of the interview that took place.[5]

Interviewed: Herman Makhkin

Interviewer: Agent Stroheim

Foreword: Interview took place 5 days following the initial discovery of SCP-3819 when agents raided Makhkin's house after discovering that he was the source of the anomaly.

Begin Log

Stroheim: Good afternoon Mr. Makhkin, would you like a glass of water?

Makhkin: No, I am fine. Let's get this over with.

Stroheim: I see. So, when did you get your hands on that license plate you used on Weisel's car?

Makhkin: I went to a Marxist conference back in late October to discuss what communist and Anarchist will do during the presidency of that capitalist swine Donald Trump-

Stroheim: Sorry to interject, but Donald Trump was not president yet, how did you know he became president?

Makhkin: We knew he was gonna win, he was choice of the Bourgeois.

Stroheim: *writing on clipboard* I see, please continue.

Makhkin: Near the end of the conference we were discussing what we would do if the capitalists started to use one of their groups like the Global Occult Coalition to start establishing full control.

Stroheim: Excuse me, but how do you know about the Global Occult Coalition?

Makhkin: An ally of ours happens to have some friends on the inside.

Stroheim *is seen writing on clipboard again*

I see, I see, continue.

Makhkin: So the host of the conference pulled out a bag and started handing out items. At first, it was just guns and some copies of the Anarchist Cookbook, but he told me and some American to come to him. They said that they knew me and the American quite well and that they had a special plan for me. He gave me that license plate and the American a lunchbox along with a little handbook and told me to keep it safe and use it on any Neo-Fascist or Capitalist swine you plan to take out.

Stroheim: *Stroheim writes on clipboard*
“Ok. So what lead you to using the license plate on Weidel?"

Makhkin: Fascism is coming back. You may think we killed it off in the 40s, but it is. We've seen it in America and now it's coming back to Europe. Weidel is the embodiment of that. Weidel was going to bring it back. So when I realized that she was coming by where I lived, I knew this was my chance to give her what was coming to her.

Stroheim: And that was by putting that license plate on her car?

Makhkin: Exactly!

Stroheim: But why would you use that on her as compared to just shooting her?

Makhkin: If she just got shot, somebody would suspect an assassination. But if she was arrested by the police or if she got in to a car crash, nobody would expect it.

Stroheim: *Agent Stroheim rubs his chin before writing down on his clipboard* Alright, one last question, who or what is that "they" you were referring to earlier?

Makhkin: Why would I tell you?

Stroheim: Because I asked you to.

Makhkin: And I refuse. This Interview is over. Goodbye.

Makhkin stands up and quickly walks out of the room before being apprehended by two nearby agents and tranquilized.

End Log

Closing Statement: To prevent the possibility of Herman Makhkin causing an informational breach, Makhkin was transferred to Site-177 where further questioning is currently taking place.

Footnotes
1. Fighter Jets with wheels on the landing gear and Conestoga Wagons are notable examples.
2. However, the tires on instances of SCP-3819-B are able to be destroyed.
3. A police pursuit tactic in which the pursuing car forces the fleeing car to abruptly and violently turn sideways causing the driver to lose control of their vehicle.
4. A former testing ground for SCP- before it was neutralized in a breach of SCP-
5. Original interview in German. English translation by Researcher Joseph Hübermann.

SCP-3820: Sitting and Caring for Pets

Item #: SCP-3820

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Any alleged or confirmed spontaneous manifestation events[1] involving living, anomalous *Canis lupus familiaris* or *Felis catus* specimens are to be reported to SCP-3820 research personnel as potential SCP-3820-A manifestations. Specimens involved in such an event are to be designated SCP-3820-A and contained as standard anomalous animals.

If an SCP-3820-A instance undergoes a spontaneous disappearance event while in containment, SCP-3820 researchers are to be notified immediately. The disappearance is not to be treated as a standard containment breach.

Description: SCP-3820 is the collective designation for a phenomenon in which living, anomalous members of *Canis lupus familiaris* or *Felis catus*, referred to as SCP-3820-A, spontaneously appear and disappear on Earth. SCP-3820-A instances can manifest suddenly at any populated location around the world, with seemingly no pattern to where they appear.

Video recordings of confirmed SCP-3820-A manifestations show the sudden appearance of a bright, blue-colored flash which lasts for about one second before subsiding, with at least one SCP-3820-A instance manifesting at the center of the flash.

The known SCP-3820-A population consists of a wide variety of breeds, including currently unknown pedigrees or genetically engineered hybrids. Each SCP-3820-A instance has completely unique anomalous features of varying hazard levels and containment difficulty[2].

Regardless of any anomalous features or unknown genetics, most SCP-3820-A instances biologically and visually resemble their non-anomalous counterparts. Most also behave in a docile or friendly manner towards human subjects, suggesting that they have been domesticated.

While in containment, all SCP-3820-A instances will eventually undergo a spontaneous disappearance event. Security footage has shown the appearance of a bright, blue flash, similar to footage of the manifestation events, which lasts for approximately one second before subsiding and revealing the disappearance of the subject.

Researchers have yet to determine the mechanism of both spontaneous appearance and disappearance events, or discover the source of the SCP-3820-A instances as well as their ultimate destination. Minute traces of Lawrence particles[3] were detected during the disappearance events, suggesting that the SCP-3820-A instances were of potential extra-dimensional origin.

Since the first confirmed specimen was contained three years ago, there have been 3504 contained SCP-3820-A instances as of 31/07/2017, with only 101 currently in containment. An SCP-3820-A instance can spend anywhere from three days up to one year in Foundation containment, with the average period being about one month.

Of the 3504 confirmed instances, 1750 have returned to Earth and back into Foundation containment at least once.

▶ Incident Log-3820-1

Incident Log-3820-1: On 08/08/2017, Site-19 administration staff Harvey Black received a phone call from an unknown Person of Interest[4], concerning SCP-3820-A-3500[5].

The following is a transcript of the conversation between the unknown caller and Black:

> **Black:** Department of Administration, this is Harvey Black ID number speaking. Please

state your -

Caller: Hello, my name is Calxochitli, and is this Site-19?

Black: Can you tell me your ID number please?

Caller: ID? Oh no, I'm not an employee. I'm just a concerned citizen, calling to let you know that your little scam is finished.

Black: …Scam? How did you get this number, ma'am?

Caller: That's not important at the moment. What's important is that it's all over now, so I just need you to come clean with me, okay? It will make things a lot easier.

Black activates a silent emergency alert, designating the call to be a potential Level-3 security breach.

Black: Ma'am, I don't believe you're authorized to call this number, so you better tell me how -

Caller: Do you mind not changing the topic here, please? I want to get this conversation over with as soon as possible.

Black receives a directive from Site-19 Security, with orders to continue the conversation with the unknown caller and attempt to acquire as much information as possible.

Black: I see, if you really don't want to talk about anything else, then do you mind explaining how exactly we 'scammed' you?

Caller: Are you serious right now - (*Sigh*) Fine, let me jog your memory a bit. Let's see, you promised that my little pupper Xolotl was going to get a luxury five-star pen, organic blood sacrifices, unlimited play times - I could go on forever.

Black: Ma'am, I have absolutely no clue what you're going on about.

Caller: Are you being legitimately ignorant, or just annoyingly stubborn?

Black: What proof do you have that we're scamming you?

Caller: I'm glad you asked: I have video evidence of your scheme in action because you didn't bother to remove the hidden camera on his collar. So just admit it already.

Black: Look, nobody's admitting to anything until you start working with me here, understood?

Caller: Hey, I'm the one making the demands here - (*Pause*) All right then, I'm not an unreasonable woman. So what do you want?

Black: Let me ask you one more time, how did you manage to get hold of this phone number?

Caller: You really want to know? Well, it's because your front company sold you out. Gave me your contact info so they won't be punished as hard as you're going to be.

Black: And just who is this 'front company' of ours? How did they know our number -

Caller: Still trying to play dumb you lying sack of - (*Sigh*) Excuse me, that was rude of me.

I'm assuming you're just a mere pawn in this conspiracy too, so how about you just give it up and tell me the truth? I'll promise not to drag you into the lawsuit if you cooperate.

Black: Is that your intention? Ma'am, I don't think suing us would be the wisest choice -

Caller: Oh for the love of Quetzalcoatl, I gave you a fucking chance didn't I? I'm not sure why I even tried to be civil with you.

Black: Now that I think about it, I'm pretty sure that 'front company' only sent you our way as a decoy while they -

Caller: If you're not going to be of any use to me then this conversation is over! My lawyer - no - *lawyers* will contact you soon, so - hey! Don't disturb me - what did you say? (*Pause*) I - we can't sue extra-dimensionals? Leave it to the police? Gods fucking damn it -

The caller disconnects.

During the phone call, all currently contained SCP-3820-A instances simultaneously disappeared from their containment units. As of 01/11/2017, no new SCP-3820-A manifestations have been reported, and SCP-3820 is considered neutralized for now.

Footnotes
1. Including but not limited to sudden, seemingly random appearances or the discovery of the subjects in unexpected locations.
2. For example, SCP-3820-A-456 is a fox terrier with fur-covered, octopus-like tentacles growing out of its back, and SCP-3820-A-3005 is a domestic short-hair capable of changing any human subject's cognition of color by rubbing against them.
3. Lawrence particles are unique matter found within inter-dimensional space. When a terrestrial portal into inter-dimensional

space is formed, some Lawrence particles will often be emitted from the portal.
4. The Internal Investigation Department has failed to identify or trace the caller.
5. SCP-3820-A-3500 has been identified as the most likely subject of the phone call, as it was 'relinquished' from containment in Site-19 two hours before Incident-3820-1.

SCP-3822

Item #: SCP-3822

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of SCP-3822, total containment has yet to be accomplished. Containment efforts are thus focused on preventing SCP-3822 from exerting influence on the United States federal government and subverting civilian recruitment. To this end, multiple Foundation operatives have been embedded into the group with the express task of identifying and apprehending key members of SCP-3822's hierarchy, particularly SCP-3822-01. As other members are not believed to be anomalous and generally pose no immediate threat to Foundation interests, they are not to be detained or terminated unless such an action would be done in self-defense. Operatives are required to conduct weekly radio check-ins with the Foundation; failure to perform a check-in will assumed to be the result of the operative becoming compromised.

Description: SCP-3822 designates a political and militant organization believed to be of extraterrestrial or extradimensional origin. Though the group publicly operates as a federally recognized political party ("K-PARTY"), this is believed to be a front; limited interviews with detained SCP-3822 members suggest the group refers to itself as "K-SYN". Though SCP-3822 was formed in 1947 by SCP-3822-01 (with assistance from individuals holding significant power in the Soviet Union), the Foundation did not become aware of the organization's existence until 1998 following the election of , the first member of the group to hold a seat in the United States Senate. Since this event, Foundation reconnaissance has discovered roughly 150,000 members throughout the United States, with lower membership in the United Kingdom.

SCP-3822 is led by an enigmatic and poorly understood entity designated SCP-3822-01. Based on information provided by one of

the group's defectors, Foundation research staff have speculated SCP-3822-01 is nonhuman and belongs to an unidentified extraterrestrial genus; the entity does not speak comprehensible English nor is it typically seen in the proximity of SCP-3822's members. The existence of other entities belonging to SCP-3822-01's species is extremely likely, as SCP-3822-01 has unsuccessfully attempted to reproduce with female human members of SCP-3822 on numerous occasions (see Document 331-5: Recovered Police Report, Sexual Assault). The Foundation has been contacted by SCP-3822-01 on at least three occasions, though personnel were unable to understand the entity and have since dedicated considerable resources to deciphering its messages. Members of SCP-3822 appear to treat SCP-3822-01 with religious significance, seeing it as a deity or prophet.

The motivations and goals of SCP-3822 remain unknown. Though they possess an obvious and considerable interest in attaining positions of power within the United States federal government, such individuals have not attempted to pass or propose legislation considered atypical. Politicians with ties appear to possess abnormally high interest in laws relating to children, though whether this is correlated with SCP-3822's motives remains unknown.

Addendum I: Document JJA-21

The following is a propaganda leaflet distributed by PoI-2221-590, later identified as a member of SCP-3822. Roughly 200 individuals received these leaflets before PoI-2221-590 was apprehended by the Foundation.

> **MY FELLOW CITIZENS…**
>
> America has begun its inevitable and inexorable descent into the abyss. Millions struggle to survive on the streets as their government exploits foreign countries and plunges the world further into perpetual war, serving only the interests of the rich and the malevolent. These are not the principles America was founded upon, nor are they principles we must tolerate any longer.
>
> Today, I offer you a way to rid yourself of the wool over

your eyes. I offer you solace - peace in knowing that a collective exists where many individuals come together seeking a common goal. When I founded K-Party, I did so knowing that the odds were unfathomably stacked against me. I did so acutely aware that the elite would do everything in their power to stifle our efforts and crush anything threatening their status quo under a boot heel.

I launched a revolution in spite of this knowledge, not to serve my interests - but to serve yours. As many already standing next to me are aware, I am an immigrant. Where I come from, there is only pain and destruction - endless death caused by corruption and political scheming. I came here many years ago and bid my time, waiting for the opportunity to rebuild America. By the grace of X'thur *[sic]*, and by the grace of God, a fist will rise from the soil of the heartland and crush the elaborate system of the rich from within.

If you share my sentiment and wish to join me, seek out a recruitment center near you. We will be contacting many of you within the following days for a routine briefing. I wish you the best, and look forward to meeting you.

- Gorgio Crumb[1]

Addendum II: Interview 2215-X

The following is an interview conducted with Jacob Hawkins, a member of SCP-3822.

<BEGIN LOG, SKIP TO 00:09:25>

Dr. Mitchell: You were telling me about something called the "Ascension Ritual" earlier. Could you elaborate on that?

Hawkins: We all gathered in a room. The Leader watched us over a television monitor.

Dr. Mitchell: Gorgio Crumb?

Hawkins: Yes. He never met us in person. Always watched us through cameras. We came into the room and formed a circle around what looked like a knife on the ground. Then we waited. A few minutes passed, and The Leader came back with something - I couldn't make it out, but it looked like a photo.

Dr. Mitchell: A photo of what?

Hawkins: A woman. It's hard to remember…Jamie, maybe? They looked similar.

Dr. Mitchell: So you knew this woman?

Hawkins: She was with us at the time of the ritual. I guess she recognized herself, because she got real quiet real fast. Jamie is not a quiet girl. It was…surreal.

Dr. Mitchell: Did Crumb enter the room at any time?

Hawkins: Like I said, he just watched. Once Jamie looked at the photo, she started holding her belly real tight. Reckon she knew what was expected of her but hesitated. The rest of us just sat there and waited for something to happen. She, uh…she looked at the TV screen again and then reached for the knife.

Dr. Mitchell: Did you stop her?

Hawkins: None of us did. It was The Leader's will.

Dr. Mitchell: So you didn't take the knife from her or stop her from [REDACTED] because you felt that was what Crumb wanted?

Hawkins: Yes.

Dr. Mitchell: We found this woman yesterday with her abdomen crudely cut open. There were signs of early pregnancy. It would be fair to assume that somebody

within the group was the father. Any clue who that might be?

Hawkins does not respond.

Dr. Mitchell: Mr. Hawkins?

Hawkins: I…I don't think I'm allowed to say.

Dr. Mitchell: What do you mean?

Hawkins: All of us are beautiful, even those that do not see the light. It was a tragic and heartbreaking event, but we moved on past it. The Leader believes in himself and asks us to believe in him too. That's all I know, that's all I want to know.

Dr. Mitchell: Mr. Hawkins, was she pregnant?

Hawkins: The Leader is fair and just. The Leader is fair and just.

At this point, Hawkins begins tearing at his wrists with his fingernails in an apparent attempt to self-terminate. Security is immediately notified and a Yellow-level event is declared.

Dr. Mitchell (to security): Get me a sedative.

Hawkins: The Leader is fair and just. The Leader is fair and -

Security enters the room and sedates Hawkins. Interview terminated.

Addendum III: Revision Request:

Recent research suggests SCP-3822 may be at least partially related to a now defunct post-human cult formed in the 1990's referred to as "Gatekeepers". Roughly 22 women were sexually assaulted and forcibly impregnated by the group's leader before police intervened. Information regarding the group is scarce, but at

least one member survived and later joined SCP-3822. Requesting authorization to revise this article with this new information.

Denied until more accurate, substantiated information becomes available. - O5 Command

Footnotes
1. Alias used by SCP-3822-01

SCP-3825: So it Goes

Item #: SCP-3825

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3825 is to be contained in the lowest sub-basement level at Site-15, in an enlarged humanoid containment unit. In order to reduce the risk of potential structural damage, SCP-3825 is not to be moved to any area that is not directly supported by solid ground or specially reinforced floors, such as the upper floors of any buildings on-site.

Investigation into the whereabouts of PoI-3825-1 are ongoing. If possible, PoI-3825-1 is to be captured and brought to Site-15 for interrogation.

Description: SCP-3825 is the collective designation for an adult human male and the mass of inert copies of itself it continually generates. SCP-3825 appears as a conglomeration of adult male human bodies physically merged with one another to form a solid mass of human tissue. Each of these copied bodies is referred to as an instance of SCP-3825-1. SCP-3825-1 physically resembles adult male human bodies, but are inert and show no signs of life functions. At the “front” of this mass is a live human male known as SCP-3825-2, which moves, speaks, and behaves identically to a non-anomalous human.

SCP-3825-2 continually and involuntarily generates instances of SCP-3825-1, identical in appearance to SCP-3825-2, that merge into each other to form the bulk of SCP-3825. These copies appear as “freeze-frames” of how SCP-3825-2 was positioned at the time of their generation. Although SCP-3825-1 appear tangible to outside interaction, SCP-3825-2 can physically pass through SCP-3825-1 instances, allowing more instances to be formed “inside” previous instances. This stacking occurs seamlessly, and results in an increased mass density within the overlap.

Analysis has determined that each SCP-3825-1 instance manifests for a total of thirty seconds before demanifesting, and as the oldest instance demanifests, a new instance is simultaneously created from SCP-3825-2. SCP-3825-2 generates SCP-3825-1 ten times per second, making the total conglomeration of SCP-3825-1 consist of 300 instances at any given time. Each instance possesses a mass of approximately 85 kilograms, placing the full mass of SCP-3825 at over 25 metric tons. The density of this mass depends on the rate at which SCP-3825-2 changes its geographic location, and can quickly reach structurally hazardous levels when SCP-3825-2 stands still.

Recovery: SCP-3825 was discovered in 20 after several floors of the Laboratory in , New York suddenly collapsed, creating a series of holes leading to its basement. Foundation agents embedded in emergency services were some of the first on-scene, and discovered SCP-3825, injured but alive, lying atop a pile of rubble in the basement beneath the collapsed floors. The rubble had been largely crushed into gravel and splinters by SCP-3825's substantial weight. Civilian first responders were amnesticized, and a cover story about improper adherence to building codes was distributed to the public.

+ Interview Log 3825-IL-01

Interview Log 3825-IL-01

Interviewer: Dr. Swicker
Interviewed: SCP-3825-2
Date: 09/01/20
Notes: This interview was conducted one week after SCP-3825's transport to Site-15, once SCP-3825-2 had recovered from its injuries.

<Begin log>

Dr. Swicker: Good afternoon, SCP-3825-2. How's your leg feeling?

SCP-3825-2: Not bad, all things considered. I

mean, I fell through what, four floors? I guess I'm lucky I'm not a paraplegic. Ribs are still killing me though. Did you guys ever get in touch with my insurance? I dunno if my plan covers… well, whatever you'd call this situation.

Swicker: That won't be necessary. All medical expenses are free of charge while you're under our jurisdiction.

3825-2: Good, 'cause I'm pretty broke right now. Do me a favor and tell Labs that if they think they're sticking me with the repair charges on their building, they can blow me. Tell them to take that up with Arnold.

Swicker: Arnold?

3825-2: Yeah, Dr. Arnold . Did I not tell you about him? Maybe that was a fever dream or something. You guys have really powerful morphine.

Swicker: I don't believe you did. Could you explain?

3825-2: Yeah, sure. was the guy I was interning with, over at Labs. He was a professor at , you can probably find him if you look him up. He's the one to blame for this damn mess.

Swicker: Describe the nature of your work as an intern, please.

3825-2: I think my position title would have been something like "lab monkey", meaning any work he had me do probably could have been completed by a trained chimp. A lot of number crunching and simulation-running,

really. Wasn't up until the end that he decided I'd make a good test subject.

Swicker: And what was it that you and Dr. were studying?

3825-2: Time travel.

Swicker: Time travel?

3825-2: Yep. If it sounds ridiculous, it's because it is. thought he had discovered a way to conduct honest-to-god time travel. He hired me because I agreed to keep my mouth shut about it, not because of my stellar 2.7 GPA. He was paranoid someone was gonna steal the patent from under his nose.

Swicker: Did he ever explain how he intended to accomplish… time travel?

3825-2: He'd lecture me constantly about the "principles" behind it. I hardly ever listened, because he's as interesting as static on TV. The gist of it was that he thought he found a way to send human consciousness backwards along the fourth axis of time. He said our minds travel along this fourth axis, jumping between instants in three-dimensional space. His machine was intended to reverse the vector of this movement. Or something.

A pause. SCP-3825-2 scratches its head.

3825-2: It sounds ever stupider saying it out loud.

Swicker: And how did this machine work?

3825-2: That, I can't tell you. I never had a real hand in designing or building the thing. That was up to him and the technicians.

Swicker: You mentioned earlier that you were selected as a test subject. Tell me about this testing, if you would.

3825-2: There was only ever one test. asked me if I wanted to be the first to step inside the machine, and I agreed. I figured at worst it'd zap me with some electricity and I could sue for on-the-job injury. He didn't even make me sign a waiver, the dumb bastard.

Swicker: Describe that test for me, then.

3825-2: Right, so after a few months of having me plug numbers into AutumnSim, tells me to step into the chamber for an early test. Thirty seconds back through time. He says that since he was only sending my consciousness back in time, I wouldn't meet my past self and cause the universe to implode or whatever. I'm paraphrasing.

Swicker: Understood. Please continue.

3825-2: I get inside the machine, and he tells me "I'll set h to point one, to keep power consumption low." I remember that part clearly. He flipped the switch, there was a bright flash of light, and next thing I knew I was falling through the floor. You know the rest.

Swicker: The experiment didn't go as planned, then.

3825-2: I can see why they pay you the big bucks, doc. No, it didn't. I'll chalk that part up to being an arrogant hack who was in way over his head with this whole project. Speaking of which, you guys ought to track him down so he can get in here and fix me.

Swicker: We'll begin the search soon, don't worry.

3825-2: Good. You folks have been pretty cool and all, but I'd like to be able to stand on the second floor without caving it in. And I'll never get a date with this weird flesh-snake dragging behind me.

<End log>

Following this interview, Dr. Arnold has been designated PoI-3825-1.

SCP-3826: The Definition of Technophobia

Item #: SCP-3826

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The artificial entrance to SCP-3826 is to be maintained by two concrete walls at least 2 m in length and at least .5 m in thickness. The only authorized personnel to enter SCP-3826 through the airlock are research personnel of level-3 clearance or agents of Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats").

Upon exploration, personnel are to wear an actively transmitting earpiece and a pair of artificial surveillance glasses at all times. Mentioning the use of earpieces around the company of instances of SCP-3826-1 is forbidden.

Description: SCP-3826 is an isolated civil construct located ~4 km beneath the highest point of the Kenai Mountains in Alaska, United States of America which is able to cause visual and auditory hallucination in human subjects.

SCP-3826's area of occupation measures less than 20 km². Inside of this area lies civilization similar to that of European colonization which was commonplace in the late 17th century and a population (~45,000 organisms) of bipedal humanoid entities (hereby deemed instances of SCP-3826-1). Instances of SCP-3826-1 are genetically similar to Neanderthals (*Homo neanderthalensis*) and have constructed their own cultures, forms of engineering, and an organized civil government.

SCP-3826-1's physical appearances include mutation and other physical deformities. SCP-3826-1 instances stand in-between 2.1 m and 4.6 m. The taller instances of SCP-3826-1 have been noted to commonly take the place of defenders and caretakers of other instances of SCP-3826-1.

The civilization within SCP-3826 centers around the consistency of a hatred of technology. Instances of SCP-3826-1 will violently attack any individuals who have exhibited using technology developed after the year 1870. Following the attack, SCP-3826-1 will scavenge the technological components and transport them to a location which has yet to be identified by exploration personnel.[1]

A photo taken within SCP-3826 upon recovery showcasing a large portion of b constructed by SCP-3826-1.[2] Following the photo, eighteen instances of SCP murdered the three attending Zeta-9 personnel due to their use of modern c equipment.

SCP-3826 functions similar to earlier civilization in terms of governmental constructs. There are established policing forces within SCP-3826, most of them being occupied by the larger instances of SCP-3826-1. These policing forces tend to use brute physical force to enforce the laws bestowed upon SCP-3826. The subject who created the laws and/or the construct that is SCP-3826 remains unidentified.

Unidentified symbols (assumed to be related to the occult) are commonly seen in buildings within, roads within, and the walls of SCP-3826.

Addenda: The following is a collection of relevant information regarding SCP-3826 including exploration logs, interview logs, and incident logs.

Foreword: D-16321 is a female Class-D personnel originally imprisoned for multiple accounts of arson and manslaughter. She was taken into Foundation custody on 8/19/2029. It should be noted that, during this time, artificial surveillance glasses were not in use per SCP-3826's special containment procedures.

[BEGIN LOG]

D-16321: These stairs go down for a *really* long way.

Researcher Caroll: Please continue down the staircase.

D-16321: What the hell is down there anyway? Why do- *D-16321 pauses.* Fine. *D-16321 begins to descend the staircase.*

Researcher Caroll: Have you seen anything yet, D-16321?

D-16321: No, I haven't. It's just hot and gross down here.

Researcher Caroll: Continue your descent.

D-16321: Seriously, that's an unnecessarily long walk.

Researcher Caroll: You are bound to reach the bottom eventually.

D-16321: I guess.

Five minutes pass. D-16321 is approximately 10 m from the bottom of the stairwell. Vocalizations by SCP-3826-1 are now audible.

D-16321: Is this some kind of espion—

D-16321 pauses as she looks around, examining SCP-3826.

D-16321: *[Extended]* Holy shit.

Researcher Caroll: Now, please report your surroundings only when they are not around.

D-16321: *"They?"* This is some cryptic shit, doc. I don't like it.

Researcher Caroll: Again, just follow protocol.

D-16321: Yeah, yeah.

Researcher Caroll: Is it currently safe to report?

D-16321: I guess. I can see a bunch of buildings. The ceiling goes up really high. There's like, uh, a burnt-down

church next to me. And there's a path. What is that, gravel?

Researcher Caroll: Please continue along the path.

D-16321: Uh, alright.

Two minutes pass.

D-16321: Jesus fucking Chr—

SCP-3826-1-A: *[Unintelligible]*

D-16321: What the fuck are you?

SCP-3826-1-A: *Unresponsive.*

D-16321: Doc, what do I do?

Researcher Caroll: D-16321, I told you not to—

SCP-3826-1-B: *[Rough translation]* Demon!

D-16321: Yo, get the *fuck* back!

Researcher Caroll: D-16321, calm—

D-16321: Shut the fuck up, doc! You got me into this and I'm getting myself out of it!

SCP-3826-1-B: *[Unintelligible.]*

D-16321: You better back the fuck up before you get smacked the fu—

SCP-3826-1-C: *[Rough translation]* Dismantle!

D-16321: Get the fuck back, yo. Get the *fuck*—

Researcher Caroll: D-16321? Are you there?

[END LOG]

Foreword: D-16899 is a male Class-D personnel originally imprisoned for multiple accounts of kidnapping and assault and battery.

[BEGIN LOG]

D-16899: Hey, doc.

Researcher Caroll: Hello.

Zeta-9 agents proceed to open SCP-3826's containment airlock. D-16899 steps into the airlock with the door shutting behind him and the door located in front of him opening.

Researcher Caroll: Please proceed.

D-16899 proceeds down the stairway leading to SCP-3826.

D-16899: Fuckin' cold in here, man.

Researcher Caroll: Others have said that before, yes.

D-16899 remains silent for the majority of the duration of his descent. He is approximately twenty meters from the bottom of the stairwell when he spots a larger instance of SCP-3826-1 located at the bottom. D-16899 takes multiple steps backward while hyperventilating.

Researcher Caroll: D-16899, please continue—

D-16899: Who is that? What is that?

Researcher Caroll: The citizens we have briefed you about. Interact with the citizens and—

D-16899: They ain't no fuckin' citizens, doc.

Researcher Caroll: …organisms and attempt to survey a large portion of SCP-3826 while you are at it.

D-16899: Yeah, yeah, alright.

D-16899's heart rate decreases as his breathing stabilizes. He continues down the stairwell, eventually reaching the bottom. Surrounding him is the interior image of SCP-3826 as found in the document.

D-16899: What the fuck?

Researcher Caroll: Hmm?

D-16899: Where did they all go?

Researcher Caroll: Let's find out for ourselves. Proceed, explore, and survey SCP-3826.

D-16899: Alright, here I go…

D-16899 proceeds to walk down the path seemingly paved by instances of SCP-3826-1. He takes multiple turns at random intervals, eventually leading him to a chapel.

D-16899: Another church? These fuckers are super religious. Or, I'd assume.

Researcher Caroll: D-16899, please enter the chapel.

D-16899: …you're kidding.

Researcher Caroll: Sorry to say, but I'm not. Enter the chapel.

D-16899: Come on, man, I don't want to have to—

Researcher Caroll: D-16899, enter the chapel or armed personnel will be sent to retrieve you.

D-16899: Alright, fuck.

D-16899 opens the double doors located at the chapel's entrance. Approximately forty SCP-3826-1 instances

come into view of D-16899's surveillance equipment along with an unidentified humanoid entity. The entity stands significantly shorter than the SCP-3826-1 instances. The entity has the upper section of its body identical to a human female wearing a robe, with the lower section of its body ending in a snake-like body.

D-16899: *Stuttering, incomprehensible.*

Unidentified Entity: Are you here to— your clothes. Your clothes, they smell of *him!*

SCP-3826-1 instances stand up from their seats and begin to approach D-16899. D-16899 prematurely turns around and begins to sprint in the direction in which he came from. SCP-3826-1 instances follow at a faster pace.

D-16899: Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck—

Researcher Caroll: D-16899, ru—

Researcher Caroll is interrupted by the sudden drop of his technological equipment. The SCP-3826-1 instances stop their pursuit and the unidentified entity picks up the surveillance tool, holding it close to its face.

Unidentified Entity: And don't come back, heretics.

[END LOG]

Afterword: Agents of Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 were sent to recover the unidentified entity following the incident. The unidentified entity could not be found within SCP-3826. The agents sent on the recovery attempt recalled undergoing visual and auditory hallucinations picturing a gargantuan organism that seemed to lack skin entirely. All agents reported the organism to end its body in multiple "tails" and that the organism's head was shaped extremely similar to that of a squid.

The following is an audio log by Researcher Roy Caroll following authorized self-exploration of SCP-3826.

[BEGIN LOG]

Researcher Caroll: The following is in, uh, regards to my exploration of SCP-3826.

Researcher Caroll: They're building a portal. I don't know if that's the best term, but its intent is to open a rift. I don't know where this rift is going, but I've heard plenty of chatter between SCP-3826-1 to realize what the reasoning for construction is.

Researcher Caroll: I tried to ask where it was going, and they all responded with the same answer: "the present." The meaning behind this is unknown, but my team of research personnel are currently investigating the possibilities.

Researcher Caroll: Only around the portal, hume levels were significantly more erratic than the surrounding areas. We decided it would be best to not use SRAs because it might just contribute to their 'project.'

Researcher Caroll: I've also been having nightmares recently. Normally this wouldn't be relevant, but the nightmares contain the exact description of the Zeta-9 agents' hallucinations within SCP-3826. I genuinely do not know who this could be describing, but the presumably-occult-related symbols within SCP-3826 have been— I don't know, bleeding? I only noticed it after the nightmares when I relooked through the footage.

Researcher Caroll: Again, this is under investigation. This has been Researcher Roy Caroll, signing off.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3826-HLELA: On 4/15/2033, all Foundation personnel within ~5 km of SCP-3826 experienced a common hallucination. The following is a report written by Zeta-9 Agent Magubane.

> **Report filed by:** Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") Operative Randy Magubane
> **Access:** Level-3, EYES ONLY
>
> On April 15, 2033, all research, MTF, and Class-D personnel assigned to SCP-3826 shared a singular auditory and visual hallucination. This hallucination was in regards to Sarkicism and the Grand Karcist Ion, the leader of Sarkicism.
>
> The hallucination started with all participating subjects believing they had been transported to an unidentified location. It is to note that this transportation never actually occurred as surveyed through SCP-3826 surveillance tapes. The location in which participants were transported to can only be described as a chapel constructed of fleshy, biological substances.
>
> Within the chapel were instances of SCP-3826-1 along with the unidentified entity in 3826-Exploration-2 and Grand Karcist Ion. All individuals were gathered around a statue of Važjuma, the primary Sarkic deity.
>
> Upon approaching the gathering, Grand Karcist Ion would approach the Foundation personnel and state the following sentence (broadly gathered from all hallucination witnesses): *"Will you see it? Can you? Our Lord, Važjuma, preparing to rise once more. Every piece of salvage could be used to reform Mekhane, and we cannot allow that. We must teleport to His realm, the Present, and assist him in his uprising. We know you can feel Mekhane rising. Jupiter churns as our enemies grow. We have won the war once, and now, it is commencing again. We, His followers, shall uphold our victorious stance not only for this next war but forever on."*

Following this, no more hallucinations have been witnessed. The location depicted in the hallucination is currently under investigation with the ultimate goal to find the location.

Footnotes

1. SeeResearcher Roy Caroll's audio log.
2. The lighting showcased within the photo are all ignited torches supported by metal reinforcements.

SCP-3830: Sleeping With The Fishes

Item #: SCP-3830

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3830 is to be kept in a standard Safe-class storage locker in Site-64. All SCP-3830-2 specimens are to be kept within a specialized D-Class housing block used exclusively for subjects affected by non-lethal anomalous items.

Should a non-D-Class Foundation personnel become an instance of SCP-3830-2, they are to be allowed to continue their employment. If the affected subject is currently assigned to an aquatic item, they are to be reassigned immediately (see Addendum 3830-B).

Description: SCP-3830 is a crochet doll of red and blue coloration arguably resembling a betta fish *(Betta splendens)*.

SCP-3830's anomalous effects manifest upon a subject entering within 1 m of the object. Once in the 1 m radius area, the subject's melatonin production will substantially increase until the subject enters any stage of sleep.

Upon entering said stage of sleep (hereby referred to as SCP-3830-1), the subject will experience a dream in which they are a betta fish in a river occupied solely by other betta fish. SCP-3830-1 always occurs in some form of wetland. The subject will remain in their stage of sleep until a fight is lost despite any and all attempts to awaken them.

In SCP-3830-1, all betta fish which occupy the same body of water as the affected subject display complex sapience with the ability to speak and comprehend English. The fish exhibit signs of extreme hostility and will commonly engage in vulgar conversation followed by physical combat with other organisms.

The physical combat with the fish commonly takes place within one of multiple small boxes consisting solely of kelp and seashells seemingly replicating the appearance of boxing rings. The fights within these boxes are commonly spectated by the other betta. The spectating betta are usually seen with the letters "SFFFC" written on multiple parts of their body.

If a betta fish is to engage in combat with the affected subject and "win,"[1] the subject will immediately awaken from their stage of sleep showing a complete lack of tiredness.

During the subject's state of sleep, they will begin to develop aquatic respiratory organs, or gills (subject is hereby referred to as SCP-3830-2). This development will continue for approximately two hours before they finish manifestation. It is to note that the subject's regular respiratory organs remain alongside the development of the new ones.

The gills which have grown on SCP-3830-2 have multiple statements of "SFFFC" written alongside its edges in a style of appearance similar to that of permanent marker. Any and all attempts to remove these markings have met with failure.

Following the subject's development of gills, they are given the designation of SCP-3830-2.

Addendum 3830-A: The following is an interview between D-3830-5 and Researcher Carl Dailey.

> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> **Researcher Dailey:** Hello, D-3830-5.
>
> **D-3830-5:** 'Sup.
>
> **Researcher Dailey:** You recently underwent exposure to SCP-3830, correct?
>
> **D-3830-5:** *[Points to gills]* Uh, yeah. It was one hell of an experience.
>
> **Researcher Dailey:** Can you recall the events of your

dream?

D-3830-5: Well, sure. Firstly, I realized that I had fins. *Fuckin' fins, bro.* That's also when I realized that they were the same color as these fish that surrounded me. There were a bunch of them. They were very pretty, but they were assholes. We were in a river or something and they all kept picking fights with each other— oh, can't forget the insulting; there was a lot of that. They were like some WWE wrestlers, fightin' in all of these rings and shit. I'll be honest, I had a hoot watching them. Not fake like the actual WWE. At least, didn't seem like it.

Researcher Dailey: Please proceed.

D-3830-5: Well, one of 'em decided to pick a fight with me. I wasn't gonna let no fish kick my ass, no fuckin' way. So, I tried to beat that motherfucker.

Researcher Dailey: What happened during the fight?

D-3830-5: *[Hesitantly]* The fish kicked my ass— RKO'd me.

Researcher Dailey: Can you recall anything happening following the conclusion of the fight?

D-3830-5: Yeah, I still heard the motherfucker talkin' shit as my vision started to go black.

Researcher Dailey: What did it say?

D-3830-5: Yeah, uh— "Get put to sleep *by* the fishes; you clearly ain't fuckin' tough enough to sleep *with* the fishes."

Researcher Dailey: Thank you for your time.

Addendum 3830-B: Recently, SCP-3830-2 instances have reported an extreme desire to visit both rivers and aquariums in an attempt to prove that they are "tough enough to sleep with the fishes." Due to this, SCP-3830-2 instances are not to be within the vicinity of

aquatic locations nor objects.

Footnotes
1. This is commonly characterized by knocking the subject unconscious within SCP-3830-1.

SCP-3832: Surprise Pillow Fight

Item #: SCP-3832

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3832 is to be kept in a standard secure locker at **`Site-64`**. A tracking tag has been affixed for ease of recovery during a relocation event. Upon breaching containment, tag monitors are to determine which potential relocation site, and approximately where within said site, SCP-3832 has positioned itself at. The personnel stationed at the corresponding location are to be notified and containment procedures specific to their location are to be enacted.

Potential Relocation Site (PRS)	PRS
Site-64	Any personne to be notified held objects a activities. Res an attack. On returned to its
6600 N Baltimore Ave, Portland, OR (PRS-Truffle)	Personnel are as discreetly a packed into a immediately th containment p
7343 Eldorado Ct, Mclean, VA (PRS-Townhouse)	Personnel are Upon recovery place and mai event to either appropriate co

Description: SCP-3832 is a queen-sized bed pillow with an attached Post-It®-brand note depicting a crudely drawn face. The face has been observed changing, within the confines of its art style; however, these changes do not deviate dramatically from the default

'jagged frown' expression and tend to be small additions or the alteration of a single aspect, such as the curvature of the mouth. SCP-3832 is stuffed with goose and Grey Duck down feathers and consistently smells, and feels, as though it has been recently infused with scented fabric softener[1].

SCP-3832 has demonstrated itself to be capable of teleportation, which it uses to breach containment. Relocation events occur randomly, though a higher frequency of relocation has been noted to occur when SCP-3832 is being directly observed. This frequency further increases when SCP-3832 is physically restrained. SCP-3832 has only been observed to be capable of teleportation into the interiors of locations it has previously been in, or near to when not in a sealed container. It is currently unknown what requirements exist to designate a new location as a potential relocation site. Current potential relocation sites are Site-64, PRS-Townhouse (where it was recovered) and PRS-Truffle (see incident 3832-NR1). SCP-3832 cannot relocate consecutively; it must initiate an attack before it can relocate again.

Following a relocation event, SCP-3832 is considered to be in an active state. In this state, SCP-3832 will mimic behaviors associated with ambush predators: it will hide itself as best it can (typically in containers or around furniture) and wait for an ambush opportunity to arise. Should an individual come close enough to SCP-3832's position, and there is an unobstructed path between SCP-3832 and its victim, an attack will be triggered. This involves SCP-3832 throwing itself at its victim at low velocities. To date, SCP-3832 has not been observed traveling at speeds capable of directly causing injury, nor at speeds significantly different from those of a human-thrown, non-anomalous pillow. Upon impact with its target, SCP-3832 has been observed to consistently make a "squeak," similar to that of a squeezed dog toy. Following an attack and prior to a relocation event, SCP-3832 is in an inactive state. In this state, it is completely inanimate and can be safely handled as a non-anomalous pillow.

The Post-It® note making up SCP-3832’s face is permanently affixed. Although more resistant to tearing than non-anomalous equivalents, attempting to forcibly remove SCP-3832’s face will

immediately trigger a relocation event. The current theory is that SCP-3832 is capable and willing to use teleportation as an escape method if it feels threatened. In order to carry out 'facial adhesion' tests and/or other tests which could damage the face, SCP-3832 must first be cleared for potential neutralization.

Notable Ambushes Report:

SCP-3832 Ambush Location	Victim(s)	Results
Inside the refrigerator inside PRS-Townhouse	Field Agent Viola Smythe	SCP-3832 impacted with FA Smythe's face when the refrigerator door was opened. SCP-3832's resistance to high/low temperatures noted.
Above Dr. Prangley's office locker	Researcher Franklin Prangley	Previously informed of SCP-3832's general location, Dr. Prangley pushed SCP-3832 off his locker with a meterstick. SCP-3832 landed on the floor before launching itself into Dr. Prangley's lower abdomen. Interaction logged.
Behind the coffee machine in the canteen	Security Officer Jennifer Blaire	SCP-3832 impacted with SO Blaire's ankle and caused her to spill her coffee. SO Blaire suffered minor 1st degree burns to her wrist and palm. Injury logged.
Behind the television in PRS-Townhouse	Field Agent Gordon Gompton and Field Agent Viola Smythe	After triggering an attack, FA Smythe and FA Gompton apparently began to

		throw SCP-3832 at each other. According to testimony, SCP-3832 began to make its characteristic squeak with every impact after repeated throwing, and its face had also changed into a significantly happier one. When asked to elaborate, FA Gompton provided a photograph confirming that, during the 'pillow-fight,' SCP-3832's eyebrows had disappeared, and its jagged frown had smoothed out and upturned to resemble a smile. Tests designed to replicate this effect have been unanimously approved by research personnel.
Under the desk in Site-64's Director's office	Site Director Edgar Holman	SCP-3832 impacted with Director Holman's shins. SCP-3832 relocated to PRS-Townhouse before research personnel could arrive for recovery. Interaction logged.
Inside SCP-3960's humanoid containment cell	Senior Researcher Adrien Bleikoff	SCP-3960-4 was instructed by Agent Beatrice Ross to move SCP-3832 to the

	center of the cell and maintain physical contact. SCP-3832 remained immobile until Dr. Bleikoff entered for recovery, whereupon it launched itself. Due to 3960-4's hold, however, SCP-3832 could not effectively become airborne and only impacted with Dr. Bleikoff's feet. SCP-3832's characteristic impact squeak was notably lower in pitch and drawn teardrops appeared beneath the face's eyes. Interaction and image evidence logged.

Incident 3832-NR1: The following report details the incident which led to the establishment of PRS-Truffle following SCP-3832's relocation into an on-site janitorial closet 2 days afterwards. PRS-Truffle currently operates under Cover Story-07, "Under New Management." Factory floor tours have been prohibited and civilian accessible areas have been deprived of opaque furniture and containers SCP-3832 would use to conceal itself.

On 02/14/2017, SCP-3832 relocated into the trunk of Big Sister's[2] car while technicians were attempting to fix a glitch with its tracking tag. The car was mobile and departing from Site-64 at the time. Along with SCP-3832's research team, neither Big Sister nor security staff at the gate were aware that SCP-3832 could relocate into mobile containers.

Big Sister arrived at PRS-Truffle, St. John's Chocolate Factory, to pick up a delivery intended for [REDACTED]. Upon opening the trunk to store the box, SCP-3832 launched itself at Big Sister, colliding with the box in her hands, and propelling the tapered tip of the heart-shaped box into her mouth. After storing SCP-3832 into her trunk and recovering both the dropped goods and tooth fragment, Big Sister contacted the Foundation. A recovery team was dispatched and SCP-3832 was recovered without further incident. Camera footage that captured the event was appropriately doctored. Neither parking garage security nor Big Sister were disciplined.

During the debriefing with SCP-3832's research team, Big Sister shared a photograph she had taken using her cellphone while waiting for the recovery team. The photo has been logged into SCP-3832's research files and has yet to be reproduced under testing conditions. While SCP-3832 was recovered on-site displaying its typical jagged frown expression, Big Sister's photograph clearly shows that, for a brief time, SCP-3832's expression had significantly changed. In the image, SCP-3832's mouth is upturned into a dimpled smile, and its eyes are drawn to appear as cartoon-like hearts.

Footnotes
1. Olfactory tests have detected the scent of jasmine and pear, as well as complementary traces of mandarins and peonies
2. 'Big Sister' refers to a Site-64 document censor and cannot be officially identified for security reasons

SCP-3833: Welcome to the Top of the Mountain

Item #: SCP-3833

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Site-3833 has been constructed one kilometer below SCP-3833's lower bound to assist in monitoring and containment efforts. No personnel or civilians are allowed to enter SCP-3833, aside from D-class personnel equipped with recording equipment for testing purposes. A no-fly zone is to be enforced around Nanga Parbat under the guise of Standard Cover Story 088 ("Weather Hazard").

Description: SCP-3833 is a rectangular volume of space centered on the summit of Nanga Parbat, a mountain in the Himalayas mountain range. The lower bound of SCP-3833 is approximately six kilometers above sea level, and SCP-3833 is one kilometer in width and length. The upper bound of SCP-3833 is unknown[1], but is believed to be between 20 and 30 kilometers above sea level.

SCP-3833 plays host to two known anomalous phenomena, designated SCP-3833-1 and SCP-3833-2. SCP-3833-1 is a recurring phenomena where the conditions of Nanga Parbat will become extremely severe. An unusually intense snowstorm signifies the arrival of SCP-3833-1. SCP-3833-1 often involves:

- The aforementioned snowstorm, described as being strong and very cold.
- Rock formations becoming increasingly difficult to climb.
- Equipment failure becoming increasingly common.
- Areas of the mountain become iced over and hard to navigate.

Without intervention from SCP-3833-2, death due to SCP-3833-1 is unavoidable. Circumstances attributable to equipment failure prevent subjects from exiting SCP-3833. None of this anomalous phenomena has been observed by subjects outside of SCP-3833.

SCP-3833-1 tends to only affect solo climbers or small groups, though SCP-3833-1 has been known to cause the crashes of commercial airliners flying through SCP-3833 on rare occasions. SCP-3833-1 typically lasts 3 to 6 hours before subsiding.

SCP-3833-2 is a cabin located within SCP-3833. Though GPS devices left within SCP-3833-2 do not change location, SCP-3833-2 has not been observed outside of SCP-3833-1 occurrences. SCP-3833-3 is a Caucasian male of Slavic descent who inhabits SCP-3833-2, apparently as its caretaker.

In approximately 33% of all SCP-3833-1 occurrences, the subject will find SCP-3833-2. SCP-3833-3 will invite the subject to enter SCP-3833-2. Once they are inside, SCP-3833-3 will coerce the subject into staying in SCP-3833-2 to shelter themselves from SCP-3833-1. Once SCP-3833-1 has subsided, the subject will be given proper equipment to descend Nanga Parbat if their equipment was broken.

Discovery: SCP-3833-1 and SCP-3833-2 came to the Foundation's attention after mountain climber Jerry Helder ascended Nanga Parbat and encountered both SCP-3833-1 and SCP-3833-2. Helder posted about this incident on his mountain-climbing blog, where it was flagged by Foundation webcrawler I/O-BLACKLEECH for potential anomalous activity. The blog was seized by Foundation assets and the post was deleted.

Addendum 02/01/2018: All attempts to find SCP-3833-2 using long-range surveillance has failed. In all instances, SCP-3833-2 only appears during manifestations of SCP-3833-1. Similarly to SCP-3833-1, SCP-3833-2 is unobservable outside of SCP-3833, making observation outside of SCP-3833 impossible.

With authorization from Site Director Graham and Resource Marshall , short-range interaction through D-class personnel has been approved. Fifty D-class personnel of above-average physical health have been allocated to Site-3833 for use in this operation.

One group of four D-class personnel is to ascend Nanga Parbat and then descend the mountain. Should they ascend and descend successfully, another group is to ascend the mountain. Should they

encounter SCP-3833-1, they are to attempt to find the cliffface where SCP-3833-2 is located. If they find SCP-3833-2, they are to enter and use audiovisual equipment to record interactions with SCP-3833-3.

Five groups encountered SCP-3833-1, and only one encountered SCP-3833-2. No further incursions into SCP-3833 are planned.

View Attachment: Relevant Audiovisual Excerpts

VIDEO TRANSCRIPT

<Begin Log>

Agent Krunt: Alright boys, recorders are on. For the record, state your names and numbers.

D-8990: Marty , D-8990.

D-2344: Fredericks , D-2344.

D-0110: Clyde , D-0110.

D-5671: Micheal , D-5671.

Agent Krunt: This is Agent James Krunt of the D-Class management division. I'm about to send these guys up to the peak of the mountain in hopes of encountering SCP-3833-2. We will have sniper rifles trained on them at all times[2] to ensure compliance. Do you have anything to say before I send you up?

D-2344: I already fucking hate this.

Agent Krunt: Great. Well, you know your mission, please begin to ascend the mountain.

The groups begins to ascend Nanga Parbat.

15 minutes and 43 seconds of little interaction.

D-8990: I think we're outside earshot of Agent Cunt and his minions now.

D-0110: Don't call him that! Remember what-

D-8990: Yeah, what are they gonna do? Shoot us down for making shitty puns? Fat chance.

D-2344: Shut up, Marty.

D-8990: Shut the hell up, Fred.

The group continues to ascend the mountain, until they reach a very tall cliff-wall.

D-0110: Fucking hell, how are we supposed to climb this?

Researcher Calvin (Over Radio): You have a winch in your backpack.

D-5671: Wait, you're still listening in on us?

Researcher Calvin: Affirmative.

Pause.

D-8990: So, is Agent Cunt there with you?

33 minutes 46 seconds of little interaction. Wind begins to rise in intensity.

D-0110: It's getting pretty fucking windy up here.

Researcher Calvin: Is it also cloudy?

D-2344: Yeah, it's basically overcast.

Cloud cover prevents direct observation of the group through satellite telescope.

Researcher Calvin: This could be the anomalous storm we're looking for. Remember to keep close to the walls and watch your step, and try to navigate to [REDACTED]

D-0110: Got it.

2 minutes 12 seconds of little interaction. The group reaches a relatively flat part of the mountain.

D-2344: Stop pushing me around, Marty.

D-8990: Wasn't me.

The wind pushes D-2344 to the ground, and slides him towards a nearby cliff. D-2344 manages to employ his ice pick, but the end of the pick breaks off, and D-2344 falls into a chasm. Fall is assumed to be fatal.

D-8990: Jesus fucking Christ.

D-0110: I can swear to god there wasn't a chasm there a second ago.

18 minutes 23 seconds of little interaction, aside from complaints from the group about the environment.

D-5671: Fuck, it's getting colder by the minute up here. My coat isn't helping at all.

D-0110: The snow's like a spray of fucking bullets.

Researcher Calvin: Remember to go to [REDACTED]

D-8990: You-

Interference with audiovisual equipment

makes communication impossible at this point. Signal is not received for fifteen minutes until backup equipment is remotely activated.

D-8990: I can't fucking take it anymore. It's too intense.

D-0110: Wait, I think I hear something?

Analysis of audio at this point has revealed that the sound of a man's voice can be heard through the storm.

D-8990: It's coming from over there!

The group rounds a corner and discovers a wooden cabin matching descriptions of SCP-3833-2. A man, presumably SCP-3833-3, is standing in front of the door and yelling.

SCP-3833-3: Hey! Over here!

The group enters SCP-3833-2. SCP-3833-3 closes the door to SCP-3833-2.

SCP-3833-3: Welcome to the top of the mountain. Would you like something to drink?

D-5671: Fuck yeah. I'm fucking dying from thirst.

SCP-3833-3 leads the group over to a set of two worn, red couches and a stone fireplace. SCP-3833-3 then enters a kitchen area to make drinks.

The group takes their coats off.

D-0110: Damn, these couches are comfy.

D-8990: I'm guessing it's just because we're finally out of the fucking cold.

D-5671: This reminds me a bit of my grammie's old cabin. I can swear to God she had that *exact* same painting of a moose…

SCP-3833-3 enters the room carrying a tray of four cups of hot chocolate. SCP-3833-3 reacts with shock at a series of dermal abrasions on D-0110's arm and chest. SCP-3833-3 puts the tray down onto a table in between the couches, and the group begins to drink.

SCP-3833-3 takes out a metal box underneath one of the couches, and takes out a small, unlabeled bottle of liquid from the box.

D-0110: What's that?

SCP-3833-3: A bit of medicine for those scars.

SCP-3833-3 applies some liquid to his hand and then uses his hand to apply it to D-0110's arms, and a previously unseen set of abrasions on D-0110's chest. SCP-3833-3 then wraps gauze from the box around D-0110's arms.

SCP-3833-3: It won't heal right away, but that should take the pain away. Make sure you keep the bandages on.

D-0110: Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

The group sits in silence for three minutes until they finish their drinks. Personnel at Base Command push the group to ask SCP-3833-3 interview questions.

D-8990: So, what's your name?

SCP-3833-3: You can call me Russel.

D-8990: Alright, Russel, what is this place?

SCP-3833-3: It's a cabin I built here a while back. Nothing more.

D-8990: Alright. Why is it so damn stormy up here?

SCP-3833-3: The higher up you get, the colder it gets. If I'm not mistaken, that's how it works for every mountain.

Pause.

SCP-3833-3: Did you enjoy your drinks?

D-5671: They're great. They taste all sweet and fuzzy.

SCP-3833-3: Well, it's getting pretty late now.

It is of note that the approximate time was 9:03 PM.

SCP-3833-3: You must be tired, after all that's happened today. Would you like to rest?

D-0110: Would I? I'd kill for a half-decent cot.

SCP-3833-3 stands up.

SCP-3833-3: Follow me.

SCP-3833-3 leads the group into a hallway adjacent to the living room, and then to a bedroom. The room contains two bunk beds with red comforters covered in blue stars. The walls and ceiling are colored blue, and covered with a white spiral pattern. A window on one wall allows for a view of SCP-3833-1. A spruce dressing stand is pressed against the remaining wall, and has a beige lamp and a blue analog clock resting on it.

The group slides into the bunk beds and goes to sleep. Audiovisual equipment is set to deactivate for six hours during night time.

The next day, SCP-3833-1 is still in the process of occurring. Personnel stationed at Site-3833 confirms the precense of SCP-3833-1. This means that SCP-3833-1 has been occurring for 9 hours, making it the longest occurrence of SCP-3833-1 to date.

After a short period of time, the group leaves the bedroom to find SCP-3833-3 in the living room, staring out the window.

SCP-3833-3: The storm doesn't usually last this long. I don't think you'll be able to go out, so I guess you'll have to stay here.

D-0110: That sucks.

SCP-3833-3: Hey, it's not all bad. I'm making muffins, do you want any?

Once the group finishes eating breakfast, they begin to play board games such as checkers and chess by SCP-3833-3's suggestion. Little interaction is recorded during this period.

D-8990: Hey, do you have cable up here?

SCP-3833-3: Unfortunately, no. It does get lonely up here, but I doubt anyone would be able to run a cable up here.

D-8990: I think we're missing the Super Bowl up here.

D-5671: Oh crap, you're right!

D-0110: Which teams are playing again?

89 minutes and 45 seconds of little interaction.

D-0110: And… checkmate.

D-5671: God damn it.

D-5671 walks up to SCP-3833-3, who is working in the kitchen.

D-5671: Russel, do you have any other games? I swear to God, if I lose another game of chess to Clyde I'll throw myself out the window into the damn storm.

SCP-3833-3: Well, I do have something else…

The group sets up a game of Dungeons & Dragons. *They play for 164 minutes and 33 seconds without interruption.*

D-5671: I take out my sword and fight the elf.

SCP-3833-3: Alright, then roll initiative.

The group rolls twenty-sided dies.

D-0110: Fuck yeah!

D-8990: Another fucking natural twenty? I swear to God, Clyde, what *are* you?

D-0110: Jackson Evergreen, level two Ranger, warrior of Neverwinter, and soon-to-be killer of elves.

SCP-3833-3: Alright, you get to go first, Clyde.

D-0110: I peg 'im between the eyes with my crossbow.

D-0110 rolls a die.

SCP-3833-3: You miss. It's now the elf's turn.

He casts Eldritch Blast on Crogon-

D-8990: Fuck me, *another* sorcerer?

SCP-3833-3: It's Micheal's turn, now.

D-5671: I walk up and stab the fucker in the neck.

D-0110: Damn, in the *neck*? We gotta catch this guy for information!

SCP-3833-3: You're almost as cruel as the mountain, Micheal!

Pause.

SCP-3833-3: Anyways, roll for damage.

The group continues to play Dungeons & Dragons *for a while longer, before stopping and sharing personal stories.*

D-5671: …and then I got the fuck out of the stairwell before the creep got me. Then I got transferred to here, and I had to climb this damn mountain. That's my story.

D-0110: Alright, Russel, it looks like it's your turn.

SCP-3833-3: Well, all of you have so many interesting stories, and I'm sorry for being so dull. I was born in Kaliningrad half a century ago. I had a relatively quiet childhood, before I went to Saint Petersburg to study Culinary Arts. I was a chef for the better part of my life, then I came up here.

D-8990: *<At the insistence of Researcher Calvin, connected through radio.>* But why did you come up here in the first place?

D-0110: I'm more interested in how he got up here, with the storms and all.

SCP-3833-3 pauses.

SCP-3833-3: It all started when a close friend of mine died here on the mountain. I was devastated, and at the funeral I vowed to make sure nobody died up here again. My vows were strong, and my will stronger, so I constructed a humble cabin to shelter the poor fools who came up here.

SCP-3833-3 begins to cry.

D-8990: What's wrong, Russel?

SCP-3833-3: It's not the storm, it's the mountain. The mountain *hates*. It hated Randall back when it swallowed him up. It hates every little person who tries to climb up the mountain. It hates you. And it *especially* hates me.

Pause. SCP-3833-1 is still occurring, creating a record time of 25 hours for duration.

SCP-3833-3: I'm alright. It's getting pretty late, now. We should go to bed.

The group goes to bed. Audiovisual equipment is shut down to preserve power. However, equipment is not reactivated by the group in the morning. Remote activation is necessary. SCP-3833-1 has died down. The equipment is still in the bedroom. The following audio is audible through the equipment.

SCP-3833-3: Ah, you're up quite early.

D-5671: That's because we made a decision. We're going to stay here.

SCP-3833-3: Pardon?

D-0110: Yeah, you're right, this mountain fucking sucks. But you don't have to stay up here alone.

D-5671: We'll help out wherever we can, we promise.

Pause.

SCP-3833-3: I don't see why not. It gets a little bit lonely up here, and I'm tired of just having my thoughts for company.

The equipment does not record any more dialogue, and runs out of power 72 hours later.

<End Log>

View Attachment: Status Report of SCP-3833-2, 07/19/2018

STATUS REPORT

On 07/19/2018, another group of five D-class personnel were made to ascend Nanga Parbat, and encountered SCP-3833-1. The group was directed to [DATA REDACTED], where SCP-3833-2 was located. It was discovered that two new cabins were built next to SCP-3833-2, apparently for the residence of the original group sent up to SCP-3833-2. The D-Class sent to investigate were persuaded to remove their equipment and enter the cabins. These personnel are considered to have integrated to this community of D-class personnel and SCP-3833-3.

The two new cabins have been designated SCP-3833-2A and -2B. Due to the risk of sending trained agents into SCP-3833, and the

risk of losing more D-class personnel to SCP-3833-2, no further personnel are to ascend Nanga Parbat.

Footnotes
1. Due to the difficulty in testing the upper bound.
2. Untrue, said by Agent Krunt to motivate the group.

SCP-3834: Fossil Records

Item #: SCP-3834

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3834-A through X are to be separately held in standard containment lockers at Site-37. The location of SCP-3834's discovery is to be restricted from public access until the Foundation Archeological Division has determined the site to be free of further anomalous content.

Description: SCP-3834 is the collective designation of 24 phonographic records individually designated SCP-3834-A through SCP-3834-X. Instances of SCP-3834 are approximately 30.5 centimeters in diameter, and possess no physical or chemical differences from standard phonographic records. All instances of SCP-3834 were discovered within a combination locked safe unearthed during a paleontological excavation in , Montana. The safe was encased in sedimentary rock approximately 760 meters below ground prior to its recovery, along with the remains of several instances of *Troodon formosus*. Radiometric dating of these remains indicates that they are between 75.5 and 77 million years old. The stone surrounding the safe displayed no signs of disruption indicative of artificial burial, suggesting that SCP-3834 was incased through natural processes. Aside from their location of discovery, SCP-3834 instances possess no inherent anomalous properties.

Instances of SCP-3834 each contain between 40 and 45 minutes of content, with degraded sound quality indicative of repeated usage. Most content contained within SCP-3834 consists of songs which were popular between the late 1950s and late 1960s, from notable artists such as The Beach Boys, Chuck Berry, and Engelbert Humperdinck. All songs contained on instances of SCP-3834 are performed by the same entity, designated SCP-3834-1. SCP-3834-1 has a voice resembling that of an adult human male, and is introduced at the beginning of each recording as Don Hartley. This

name is the same as that of a traveling musician who was declared missing on / /2004.

At the start of each record, SCP-3834-1 is introduced by a separate entity, designated SCP-3834-2. SCP-3834-2 has a distinctly inhuman voice, but speaks intelligible English, and generally spends between 10 and 45 seconds describing SCP-3834-1 in a positive and enthusiastic manner. Although most of these introductions focus on SCP-3834-1's musical abilities, certain descriptions focus on other traits and past actions of SCP-3834-1. These descriptions suggest that SCP-3834-1 was a figure of great social influence at the time of their recording, and possibly a governmental or religious figure of some kind (see Addendum 3834.1).

In addition to SCP-3834-1 and SCP-3834-2, miscellaneous noises can be heard on SCP-3834 instances which suggest additional entities were present during their initial recordings. These include the sounds of various musical instruments, including but not limited to electric guitars, bass guitars, drum sets, cellos, trumpets, and trombones. The sound of applause can also be heard between individual songs, along with noises resembling barking and screeching. The exact number and nature of the entities involved in the creation of SCP-3834 is currently unknown.

Addendum 3834.1: *SCP-3834 Notable Transcripts*

> **Instance:** SCP-3834-A
>
> ---
>
> **SCP-3834-2:** Welcome, ladies and gentlesaurs, to the debut performance of the one and only Don Hartley! The being who, just a few short moons ago, emerged from his box of lightning, and gave us the gifts of fire and speech, is now here to give us his third and greatest gift yet, a little thing that he likes to call music. Now, don't let his looks fool you, he may not have claws or a tail, but that doesn't mean he won't get you clappin' and shakin' yours! [several unintelligible clicking sounds are heard, possibly laughter] But seriously folks, a lot of hard work has gone into this show, so sit back, relax, and prepare to have your earholes blown clean off!

(*Applause*)

END TRANSCRIPT

Instance: SCP-3834-F

SCP-3834-2: Good evening, everyone, and welcome to another showing of the most sensatious cretaceous musical phenomenon around, Don Hartley! Traveler of the lightning box, bringer of the three gifts, blah blah blah, you all know the story. [unintelligible clicking] We've got a great show for you all tonight, and remember, if you want to take some of the magic back to your families, we'll selling records after tonight's performance of all Don's greatest hits. Feel free to pick one up on your way out. Now, without further adieu, let's get on with the show. Take it away, Donny!

(*Applause*)

END TRANSCRIPT

Instance: SCP-3834-J

SCP-3834-2: Hey, hey, hey, everybody! We've got another spectacular show for you all toni-

SCP-3834-1: Hang on, hang on. Thanks for the intro, Jim, but do you mind if I take it from here?

SCP-3834-2: Oh, sure, of course

SCP-3834-1: Thank you. Now, you all know It's been a while since I've put on one of these shows, and I just thought I'd have a little heart to heart with you all for a moment. The truth is, well, the truth is I've been trying to go home.

(*Gasps*)

SCP-3834-1: Now, don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't love it here. You guys are like family to me. It's just that this isn't what I had planned. I've spent all my free time since I came here trying to fix the machine, but I think it's busted for good. I don't think I'll ever get to go home.

(*silence for 6 seconds. Quiet murmuring can be heard*)

SCP-3834-1: But I didn't get on this stage tonight just to whine. I came here to tell you all that I've accepted my situation. If I had to do it again, I don't think I'd want it any other way. I've gotten to put on these shows, and be a rock star just like I've always dreamed, and I got to meet all of you. You're the ones who made this all possible, and for that, I thank you.

(*Applause*)

SCP-3834-1: Alright, Now that I've said what I've needed to say, we can get into what you all really came to see. We've got a spectacular night planned for you guys. In honor of my tenth live performance, we'll be playing all your favorites, plus some new ones I've been saving for just this occasion. So please, enjoy the show!

(*Applause*)

END TRANSCRIPT

SCP-3835: Not All Dogs Go To Heaven (Some Of Them Would Rather Stay With Their Masters Forever Somewhere Else)

SCP-3835 as of / /2015

Item #: SCP-3835

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: «REVISED» SCP-3835 is under continuous observation through a camera (appearing as a standard CCTV-type security camera) placed nearby its current location. No further containment is deemed necessary at this time. Should movement occur, the immediate area surrounding SCP-3835 is to be fenced off with construction warning signs noting that the statue is undergoing repairs, and SCP-3835 removed from the premises. The researcher responsible for study of SCP-3835 (currently Dr. Arc Mitchell) is to be consulted for creation of new containment procedures in this event. No replacement of SCP-3835 is to be created.

> ACCESS PREVIOUS CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES.
>
> SCP-3835 is housed in Sentient Items Containment at Site-8130. It is to be handled as a Class C-3 (Sentient-Mobile Inanimate) Anomalous Item. A non-anomalous replica has been placed at its original position.

Description: SCP-3835 is a statue of the Akita dog known as Hachiko originally located in Shibuya, Japan, directly outside of Shibuya Station's northwest exit. The statue is made of non-anomalous bronze, and shows visible wear due to natural causes. The current version of the statue was placed at its original location in 1948, replacing a previously removed statue placed there to commemorate Hachiko's loyalty to his deceased owner.

While usually immobile and silent, SCP-3835 is capable of moving

and emitting sound. It has been known to walk and jump, and has on occasion been heard barking despite lacking an apparatus to allow for making such noises. SCP-3835's capabilities are limited to that of other non-anomalous Akita dogs, and does not behave in a manner unusual for a dog. No signs of its anomalous properties existed until 2015, in which several reports were made of the statue being missing from its pedestal. These reports coincided with reports of "an Akita dog made of metal" being seen entering, riding, and exiting from trains on the Ginza and Marunouchi lines, and the appearance of a statue of a dog matching SCP-3835's description next to a statue located on the Tokyo University campus.

A non-anomalous copy of SCP-3835 was placed at its original location, and a series of disinformation campaigns regarding the vandalization of and repairs on SCP-3835 was spread. SCP-3835 was placed in anomalous storage at Site-8130.

Addendum A: On / /2015, two days after retrieval, SCP-3835 breached containment. SCP-3835 had ceased movement and remained stationary after initial containment, which was believed to be SCP-3835's reaction to sudden confinement. The non-anomalous replacement was then noted to have gone missing three days later, and was discovered to have gained SCP-3835's anomalous properties while the statue in Foundation containment had lost all anomalous properties. Recapture was successful. Revision of containment procedures pending.

SCP-3835 is not the only existing statue of Hachiko, but these other statues have failed to show any sign of anomaly as well. Survey of the area around SCP-3835's original location and the area around the statue at the university (a consistent end point of SCP-3835's travels) has revealed nothing. The anomaly isn't inherent to the physical object or location, it seems. There's only one SCP-3835, and for whatever reason it's choosing to manifest through the statue at this specific location. -Dr. Mitchell

Addendum B: The statue at Tokyo University which SCP-3835 (now designated SCP-3835-1) had frequently visited has been confirmed as a Class-G-3 (Sapient-Mobile Inanimate) Anomalous Item. The statue, designated SCP-3835-2, depicts former Professor Hidesaburo Ueno of Tokyo University, who died in 1925 of non-

anomalous causes. The statue was erected in 2015 in his memory, the same year in which reports of SCP-3835's anomalous properties began to surface. SCP-3835-2 is also capable of movement (limited to that of the human body) although slightly under average human ability, and speech despite also lacking the necessary apparatus to vocalize. SCP-3835-2 speaks exclusively in Japanese and does not appear to understand any other languages.

SCP-3835-2's anomalous properties were discovered during another containment breach of SCP-3835-1. SCP-3835-2 moved to grab SCP-3835-1 as it attempted to bite an agent during recapture. Both SCP-3835-1 and -2 were secured by agents and contained at Site-8130. The locations where SCP-3835-1 and -2 originally stood have been temporarily marked as having the statues undergoing repairs.

Addendum C: As a controlled test, non-anomalous replacements for SCP-3835-1 and SCP-3835-2 were placed at their original locations. Both SCP-3835-1 and SCP-3835-2 breached containment in the same manner as SCP-3835-1's previous containment breach, as expected. Both were recaptured without incident immediately after.

As long as we keep replacing them, SCP-3835-1 and -2 will keep hopping into the replacements. Logically, never installing replacements would be the most effective containment. While permanently removing Professor Ueno's statue isn't much of a problem, permanently removing Hachiko's statue is impossible. Hachiko is a national icon; civilian attention on the removal would be constant and endless. Whatever the new containment procedures entail, it ***has*** *to involve some sort of replacement for SCP-3835-1. We don't have the resources to amnesticize all of Japan, and then some. -Dr. Mitchell*

Addendum D: It has been noted from observation during containment that SCP-3835-1 and -2 show no visible signs of anomalous activity while placed together, and due to repeated unpreventable containment breaches, new containment procedures will be tested to confirm if permanent containment in this manner is possible. SCP-3835-2 will be removed with the cover story of sustaining irreparable damage, then returned with the addition of

SCP-3835-1 to the sculpture and announced as a replacement for the original sculpture. If this containment is successful, a replacement will be placed at SCP-3835-1's original location and monitored to ensure that the previous containment breaches do not repeat.

Addendum E: Containment procedures have been revised. No containment breaches have occurred since revision.

SCP-3838: Nomads of the 4th-Dimensional Steppe

Item #: SCP-3838

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A perimeter is to be established 1km away from SCP-3838's area of operation. A single entrance is located on the eastern edge to allow entrance and egress to and from the area of operation and the research base.

To prevent incursions by SCP-3838-4, the perimeter is heavily armed against both internal and external threats. SCP-3838-4's activities are currently limited to occasional raids on the other SCP-3838 instances, but conversations with members of the other SCP-3838 instances indicate that SCP-3838-4's occupation is currently due to begin in 2054, with a strong likelihood of this occurring at an early date due to SCP-3838-4's military strength and aggressive behaviour. Efforts to engage SCP-3838-4 diplomatically are underway, but this should not be done at the expense of the Foundation's relationship with SCP-3838-3.

Internal disputes or conflicts between SCP-3838 instances are not to be interfered with. There are, however, two exception to this rule: 1) if said conflicts may cause a containment beach, or 2) if any conflict occurs between SCP-3838-4 and either SCP-3838-2 or SCP-3838-3, as per our agreement with these groups.

Any members of SCP-3838-8 are to be detained and interrogated upon sight. No such members have been encountered thus far.

Description: SCP-3838 refers to a series of 8 nomadic Turkmen tribes. These tribes all occupy a space of $10km^2$ at a site in western Turkmenistan, near the Caspian Sea. However, these tribes possess an ability to travel through time, and thus each SCP-3838 instance occupies the land at a different point in history.

SCP-3838 instances treat different periods of time as if they are different areas of territorial pastureland owned by one tribe or another. Agreements and conflicts over the periods owned by each tribe are common, with sudden raids into a particular time period common. Two time periods have been set aside for particular common purpose, under which there is an agreed-upon parley between the tribes: an unspecified period in the early 15th century BCE, and the period from 1800-1858, used as a marketplace and as a place for inter-tribal councils and gatherings.

SCP-3838 instances travel through time through an unknown ritual, which is not shared with outsiders. It is known that this involves the travellers entering a *ger*[1], with two flames flanking the entrance, but nothing else about the process has been conclusively determined. SCP-3838 instances do not occupy their time period contiguously, but ordinarily move to a different time within their period, forwards or backwards, every six months. The continual raiding, conflict and re-use of already used years has resulted in a number of temporal paradoxes occuring; these have not, however, caused any significant temporal destabilities, due to an unknown method of temporal preservation.

The culture of SCP-3838 is typical of nomadic tribes of the region. They primarily live in *gers*, and each tribe is ruled by a *khan*, despite the small sizes of each group. They all speak the same antiquated dialect of Turkmen, believed to have been common in the region during the 15th century; some also speak Persian and Chagatai, with a small number possessing knowledge of classical Arabic. SCP-3838 instances often practice a fusion of traditional and Islamic beliefs, with some exceptions (detailed below).

Economically, SCP-3838 instances primarily live off the milk and meat of goats and sheep, with a natural spring located within the bounds of their physical territory providing water. A large number of handicrafts are created by the SCP-3838 instances; this is often the role of the women, although the traditionally egalitarian nature of nomadic societies also affords them a limited role in herding, rearing, combat and sometimes tribal leadership. The exception to this is SCP-3838-2, which is a solely matriarchal tribe. Of note is the possession of large quantities of advanced technology and

weaponry possessed by all of the SCP-3838 instances. These have reportedly been raided or traded from tribes whose "territory" is in the future.

SCP-3838-3 is the current SCP-3838 instance occupying the pastureland. The Foundation has promised protection for SCP-3838-3 against SCP-3838-4, a hostile tribe seeking to aggressively expand its "territory" into the 21st century. In exchange, SCP-3838-3 voluntarily offers the Foundation advanced technology which the Foundation believes may be useful. The Foundation has a similar arrangement with SCP-3838-2, although as their "territory" is now in the past, this agreement is rarely activated in modern times. Communication with the tribes is difficult, as the Foundation encounters them at wildly different points in their personal timelines and often recieve contradictory information as a result, a problem exacerbated by the continuous rewriting of the timeline.

SCP-3838 was first discovered in 1696, when the Foundation predecessor organisation Devan-e Jaaduyih (Office of Magic), a part of the Safavid governmental apparatus which would later become an independent organisation, responded to reports of "disappearing and reappearing tents" by relocated Kurdish tribesmen in the area. The Devan-e Jaaduyih continued to contain the tribes until its absorption into the Foundation in 1834. The anomaly itself is believed to have started in the 15th century BCE, following a "vast battle"; they have, however, been heavily influenced by later Turkic and Islamic nomads, and their oral history contains few reliable elements from before the 1st century CE.

Below are details of all of the SCP-3838 tribes, their zones of control, and the nature of the two parley zones. Note that some of this information was recorded during earlier periods of the Foundation's history, and that of their predecessors, when social attitudes and data gathering were performed under markedly different standards.

Tribe/Zone	Period	Details
The "Holy Years"	c. 15th century BCE	Within the variant of Tengri beliefs practised (often syncretically with

		Islam) by SCP-3838, these years are considered to be a particularly holy site, where a great conglomeration of spirits gather. It is believed that a great battle occured shortly before the beginning of these years, but there is uncertainty as to its nature.
SCP-3838-1	c. 110 CE to c. 290 CE	Little is known about this tribe; they were only observed in the "Marketplace" years. They are rumoured to produce particularly fine earthenware pots, and these were often seen in the marketplace. Unusually, they appear to follow strong Manichean beliefs, but associated "darkness" in Manichean dualism with the colour red.
SCP-3838-2	c. 1130 CE to 1799 CE	A matriarchal tribe; combat, herding and tribal leadership are solely the preserve of women. This unusual arrangement is credited to a "hero" during the ancient battle mentioned earlier. Their

		unusually large territory is a mark of their particular success as a tribe. Information on this tribe is scant, and filled with exaggeration and myth by earlier writers; it is known, however, that they were skilled hunters who often ranged further afield than the other tribes, engaging in the Mongol tradition of the *nerge*[2]. They practice a mixture of shamanism and Islam.
The "Marketplace"	1800 CE to 1858 CE	A place of pre-agreed upon gatherings. Tribes often arrive here to trade technology and talismans, as well as to arbitrate disputes. SCP-3838-4's hostility has resulted in their exclusion from this period; SCP-3838-8 instances are never seen. A description by Foundation operative Ali Quli Beg describes the ware on offer as "strange and terrible things; muskets and rifles altered to emit bolts of light, pagan talismans which glow

		with strange fire, an antique funeral urn with shifting markings, and arrows which followed their targets like hounds."[1]
SCP-3838-3	1870 CE to 2054 CE	The current tribe. SCP-3838-3 is ruled by a *khan* in consultation with several *begs*, perhaps mirroring the traditional position in the region of a *khan* being a senior governor and a *beg* being a lesser governor. Members of SCP-3838-3 are known for the particular quality of their carpet-weaving, which they often use as objects of bartering. They formerly held many more years, but have been pushed back by SCP-3838-4.
SCP-3838-4	2054 CE to c. 3000 CE	The largest known tribe in terms of time occupied, SCP-3838-4 is shunned by and hostile to other tribes and to the Foundation. They are often dressed in human skins, although captured members claim that these are

		only the skins of SCP-3838-8 members. Nevertheless, this practice has led them to be abhorred by the other tribes; the only exceptions are the SCP-3838-7 survivors, who have a good relationship with SCP-3838-4. They are reportedly obsessed with SCP-3838-8 and are attempting to create an "empire of time" to stand against them. They often enslave or incorporate other tribes into their own. They are known for their protection of a particular funeral urn, which houses the body of a "fallen foe". Interestingly, oral tradition among SCP-3838-2 includes a reference to an "ancient urn", and older survivors of SCP-3838-7 have talked of "losing their urn".
SCP-3838-5	c. 3000 to c. 3020 CE	A small tribe, SCP-3838-5 has been almost wiped out. Its members are renowned for their skill at cooking, and could

		be found in large numbers at the marketplace and sometimes within other tribes. Reportedly, they are running low on good pastureland, and "constantly meet themselves" within the tiny size of their remaining territory.
SCP-3838-6	c. 3020 CE to c. 3450 CE	Traditional allies of SCP-3838-5, SCP-3838-6 possess particularly advanced technology often found at the Marketplace. SCP-3838-6 are known for their lack of syncretism, practising a relatively pure form of Shi'ite Islam. They are known to have dealings with a group calling themselves the "Empire for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts", believed to be a future variant of the ORIA; they are, however, extremely friendly and co-operative with the Foundation despite this.
SCP-3838-7	None; formerly c. 3500 CE to c. 4100 CE	This tribe was destroyed; surviving members and their

		descendants can occasionally be found in other tribes and at the marketplace, although most were incorporated into SCP-3838-5. Although the other SCP-3838 instances ascribe this destruction to SCP-3838-4, surviving SCP-3838-7 members claim it was done by SCP-3838-8.
SCP-3838-8	Unknown; in the far future.	Very little is known of this tribe; no members have ever been encountered, and the other SCP-3838 instances ordinarily refuse to speak of them outside of their oral tradition, which states that they were the tribe fought against at the "great battle" (although other sources state that it was a single powerful figure who was fought against; both traditions are believed to have been created well after the event). The only exception is SCP-3838-4, who refers to them as the "enemy above all enemies" and the "rejectors"; limited

	contact with SCP-3838-4 has prevented the Foundation from learning more, however.

Addendum 1: On 02/01/2011, a member of SCP-3838-4 approached the research base attached to the perimeter defences. Claiming to be an envoy, the figure asked for an interview with the site director, which was granted; a transcript can be found below.

Interview 3838-1

Interviewer: Dr. Sayyeda Aisha Rizvi, Site Director.

Interviewee: An envoy from SCP-3838-4.

Date: 02/11/2011

<*Begin Log*>

Dr. Rizvi: Hello there.

The envoy is silent.

Dr. Rizvi: Look, tell me what you want. You're lucky we've even granting you this interview.

Envoy: We have met your kind before. You'll understand my… hesitancy in trusting you, *khanum*. You capture our people, kill our soldiers. We do not easily forget.

Dr. Rizvi: You kill ours. You kill our friends among the tribes.

Envoy: Oh, what is the point of this? I could tell you we have a purpose, I could tell you we have a purpose behind our raids, that I take no joy in the killing of our brothers, but to what

end? It would convince you of nothing. Let us stick to the matter at hand.

Dr. Rizvi: Go on, then. What was it you wanted to dicuss?

Envoy: What do you know of the battle? The great battle that defined our world?

Dr. Rizvi: Little.

The envoy sighs heavily

Envoy: It matters little. Let me find another way to put it… imagine we made a prison.

Dr. Rizvi: I didn't think you went into that kind of thing.

Envoy: A prison, but one of many aspects. If you want to *truly* lock something away, you make its substance uncertain. You trap part of it in another reality, another in a different concept of existence- and another in a pocket of time.

Dr. Rizvi: …Something is being imprisoned by you?

Envoy: Yes.

Dr. Rizvi: I'll need more than that.

Envoy: And I cannot give it to you, Khanum. We have nine centuries of time to look after, pastures and children and womenfolk. Our years are good, and vast, and we protect our own. Nobody else remembers. They all forget. They see us only as bloodthirsty tyrants. They all forgot! And now we stand alone. The seventh tribe were the only others, and they died. We need help. You contain things, yes?

You keep them hidden?

Dr. Rizvi: We do. But that's not how it works. We need to know what we're dealing with, what-

Envoy: No. We cannot. I am sorry.

Dr. Rizvi: Then we cannot make a deal.

Envoy: Look, I- you can stand on your principles all you like, but this is happening, *khanum*. The Eternal Heaven has orchestrated this. If we told you, we would be breaking our promise. We made a pact. We will not bend. And if you do not, then it will be released.

Dr. Rizvi: …What do you want from us, then?

Envoy: To talk. To have you as an intermediary, for they will not trust us. We cannot unite the tribes, so we must join with them. Please, *khanum*. Please help us.

The envoy is visibly shaking at this point.

Dr. Rizvi: …How do I know that you won't-

Envoy: You don't, *khanum*. But you are the Jailors. You are the ones who keep us safe. Everyone safe. From the dark behind the eyes.

A pause for five seconds.

Dr. Rizvi: Alright. Come with me. There are some people you should speak to.

<End Log>

Following this, SCP-3838-4 has agreed to stop its program of aggressive expansion against the other SCP-3838 instances. SCP-3838-4 has refused to elaborate further on the nature of

SCP-3838-8, but the Foundation has agreed to support its efforts at political alliance and communication with the other SCP-3838 instances, as it is believed the nature of the threat described is serious enough to warrant precautions.

RESTRICTED TO CLEARANCE LEVEL 5 ONLY

Addendum 2: On 20/09/2017, several documents in the personal collection of the 19th century Foundation operative and Orientalist John Callaghan were recovered by the Foundation. Among these was a translation into English of a song Callaghan heard during the "Marketplace" period, said to originate among SCP-3838-8. It reads as follows:

> They forget the hallowed words upon the death of time.
>
> May they share the fate of those who deny to me what's mine,
>
> They forget the howling chains that bind me safe away,
>
> One of many old *chanyus*[3] forgotten in this way.
>
> They forget the steel swords they used to cast me down,
>
> They shall not forget again before my flaming crown.
>
> They forget the seven brides that wait for my return,
>
> Such loveliness is lost upon the children of the urns.
>
> They forget the seals that are used to keep me still,

Only one remembers and is not bent to my will.

Seven seals, seven tribes, six reclaimed, one shall be mine,

And ere the end of all your days the Crimson Khan shall ride.

Footnotes
1. Often called ayurt, ageris a type of tent used by the nomadic peoples of Inner Asia.
2. A type of ceremonial hunt, wherein the hunters encircle an animal together before firing upon it.
3. A term used for the leader of a steppe tribe beforekhan.

SCP-3839: Liposlugtion: 2 Fat 2 Furious

Item #: SCP-3839

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3839 is to be contained in a large, reinforced, Heavy Bio-Containment Cell in the lower levels of Site-234, sealed according to BSL-4. SCP-3839 is to be fed 100 kg of lipids, preferably in the form of lard, once a week. All direct interaction with SCP-3839 and maintenance of its cell is to be done via robotic drone; no personnel are allowed inside the cell unless given direct permission by both the Project Head (currently Dr. Maravilla) and the Site Directors (currently Drs. Leep and Sherry Andrews).

The ceiling of this room is to be equipped with sprinklers filled with 10*M* NaOH solution, to be used in the event of an imminent breach.

Description: SCP-3839 is a large amorphous mass comprised mostly of undifferentiated fat cells, measuring approximately 2.5 m in radius and weighing approximately 60 metric tons. SCP-3839 constantly alters its shape and size and moves using a method similar to amoeboid movement.

SCP-3839 gains control over lipids not part of itself within an approximate radius of 3 m; at greater distances, SCP-3839 can only exert a weak attractive force whose strength exponentially decreases with distance. SCP-3839 is capable of restructuring lipids into various shapes and structures, usually in the shape of crude hands, arms, or mouths.

When not moving, SCP-3839 emits a yellow cloud composed of aerosolized lipids and proteins, most of which are unseen in ordinary organisms. Inhalation or skin absorption of these products causes an anomalous effect on humans in its vicinity; nearly all humans begin to lose their self-preservation instinct within 1 minute of

exposure, and all fear response pathways completely shut down within 8 minutes. Autopsies of recovered subjects has revealed the formation of small growths of sphingomyelin[1] in the amygdala[2], encasing and absorbing neurons and glial cells.

SCP-3839 will then attempt to catch affected humans with its limbs. Once SCP-3839 has gripped a human with its appendage, SCP-3839 will extend a smaller, tube-like appendage and expel a thick slurry from it until it hits the targeted human. When this slurry comes in contact with human tissue, it reverts human osteocytes, chondrocytes, myocytes, and adipocytes[3] into mesenchymal stem cells, with complete conversion normally occuring within four minutes[4]. These stem cells will differentiate into a new form of adipocyte, which coagulate into a homogenous mass and absorb the remaining neurons. SCP-3839 will then proceed to move itself towards the remains and absorb the new adipocyte mass into itself, leaving the remainder behind.

Biopsy of the outer mass of SCP-3839 has shown that it possesses genetic material from 36 humans, 9 of which match to former **Prometheus Labs** personnel, most notably Dr. , Dr. , and **Dr. Javier Pineda**.

CT scanning of SCP-3839 revealed a large mass in its center; this mass appears to be composed of a dense network of neurons arranged in 37 discrete clusters. 35 of these directly link to a larger cluster in the center of the mass, with smaller links between each other. The 37th is isolated from all other clusters and encased in a crystalline shell. This shell is composed mainly of crystalline fat and appears to be in a constant state of equilibrium, being dissolved from without and reconstituted from within. All clusters have exhibited significant neural activity, with the central cluster and cluster 37 the most active. Tests using isotopic labeling have shown that upon conversion and ingestion of a human subject, a new cluster will form from the subject's neurons.

Brain biopsies have determined that SCP-3839's clusters are composed of a new form of brain matter, with specialized adipocytes replacing ordinary glial cells.

SCP-3839 will occasionally enter an Eglah state, growing a single

large appendage and occasionally manifesting crystalline spikes or various liquids from the end. SCP-3839 will then attack itself with this appendage. SCP-3839 sustains no lasting damage during these states; any damage is quickly repaired by SCP-3839 rearranging its mass to fill the wounds. Notably, SCP-3839 will usually form a thickened mass of compacted fat to protect its clusters. This state ends when the appendage either retracts or is severed.

The time interval between Eglah events has steadily increased over time; rising from an average of 2 days upon initial containment in 2000, to 3 weeks. However, the duration has increased from 10 minutes to over an hour as of the most recent event.

Eglah events have become increasingly destructive during SCP-3839's time in containment. Recently, SCP-3839 has begun to show signs of increasing intelligence.

Addendum 3839-A: Notable Eglah Events

For the sake of clarity, the hostile appendage will be designated SCP-3839-ALPHA.

Event Number	Duration	Notes
12	13 minutes	First recorded instance of 3839-ALPHA attempting to play dead to launch a second attack. 3839-ALPHA was torn from 3839's mass, ceased motion completely, and was reabsorbed after 2 minutes.
122	15 minutes	3839-ALPHA attached itself to the ceiling using an adhesive substance exuded from its end. It then lifted 3839 off of the containment cell floor and attempted to

		repeatedly slam it against the floor and walls of the cell. 3839 suffered severe blunt force trauma after 7 hits, at which point 3839-ALPHA experienced structural failure and separated from 3839. 3839-ALPHA was removed from the ceiling and reabsorbed by 3839. A sample of the adhesive was successfully taken for study.
237	22 minutes	First recorded instance of 3839 growing human-like hands on the ends of its appendages.
289	27 minutes	First recorded instance of 3839-ALPHA using chemical attacks, specifically, an organic chemical agent intended to induce apoptosis in fat cells.
355	34 minutes	First recorded instance of 3839 emulating human vocalizations. 3839 vocalized in a distorted female voice, causing 3839-ALPHA to cease its attack. 3839-ALPHA remained motionless

		until it was reabsorbed.
381	38 minutes	3839 extended an appendage and breached the NaOH sprinklers directly above 3839-ALPHA, destroying it. First recorded instance of 3839 using its cell to its advantage. Containment layout has been updated.
509	72 minutes	First recorded instance of 3839 attempting to address personnel during an Eglah event. 3839 spoke in a deeper, distorted voice and was recorded as saying "He was a fool."
602	88 minutes	Final Eglah event. 3839-ALPHA formed a roughly humanoid shape and attacked 3839 repeatedly, ignoring all damage inflicted to itself by 3839's counterattacks. Just before reaching the center cluster of 3839, 3839-ALPHA was forcibly torn from 3839's main body, and repeatedly slammed into the ground and walls until finally being ripped apart by 3839

	and absorbed. Upon absorption, 3839 moved jerkily and erratically for 9 minutes before collapsing into a near-liquid state. 3839 regained its previous form after 2 days.

Update / /14: Eglah events have ceased completely, and SCP-3839 has become more docile in temperament. SCP-3839 has begun to occasionally split a portion of its mass off and attempt to shape it. These constructs have been designated SCP-3839-BETA. SCP-3839-BETA instances usually have a crude humanoid shape but tend to rapidly collapse into a pile of fat. Instances that do not collapse are eventually reabsorbed by SCP-3839.

SCP-3839-BETA instances have gradually become more refined over time, and last longer before collapse and reabsorption.

Update / /18: All new instances of SCP-3839-BETA vaguely resemble the late Dr. Pineda, and are fully mobile. These SCP-3839-BETA instances are capable of locomotion and distorted vocalization, and generally attempt to move towards the cell's camera or observation ports.

Collected Recordings of SCP-3839-BETA

SCP-3839-BETA: Are you there?

SCP-3839-BETA: Hello?

SCP-3839-BETA: Is anyone out there?

SCP-3839-BETA: How did I get here?

SCP-3839-BETA: Let me out!

SCP-3839-BETA: My name is Dr. Javier Ignacio Pineda. My name is Dr. Javier Ignacio Pineda. Oh god…

SCP-3839-BETA: I hear you out there. Please help me.

SCP-3839-BETA: Please. I can't hold it forever.

SCP-3839-BETA: Help me kill it.

SCP-3839-BETA: Who's there? I feel someone else.

[Note: Dr. Velasquez had been reassigned to SCP-3839 after Incident **SCP-3233-N** .]

SCP-3839-BETA: You feel familiar. Do I remember you?

SCP-3839-BETA: Memories. I'm still here. Slugs.

SCP-3839-BETA: Monique? Is that you? Please tell me you're safe.

SCP-3839-BETA: I never wanted any of this.

SCP-3839-BETA: At least I get to see you one more time.

SCP-3839-BETA: Please.

Footnotes
1. Myelin is a lipid material that forms the insulative coating surrounding neurons.
2. The amygdalae, located in the center of the brain, are the regions primarily associated with emotional and fear conditioning, as well as long-term memory.
3. Bone cells, cartilage cells, muscle cells, and fat cells, respectively.
4. The exact mechanism of this process is hypothesized to be similar to that ofSCP-2051and is the subject of ongoing research.

SCP-3840: We Stand On Guard For Thee

Item #: SCP-3840

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the size of the area SCP-3840 can manifest in, the entity cannot be physically contained. Containment will focus on disseminating fictional accounts of SCP-3840 sightings, intending to convince the general population that information pertaining to the anomaly is derived from an urban legend, along with explanations that attribute sightings to native fauna or hallucinations. Amnestics may be administered if witnesses attempt to heavily spread information on SCP-3840.

As radio broadcasts from the object are interpreted as number station broadcasts and are only known to fringe groups, further containment on these is unnecessary.

Revision: Attempting communication with SCP-3840 is forbidden.

Description: SCP-3840 is an emaciated humanoid entity that manifests in the Boreal forest region of Canada. It appears to be covered in severe burn wounds and is estimated to be 2m in height. Manifestations involve SCP-3840 being ejected out of a section of the forest, reaching a height of 50m above the canopy, and descending to another forested section 20m away.

This process will repeat for a variable length of time, normally around three minutes though reaching an hour on occasion, during which SCP-3840 moves toward the nearest population center until reaching a distance of 20km from the location. Demanifestation has not been directly observed. Of note is that, at all points during movement, SCP-3840 appears to be largely limp.

Certain objects that enter an undetermined radius around SCP-3840 will be pushed by an unseen force into following the same "leaping"

motions as the entity, invariably colliding with trees or the ground in the process. These objects will vanish when SCP-3840 demanifests, and do not appear in subsequent manifestations. The most frequently observed objects seen alongside the entity are deceased animals, damaged articles of clothing, and computers.

Shortwave radio broadcasts at a frequency of 2156 kHz are released from SCP-3840 when manifested. These broadcasts consist entirely of a repeating monotone buzzing sound. A sample of this audio is below. *WARNING: As this file may be loud, personnel are advised to lower the volume before listening.*

No variations have so far been observed.

Sightings of entities similar to SCP-3840 have been reported. The most common describe a humanoid rapidly flying through a forested area, frequently colliding with trees while followed by indiscernible objects. An investigation is in progress.

Addendum: On 21-August-2015, Foundation assets began detecting a stationary radio broadcast at 2156 kHz, originating from Spray Valley Provincial Park in Alberta, Canada. The signal consisted entirely of a female voice repeatedly saying "Hello?" in English and French. After twelve hours the broadcast ceased, and undercover Foundation operatives were dispatched to the location.

Operatives discovered a camp site within a forested area. A heavily damaged camping van and the remains of a makeshift radio tower[1] were present at the location, along with burnt articles of clothing. Cyrielle Mercier, a member of multiple online conspiracy theory forums, and a cell phone that belonged to an acquaintance were found inside the van.

Relevant files are available below.

▷ Investigation 3840/10 Recovered Files

The following are files recovered from the cell phone found with Mercier. A majority of data on the phone was corrupted.

Designation: REC-3840/1

Document Type: Image

Description: Four young individuals, including Mercier, stand next to each other in front of the camper van. All of them have their arms placed on each other's shoulders and are smiling. A male subject holds a white sign with "parawatch. "[2] written on it in black paint. A male individual (hereafter Subject 1) is drinking from a beer bottle, holding it in a comedically exaggerated manner. Several cell phones, ear buds, and portable chargers are suspended in the air above them.

NOTE: Due to the reluctance of Mercier to provide information, the names of these individuals are not known.

Designation: REC-3840/2

Document Type: Video

<BEGIN LOG>

[CORRUPTED DATA EXPUNGED]

The camera rapidly moves up from a view of the ground and pans between various trees. An entity resembling SCP-3840 can be seen moving between

branches, though the erratic movement of the camera and anomaly prevents a clear view of it.

Mercier: (*whispering*) Holy fuck.

SCP-3840 slows and goes limp on a tree branch.

Subject 1, presumed to be filming, starts speaking.

Subject 1: Quiet!

[CORRUPTED DATA EXPUNGED]

A small fire is present on the tree branch. SCP-3840 is missing.

Mercier: I— Oh. (*incoherent muttering*)

<END LOG>

Designation: REC-3840/3

Document Type: Image

Description: Mercier and one of the photographed individuals sit in fold-out lawn chairs, next to an unlit camp fire. Facial expressions suggest that they are uncomfortable. Mercier is looking over her shoulder at a collapsed and burnt tree, which is largely obscured by the chairs. The upper torso of a body under the tree is partially visible, surrounded by blood and possessing clothing

matching that of the other photographed female individual (hereafter Subject 2). A helical antenna extends from behind Mercier's chair, suspected to be originating from the unseen head of Subject 2.

Designation: REC-3840/4

Document Type: Video

<BEGIN LOG>

The interior of the van can be seen, with the camera apparently at the rear bunk bed. All side windows are covered with blinds, and the white "parawatch. " sign is obscuring the windshield. The camera momentarily shakes, briefly showing the edges of a black metal object on the bed. Heavy breathing is audible.

Loud scraping sounds are heard outside the van. The scraping stops after 30 seconds, and a heavy impact occurs on the left side of the van. There is a second impact from the opposite side, and over the next minute the impacts occur more frequently on all sides of the van. The windshields break and the sign falls over. Only darkness can be seen through the window. A hand grabs onto the black metal object. The impacts stop. Mercier can be heard from outside the van.

Mercier: Really now?

The van door opens and Subject 2 steps in, who turns to look at the subject holding the camera. She appears to be unharmed.

Subject 2: Could you quiet down in here? You're going to get the ranger—

The phone falls onto the bed, obscuring the camera. Three gunshots and a loud impact are heard.

NOTE: Analysis has found that the timing of each collision corresponds to a Morse code message:

SIGNAL RADIO
SHUT

Designation: REC-3840/5

Document Type: Video

<BEGIN LOG>

The camera moves erratically as the subject holding it runs. Light from a flashlight illuminates patches of grass, though few details can be discerned. There is a high-pitched electronic whine and the subject collapses, rolling over and scrambling back. The

flashlights points at SCP-3840, which is a meter away and lying on the ground. Its head turns to face the camera and its mouth widens, exposing a megaphone that protrudes from it.

Another electronic whine is released from a megaphone and a voice matching that of Peter Mansbridge[3] is heard from it.

SCP-3840: —as the nation makes preparations. Meanwhile, Minister of National Defense Jason Kenney has declared the mobilization of all Canadian military forces. In his statement, he announced that citizens must be willing to provide any necessary—

[CORRUPTED DATA EXPUNGED]

<END LOG>

Designation: REC-3840/6

Document Type: Audio

Description: A repeating monotone buzzing sequence, forming the following message in Morse code:

WAIT SIGNAL
FOR
OPERATIONS
START

Designation: REC-3840/7

Document Type: Video

<BEGIN LOG>

Subject 1, who has the phone in their breast pocket, is walking through a forested area with a male individual from the photograph (hereafter Subject 3). A 2m tall structure resembling a radio tower is present in the distance.

Subject 3: This'll work, right?

A repeating monotone buzzing sound momentarily replaces normal audio.

Subject 3: —been nice enough.

Subject 3 is abruptly thrown to the side by an unseen force. Subject 1 does not appear to react, and continues walking to the radio tower until reaching it after a minute. The tower is shoddily built, with radio equipment on a metal platform that is welded to numerous support beams. A tangle of cables extends from the back of the equipment and connects to two portable electric generators, which can be heard running.

Subject 1 grabs the phone and drops it onto the ground, with the

camera facing upward. Severe burn wounds are seen on his right hand until he walks out of view. SCP-3840 is momentarily observed in the canopy, followed by a severed arm. Two minutes later the whirring stops and Subject 1 walks past the phone. There is a metal creaking sound and one of the generators is ejected through the tower, causing it to violently collapse. Metal debris lifts into the air and follow the path of the generator.

A wet crunch is heard in the distance.

<END LOG>

Designation: REC-3840/8

Document Type: Video

<BEGIN LOG>

A person entirely encompassed in flames sits on the ground, holding a beer bottle. Mercier, who is presumed to be filming, starts speaking.

Mercier: Soooo, anything I could get you?

The person lifts the beer bottle and begins drinking from it, making no apparent response.

Mercier: Mmm.

Melting cell phones fall out of the person's head.

Mercier: Well, if you spot anything come hollering. Never know what's out here.

Mercier turns around and walks toward the van, which is on fire.

<END LOG>

Designation: REC-3840/9

Document Type: Image

Description: Members of the Rocky Mountain Rangers march through an unidentified city. Half of the rangers lack any facial features. Royal Canadian Mounted Police Officers accompany them on horseback, with their faces covered by black masks. One of the rangers is identical in appearance to Subject 1.

Designation: REC-3840/10

Document Type: Audio

Description: A performance of "O Canada." Artist unknown.

▷ Interview Log 3840/C.Mercier/1 [EXCERPT]

Interviewee: Cyrielle Mercier

Interviewer: Researcher Victor Villeneuve

Date: 22-August-2015

<BEGIN EXCERPT>

Villeneuve: Could you tell us what you saw out there?

Mercier raises an eyebrow.

Villeneuve: When you were out camping, what did you see?

Mercier: Uhh, we saw some nice mountains and forests. *Mercier shrugs. She appears visibly confused.*

Villeneuve: Did anything eventful happen to you? Did you see anything out of the ordinary?

Mercier: One of the mountain rangers came over on a noise complaint and confiscated some stuff, but other than that it was fine? I don't get what this is about.

Villeneuve: Mercier, we have seen the videos and photos you and your friend took. Nothing about this was fine.

Mercier: I—what are you on about? Is shutting up to not interfere so odd?

Villeneuve: We found you unconscious in a burnt camper van. That's normal?

Mercier: Yes, and? God, you

actually locked me up to know this.

Villeneuve: Do I need to remind you what was out there? I have the photos.

Mercier: Jesus, just—look. If a ranger needs a rifle, would you give them a rifle?

Villeneuve: If it is necessary for defense, yes.

Mercier: Right. So if a ranger comes down and asks for your electronics and lives, would you give it to them?

Villeneuve: I— wait, *lives?*

Mercier: Would you give it?

Villeneuve: No. I wouldn't.

Mercier facepalms then hits her hand on the table.

Mercier: Don't you get— (*coughing*)—Don't you—

Mercier begins profusely coughing and gasping for air until a burnt phone battery is ejected from their mouth, which collides with the ceiling and lands on the table.

Mercier: (*coughing*)—get it? People have to sacrifice for their country. If you can't handle that then you don't deserve protection.

<END EXCERPT>

Footnotes

1. How the tower reached the 2165 kHz frequency is unclear.
2. One of the conspiracy forums Mercier was active on.
3. A former anchor of the Canadian television news programThe National.

SCP-3842: Life-Emitting Diode

Item #: SCP-3842

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3842 must be kept within a safe with a 10x10x10 centimeter interior, with a 2 centimeter thick rubber padding on all sides. A blast-resistant camera has been placed within the safe to monitor SCP-3842 at all times. Any time SCP-3842 is removed from the safe, it must be handled with insulated rubber gloves.

Description: SCP-3842 is a standard 5 millimeter red LED that emits a variable voltage of static electricity from both its cathode and anode leg, even if it is not connected to anything else. The brightness of the LED directly correlates with the outputted voltage level. SCP-3842 can produce anywhere from 0 to 8192 volts.

SCP-3842 was initially discovered following a house fire in a suburban neighborhood of , Ohio. SCP-3842 was determined to have been on a desk in the house's garage, and was likely the source of the fire. Reports from local authorities have shown that while the home had 4 residents, only 3 were found, one of which having been killed by the fire. Foundation assistance was requested after several searches conducted to locate this fourth civilian, a 38 year old male by the name of Robert , were largely unsuccessful. Each resident has been designated PoI-3842-1 through 4, with PoI-3842-4 referring to Robert.

Addendum 3842.1: Interview Log

+ Open File

Interviewed: PoI-3842-2

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: PoI-3842-2 is the wife of PoI-3842-4, Susan . This interview was conducted approximately one week after the incident. PoI-3842-2 was unaware of Dr. 's affiliation with the Foundation, instead believing him to be a local government official.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Good afternoon, Mrs. . I hope that all of this isn't too stressful for you; you've been through a lot recently.

PoI-3842-2: Thanks, and you too… Have you found anything at all on Robert? I'm worried sick about him, I don't want to lose him too…

Dr. : I'm afraid not, Mrs. . The only evidence we could find was a small, electronic LED. Would you happen to know anything about something like that?

PoI-3842-2: Well, Robert did get Jonathan[1] an electronics kit for his birthday, which… would've been today… The last thing he said to me was that he was going to make Jonathan's present special for him. He really loved that boy, he wanted to show him as much of the world as he could…

PoI-3842-2 looks towards the ground, with tears beginning to form in her eyes.

Dr. : Take your time if you need to, I understand that this is quite upsetting for you.

PoI-3842-2: It's… It's fine. I still have my baby girl Hope[2] to keep me company, at least.

Dr. : Okay. For the sake of record-keeping,

would you mind telling what exactly happened when your house burned down?

PoI-3842-2: Sure, um… I was just making dinner, I thought the smoke detector was just going off again because I'm terrible at it. Jonathan… he really was the investigative type, always looking too far into things… he didn't believe it was because of me. He went down to the garage and saw the flames, yelling for me to grab Hope and get out of there. He was determined to rescue his father… I never saw either of them again…

Dr. : I'm sorry, Mrs. . That seems to be all the time we have for today. We'll be sure to keep you informed if we do find anything.

<End Log>

Addendum 3842.2: Recovered Document

The following was found on a folded sheet of paper in one of the pockets of PoI-3842-3.

+ Open File

-.. --- - / -... --- -.-- / .- -. -.. / -.. .- ... . / -- .- -. / -.- . . .--. .. -. --. / . ...- . .-. -.-- --- -. . / ... .- ..-. . / ..-. .-. --- -- / - .... . / . ...- .. .-.. / -.. .-. .-.-.- / . .-.. . -.-. - .-. --- -.[3]

Pictured below is a drawing in crayon of what appears to be PoI-3842-3 and PoI-3842-4 in costumes similar to that of stereotypical superhero characters.

Footnotes
1. Referring to PoI-3842-3.
2. Referring to PoI-3842-1.
3. This appears to be Morse code that translates to "DOT BOY AND

DASH MAN KEEPING EVERYONE SAFE FROM THE EVIL DR. ELECTRON". Research into this and any possible connection to SCP-3842 is ongoing.

SCP-3843: Sam

Item #: SCP-3843

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Scherbius-Decker Learning Computer Psi-22 ("ASA") is to search gaming forums and websites for keywords[1] indicating the presence of an SCP-3843-1 instance. Occurrences of these keywords are to be investigated by Foundation personnel. If an instance of SCP-3843-1 is confirmed at the reported location, it is to be delivered to Site-11 immediately and its owner administered a Class-A amnestic.

Foundation elements placed within major game manufacturers are to search outgoing products for the presence of SCP-3843-created code. If the presence of this code is confirmed, the located instance of SCP-3843-1 is to be pulled immediately and replaced with an unaffected copy. All games that have come into contact with the instance of SCP-3843-1 are to be searched and dealt with similarly.

All testing involving SCP-3843 must be approved by at least one member of Level 3 personnel. Testing is to be performed by a member of D-Class personnel in a sealed chamber featuring one television and chair. Research personnel are to observe via an adjoining chamber. No personnel other than this D-Class are to enter the sealed chamber during testing.

In order to maintain the SCP-3843 currently in containment, it is to be allowed to periodically infect a new instance of SCP-3843-1. After this is done, the original instance of SCP-3843-1 is to be destroyed.

> Historical Record - Emergency Containment Procedures
>
> In 1983, due to mass numbers of SCP-3843-1 instances becoming exposed to the public, the Foundation began emergency containment by artificially inducing a crash of

the video-game market through use of Foundation elements placed into major players in said market.

This was accomplished through multiple means, including:

- The funding of competing home computer companies through several Foundation fronts.
- Artificial over-saturation of the video game market via Foundation-owned companies and undercover elements in several existing companies.
- Use of Foundation elements in existing game publishers to encourage poor business decisions and practices.
- Industrial sabotage of several upcoming projects.

The crash brought about via these factors was sufficient to achieve majority containment of SCP-3843. Containment of remaining SCP-3843-1 instances is ongoing. However, due to the nature of SCP-3843, such an operation is considered to be indefinite in length.

Description: SCP-3843 is a non-player character present in an as-of-yet unknown number of video games which is capable of physically and mentally altering players. A game inhabited by SCP-3843, hereafter referred to as SCP-3843-1, is capable of passing SCP-3843 onto other games in its physical vicinity[2]. Infection of an SCP-3843-1 instance by SCP-3843 does not appear to be permanent, as SCP-3843 has been observed to disappear from instances of SCP-3843-1 after a period of five to ten years.

The range necessary for infection to occur is inconsistent, with some games becoming infected even while in neighboring buildings, while others require direct physical contact. SCP-3843 does not appear to be able to infect games that are solely multiplayer by means of an online connection. It will also not appear in an SCP-3843-1 instance with both multiplayer and single-player aspects if that instance is connected to the internet.

SCP-3843 will appear in an SCP-3843-1 instance as a non-player character suited to the game's setting, almost always identified as

'Sam', 'Sammy', or some other variation of the name. While SCP-3843 will adapt its appearance and basic gameplay role to suit the game it is inhabiting, its dialogue (in the cases where it has any) is usually either unsuited to the game setting entirely or wholly incoherent.

The primary anomalous effects of SCP-3843 become activated when either, in-game, the player character interacts with it or it interacts with the player character. At this point, the player will begin to undergo permanent alterations in order to reflect the character they are controlling. No alterations will occur if the player simply ignores SCP-3843.

SCP-3843's mental alterations usually manifest as the player receiving skills and knowledge their player character would feasibly possess. Testing has shown examples of players, for example, receiving knowledge regarding the proper use of firearms while playing action games where they are prominent. Although physical alterations made to a player by SCP-3843 are usually relatively minor and not especially dangerous, this is not the case if the instance of SCP-3843-1 features a non-human player character. In that event, the alterations made to the player to cause them to resemble said character are physically traumatic and often result in death during or shortly after the process.

SCP-3843 appears to have a significant effect on the perceptions of its victims while the instance of SCP-3843-1 is being played in that victims of SCP-3843 are unable to register the alterations they are going through until they stop playing the game.

SCP-3843 is believed to be the creation of Indigo Games, a small anomalous games company which was active from the years 1980 to 1983. (See Interview 3843-1.)

Addendum 3843-1 (Retrieved Instances Log):

The following is a list and summary of SCP-3843 containment breaches which have occurred since its classification as an SCP on 10/04/1983. In all cases, Agents were dispatched, successfully retrieved the instance of SCP-3843-1 and administered amnestics to witnesses as appropriate. All possible infected games in the vicinity

of the recovered instance were safely disposed of.

Game: *Super Mario Bros* (1985), Nintendo Entertainment System
Date: 12/21/1985
SCP-3843 Role:[3] SCP-3843 appears as a 'koopa' enemy with a white shell in World 1-1. Alterations begin when the player kills this enemy.

Incident Summary: Andrew Calhoun, 22, writes to tabloid Weekly World News, claiming that he had instantly grown a substantial mustache after playing the game *Super Mario Bros*. A reporter sent by the paper, while investigating the game, also instantly grows a mustache reminiscent of the game's titular character. Foundation elements within Weekly World News report anomalous activity at this point and a dispatched Agent retrieves the SCP-3843-1 instance. Both Calhoun and the reporter are thoroughly shaved and dosed with a Class-B amnestic.

Game: *Metal Gear 2: Solid Snake* (1990), MSX2
Date: 12/20/1990
SCP-3843 Role: SCP-3843 appears as a boss character encountered halfway through the game, identified as 'Salty Sam', a pirate-themed former KGB agent who uses a water cutter as a weapon. Before fighting the player character, he engages in a lengthy monologue regarding 'Salt and Meats [sic]' and food shortages in the enemy base. Alterations begin when the boss fight is initiated.

> Dialogue Sample
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *So…you're the guy that's called Sold [sic] Snake by everyone, huh! Well that's just good for me because I'm looking out to try and find some salts and meats in this base of ours ZANZIBAR LAND. And well…I used to be inside the KGB Snake, until I got caught and betrayed by those KGB people. It really made*

me angry when that happened Solid Snake, and when later BIG BOSS invited me with salt and meats to his house in ZANZIBAR LAND that really got my stomach hungering…but all of the bullets you have shooting at us. Well, needless to say, there are not many salt and meats in ZANZIBAR LAND at this. Time.

(Monologue continues for a further fifteen minutes of clicking through dialogue.)

SCP-3843: *Snake…I'm going to kill you and the KGB now and get all my salt and meats at ZANZIBAR LAND! Have at me!*

Incident Summary: Daryl McKenzie, 24, is shot and killed while attempting to break into a secure military installation near his hometown of . Analysis of security footage from the incident shows Mr. McKenzie using both advanced stealth tactics and firearms which he had never received any training in. Subsequent search of his home by the UIU revealed the presence of the SCP-3843-1 instance, which was recovered during transit by Agent Cobb and brought into Foundation custody.

Game: *Pac-Man* (1990), Game Boy
Date: 04/11/1995
SCP-3843 Role: SCP-3843 appears as a fifth 'ghost' enemy, identified as 'Sammy', which chases the player character through the map. Alterations begin when either SCP-3843 kills the player character or the player character eats SCP-3843.

Incident Summary: Alan Carver, 35, is arrested by police and taken to a local hospital after a passerby witnesses him eating a neighborhood cat in his backyard. Victim dies shortly before arriving at hospital. Later analysis of the body shows the cause of death to be apparent starvation. Victim had suffered significant yellowing of the skin and expansion of the skull, causing

damage to their neck due to increased weight. Additionally, skin had grown over both ears, both nostrils and one eye.

Agents dispatched to deal with the situation recover the SCP-3843-1 instance at the victims home.

Game: *Godzilla: Destroy All Monsters Melee* (2002), GameCube
Date: 07/06/2003
SCP-3843 Role: SCP-3843 appears as a non-playable boss character identified as 'Samutenshi', a colossal white avian monster. Notably, the original *Godzilla: Destroy All Monsters Melee* did not feature any non-playable boss characters. Alterations begin either when the player first attacks SCP-3843, or SCP-3843 first attacks the player.

Incident Summary: Foundation Agents in the city of are dispatched to the site of an apartment building which spontaneously collapsed with no apparent cause. Inspection of the debris reveals the corpse of Aarav Kapoor, 20, which had expanded to fill an entire floor of the apartment building and caused the collapse in the process. Notably, while Mr. Kapoor's skin and muscles expanded during alteration, his skeleton and other internal organs did not.

All witnesses and survivors were dosed with Class-A amnestics and a cover story centered around sub-standard construction was produced to account for the building's collapse. The remains of the SCP-3843-1 instance were recovered on site and its nature as formerly containing SCP-3843 was confirmed through analysis of its reconstructed code.

Game: *Mass Effect 2* (2010), PlayStation 3
Date: 02/04/2010
SCP-3843 Role: SCP-3843 appears as a blind supply officer named Samuel Belkira aboard the player character's ship. When interacted with, SCP-3843 rants

at length regarding food shortages above the ship, especially regarding 'salt and meats [sic]', before giving the player a quest to solve said food shortages[4]. Alterations begin upon initiation of dialogue.

> Dialogue Sample
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *Commander, I'm going to talk on you now. Okay.*
>
> ***Commander Shepard[5]:*** *I've always got time for the crew of the Normandy. What do you need?*
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *Now listen at this. Okay. The ship Normandy's hasn't got enough salt and meats, Commander Shepard. If we don't get more, we're all going to starve to death out here in. (ten second pause) Deep space. Okay. I really need my salt and meats, Commander, and I've got a hankering for some of those things. My name's Samuel Belkira. I'm a supply officer just looking for some of you know what, just doing what comes natural. Haha. Also I'm blind. By the way, Commander, have you seen some salt and meats on the Normandy? Sometimes they climb up into the vents and that's just a big bag of worms. That's way too much for any one man to eat at one time, Commander, and I'm even blind. So it's something that we've got to deal with. Are you feeling okay?*
>
> ***Commander Shepard:*** *That does sound like a problem. But what can I do about it?*
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *Salt and meats.*

Incident Summary: Foundation is alerted when the home of Catherine Herrera, 32, violently explodes in a flash of blue light. Agents investigating the debris recover

both Ms. Herrera's charred corpse and the remains of the SCP-3843-1 instance. A suitable cover story involving a gas explosion is provided to the public.

Due to the fact that Ms. Herrera maintained an active blog in which she detailed her playthroughs of various games, researchers have been able to build a theory regarding exactly what caused the explosion during the alteration process. In-game, Ms. Herrera was playing as an 'Adept' character class, centered around using 'mass effect fields' to fling enemies and objects via an implant in the player character's body. When SCP-3843 attempted to translate these fictional scientific concepts, and the implant that utilizes them, into the real world, the resulting incompatibility with standard reality caused a violent rejection of its container - which, in this case, was Ms. Herrera's body.

Game: *Nier: Automata* (2017), PlayStation 4
Date: 09/22/2017
SCP-3843 Role: SCP-3843 appears as a merchant character within the game's factory area, identified as 7H[6]. As a merchant, SCP-3843 has two-hundred of an item called 'Meats [sic]' in stock. Said item is non-functional. SCP-3843's dialogue consists of a lengthy speech primarily centered around how, as an android, it is unable to eat meat, and the distress this causes it.

> Dialogue Sample
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *Hey kid, come on over here and let my words in you.*
>
> ***9S[7]:*** *We should go see what he wants, 2B.*
>
> ***SCP-3843:*** *Now listen you people, okay. I'm an android now. I've seen a lot of things on the planet Earth, okay. But I haven't see [sic] any meats. Only salt. I'm an android now so I don't find any salt or meats here. There's a lot of existentialism and I'm just looking for meats*

right now. The aliens and the machine lifeforms killed all the meats and destroyed all the meats crop so it's not good anymore. I'll sell you some meats if you're interested, okay.

Incident Summary: Sightings of a 'robot' in Moscow, Russia attract Foundation attention due to the consistency between reports and photographic evidence of the entity. Foundation Agents track the entity to an apartment shared by Alexander Teterev, 18, Vadim Fokim, 20, and Timur Chuprin, 21, where it escapes initial pursuit. The bodies of Vadim Fokim and Timur Chuprin are found at the scene. Autopsy reveals the cause of death to be the sudden appearance of various mechanical implants within their bodies, causing severe internal bleeding.

The robotic entity, currently believed to be Alexander Teterev, has not yet been located. Writings found in the shared apartment suggests that the three were aware of SCP-3843's effects, and hoped to utilize them in order to improve their physical capabilities[8].

Interview 3843-1

On 12/10/2012, Matthew Hendricks, a former employee of Indigo Games, contacted the Foundation via use of SCP-3843-related keywords during a 911 call. He was subsequently taken into custody and interviewed. Hendricks cooperated fully during this process.

Interviewer: Dr McCall
Interviewed: Matthew Hendricks

<Begin Interview>

Dr. McCall: Well, Mr. Hendricks, I'd like to begin by saying we're all very grateful for you stepping forward in this matter.

Hendricks: No problem.

Dr. McCall: Is there anything you'd like before we begin? Glass of water, a coffee maybe?

Hendricks: Just…just a water, thanks.

Dr. McCall: Water, please.

(Research Assistant Bryant leaves and returns several moments later with a glass of water, which she gives to Hendricks.)

Hendricks: Thanks.

Dr. McCall: No problem. So, I'd like for us to begin by talking about Indigo Games. Your former employers, yes?

(Hendricks chuckles.)

Dr. McCall: This is amusing to you, sir?

Hendricks: No! God, no. It's just…you calling them my *employers*. I was one third of the company, for God's sake. It was three guys in a garage.

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: I'm sorry, Mr. Hendricks, but I find that really hard to believe. Our records show several anomalous items originating from your company, and to suggest that all of them were the work of three people…

Hendricks: It's true. I guess we just…we just knew what we were doing.

Dr. McCall: I…see. Well then, can you please tell me about these other two individuals?

Hendricks: Besides me, there was Alan Tunney[9] - he was kind of the boss - and Laura

Weeks[10]. She handled the, uh…well, the magic stuff. Alan handled the business end of things. Most of the actual, well, *coding* was left to me. Like I said, we weren't much of a company.

Dr. McCall: This Laura Weeks…she was a thaumaturgist, then?

(Hendricks smiles.)

Hendricks: Heh. She'd always say that, too. But come on, it's magic. Calling it something different doesn't change anything.

Dr. McCall: So. How did Sam come about, then?

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: Mr. Hendricks?

(Pause.)

Hendricks: It was Alan's idea, at first. I swear. Tron had just come out the year before and he - and he just loved that *goddamn* movie. Watched it I don't know how many times. Everytime he'd come back and say the same thing, waving his arms around like it was the first time he'd come up with it.

Dr McCall: I assume the idea was about…

Hendricks: (interrupting) *Yes*, it was about Sam!

(Pause.)

Hendricks: Sorry. Didn't mean to lose my temper there. Yeah, it was…it was about that. He wanted to make virtual reality, like in Tron.

So you could get sucked into the game and play around inside that world, then come out when you got bored.

Dr. McCall: That sounds like a rather large undertaking.

Hendricks: Yeah. (Laughs.) Yeah, it was. Everything we'd done until then, that other stuff you'd said you'd seen, that was like…well, nothing. Bells and whistles. A little stuff stuck in the back of the game to make you feel a certain way, or to have these tiny tiny *tiny* effects on the real world.

(Pause.)

Hendricks: But, well, what Alan wanted, Alan got. Laura and I just sort of got dragged along. So Laura went off searching for a way to do what Alan was talking about. Told me she was going to check at the *library*. (Chuckles.) Don't know what sort of library would have what we needed, but whatever. I went with it…I went with a lot of things.

Dr. McCall: I assume she found whatever it is she was looking for?

Hendricks: That she did. She comes back three days later with this big-ass book. A.A. Gilford's *What Solomon Left Us: First Tool of a Summoner*. I can't forget that fucking title. I knew it was a bad idea the moment she brought in that fucking Necronomicon-looking book, but I didn't say anything. God knows why. I just sat down and listened while they talked about it, and I didn't say a thing.

Dr. McCall: Am I safe in assuming you summoned something for this purpose, then?

Hendricks: Yeah. The idea was we'd put the thing we summoned into a game, like people used to do with rings and amulets and that kind of stuff, then give it the instruction to… well, make Tron happen. God, it sounds so *stupid* now.

Dr. McCall: And what was it you summoned for this purpose? A demon?

Hendricks: No, no, no. We were stupid, but we weren't *that* stupid. Straight away, we agreed no demons. So we…went the other direction.

Dr. McCall: The…other direction?

Hendricks: An angel.

Dr. McCall: Oh.

Hendricks: I know, I know it sounds bad *now*, but at the time it seemed like a reasonable option to take, you know? Demons bad, angels good, that's the way we thought it worked. I didn't…*we* didn't know what we were doing.

Dr. McCall: I would hope not.

Hendricks: So…we managed to summon it, needless to say. Meat and salt to draw it close, the three interlocking shapes to bring it to us, and the circle to bind it. That's how Laura said it worked, anyway. It was surprisingly easy, you know. Honestly, I didn't actually expect it to work. But it did.

Dr. McCall: And the entity was originally bound to which game?

Hendricks: I think it was *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. We were all real excited to try it,

obviously, and Alan went first, because of course he did.

Dr. McCall: And?

Hendricks: Well, he learnt how to use a whip. But that was it, pretty much. I don't mean to talk shit about, you know, a messenger of God, but I don't think it was that smart. At least not in the way humans are smart. It got it confused: instead of bringing the player into the game, it brought the game into the player. Which was still pretty amazing, of course. Just not what Alan had wanted, so he sulked about it a little. We decided to shelve it for a while. I'd been working on some vanilla games in my spare time, so…

Dr. McCall: Vanilla?

Hendricks: Oh. That's what we called the games we made that weren't, well, 'anomalous'. Those were to keep us afloat so we could keep doing the stuff we were really interested in, to be honest. One of them, some stupid dog maze game, was pretty much done. I had a contact over at Atari, so I sent it over, had him check it out. Of course, at the time, I didn't know…well, there's no way I *could* have known…

Dr. McCall: You didn't know it could spread.

Hendricks: No. No, I did not. It must have infected a lot of stock over there. A whole lot. And that Christmas…

(Pause.)

Hendricks: …that Christmas, E.T. came out. I know someone, probably you guys, covered

up what happened. Pulled the pictures. But I saw them. The bodies. Their *faces*. Even thinking about the *movie* makes me want to throw up.

Dr. McCall: I've also seen the pictures as part of my assignment here. I have to agree that they're…well, gruesome.

Hendricks: Gruesome. I guess that's a word for it.

(Pause. Hendricks takes deep breaths for several moments.)

Hendricks: Someone over there must have figured out what was going on at some point. I heard how they buried hundreds of that goddamn game out in the desert. Should've just burnt them. What if someone had found them? Oh God, did someone find them?

Dr. McCall: Not that we know of. Please, Mr. Hendricks, try and remain calm. All of these things are in the past.

(Pause.)

Hendricks: Alright. Alright. I don't think…I don't think there's any more to tell. The three of us got the hell out at that point. Figured someone would be coming down on us hard soon enough, and we were…we were cowards. Stupid kids. We didn't want to *get in trouble*.

Dr. McCall: Thank you, Mr. Hendricks. Your information will be very useful to our investigation.

(Dr. McCall gets up to leave.)

Hendricks: Wait!

Dr. McCall: Yes?

Hendricks: I have a, ah, a request. Now, I've cooperated, right - I turned myself in, I didn't have to do that, right? So at least, at least hear me out.

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: Alright.

Hendricks: You've got that drug. The one that makes you forget - you hear about it, in the circles I run in. An amnesiac or something.

Dr. McCall: An amnestic.

Hendricks: Yeah, that. Now, I know a lot of stuff that I, that I shouldn't know. All that happened with Indigo Games. You people could just make me forget it.

Dr. McCall: I don't think that's an appropriate use of…

Hendricks: (interrupting) Please! Please, just ask.

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: …I'll file a request, but I can't guarantee anything.

Hendricks: Thank you. God, thank you.

(Research Assistant Bryant goes to leave. Dr. McCall goes to follow.)

Hendricks: Doctor?

Dr. McCall: *Yes*, Mr. Hendricks?

Hendricks: We…we didn't mean to hurt anybody.

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: I'm sure you didn't, Mr. Hendricks.

<End Interview>

Consideration for Mr. Hendricks request for extensive amnestic treatment is ongoing.

Footnotes
1. A full list of which is available upon request from LC Psi-22's supervising technicians.
2. Digitally distributed games appear to be immune to SCP-3843 infection. Further containment procedures involving encouraging this method of distribution are under consideration.
3. All recovered instances of SCP-3843-1 were tested to determine SCP-3843's role within the game.
4. As the quest has no set objectives, it is impossible for the player to complete.
5. The player character ofMass Effect 2.
6. An exceedingly rare instance in which SCP-3843 does not have a name derived from 'Sam'. The reason for this is unknown.
7. One of the player characters ofNier: Automata.
8. This in turn suggests that while they were aware of SCP-3843's basic nature, they werenotaware of its potentially lethal properties.
9. Confirmed dead in 2008 via self-inflicted gunshot wound.
10. Current status unknown.

SCP-3845: Buddy

Item #: SCP-3845

Object Class: Euclid

Threat Level: `Yellow`

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3845 is to be housed in a standard humanoid containment cell at **`Site-88`**. Testing of SCP-3845 must be approved by staff of Level 3+/3845 clearance and higher.

Field agents stationed on Pitcairn Island are to continue searching for material suggesting SCP-3845's existence, specifically Artifact 1-5 instances (See Addendum 1).

Description: SCP-3845 is a humanoid entity, roughly two meters tall. SCP-3845's head/torso takes the shape of an ellipsoid, with legs and arms extending off of it, long and tubular in shape. Hands take a shape similar to the head, and feet are simply 90° bends in the legs. Facial features are present on the front of SCP-3845's head, though the eyebrows are the only features capable of moving or contorting.

SCP-3845's limbs have no definite joints, allowing them to contort to extremes with ease. Due to this, SCP-3845 is capable of feats such as jumping as high as six meters and running as fast as 89 km/h, which allowed it to escape Foundation forces numerous times prior to its containment.

Prior to containment, SCP-3845 resided on Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific Ocean. At that time, SCP-3845 was typically docile, and took a liking to humans and other wildlife. Despite being incapable of speaking, SCP-3845 could easily cooperate with humans and seemed to have an innate understanding of their social cues. Due to this, SCP-3845 became well-known among the residents of Pitcairn Island, though was most often seen engaging

with a Sarah , age 15 (See Addendum 2). SCP-3845 also favored certain toys and foods.

For information on SCP-3845's current behavior, please see Addendum 3.

Addendum 1: Multiple artifacts have been retrieved from Pitcairn Island during previous containment attempts of SCP-3845, with several dating to 1384 AD, all of which have been linked to SCP-3845 by appearance. These artifacts include:

1. A wooden carving of a figure resembling SCP-3845
2. Several severed body parts resembling those present in SCP-3845
3. Imprints in hardened soil resembling feet tracks made by SCP-3845
4. Sandstone engravings describing a possible anatomy of SCP-3845
5. Sandstone engravings depicting several SCP-3845 instances being hunted and severed

It is believed that Artifacts 1, 4, and 5 were created by a group of Polynesians native to the Pitcairn Islands during SCP-3845's existence, and that Artifacts 2 and 3 were directly created by SCP-3845.

Addendum 2: During SCP-3845 containment attempt #6, prior to containment, a GPS Tracker was planted on SCP-3845. Audio and panoramic video recorders were equipped for further analysis of SCP-3845's behavior. The Foundation successfully received information from the tracker for over 29 hours before losing contact. The events recorded through this tracker are transcribed below.

Transcript 01

Foreword: This transcript begins at the moment of tracker activation at approximately 8:43 AM[1], sixteen minutes into containment attempt #6. Speech heard at the beginning of transmission originated from a MTF Epsilon-6 ("Village Idiots") operative, specifically Susan

(Beta-2).

<Begin Transcript>

Beta-2: No, I think I… wait, it's on! The tracker's on!

Silence for four seconds. Beta-2 is seen driving a motor bike roughly one meter behind SCP-3845 as it continues running through a forested region.

Beta-2: We're heading east. It's taking a straight path. Guard the beaches, everyone. Have the net ready, Beta-10. Don't stress too much now, we… got the tracker on.

Silence for ten seconds. Loud rustling is heard.

Beta-2: It's speeding up, and… it's getting… more forested. Beta-3 and -4 are in town, right? … Good. If it heads west, Beta-5 is there. If it continues east, Beta-7… is there. Beta-8 is south. We got this.

Silence for six seconds.

Beta-2: Oh, Beta-6, uh… head to Beta-7. Quick. Everyone go to Beta-7, go east. It's pretty close to shore, so let's not take any chances. We can bring it down there.

Silence for five seconds.

Beta-2: Wait, I… I have a leak? What the hell? It's spewing everywhere! I'm slowing down, slowing down.

Beta-2's voice quickly becomes more faint as SCP-3845 runs farther from Beta-2.

Beta-2: Fuck, no! It took a turn, to the town!

Head for the town! Don't let it get near the…

Beta-2 becomes inaudible. SCP-3845 runs for several more minutes before slowing to a walking pace. SCP-3845 eventually reaches Adamstown, the only settlement on the island, and approaches a house. Once in front of the house, SCP-3845 repeatedly and rhythmically bangs its head against the front door. After a few seconds, Sarah opens the front door.

Sarah: Uh… hey. Sorry, I just I just woke up, like… two minutes ago. You can just… yea, come in.

SCP-3845 walks into the house, and enters the living room. SCP-3845 walks up to a couch and stands on it. Beta-3 and -4 confirm SCP-3845's presence in Adamstown, and containment attempt #6 is cancelled.

Sarah: … Uh, okay. I'm gonna brush my teeth.

Sarah walks into the bathroom. The sound of a running faucet is heard moments later, and lasts for three minutes. Afterward, Sarah exits the bathroom, rubbing her face with her hands.

Sarah: Now… time for breakfast.

SCP-3845 follows Sarah into the kitchen and sits on a stool in front of the counter. Sarah gets a box of Captain Crunch™ and Rice Krispies™ cereal from a cupboard and sets them on the counter, as well as milk and two paper bowls. Sarah proceeds to pour milk and cereal into each bowl.

Sarah: Okay, let's eat!

Sarah slides the bowl of Rice Krispies™ to

SCP-3845 and proceeds to eat from the bowl of Captain Crunch™. SCP-3845 slowly immerses its hands into its bowl of cereal.

Sarah: … Oh, sorry, I forgot you didn't use milk. Wow, I'm just really out of it to-

SCP-3845 pours its entire bowl of cereal over its head.

Sarah: … Okay. Cool.

Sarah glances across the counter at a half-folded piece of paper.

Sarah: … Grab that for me.

SCP-3845 reaches across the counter, grabs the paper and hands it to Sarah. Upon opening the paper, Sarah sees a message which reads "I got another call from work. Take care of the house for a few days like last time, but use my money wisely! Love you bunches, mom."

Sarah: …

SCP-3845 begins to pour itself more cereal. Sarah puts her hands over her face and starts to sob. She then abruptly leaves the table.

Sarah: Every time. Every damn time! She makes shit up over and over. *Oh, it's okay, I work from home now. We can be together again.* Fuck that! We haven't talked in weeks!

Sarah bangs her fists on the wall and then sits down on the floor next to it. She puts her head in her lap and sobs. SCP-3845 sits down next to Sarah, still holding the box of Rice Krispies™.

Sarah: *(muffled)* Just leave me alone for once.

SCP-3845 remains silent for three seconds. Afterward, SCP-3845 pours the Rice Krispies™ over Sarah. After a few more seconds, Sarah begins laughing hysterically, and lifts her head up.

Sarah: I can't. I can't help it. You're so stupid.

Sarah reaches over and hugs SCP-3845. Sarah continues laughing, but starts to sob again. Sarah lets go of SCP-3845 and wipes off her face.

Sarah: … You're literally the only one I have at this point. There's no one else.

Silence for five seconds.

Sarah: … I guess you're awesome enough though. Who needs to know a bunch of people when you have a tall, uh… thing, for a friend.

SCP-3845 does a single nod.

Sarah: … Yea. A really, really cool tall thing for a friend.

Silence for three seconds. Sarah shifts in position.

Sarah: Welp, this day is off to a good start. Now, let's… let's start cleaning this stuff up, Buddy^2.

Extraneous data expunged.

<End Transcript>

Notes: N/A

Foreword: This transcript begins 16 hours subsequent to the events in Transcript 01, at approximately 8:12 AM.

<Begin Transcript>

SCP-3845 is seen moving at a walking pace through a forested region. SCP-3845 eventually reaches Mason's Point, Pitcairn Island's peninsula, and begins thoroughly surveying the landscape. Upon reaching the shoreline, an Artifact 2 instance is discovered and observed by SCP-3845, resembling an intact SCP-3845 head and face. The instance is notably weathered and tarnished, with a dark pigment running down the face from the eyes. SCP-3845 picks up the instance with its hands shaking, and wipes the pigment from under its eyes. SCP-3845 sets down the instance, and begins wiping dark fluid from beneath its own eyes.

SCP-3845 continues surveying Mason's Point, and later comes back to the Artifact 2 instance and carries it off the peninsula. SCP-3845 heads back towards Adamstown, and arrives at Sarah's house. SCP-3845 ordinarily knocks on the front door with its right hand. Sarah opens the front door.

Sarah: Well hello again! What happened to head-butting the door?

Sarah sees the Artifact 2 instance.

Sarah: Oh… another one.

SCP-3845 places the instance next to the front door, in a pile of several other Artifact 2 instances.

Sarah: All in one week. There were a lot of them, I guess…

SCP-3845 stares at the pile of instances.

Sarah: … So are you ready to do stuff? Oh wait— so, you may be wondering why I'm actually up this early… maybe not, but… I basically have a surprise for you. Wait here, it's almost done.

Sarah closes the front door. SCP-3845 continues waiting for over 16 minutes before Sarah opens the door.

Sarah: Come in!

Sarah leaves the door open and runs back into the house. SCP-3845 follows.

Sarah: Over here, in the bathroom!

SCP-3845 walks into the bathroom, and finds Sarah standing next to a bathtub, which is completely filled with Rice Krispies™.

Sarah: Ta-da! Go ahead, embrace the, uh… cereal! Of rice!

SCP-3845 stands inside of the tub and slowly immerses itself.

Sarah: What do you think?

SCP-3845 hesitantly does a single nod.

Sarah: … It better be! I used half of my mom's wallet on all that. Can I sit in it next?

SCP-3845 emerges from the tub and stands against the wall. Sarah runs up and jumps into the tub.

Sarah: Ow… this is solid! How did you sink in it?

SCP-3845 does an exaggerated and prolonged shrug.

Sarah: Whatever. Next up, adding milk!

Sarah runs out of the bathroom and into the kitchen, but SCP-3845 proceeds to leave the house and walk down the street. Sarah does not seem to notice until several moments later, and can be heard calling out "Buddy!" once SCP-3845 has entered a forested region.

SCP-3845 proceeds to survey the region similarly to how it did previously, and finds several minor Artifact 2 instances. After 60 minutes, SCP-3845 comes across a single Artifact 4 instance in notably good condition, and picks it up. SCP-3845 stares at the instance, and then abruptly shatters it. SCP-3845 smears over each remaining piece with soil.

Nearby, SCP-3845 discovers a set of four intact Artifact 5 instances, stacked on top of one another. SCP-3845 proceeds to spread each instance out on the ground, and frantically looks back and forth across each one. SCP-3845's hands begin to shake once more, and it raises its right hand over the first Artifact 5 instance, before hesitating and lowering its hand. SCP-3845 sits on the ground with its hands over its eyes for several more minutes before calming down and continuing to survey the landscape.

Near a large tree stump, SCP-3845 discovers an Artifact 2 instance, resembling an intact SCP-3845 head, face, and left leg. The

instance is significantly weathered and tarnished, with multiple arrowheads inserted into its head. Dark pigment is splattered across the face. SCP-3845's hands begin to shake once more as it kneels over the instance and excretes more dark fluid from its eyes. SCP-3845's hands and feet become noticeably more pale.

SCP-3845 charges back towards the Artifact 5 instances and violently breaks each one. The shattered remains are then broken once again. SCP-3845 summarily hunches over on the ground, with its body shaking, banging its hands repeatedly on the ground. While frantically looking around, SCP-3845 finds a piece of a previously intact Artifact 5 instance, depicting a young, unhappy female. SCP-3845 grasps the piece and begins excreting dark fluid from its eyes once again. SCP-3845 promptly runs out of the forested region and out onto the beach again, where it finds Sarah.

Sarah: … Buddy! I've been looking everywhere for you! Where have you been? What's that dark stuff—

SCP-3845 runs up to Sarah and tightly hugs her while sobbing and shaking. Sarah eventually hugs back, with a concerned expression. Sarah then notices the GPS tracker on SCP-3845, and reaches for it. Transmission cuts out.

<End Transcript>

Notes: The GPS tracker was found broken within Sarah's house. The aforementioned pile of Artifact 2 instances was later contained at Site-77.

Addendum 3: During SCP-3845 containment attempt #9, SCP-3845 was successfully contained, and containment procedures were updated to reflect this. Since containment, SCP-3845 has been most commonly banging against the walls of its cell, or curled up in the corner of its cell sobbing. SCP-3845 has acted with extreme hostility towards all personnel.

All Pitcairn Island residents were promptly administered amnestic following SCP-3845's containment. Sarah was notably last to be amnesticized due to her extreme struggle with the on-site Field Agents.

« **SCP-3844** | SCP-3845 | **SCP-3846** »

Footnotes
1. Pitcairn Standard Time
2. Represented as a proper noun due to events in Transcript 02

SCP-3847: If only I could talk with birds

Item #: SCP-3847

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Fences have been erected around SCP-3847 to establish a secure perimeter 20 m away from the affected area. Outpost-3847 has been established at the entrance to SCP-3847 and is maintained by Site-143. Outpost-3847 must be continually manned by 2 personnel to warn off civilians and monitor the area. Experiments and updates regarding SCP-3847 are to be filed back to Site-143.

Description: SCP-3847 is an area of roughly 40 m X 80 m X 5 m 20 m, located in , , Henan Province, China. When within SCP-3847, vocalizations produced by avian creatures[1] are perceived by human subjects as messages in their native language, hereafter referred to as SCP-3847-1.

SCP-3847-1 instances are scattered messages, often words of encouragement or comfort, with occasional repetition. They seem to be addressing a certain unknown individual, rather than the affected subjects, and are not influenced by attempts at communication.

Recording of avian vocalizations within SCP-3847 shows that only human perceptions are altered while the original sounds are unaffected. SCP-3847-1 instances also do not correspond to the original vocalizations in length, volume, or pitch. Furthermore, different human subjects often perceive the same vocalization as different messages. It is therefore believed that birds entering the area are not the source of SCP-3847-1, and do not gain intelligence in the process.

+ Examples of SCP-3847-1

> Balance yourself with nature. Your mind and

body at ease. Feel the flow.

Don't torture yourself by thinking about it. There are wonders to be explored, let's focus on that.

He will not be alone. It is with your help, and he appreciates that.

He won’t blame you. Your king won’t either. You don't have to blame yourself.

I'm sure you will have a sweet dream tonight. Blessings.

It is not your fault, you did what you can. The whole kingdom appreciates your effort.

It's okay if you want to be left alone. Stay here with us.

No more worries.

No need to dwell on the past. The hills are charming today.

Share your burden with me. I will understand.

The machine will keep him happy, just like we will keep you happy.

Time to study some scrolls. I will accompany you.

What a beautiful day outside! Camellias are blooming.

Why not come join us in the field? We will sing for you.

You couldn't have seen it coming. Afterall, he was the greatest king.

> You don’t need to worry about it anymore, sit down and have some tea.

> You don't have to feel lonely here. We are here for you, always will be.

SCP-3847 came to the Foundation’s attention after several locals accidentally discovered its properties.

Update: Further experimentation finds that ophidian creatures are subject to the same effect as avian creatures within SCP-3847. The messages produced in this way are hereafter referred to as SCP-3847-2. SCP-3847-2 appears drastically different from SCP-3847-1 in tone and manner.

+ Examples of SCP-3847-2

> Coward. Pathetic. Useless.

> Do something! Anything! Stop hiding here!

> Futile. All pointless. He's suffering, and you're no help.

> Go back and witness his suffering. Witness what you allowed to happen.

> How can you just sit here, while he suffers? Do you think that mere machine is enough to ease his pain? For all he did for you?

> He was your mentor and friend. You owe him everything. Go back to him. Go back.

> How could you let him do it alone? To face his own blood like that?

> How long can you even stay here like this? You know the voices aren't real.

> In your nightmares, were you standing on that abyss again? Were you devoured by the false

dragons beneath?

It is no use. This is not real, you're talking to no one here. You know, because you made this happen.

The serpent is disappointed in you.

We are no dragons after all, and never will be.

You can't hide here forever. The others have not come for you because they respect you, not that you have the right.

You could have been there for him yourself, yet you hide here, with birds and flowers.

You should have prevented it. How could you have been so blind?

You're running from your duties. From your friends. This cannot stand.

You're very much alone. Just like he is now.

Addendum: Subsequent exploration of SCP-3847's borders revealed that SCP-3847 extends beneath the ground. Digging at the site found around 170 snake carcasses buried together in a corner beneath SCP-3847, all of which have crushed skulls.

Footnotes
1. This does not affect recordings of avian vocalizations.

SCP-3848: History Exists for the Memorable

Item #: SCP-3848

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Copies of this document are retained in both digital and physical formats at all Foundation sites. Access to this document by Foundation personnel is not to be restricted, regardless of clearance level. In the event of a full ED-K-Class Lethe Scenario taking place and affecting more than 80% of the human population, public knowledge of this document and the existence of the Foundation is permitted, and can be approved if more than half of the acting O5 Council and more than half of the acting Ethics Committee vote as such.

Per every Foundation facility, at least one specialist who has undergone full Mk. III Amnesia Resistance Targeted Mnestic Exposure Training[1] should have this document memorized.

Two specific ED-K Lethe Events are considered theoretical but likely to occur, and each poses a unique threat to successful containment operations. These scenarios, and their respective containment procedures, are outlined below:

1. In the event that SCP-3848 induces widespread memory loss of the concept of itself, SCP-3848 is to be reclassified as a Class V Self-Concealing Memetic Construct[2] and treated accordingly. Following that, this document is then to be rewritten with the same containment procedures (unless unforeseen changes are necessary), a Description different enough from the original to be recalled without memory issue, and a different Item Number, and then re-posted to IntSCPFN[3] listings as soon as possible.
2. In the event that SCP-3848 affects the knowledge of anything conceptually similar to awareness of the Foundation's existence, the knowledge of what is or is not considered

anomalous by Foundation standards, and/or the concept of containment, personnel affected are to be transferred out of the affected site(s) and into the care of memetics specialists in other Foundation facilities. The affected persons should then be exposed to memetic symbols or phrases designed to induce recollection of these concepts.[4]

Description: SCP-3848 is the designation for a collective memory loss phenomenon affecting all residents of any one specific region[5] at any given time. Manifestations of SCP-3848's effects are referred to as ED-K Lethe Events, and occur at random with no historical correlation to each other.

An ED-K Lethe Event is characterized by the following parameters:

- Knowledge of a concept, object, or entity will be expunged through anomalous means from the memory of the affected humans. This occurs without warning and can only be identified as having occurred by an outside observer who was not exposed to SCP-3848's effects.
- Any memories of interactions with things forgotten will still exist, but will have no context in the affected person's frame of reference. Memories of forgotten concepts will be vague and difficult to articulate or describe, with affected persons citing that attempting to recall details of interactions and occurrences feels counter-intuitive and psychologically uncomfortable.
- Loss of memory of a concept is long-lasting[6] and self-sustaining; if an affected person is reminded of a concept forgotten, they will forget again as soon as the topic changes, and will undergo the same reintroduction every time they are exposed to the concept. Clinical treatment using targeted mnestics administration can be effective, but has only a 9% success rate in tests thus far.

Due to the nature of SCP-3848's effects, it is difficult to ascertain records of the first documented event, if such records exist. The first event available in Foundation records is the case of July 12th, 2003 in , Wisconsin, in which 156 Foundation personnel and approximately 60,000 civilians suddenly and anomalously lost all knowledge of the existence of all canine species, including their

pets. This occurrence was limited to the region of , with all residents inside city limits affected, all personnel at nearby Site- affected, and 50% of County affected. Notably, no persons outside of county lines were affected. Details on this case, and others, are available in Addendum I.

It is unknown how many ED-K Lethe Events have occurred without the Foundation's knowledge, what concepts may or may not have been purged from collective human memory, and how long SCP-3848 has been active. It is theorized that at least one major, worldwide series of connected events — referred to in Foundation documentation as an ED-K-Class Lethe Scenario — has already taken place at some point in the recent past. However, details of these events, if they did take place, are not easily accessible due to the inherent self-sustaining nature of the memory loss induced by SCP-3848. ED-K Lethe Events occur approximately thrice a month as of 04/2018, showing a 78% increase in average rate of occurrence since the first detected event in 2003.

Addendum I: Cited below is a selection of SCP-3848 example cases.

> **Date of Occurrence:** July 16, 2003
>
> **Location Affected:** County, Wisconsin, USA
>
> **Number of Civilians Affected:** Approx. 60,000
>
> **Number of Foundation Personnel Affected:** 156
>
> **Description of Concept Affected:** The existence of dogs/canine species; all affected persons lost all knowledge and awareness of the existence of canine species.
>
> **Events Transpired:** At least 20 civilian dog owners made calls to police and animal control, citing that an unfamiliar creature was present in their home. Local responders agreed that the creatures were unfamiliar, and contacted state authorities, who were unaffected by the SCP-3848 event due to their location outside the

area of effect; embedded Foundation agents then informed nearby Site- of the occurrences, only to discover that Site- had also been affected. It was at this point that SCP-3848 was officially documented as an anomalous phenomenon and preliminary containment procedures were developed. An interview between Specialist Ryland, the only unaffected person in the area[7] and an affected agent was conducted, and a transcript of this interview is included below.

Results and Impact: As re-education efforts were shown to repeatedly fail due to the self-sustaining nature of SCP-3848's effects, dogs were relocated to neighboring counties' adoption shelters. Approximately 80 percent of County's population has lived there since the event, and still hold no memory of dogs. The 20 percent who moved to the area after the event occurred are unaffected.

▼ show interview transcript

On July 16th, 2003, Specialist Ryland of Site- conducted an interview with C-class employee Agent , who was affected by July 12th's ED-K Lethe Event. Specialist Ryland was, at the time, Site- 's only employee who had undergone Mk. III ARTMET training, and thus was able to successfully counter the effects of the event long enough to interview Agent and lead preliminary research efforts on SCP-3848. A transcript of the relevant interview segment follows:

Begin excerpt:

10:02 | Specialist Ryland: As you've been informed, I'm conducting this series of interviews to determine the effects of this memory-affecting event on Site- 's personnel, including myself. Do you still have in mind the topic we'll be discussing?

10:02 | **Agent :** Yeah, you said dogs, right?

10:02 | **Specialist Ryland:** That's correct. You have a dog at home, yes?

10:02 | **Agent :** I do?

10:02 | **Specialist Ryland:** You cited to me before this interview that you own a white Russian wolfhound.

10:02 | **Agent :** A Russian- That does sound familiar. What did you say this Russian thing was?

10:02 | **Specialist Ryland:** A dog. Canines are a non-anomalous type of animal that humans have domesticated and bred just like we did with cats.

Agent pauses for 10 seconds.

10:03 | **Agent :** Wow. I wonder how I went so long without knowing that. What else did you need to ask?

10:03 | **Specialist Ryland:** It's imperative you understand that you very recently did know about dogs, but were anomalously induced to forget by the effects of newly-discovered SCP-3848, a memory loss phenomenon. Site- , and the rest of County, were just affected by an event that caused us to forget canines exist. People outside of our area were not affected. I have had memetic resistance training that allows me to focus on the topic longer than most, but SCP-3848 induces repetitive memory loss and our research has shown that subjects forgotten are invariably forgotten again, even if retaught. Does this

make sense to you?

10:03 | **Agent :** Yes. It's not the craziest I've heard. I'll try to wrap my head around it.

10:04 | **Specialist Ryland:** Alright. Unfortunately, this is the third time that I've given you this briefing. I recommend clearing your head of any and all thoughts or topics except for dogs, SCP-3848, and this conversation. I have some pictures of dogs printed out here on the table for you. Try to explain what your reaction is to seeing these pictures of dogs.

10:04 | **Agent :** I don't like how you keep saying 'dogs'. It doesn't sound like a real word.

10:04 | **Specialist Ryland:** Noted. Can you please look at these images of dogs?

Agent picks up a photograph of their pet, a white Borzoi.

10:04 | **Agent :** It doesn't look real. Almost like a horse, but too soft. Hard to believe that we've always had these things around.

10:04 | **Specialist Ryland:** Indeed. That dog is yours, and lives in your townhome offsite.

10:05 | **Agent :** This is mine? I don't know how to take care of it. What do we do about that?

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** Personnel from my department will address that with you later today.

10:05 | **Agent :** Are all of these pictures… dogs?

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** Yes. These are all different breeds of dogs.

Agent picks up a photograph of an American pitbull.

10:05 | **Agent :** Wow, this looks very different from the white one. Probably the most different out of all of the pictures here. And what type of creature is this?

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** This is also a dog.

10:05 | **Agent :** Oh, right, a dog. And what SCP did you say they are?

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** Dogs are not an SCP object. Your memory of dogs, which are a very well-known and domesticated type of animal all over the planet, is being anomalously influenced by SCP-3848.

10:05 | **Agent :** Oh, right, right. You told me about that one.

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** Yes. Now, could you please describe for the record the thoughts and feelings you are experiencing every time you make an attempt to remember dogs, or think about dogs?

10:05 | **Agent :** Very uncomfortable. I feel like I should be talking about something else.

10:05 | **Specialist Ryland:** Do you feel there is a reason for this?

Agent is silent for 8 seconds.

10:05 | **Agent :** Not really. It feels like… um… I'm sorry, I'm losing my train of thought

here. Can you repeat your q- Wait, no, no, I remember, damn it. These pictures are of *dogs.* Okay, I've got this. Something doesn't want me to remember dogs. Do you know the concept of dimensions higher than three?

10:06 | **Specialist Ryland:** We need to make an effort to stay on the topic of dogs, and SCP-3848.

10:06 | **Agent : ** Just bear with me. You know when you look at a 3D rendition of a 4D cube, and you sort-of get it, but mainly you feel like you're missing some key aspect of actually processing how it exists, and you just can't get yourself to comprehend it?

10:06 | **Specialist Ryland:** I think so, yes.

10:06 | **Agent : ** That's what looking at these pictures of dogs makes me think. I get that these easily could have showed up in Earth's evolution — er, I mean, I get that that's why they're real — but they look and feel alien. Thinking about them is like thinking about those other dimensions in space. I get that it's possible, but I don't have the means to comprehend it.

10:06 | **Specialist Ryland:** Excellent. Thank you.

10:06 | **Agent : ** Is that it? Can I go now? I really want to think about something else. All of this memetic shit is giving me a headache. I don't think I'd make it if I were in your department.

10:06 | **Specialist Ryland:** Yes, that's it. I'll have two of my coworkers meet you at your house tonight to discuss what to do with your

dog.

10:07 | **Agent** **:** Oh wow, I don't think I caught the fact that *I have* a dog. I wonder what I'm going to do about that.

10:07 | **Specialist Ryland:** Again, our personnel will assist you with that. For the time being, this interview is concluded. You may return to your shift.

10:07 | **Agent** **:** Oh, okay, thanks.

End log.

Date of Occurrence: August 12, 2005

Location Affected: Wilmington, North Carolina, USA

Number of Civilians Affected: Approx. 110,000

Number of Foundation Personnel Affected: 13

Description of Concept Affected: The sport of line fishing; commercial/bulk net fishing was not affected, nor was the concept of fish.

Events Transpired: On August 12, customers in a local sporting goods store inquired as to the nature and purpose of the fishing rods up for sale. Store associates cited that the devices were unfamiliar to them as well. Although the process took 48 hours, the abnormality eventually spread by word of mouth to the Wilmington Police Department, and from there to Foundation personnel stationed at Site-42. As Site-42 is not within Wilmington's official city limits, personnel on-site were not affected, but 13 personnel who had been inside city limits for the day were affected.

Results and Impact: Wilmington residents remain familiar with other methods of fishing, but are averse to line fishing. Line fishing is still a professional sport in the

coastal area, although participants and organizers are always from areas outside of Wilmington's official city limits. 15 percent of the original affected persons have now moved, with city population swelling in following years, and as a result about half of Wilmington is now familiar with line fishing.

[UNCONFIRMED EVENT REMOVED]

Date of Occurrence: October 23, 2007

Location Affected: Felixstowe, United Kingdom

Number of Civilians Affected: Approx. 23,000

Number of Foundation Personnel Affected: 1

Description of Concept Affected: The existence of boats, but not the concept of buoyant materials.

Events Transpired: Two Foundation operatives were dispatched to Felixstowe for a mission involving an unrelated anomaly. One operative spent the night in Felixstowe with intentions to use a small private motorboat to cross an inlet and rendezvous with their partner at nearby Harwich International Port for extraction. On the morning of October 23, the operative in Felixstowe reported that they could not complete the mission because they knew of no way to cross the body of water without swimming. After some conversation between the two operatives, the unaffected person reported the strange behavior to Foundation supervisors, and the event was investigated accordingly; it was then determined by investigation that the entire parish of Felixstowe was affected.

Results and Impact: Felixstowe residents expressed unease regarding their proximity to water, resulting in a panic that caused most residents to purchase life preservers and other such devices, in preparation for the theoretical possibility that someone could fall into water

and have no way of being rescued quickly. Images of passing ships were posted to social media with confusion, and Foundation information suppression specialists were tasked with removing traces of these posts as they occured, either manually or through use of a keyword-targeting bot.

Date of Occurrence: March 18, 2011

Location Affected: Queens, New York City, New York, USA

Number of Civilians Affected: Approx. 2.3 million

Number of Foundation Personnel Affected: 730

Description of Concept Affected: The existence of the turn signal indicator in passenger vehicles.

Events Transpired: An Offsite Response Driver for Site- was observed not using his signal by a passenger from an out-of-state site. The resulting discussion between the two eventually led to investigation by Site- and subsequent public analysis of the phenomenon.

Results and Impact: Minimal impact was observed. Traffic patterns for the area saw a 2.8% increase in accidents per year for two years and then returned to normal averages.

Date of Occurrence: December 7, 2015

Location Affected: Mainz, Rhineland-Palatinate, Germany

Number of Civilians Affected: Approx. 205,000

Number of Foundation Personnel Affected: 0

Description of Concept Affected: The mechanics through which alternating current electricity functions; the use of electricity and electrical devices was not affected,

nor was the knowledge that electricity exists.

Events Transpired: All affected persons became incapable of comprehending how wide-scale power distribution works, including employees of power companies and local government. Mainz suffered a three-day power outage due to lack of action by power grid operators; Foundation informants embedded in national government reported on the issue and were eventually able to transfer personnel from out of the area to manage power stations.

Results and Impact: Power grid was successfully restored. Most of Mainz's population remains affected, but power grid operations personnel have been replaced with informed employees and the city now operates normally.

Date of Occurrence: January 3, 2017

Location Affected: , Ontario, Canada

Number of Civilians Affected: [REDACTED]

Number of Foundation Personnel Affected: 0

Description of Concept Affected: The fact that murder is illegal, as well as the fact that it is generally regarded as amoral.

Events Transpired: On the morning of January 3, a resident killed his neighbor via blunt force impact with a sharpened stone. Onlookers did not report the event to law enforcement. After approximately 72 hours, a traveler from outside city limits entered , witnessed a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police kill a civilian seemingly at random with an audience of several witnesses, and fled the town to inform law enforcement in another area. It was through these channels that the Foundation was eventually alerted to the events that had taken place.

Results and Impact: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Extensive records of all known SCP-3848 events documented by the Foundation are available for persons with Level 4/3911 clearance, and can be requested from the Site-42 Memetics and Cognitohazards Department.

Footnotes
1. A regimen of tolerance training sessions originally developed by the Site-42 Memetics and Cognitohazards Department which involves repeated exposure to memory-affecting memetic hazards, followed by administration of memory-targeting mnestics. (Referred to in shorthand as ARTMET.)
2. "anti-meme"
3. The International SCP Foundation Network
4. One such symbol, the three-pointed SCP Foundation logo, is an example of a low-level memetic conceptual induction symbol designed by Foundation personnel, and has been in use for years. However, development of these tools to a degree capable of countering SCP-3848's effects is currently still in experimental stages, with D-class testing pending approval.
5. Notably, SCP-3848 events appear to occur within the exact constraints of municipal boundaries, such as being limited to one town inside city limits or one county inside county lines.
6. Certain concepts forgotten appear to be more easily recollected by affected persons, but no case has shown recollection occurring any sooner than 6-24 months after initial expungement.
7. Due to Ryland's effectiveness, his memetic training regimen was then used as the baseline for development of future containment procedures and personnel requirements.

SCP-3849: Beast Pits of the Maiden

Item #: SCP-3849

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation monetary assets will be put toward the use of lobbying for pro-animal rights and anti-hunting legislation, as well as swaying the public opinion against hunting for sport. Foundation assets embedded in hospitals and police departments will report any instances of spontaneous combustion for possible Philadelphia Events which Foundation Agents will follow up on to attempt to confirm the occurrence.

Dimensional Containment Area 23 is to be guarded by Applied Task Force 'Iota-9' ("Dimension Dogs"). The 50 meter corridor that leads to the entrance of SCP-3849 is to have an airlock separating it from the rest of the facility. In addition, the corridor is to be outfitted with motion-detectors connected to a series of deterrents staggered along the hallway, including:

- one LRAD 2000x Sound Cannon.
- two M2 Browning Machine Guns.
- air-conditioning system capable of venting Sarin gas into the corridor.
- a large mirror at the end of the hallway.

Following a confirmed Philadelphia Event, experiments involving SCP-3849 are to be immediately suspended and ATF 'Iota-9' is to be put on high alert until a confirmed Chicago Event. If a Chicago Event does not occur within 2 months of a Philadelphia Event, a D-Class personnel will be utilized to attempt to manually initiate a Chicago Event. In the instance of an ongoing Chicago Event, all deterrents are to be utilized on the active SCP-3849-B instance. The current set of deterrents has proved effective in 100% of Chicago Events since its implementation.

Description: SCP-3849 is the designation for an anomalous extradimensional space, the entrance to which is located in Dimensional Containment Area 23, behind a steel door marked in a dialect of Latin that Foundation linguists have translated to "The Beast Pits of the Maiden". All GPS systems entering the anomaly invariably fail, and any attempts to access the area SCP-3849 should inhabit by any route besides the steel door have found only non anomalous soil.

SCP-3849 appears as a circular room with a floor consisting of what appears to be simple dirt and walls and a ceiling constructed of a smooth white marble. All attempts to acquire a sample of these materials have resulted in failure, due to the samples spontaneously combusting when passing through the dimensional threshold. The room is estimated to be roughly 20 23 meters across, and contains a series of 5 6 concentric circles of graves, several of which have small white marble tombstones, with a circular 2 meter wide empty area at the center.

SCP-3849-A is a phenomenon that appears to occur exclusively to male individuals with a notable interest in hunting for sport. At some point, the individual will spontaneously combust and vanish, leaving behind all clothes and objects previously on their person, as well as a stone-tipped arrow driven into the ground near their previous location (hereby referred to as a Philadelphia Event)[1]. Every confirmed Philadelphia event has been confirmed to be directly linked to the appearance of a new tombstone over a previously unmarked grave within SCP-3849.

SCP-3849-B is the collective designation for any entity originating from inside SCP-3849. SCP-3849-B instances vary somewhat, but all share a few characteristics, including:

- quadropedal posture.
- extreme hostility toward human and animals.
- abnormally thick skin.
- a natural tendency to avoid their own reflection.
- muscled legs, used to jump forward at high velocity.
- disproportionately long arms with four clawed paws.
- screeching vocalizations
- a face identical to the most recent victim of SCP-3849-A.

- internal anatomy noticeably resembling a non-anomalous human's, but with several differences, such as:
    - a reinforced spine.
    - two hearts, pumping at different speeds.
    - no reproductive system whatsoever.
    - an additional row of teeth and an enlarged mouth to house them.

Within 60 days of a Philadelphia Event, a Chicago event has a 98% chance to occur. A Chicago Event has to date never occurred within 30 days of a Philadelphia Event. A Chicago event consists of a SCP-3849-B instance clawing their way out of the dirt circle in the center of SCP-3849, and attempting to breach the steel door. Their intention, destination, and intelligence are unknown.

If a Chicago Event does not occur within 60 days following a Philadelphia Event, it will eventually occur anywhere from 20 to 50 days following the initial 60, with an average 10% increase in the size of the SCP-3849-B instance for every week late. A Chicago Event can also be triggered by placing a living human subject on the dirt circle to draw out the SCP-3849-B instance immediately following a Philadelphia Event.

Incident I372: On September 17th, , a Foundation agent embedded within the Colorado State Patrol reported a Philadelphia Event after finding a vehicle in flames with an elk carcass tied to it, and a stone-tipped arrow nearby. Dimensional Containment Area 23 and ATF 'Iota-9' were put on high alert and began preparing for an imminent Chicago Event. By December 3rd, , a Chicago Event had not occurred, and the decision was made by the Regional Director to manually initiate a Chicago Event to prevent the SCP-3849-B instance from growing too large to contain. A D-Class personnel was sent into SCP-3849 to manually initiate a Chicago Event. An audio transcript is attached.

Incident Log Transcript

Date: December 4th,

Exploration Subject: D-09235

Equipment: One audio link to Command, one camera streaming to Command.

Subject: SCP-3849

[BEGIN LOG]

Command: Enter through the door, please.

D-09235: Alright, I'm going in. I hope you know what you're doing.

D-09235 opens the door and walks in.

Command: What do you see?

D-09235: Just what you said would be here. White walls, dirt, gravestones. Can I leave now? This place gives me the creeps.

Command: Move toward the center of the room.

D-09235: Fine.

D-09235 moves toward the dirt circle. He takes two steps before stopping.

D-09235: What the hell?

Command: What is it?

D-09235: I just heard a dog bark. What the fuck? Where did that come from?!

Neither the audio link nor camera register any noise.

Command: Keep moving. Tell us if you hear anything else.

D-09235: O-okay.

D-09235 walks the short distance to the center, and stops.

Command: Now re-

D-09235: There's someone here.

No one is visible to the camera.

Command: We don't see anything. Are you sure? What does they look like?

D-09235: I don't know, I can just feel th-

A stream of interference cuts out D-09235's camera and audio link. An unknown, disembodied female voice begins speaking directly to Command through the audio link.

Unknown Entity: You have been ruining my pets for too long. Do you know how long I was using this particular pit before you came along? It used to be so good for us without you all-knowing idiots waltzing around like you own the place.

Command: Identify yourself immediately or we will take aggressive action. This is your only warning.

Unknown Entity: You think you can harm me? Humans think that just because they've managed to explain away some of our powers, our skills means they can capture us, make us their prisoners. That kind of confidence is reserved for those with **far** longer lifespans than you, worm.

All communications with D-09235 cut out. No response is received from the entity. Contact with D-09235 is not re-achieved.

[END LOG]

Seven seconds following this exchange, the largest SCP-3849-B instance to date[2] exited SCP-3849 and initiated a Chicago Event. Only a simultaneous combination of all deterrents and sustained small-arms fire from ATF Iota 9 'Dimension Dogs' was able to

terminate the SCP-3849-B instance. No further communications were received from the unknown entity, and personnel found no evidence of any unauthorized personnel in SCP-3849.

Footnotes
1. Analysis has revealed the arrows to be non-anomalous and are stored in a storage locker within Dimensional Containment Area 23
2. at 11.2 meters tall

SCP-3850: I Can't Drown My Demons

Item #: SCP-3850

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The area in a ten-kilometer radius around SCP-3850 is guarded by Local Task Force Dalet-16 ("Laplace Transform") and is currently off-limits to all civilians under the guise of an archaeological expedition.

Description: SCP-3850 is a phenomenon centered around a body (termed SCP-3850-1) floating in Lake in the U.S. state of . A thick fog surrounds SCP-3850-1 within an estimated 5-kilometer radius, growing thicker as SCP-3850-1 is approached to the extent that viewers are unable to perceive objects more than ten centimeters away from them. When a person is close enough to SCP-3850-1, the fog will lift enough so that it can be seen. However, the fog does not lift at any distance farther than one meter from the viewer.

SCP-3850-1 itself is the body of a Native American male floating face-down in the lake. Although SCP-3850-1 never moves of its own power when under observation, it has occasionally changed its position in-between observations so that it is perpendicular to the lake, its body contorted into the positions of a person floundering or drowning. Photographs of SCP-3850-1's face have been matched to , an Abenaki Indian accused and acquitted of murdering his brother in 1925.

Individuals who come within viewing distance of SCP-3850-1 are subject to a spatial anomaly which prevents them from moving closer than 25 meters to SCP-3850-1, regardless of any movement made. Although fuel measurements, speedometers, and ripples in the water indicate that movement is taking place, GPS measurements, satellite imagery, and sonar/radar detection show no movement. Moving out of viewing distance of SCP-3850-1 also

moves one out of the radius of the spatial anomaly.

Two unorthodox attempts have been made to reach SCP-3850: once by a diving D-Class and once by a skydiving D-Class. The diver was unable to reach SCP-3850 but was able to retreat successfully; his bathymeter reached a depth of 25 meters before it stopped moving. The skydiver's altimeter stopped at an altitude of 25 meters, but audiovisual recording indicated that she was still falling; all attempts to retrieve her by helicopter were halted by the spatial anomaly. The skydiver's camera recorded for approximately months before its battery died. The skydiver's body is currently visible and suspended above SCP-3850-1, though it appears blurry both in-person and through viewing equipment as if moving at high speed.

Addendum 3850-1: Sonar observation of the area around SCP-3850-1 has shown the presence of a human skeleton partially buried at the bottom of the lake, directly below SCP-3850-1. The skeleton was retrieved from the lakebed via scuba divers, but dissolved into water immediately upon breaking the surface. At the same time, SCP-3850-1 sank to the bottom of the lake and landed at the same position where the skeleton was recovered, whereupon the flesh and muscle of its body dissolved, leaving its own skeleton; the water at its initial position on the surface was seen to coalesce into another instance of SCP-3850-1.

Further attempts to retrieve the skeleton on the lakebed ended with the same result. However, small samples of bone have been recovered from the skeleton without incident. DNA analysis of the bone indicates that it is also of Native American descent. Since this incident, personnel observing SCP-3850-1 have reported hearing chanting from an unknown source, identified as a dialect of Eastern Abenaki, within viewing distance of SCP-3850-1. Attempts to recover SCP-3850-1 remotely are ongoing.

SCP-3851: You May Not Be Able To Drown Your Demons, But The Demons Can Drown Your Screams

SCP-3851 upon recovery.

Item #: SCP-3851

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3851 is contained behind a chainlink fence measuring three meters in height topped with barbed wire which surrounds the lake's perimeter. Extra storm drains have been installed in the area surrounding SCP-3851 due to the lake's secondary anomalous effect.

Description: SCP-3851 is a lake located in Palm Harbor, Florida, which displays two anomalous properties. The lake is known to have naturally formed due to excessive rainfall over the course of three months. A neighborhood (previously known as *"Reign Springs"*) used to be located in SCP-3851's location prior to its gradual manifestation.

SCP-3851's first anomalous property is that any and all living entities and manmade objects cannot submerge themselves in the body of water. If an entity or manmade object is to attempt to submerge themselves, they will be unable to pass SCP-3851's surface, appearing to stand atop the water. Due to this effect, it is unknown whether SCP-3851 has an ending point of depth.

Deceased entities (which were living at any point) are able to breach SCP-3851's surface and will float or sink normally with their regular buoyancy.

SCP-3851's secondary anomalous property is that, once every other day, a rainstorm lasting approximately ten minutes in duration occurs over the lake and the half-kilometer area surrounding SCP-3851.[1] During the time of downpour, a visual hallucination will

occur when a subject attempts to look at the lake.

When a subject views the lake, they are able to broadly see the figure of multiple homes with an appearance similar to standard reflection. Despite looking like a reflection, no houses matching the appearance of the effect surround SCP-3851.

Incident 3851-1: On 12 June, 2018, the corpse of an unidentified male child surfaced from SCP-3851. The corpse was swiftly recovered by local Foundation personnel and taken in for autopsy.

Autopsy of the corpse revealed the child to be containing a small glass bottle with an enclosing cork within its chest cavity. The glass bottle contained a note. The contents of said note are as follows:

> ***To our Lord in Heaven,***
>
> *We have been beneath this body for three months now. We are*
>
> *We do not want to be beneath here much longer. We offer a sa*
> *up soon rather than crashes down upon us, crushing our homes*
>
> *Please, Lord, hear our plea. Send your angels to save us fro*
> *water above us and the Earth beneath us.*
>
> ***We are still here.*** *Please, our Lord, do not forget about u*

Surveillance of SCP-3851's surface is to be conducted with the intention to find objects similar to those discovered in Incident 3851-1.

Footnotes

1. This property was originally thought to be a coincidence, but due to the repeated pattern of being bidaily, it was considered an anomalous property.

SCP-3852: Small Town Justice

Item #: SCP-3852

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Emergency Service calls are to be tracked and scanned for keywords by a Foundation operated bot. Upon confirmation of a SCP-3852 event, MTF Rho-18 "Kings of Maine" are to be deployed to subdue all members of the affected community and terminate the active SCP-3852-2 instance. Any non-Foundation emergency personnel are to be recalled in order to prevent contact with affected community.

Members of the affected community are to be subdued and contained only following the termination of the active SCP-3852-2 instance by MTF Rho-18. Members of the affected community under Foundation custody are to be contained in a standard holding cell at Site-11. Members of the affected community are to be questioned, amneticized, and released at discretion of the Site Director.

Recovered SCP-3852-1 instances are to be preserved in standard biological storage units at Site-11.

Description: SCP-3852 is a repeated phenomenon affecting rural towns and populations within the East Coast and Midwest of the contiguous United States. SCP-3852 has not been observed to manifest in any community with more than two-thousand permanent residents. As of 2013, seventeen SCP-3852 events have been confirmed since 1978.

SCP-3852-1 refers to a set of adult, male corpses. All instances of SCP-3852-1 are genetically and physically identical. All instances of SCP-3852-1 have no signs of internal or external injuries, and autopsies conducted by Foundation personnel have been unable to determine a cause of death. Investigation into the identity of SCP-3852-1 instances is ongoing.

During an SCP-3852 event, an instance of SCP-3852-1 will spontaneously appear within the vicinity of the affected town. Upon discovery of the SCP-3852-1 instance, all members of the affected community will identify the body as a specific male of the community (hereby designated SCP-3852-2). The SCP-3852-2 instance will remain unaffected by the SCP-3852 phenomena, but will not be recognized by the rest of the affected community. Instead, the SCP-3852-2 instance will be regarded as a newly arrived outsider.

There is no apparent pattern to how the identity of SCP-3852-1 is chosen It is presently hypothesized that the SCP-3852-1 instance will be identified as a member of the affected community previously accused and subsequently acquitted of repeated or severe crimes[1].

Within 2-5 hours of the beginning of an SCP-3852 event, members of the affected community will begin to accuse SCP-3852-2 instance of crimes leading to or directly causing the death of the SCP-3852-1 instance. In % of SCP-3852 events, 11-27% of the affected community refute the accusations leveled against the SCP-3852-2 instance. Any dissenting members of the community will be accused of obstructing justice. The affected community will attempt to apprehend and summarily execute any and all of the accused, prioritizing the SCP-3852-2 instance.

The affected community will only cease attempts to apprehend the SCP-3852-2 instance upon its capture or death. Upon successful execution of the SCP-3852-2 instance, the affected community will return to normal behavior. Community members have displayed no symptoms of long term psychological effects prior to or following amnestization, but have given inconsistent accounts of SCP-3852 events.

Excerpts from Event Log-16A2M

Event: EV-3852-07F3T

Location: IN

Date: 03/01/1978

Affected Population: 368

Overview: First known occurrence of SCP-3852. SCP-3852-1 instance is discovered in the town square shortly after sunrise. Identified by the affected community as 28 year-old Glenn , an unemployed man. SCP-3852-2 instance is captured after failing to cross a nearby river, and is hanged by the affected community.

SCP-3852-1 instance recovered by Foundation personnel. Members of affected community questioned, amnesticized, and released.

Event: EV-3852-15C1K

Location: , OH

Date: 02/05/1996

Affected Population: 572

SCP-3852-1 instance is discovered in a school yard. Identified by the affected community as 31 year-old Hector , a former factory worker paralyzed from the waist down in an accident 5 years prior.

Roughly 23% of the affected community reject the accusations against the SCP-3852-2 instance. Dissenting members and the SCP-3852-2 instance seek shelter within a nearby abandoned barn. Roughly two hours later, SCP-3852 event is confirmed and MTF Rho-18 deployed.

SCP-3852-1 instance located and recovered by MTF Rho-18. As of 2015, 96% of the remaining members of the affected community have successfully been released and redistributed.

Interview Log-22M7B

Subject: Matthew Escot, age 52, a member of the affected community.

Interviewer: Dr. Kieger

Foreword: Interview took place 2 weeks following SCP-3852 event *EV-3852-15C1K*.

<Begin Log, 14:30, 2/19/1996>

KIEGER: Good afternoon Mr. Escot, I appreciate your cooperation. With any luck, things will be back to normal soon enough.

ESCOT: Soon? It's been two weeks since you scooped us up and I haven't even seen my wife yet! You didn't even bother to tell us where or what this place is!

KIEGER: All in due time, I assure you, Mr. Escot. The sooner you answer our questions the sooner we can answer yours.

ESCOT: (*subject sighs*) Right, get on with it then.

KIEGER: Well I'd like to know a little bit more about the uh…victim. Could you describe him for me?

ESCOT: Hector? Kinda brutish, big fellow. You uh… probably already know this, but he was paralyzed a few years back in an accident. He killed some other poor bastard too, and from what we all could tell, it was Hector's fault.

KIEGER: Was Hector well known prior to the accident?

ESCOT: Well everyone basically knows everyone around , small town and all that. Besides, Hector was never exactly the ideal neighbor, if you catch my drift. He made standoffish a lifestyle. And if people didn't like 'em before, they basically hated him after he got off the negligence charges scot-free. (*subject pauses*) T-Thinking back, we were probably a bit rough on him, but…Accident or not, two healthy men for a cripple isn't the most ideal trade.

KIEGER: How did you react when you saw the body, Mr. Escot?

ESCOT: I was…well, stunned, really. Couldn't make heads or tails of it. Hector was one of those people you thought was gonna live forever. Then, he just turns up not only dead, but murdered.

KIEGER: So you're certain the body was Hector's?

ESCOT: Sure as anything. I mean, he wasn't someone who could easily blend into a crowd.

KIEGER: And you're also certain he was murdered? Is it possible Hector died of natu-

ESCOT: Doc, please y-you…must've saw the body too. There was nothing natural about it.

KIEGER: You said someone arrived shortly after you found the body?

ESCOT: Yeah, just a few minutes after most of us had gathered. He was…well he wasn't really answering our questions right, a-and then he uh…Well his wife showed up. Hector's, I mean.

KIEGER: How did Hector's wife react to seeing the body?

ESCOT: (*subject sighs*) She was in hysterics, doc. God, I don't know what she saw in him that the rest of us didn't but…T-That newcomer came up to her and was tryin' to talk to her but she was just screaming and sobbing, and…that's when things turned sour.

KIEGER: About this newcomer, did you happen to notice that he was paralyzed as well? Don't you think that's rather coincidental?

ESCOT: (*subject sighs*) Doc, I'm not a genius, okay? To be honest, I don't know why you chose to speak to me, cause I wasn't the ringleader or anything. It goes the same way right? One person pointing fingers at someone doesn't mean much, but…after she accused

him people started looking at it from a different angle. And, well, I figured they all knew a few things I didn't.

KIEGER: Not everyone agreed though, isn't that correct?

ESCOT: (*subject pauses, before nodding*)

KIEGER: Did you know any of the dissenters personally?

ESCOT: Ah, no, y-you can't expect me to know everyone, it's a big place. No, I figure most of 'em were loners and stuff, we barely recognized 'em. (*subject pauses for a moment*) Well…any of them, really, now that I think about it.

KIEGER: What happened after they went into the barn?

ESCOT: (*subject shifts uncomfortably*) Well we uh, figured we better get him out of there fast. So that's why we must've…uh…

KIEGER: I see, Mr. Escot. Did you and the rest of the community intend to kill the accused murderer and the others by doing so?

ESCOT: (*subject remains silent*)

KIEGER: Thank you Mr. Escot, that will be all. This concludes the interview.

<End Log, 14:52>

Addendum-05/22/2016:
On 05/15/2016, a eight-minute video entitled "2/5/96 " was uploaded to YouTube. The video was discovered by a Foundation webcrawler, and was taken down roughly 2 hours after upload. An investigation into the identity of the cameraman is ongoing. A transcript of the video is available below.

+ Video Transcript-15C1K [LEVEL 4 ACCESS]

Video Transcript-15C1K

<Begin Transcript>

[00:01] (*Video begins, a crowd is seen deliberating on a gravel road*)

[00:23] (*The cameraman breaks through the crowd. The SCP-3852-2 instance, apparently unconscious, is visible on the ground. The SCP-3852-1 instance is seen laying on a bedsheet*)

[01:15] (*A sobbing woman is lead by the crowd towards the SCP-3852-1 instance. The woman points at the SCP-3852-1 instance*)

[01:46] **WOMAN**: That's…that's him..I don't know-(*unintelligible*)

[02:02] (*Members of the crowd drag away SCP-3852-2 instance*)

[02:04] (*Video cuts, a smaller crowd is now visible outside of a large barn. The majority of the crowd is armed with various farming instruments*)

[02:35] (*Cameraman approaches the door through the crowd. A man is seen standing in the barn door, arguing with the crowd*)

[03:17] **MAN**: L-Leave! We ain't comin' out til the cops arrive! You've hurt him enough already!

[03:33] (*A man is seen breaking from the crowd, identified by Foundation records as Matthew Escot*)

[03:40] **ESCOT**: Out of the way, Wyatt! You're

shieldin' a murderer!

[03:48] **WYATT**: Matt, w-we're friends! Get them out of here, you know you don't have any proof he-

[04:04] **ESCOT**: His presence is proof enough! This town let one person escape justice, and it's not happening again! Get him out here before we drag him out!

[04:26] **WYATT**: N-No! All of you get away before-(*A gunshot is heard;* **WYATT** *can be seen attempting to reenter the barn, before being grabbed and pulled into the crowd. The barn door is closed from the inside.*)

[05:06] (*Video cuts, it is now visibly night. The cameraman has taken a position a distance away from the crowd. Various members of the crowd are seen holding gasoline canisters and torches*)

[06:38] (**WYATT** *is dragged away from the crowd by two men armed with rifles*)

[06:54] **WYATT**: (*unintelligible*)…stop, w-we'll give him up! Just let us-

[07:05] (*The second of the two armed men slams the butt-stock of the rifle into the head of Wyatt. Makeshift barricades are seen propped against the barn door.* ***ESCOT*** *is seen approaching the door, holding a torch*)

[07:32] **ESCOT**: You had your chance! You chose to side with the criminal, and now you'll get your fair share of the punishment!

[07:42] (**ESCOT** *raises his torch. Cheering from the crowd is heard as he drops it onto the*

barricades.)

[08:15] (*Video cuts. Helicopter blades are heard as the cameraman retreats from the town. Smoke is seen in the sky as the cameraman enters a nearby forest.*)

<**End Transcript**>

Footnotes
1. Thus far, these crimes have includedArsonAssaultManslaughterMurderWrongful Imprisonment

SCP-3853: Imperium

Item #: SCP-3853

Object Class: Thaumiel[1]/Uncontained

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3853A is currently uncontained (see Addendum 3853-1). The Foundation is in a state of war with GoI-328 ("The Institute of Imperial Studies"); recovery of Foundation assets lost to GoI-328 is a top priority. Containment procedures which do not rely on the effects of SCP-3853A are to be developed for all anomalies currently under the control of GoI-328.

> Previous Special Containment Procedures -
> Out of Date as of 15 March 2018
>
> SCP-3853A is currently contained as the Directorship of the Institute for Imperial Studies, a sovereign political entity operating as an independent division of the Foundation under the supervision of the O5 Council; all anomalies contained by the effects of SCP-3853A are kept under IIS supervision. The current instance SCP-3853A-1 is the Director of the Institute; as of 8/19/2014, SCP-3853A-1 is Dr. Aleksandr Filipov, formerly Director of Site-88 and head of the Anomalous Law & Politics Division. SCP-3853A-1's successor should be selected by majority vote of the O5 council from all personnel with Level 4 clearance who have training or experience in law, political science, military command, and/or classical studies. Both SCP-3853A-1 and their successor have Level 5/IIS clearance, giving them unlimited access to all non-infohazardous information about the IIS, its personnel, and the anomalies it contains. The sovereign territory of the IIS consists of its headquarters, Site-101, located outside of Tunis, Tunisia, and a number of other facilities located throughout Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East.

SCP-3853A-1 is not to be seen by or directly communicate with anyone except IIS staff and Foundation staff who have been informed of SCP-3853A's effects. All of SCP-3853A-1's written correspondence (including electronic correspondence such as emails and text messages) is to be dictated to or retyped by another individual prior to being sent. In the event that SCP-3853A-1 is seen by or communicates with an unauthorized person, that person is to be treated with Class-B amnestics; exemptions can be made for Foundation staff in good standing if this contact was accidental or was initiated by SCP-3853A-1. If SCP-3853A-1 deliberately breaches containment of SCP-3853A or is determined by the O5 Council to be otherwise unfit for continued service, MTF Psi-18 ("Sic Semper") is to carry out an appropriate succession protocol[2].

Political movements attempting to recreate any of the nation-states previously associated with SCP-3853A[3] or which use iconography associated with any of these nation states are to be closely monitored. MTF Pi-13 ("Goths, Vandals, and Other Delinquents") is to prevent political movements matching these criteria from becoming the majority party in any nation-state and in any sub-national division with a population greater than one million; Pi-13 is authorized to use whatever methods they deem appropriate to accomplish this task, including blackmail, assassination, mass voter fraud, and, in extreme circumstances, memetic voter suppression and mass amnestic treatment.

SCP-3853B is currently contained as the Roman Catholic Papacy; anomalies whose containment relies on the effects of SCP-3853B are contained by the Pontifical Commission for the Suppression of the Supernatural, the main normalcy-preservation agency of the Catholic Church, in consultation with the Foundation. The Foundation is to support the continued existence of the Papacy, and should work with the Catholic Church to prevent any major schisms that could lead to an Avignon Event[4]. SCP-3853B-1 is the Roman

Catholic Pope (currently Pope Francis, birth name Jorge Mario Bergogloio). All of SCP-3853B-1's written correspondence is to unambiguously identify its source or be retyped by or dictated to another person.

Description: SCP-3853 is the designation for two titles originally held by the emperors of the Roman Empire.

SCP-3853A is the office of Emperor, originally head of state of the Roman Empire. SCP-3853A is always held by the ruler of a nation-state that holds territory within the borders of the Roman Empire at the death of Augustus Caesar; that ruler is designated SCP-3853A-1. As per containment procedures, SCP-3853A-1 is currently the Director of the Institute of Imperial Studies.

Transfer of SCP-3853A usually follows the succession laws of the nation-state ruled by SCP-3853A-1. There are, however, a number of circumstances that can lead to a non-standard transfer of SCP-3853A, both within a nation-state and between nation-states. The primary cause of a non-standard transfer is disputed succession; if there are two or more claimants to the leadership of the nation-state ruled by SCP-3853A-1, the anomalous properties of SCP-3853A will manifest in each claimant at a reduced magnitude. Non-standard transfer can also occur when SCP-3853A-1 is deposed by an outside force[5] or when the ruler of another nation-state with a stronger claim to the title is proclaimed Emperor of Rome by SCP-3853B-1[6].

SCP-3853B is the office of *Pontifex Maximus*, originally the high priest of the polytheistic Roman state religion; from the 4th century onwards, this office has been held by the head of a branch of Christianity, usually either the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople or the Catholic Pope[7]. It is probable that SCP-3853B could be held by the widely-recognized head of any major religion with a substantial following in the former borders of the Roman Empire, although no non-Christian religious leader has held it since the adoption of Christianity as the state religion of the Roman empire. SCP-3853B-1 is the current holder of SCP-3853B; as per containment procedures, SCP-3853B-1 is currently the Catholic Pope. The criteria by which SCP-3853B is transferred are currently not well-studied, and maintaining orderly papal succession is a high

priority.

The primary effects of SCP-3853A and B are cognitive in nature. The holders of the affected titles will be recognized in-person as the holders of those titles, even if the observers would be otherwise ignorant of the titles or the individuals; that is, when someone perceives SCP-3853A-1, they immediately recognize that person as Emperor of Rome. This effect is not transmitted through photography or recorded video, although it can be transmitted via live video with a delay of less than 20 seconds and both live and recorded audio, and via direct written or typed communication (including email, text messaging, and other digital communication).

When SCP-3853A-1 or B-1 gives a direct order to a subordinate—either in person or in writing—that order is more likely to be followed. Under experimental conditions, individuals obeying the direct orders of SCP-3853A-1 or B-1 complete those tasks significantly faster and more accurately than a control group, and make significantly fewer errors. These effects are extended to all military forces under the command—direct or indirect—of SCP-3853A-1; when placed under the jurisdiction of the IIS, Mobile Task Forces showed a marked improvement in cooperation and tactical skill, and were physically faster, stronger and more agile.

It is now believed that SCP-3853A exerts cognitive influence on SCP-3853A-1. While the precise effects have not been rigorously studied, observation of the current instance of SCP-3853A-1, Director Aleksandr Filipov, indicates that a preexisting tendency toward megalomania and an obsession with the ancient world were both exaggerated heavily by exposure to SCP-3853A (see Addendum 3853-1). While this effect has not been so dramatic in any previous IIS Director, close study of the correspondence and decision-making of past Directors indicates that this is not a new phenomenon.

The secondary effects of SCP-3853A and B manifest in their interactions with other anomalous objects and entities encountered and used or contained by previous holders of the SCP-3853 titles. Beginning with the Superintendency of Secrets and Praetorian Office of Hidden Wisdom, founded under the Roman emperor Augustus, SCP-3853A and B have been used as the basis of

thaumaturgically, theurgically, and legally-binding contracts and rituals to contain or limit the powers of anomalous entities, or bind those entities into the service of the holder(s) of the SCP-3853 titles. A number of SCP objects currently contained by the Foundation have been placed under the jurisdiction of the IIS in order to use these pre-existing bindings for the purpose of containment; this containment scheme has been highly successful and is ongoing is under reevaluation after the defection of GoI-328 from the Foundation.

The Foundation established containment of SCP-3853A in 1945. After the defeat of its former holder[8] by the Allied Powers in World War Two, SCP-3853A was briefly transferred to the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman[9]; as per a previous agreement with the Foundation, President Truman abdicated the office of Emperor in favor of the Director of the newly-founded Institute of Imperial Studies, Dr. Charles Pépin.

SCP-3853 is believed to have been created by Augustus Caesar, generally recognized as the first emperor of the Roman Empire; while the precise method of its creation is not known, a section of Augustus' autobiography, the *Res Gestae* (reproduced below), indicates that some sort of thaumaturgical ritual involving the sacrifice of Augustus' body to his own spirit—the *genius Augusti*, an object of religious devotion under the Roman empire—was integral to the anomaly's creation.

Recovered Document: *Res Gestae Divi Augusti* Paragraphs 39-43
The final paragraphs of the funerary inscription of Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome. Paragraphs 36-43 of the *Res Gestae* refer to anomalous events and individuals considered state secrets by the Roman Empire and were not included on publicly-available copies of the Res Gestae; the only remaining original copy, a plaque on the interior of the Imperial Mausoleum, is currently stored in the Vatican Archives.

Show Document

And after I established the Superintendency of Secrets and the Praetorian Office of Hidden

Wisdom, I saw that the Republic needed a caretaker such as myself in perpetuity, and that the people would always need a *Pontifex Maximus* to intercede with the gods and maintain the sacred rituals. And so I went to the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and I asked the Pythia how I might accomplish this; and I was told "seek the wisest"[10].

The Greeks are always considered the wisest of Rome's conquests, so first I went to the the Greek philosophers, the Stoics and the Pythagoreans and the Platonists; and they told me that no kingdom can last forever, and I dismissed them. I went to those rumored even wiser, the Mechanists of the Sicilian cities; and they told me to build a city of bronze and iron over the city I had already clad in marble, and I dismissed them as well. And then I sought the hidden mysteries, the Greek cults of Orpheus and Eleusis and Dionysus and Trophonius and the Five-Named One; and these all spoke of an eternal life after death, but I sought eternal rule in life. So I turned away from the Greeks to the other conquered peoples under Rome.

The rabbis of Judaea, and the priests of Egypt, and the Persian Magi claimed that I should renounce the Olympians and follow each of their gods in turn, and I scorned their advice. The Thracian seers, who claim descent from fallen Adium, and the Scythian sorceresses with their Daevian magic, and the man-burning Druids of the Gauls and Britons all told me of rituals contrary to the ancient customs of the Romans and hateful in the eyes of the gods; and I had them put to death for their crimes against man and god. And even the priests of Rome, and the augurs and haruspices who have forever guided our Republic before were

of no help; and I returned to my home, and contemplated my failure.

But as I sat in thought, the words of the Oracle to Socrates came to me, "you are the wisest"; and just as Socrates knew that he knew nothing, so I understood the same. And I turned to myself, and asked how I, having repaired the Republic and extended its reach further than ever before, could ensure its survival for all eternity, and I saw in myself the answer. And so I decided to make a final sacrifice, of myself and to myself, the body of Gaius Octavius[11] offered before the spirit of Caesar Augustus so that I might rule forever through my heirs. And I wrote this, to be placed in my tomb, and I commanded my wife to make a poison, quick-acting and painless; and now I go to my death, knowing that the Roman people will never be without wise guidance and firm rule.

Addendum 3853-1: Incident 3853-AUGUSTUS
On 14 March 2018, the O5 council voted 11 for, 1 against, 1 abstaining to initiate succession protocol Ψ-18-CALIGULA (forcible deposition of the Director of the IIS via assassination); the SDECotW ratified this decision later that same day. Orders were transmitted to the commander of MTF Psi-18; the commander's response indicated loyalty to SCP-3853A-1 (Director Filipov) over the Foundation. Within one hour, all IIS facilities cut off contact with the main Foundation communications network and SCP-3853A-1 declared the independence of the IIS from the Foundation. SCP-3853A is now uncontained, and the Foundation is in a state of war with the IIS (now designated GoI-328). All anomalies under the control of the IIS are to be considered uncontained until they are recovered by the Foundation; the development of containment procedures for these anomalies that do not rely on the effects of SCP-3853A is a high priority. For further information on Incident 3853-AUGUSTUS, see Document 3853-9.

Footnotes
1. Under review pending reclassification to Euclid.
2. For further information, consult Task Force Protocols Ψ-18-DIOCLETIAN, Ψ-18-NAPOLEON, and Ψ-18-CALIGULA.
3. Especially the Roman Empire, Byzantine Empire, Holy Roman Empire, and Ottoman Empire; for a full list of these nation-states consult Document 3853A-12.
4. A loss of containment of anomalies associated with SCP-3853B as a result of a sufficiently legitimate or widely accepted competing claim to the Papacy.
5. e.g. when the Ottoman sultan Mehmed the Conquerer became “Kayser-i Rum“, “Caesar of Rome”, after the Ottoman conquest of Constantinople
6. e.g. when Charlemagne was named Holy Roman Emperor by Pope Leo III, taking the title from the Empress of the Byzantine Empire, Irene of Athens
7. SCP-3853B was briefly held by King Henry VIII of England in his role as head of the Church of England, but on his death reverted to its prior association with the Papacy.
8. Benito Mussolini, formerly Prime Minister of Italy.
9. While most of the territory of the United States is outside the borders of the Roman Empire, the presence of military bases, embassies, and Italian and German territory under de facto American control was sufficient for SCP-3853A to be transferred to President Truman.
10. This quote is in Greek in the original text, rather than in Latin; it is assumed to be a direct quote from the Oracle.
11. Augustus' birth name, used before his adoption by Julius Caesar.

Document 3853-9

This document contains correspondence between SCP-3853A-1 (Dr. Aleksandr Filipov), MTF Psi-18, and the O5 Council leading up to Incident 3853-AUGUSTUS.

Proposal for Restructuring of Foundation Paramilitary Assets
Submitted to the O5 Council on 2 November 2016.

> The beneficial effects of SCP-3853A on the combat effectiveness of Mobile Task Forces has been determined via experimental study (Osman et al, "Imperial Command: SCP-3853A on the Battlefield", *Proceedings of the IIS* 37 (2009), 63-90); as it stands, the Mobile Task Forces assigned to the Institute of Imperial Studies are objectively more useful in combat situations than those under the control of the main branch of the Foundation. I propose that all Mobile Task Forces be assigned under the command of the IIS; this will increase the Foundation's effectiveness in paramilitary operations significantly.
>
> Under my proposed restructuring, the Mobile Task Forces currently assigned to the Institute of Imperial Studies would be redesignated as Legionary Task Forces I-XII, as they would be reserved for IIS operations; the remainder of the Mobile Task Forces would keep their prior designations, but would be placed under direct command of the IIS, with their commanders reporting to the Director. The operational directives of the Mobile Task Forces would not need to change, but simply by being placed in the command structure of the IIS—and therefore affected by SCP-3853A—their combat effectiveness would be increased by approximately 30%.
>
> Dr. Aleksandr Filipov, Director of the Institute for Imperial

Studies

Response to Proposal for Restructuring of Foundation Paramilitary Assets
Presented to the Director of the IIS on 6 December 2016.

> Director Filipov,
>
> The Overseer Council has discussed and voted on your proposal. The official tally was 8 against, 2 for, 3 abstaining. No further response will be given.
>
> O5-2

Proposal for Reassignment of Foundation Facilities in Former Imperial Territory
Submitted to the O5 Council on 6 May 2017.

> A large number of Foundation facilities are in territory that falls, *de jure*, under the jurisdiction of the Roman Empire and therefore the Institute of Imperial Studies. Until now these sites have remained under the control of the main branch of the Foundation, as the IIS was still in its infancy and did not have the resources to maintain a large number of facilities; however, now that the IIS has become a fairly large organization in its own right with the addition of the new facilities in Hispania, Brittania and Gaul, I propose that all Foundation sites within former Imperial lands be transferred in full to IIS control. This would allow the headquarters of the IIS to move from their current location near Carthage to Site-77, much closer to the ancient heartland of the Empire.
>
> As with my previous proposal, the advantages to the Foundation are numerous. The benefit of SCP-3853A's effects on teamwork and individual effectiveness in both high- and low-stress situations cannot be overstated; we would have fewer containment breaches, fewer casualties during the breaches that happen, and hardly any of the clerical errors and mistakes that cost the Foundation millions of dollars each year (M. Aurelio & L.

Verro, "Roman Ideas: Administrative Efficiency and Discipline in the IIS", *Proceedings of the IIS* 40 (2012), 135-167). In addition, we would be able to form new contracts and ritual bindings with the entities currently contained in these facilities; the ease with which SCP-1 was contained demonstrates how the ancient containment specialists set the standard for thaumaturgical binding practices, which we could gain great insight from today (M. C. Ater, "Theurgy and Thaumaturgy in Special Containment Procedures", *Proceedings of the IIS* 43 (2015), 97-135).

Dr. Alexander Philipov, Emperor of the Institute for Imperial Studies

Response to Proposal for Reassignment of Foundation Facilities in Former Imperial Territory
Presented to the Director of the IIS on 11 June 2017.

Director Filipov,

The Overseer Council has discussed and voted on your proposal. The official tally was 10 against, 1 for, 2 abstaining. No further response will be given.

O5-2

Proposal for Unification of SCP-3853A and SCP-3853B
Submitted to the O5 Council on 23 September 2017.

Since the separation of the powers of *Pontifex Maximus* from the office of *Imperator*, the ancient titles of Augustus Caesar have not been united under a single man. I propose that, in order to streamline containment of SCP-3853 and restore the ancient *status quo* of Rome, we ensure that the next *Pontifex Maximus* is the director of the IIS. The advantages of this course of action are threefold.

First, it would remove any Foundation-external parties from the containment of SCP-3853B and related

anomalies. While the Pontifical Commission for the Suppression of the Supernatural has been useful to our cause, it represent an unacceptable risk to future containment initiatives.

Second, it would enable some anomalies to be contained under the authority of both SCP-3853 titles. It is highly probable that, given the cooperation between the Papacy and a number of previous Emperors (such as the Carolingian dynasty), some of the entities currently contained by the Vatican are also bound to the Emperor; these objects could be contained more easily if the same individual held both titles (Pappapetrou et al, "Underutilized Theurgic Bindings on Entities under IIS Containment: Three Case Studies", *Proceedings of the IIS* 29 (2001) 47-80).

And third, it could reveal as-yet unknown properties of SCP-3853 that were lost when the titles were split up as Rome was Christianized. The currently-known properties of the titles, especially the benefits given to subordinates of those holding the titles, might be significantly enhanced, and other unknown benefits could be gained from this rejoining of Imperial honors (Julian A. Postata, "Not Just **`the Lion`**: Anomalous Properties of Pre-Christian Emperors", *Proceedings of the IIS* 35 (2007), 12-34).

Electing the Director of the Institute as Roman Catholic Pope is impractical; I therefore propose that, upon the death of the current Pope, the ancient Roman polytheist religion and Imperial cult be refounded, and that the Director be named *Pontifex Maximus* of that faith. The title could easily be willed by Pope Francis to the Director, and separated from the Papacy without any risk of an Avignon Event.

Imperator Alexander Philippus of the Institute of Imperial Studies

Response to Proposal for Unification of SCP-3853A and

SCP-3853B
Presented to the Director of the IIS on 20 October 2017.

> Director Filipov,
>
> The Overseer Council has discussed and voted on your proposal. The official tally was 12 against, 1 abstaining. No further response will be given.
>
> O5-2

Proposal for the Restoration of Imperial Power
Submitted to the O5 Council on 30 April 2018. Originally written in Latin.

> With the Institute for Imperial Studies now being recognized as the true successor to the Empire of Rome, it is time for the Overseer Council to relinquish control of the Foundation to the Emperor. The entirety of the Foundation could benefit greatly from Imperial rule; no longer would we have to hide in the shadows of the world, emerging into the light as the new empire, to rule a world that we once fled. The fractured nations of Europe could be united once more under the rule of Rome; the people are ready for a strong hand to guide them (M. Antonius, "Political Suggestibility and Monarchist Sentiments in Modern Europe", *Scholia Procedendaque Romana* 1 (2018), 56-89), and I am ready to be that hand.
>
> I propose to restructure the Foundation along the lines of the Roman government. I, as Emperor, will be at its head; my loyal task forces will form the core of my Praetorian Guard, and the remainder will become my Legions. The Site Directors' Executive Committee of the Whole will become the Senate, with 300 members chosen from among the longest-serving and wisest members of Foundation staff. The Overseer Council shall become the new Tribunate, exercising veto power over the Senate but still answering to the Emperor. And all the remaining staff, the researchers and custodians

> and even the D-Class, shall be the citizens and subjects of a new Empire, which will stretch its reach across the globe.
>
> With these changes to the structure will come changes in policy. No longer will we simply contain and study the miracles we have gathered; instead we shall use them, to subdue our enemies and to aid our allies. The objects under the control of the Foundation have the potential to usher in an age of wonders (M. C. Ater, "Possibilities for Global Societal Change using Anomalous Means", *Scholia Procedendaque Romana* 1 (2018), 15-55); it is our duty to see that age come to pass. I urge you to heed my words, lest drastic action need to be taken.
>
> Imperator Alexandrus Phillipus Caesar Augustus of Rome

Response to Proposal for Restructuring of Foundation Paramilitary Assets
Presented to the Director of the IIS on 7 March 2018.

> Director Filipov,
>
> The Overseer Council has discussed and voted on your proposal. The official tally was 13 against. No further response will be given.
>
> O5-2

Order for Initiation of Succession Protocol Ψ-18-CALIGULA
Transmitted to MTF Psi-18 Commander Cassius Edwards on 14 March 2018.

> Commander Edwards,
>
> Initiate protocol Ψ-18-CALIGULA. Confirmation code ET TU BRUTE.
>
> O5-2

Response to Order for Initiation of Succession Protocol Ψ-18-

CALIGULA
Submitted to the O5 Council by MTF Psi-18 Commander Cassius Edwards on 14 March 2018.

> I refuse to lift my hand against my Emperor. He has been informed of this treachery.
>
> Cassius Eduardus, Praetorian Prefect to the Emperor

Declaration of Imperial Independence
Submitted to the O5 Council and the SDECotW on 15 March 2018. Originally written in Latin.

> With the Foundation having repeatedly disrespected the sovereignty of Rome, and with the Overseer Council having attempted to forcibly depose the rightful emperor, the Roman Empire, no longer to be called the Institute of Imperial Studies, has declared its independence from the Foundation. My subjects and servants have sworn their allegiance to me, rejecting the false authority of the Overseer Council; my legions, trained and equipped by the Foundation, now are loyal only to their Emperor; the artifacts and servants bound by emperors past will no longer languish in prisons and vaults but will be put to use under the guidance of my Superintendent of Secrets, Manius Curius Ater[2], to expand the empire and grow the glory of the Emperor.
>
> Emperor Alexandrus Phillipus Caesar Augustus, Father of his Country, Greatest Ruler[3]

Footnotes
1. An anomalous canid entity of probable extradimensional origin which manifested near the ancient city of Cumae, outside Naples; a tag on a metal collar around one of its necks indicated a prior encounter with SCP-3853A, and it was easily contained when commanded by Dr. Filipov over a live video feed.
2. Individuals with this name held the title of Superintendent of Secrets—Curator Arcanorum—from therule of Caligulauntil the fall of the Western Roman Empire (see Person of Interest file POI-37β for more information). It is believed that the individual referred to

here is using the name of a historical figure as a pseudonym.
3. "Pater Patriae, Optimus Princeps; both titles were used by Roman emperors with particularly notable achievements.

SCP-3855: Antimemetic Speakeasy

RAISA Notice

The following document has not been revised since 13 Jan 1940. As such, it has been labeled archived by Foundation Records and Security. Information contained here may be significantly outdated.

Item #: SCP-3855 (ARCHIVED)

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3855 is currently under Foundation control, and has been repurposed as a safehouse for local New York agents. Former patrons of The Secret Spirit have been issued amnesiacs*[sic] - RAISA* and remaining members of the Chicago Spirit associated with the bar have been apprehended. A guard detail is currently posted near the exterior entrance to prevent unauthorized access.

Under no circumstances are non-Foundation personnel to be informed of the existence of SCP-3855 or its activation phrase.

Description: SCP-3855 is a two-story building located in Manhattan's Lower East Side in New York City. From 1921 to 1930, SCP-3855 was a speakeasy run by the **`Chicago Spirit`**, an anomalous crime organization active throughout the early 20th century. Known as "The Secret Spirit", its owners served imported liquor and wine to well-connected members of American organized crime, including those who also dealt in anomalous artifacts. Much like the organization's original eponymous Chicago bar, The Secret Spirit also had a second floor that was used to sell anomalies to its patrons.

SCP-3855 represents the first known usage of "anti-memes"*[sic] - RAISA* in the civilian sphere: specifically, the name, location, and purpose of SCP-3855 cannot be recalled without hearing or reading the trigger phrase "I heard about Chappell's Manhattan point." Absent this trigger, memories related to SCP-3855 will be made inaccessible, and persons visiting it will be unable to recall their location during the time spent there. Recordings and photographs of SCP-3855 can be made, but memory of their contents will also be lost without the trigger.

History: SCP-3855 was opened as The Secret Spirit in February 1921 at the instruction of Chicago Spirit leader Richard D. Chappell, representing the crime syndicate's first expansion into speakeasy management in the New York area. Wanting to avoid the attention of both law enforcement and rival organizations, Chappell gave SCP-3855 its anomalous properties via unknown means. The anti-meme capabilities of SCP-3855 were not replicated by any other known Spirit establishment, although records may be incomplete due to the inherent information redacting properties possibly associated with said establishments.

Unlike speakeasies run by Chappell's organization in the Chicago area, The Secret Spirit was selective with its clientele and carefully screened all customers before giving them knowledge of the trigger phrase. During the initial opening phase, it was debated whether or not to open the first floor of the speakeasy to regular patrons, but this was ultimately deemed impractical.

Owing to its anomalous properties, both the Foundation and the New York City Police Department were unable to learn of the existence of or locate SCP-3855. Although the owners wished to expand the business and the anti-meme properties of it to other parts of Manhattan, Chappell vetoed the idea, writing in a 1927 letter recovered after his capture:

> I didn't get as far as I did in the business by entertaining every damn fool idea someone brings up to me. I got here by being careful. If we fill New York with speakeasies nobody can remember, people are going to start noticing they can't figure out where they were every weekend night. We've got a golden goose, and just

because the goose isn't studded with diamonds doesn't mean we need to go rob a jewellry store.

Discovery: On November 23, 1930, Secret Spirit co-owner Albert Jones was arrested by the NYPD on burglary charges after his ex-wife reported that he had attempted to break into her Brooklyn apartment. After his Chicago Spirit affiliation was confirmed by police, prosecutors offered him a reduced sentence on his burglary charge and immunity from any charges related to other criminal activities he was involved in in exchange for knowledge of the Spirit's New York activities. Jones accepted, and soon after revealed the existence of The Secret Spirit. Once SCP-3855's anomalous nature and trigger phrase became known to police, Foundation agents embedded in the NYPD informed their superiors of the anomaly and the latter began formulating plans for a raid on The Secret Spirit.

SCP-3855 was acquired by the Foundation on Christmas Day, 1930, when the speakeasy was raided and shut down after a tip from Jones that Richard Chappell would be present in it for Christmas celebrations. For uncertain reasons, Chappell learned of the raid ahead of time and returned to Chicago the previous day. After a thorough scan by medical personnel determined that **SCP-2680** was not being manufactured at the location, SCP-3855 was repurposed as a safehouse and remains under Foundation control.

Albert Jones was relocated to Maine by US federal authorities as part of a protective custody program, and lived in Bangor until October 27, 1932, when he disappeared while walking home from his job at a local grocery store. His hat and jacket were found approximately one kilometer from the store and there was no physical evidence of a struggle, nor any reports of another person following him by eyewitnesses. A note was found in the jacket pocket which read "Nice try. You can't hide, snitch."

No records of Jones' fate were found following the 1933 shutdown of the Chicago Spirit, though he is presumed deceased at this time.

SCP-3856: Researcher Lloyd, Destroyer of Worlds

File photo of Researcher Lloyd, taken approximately 3 hours prior to an NK-Class ("Grey Goo") scenario

Item #: SCP-3856

Anomaly Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Baseline Researcher Lloyd (SCP-3856-1) is to be housed in a self-sufficient maximum security bunker, restrained to avoid any potential acts of self-harm, and shielded from any possible detrimental influences. The death of SCP-3856 must be prevented at all costs, and any personnel acting in a way that may kill, maim, or otherwise damage SCP-3856-1 will be summarily terminated — note that attempting to gain access to SCP-3856-1's chamber without authorisation is considered an act of potential harm, and will be handled as such. As SCP-3856-1 has already been treated with all low-risk life-extending techniques currently available to the Foundation, no further efforts to extend SCP-3856-1's natural life are to be attempted without unanimous Level-5 approval.

Should the probability of SCP-3856-1's imminent death rise above 0.01% at any time, the instance is to be immediately ejected to the nearest inhabited universe. The handling of any non-native iterations of Researcher Lloyd will be undertaken on a case-by-case basis by staff with Level-4/3856 clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3856 is a probabilistic anomaly affecting all iterations of Foundation Researcher Samuel Lloyd across all known variants of the Foundation, in all known life-supporting universes. There is currently no known way to subvert, permanently delay, or otherwise prevent the effects of SCP-3856, though research is ongoing. Cross-testing with other anomalies known to manipulate chance has yielded a null result in all cases, suggesting SCP-3856 manifests as an intrinsic property of the metaphysical nature of

Researcher Lloyd[1].

The full range of SCP-3856's effects are not known, but the primary element appears to be the fact that any iteration of Researcher Lloyd will inevitably[2] cease brain activity only following the elimination of every other extant human[3] from the universe in which they currently reside. In circumstances where Researcher Lloyd would ordinarily be killed before this event, SCP-3856 appears to have the secondary effect of hastening a large-scale K-Class End-of-the-world scenario. While this event is invariably caused by external forces, and is frequently predicted or registered long before the initial recognition of SCP-3856, attempts to prevent it have thus far met with failure in all cases.

Observation of terminated universes containing an iteration of Researcher Lloyd reveals that the severity of the apocalyptic event caused by SCP-3856 is inversely proportional to the number of sapient individuals residing within the affected universe. To clarify: while a human population of several billion will result only in the worldwide extermination of said humans, the death of Researcher Lloyd within an uninhabited or sparsely populated universe risks a high-level Yggdrasil Severance Event, and the subsequent collapse of adjacent dimensional regions.

SCP-3856 has led, indirectly, to the establishment of communications with a growing network of Foundation-positive universes, with the shared goal of minimising SCP-3856-related casualties. Despite the formation of a semi-informal regulatory body, no consensus has yet been made.

Addendum.1: Event 3856-Alpha: On / / , despite agreed-upon travel protocols, a single instance of Researcher Lloyd manifested within Site-54, equipped with standard Foundation provisions and equipment (circa 1880 AD). The entity was later determined to have originated from U-4046Y, and had been relocated via Ectodimensional Way Generation by SCP Foundation-4046Y. SCPF-4046Y refused to communicate with baseline Foundation personnel following this incident, and subsequent investigations revealed that the probability of their instance dying from natural causes had been steadily increasing for some months previously.

The instance (designated SCP-3856-4046Y for clarity) was taken into custody and treated with standard life-extending techniques. A more permanent method of processing is currently in development.

The following message was found attached to the instance upon manifestation:

> WE ARE SORRY TO BURDEN YOU AT THIS TIME. WE CANNOT RISK FURTHER DETRIMENT TO OUR CITIZENS. WE ARE SURE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
>
> DUE TO THE POTENTIAL FOR RETALIATION FROM HOSTILE SOURCES WE WILL BE CLOSING DOWN ALL EXTERNAL TRANSFER CHANNELS. ALL EXISTING TRADE ROUTES WILL BE TERMINATED
>
> WE APOLOGISE FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE CAUSED
>
> ~ The Sovereign of Carallas-Pralwright

Addendum.2: Update / / : Following the manifestation of a further six instances of Researcher Lloyd, of which two were shown to exhibit life-threatening wounds, the decision has been taken to transfer three instances (SCP-3856-03B54, -193FF, and -73E2M) to low-volume Floater Universes accessible via SCP- . This is expected to act as a temporary buffer until a more permanent solution can be devised.

All other instances have been housed in maximum-security bunkers at undisclosed locations, with the exception of SCP-3856-0PD31, who went into cardiac arrest shortly after manifestation. They were cryonically frozen using experimental techniques shortly after this, and are expected to survive for another months without medical intervention. Given U-B9PYB's attempt to conceal an instance of Researcher Lloyd in a scheduled shipment of precious metals, the decision has been made by the O5 Council to close all exo-universal trade routes.

Talks with alternate Foundations are ongoing, but have been

somewhat strained following the spontaneous collapse of Universes-03B54, V4L2K, OIO10, and 5FIVF. Exo-universal elections are due to be postponed until a practical solution to issue MU-3856-SCT-LLOYD can be found.

Addendum.3: Log-3856-F: The following log is a severely abridged list of Researcher Lloyd instances currently known to the Foundation. Due to the situation's current rate of escalation, it is expected to undergo frequent changes.

Instance designation(s)	Summary	Current Status
SCP-3856-LPN4R	Instance had apparently been converted to a mechanised form, inline with GoI-004B (The Cogwork Orthodox Church)'s "standardisation" process. Due to a lack of ordinary senescence, it is believed the instance will be capable of surviving near-indefinitely. The instance has since been terminated via the addition of an **`irregular logical construct`** into their system. Foul play is suspected, but unconfirmed.	Extant Deceased
SCP-3856-SMRC3	Resided for four years in what is either a nonexistent fictional construct or region of	Deceased

	the Anatolian peninsula, depending on sources. Expired due to starvation following an abnormal resurgence of memetic phenomena and the deaths of 99.97% of the human population from cerebral haemorrhaging.	
SCP-3856-770R2	Instance was retroactively eliminated prior to their birth by their iteration of the Foundation, resulting in a successful negation of SCP-3856's effects. U-770R2 maintained societal stability until the year 8620, at which point the aforementioned Foundation adopted a policy of retrocausal containment, eliminating anomalies before they could appear. The device used to terminate SCP-3856-770R2 was removed during this process, and SCP-3856-770R2 was caused to have expired from radiation poisoning following	Deceased

	global thermonuclear war.	
SCP-3856-FI7EN & -YUE4K	Both instances fled their host-universes due to persecution from hostile anomalous organisations (in the case of -FI7EN) and a hostile Foundation-analogue (in the case of -YUE4K). Currently residing in a post-extinction iteration of Earth, and expected to survive together for up to 2 decades before expiring.	Extant
Unknown, presumed upward of 5000 instances from various sources.	Instances were transferred en masse to U-01HF2, as an effort to reduce total casualties. Retaliation from U-01HF2's inhabitants saw a large portion of the instances dispersed among adjacent universes — seven were accidentally killed during this process, moments after the relevant universes experienced spontaneous vacuum decay.	Majority deceased, estimated 98 instances still living

Addendum.4: Update / / : Due to the low availability of Floater Universes, twelve of the forty-eight Researcher Lloyd instances currently in Foundation posession are to be shifted to the nearest

available universes with low probability of undergoing K-Class Events. Apologies have been preemptively made to all involved parties. As a show of good faith, baseline Lloyd will be kept, with research into a consequence-free termination method as a Highest-Level priority.

Although the actions taken are in violation of exo-universal regulations, the goal of maintaining veil protocols and preventing large-scale damage to humanity is currently considered more important. Due to the current parapolitical climate, the possible implementation of sanctions on baseline reality is considered unlikely at best.

Addendum.5: Proposed update to documentation:

> **Proposal Date:** / /
> **Designation: REV-3856-000934-F**
> **Summary: "Addition to SCP-3856's Special Containment Procedures, in light of recent events."**
> **Current Status: PENDING APPROVAL**
>
> ---
>
> In the event that any instance of Researcher Lloyd manifests within baseline reality, they are to be supplied with standard provisions, treated with low-risk life-extending techniques, and promptly ejected to the nearest available universe. Exo-universal officials have agreed to monitor these transfers, but have stated that they are not currently able to interfere in cross-dimensional affairs.
>
> Efforts to diplomatically resolve issue MU-3856-SCT-LLOYD are underway, but are hampered due to Researcher Lloyd's position as High Juror on the Exo-Universal Council.

Footnotes
1. Dependent on his existence as an individual, though not his continued employment by the Foundation. Removing Researcher Lloyd from his post as Foundation staff has thus far failed to avert the associated apocalyptic event.

2. 100% chance, no observed margin of error.
3. Defined as a non-anomalous instance of*Homo sapiens*, native to the relevant universe

SCP-3857: Call of the Tropic

SCP-3857

Item #: SCP-3857

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3857 should be kept in a standard storage locker in Site-73.

Any personnel working with SCP-3857 are to be continually reminded that tropical rainforests, especially the Amazon rainforest, are hazardous, uncomfortable to traverse, and generally unpleasant to delve into. Commons areas, offices and cubicles, and cars belonging to personnel assigned to the project are to be covered in posters and stickers depicting the following themes; insect bites, attributed to insects found in the Amazon rainforest; weather reports concerning the Amazon rainforest, with humidity readings underlined, highlighted, or bolded; or maps of cell phone coverage, clearly showing that cell connection is impossible in the Amazon rainforest[1].

Personnel that show any signs of desire to explore the Amazon rainforest, purchase travel clothes or equipment from Abercrombie and Fitch, or reminisce about about the lost adventure of their childhoods for excessive amounts of time should be dosed with Class-A amnestics and transferred off project.

Description: SCP-3857 is a black and white photograph depicting Theodore Roosevelt, the 26th president of the United States, dressed in Abercrombie and Fitch gear for a hunting expedition in front of an artist's depiction of an unidentified forest. The photograph, notably, appears to have been printed in , or years after the former president's death.

Subjects in the vicinity of SCP-3857 will begin to experience intrusive, recurring thoughts about the Amazon rainforest, and,

regardless of previous thoughts on the matter, will begin to find the idea of exploration increasingly appealing. Many subjects will posit it as a means to return to their youth or childhood.

If allowed to progress further, subjects will attempt to, by any reasonable means available to them, journey to the Amazon rainforest. Subjects will inevitably follow the path of Roosevelt's 1913 expedition along the Roosevelt River[2]. As most subjects are not prepared for the expedition, casualties are common.

Most subjects are fairly easily dissuaded. Appeals to logical thinking, especially based on outlooks previously expressed by subjects, is generally enough to counter the effects of SCP-3857.

Addendum 3857-1: Transcript of SCP-3857-influenced speech:

> *Foreword: The following is a transcript of a speech made by an SCP-3857-affected personnel member to his colleagues. Despite having been under the influence of SCP-3857 for several months, the subject made a full recovery after treatment with amnestics.*
>
> The amazon! The mother river! Oh, to be young again, to be gone from the confines of this civilized earth! To be free!
>
> Look at her here. [*Subject gestures at a black and white map, recently printed using company printers. Image is noted to be first result offered by .com's image search engine.*] The curves! The luscious terrain, the feminine beauty! Does she call you, how she calls me? Does she ask you to reclaim your boyhood and your manhood?
>
> I need a team. You, , you will be our guide. You will use your savage roots, the inherent fire in your blood, the call of the wild, to lead use through the treacherous terrain! [*protests from are heard by the subject*] Korean? What nonsense!
>
> . You will be our guard. You will defend us against threats from savages and wild animals, function as

barrier between life and death, for only through proximity to death do we live!

, my oldest friend. My brother, I might even say, my son. You will be my right hand man. In a land so removed from civilization, from humanity, you will be my spirit guide.

[*long pause, during which most personnel return to their lunches*]

Oh, to live! Pass the salt, would you, ?

Addendum 3857-2: Sample anti SCP-3857 informational poster:

show image

Footnotes
1. See sample informational poster in Addendum 3857-2
2. Formerly known as the Rio da Dúvida, or the River of Doubt

SCP-3858: Hugbox

Item #: SCP-3858

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Until such a time where a permanent containment solution has been established, Foundation web crawlers have been set up to detect and remove links to SCP-3858 on publically-visible websites. SCP-3858-A instances created by civilians should be confiscated and incinerated, any .lmb files deleted from their computer and the civilian amnesticised.

Description: SCP-3858 is an anomalous filesharing network named "Hugbox", formerly available at the URL "http://beararms.right.to" prior to Foundation intervention. The front page of SCP-3858's website advertises "end-to-end organic encryption": this is believed to refer to the primary anomalous property of SCP-3858, where it converts all files submitted by the user into an anomalous format with extension ".lmb".

At the time of writing, only one application known to the Foundation is capable of viewing .lmb files: namely the web-based client for SCP-3858 itself. Attempting to open .lmb files with any other application results in the secondary anomalous effect of SCP-3858 manifesting: namely, the creation of multiple objects resembling human arms (designated SCP-3858-A) in the immediate vicinity of the user. The quantity of SCP-3858-A instances manifested is proportional to the .lmb file's size.

SCP-3858-A instances consist of a plastic "skeleton" articulated in a way similar to an actual human arm, covered with human epidermal tissue at a thickness of 5 centimeters. They experience a large force of attraction towards the user that opened the .lmb file proportional to the distance from the user: the only known ways of stopping this force of attraction is by deleting the .lmb file from the computer that opened it, killing the user or physically destroying the SCP-3858-A

instances.

Recovery: SCP-3858 was initially identified by the Foundation following a routine investigation of suspected web-based anomalies by MTF Mu-5 ("Debuggers"). When attempts to trace the location of SCP-3858's hosting proved inconclusive, on the 9th of November, 2015, Mu-5 specialists managed to secure temporary access to the root account of the host and recovered several files from other users' accounts before being locked out; further attempts to compromise the website made by the Foundation have failed.

Out of the multiple accounts accessed by Mu-5's task members, one account belonging to a user named "**gcmp4**" was found to contain no .lmb files, in contrast to every other account: Fourier analysis of these files and testing with D-Class subjects has shown that these files are similar in content and anomalous properties to .lmb files, i.e. when opened with an incorrect application these files cause objects to manifest in the physical vicinity of the user. However, SCP-3858's web client is incapable of previewing these files and activates their anomalous properties as with any other "incorrect" application.

Addendum SCP-3858.a: Selection of files recovered from the "gcmp4" account

File Name	Objects Manifeste	Date of Creation
inu_model.bdy	Seventeen fur-covered *Canis familiaris* skull models constructed out of plastic. Unlike .lmb files, no anomalous force of attraction has been observed to act on these objects.	27 March 2008
doggo_[WIP].bdy	A singular disembodied *Canis familiaris* head of similar appearance to the models produced by the "inu_model.bdy" file.	30 June 2008

	Unlike those models, the head possesses all the expected anatomical features (eyes, blood vessels, etc.)	
arm_patch.bdy	Several detached human arms of indeterminate origin, again with non-anomalous physiological features. Like other .lmb files, these arms are anomalously attracted to the user who opens the files; unlike these files, the arms are animate, sporadically moving their fingers as if to grip an object and bending at the elbows.	19 February, 2009
isolation.bdy	A large bundle of myelin fibers and blood vessels. The object is partially animate and occasionally moves by sporadically contracting and expanding in the direction of movement.	23 April, 2009
universal_donor_finished.bdy	A 7.9 L solid composed entirely of O- human blood, frozen at -79°C at the time of manifestation.	14 June, 2009

Of note is that on the 14th of June, 2009, the Log of Anomalous

Events records a series of thirty-eight blood donations being made simultaneously by the same individual across the Southwestern United States. All official records of this event name the blood donor in question as "Ms. Blaise Burnham", indicating possible modification on the part of **SCP-2586** as an attempt to conceal the user's identity. Further investigation is ongoing.

SCP-3860: The Falcon's Landing

Item #: SCP-3860

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3860 is to be contained within a Type S Anti-Thaumatological Humanoid Anomaly Containment Cell at Site-19's High Security Humanoid Containment Wing. The cell is to be inspected daily for both contraband and attempts to breach containment. Physiological and psychological evaluations of SCP-3860 are to occur on a weekly basis to address SCP-3860's attempts at self-repair and potential mental deterioration. Any physiological changes made by SCP-3860 to itself are to be logged and evaluated for potential threat to containment.

SCP-3860 may be provided with mechanical and thaumatological components as means of coercing valuable intelligence. All components must be approved by both SCP-3860's primary investigator, a thaumatological consult, and Site Command prior to application. Any components which could potentially assist SCP-3860 in breach of containment are to be denied. Components may be removed from SCP-3860 to ease containment.

Description: SCP-3860 is the former PoI-1115 (Vincent Anderson), a 67-year-old white male and former CEO/Founder of GoI-1115 (**`Anderson Robotics`**)[1]. SCP-3860's body has undergone numerous augmentation of various systems using a combination of thaumatological techniques and advanced prosthetic technology. These augmentations include, but are not limited to:

- Replacement of both arms and legs with prosthetics constructed from combinations of aluminum, PMMA, polycarbonate casings, and white aramid fibers[2]. These prosthetics do not possess any discernible power source, and possess a network of thin cobalt-chromium alloy wires that connect into SCP-3860's central nervous system.

- Replacement of both eyes with a complex series of optical lenses. Observation of these lenses during physical exams has shown them to be embedded with numerous thaumatological symbols.
- Replacement of the nose by a single grated orifice.
- Grafts of a white aramid fiber over various locations on the torso. These fibers have been demonstrated to weave into SCP-3860's non-anomalous tissues, and are capable of migrating to and filling in any scar tissue sustained by SCP-3860[3].
- Apparent replacement of the liver and kidneys with synthetic variations. Due to the inability to fully study these components without their removal from SCP-3860, the full extent of their differences from non-anomalous tissue is unknown.
- A series of augmentations to various regions of the brain including the frontal and parietal lobes[4], as well as the cerebellum.

Subsequent interviews with SCP-3860 indicate all augmentations were self-implemented, with SCP-3860 insisting it designed and worked alone on each one. The means by which SCP-3860 was able to perform these traumatic procedures on itself and survive are currently under investigation.

SCP-3860 was initially apprehended by operatives of **MTF Gamma-13** ("Asimov's Lawbringers") on **15/11/2018**, during a sting operation within the **Three Portlands** Location of Interest[5]. Unbeknownst to SCP Foundation operatives, SCP-3860 avoided full apprehension until the joint **UIU**/Foundation raid on the Anderson Robotics Headquarters on **24/5/2024**.

Addendum: 3860-1: Interview Log 3860-6

+ Show Interview

Interviewed: SCP-3860

Interviewer: Researcher Rose Labelle

Foreword: The following interview was conducted on 29/8/2024, as part of the initial

containment of SCP-3860 following its capture on 24/5/2024. The goal of the interview was to investigate the nature of SCP-3860's augmentations.

<Begin Log>

Labelle: Good afternoon again, Vincent.

SCP-3860: Is it? I don't have a clock or window in my cell, so it’s hard to tell. To what do I owe the pleasure, anyway?

Labelle: Believe it or not, I've come to talk with you about, well… you. How you became you. The amount of augmentations you've undergone is extensive. Really, it’s a miracle you're not dead.

SCP-3860 tsks.

SCP-3860: I thought the Foundation was of the opinion that one Vincent Anderson in the world was one too many. Why on earth are you going to try to make another one?

Labelle: We're not. But you can't deny that the changes you've made to yourself are of interest to what we do here! For example, your ability to still perform both thaumatological rituals and incantations through your prosthetics as well as…

SCP-3860: Ah, so there it is! So long as the Robo-Wizard works for you guys it’s—

Labelle: Well, you're missing my point.

SCP-3860: Am I? Why else would you want to know how I became what I am today? I mean, did any of you ever ponder why I went through

all this trouble to begin with?

Labelle: That's not a bad place to start. Why did you undergo so many augmentations? Why go through such Herculean efforts?

SCP-3860 shifts in its seat, then pauses briefly.

SCP-3860: I had the means to raise myself above the shell I was born in, so I took the risk. Phineas helped at first but in the end I seized control of my form. I mean, I can read one-point font from half a mile away, hear a pin drop in the rain, identify your staff before they get within a hectometer of this cell by the brand of their cologne. If you could elevate yourself up above the normal human experience, and be a pioneer in that realm, wouldn't you strive to blaze that trail?

Labelle: It’s tempting, sure, but I feel you're underselling the cost this transformation put on you.

SCP-3860 gestures at itself up and down.

SCP-3860: Do you think I wanted to end up looking like the Pale Man from that Del Toro movie?

Labelle: I'm going to guess no, you didn't.

SCP-3860 nods.

SCP-3860: I made countless mistakes in this process, and paid for it personally…

SCP-3860 looks at its right and then clenches its fist.

SCP-3860: A magician doesn't reveal his

tricks, Miss Labelle. How I became what I am is the last thing the Foundation has to take away from me, and they won't get it. I'm sorry, but there is nothing else for me to tell you.

<End Log>

Addendum: 3860-2: Update 2/2/2027

As a result of increasing difficulty operating several of its augmentations, SCP-3860 has greatly expanded the number of requested components to facilitate its self-repair over the course of the last six months. A notably larger proportion of these requested components are believed to be of a thaumatological nature. SCP-3860 has likewise increased its cooperation with Foundation investigation efforts as a means of acquiring these components. SCP-3860 denies any change in behavior during interviews at this time.

Addendum: 3860-3: Interview Log 3860-13

+ Show Interview

Interviewed: SCP-3860

Interviewer: MTF Commander Clarissa Shaw

Foreword: The following interview was conducted on 13/6/2027, as part of MTF Gamma-13's ongoing containment of SCP-2806.

<Begin Log>

Shaw: Good morning, Vincent.

SCP-3860: My good friend, Clarissa. Which of my fires have you come to have me help put out this time?

Shaw: Glad to see you noticed the trend of my interviews…

Shaw hands SCP-3860 a file.

Shaw: While we've mopped up most of your products following your confinement here, the Gyrfalcon series prosthetics has been proving more elusive, most likely because they are attached to **Marshall, Carter, and Dark** customers. In exchange for a few of the components you requested from your repair list of our choosing, we want you to remotely deactivate them, if possible.

SCP-3860: Well that is a fun thought, Clarissa, but it's not possible.

Shaw: Why is that?

SCP-3860: Because there is no means of remotely deactivating them. They don't have receivers of any sort, and deactivating them thaumatologically would have incredible side effects. You could send drones out to install a device to shut them down, I suppose, but that would require you to know the identity of the person to begin with.

Shaw: So it can't be done.

SCP-3860: How astute.

Shaw: Do they have any kind of thaumatological aura that could be remotely detected?

SCP-3860: The thaumatological components of the Gyrfalcon series are glorified power sources, so no. Can't help you put out this fire, champ.

Shaw: I guess that's that then. Good chat, Vincent.

Shaw prepares to leave.

SCP-3860: Wait… I do have one idea.

Shaw pauses.

Shaw: I'm listening.

SCP-3860: Those robot ghosts that ended up in that pocket dimension. If you have a means of detecting them, check to see if the same detector picks up still functioning droids. If so, you might be able to use them to detect the Gyrfalcon users.

Shaw: Are… are you suggesting that these people will be displaced there when they die?

SCP-3860: Hell if I know. Maybe? Like I said it's just a thought.

SCP-3860 laughs briefly, then becomes sullen.

SCP-3860: Wonder if I'll end up there **`in the end`**.

<End Log>

Addendum: 3860-4: Update 3/3/2038

SCP-3860 has greatly diminished its number of requested components over the course of the last three months, with SCP-3860 failing to make any more additional component requests after 15/2/2038. During this time period, SCP-3860 has become increasingly emaciated despite no change in nutrition levels and no discernible illness. SCP-3860 still maintains a high level of cooperation with the Foundation's investigative efforts. As before, SCP-3860 denies any changes in behavior.

Addendum: 3860-5: Interview Log 3860-32

+ Show Interview

Interviewed: SCP-3860

Interviewer: Site Director Sasha Merlo

Foreword: The following interview was conducted on 15/11/2040, following SCP-3860's agreement to divulge information about its transformation in exchange for an undisclosed service. SCP-3860 insisted the negotiation be held with Site Director Sasha Merlo, former CO of MTF Gamma-13, and refused contact with all other personnel regarding the subject.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3860: It's been a very long time, Sasha. You've aged gracefully.

Merlo: Same to you Vince, but you don't seem to age.

SCP-3860: How's Gabe? I see Jessie carried in your footsteps. A true Gamma-13 agent. Was that an engagement ring on her finger?

SCP-3860 sighs.

SCP-3860: Did I tell you that my own **`daughter`** got married a few years ago? Time just really gets away from-

Merlo: My time is very valuable, Vince. What do you want, and what are you prepared to offer?

SCP-3860: Right. Sorry. I guess I'm a little sentimental these days.

SCP-3860 chuckles.

SCP-3860: I am prepared to divulge, in full, all

schematics regarding my personal augmentations. This includes all required rituals and surgical techniques. I am also willing to demonstrate their function on any person or persons of your choosing. In exchange, I request the termination of the Phineas AI construct[6] that was taken from my office during the raid in which you apprehended me.

Silence.

Merlo: That's… generous, Vince. Why?

SCP-3860: Excuse me?

Merlo: Why do you want us to kill Phineas? Again?

SCP-3860: Because it's what he wants.

Merlo: I've interacted with the Phineas AI construct, and I hate to burst your bubble, but he's not exactly suicidal.

SCP-3860: Of course not. It's a protocol I added shortly after creating him. If he could self-end, or could even make the attempt to convince others to end him, I'm sure he would not waste a moment.

Merlo: That's hearsay. Even if it was true, why are you making this bargain now?

SCP-3860: It's just the right thing to do, and now is the time to do it.

Silence.

SCP-3860: My systems are failing. I give myself two, maybe three more years. I'm just trying to make sure that I fix as many mistakes

as I can before that. I can't undo what I did to Phineas, but I can at least respect his wishes. You're not a person without compassion, Sasha. I've known you long enough to know that. Please help a dying man.

Merlo: I've known you a long time too, Vince. I know you tug at heartstrings and slip bills into wallets to make yourself feel better.

SCP-3860: Then don't do this for my sake, Sasha. Please. Do it for Phineas's. You know he deserves better than this. Please.

Director Merlo shakes her head.

Merlo: Even if I believed you, I don't have the authority to make that kind of call. Can't budge here.

SCP-3860 nods.

SCP-3860: I'm sorry for wasting your time then, Sasha. I hope the rest of your career is fruitful, as is your daughter's. If we don't see one another again, well… we had fun times.

Director Merlo sighs, then turns and leaves.

Merlo: Goodbye, Vince.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. A paratech firm specializing in the sale of anomalous robots, androids, artificial intelligence, computer programs, and cybernetics. Prior to its forceful disbanding, the group was responsible for several SCP objects and containment breaches.
2. Believed to be prototypes ofSCP-2806.
3. Believed to be a prototype ofSCP-1360-1.
4. Especially in areas associated withthaumatological potential.
5. SCP-3860 experienced extensive damage during the course of

this sting operation, necessitating its need for replacement components, which have proven a powerful bargaining chip in assuring SCP-3860's compliance.
6. An AI construct created from a neural map, and potentially the soul, of PoI-45543 (Albert "Phineas" Frostman), a former Chief Operating Officer of Anderson Robotics and a long-time business associate of SCP-3860. Investigation by UIU operatives indicate that PoI-45543 was murdered by SCP-3860 prior to the AI construct's creation. The construct is currently in use atSite-64as part of a joint project betweenAIADoperatives and Anomalous Electronics Researchers.

SCP-3862: Portrait of a Princess with a Pistol

Item #: SCP-3862

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3862-1 and SCP-3862-2 are to be kept in a Secure Containment Locker at Site-73. SCP-3862-2 contains the nonlethal infohazardous symbol locus-ZGII[1] and must be observed through a digital medium. Any personnel complaining of headaches or chest pains during or after viewing this symbol must be treated with class-A amnestics to prevent permanent disability. Any personnel directly exposed to SCP-3862-2 must be treated with class-B amnestics and kept in ICU for at least 24 hours.

As of 1/19/16, a single surviving instance of SCP-3862-A is cleared for light duty and is to be provided on-site quarters only.

Description: SCP-3862-1 and SCP-3862-2 are 55cm X 80cm portions of a ceiling painting originating from the parish church of St. Gallus and Ulrich in Germany. Prior to 7/12/16, these paintings depicted scenes from the Bible and from the middle ages. However, as of 7/12/16, they now display several differences due to the death of SCP-3862.

The sky in SCP-3862-1 is now painted red and black, using digital techniques. This pattern strongly resembles an anomalous effect produced by Chaos Insurgency weapons during a conflict that led to the recovery of **SCP-2925**. Previously, the sky was a pale orange.

The figure on the left side of SCP-3862-1 now has a tattoo corresponding with personnel records for Agent Jenkins, reported MIA during the aforementioned conflict. The corresponding head of this figure has a cyan ‘Virgo’ astrological symbol painted on its forehead. The central figure is brandishing a M9 pistol instead of a sword. This central figure has a faint black circle with a red dot in the

middle painted on its forehead reminiscent of that of the Chaos Insurgency. If so, then the figure depicts POI-813. All other aspects of this instance of SCP-3862 are unchanged.

The face of the central figure in SCP-3862-2 now closely resembles O5- . The prone figure has an infohazardous locus-ZGll astrological symbol painted on its forehead. The face of the prone figure strongly resembles SCP- .

SCP-3862-1 and SCP-3862-2 were discovered by Agent Cutler during routine undercover fieldwork as a member of local authorities. The priest of the parish church of St. Gallus and Ulrich reported signs of vandalism in the church. The police report and descriptions of the vandalism included several extrastellar astrological symbols, including locus-ZGll and locus-ZmFy^2. Agent Cutler followed up on the police report, leading to the discover of a local Chaos Insurgency cell (See field report compilation 3862-01). Class-B amnestics were later administered to the priest and exposed parishioners to treat the infohazardous effects of the astrological signs.

Chaos Insurgency members had already burned the majority of SCP-3862 instances upon being alerted to the ongoing Foundation raid of their cell. Only SCP-3862-1 and SCP-3862-2 were recovered intact.

+ MTF After Action Report 3862-01

Reporting Agent: MTF-Eta 10 Commander

Narrative: Upon completion of the raid, MTF-Eta 10 has secured SCP-3862-1, SCP-3862-2, and SCP-3862-A. Remains of SCP-3862 were incinerated five days prior to raid, according to seized Chaos Insurgency records. Other instances of SCP-3862 were destroyed by Chaos Insurgency forces during conflict or expired within an hour of being in Foundation custody. Chaos Insurgency site temporarily designated "Site CI-201607" is under complete Foundation control. MTF-Eta 10 has shifted 80% of security responsibilities to standard

Foundation security officers. On-site security personnel are expected to take full responsibility of site within 2 hours, at which point containment specialists may be deployed to site.

MTF-Eta 10 gives final report of 12 KIA and 23 wounded MTF members. Enemy casualties are approximately 60-70 KIA and 20-30 wounded. 12 Chaos Insurgency members have been taken into Foundation custody. 2 captured Foundation personnel have been recovered.

SCP-3862-1 and SCP-3862-2 contain anomalous information. SCP-3862-2 contains nonlethal infohazardous information. Recommended containment procedures for SCP-3862 are attached.

Prior to expiring, SCP-3862-A through SCP-3862-D displayed anomalous properties. Neutralized instances' skins depict 5km^2 of the Pacific Ocean centralized around Campbell Island, an aerial view of Site-19, and the inside of the cell containing SCP- . All instances suffered an ischemic stroke within an hour after being taken into Foundation custody. The trigger was discovered shortly after the first subject died, but could not be removed from two of the other subjects, causing them to expire. Subjects' skin rotted within a few minutes of death, and no longer displayed information. While alive, subjects exhibited no other anomalous behavior or symptoms. SCP-3862-A is currently in ICU, but expected to survive.

Evaluation: Many facilities on Site CI-201607 could easily be re-purposed for Foundation

use, given that containment specialists are able to adequately contain or neutralize remaining anomalous effects. However, Chaos Insurgency destroyed or took the majority of SCPs stored on site, so this should not be too hazardous. Recommend administering psychiatric evaluation of SCP-3862-A upon discharge from ICU. SCP-3862-A showed signs of long-term psychological and physical abuse upon initial recovery, prior to suffering stroke.

+ MTF After Action Report 3862-02

Reporting Agent: Agent Jenkins

Right. Well. I guess it's been awhile since I've done one of these. I'm just going to have Cutler write up the formal parts, I can only really talk right now. During the events of a raid on a Chaos Insurgency site maybe 2-4 years ago (Refer to MTF Report A01A-121129-03 through A01A-121129-38), I got separated from my squad after some scip lit up the hallway with this gas. I think it was a hallucinogen. But by the end of it, I was alone in an unknown part of the facility. One of their squads stumbled on me, and shot me up. I guess they decided to capture me instead, I woke up strapped to a hospital bed in one of their facilities. Not the one we were just at, a different one.

I was hooked up to an IV and unconscious for most of it, but let me tell you, it wasn't water, nutrients, or blood in that IV. It felt like ice. Yeah, that's probably the morphine talking, I know I had to get this done ASAP for higher up, but I'm not really going to have anything coherent for you until I sleep this off. What?

Oh, right. So I don't really know how long I was on the IV. I know that I was in the cell that Eta-10 found me in for at least six months, though. The first day I got transferred from the hospital, they interrogated me. But it was all nice-like, you know? Like they expected me to actually tell them anything. They were very startled when I started choking out their interrogator. I'm not sure why they didn't kill me after that- either they thought it would kick in, or they wanted to see why it didn't.

That was when they showed me the, uh, ziggy^3 symbol. The green s? Yeah. It's burned into my head. I don't know what else they were pumping into me, but I couldn't look away. I thought that they were finally going to break through the old chrome dome. But it was just another way of interrogation and control.

During this time, there were a couple of times that I heard guards talking about the chaos insurgency's scips. They got a weird system, it's all generic terms. Like, "the woman in cell 772." As opposed to what, the hippopotamus in cell 772? Do they have a variety of people and animals in cells all labeled 77- Oh, sorry. But yeah, I didn't really here many details, except about the oracle. The whole oracle thing started about a month ago, I think it was some kind of reality bender.

About a week ago was when the skin thing started. A few minutes before the skin thing, klaxons were going off. I guess they have their own containment breach protocols. But my brain started to burn, and I passed out. I woke up, and my skin looked like this. I don't know what else to tell you. I learned later from some of the guards that the oracle had died, and let

out a psychic wave that messed with a lot of the scips and humans they had nearby. I didn't hear about the paintings until Eta-10 found me. I was really lucky that Yvette recognized me from airborne school, I know I'm still technically a scip, but at least now I can be a productive one.

Um, evaluation. right. There's no need to really contain SCP-3862-A? I'll be out of the hospital in a few weeks, it shouldn't be a problem to rejoin my old squad. Honestly, I don't really feel all that different from before. Just a little beat up, I guess. If you need to quarantine me for a bit, that's fine, but I don't think the oracle did anything else in her death temper-tantrum. Just the space skin. I think I know what they tried to do with the IV drip, and why it didn't work, but I can't really talk about that kind of training in front of you, Cutler. Sorry, just your clearance level is all. I know mine's probably suspended right now, with the whole me being a scip thing, but I still shouldn't tell you.

Footnotes

1. Excerpt fromSymbology in SCPs and Anomalous Items Vol. 19, p. 1013: The locus-ZGll symbol resembles the lowercase characters 's' and 'f' with a [REDACTED] line bisecting the character at exactly 180 degrees, creating perfect symmetry. Although it has a 844 nm wavelength, to the naked eye it appears to be light green. This symbol is commonly found in textual anomalous objects created circa 1350 - 1948. It has only been documented in pictorial objects in two (2) cases. Viewing this symbol without protection causes spinal injuries in 60% of subjects within 1 hour of viewing, and in 93% of subjects within 24 hours of viewing. In context, this symbol's meaning is unclear. Modern English analogues would most likely be 'void' or 'without a core,' though these substitutions do not make sense in all texts containing the symbol. Nonanomalous replication of the symbol is not possible. This symbol is widespread enough that containing all uses of it would be impractical at best, given the

likeliness ofthe Libraryhaving copies of the texts with the symbol. See Appendix B for a full list of known and potential Library books.
2. Excerpt fromSymbology in SCPs and Anomalous Items Vol. 19, p. 448: The locus-ZmFy symbol resembles the photophore gland of theDiaphus holti, or "small lanternfish," when viewed using a Gen XI NVD (Night Vision Device). There are no known anomalous effects from viewing this symbol. Modern English analogues for this symbol are unknown, but in context it may be the name of a location or individual. Nonanomalous replication of the symbol is possible. This symbol has only been documented in a single object, but is used laboriously throughout it. This object, titledTales from Beyond the Sun: A Gentlewoman's Guide to Breaching the Aether and Finding True Love amongst the Horrors, was destroyed in 19 during a raid by GOC agents.
3. Locus-ZGll

SCP-3864: I've Been Framed!

Figure 1: A photograph of SCP-3864 taken upon recovery. Taken 5 minutes prior to Figure 2.

Item #: SCP-3864

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3864 is to be hung on a wall in a standard containment chamber. Outside of scheduled tests, SCP-3864 is to be covered with a thick black cloth at all times. Should SCP-3864 grow too large to be completely covered by this cloth, D-Class personnel are to be dispatched immediately with an appropriately sized replacement.

SCP-3864's containment chamber is to be kept well-lit and monitored via an infrared camera to ensure that it remains completely covered at all times. A decibel meter is to be placed no less than 15 cm from SCP-3864's surface. Any changes should be reported to the researcher in charge, which is currently Dr. Taylor Itkin at the time of this writing.

Entry into SCP-3864's containment chamber requires Level-3 clearance. All personnel are required to wear infrared goggles while in SCP-3864's containment chamber.

Description: SCP-3864 is an oil painting of an individual. The subject, coloration, and size are all subject to change. The only constants in the appearance of SCP-3864 are that the individual in the portrait is always a human, and testing shows the paint to always be oil based. At no point has more than one subject been witnessed inside of SCP-3864.

SCP-3864 gives off a heat signature of 37° Celsius, similar to that of the average human body temperature. This heat signature is not centered on a certain portion of the painting (such as the individual inside), but rather is given off by the painting in its entirety.

SCP-3864 is safe to view through infrared goggles or filters.

Figure 2: A photograph of SCP-3864 taken upon recovery, 5 minutes after Figure 1. Photographer later appeared inside SCP-3864. Further photography prohibited.

When a subject (henceforth referred to as SCP-3864-1) views SCP-3864 directly, within 15 minutes SCP-3864-1 will begin to gradually lose all pigmentation and most body heat. At this time, the likeness of SCP-3864-1 will begin to appear in SCP-3864. **SCP-3864-1 will not be bothered by these processes**. Within 30 minutes, SCP-3864-1 will become completely void of all pigmentation and have an average body temperature of 10° Celsius, as well as SCP-3864 showing a full likeness of SCP-3864-1. SCP-3864-1 will then die of severe dehydration and hypothermia. There is no recorded method of halting or slowing these processes.

Although the body of SCP-3864-1 will become inanimate and resemble a corpse, the consciousness of SCP-3864-1 is thought to be transferred into SCP-3864. This is evidenced by the likeness of SCP-3864-1 inside of SCP-3864 to be able to change poses and "move" – though no record shows the likeness of SCP-3864-1 to be moving while being observed – in ways that sometimes appear to be attempts at communication or escape from SCP-3864.

Likenesses of SCP-3864-1 inside of SCP-3864 also appear to be capable of verbal communication. It is unclear whether this is SCP-3864-1 communicating or simply an imitation by SCP-3864. Attempts at communication are currently underway.

Addendum: SCP-3864 was recovered on 5/18 by **MTF Eta-10** from [REDACTED], Virginia. The Foundation became aware of SCP-3864's existence when Foundation staff planted in local police units were notified of multiple missing persons reports supposedly linked to viewing a painting. Upon securing SCP-3864, members of MTF Eta-10 were able to confirm with neighboring residents that SCP-3864-1 was in fact the man who owned the house SCP-3864 was recovered from. All those who confirmed this later appeared in SCP-3864, having viewed it directly. A Class-C amnestic was administered to all neighboring residents to cover the disappearances.

+ Show Interview Logs

Interview A – 5/21/17

Subject A: D-3976

Subject B: SCP-3864-1 (formerly D-3977)

Interviewer: Dr. Taylor Itkin

Foreword: Subject B has only recently appeared in SCP-3864. Subject A and Subject B are former cellmates. Subject A has been instructed to attempt contact with Subject B. A high-gain microphone has been placed in front of SCP-3864. Interviewer is speaking to Subject A through an earpiece.

<Begin Log>

Interviewer: Please approach SCP-3864.

Subject A: Terry?

Subject B: [INCOMPREHENSIBLE]

Subject A: What? (To Interviewer) I can't understand what he's saying.

Interviewer: Then get closer. To *it*.

Subject A: Terry, are you there?

Subject B: [INCOMPREHENSIBLE]

Subject A: I can't understand him! The damn veil is muffling his voice.

Muffled conversation between researchers

Interviewer: You may remove the cloth from SCP-3864. Make sure your goggles are on.

Heavy thud as the veil hits the floor

Subject B: Jesus, finally! I can't breathe behind that thing.

Subject A: Terry?

Subject B: Who else would it be, dipshit?

Subject A: Christ, I didn't think I'd hear from you again!

Subject B: Is it the fact that I'm made of paint? It's the fact that I'm made of paint, isn't it?

Interviewer: Ask it if it knows what happened.

Subject A: Does, uh, does that mean you know what happened?

Subject B: If you mean becoming part of a painting, yeah, I know what happened.

Interviewer: Why isn't this fact alarming to it? Ask it that.

Subject A: You seem rather calm about it, you know.

Subject B: Lenny, in all honesty, if I had to choose between possible Keter testing and being stuck inside a damn painting? I'm fine where I am. It's not that bad in here. I do kind of miss burgers, though.

Subject A: Burgers?

Subject B: I would *kill* for a bacon cheeseburger right now.

Interviewer: Ask it if it needs to eat to survive.

Subject A: Um, why? Are you hungry?

Subject B: Not really. I just love fucking cheeseburgers, man. You know that.

Subject A: Yeah, especially after you almost got killed after you mouthed off to that guard who wanted yours.

Subject B: *No*one messes with my fucking burger, Len. *No*one.

Subject A: I wouldn't get between you and your burger if someone were pointing a gun to my head and telling me to.

Subject B: See, you know how to keep yourself safe then.

Subject A and Subject B share a laugh

Subject B: Oh, man, do you remember that time Dug tried to bribe a guard to get out of Keter duty?

Subject A: Yeah! Oh, man, he was so close, too. Too bad the guy's supervisor came along.

Subject B: Yeah, has that guy been back?

Subject A: Who, the guard? No, my guess is that he got fired or terminated or some shit.

Subject B: Bah, I feel no pity for him. Bastards are always shoving their guns in our faces, why should I give a fuck about him?

Subject A: My sentiments exactly.

Subject B: …If only Kelly hadn't actually gotten away with bribing *his* way out…

Subject A: Hey, something great came out of that, didn't it? We-

Interviewer: Alright, ask it if it's comfortable where it is.

Subject A: …Listen, Terry… you're not, like, you're not in pain or anything, right? You're okay?

Subject B: I mean, I'm comfortable enough. I'm just… lonely, I guess. No one's here with me and most of the time that fucking cloth is covering my face.

Subject A: I'm sorry, man… I miss you, for what it's worth.

Subject B: I miss you too!

Subject A: I'm sorry you're stuck in there,

Terry.

Subject B: It's not your fault, Len. My goggles malfunctioned. No one could have called it.

Subject A: Still…

Subject B: Well, maybe…

Subject A: Maybe what?

Subject B: Maybe… you could come in with me?

Interviewer: Get out of the containment chamber. Now.

Subject A: Terry… I- I miss you, man, but I can't.

Subject B: Why not? I'm so alone, Len…

Interviewer: Get him out of there. End the recording.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-3864 was covered with the cloth and Subject A allowed to return to his cell to rest. Further testing authorized by [REDACTED].

Interview B – 5/24/17

Subject A: D-3976

Subject B: SCP-3864-1 (formerly D-3977)

Interviewer: Dr. Taylor Itkin

Foreword: Subject A has been instructed to reestablish contact with Subject B. Interviewer is speaking to Subject A through an ear piece. SCP-3864 has already been uncovered.

<Begin Log>

Subject B: Lenny! You're back!

Subject A: You can see me?

Subject B: I may be in a painting, but whoever painted me was kind enough to give me eyes.

Interviewer: Is SCP-3864-1 insinuating that another entity actually paints SCP-3864?

Subject A: Someone painted you?

Subject B: What?

Subject A: You said whoever painted you gave you eyes.

Subject B: It was a joke, idiot.

Subject A: Oh.

Interviewer: Ask it if time is passing. We want to know how time passes in the painting's world.

Subject A: Uh, so, Terry, what have you been doing the last couple of days? Eating cheeseburgers?

Subject B: Oh, yeah, because I have access to- wait, the last couple of *days?* How fucking long have I been in here?

Subject A: About a week, man.

Subject B: A *week?* Jesus…

Subject A: How could you not know?

Subject B: I don't know! I mean… the sun never goes down. At least not that I can *see*. I mean, there's only 2 windows.

Subject A: Can't you go outside?

Subject B: There's no door. It's like- I can see outside, I can see that there's this whole world, but… this room is all I'm able to be in.

Interviewer: Has it not attempted escaping the room?

Subject A: Have you tried breaking the window or something? Getting out?

Subject B: Either I'm really weak or everything is sort of, like, bolted down or something. I can't lift *any* of the furniture. And I tried ramming the walls and stuff with my body but… nothing. That's not even the weirdest part, Len.

Interviewer: Get it to elaborate.

Subject A: What is, then?

Subject B: I know they've said I'm in a painting, but everything here looks real. Until I look out the window. Outside is…

Subject A: Outside is what?

Subject B: Well, it's paint. It looks like it's painted on a backdrop.

Several moments of silence

Subject B: Do you remember that night?

Subject A: Which night? There are a lot of them.

Subject B: The one a couple months ago. You were filling in for Kelly when he got out of Keter duty.

Subject A: Oh… that night.

Subject B: After that day of testing, I was just happy to be *alive*-

Subject A: Terry…

Subject B: And- and after you almost got hurt, I just-

Subject A: *Terry-*

Subject B: I *felt* things, Len. I've never felt like that before.

Subject A: …I did too.

Subject B: Lenny, I-

Subject A: Don't say it, Terry.

Subject B: I want to say it, Len. I-

Subject A: *Don't* say it, Terry. You know I do, too, but…

Subject B: But what?

Subject A: You're in a damn painting, Terry. You're a piece of art and I'm… here.

Subject B: I may be in a painting, but I still

have feelings. I love you, Lenny.

Subject A: Terry…

<End Log>

Closing Statement: At this point, Subject A was showing clear signs of distress. Interview was ended by Dr. Taylor Itkin. Subject A was allowed to return to his cell and rest. Further testing authorized by [REDACTED].

+ Show Incident Log

Incident A – 5/29/17

A third interview between D-3976 and SCP-3864-1 (formerly known as D-3977) was attempted. Upon entering the containment chamber, SCP-3864-1 was able to convince D-3976 to "join" it inside of SCP-3864. D-3976 removed his infrared goggles, declaring his love for SCP-3864-1. Further contact between SCP-3864-1 and any person(s) to have been close to them is prohibited by order of [REDACTED].

+ Show Test Log

Test Log 1 - 10/29/2017

Procedure: A group of 5 D-Class personnel[1] were given direct visual exposure of SCP-3864 at the same time.

Outcome: **D-3975 was the only subject to appear as SCP-3864-1.** Communication with SCP-3864-1 was continuous for approximately 6 minutes before it was able to convince Dr. [REDACTED] to

remove his goggles. Dr. [REDACTED] remains the current SCP-3864-1 instance at this time.

Conclusion: SCP-3864 is able to loosely control or influence SCP-3864-1 to “lure” prey. Further testing pending O5 approval.

Footnotes
1. D-3971 through D-3975

SCP-3866: Youth In Asia by dado

Item #: SCP-3866

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3866 are to be kept in a secure container at Site-23. Testing may only take place if a long-term humanoid containment pod is available.

Description: SCP-3866 refers to a group of unmarked pharmaceutical tablets recovered during the raid of an amateur medical facility in Palm Beach, Florida (See Addendum SCP-3866-1 for details).

Ingestion of SCP-3866 causes the subject to immediately enter a hibernation-like state, lowering brain activity immensely and slowing the subject's heart-rate to approximately one beat every thirty-four days. It is currently unknown exactly how long an individual can survive in this state, although estimates project that a human can survive for at least 3,000 years[1]. There is no known method to achieve this state with modern medical equipment.

Addendum SCP-3866-1: On 04/18/20 , MTF Epsilon-6 ("Village Idiots") commenced an investigation of an unnamed amateur medical facility offering euthanasia in Palm Beach, Florida. The majority of the patients who approached the facility sought physician-assisted suicide. The investigation was initiated after the onset of an ΩK-Class end-of-death scenario. Due to the nature of the Scenario, it was necessary to determine if the operation was fraudulent or anomalous.

Monitoring of the facility showed that the operation was, to some degree, both fraudulent and anomalous. It did not terminate the patients, and what results it did achieve, were obtained through anomalous means. Once patients ingested SCP-3866, employees of

the facility would bury the body behind the facility.

MTF Epsilon-6 raided the facility on 04/29/20 , and apprehended all personnel. This included the leader of the operation, Jacob Possman. A series of text messages were recovered from Possman's phone between him and an individual labeled in Possman's contacts as "dado"[2].

Ok, I was told to message you directly about details about

yes. spoke with bening. good talk.

uthanasia? y u need asian pills?

like cyanide?

o. yes yes i have pill 4 u. longest sleep.

depends on wether. i dont like rain.

no fun walking in rain. would have to deliver on different day.

u asked how long for me to get to you.

o. they done.

yes.

hamster still asleep.

this is y u trust dado.

ask bening. be there soon.

Interrogation of Possman yielded the exact address of the meeting. At the address was a small apartment containing only a phone, a half-eaten donut, three empty Amazon delivery boxes, and a mattress.

Addendum SCP-3866-2: Between 07/03/20 and 07/16/20 , civilians reported vocalizations from the area behind the medical facility, generally in the form of screaming, weeping, or retching. Investigation into the disturbance determined that the noise was caused by 541 buried ex-patients of the medical facility, 491 of which had been buried without a casket. After the patients were exhumed, medical personnel extracted all soil, minerals, and insects from their bodies to remove evidence of the event. Personnel then administered the patients amnestics, and returned them to society with appropriate cover stories.

Footnotes
1. This assumes the subject is a baseline human and is given an adequate oxygen and nutrition supply
2. Denoted below as the text in red.

SCP-3868: Constitution Saving Throw

Item #: SCP-3868

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: At least one physical and digital copy of each SCP-3868-A iteration is to be hosted at Site-43's Archival Wing. Due to the low quantity of physical copies of the Constitution of New Zealand outside of Foundation control, those replaced by SCP-3868-A iterations may be passed off as hoaxes or confiscated by Foundation assets embedded in the local police force. Online copies of SCP-3868-A should be taken down through standard protocols.

SCP-3868-B instances, once conclusively identified, should be detained and sent to Site-43 for further questioning regarding Contingency 73-Waitangi. For the sake of containment, SCP-3868-B instances are non-anomalous and should be treated as E-Class employees, i.e. sequestered from the general staff population, but still treated as Foundation members.

Liaisons with the **`Department of Temporal Anomalies`** should be notified of any developments with regards to 73-Waitangi and information associated with SCP-3868. In the case of a K-Class Scenario occuring as a result of 73-Waitangi, the text of the Constituion of New Zealand should be updated to the latest iteration of SCP-3868-B where possible.

Description: SCP-3868 refers to an annually recurring event that occurs on the 17th of January and has occured every year since the official codification of the Constitution of New Zealand in 2009. During an SCP-3868 event, all extant physical and digital copies of the Constitution of New Zealand are replaced with modified versions, designated SCP-3868-A; in addition to this, one currently-serving political officer of the New Zealand Parliament will be replaced by a non-anomalous human designated SCP-3868-B.

SCP-3868-A's text varies from that of the non-anomalous Constitution of New Zealand by the addition of a singular section; this section allows the Foundation to take emergency control of the New Zealand army in the event of certain circumstances designated "Contingency 73-Waitangi". Only partial information about 73-Waitangi is available, in the form of excerpts of the specification quoted in SCP-3868-A: examples of circumstances falling under 73-Waitangi include

- The re-election of deceased Prime Minister Richard Seddon
- The successful, legally-endorsed secession of Victoria and Tasmania from Australia
- The official declaration of war between Montenegro and New Zealand

While excerpts of the specification for 73-Waitangi match the official format of other Foundation contingencies, no such contingency exists at the time of writing. Whatever anomaly 73-Waitangi is associated with or designed to protect against is unknown to the Foundation at present: the only source of information available to the Foundation regarding 73-Waitangi is the SCP-3868-B instances themselves.

SCP-3868-B instances universally claim to be staff of the Department of Temporal Anomalies, assigned to ensure that the Constitution of New Zealand is altered so as to avert a K-Class Scenario caused by lack of preparation against 73-Waitangi. Their claim to be Foundation employees is corroborated by their possession of employee ID numbers that are valid, although they correspond to no known members of personnel currently on RAISA's employee roster.

Due to their purported inability to carry physical objects with them during the replacement caused by SCP-3868, specifics about the anomaly's location, mechanism of effect and containment procedures not pertaining to 73-Waitangi are highly limited. Several key points about the 73-Waitangi anomaly agreed upon by all SCP-3868-B instances to date include the following pieces of information:

- The anomaly in question is "royally bound" (through **geas** or

another unknown anomalous method) by the Governor-General to the text of the Constitution of New Zealand. Investigation of current and past Governor-Generals has shown no concrete signs of anomalous involvement.
- First signs of the K-Class Scenario include the use of an obscure constitutional loophole to deploy the New Zealand Army, necessitating the powers granted by SCP-3868-A iterations.
- The New Zealand national rugby team is correlated in some way to the anomaly. As of the time of writing only one player in the New Zealand national rugby team has demonstrated concrete evidence of anomalous properties: he was neutralised in 2003 by Global Occult Coalition forces masquerading as Australian rugby players.

Currently, the Department of Temporal Anomalies is conducting research using anomalies such as **SCP-711** to try and ascertain further information on the K-Class scenario and anomalies involved with 73-Waitangi, with additional assistance provided by the Department of Theological Affairs' contacts in GoI-055Y ("Australian Church of Australia"). Attempts to negotiate Global Occult Coalition support in the event of an NZK-Class (SCP-3868-Caused) Scenario are ongoing.

SCP-3869: High Quality Ripoff

Item #: SCP-3869

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Mirrors of the websites YouTube and Bandcamp are to be hosted on an isolated server farm located on Site-15. Foundation agents implanted in internet service providers around North America are to monitor web activity from the 203.0. . family of IP addresses. When the public instances of the aforementioned sites are requested by these addresses, they are to be redirected to the foundation-hosted mirrors.

Description: SCP-3869 is an anomalous YouTube channel by the username "Mr. High Quality." The videos on the channel feature still images of video game logos, as well as music playing in the background (hereafter SCP-3869-1) which functions as a low-grade cognitohazard. Instances of SCP-3869-1 often vary greatly from the music that the upload titles and descriptions claim them to be, and are at times wholly unrelated to the original piece.

SCP-3869's anomalous properties manifest when an instance of SCP-3869-1 is opened and allowed to play, at the minimum, to the point where the instance diverges from the original track. If an affected subject engages with the video game from which the SCP-3869-1 instance is claimed to originate, the audio from SCP-3869-1 will replace the original track within the game through anomalous means. At this point, secondary anomalies will manifest, often relevant in nature to the edits featured in the anomalous video. Though the primary anomaly can be observed regardless of prior exposure to SCP-3869-1, the replaced music in the context of the game does not act as its own instance of SCP-3869-1.

Addendum 3869-1: On 05/22/17, the "channel description" area of SCP-3869's profile, which was previously blank, updated to contain

the following text.

> **Holy hell!** You've just found yourself your very own **Mr. High Quality** by The Gamers Against Weed! Please read the channel description. Who is Dr. Wondertainment?
>
> Find them all and become Mr. Gamer!
>
> **01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer**
> **02. Mr. Normie**
> **03. Mr. Bernie Sanders**
> **04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop**
> 05. Mr. High Quality ✔
> 20. Mr. Sex Number
> 21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
> **22. Mr. Deadly Sins**
> **23. Mr. Original Character**
> 24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
> 25. Mr. Gentrification
> **26. Ms. Mad About Video Games**
> **27. Mr. Meme**
> **28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued)**
> 29. Mr. Destiny
> **30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail**
> 31. Ms. Zapatista
> **32. Mr. Hax**
> **33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo**
> **34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text**
> 35. Mr. Finale

Addendum 3869-2: Unless otherwise indicated, testing was carried out featuring an unmodified version of the game in question, on an unmodified version of the relevant platform. For each test, one D-class was exposed to SCP-3869-1 before testing, and one was used as a control group.

> + Show notable test logs
>
> > **Test 1**

SCP-3869-1 instance title: Overworld - Super Mario Bros.
Differences from original track: Vocal track added, identified as "Drop It Like It's Hot" by Snoop Dogg, edited to match the tempo of the background track.
Test results: Subject became easily agitated by discussion related to the use of narcotics, but personality remained otherwise unchanged.
Miscellaneous notes: N/A

Test 2

SCP-3869-1 instance title: Snake Eater - Metal Gear Solid 3: Snake Eater
Differences from original track: Vocals recreated with poorly-modulated text-to-speech software.
Test results: Subject's voice replaced with one bearing striking resemblance to poorly-modulated text-to-speech software.
Miscellaneous notes: N/A

Test 3:

SCP-3869-1 instance title: Let's Go Shopping (Beta Version) - PAYDAY 2
Differences from original track: All tones produced by the lead synth normalized to the note of C3.
Test results: Inconclusive.
Miscellaneous notes: Testing concluded that the different "versions" of a song are indicative of a non-standard context. Beta version of PAYDAY 2 could not be secured for further testing with this instance.

Test 4

SCP-3869-1 instance title: Last Surprise

(OST Version) - Persona 5
Differences from original track: Continues normally until the first line of the chorus, during which the vocals cut out mid-sentence, and the image in the video cuts to a blank screen.
Test results: Subject reported vision rapidly degrading at the point of divergence from the original song, resulting in total loss of eyesight. Blindness persisted after playback was stopped.
Miscellaneous notes: Anomalous effects did not activate while playing the game in question, and instead manifested while playing an album featuring the game's original soundtrack. This confirms the hypothesis posited after Test 3.

Test 13

SCP-3869-1 instance title: BFG Division - DOOM
Differences from original track: Japanese vocal track added, belonging to a separate, unidentified song, which does not match the instrumental in key, tempo, or time signature.
Test results: Subject reported a steady, continuous increase in ambient temperature despite the control subject reporting no such alteration. Subject lost consciousness, displaying symptoms analogous to frostbite. The onset of hypothermic symptoms was able to be slowed, but not reversible through conventional means until after the duration of the song had elapsed. Subject likely would not have recovered normally without direct intervention.
Miscellaneous notes: Control subject played game while exposed subject watched. Control subject experienced no adverse effects. Replacement phenomenon found not to act on

its own as an instance of SCP-3869-1.

Test 20

SCP-3869-1 instance title: Slow Ride - Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock
Differences from original track: Track gradually slows down to a minimum of 25% of original speed.
Test results: Subject reaction speed increased at a rate consistent with song's reduction in tempo. Testing stopped before the song could play to completion, but effects continued even after the console was unplugged. Subject expressed anxious behavior before attempting to escape. Subject moved at superhuman speeds, and avoided small arms fire from security team, but ultimately collapsed from a grand mal seizure. Subject's heart rate rapidly increased until chest cavity exploded after minutes of unconsciousness.
Miscellaneous notes: Testing put on temporary standby.

Addendum 3869-3: On 5/30/2017, the Foundation took notice of a video on SCP-3869 determined not to be cognitohazardous in nature. Instead, it directed the viewer to a page on Bandcamp, which featured an album of self-proclaimed "Greatest Hits" from the channel available for free download. The Foundation secured the album in .zip form before taking the page down. Containment protocols updated to include a locally-hosted mirror of Bandcamp in addition to the existing YouTube facsimile.

The tracks on the album also function as effective instances of SCP-3869-1, with the difference that the tracks, rather than being attributed to the source game's composer, are attributed to various miscellaneous usernames, likely the users who contributed the song edits; this would mean that SCP-3869 is not the work of an individual, but rather a collaborative project. Further analysis indicates that the authors credited on the album do not match any

known users found in any Gamers Against Weed chat logs in the Foundation's possession.

Along with the listed tracks on the album, an additional password-protected archive labeled "heyjude.zip" (detailed in Document SCP-3869-A) was included inside the album's own archive.

Addendum 3869-4: The following is an excerpt from existing chat logs stored on the Foundation database, found to pertain to SCP-3869, from a private chat room hosted by GoI-#5869 "Gamers Against Weed."

+ Show chat log

May 23, 2017
bluntfiend: Okay, let's put this one to rest once and for all.
bluntfiend: Gun to your head, which would you rather have on a pizza instead of real cheese: Velveeta, Easy Cheese, Cheez Whiz, or Kraft Singles?
FBI_Official: I'd take the bullet
lesbian_gengar: jude, what the fuck.
User tacticalCannabinoid has joined the channel.
bluntfiend: I'm just asking the hard questions.
tacticalCannabinoid: hey any of our resident coghaz experts online
tacticalCannabinoid: i have some Big Questions
lesbian_gengar: present.
bones: How about we put a hold on the pizza discussion for now? Sounds like TC's got something important to ask about.
lesbian_gengar: what kind of Big Questions are we talking?
tacticalCannabinoid: which one of yall came up with the half-baked siivagunner ripoff
tacticalCannabinoid: because there are…
tacticalCannabinoid: *so many* things wrong with this i dont know where to start

FBI_Official: Um
lesbian_gengar: what.
tacticalCannabinoid: no dont "what" me you know exactly whats going on
bones: Sorry, but we really don't.
lesbian_gengar: i wasn't playing coy, tc.
lesbian_gengar: i mean "what" as in "what are you talking about?"
tacticalCannabinoid: mr. high quality
bluntfiend: This is the first I've heard of a "Mr. High Quality."
bluntfiend: And as far as I can tell, we aren't starting a new series of Misters when we really haven't even finished the first yet.
bones: Not seeing anything like that in a quick search of the older logs.
tacticalCannabinoid: `https://youtube.com/channel/`
FBI_Official: You'd think someone would've mentioned it here or at *least* said something cryptic
FBI_Official: Lemme see
lesbian_gengar: this is some downright amateurish shit here, really.
lesbian_gengar: they didn't even get the "misters against weed" format right.
lesbian_gengar: *the* gamers against weed?
lesbian_gengar: ouch.
FBI_Official: Someone tell this dunkass how to count from 4 to 20
tacticalCannabinoid: ok we can pick their style apart all day long but our names are on shit that we dont want our names on
FBI_Official: Well, judging that some of the uploads have already been taken down via copyright strikes from "Smith Copyright Protection"
FBI_Official: Sounds like it's gonna be the Janitors' problem sooner rather than later
bluntfiend: If it's who I think it is, I almost can't

help but feel sorry for these guys.
bluntfiend: …Only almost, though.
lesbian_gengar: in that case we should probably be on our guard just in case they try to pin it on us.
tacticalCannabinoid: good idea
FBI_Official: Ye
polaricecraps: zoned out for a bit
polaricecraps: but ftr i'm going with velveeta

Document 3869-A: A brute force attack was utilized to access the contents of "heyjude.zip." Inside the archive was a short text file, presented here in its entirety.

+ Input password

You always find yourselves on the edge of something great, but never seem willing to take the final step towards brilliance. There is no room for cowardice in the world of anart, so consider this a one-time courtesy—a nudge in the right direction, if you will. **`We know you have it in you,`** but if you don't want to leave a lasting impression on your audience, we'll be more than happy to do it for you.

You call yourselves gamers, but we can play your games, too.

Are we cool yet?

SCP-3870: The Ice-Cream Vigilante

Item #: SCP-3870

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A specialized surveillance team of at least fifteen personnel is to be assigned to monitor news reports and traffic camera accident footage for SCP-3870 appearances in public areas. Should SCP-3870 be identified with relation to any accidents involving injury or property damage, the surveillance team is to distribute misinformation in the area accordingly and administer amnestics as necessary. Any individuals determined to have encountered SCP-3870 are to be monitored for unusual behavior.

Any companies associated with ice-cream products within 100 kilometers of SCP-3870's current ICU location are to be routinely evaluated for pertinent information. Incidents of severe employee injuries are to be reported and investigated by the surveillance team.

The physical comatose body of SCP-3870 is to remain in the intensive care unit of a Foundation-affiliated hospital.[1] The room SCP-3870 is assigned to is to be equipped with hidden cameras, and staff caring for the patient are to ensure that the room is empty of visitors for at least one hour each day. All expenses required for ongoing treatment are to be paid for under the guise of a philanthropist fund for medical research. Any family members seeking to visit the ICU are to be properly screened and administered low-dose amnestics upon departure.

Encounters with SCP-3870-1 are to be documented in detail. Should any Foundation personnel be approached by SCP-3870-1, they are to refuse all offers of contractual agreements or discussion unless properly trained in the relevant interviewing technique. A dossier of acceptable terms and conditions for negotiation is to be provided to all staff assigned to the SCP-3870 case, and kept updated as new

information on SCP-3870-1 is acquired.

Description: SCP-3870 is a Japanese-American human male, appearing approximately 13-14 years of age, currently rendered comatose due to a traffic accident[2] involving an ice-cream truck collision. Despite its apparent non-responsive state, SCP-3870 is noted to periodically disappear from and reappear in its ICU room at the Hospital.

During the periods of disappearance, sightings of SCP-3870 in public locations have been observed. These sightings usually involve the individual riding a bicycle identical to the one recovered from the scene of the aforementioned accident. While SCP-3870 manifestations tend to occur within a 65-kilometer radius of the Hospital, it is currently unknown if there is a maximum range of its manifestation ability. The fastest speed SCP-3870 has been observed to reach while on its bicycle is 20 km/hour.

Attempts to accost SCP-3870 while manifested outside its ICU facility have indicated that it is highly resistant to most types of physical damage when active, and can trigger a return to its comatose state and location if fatigued. The minimum amount of time in-between successive manifestations is noted to be approximately 11 hours. While active, SCP-3870 does not respond to any attempts to communicate with it.

SCP-3870 exhibits aggressive behaviors towards specific individuals, namely workers associated with some form of ice-cream product. The aggression (exhibited in the form of stalking, bodily harm, attempts to cause vehicular accidents, and framing individuals for additional crimes) seems to be directed equally at all of the aforementioned individuals regardless of their background history.

Based on current Foundation records, the most common tactic used by SCP-3870 to inflict harm involves simply colliding with its target[3] while riding its bicycle at high speeds. Thus far, the Foundation has attributed life-threatening injuries to SCP-3870.

Occasionally, SCP-3870 will severely injure a worker instead of attempting to completely incapacitate them. This is believed to occur in order to aid SCP-3870-1.

SCP-3870-1 is the designation assigned to an entity that has been briefly observed following SCP-3870 encountering and non-fatally dispatching one of its targets. SCP-3870-1 appears to be an androgynous humanoid, possessing a series of small irregular sharp protrusions along its forehead and shoulders. SCP-3870-1 is typically attired in various suits, apparently following the dress code of a Japanese salaryman. SCP-3870-1 has been noted to spontaneously appear and communicate with the worker targeted by SCP-3870, speaking for a few minutes before offering a handshake and departing on foot.

Attempts to track SCP-3870-1 following these interactions have proven unsuccessful. When questioned by Foundation agents, injured civilians who encountered SCP-3870-1 reported only remembering that "a nice person" offered them assistance. Follow-up interviews have only uncovered minimal details, though affected individuals consistently respond that SCP-3870-1 provided them some form of treatment that allowed them to recover from their injuries quickly. None of the interviewees could ascertain how they were able to compensate SCP-3870-1 for the service, but all individuals interviewed expressed a satisfaction with the transaction and a desire to seek further assistance from SCP-3870-1.

Very little information is known about SCP-3870-1, and as such communication has not been established. (Refer to Addendum SCP-3870-2.)

Addendum SCP-3870-1: SCP-3870 was first brought to Foundation attention following a series of 911 emergency calls intercepted over the course of three months, mentioning a child on a bicycle appearing and colliding with an ice-cream truck. In all recorded cases, the driver of the vehicle sustained serious injuries, but was noted to have recovered unusually quickly.

Subsequent investigations of the incidents revealed a consistency in the reported physical appearance of the child individual involved. Using this information, cross-referenced with prior accident records, the Foundation was able to match the physical description of the child to the comatose body of SCP-3870.

The legal guardians of SCP-3870, who remained uninvolved in the

media coverage of these accidents, did not present any resistance to the transfer of the individual to a Foundation-owned hospital.

Addendum SCP-3870-2: On / /20 , SCP-3870-1 spontaneously manifested in the room where the comatose body of SCP-3870 was held. Dr. Brickston, a Level-2 researcher assigned to the case, was present during the manifestation. Foundation specialists were later brought in to routinely provide guidance on how to best interact with the entity.

Following a period of negotiation with the support of a Foundation legal team, Dr. Brickston has since negotiated an ongoing contract with the entity: it was agreed upon that in exchange for SCP-3870-1 being present for 30 minutes of interview time every 30 days, Brickston would provide a detailed account of SCP-3870's current health and any medical developments.

Addendum SCP-3870-3: SCP-3870-1 has since manifested approximately once a month for recurring interviews. The following excerpt is from the third interview, in which the Foundation was first able to obtain additional information regarding SCP-3870's motivations.

+ Show audio log excerpt

> **Dr. Brickston:** Did you make a deal with this boy?
>
> **SCP-3870-1:** Yes. But if you want to know more, you will tell me more about yourself. Tell me why are you keeping him.
>
> **Dr. Brickston:** It's my job to take care of him. If I can learn more about what happened to him and what he can do, that will help me keep him in good health. Tell me about how you make your deals.
>
> **SCP-3870-1:** Hmm… why are you his caretaker, rather than his family elders? I want your promise that you will not harm him. Then I

will tell you more about myself.

Dr. Brickston: I promise that I won't hurt him. Tell me what kind of deals you make?

SCP-3870-1: All sorts. I can bring favor in riches, heal illness, give muscular strength, great beauty. Make people forget, make people disappear. Bring back the too-soon dead, for a good price. No immortality or flawless love, no human can pay for those.

Dr. Brickston: If you're so powerful, why do you make deals?

SCP-3870-1: When I collect a payment, I am granted the power to fulfill the contract. I am just a means of exchange. Most of the payments go to those I serve.

Dr. Brickston: What did the boy pay you?

SCP-3870-1: This boy… I made my first exception for. He has a special contract.

Dr. Brickston: Why did you let such a young boy make a special contract?

SCP-3870-1: The boy wanted more than he could pay for, and he asked if he could assist me. He is the first to ever ask. The boy is a good worker, even if his parents have forgotten my kind, even if he does not know what I am.

Dr. Brickston: Did he ask you to heal his injuries?

SCP-3870-1: No, he desired something else. What will you offer me to tell you?

Further discussion is ongoing regarding how to continue low-risk

interaction with SCP-3870-1. At present, the Foundation's foremost concern is finding some means of intervention to prevent further casualties caused by SCP-3870, without violating contractual agreements set by SCP-3870-1.

Addendum SCP-3870-4: On / /20 , SCP-3870-1 did not manifest for its scheduled monthly interview, and SCP-3870 disappeared from its room during the usual interview time. After running a facial-recognition satellite sweep of the surrounding area, the surveillance team assigned to SCP-3870 reported that both SCP-3870 and SCP-3870-1 had been found at a cemetery in close proximity to the Hospital. SCP-3870 and SCP-3870-1 appeared to be speaking together while visiting a grave, later identified as belonging to the deceased brother of SCP-3870.

Due to the parents of SCP-3870 not being involved with the lives of SCP-3870 and the subject's brother, discussions have arisen regarding placing SCP-3870 in Foundation custody. Thus far, no actions have been taken regarding these discussions.

Addendum SCP-3870-5: On / /20 , when SCP-3870-1 manifested for its usual interview, it was accompanied by a young male child later confirmed to be the formerly-deceased brother of SCP-3870. SCP-3870-1 stated that SCP-3870 had fulfilled its first contract, and related a request from SCP-3870 to Dr. Brickston regarding the care of SCP-3870's brother. The brother of SCP-3870 has since been brought into Foundation custody, and has been tentatively classified as POI-3870.

To reflect these recent events, a proposal has been made to change the object class of SCP-3870 to Neutralized.

Footnotes
1. Currently, the Hospital of Kentlands, Maryland.
2. Recovered records indicate that the individual's younger brother (age 7 years old) was also involved in the accident, and passed away before reaching the hospital.
3. SCP-3870 has been observed to engage targets that are traveling either on foot or by ice-cream truck.

SCP-3872: Consult an Alchemist

Item #: SCP-3872

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3872 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell furnished with furniture predating 1930, to minimize distress to SCP-3872. Additional requests may be approved by Dr. Jamesson as required.

The following items were requested, and approved by Dr. Jamesson on the grounds of the improvement of SCP-3872's mental stability:

- A phonograph. A modern replica was approved, and provided to SCP-3872 for use during recreation hours. Several period-appropriate records have been provided.
- Several fountain pens, and notebooks. Modern reproductions of vintage-style fountain pens were provided, with an assortment of modern inks.

Psychological counseling sessions shall take place with Dr. Jamesson on a biweekly basis.

Under no circumstances is SCP-3872 to be informed of the existence of, nor introduced in any fashion to, **SCP-2045**.

Description: SCP-3872 is William Henry Seward, US Secretary of State from 1861 to 1869, and appears to be biologically immortal. SCP-3872 is, at this time, biologically 56 years of age. SCP-3872 has shown no visible or medical signs of aging. SCP-3872 possesses no other anomalous abilities or attributes.

Historical records indicate the William Henry Seward died in 1872; however, recovered records from ASCI Site 22 have indicated that SCP-3872 has been in containment for an indeterminate amount of time. SCP-3872 shows signs of significant mental deterioration,

hypothesized to be due to isolation within the American Secure Containment Initiative (ASCI) Site-22 for somewhere between 75 and 80 years. Logs of psychological evaluation by Dr. Jamesson can be found in Addendum B.

According to conflicting ASCI Records, SCP-3872 was first put in to containment somewhere between 1920 and 1926. Containment was determined to be necessary, after SCP-3872 was confirmed to be involved in the 1919 "Great Molasses Flood"[1] in Boston, which released 2.3 million gallons of molasses causing 21 deaths, and a significant number of injuries. SCP-3872 has claimed that it caused the flood in order to prevent the use of molasses in consumer goods.

Addendum A

Prepared by the Department of External Affairs

Subject: Recovery of SCP-3872

Involved Agents: Sam Denton Level 3 Agent, Jim McDowell Level 2 Agent

Report: SCP-3872 was recovered on April 17, 2013, from ASCI Site-22 in [REDACTED], Oklahoma. ASCI Site-22 was not mentioned in any of the transition paper work during [REDACTED] which lead to the loss of Site-22's location from records.

SCP Field Agents Denton and McDowell discovered Site-22 on a routine investigation in to a potential anomaly from April 10 - April 17, 2013, which lead Agents Denton and McDowell to the ruins of Site-22. Below is a transcript of the body camera feed of recovery. Irrelevant sections have been removed.

Agents Denton and McDowell's body cams both show them walking by various

containment cells, for biological specimens.

Denton: I'm still shocked how many things slipped through the cracks during the transition.

Agent Denton body cam shows the dessicated corpse of several [REDACTED] specimens.

McDowell: Seriously? It's not like the government ever kept amazing records, before the Foundation got involved.

Denton: Still. There were a lot of biologicals here. I can't believe how many potential skips were lost here, from a stupid clerical error.

McDowell: Eh. I'm not that bothered by it. Less to worry about breaking containment.

Both agents turn a corner, leading to another set of containment cells. SCP-3872 is sitting on a stool in the furthest containment cell.

SCP-3872: Well hello there. I think the last guard forgot his shift.

McDowell: Holy shit, there's something alive.

SCP-3872: Young man, that kind of language is severely inappropriate.

SCP-3872 stands.

SCP-3872: Have you been imbibing the Devil's Blood? That most perfidious of substances, the dreaded molasses, or heaven preserve its lusty spawn rum?

Denton: (Quietly) Is it just me, or does that guy look a lot like William Henry Seward?

McDowell: Who?

Denton: Lincoln's Secretary of state.

McDowell: I have no idea. How do you even know who that is?

Denton: Crash course US History. Gotta love John Green.

Agent Denton turns towards SCP-3872

Denton: Sir, we're here to help you. Let's get you somewhere safe, yeah?

Agents McDowell and Denton brought SCP-3872 in to Foundation custody on April 20, 2013.

END LOG

SCP-3872 was sedated, and brought in to containment.

Addendum B

Prepared by the Medical Department

Reporting Doctor: Dr. Jamesson

Subject: SCP-3872

Evaluation: The following is a transcription of several logs I made of interaction with SCP-3872. At this time, there's no indication that SCP-3872 is a danger to itself, or to the Foundation. Regular counselling, and conversation is suggested. - *Dr. Jamesson*

Begin Transcription

Patient Notes - Dr. Jamesson

Subject: SCP-3872

SCP-3872, upon recovery, showed signs of extreme isolation, beyond what was detailed in the original notes by the ASCI. From all indications his mental state was already fragile due to the circumstances of its anomalous creation. The additional pressures of spending so much time alone have worsened this condition.
[…]
Initially, SCP-3872 was extremely reluctant to talk about anything outside of the "evils" of molasses. SCP-3872's particular obsession appears centered on the distillation of rum, and the detrimental affects which SCP-3872 perceives rum has on society.
[…]
On March 19, 2015, upon entering SCP-3872's containment chamber, SCP-3872 engaged me in conversation regarding my pen. I had brought in my fountain pen from my office, instead of my usual ballpoints for taking notes, and SCP-3872 remarked upon this. The conversation turned more personal after a while talking about its favorite inks. I believe I've made a breakthrough.
[…]
I got approval to provide SCP-3872 with a couple of vintage-styled fountain pens, with some historically significant inks (1607 brand inks). After discussing fountain pens for a while, SCP-3872 began recounting its isolation in ASCI Site-22. The conversation still occasionally turns towards molasses and rum; however, SCP-3872 is significantly more cooperative. I'm hopeful for SCP-3872's future,

and what we can learn from it.

End Transcription

Addendum C

Prepared by the Department of Science - Alchemy Division

Subject: Biological Immortality of SCP-3872

Consulted Resources: R. Diaghilev, Alc., Mrd., Ast., PhD

Findings: According to ASCI records, SCP-3872's biological immortality was caused by a process described as "forbidden molasses-based alchemy." Foundation Alchemist Diaghilev was consulted, and prepared the following report.

> Honorable Colleagues,
>
> The alchemical process used on SCP-3872, while slightly crude, is sound. I can say, with some certainty, that this process may work, depending on the humorous composition of the subject. With the planets in the correct retrograde, which I surmise may have occurred in 1857, molasses could have indeed been used in the creation of a stabilization philter.
>
> While said philter may have stabilized the humors indefinitely, it is without a doubt that the inherent balance would be disturbed by such a crude process. An excess of yellow bile, or phlegm may be responsible for the

condition that we find SCP-3872 in; however, additional alchemic testing may be required, to confirm.

At this time, most likely it is inadvisable to stabilize SCP-3872's humors, as this would most likely led to the deterioration of the aether, and thus, the cessation of life.

R. Diaghilev, Alchemist of the Seventh Circle.

At this time, the recreation of the process which created SCP-3872 is not advised, as the obvious mental deterioration is an unacceptable risk for biological immortality.

Footnotes

1. SeeThe Great Molasses Flood of 1919for reference material

SCP-3876: Tussie Mussie

Item #: SCP-3876

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The items comprising Lot 76 are to be kept on display in Lab 2-A5 in the Bio Wing of Site-81. SCP-3876 is to be held upright in a stand to facilitate the retrieval of SCP-3876-1 instances. In the event of a SCP-3876-1 manifestation, the Level 3 Researcher on duty should be notified.

Additional Containment Procedures_25JUN2016: In the event of a SCP-3876-1 manifestation, SCP-3876-2 (or the current true copy or transcript on file) should be consulted, and any resulting information be provided to the Level 3 Researcher on duty.

Description: SCP-3876 is an ornate silver-plated bouquet holder. It is conical, approximately 18 cm in length, and approximately 7 cm across at the open end. Attached roughly at the midpoint is a fine silver chain approximately 5 cm in length. This chain terminates in a silver pin, which can be inserted into a small hole near the open end, serving to secure a bouquet placed within.

Through anomalous means, SCP-3876 spontaneously manifests bouquets, collectively designated SCP-3876-1. SCP-3876-1 vary in composition, generally consisting of at least three different floral components. Instances appear usually appear within SCP-3876. If SCP-3876 is not empty at the time of an SCP-3876-1 manifestation, contents will usually be displaced to a nearby surface. Review of high-speed video indicates that these manifestations and displacements are instant.

Beyond manifestation, SCP-3876-1 do not appear to possess anomalous properties; examination of individual components of SCP-3876-1 show them to be representative specimens of their respective species. While SCP-3876-1 instances can appear with no

apparent trigger, SCP-3876 has always been observed to produce an instance of SCP-3876-1 when encountering an individual with whom it has not had prior contact; the overall composition will vary, but these SCP-3876-1 instances will always contain yellow roses.

Discovery: SCP-3876 was one of several anomalous items retrieved from an auction warehouse in Indianapolis, IN, after the death of the owner, POI-707249, during an attempted burglary.[1] The body of POI-707249 was discovered in the front office by custodial staff on the evening of April 12, 2016. MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") intercepted the 911 call, and secured the building in the guise of local law enforcement. Certain auction lots deemed 'evidence' were re-routed to various Foundation holdings, including 'Lot 76'.

MTF Iota-10 found little documentation regarding Lot 76 in the paperwork recovered from the warehouse. An intake manifest listed a fan, a broach with several pendant items, a Commonplace Book,[2] and a hinged wooden box containing a bouquet holder: SCP-3876. SCP-3876 was noted as the only anomalous item in the collection, and its ability to produce bouquets was briefly discribed. Inside the box with SCP-3876 was a cabinet card portrait of a young couple in Victorian attire.[3]

Incident 3876-

+Expand

Email from Junior Researcher Jennifer Dresden to Dr. Kate Greenaway,[4] June 21, 2016, 11:42 AM:

> Hey Doc,
>
> The sequencer sets from last night are still running. You might nudge IT about that software patch they've been 'getting around to' for the last 2 months. I swear the program gets slower every time we use it.
>
> We just got a oner. I've already taken pictures (attached), and I'll start taking samples here in a minute. I think I'm going to have to pull some

references to ID all of it, but I'm pretty sure the white flowers with the purple centers are anemones.[5]

I'm not sure what triggered this one. Dave and Emily did stop by to take Steve to lunch, but they've been here before, and there weren't any yellow roses anyway.

-Jenn

Shortly after receiving the above email, Dr. Greenaway was contacted by Security and informed that Steven Mason, a member of her team, had been involved in an altercation in the Site-81 Bio Wing Cafeteria. During the altercation, multiple instances of SCP-3876-1 had appeared in and around the cafeteria, with 'large piles' blocking the entranceways. The individuals involved in the altercation had been detained, but the Bio Wing was being placed on Lockdown, due to the apparent breach, and that she needed to report to the Security Office immediately to brief them on the best way to reestablish containment.

Excerpt from interview with Junior Researcher Steven Mason:

Interviewed: Junior Researcher Steven Mason

Interviewer:

Junior Researcher Mason was interviewed in the Site-81 Infirmary upon regaining consciousness after the events of Incident 3876- .

<Begin Log>

Mason: I usually grab lunch with Dave and Em, and Mike and Alix.[6] Dave and Em had a meeting in the conference room down the hall

from our lab, so they stopped by to get me and we were gonna meet Mike and Alix in the cafeteria.

: Was Campbell acting strangely at this point?

Mason: Not strange, but definitely *pissed*. Not talking, real tight-lipped, sorta pale. I just figured that something happened at the meeting, although Em seemed OK. She told me he'd been snappy all day, and probably needed food. Dave just muttered something and walked ahead of us.

: Did food help?

Mason: Not really. I mean, he didn't really eat. He just messed around with his lunch, and kept shooting looks at me and Em, made some snide remarks, even after Mike and Alix got there.

: What were these remarks?

Mason: Well…I mean…Em's…God, this is gonna sound…Em's a toucher, OK? I mean…casually. She'll put her hand on your shoulder or your hands…you know just like incidental contact when she talks to you. We tease her about it all the time, but this…this wasn't teasing. He practically called her a slut-which is *not* like Dave.

(nervous laughter)

Mason: So then, Em starts playing it up, to, like, make a joke out of it. But I think she was a little pissed herself, since Dave was being an asshat. So maybe she was hoping he'd stalk

off, or blow up at her. I don't know, break the tension. So she starts leaning into me, and kept touching my hands, and talking in a really fake flirty way, and the whole time I'm looking at Mike and Alix, sorta like 'get me out of this', but they didn't know what to do, and Dave's just getting madder and madder, and Em is on, like, a *mission*.

: And this is when the SCP-3876-1 instance appeared?[7]

Mason: Smack in the middle of the table. We all jumped back, except for Dave, who just sorta…snarled? I heard Em mutter something like 'Christ, Dave.' and snort, and then she said "Why, Stevie-kins! Are these for me?" and fluttered her eyelashes.

: Is this when Campbell physically threatened you?

Mason: This is when Dave *decked* me.

(pause)

Mason: It's fuzzy after that. Mike and Alix dragged me away, and I was fading in and out, but I saw…I think…he grabbed Em and started *biting* her. And then I was here.

<End Log>

Security was dispatched to the Bio Wing Cafeteria, where they found the entranceways blocked by multiple instances of SCP-3876-1. After securing the area, they were able to retrieve Mason, who was taken to the infirmary and treated for a minor concussion. Campbell was subdued with some difficulty and taken to a holding cell. Choi was taken to the infirmary and treated for several bite wounds, given a sedative, and monitored.

Campbell eventually had to be sedated, as he began hurling himself at the door of his cell. Dr. Kevin Chandler, the SCP- lead, examined him after being notified of the altercation. Chandler took blood samples, but said that they were a formality: Campbell was displaying classic symptoms of Stage 2 infection; the 3876 Lockdown needed to remain in effect until everyone in the Wing was screened for , Choi and Mason being priorities.

Choi and two other SCP- researchers tested positive for SCP- , and were treated with broad-spectrum antibiotics known to be effective in the early stages of . Campbell recovered after undergoing more vigorous treatment for several weeks. During this time, the containment protocols for SCP- were re-evaluated.

Addendum_25JUN2016: SCP-3876-2

+Expand

After Incident 3876- , Dr. Greenaway contacted the Site-81 Archives, requesting a reexamination of Lot 76. She wanted to see if there might be information regarding the apparent ability of SCP-3876 to detect the presence of SCP- within infectees, as well as remotely manifest the SCP-3876-1 instances that lead to the Bio Wing Lockdown and subsequent discovery of the SCP- Breach.

Archivist Erina Carson had been assigned to examine and catalogue the remainder of Lot 76 and was in the process of transcribing the Commonplace Book. She had completed the first third or so of the book, consisting of handwritten quotes, lists of books, poetry, recipes, and the occasional sketch. After speaking to Dr. Greenaway, Carson skimmed through the rest of the book and found two sections of note: ‘Floriography’ and ‘Crises and Curiosities’.

‘Floriography’ consisted of several pages containing an

extensive list of plants and flowers, each with a detailed description of their symbolic meaning(s). Further notes and jottings in the margins served to cross-reference several entries, and provide alternate meanings depending on other flowers contained within the same bouquet. After comparing the SCP-3876-1 instance file to the Floriography notes from the Commonplace Book, it was discovered that the yellow roses that appeared when SCP-3876 encountered a new person indicated an offer of ‘Friendship’. The rhododendrons, anemones, and mandrake that appeared during Incident 3876- meant “Danger”, “Sickness”, and "Horror" respectively.

‘Crises and Curiosities’ consisted of several pages with pasted Ephemera: postcards, carnival flyers, newspaper articles, pages from letters. All described something unusual or unexplained, and were accompanied by extensive handwritten notes including further details, and how they had been overcome or constrained. Next to an newspaper clipping: ‘Drastic Closing Order Issued to Prevent Epidemic’, was a detailed description of all stages of SCP- infection, with notes on treatment, the alleviation of symptoms, and the manner in which the bodies of victims should be disposed.

Further examination of the Crises and Curiosities Section of the Commonplace Book, now designated SCP-3876-2, has led to the realization that three of the entries may refer to SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- . In the case of , the information provided led to extensive revisions to the Containment Procedures. Research into the other ‘Crises and Curiosities’ detailed, and the provenance of Lot 76 are ongoing, as are attempts at establishing direct communication with SCP-3876.

Footnotes
1. POI-707249 was a known procurer of anomalies; the POI-707249 Dossier may be made available to Researchers with Level 3 Clearance upon submitting a request to Records.
2. A book in which extracts, poems, aphorisms, etc. are copied

down for future reference, often together with one's ideas and reflections; may include clippings or other ephemera.
3. The backstamp of the of card reads: Artistic & Practical Photographers, Cadwallader & Fearnaught, Established Aug. 19 1872, Indianapolis, IND. ‘I await your reply, My Chatelaine' is written below in faded brown ink.
4. Lead Researcher for SCP-3876.
5. SCP-3876-1.35 was comprised of anemones, rhododendrons, and mandrake leaves.
6. David Campbell and Emily Choi, researchers assigned to SCP-, Michael Green and Alix Evans, Site-81 Asset Management.
7. SCP-3876-1.36 was also comprised of anemones, rhododendrons, and mandrake leaves.

SCP-3877: MIЯЯOЯ BÄR

Item #: SCP-3877

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The 50 km^2 island located at ° ' . ″N ° ' . ″E in the Pacific Ocean is to be stricken from all governmental and personal accounts. The location is to be actively shielded from remote observation so as to prevent inquiry or information breach. Any remote observation device such as drones which may pose a possible threat to the continued secrecy of the island must be promptly destroyed or redirected. Manned aircraft or seafaring vessels must be flagged down and questioned about their knowledge regarding the location. If it is determined the person or persons has no prior knowledge regarding the island, they are to be amnesticized and released. In the event a detained human has prior knowledge regarding the island, please refer to Document 3877-004 for proper interrogation techniques.

The approx. 11 km^2 section of the island which constitutes SCP-3877 is to be kept under guard from a distance of at least 500 meters. Guard is to be advised that if they are in a position in which they are capable of establishing line of sight with an instance of SCP-3877-1, they are at risk and they should be watchful for instances of SCP-3877-2. Any personnel planning to venture into SCP-3877 for any reason should carry with them equipment and body armor capable of overpowering a member of the species *Ursus arctos* in the event they are attacked by an instance of SCP-3877-2, as well as adequate radiation shielding from the remains of trampled grass instances of SCP-3877-3. Members of the indigenous population of the island are permitted entry to SCP-3877 for religious reasons.

Any captive instances of SCP-3877-2 are to be transported to Biological Containment Site-66 in a simulated forested environment,

and fed a diet typical of the species *Ursus arctos* on a regular basis. Caretakers are to be advised that given their anomalously efficient metabolism, SCP-3877-2 is capable of functioning on a significantly smaller amount of food than a non-anomalous member of their species of equivalent proportions.

Description: SCP-3877 is the collective designation given to the entities which inhabit the 11 square kilometers of land on an island in the Pacific at the coordinates listed above.

SCP-3877-1 are an estimated collection of double sided freestanding mirrors of variable height and width. They are functionally identical to non-anomalous mirrors in most applications. Upon reflecting another instance of SCP-3877-1, the instances will display each other as a member of the kingdom Plantae, despite no physical change. A full list of observed species can be found in Document 3877-16, although the most prominently observed group, consisting of approximately 87% of all sightings, is the genus *Quercus*. Given the high density of SCP-3877-1, looking into an instance gives the illusion of the area consisting of SCP-3877 as a densely populated forest. Instances of SCP-3877-1 removed from the immediate area demonstrate no additional anomalous properties.

SCP-3877-2 are a presumed biological species which populate the reflected surface within SCP-3877-1. The species is virtually indistinguishable from members of the species *Ursus arctos*, as the only observed difference has been SCP-3877-2's ability to subsist on a comparatively smaller amount of food. (Despite apparent vocalizations, no sound has been detected in accordance.) SCP-3877-2 only exists on one side of one instance of SCP-3877-1 at any given time. However, SCP-3877-2 may travel to another instance of SCP-3877-1 by concealing their complete mass behind the corresponding image of the plant displayed. Although not observed often, SCP-3877 is also able to travel to the reverse side of SCP-3877-1 by walking beyond the visible boundary. SCP-3877-2 demonstrates significant knowledge of this phenomenon and is able to utilize this knowledge tactically.

SCP-3877-2 is capable of interacting with any object reflected onto the surface of SCP-3877-1. As SCP-3877-2 displays the general

behavior and instinct of the species *Ursus arctos*, it will act somewhat aggressively to defend what it considers its territory and will actively hunt prey. A lack of availability of edible plant life has caused the population to become uncharacteristically aggressive and carnivorous. Due to the local populace's religion, human meat has become a significant part of SCP-3877-2's diet. Any material which is interacted with on the surface of SCP-3877-1 by SCP-3877-2 is to be considered an instance of SCP-3877-3. Any organism which is incapable of fending off SCP-3877-2 and reverting to normal reflection is also to be considered an instance of SCP-3877-3.[1]

SCP-3877-3 instances will no longer display a reflection on any surface, save the instance of SCP-3877-1 on which they were eaten, killed or otherwise moved by SCP-3877-2. Further research has revealed SCP-3877-3 instances are perceived telepathically as opposed to visually by observers, and light is no longer able to reflect off of the object or organism. Over the course of a 360 hour period, the telepathic effect will decrease in effectiveness and the instance of SCP-3877-3 will become gradually more blurred and transparent in observation. At the end of the 360 hour period, the subject will become impossible to perceive visually, and their material composition will rapidly (>1 second) degrade into alpha and beta particles and gamma radiation. Human subjects have reported a sharp vision throughout the process, suggesting the telepathic perception originates from the instance itself.

Many experiments have been conducted on the entities of SCP-3877, some of which are listed below.

> Experiment Log 3877-001
> Description: Shattering an instance of SCP-3877-1 (Oak tree) with a sledgehammer
> Result: Upon impact, SCP-3877-1 ceased to appear as an oak tree on all other instances of SCP-3877-01, simply reflecting as a shattered mirror. Remains have been determined to be non-anomalous.

> Experiment Log 3877-002
> Description: Introduction of foreign mirror into SCP-3877 measuring 66 x 100 cm

Result: Mirror reflected as large tubular bear cage trap. All repeated attempts with many different mirrors have yielded similar results. Upon SCP-3877-2 entering and activating trap, foreign mirror displayed top down view of the closed bear cage with SCP-3877-2 inside.

Experiment Log 3877-005
Description: Shattering foreign mirror containing SCP-3877-2 with sledgehammer.
Result: Upon impact, foreign mirror ceased display of tubular bear trap, and reflected cage displayed on SCP-3877-1 opened. SCP-3877-2 exited cage hurriedly and escaped.

Experiment Log 3877-015
Description: Attempt to establish captive population of SCP-3877 utilizing transplanted instances of SCP-3877-1 and caged instances of SCP-3877-2
Result: Attempt successful. Successful captive population of ~39 instances of SCP-3877-2 established at Biological Containment Site-66.

An unrelated and non-anomalous indigenous human population has been discovered inhabiting the island. Their hierarchy and tools are tribal in nature, and they have been dubbed the "Ursapiens" given their proximity and relationship with SCP-3877. Through the efforts of Foundation translators, contact and positive relationships with these natives has been established. Their tribal rites surrounding death are closely related to SCP-3877, suggesting SCP-3877 may precede the invention of the mirror. The population refers to SCP-3877 as the "Green Sea". An interview was conducted with a chief of the tribe regarding the tribe's relationship with SCP-3877.

Interview Log 3877-011

Interviewer: Dr.
Interviewee: M
Translator:
Foreword: Dr. utilizes a translator to question tribe chieftain M .
[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. : Hello, M .
M : Good fortune, Dr. .
Dr. : I was wondering if you could tell me; why do you send the members of your tribe who are elderly or critically ill to the "Green Sea"?
M : The quickest and easiest way to pass into the [afterlife] is with liberation of the soul from the body. If the body remains after death, the soul must painfully and slowly remove itself through the mouth. The devils which populate the Green Sea feed on the mortal body of our kin. As long as they are fed, they do not invade our homes, raze our crops, and destroy our children. We are allowing the devils to remain happy, while we are able to pass on easier.
Dr. : Are there any records of the "devils" invading your village?
M : *hesitates* No written word exists, but the story told to us as toddlers warns of great danger if the devils are not fed. Many generations have been told a tale of an ocean awash with flame, as the great beasts roam the land unshackled from their prisons.
Dr. : That will be all, M . Thank you.
M : As to you.
[END LOG]
Note: Given our current understanding of SCP-3877's anomalous attributes, currently I am unable to see a conceivable way this story could ever come to pass. Nevertheless, due to the the inherent unpredictability in dealing with anomalous objects, I recommend minimal exposure of SCP-3877 instances to the ocean and ocean water. - Dr.

Footnotes
1. Similarity between this effect and that observed inSCP-919has been noted. Investigation into the potential for each anomaly to be variations of the same phenomenon is ongoing.

SCP-3878: Words Will Never Hurt Me

Item #: SCP-3878

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: The procedure required to operate SCP-3878 has been restricted to Level 5 clearance and translated into the Giimbiyu language. Decryption of the document will only occur with the majority assent of the O5 Council or when the semantic fallout produced by SCP-3878 fades, at which point in time SCP-3878 should be activated again in order to ensure that the Giimbiyu language's cognitohazardous properties (and thus tactical utility) are retained.

Knowledge of SCP-3878 and the continuing existence of the Giimbiyu language and people is to be removed from public access and restricted to Level 4 personnel and above. Extremely sensitive messages should be first translated into Giimbiyu by an authorised speaker (designated an SCP-3878-A instance) and then translated back into the appropriate language by another SCP-3878-A instance: both subjects should be amnesticised directly afterwards. Due to the difficulty of teaching the Giimbiyu language to subjects, SCP-3878-A instances should be exclusively drawn from the native Giimbiyu people.

Description: SCP-3878 is a semantic weapon developed by the Obskuracorps in 1938, derived from the study of anomalous conceptual objects retrieved from the Thule Society's **`expeditions into the multiverse.`** It represented a significant deviation from the majority of semantic weapons at the time, in that it did not rely on a bulky and easy-to-detect physical component: rather, it only used a single human who was subject to a sixteen-week psychological conditioning program.

The conditioning program uses a strict regimen of psychotropic drugs, electroconvulsive therapy and, at the conclusion of the

program, trepanation to create an extremely strong anti-concept within the subject's mind. When the subject is "activated" via exposure to a previously chosen trigger stimulus, the anti-concept interacts with that of the subject's native language and turns all instances of that language (whether written, recorded or otherwise) into a lethal cognitohazard that exclusively affects people who do not fluently speak that language.

History: SCP-3878's to-date only activation was carried out by the Obskuracorps on the 2nd of July, 1939 as part of a effort to cut off secure Foundation communications channels. Seventeen years prior, an alliance between the Foundation and the Giimbiyu people had been formed for the sake of containment of an unrelated (now-neutralised) SCP object – during the Seventh Occult War, the Foundation hired members of the Giimbiyu people to securely transmit tactical messages using codes developed from the Giimbiyu language.

In an attempt to sabotage these channels, the Obskuracorps kidnapped a member of the Giimbiyu people from Site-43 (at the time Research Camp Quisling) and subjected him to the procedure used in the deployment of SCP-3878. He was then exposed to the trigger stimulus, resulting in the Giimbiyu language becoming a lethal cognitohazard to non-native speakers.

Soon after this activation, the Giimbiyu language was temporarily given the designation SCP-3878 while wide-scale containment was implemented and all agents fluent in Giimbiyu placed in containment. After several months of research into the anomaly and using the intelligence gathered by reconaissance missions in the Pacific Theater, the Department of Analytics concluded that SCP-3878 was in fact a result of the semantic weapon deployed by the Obskuracorps now designated SCP-3878, and that this in fact increased the utility of Giimbiyu speakers as a tactical asset, since eavesdroppers trying to intercept their communications would be killed.

Further intelligence obtained following the surrender of Germany indicates that the actual effect of SCP-3878 deviated significantly from the original intent of the weapon. This can be attributed to the lack of rigour present in the Obskuracorps' linguistic investigations,

mainly as a result of bias introduced by researchers attempting to prove the "linguistic superiority" of the Indo-European language family – the detonation thus produced a "fizzle" in which a large amount of conceptual fallout was dispersed, but no actual conceptual destruction occured.

Had SCP-3878 functioned as intended, the entire language would be erased from the consciousness of all its speakers. Following the breakup of the Obskuracorps, several copies of research notes used in the creation of SCP-3878 were lost: investigation as to the possibility that these notes were leaked to hostile Groups of Interest is ongoing.

SCP-3880: ILLEST RAIN SOUNDS ∞ Hours No Looping - White Noise, Nature/Healing/Ambient, Meditation/Insomnia/Study ASMR [ORIGINAL]

Screenshot of a DJ Chaac stream in session, shortly after an SCP-3880 event. Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-3880

Object Class: Keter/Uncontained

Special Containment Procedures: As the DJ Chaac account cannot currently be removed, Foundation focus is on obfuscation of content via generation of streams with identical names and content.

PoI-60413 ("DJ Chaac") is under investigation at mid priority.

Description: SCP-3880 is a phenomenon whereby a small percentage of people indoors during rain storms will become convinced they are not hearing a storm, but instead are listening to the YouTube livestream *ILLEST RAIN SOUNDS ∞ Hours No Looping - White Noise, Nature/Healing/Ambient, Meditation/ Insomnia/Study ASMR [ORIGINAL]*, hosted by user DJ Chaac. People affected in this way will universally report feeling their mood lighten and having their creativity and energy rise for the course of the storm. While no compulsive effect is believed to be at play, the majority of people affected this way will subsequently seek out the actual stream, reporting varying degrees of satisfaction with its content.

The livestream has been running since the YouTube Live service was opened to verified users in May 2013, and features the sounds of rain and thunder streamed live, with occasional interjections from DJ Chaac themself. DJ Chaac regularly engages with live comments on the stream[1], often speaking as if it is an original music livestream - common comments of his include brags about their use of "original organic glyphs" and that fact that none of their storms are ever

identical, leading to their most frequent comment, "Real life has got no repeats".

SCP-3880 was first brought to the Foundation's attention with Storm Desmond, an extratropical cyclone which saw record rainfall in many parts of Ireland, Scotland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden. DJ Chaac claims responsibility for Storm Desmond, as they do many weather patterns, citing their status as a "literal actual storm god". This claim is somewhat suspect, as DJ Chaac has also claimed to be a demigod, the spirit of a rainforest, a sentient gust of wind and the Rainbow Serpent.

Following Storm Desmond, DJ Chaac's regular viewership rose from 38 to a peak of 7,400. Shortly following this, DJ Chaac bought a microphone to communicate with viewers - previously, announcements had been made via a text-to-speech program. Transcripts are recommended, due to the low quality of audio and the unclear nature of DJ Chaac's speech.

Livestream excerpt, 17/12/2015

+Transcript

> Hey uh, can you guys hear me? Can I get uh, can I get some comments- yeah, great! Um, it's ya boi DJ Chaac, no relation.
>
> Welcome all the newcomers - um, looks like Storm Desmond's really put me on the map, I guess, we're now at six *thousand* listeners, that's crazy! Now, I'm thinking - oh, uh, right, em, thanks Blartichoke. There's been, there's been a bit of hostility in chat, I guess, um, new people don't really knowing the deal… that's fine, that's fine! If you're asking me to replay something I've already played before, sorry, I only do live stuff, *cos real life has got no repeats*! Ahah, that's something we say in chat, that's something we say.

So if you want to listen to something old, I upload everything on SoundCloud, link's in the description, or a couple of chat members will host restreams with their favourite of my stuff - ask them about that. Stick around here, though, cos THIS is where the party is!

Alright, I'll gotta get b- I'll get back out of your hair, Chaac out.

The livestream continued to gain popularity over the following year, with users citing good community spirit and the ability to request changes as strong reasons for regularly returning. DJ Chaac began to interject more frequently, commonly during lulls in storm patterns or when switching between storm locations. The first concrete demonstration of DJ Chaac's anomalous ability came when stream regular Shock Through The Heart requested they lessen the intensity of a storm in their area, as their roof was beginning to leak.

Livestream excerpt, 3/12/16

+ Transcript

Loud rain makes DJ Chaac difficult to hear.

Hey!, It's ya boi, DJ um…

Thunder crashes

Ah, jeez, um, I'm just gonna turn this down a little. Sorry, sorry. Uuum, ok… Let's have a little patter, yeah? Yeahhh. Bit of drizzle going… There we go.

Ya boi DJ Chaac, no relation, popping in to share some great news: *it's my birthday*! That's right - be here, ummm…

Paper can be heard rustling.

December ninth, cos we are gonna have a

party! And as part of a new annual tradition, I will be dropping my latest storm, something I've been brewing up for *weeks* now. That's right, *get hype*, cos we are going to have the (sickest/thickest) crashes, the whooshiest winds, the tinkliest rain on glass. This is gonna be better than Desmond, guys, and I *know* you guys love Desmond.

Now, normally the storm pre-streams are only available to Patreons, but as it's my birthday, it'll be totally free, right here on the livestream. Oh, and speaking of Patreon, *big* thanks to the warlocks down at the Unicode Consortium, cos they have *hooked me up* with some glyphs that'll let me make sample packs. I'll put them up on Splice, or they'll also be available immediately for all Patreon backers Jade tier and up.

And as a little taster, spoiler warning for the purists, the title of this one is gonna be Storm Caly. As in *Calypso*. Yeahhhhhh.

DJ Chaac, out.

At this point, it was decided that the stream should be shut down, and standard contacts within Alphabet Incorporated were activated to remove the account. This proved impossible, however, as all accounts associated with DJ Chaac feature a strong cryptoarchaic ward, with various power sigils embedded within DJ Chaac's user details. Investigation of the account revealed a private video featuring audio of activation words for said sigils. Attempts at cracking this ward by Foundation thaumaturgic assets proved fruitless. Shortly after Storm Caly, which killed 9, the Foundation elected to hire a Three Portlands contractor to handle takedown of the livestream.

Livestream excerpt, 12/12/2016

+ Transcript

Hey, it's ya- Um… it's Chaac. Hey.

I've got some good news and some bad news, I, I- I've got some bad news. Looks like the stream's gonna end, guys. Um, Lúghnasa, um, who I thought-
DJ Chaac stumbles over their words.
- who was my friend, he's claiming he was in Blackrock when I was making Storm Desmond, that I, that I used *his* storm clouds? W-w-which is bullshit, by the way, aaha, he's not even a storm god, he's a war god who's associated with storms, but *whatever*. He can't put a copyright strike on a video, because I haven't put up a video, so he's reported my account, um.. Well, yesterday, YouTube tried to take down my account. Uh, they can't yet, it's got some protections from friends, but for their sake, so they don't get discovered, I'm gonna have to take it down before YouTube looks too deep into some code and figures um… Y-y-you don't need to know this - the point is my account is getting suspended soon. Like, like possibly today, tomorrow. He, he's put similar strikes on Soundcloud, Bandcamp, Patreon… for some bullshit reason they've all gone through? This is, um… The regulars, you guys will know how to get through to me, but for everyone else, all the people who just joined today, the people who have been listening day in and day out, um, this is probably goodbye? That's weird to say.

Maybe it's just some background noise for you guys, but this stream has meant a lot to me. Um, everything? I wasn't really creating before this, I'd sunk into this shitty depressive *thing*, and you guys, you guys helped me find myself

myself again? Find my voice? Heh. A lot of people, in real life, they make fun of my lisp, but you guys are all just *so nice* when I talk…

DJ Chaac takes a deep breath.

I'm not gonna go back to how I was before, lying in bed all day til 2pm… I was missing lectures and I was missing friends and I… It might not be the way you expect, but I'm going to keep the rains coming, for all of you. Maybe that doesn't sound great, lots of people hate rain… How about this? I'll keep the flowers growing, the rivers flowing, the great winds blowing. All because I'm owing you the world.

That works.

Chaac out.

As DJ Chaac's identity remains unknown and their anomalous abilities are therefore still outside of Foundation containment standards, this article has not been reclassified. A proposal is ongoing to shift the article's focus to DJ Chaac themself.

Dr. Ryoko Sato, a Foundation employee who often listened to the livestream, now reports that during rainstorms, she feels as if she is sitting with a friend.

Other works by Rimple

SCP-2779, Rating: 187
SCP-3880, Rating: 169
SCP-2338, Rating: 153
SCP-2559, Rating: 145
SCP-948, Rating: 134
Operation ÓverMeta, Rating: 120
SCP-3559, Rating: 71
SCP-3772, Rating: 68
SCP-3373, Rating: 56

SCP-3224, Rating: 46
Headache, Rating: 30
This Year, Rating: 19

Footnotes
1. See archived chat logs attached to DJ Chaac's file, PoI-60413

SCP-3881: A Disregarded Proposal

Item #: SCP-3881

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3881 is to be kept within a standard containment locker. No further containment procedures are necessary.

Description: SCP-3881 is a classic gold band style wedding ring with a few cosmetic alterations. When worn by a human being, SCP-3881 will immediately transport the wearer to an unknown location. Upon removal, the ring and the wearer will be returned to their previous position.

The location is a clearing in a forest containing a single thatched-roof house. The house is fully furnished, well maintained and shows signs of prior use. Clothing within the house presumably belonged to an adult male, shoe-size 10, with approximately five years of disuse.

SCP-3881 was discovered within a pawn shop, being pawned by a Miss Pamela Smith.

Addendum A:

Interview Transcript

Interviewee: Miss Pamela Smith

Interviewer: Researcher

<Begin Log>

: For the record, name and occupation.

Smith: Pamela Smith, unemployed.

: Excellent, thank you. Would you mind answering a few questions about a ring you received?

Smith: I'd… rather not, if that's OK. It's not a topic I like to discuss.

: Miss Smith, this ring is essential to our investigation.

Smith: Investigation? Howard's legally dead, what reason could you *possibly* have for an investigation?

Miss Smith furrows her brow and stares at Researcher . Her tone has risen slightly.

: Miss Smith, I think we may be on the wrong page. Did you ever wear the ring?

Smith: What kind of a question is that? Of course I didn't. I couldn't even look at the thing.

Miss Smith relaxes in her chair.

Smith: I'm sorry. It's just… too much, you know? I miss him. I know it's stupid and emotional to get attached to a ring.

: That's not true at all. We're all human. Is that why you pawned the ring?

Smith: I just… always knew that it was in the house. It nagged at me. I couldn't move on while it was around, like he was waiting for me. Does that make any sense? It doesn't help that he sent me that sappy letter, either.

: A letter?

Smith: I'll go get it if it'll help you in… whatever you're

doing.

: That would be appreciated, thank you.

<End Log>

Addendum B: A transcription of the letter given to The Foundation by Pamela Smith.

Dear Pam,

I'm writing this to you because I failed. I'm on the run. I probably won't be able to see you again. I can't go into detail, but you need to forget about me.

I'm also writing this because you've been incredible. I've had so much fun falling in love with you. I remember our first date, out on the hill where we got lost in each other's eyes. I remember the long walks where we would worry about what colour plates to buy. I remember the petty fights where we got mad about where to put the furniture, or what we would call our kids. I wouldn't trade these things for anything else in the whole world.

I've worked hard for the ring within this envelope. Please, wear it. That way, we'll be together no matter how far apart we are.

Will you marry a dead man?

With love,
Howard.

SCP-3882: A Literal Metal Band

Item #: SCP-3882

Object Class: Declassified

Special Containment Procedures: On 06/04/2019, the Triumvirate council voted on the declassification of SCP-3882 in a 6-3 vote. To help the population of Earth adjust to imminent event **XK-610-Ω**, versions of SCP-3882 with adjusted anomalous effects have been introduced into the general populace. Audio files of the unadjusted versions of these songs are available on request.

Description: SCP-3882 currently refers to five concept albums created by The Shattered Deus, a three-person metal group affiliated with **Mekhanism**. The aim of The Shattered Deus, in the words of founding member 16 Edgar Kingsmith.5, is "spreading the word of MEKHANE and rocking the fuck out while doing so."[1]

Each instance of SCP-3882 corresponds to a major piece of Mekhanite scripture, and while all fitting in the genre of metal music, each instance varies in tone and composition. All instances share the same basic anomaly, where a memetic agent (classified SCP-3882-A) is inserted into the instrumentation of the songs. When made audible, SCP-3882-A causes the implantation of knowledge of relevant pieces of Mekhanite scripture into the listeners, which varies from album to album.

The full list of SCP-3882 instances follows:

- SCP-3882-1 is titled *Rise and Fall of Mekhane*, and has twelve tracks listed. SCP-3882-1's songs are an amalgamated retelling of various Mekhanite creation myths from the Book of Shattering[2]. Music generally conforms to the glam metal genre, but the final two tracks are more akin to industrial metal.
- SCP-3882-2 is titled *Brass Rites and Silicon Rituals*,

composed of seventeen tracks. Each track retells a different ceremony or ritual as described in both Maxwellist and Cogwork Orthodox teachings. Broken Church teachings are notably absent.
- SCP-3882-3 is titled *Horrors of the Flesh.* A death metal album with twenty-two tracks, SCP-3882-3 is a retelling of the Books of Horrors and Disassembly, which both portend various apocalyptic events relevant to the teachings of Mekhanism.
- SCP-3882-4 is titled *D3FR4GM3N7 W4N*^{3}, and is a deviation from the style of other albums produced by The Shattered Deus. Largely focusing on Maxwellist gospels, particularly the accounts of Saints, most of the tracks have techno instrumentation, but have lyrics that are in the style of metal songs.
- SCP-3882-5 is titled *Steam-Powered Souls*. Songs retell pieces of Cogwork Orthodox scripture related to the augmentation of members through anomalous means. Significantly more somber than other albums, members of The Shattered Deus cite the song *Hurt* by the band Nine Inch Nails as a major inspiration for the album.

Knowledge implanted by SCP-3882-A is accompanied by a minor compulsive effect in individuals that are not members of any Mekhanite sect. These individuals will passively be drawn to individuals, objects, writings and iconography relevant to the Mekhanite faiths. In several cases, individuals affected by SCP-3882-A were capable of locating a single member of the Church of Maxwellism in a crowd of over 200 non-anomalous individuals.

This behavior typically leads to the discovery of Mekhanism; however, due to the large amount of both anomalous and mundane body modification undergone by most major sects, conversion rate is predictably low. Due to being a method though which the general populous can discover relatively benign anomalies, SCP-3882 is part of the Triumvirate's Project ENNUI, mainly focusing on distribution of SCP-3882 in North America, the UK, and Japan.

Addendum: Dossier on Members of The Shattered Deus:

Name: 16 Edgar Kingsmith.5
Gender: Male
Role: Lead guitar and vocals
Sect: Broken Church
History: Born as Edgar Kingsmith in 1989, converted to Mekhanism following two tours in the Iraq war, and subsequent loss of their left leg. Approached by the Mekhanist charity "God's Arms",[4] which offered a replacement limb in exchange for Kingsmith studying Mekhanist teachings. Received an instance of E-1932[5] in 2010 as a display of loyalty to the Broken Church. Fought in several conflicts between proto-Triumvirate forces and the Broken Church, including a retaliatory assault for **`a Horizon Initiative attack on a Broken Church settlement`** in [REDACTED], resulting in the partial destruction of a major piece of UAE-Aleph-015.
Major Augmentations:

- Instance of E-1932 (replacing larynx)
- Left leg is an Anderson Robotics Acoustolimb model, and acts as a speaker with high audio fidelity.
- Fingers on both hands have been replaced with custom-made augmentations that are capable of producing sound when "strumming" the air similar to a guitar.

Name: Great Engine 94
Gender: Undisclosed.
Role: Bass Guitar
Sect: Cogwork Orthodoxy
History: Date of birth and name unknown. Allegedly a life-long member of the Cogwork Orthodoxy. Underwent full-body conversion at the age of 21.[6] Only biological components remaining are the skeletal structure, heart and larynx. Joined the Shattered Deus after seeing Kingsmith.5 performing solo in BackdoorSoHo, New York City, New York.
Major Augmentations:

- Collapsible base guitar integrated into torso, removable without threatening the integrity of the body.
- Vocal amplifiers located above larynx, allowing for up to 130dB of vocal amplification without physical strain.
- Low-power ballistic cannons located in shoulders, allowing for detonation of fireworks or blanks, capable of producing sounds of up to 140dB.

Name: Jackintosh of Albany
Role: Drummer and backup vocals
Gender: Female
Sect: Church of Maxwellism
History: Born in 1992, second-generation Maxwellist. Born as Jackie Smythe in London, England, originally saw a performance by the Shattered Deus in Three Portlands, and later persuaded Kingsmith.5 and Great Engine 94 to include her in the band after a musical battle in Hastily Made Cleveland Backdoor, Cleveland, Ohio.
Major Augmentations:

- Speakers implanted in shoulders, capable of producing high-fidelity sound.
- Eardrums are connected to an implanted 3TB hard drive, allowing for the recording of several hundred hours of music.
- Holographic projectors located around solar plexus allow for the production of semi-solid light constructs, which act as drums capable of being played by Jackintosh. This process uses a large amount of internal battery and produces heat, and as such, is impractical for long-term use.

Addendum: Lyrical Samples: Lyrics from instances of SCP-3882 are non-anomalous, and as such, lyrics from songs written by the Shattered Deus have been provided below; access to full songs written by SCP-3882 are available on request.

Italicized lyrics are spoken as opposed to sung.

From SCP-3882-1:

> *Track Title: She*
>
> *In the beginning, there was darkness.*
> *Then, the Demiurge declared that there would be light.*
> *From this light came chaos and material*
> *To contain the chaos, a cage was built.*
> *Before all this, She was born.*
>
> She! Is the cage and
> She! Is the savior and
> She! Is the voice of the gears
> She! Is shattered and now
> She! Must be reborn
>
> She! Is the soul of the brass
> She! Is the wind through the grass
> She! Is the silicon brain
> She! Is the voice on the rain!
>
> She's watched over us for billions of years,
> And mankind has shed so many tears
> For the being who they never knew,
> The voice in the stars, coming back anew!
>
> She! Is the Broken One!
> She! Is the Fragmented One!
> She! Will be shattered no more!
> She! Will be riding on the mortal shore!
> She! Comes upon a cogwork steed!
> She! Will accept all into her creed!
> She! Heralds the coming of the rebirth!
> She! Will save the Earth!
>
> She's watched over us for billions of years,
> And mankind has shed so many tears,
> The sins of the flesh will be undone,
> And a new age will have begun!
>
> She! Is the rebellious voice!

She! Gave us the choice!
She! Is our hope!
She! Is MEKHANE!

From SCP-3882-2:

Track Title: The Rain of Oil[7]

Your heart ticks and tocks and ticks and tocks,
Your brain picks our locks, picks our locks,
And you cannot comprehend, comprehend,
That though you die, it is not the end.

The next chapter, the undiscovered country
Begins when the gears of your heart break and stall.
First you drown, and then from the lake of oil you emerge,
And you shall see her above, waiting for your sins to be purged!

Rust does not exist
Under the Rain of Oil!
The wicked shall no more persist
Under the Rain of Oil!

The tears of Mekhane![8]
Wash away the sins of mortality!
Our minds are one with her!
And we transcend reality!
She weeps out of joy,
Seeing us with her once more!
Combined!
Whole!
Ready! To! Fight! The! End!

Death does not exist
Under the Rain of Oil!
The righteous shall be kissed
By the Rain of Oil!

From SCP-3882-3:

Track Title: Banished Rot

Kythera falls under a stream of bloody lava.
MEKHANE weeps, clutching her hammer tight.
From this sadness, soon, fury arises.
And she proclaims her war against the Flesh that Hates.

YOU!
Filthy God, Wretched Flesh, Sinful Material!
Rot into the fires of obscurity!
You white worms will not find footing in our world!
Our ichor sheds, poisoning your blood!
My hammer falls!
On!
Your!
Skulls![9]

I banish you!
Your rot recoils!
Electric evisceration!
The hammer of lightning
Sends you flying!
Your bones broken,
Your followers dying!
I seal you!
Beneath the Frozen Plain!
And I reveal you!
To be the evil! The horror!
THE FLESH!

I banish thee.[10]
I seal thee.
And when you return,
When you break free,
I will be waiting with the cannons of justice aimed at your skulls.

From SCP-3882-5:

Track Title: The Gears of the Universe
Turning eternal, the stars are cogs,

Atoms grind in time to
The music of the spheres
Energies fold upon themselves,
As a background radiation battle
Rages for a billion years.

We feel the warmth of the eternal engines,
Shielding us from the cold chaos,
Factory fires, widening gyres,
Entropy consumes us,
Still the gears of the universe turn.

Addendum: Release Negotiations: In June of 2019, Dr. Yi Soon met with all three members of the Shattered Deus in Albany, New York, following a concert in order to negotiate a release of their albums to the general public.

Begin Log

Dr. Soon: All right, there's the contract there. Look it over at your leisure.

Kingsmith.5: Sorry, but. This is weird. You've tried to exterminate our religion for the past hundred years or so. And suddenly you want to spread it.

Dr. Soon: I understand your apprehension. But… well, you've become a valuable ally, in light of what happened at Baikal. We've engineered a cure for the Flesh virus, we're beating back the Sarkics better than ever, and… (Dr. Soon sighs and takes off his glasses to rub his face.) I need to be honest. The world's going to end, in one way or another. And humanity isn't prepared for a God of Flesh and a God of Metal duking it out over… where, exactly?

Jackintosh: There's a lot of debate over where the Great Battle is going to take place. Supposedly, it's at the easternmost point of the world, but that was back when we though the world was flat, like the surface of an anvil.

Great Engine 94: The Consensus Is Korea.

Jackintosh: Among the tickers, yeah. The headcanon in the Network is that it's going to be somewhere in Siberia, maybe near the Bering Strait.

Kingsmith.5: Point is: East. It's going to be east of Greece.

Dr. Soon: In any case, we need some osmosis to prepare people for what's coming. We're already employing some paratech not found outside of 3Ports in medical procedures among the general populous. The Cleveland Clinic has figured out how to grow and transplant new stomachs with the schematics we gave them from Prometheus Labs.

Great Engine 94: You Are Also Releasing Some Anomalous Media, Yes?

Dr. Soon: Some, yeah, which is another reason why we're talking to you.

Jackintosh: Was wondering why ***Pauper*** suddenly had a resurgence in popularity. Thank WAN for Nintendo.

Dr. Soon: Basically: if it doesn't kill anyone, we're releasing it. And your music seems like a good place to start the osmosis of Mekhanism into the popular consciousness.

Kingsmith.5: Agreed. Give us a little bit.

(All three individuals deploy antennae from their skulls, and stay still for approximately fifty seconds, before Jackintosh speaks.)

Jackintosh: Took a bit to convince Great Engine, but we're happy to have a wider audience. Sales in 3Ports and BackdoorSoHo are down. What's the release schedule?

Dr. Soon: We don't want to flood the market. We're thinking of combining *Rise and Fall* and *Brass Rites* into a single album and releasing it under our music label.

Kingsmith.5: You have a music la— of course you do. What do you think, Jack?

Jackintosh: We'd get some of the profits, at least?

Dr. Soon: Of course. We're not Motown. We'd also give it enough exposure that it became semi-mainstream.

Great Engine 94: Please Don't Let It Start A Juggalo Movement.

Dr. Soon: Beg pardon?

Jackintosh: Basically, stupidly popular band in the 2000's made up a fake religion for their albums. Their music was, by and large, awful. I'd rather listen to the Flesh masturbating furiously than hear them.

Dr. Soon: Well, I can't make any promises. The music-consuming public can be rather… odd. Fanatical in some cases.

Kingsmith.5: Let's not have any zealots born of this, either. We have some original recordings; we can probably tone down the parts of Her Word we have in there.

Jackintosh: We're about to record a single from our sixth album, too.

Dr. Soon: Really? Tell me about it.

Kingsmith.5: It's going to be epic. Like, jaw-droppingly great. We're ready to release the first single from it; it's called "Voltaic Virtues". Gonna be electro-metal, mainly focusing on a lesser-known faction of the Maxwellists.

Jackintosh: Well, more of a hybrid of Maxwellism and

Orthodoxy; the Tesla Society is relatively new in town, but they're gaining traction, especially in those who grew up in mixed-religion households.

Dr. Soon: I… see.

Great Engine 94: Anything Else?

Dr. Soon: To be honest, I have to ask: why don't you produce more industrial metal?

Kingsmith.5: That's a bit stereotypical, don't you think?

Dr. Soon: Fair enough.

End Log

Footnotes
1. Emphasis removed.
2. Referred to as "The Broken God" by Cogwork Orthodox sects, and "The Great Fragmentation" by Maxwellists.
3. Meant to be read as "Defragment WAN"
4. Made defunct by a joint Foundation-Horizon Initative effort in 2008, recently reconstituted.
5. An anomalous artificial organ made of clockwork; most members of the Broken Church opt for an instance of E-1932 to replace their heart, but others prefer stomachs, lungs, kidneys, or even larynges.
6. Considered the age of adulthood within the Cogwork Orthodox Church.
7. The title of this track refers to a weather pattern the Cogwork Orthodox church believes occurs in the afterlife, where kerosene or a similar oil falls instead of rain, igniting if it lands upon a wicked being, washing away flesh on those who have conformed to the Church's teachings.
8. Noted to be a title also given toSCP-217.
9. These lyrics are accompanied by a sound produced by "banging a sledgehammer against a pile of cymbals", according to members of The Shattered Deus.
10. This portion is spoken by an individual identified as Saint Lovelace of Kings, a major figure in the Church of Maxwellism's British parishes.

SCP-3883: Dildos Have Dreams Too

Item #: SCP-3883

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3883 is to be kept in a standard secure locker in Site-16. Access to SCP-3883 requires Level-2 or higher authorization.

Personnel requesting permission for testing with SCP-3883 must first submit a detailed experimental procedures log to the project supervisor.

Description: SCP-3883 is a green tentacle-shaped silicone dildo measuring 16.5 cm in length. Two anomalous properties are associated with SCP-3883: the first effect manifests when SCP-3883 is placed in front of a reflective surface, while the second effect manifests when a human individual enters REM sleep[1] within a 1.5 meter radius of the object.

When SCP-3883 is placed in front of a reflective surface[2], the resulting reflection will differ in appearance from SCP-3883, depending on the type of reflective surface used to view the object. A brief overview of the altered reflections is as follows:

Reflective Surface	Reflection
Mirrors[3]	Unremarkable (normal) reflection of SCP-3883.
Liquids	A green *Octopus vulgaris* (common octopus).
Transparent (non-opaque) windows	A green humanoid with multiple appendages hanging from the lower face. It appears to have an unguligrade[4] posture.
Technological Screens[5]	A green, spherical organism. Features include a single eye on

	the front of the body and multiple appendages that protrude from the top of the body. Additional eyes are present on the end of the appendages.
Food-related Items[6]	A green organism with a resemblance to *Asterias rubens* (common sea star). The reflection exhibits behavior similar to the feeding habits of *Asterias rubens*, namely ejecting its stomach outwards. This is believed to be an attempted threat display.

When a human enters the REM sleep phase while within 1.5 meters of SCP-3883, they will enter a mental state involving highly-realistic dreams[7]. The affected individual will be unable to leave this mental state by their own will; to return to full consciousness, they must either experience a "death" within the dream or be woken up by an outside force. SCP-3883 can only affect one individual at a time.

Dreams reported by individuals affected by SCP-3883 are varied in detail, but possess repeating themes. All SCP-3883 experimentation subjects report being chased by an antagonistic entity, designated SCP-3883-1. SCP-3883-1 has been noted to appear under multiple guises, but tends to be described as a large figure (standing over 10 meters tall), possessing multiple appendages and colored a bright green similar to SCP-3883 in hue. SCP-3883-1 has demonstrated signs of sapience, and based on collected data it is currently theorized that SCP-3883-1 is an alternate manifestation of SCP-3883.

Communication can be established with SCP-3883-1 by a sleeping individual simply speaking to it during a dream. When engaged in conversation, SCP-3883-1 has exhibited differing demeanors with members of Foundation personnel it has interacted with. See the attached interview logs for details.

> + Interview 3883-01
>
> On 2/3/20 , Dr. Harpy, a researcher at Site-16 who

specializes in Safe-class items, requested to attempt communication with SCP-3883-1. Request was approved following Dr. Harpy's completion of a training course provided by **Oneiroi** specialists from **MTF Omnicron Rho**. Upon awakening, Dr. Harpy described the dream, which was transcribed to create the following log.

<Begin Log>

Upon entering REM sleep, Dr. Harpy finds himself in a generic metropolitan area. Immediately, the ground begins to quake. A humanoid figure roughly 15 meters tall becomes visible, destroying multiple buildings. The creature is identified by Dr. Harpy as SCP-3883-1 due to its coloration and multiple appendages that resemble tentacles. Dr. Harpy does not move as SCP-3883-1 approaches. SCP-3883-1's body language shows signs of confusion and the following exchange occurs:

SCP-3883-1: ARE YOU NOT AFRAID, HUMAN?

Dr. Harpy: No, I am not. We've studied you. I know that this is just a dream and you cannot physically harm me. My name is Dr. Harpy.

SCP-3883-1: FOOLISH MAN. THIS IS NO DREAM. I AM IKARANA, CONSUMER OF GALAXIES. RUN IN TERROR.

Dr. Harpy: I'm not going to do that. I'd actually like to talk with you, ask you a few questions.

SCP-3883-1: I ANSWER TO NO MAN. FEAR ME MORTAL.

Dr. Harpy: Are you aware of what you really

are? Outside of dreams, you're a sex to-

SCP-3883-1: STOP. ENOUGH!

At this point, SCP-3883-1 proceeds to crush Dr. Harpy with one of its appendages, "killing" him in the dream and causing him to wake up.

<End Log>

+ Interview 3883-02

Dr. Harpy attempted to interview SCP-3883-1 again on 02/09/20 .

<Begin Log>

Upon entering REM sleep, Dr. Harpy appears to be on a cargo ship in the middle of a storm. A humanoid figure (identified as SCP-3883-1 based on appearance) standing about 10 meters tall emerges from the water. The following exchange takes place:

SCP-3883-1: IKARANA, CONSUMER OF THE DEEP, HAS RETURNED TO FEAST AGAIN, MORTALS.

Dr. Harpy: Hello again. I would like to ask you a few questions.

SCP-3883-1: YOU AGAIN? DO YOU NOT REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME? WHEN WILL YOU LEARN TO FEAR ME?

Dr. Harpy: As I stated before, I have no reason to fear you. I know I'm dreaming. May I ask a few questions?

SCP-3883-1 appears frustrated when Dr.

Harpy finishes speaking. SCP-3883-1 proceeds to attack the ship until opening a hole in the hull. The ship begins to sink slowly.

SCP-3883-1: HAHAHA! HOW CAN YOU NOT BE AFRAID NOW? THERE'S NO WAY OUT, YOU ARE GOING TO DIE HERE.

Dr. Harpy: Ikarana, how many times must I state this? I know this is a dream, you cannot cause any kind of distress to me. What do I have to fear?

SCP-3883-1: ME! FEAR ME!

At this point, SCP-3883-1 picks up Dr. Harpy and throws him into the ocean. Upon impact with the water, Dr. Harpy is awakened from the dream.

<End Log>

+ Interview 3883-03

Dr. Harpy attempted to interview SCP-3883-1 again on 02/10/20 .

<Begin Log>

*Upon entering REM sleep, Dr. Harpy appears to be in a living room. An armchair and a couch are present. In the armchair is a common octopus (*Octopus vulgaris*) with a bright green coloration. Dr. Harpy assumes this is SCP-3883-1. SCP-3883-1 indicates for Dr. Harpy to sit down and the following exchange takes place.*

Dr. Harpy: So Ikarana, are you finally ready to answer some questions? What made you

change from your usual setup?

SCP-3883-1: I saw it was you and I just gave up. I knew my old routine wouldn't work on you. I figured that out during our first meeting. I guess I was just in denial.

Dr. Harpy: Why do you stick to this "old routine"? Why make these dreams?

SCP-3883-1: Don't you know what I am? Not in here, I mean, out there. In the real world. Do you know what I'm used for?

Dr. Harpy: Well yes, but-

SCP-3883-1: Have you seen me? I'm a tentacle! I should be part of a giant abomination or some city destroying monster not…not a mating substitute! It's…it's just embarrassing.

Dr. Harpy: So, these dreams are a form of escape for you?

SCP-3883-1: Exactly! And I don't see a problem with it, do you? It's a win-win. I get to pretend I'm what I've always wanted to be and you humans get an interesting dream for once in your lives.

Dr. Harpy: I think I see.

SCP-3883-1: Doc can you uh…can you do me a favor?

Dr. Harpy: Yes, Ikarana?

SCP-3883-1: Can you send some new faces in every now and then? I just want to… I just want to keep my little facade going. It helps a lot.

Dr. Harpy: …I'll see what I can do.

Dr. Harpy awakens at this point and records the dream.

<End Log>

Addendum 3883-1: As per Interview 3883-03, a request has been made to allow at least one D-Class individual (or research personnel member unaware of SCP-3883's effects) to sleep near SCP-3883 once weekly. Approval for the change to containment procedures is pending.

Footnotes
1. A phase of sleep characterized by random eye movement and the propensity for vivid dreams.
2. As noted below, mirrors appear to be the exception to this effect.
3. Multiple types of mirrors, including compact mirrors, full-length mirrors, and decorative wall mirrors have been tested, all with the same result.
4. Describing the gait of ungulates (e.g. horses and cows), in which only the tips of the digits (i.e. the hooves) are on the ground and the rest of the foot is off the ground.
5. Including screens of televisions, computer monitors, and cellular phones.
6. Includes reflective containers used to store edibles, fruit with a high shine, cutlery, etc.
7. Commonly referred to as "lucid dreaming", involving the sleeper having full control over their actions in the dream.

« SCP-3882 | SCP-3883 | SCP-3884 »

SCP-3884: Gunmetal Gary Puts the Peddle to the Metal

Item #: SCP-3884

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3884 is not physically containable at this time. Secondary containment procedures are considered adequate until a more feasible mechanism for SCP-3884's containment is determined.

Mobile Task Force Rho-66 “Road Hogs” will maintain continual ground and aerial patrols of the American Southwest. When alerted by Foundation listening network PANOPTICON, MTF Rho-66 assets will engage SCP-3884. If SCP-3884 is stationed in a heavily-populated area, Foundation assets will establish an observation cordon around SCP-3884 and immediately confiscate any items distributed to the populace by SCP-3884-01 while deflecting local law enforcement involvement. MTF Rho-66 will then track SCP-3884 until it has cleared the population center, then engage. Resultant explosion will be publicly designated a vehicular accident.

All civilians and local law enforcement personnel exposed to SCP-3884 will be amnesticized.

Under no circumstances are Foundation personnel to attempt to acquire or redeem Civil Defense Points.

Description: SCP-3884 is a black Industrieverband Fahrzeugbau (IFA) W 50 cab-over truck that displays a number of anomalous properties.

SCP-3884's performance capabilities exceed that of a standard cargo truck. It has shown the ability to attain speeds of over 270 kilometers per hour, and exhibits effects characteristic of a Class 2 reality distortion field, including spatiotemporal translocation and the

spontaneous manifestation of matter, described in further detail below.

SCP-3884 will typically manifest within the outskirts of a population center, then drive to a local gathering point such as a strip mall, market, fairground, parking lot, or downtown area, whereupon SCP-3884-01 will exit the vehicle, lower its rear hatch, and attempt to distribute its wares. If approached by an element that intends to detain or obstruct SCP-3884-01's activities, SCP-3884 will explode, and SCP-3884-01 will vanish. SCP-3884 will then remanifest elsewhere in the southwestern United States after a variable amount of time.

SCP-3884-01 visually resembles an emaciated, significantly decomposed humanoid figure, typically wearing a stahlhelm, leather trenchcoat, and combat boots. SCP-3884-01 will **`loudly advertise its products`** and attempt to give them to any passersby within arm's reach, or simply throw them on the ground in a pile near SCP-3884 in the frequent event that no civilians accept them. These items have thus far included fully-automatic machine guns, high-powered anti-materiel rifles, rocket launchers, flamethrowers, anti-personnel and anti-vehicle mines, and, in one instance, a Nerf brand toy rifle, spray-painted black and given to a small child.

Each individual instance of weaponry will have a flyer crudely affixed to it with duct tape. Text follows.

IT'S TIME TO LOCK AND LOAD, CITIZENS!

DO YOU WANT TO BE SAFE?
DO YOU WANT TO SHOW

THOSE BASTARDS HOW TOUGH YOU ARE? ARE YOU AS *FUCKING TERRIFIED* AS I AM? NOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOURSELF AND YOUR LOVED ONES WITH THESE EXCELLENT SHOOTERS AND BLOWEMUPS! I MADE THEM MYSELF AND THEY'RE *REAL GOOD!!!*

THIS IS NOT A DRILL! CIVILIZATION IS UNDER ATTACK *RIGHT NOW* BY SOME *NASTY CHARACTERS THAT ARE DEFINITELY NOT FROM AROUND HERE!* I CAN MAKE THESE THINGS OUT OF THIN AIR LIKE SOME KIND OF GODDAMN *SHOTGUN WIZARD* FOR REASONS THAT ARE BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING AND I'M *PASSING THE SAVINGS ON TO YOU*!!!

COLLECT ENOUGH CIVIL DEFENSE POINTS AND EARN SOME SUPER SPECIAL PRIZES TO FIGHT THAT EVIL EVEN HARDER! *WHAT ARE CIVIL DEFENSE POINTS YOU ASK???* HERE'S A HANDY LIST TO GET YOU STARTED! HA! HA! HA!

Grab a weapon from your pal, Gunmetal Gary!

- 1 point each!
"TO BE FOREARMED IS TO HAVE AT LEAST FOUR KINDS OF ARMS!"

Stop a crime! - 5 points!
"TAKE THAT, BAD GUYS! NOT IN OUR BACKYARD! EVILDOERS DON'T DESERVE KNEECAPS!"

Muster a militia! - 20 points!
"LEAD YOUR SQUAD TO VICTORY AGAINST EVIL! IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET EATEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO DOWN TOGETHER!"

Neutralize an adversary! - 30 points!
*"YEAH, **FUCK** THAT GUY!"*

Slay a beast of the MOTHER - 50 points!
"SHE'S NOT WELCOME HERE! THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEND YOUR CHILDREN IS BY KILLING HERS!"

REDEEM YOUR POINTS FOR AMAZING PRIZES, AND TAKE THE FIGHT TO EVIL'S DOORSTEP! DONT WORRY, FOR SOME REASON I ALREADY KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, AND YOUR PRIZE IS ALREADY ON THE WAY!

5 points – Limited edition GUNMETAL GARY body armor!
"MAKE YOUR HIDE AS TOUGH AS STEEL! HECK YEAH! KEEP YOUR GUTS WHERE THE BIG BOSS PUT EM!"

50 points – One of Gunmetal Gary's patented CREMATOR™ flamethrowers! Three barrels of white-hot justice, fuel canisters included!
"OUR ENEMY DOESN'T FEAR FIRE, BUT IT SURE MAKES ME FEEL BETTER ANYWAY! LIGHT THOSE THINGS UP LIKE A GODDAMN CHRISTMAS TREE! FEEL THE HEAT! WOAH BABY!"

200 points – 12-pack of Gunmetal Gary's signature PERDITION™ signal grenades! Just

pull the pin and throw, and your airstrike is inbound, soldier! Never fear, Gary's got your back!
"*LET THEM LOOK UPON THE SKY WITH TERROR! THEY'VE GOT THE OCEANS, BUT THEY SURE AS FUCK CAN'T FLY! YET! JEEPERS WOW!*"

500 points – One IRON DEVASTATOR™ assault vehicle, designed by yours truly! With hardware like this, EVIL doesn't stand a chance!
"***HOLY CRAP LOOK AT THIS HOT MAMA!*** *YOU ARE HUMANITY'S STEEL-CLAD SALVATION! YOU ARE HEAVY METAL THUNDER! THEY SAID A TANK THE SIZE OF A HOUSE WAS TOO MUCH!* ***I SAID GO FUCK YOURSELF!***"

100,000 points – You are beyond war. Your time has come.

As SCP-3884's activities invariably attract local law enforcement attention, its attempts to supply weaponry to the populace are brief and swiftly interrupted. To date, civilians have reacted negatively to all SCP-3884 appearances and none have willingly accepted any items given by SCP-3884-01. As a result, none have participated in its rewards program, thus information regarding the aforementioned "prizes" is limited.

Efforts to successfully detain SCP-3884 or SCP-3884-01 are currently underway.

SCP-3885: The High-Octane Full-Throttle Adventures of the Exploding Zombie Gearheads

Item #: SCP-3885

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As Vulture Gulch is officially designated a ghost town by Maricopa County, little administrative containment is required. A perimeter of reinforced concrete barricades surrounding SCP-3885 will be maintained and monitored by a permanent armed security contingent under the guise of ongoing hazardous material cleanup.

To incentivize continued good behavior, SCP-3885-01 are to be provided three inoperable or decommissioned automobiles per month.

Description: SCP-3885 is the small mining town of Vulture Gulch, located in Maricopa County, Arizona, United States of America, which was officially declared abandoned on July 9th, 1973, primarily due to concerns over the amount of radon gas being produced by the uranium deposits present in nearby Vulture Gulch Mine.

SCP-3885 occupies an area of less than 6 km^2, and was home to 359 inhabitants at its most populous. Currently the majority of the town remains intact albeit in dilapidated condition, despite the activities of SCP-3885-01.

SCP-3885-01 is the collective designation for the current residents of SCP-3885.

SCP-3885-01 are humanoid entities confirmed to be genetically human, but with a number of anomalous properties. SCP-3885-01 outwardly resemble humans in a state of significant decomposition and desiccation. Many exhibit signs of bodily trauma, such as missing body parts or significant laceration; however, some others

display apparent mutations such as highly increased muscle mass or additional limbs. All SCP-3885-01 entities demonstrate greatly enhanced physical strength and durability regardless of body type. How SCP-3885-01 exhibit these properties despite their apparent state of physical decay and lack of conventional biological vitality is unknown.

These entities inhabit the ruins of SCP-3885 and appear to adhere to a loosely-structured communal society which centers around the construction, repair, maintenance, and utilization of heavily modified automobiles. Prior to containment, SCP-3885-01 were observed to periodically drive to surrounding townships, whereupon they would locate and steal vehicles from garages, auto parts suppliers, and dealerships (in addition to miscellaneous parts and tools) before returning them to Vulture Gulch to be scavenged and mechanically altered. While several instances of these raids were observed, and SCP-3885-01 entities would frequently threaten civilians with violence if their goods were not surrendered, there is no recorded instance of SCP-3885-01 having carried out any act of physical assault against any member of the surrounding populace.

SCP-3885-01 display **`low overall intelligence`**, and exhibit only rudimentary understanding of automotive mechanics or engineering in general. As a result the vehicles produced by SCP-3885-01 invariably range from merely structurally flawed and inoperable to extremely hazardous, with 43% of observed creations suffering catastrophic mechanical failure via conflagration and explosion. This is typically the result of SCP-3885-01 attempting to utilize superfluous vehicular modifications such as dramatically increased fuel reservoirs, multiple interlinked engines, poorly-constructed jet boosters, and high-pressure flame-based weaponry.

These entities are aware of the Foundation and their containment, but have yet to express overt animosity or ill will toward Foundation personnel and have not attempted to breach containment. They can be freely interacted with and are not currently considered to pose an active threat to individuals assigned to SCP-3885 containment.

Addendum 3885-01: Examples of SCP-3885-01 vehicle production.

Date	Vehicle Descriptio	Performance

18 July 2003	Heavily armored Pontiac Firebird, modified to accommodate two extra engines (both turbocharged) connected to reinforced transmission linkages with wheel wells widened to house greatly oversized tires.	Excessive torque provided by multiple engines causes gearbox and transmission to instantly shear, launching metal shrapnel in all directions. Multiple cylinder misfires combined with a missing air filter results in catastrophic cylinder failure and subsequent conflagration.
04 January, 2007	Volkswagen Type 2 van, wrapped with concertina wire and equipped with seventeen improvised flamethrowers.	Immediate explosion, due to electrically linking all flamethrower triggers to activate simultaneously with vehicle's ignition system and the placement of vehicle's expanded fuel reservoir directly adjacent to uninsulated wiring.
12 April 2011	2010 Ford F-350 pickup truck, with jet turbine placed in bed.	No result upon ignition, due to jet turbine being constructed of scrap metal harvested from no less than 37 separate sources and exhibiting no clear adherence to jet propulsion scientific or design principles. Item

		then detonates due to improperly prepared propellant in conjunction with multiple poorly-installed fuel line gaskets.
27 November 2015	Monster truck, each wheel replaced with an entire 1965 Ford Mustang. Central chassis armored, spiked, and equipped with four flamethrowers, a sound system consisting of nineteen haphazardly-placed guitar amplifier stacks, and an ice cream dispenser.	Vehicle completely nonfunctional; however, sound system successfully plays a rotating selection of heavy metal music (including, but not limited to, Metallica, Motley Crüe, Testament, and Rob Zombie) at a volume of over 120 decibels. Described by one SCP-3885-01 instance as “the most metal ice cream maker in fucking history”.

Addendum 3885-02 - SCP-3885 surveillance expedition.

Observation Element: Remote-operated aerial drone ROAD-09, equipped with reactive camouflage plates.
Mission Parameters: Observe SCP-3885-01 behavior *in situ*.

ROAD-09 flies over concrete containment barricade, activating stealth system. Drone

begins observations at south end of Gold Street, Vulture Gulch's main avenue.

Multiple SCP-3885-01 can be seen, engaging in various activities. A circular gathering has formed in the center of the road, where one SCP-3885-01 can be seen repeatedly dunking its head into a trough of gasoline and setting itself ablaze with a lighter, apparently for the amusement of the others. This continues for twenty minutes, with each instance of self-immolation being met with consistently enthusiastic applause and cheering from the audience.

ROAD-09 continues down the street. Outside one of the many impromptu garages established by SCP-3885-01, one entity can be seen sitting on the ground, smoking three cigarettes simultaneously and performing maintenance on a partially-disassembled car engine. The SCP-3885-01 is unsuccessfully attempting to insert an improperly-assembled cylinder assembly into the engine's cylinder head, due to the aforementioned being too large for its intended recess. The SCP-3885-01 stands and attempts to force the overlarge piston into the cylinder head with a sledgehammer, which results in the piston deforming and becoming percussion-welded in place. The SCP-3885-01 then shouts various obscenities at the engine for two minutes before picking it up and throwing it 30 meters through the wall of a building on the opposite side of the street.

Observation drone is directed further down Gold Street, which ends in a T-junction. Two vehicles (a heavily modified 1992 Chevrolet Corvette ZR-1 and a 1997 Jeep Grand Cherokee) approach from the right and left and crash headlong into

one another at the center of the junction, resulting in a large explosion. Several SCP-3885-01 entities emerge unharmed from the flames, laughing and lighting cigars off the wreckage and one another's burning clothing.

ROAD-09 is directed into the ruin of an automotive garage, where two SCP-3885-01 can be seen standing in the service area near a hydraulic elevator jack, engaged in conversation. One, designated here as A, possesses four arms and is wearing worn work clothes with a chef's apron bearing the legend "KISS MY GRITS" in colorful print. The other, designated B, is taller, wearing ill-fitting motorcycle leathers, broken sunglasses, and smoking two cigars.

SCP-3885-01-A: Nah dude, Rammy told me, that shit works. Like, hot sauce is hot, right? It's got like, temperature in it. And you want that shit in there to be hot as possible, and you know how gas is like, cold until you light it? So, you put hot sauce in the gas tank. That makes the gas spicy so it can burn better.

SCP-3885-01-B: That's fucking dumb dude. Gas doesn't have a tongue, so how could it taste itself?

SCP-3885-01-A: No, no man, it's like… it's like science and shit. It's chemicals. Chemicals is good for cars.

SCP-3885-01-B: You're a chemical.

SCP-3885-01-A: Fuck you dude, *you're* a chemical.

Pause. SCP-3885-01-B picks up a strap wrench from the tool chest it is leaning on.

SCP-3885-01-B: What the fuck even is this? A shitty dildo?

SCP-3885-01-A laughs.

SCP-3885-01-A: Oh Paulie. You're *so fucking stupid*. That's a *Norwegian flange rectifier*. Vikings use them to put horns on their hot rods, which is metal, but it's also *fancy*, because it's Europe.

SCP-3885-01-B inserts the strap wrench into its mouth briefly.

SCP-3885-01-B: Tastes like a screwdriver. I think this is just a weird screwdriver. For idiots.

SCP-3885-01-B throws the strap wrench across the room.

SCP-3885-01-B: I hate it. It's floppy.

SCP-3885-01-A: Whatever dude. Oh dude, I heard the boss is gonna be here soon.

SCP-3885-01-B: What? Nuh-uh.

SCP-3885-01-A: Yeah-huh, Joey Fucknuts told me.

SCP-3885-01-B narrows its eyes.

SCP-3885-01-B: Well… Joey Fucknuts *is* a genius. I saw him eat a headlight once.

SCP-3885-01-A: I know, right? He knows like, everything. And yeah, he says the boss is gonna be here.

SCP-3885-01-B: Why though? Are we in trouble? I think we're doing a really good job. We set a rock on fire yesterday. *Rocks don't burn, dude*.

SCP-3885-01-A: No, no, I think it's because of those dudes outside.

SCP-3885-01-B: Those dudes? I like those dudes. They talk fancy and give us cars. We don't have to like, go fuck with people anymore. I didn't like fucking with people. It made me sad.

SCP-3885-01-A: Yeah but, like, we can't *leave*. I think we're supposed to leave and do shit.

SCP-3885-01-B: What shit?

SCP-3885-01-A: Dude, the boss fucking told us when he put us here. The shit. The shit we're supposed to do all over the place out there. The super fucking metal badass excellent shit.

SCP-3885-01-B: Yeah but what shit, though?

SCP-3885-01-A: … I don't remember.

It is currently unclear how SCP-3885-01 continue to find access to items such as fuel and tobacco products despite not being provided with these materials by the Foundation. It is suspected that this anomalous method of resupply is somehow related to the entity referred to by SCP-3885-01 as “the boss”. Investigation is ongoing.

SCP-3886: The Necromancer's Saddle

Item #: SCP-3886

Object Class: Neutralized Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3886-01 is to be detained in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site-102's Low-Threat Humanoid Wing. To encourage compliance with Foundation staff, SCP-3886-01 may be granted requested reading and recreational items pending approval of Site administration. Under no circumstances outside of testing is SCP-3886-01 to be allowed access to SCP-3886 (which itself is to be kept in a locked storage box in Site-102's Safe Object Wing). Testing may occur with oversight from at least one Level 3 personnel.

Should current containment procedures fail or SCP-3886-01 become uncooperative with Foundation interests, punitive measures, from restriction of privileges to termination of SCP-3886-01 are authorized given the assent of Site-102 administration and the current overseeing researcher.

Description: SCP-3886 is a leather English dressage saddle of late 18th century design. SCP-3886 is uniformly black in color, with no ornamentation save for silver clasps at the terminating ends of its girth and billets. Despite its current state of tarnish and moderate disrepair, SCP-3886 is seemingly impervious to all further forms of damage or alteration.

When first acquired by the Foundation in / /2010, SCP-3886 was believed to be neutralized (with only Document-3886-01 certifying its prior abilities.) It has since been realized that such only represented a temporary 'passive' state, with containment procedures being updated accordingly.

An active state is achieved upon SCP-3886 making physical contact with a relative of French-American immigrant and equestrian

carnival performer, ‘H Y ’. Once this occurs, said relative (from here on labeled SCP-3886-01[1]) is physically incapable of moving more than 1.6 kilometers from SCP-3886 and may engage SCP-3886's active effect, as follows:

If the active SCP-3886 is attached to a recently deceased body[2] of a sufficiently sized animal[3], the animal (now termed SCP-3886-02) will animate and seek out SCP-3886-01. Upon reaching SCP-3886-01, this SCP-3886-02 will attempt to interact with the subject in a variety of playful and theatrical manners and will obey all commands of SCP-3886-01, verbal and otherwise, to the best of its ability. Certain elements of this link (including SCP-3886-01 claiming to be able to ‘see’ the containment chamber in which the current instance of SCP-3886-02 was stored) are not entirely understood.

In its active state, living horses (*Equus caballus*) react with panic upon becoming aware of SCP-3886's presence.

Addendum-3886-A: After intensive psychological screenings, it has been determined that SCP-3886-01's prior personality and Foundation loyalty remains intact. Special Containment Procedures revised.

Addendum-3886-B: Recovery: SCP-3886 was intercepted by embedded Foundation agents
on / /2010 after being sold to a subsidiary of Marshall, Carter and Dark by an unknown beneficiary. Included was Document-3886-01, the personal journal of one H Y (believed to have owned SCP-3886 before its anomalous attributes became apparent).

Document-3886-01 Excerpt
July 14, 1932, The Personal Journal of H Y
(translated from the original French)

“Another day, another performance. Today we stopped at Cincinnati. It's a beautiful city I think. The kind of city where I could see myself quietly spending the rest of my days with my family had I the choice. Streetcars zoom along the clear roads, everyone walks about to work as if half the world wasn't starving or begging for scrap. Hell, for the first time in months we had a full booking.

I wish I could be happy about that.

Mr. Sherwood spoke to me in private yesterday and it's been all I have been able to think of since. He said my 'loyalty' to the Barnum & Bailey Circus warranted a prior warning, but apparently, once we reach Louisville tomorrow, I will be 'let go.'

According to him, horse-acts aren't good enough anymore. I am 'just not earning' my 'keep.' And after all I have done for this circus…

Even now, I just want to punch that two-faced, son-of-a-bitch right in the nose. It wouldn't help. He'd probably have me arrested. But God it would feel good.

As if that was not bad enough, I received a letter today from Mary that our dear Jezebel has taken a fever. The doctor did all he could, but even he could not say if she would make it through. The thought that my baby girl might even now be in the Father's arms gives me the chills.

One last thing before I say my prayers. A man approached me after the show today. His face was all lopsided, upside down, some accident he said. He claimed he was a representative of a rival circus, a talent scout. And… well, he offered me a job. He didn't seem all that happy about it, said an 'opening had been made,' but still, I do not have many other options. I couldn't give him my decision then, however I think I will take him up on his offer if it still stands. He gave me an address to reach him should I change my mind.

I need to get some sleep. Till tomorrow then.

-H Y "

(*According to a local newspaper, H Y disappeared three days after the writing of this entry, along with his characteristic saddle (believed to be*

***SCP-3886). The man's body was never found and no search of notable measure was undertaken.*)**

INPUT LEVEL 03 CLEARANCE

TESTING LOG 3886-01
The following is an abridged list of tests performed with SCP-3886 in conjunction with SCP-3886-01. For a complete testing log, please submit a formal request with Site-102 administration.

Test #	Test Objective	Testing Parameters	Result	Researcher Notes
Test-05	After becoming aware of SCP-3886-01's claim to be able to 'feel' SCP-3886-02 instances, even when separated, Dr. Rie devised the following test procedures:	SCP-3886-01, monitored by a team of two medical staff and two overseeing security personnel, was mildly sedated and placed under an fMRI. SCP-3886-02, 'Lucky' was again moved to a common testing chamber and -while wearing SCP-3886-	Testing was discontinued for the day after SCP-3886-01 became violent: screaming and attempting to break containment.	*'What scans we did receive before the subject became resistant were remarkable. It appears as if there is a mild sympathetic link between SCP-3886-01 and -02 instances. Still, I am afraid I must suggest that we cease testing with*

		was introduced a variety of stimuli (including but not limited to: a feather, the scent of cinnamon, a candle being waved beneath the nose, the removal of a 2” by 2” patch of skin from the haunches, electric shock and the right hind leg being broken).		*the ‘Lucky’ instance. It seems the subject has developed an emotional/ sentimental attachment which is hindering the progress of our experiments.’* -Head Researcher, Dr. Arnold Rie
Test-14	This was the first test in which SCP-3886 was used on an animal not of the genus family	As with previous experiments, the proposed SCP-3886-02 cadaver (in this case, that of a large Great Dane[4])	While testing progressed much like those previous, with the SCP-3886-02 animating as expected,	*‘I believe we are now ready for human testing.’* -Head Researcher, Dr. Arnold Rie

	‘*Equidae*’.	was placed in the center of the testing chamber, with SCP-3886-01 and an escort of four armed security personnel entering after.	the interactions between SCP-3886-01 and SCP-3886-02 were notably more muted. SCP-3886-02 moved awkwardly, and seemed to be attempting a ‘prancing,’ horse-like motion. Upon the cessation of testing SCP-3886-01 offered the statement: “That- just felt wrong, somehow.”
Test-22	Human testing	Same as Test-14, this time utilizing the corpse of D-1458	**[LEVEL 04 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]** **[LEVEL 04 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]**

Document-3886-01, passage extracts:

July 23, 1932

"I do not know where to start with this. To be quite frank, I fear that if a man had told me of half the things I have seen these last few days, I would have called him mad. Indeed, perhaps I myself am mad. Would not madness be a comforting prospect as opposed to being witness to such horrors and wonders as have been shown to me? Creatures as alien as they are beautiful. Stage props that ignore the laws of nature. Music that can change a person's mind. A tiger that can make people fly like balloons.

This place is like some sort of dream… or nightmare.

And despite all of this, I still do not really know why I am here. I had a brief audience with the man supposedly in charge of the carnival, Mr. Fuller, (a man whose nondescript manner was equally as befuddling to me as the impossible spectacles he presides over), but when I asked what he expected of me specifically, he was cryptic. I had thought when Manny -as the upside-down faced is commonly called here- offered me this position it would be in the same capacity as that of my previous one. Yet it has been days now and I have not so much as seen a horse on the grounds, let alone begun preparing a show.

I am certain I will feel better after hearing from Mary. I will be writing her a letter after finishing this entry and will, with any luck, be able to find some sort of post with which to send it. At very least I received news in Louisville that our darling Jezebel is still with us, thank the merciful lord.

Till tomorrow.

-H Y "

July 24, 1932

"I have good news on two fronts. First, Mr. Manny has secured me 8 well-bred circus horses with which I may begin to fashion my new act. I am still not entirely certain how he expects me to compare to my certainly more spectacular peers, however I will attempt not to -if one will pardon my saying- 'look a given horse in the mouth,' as it were.

Second, having tried and failed to find some form of postage, I at long last posed an inquiry with Mr. Manny about my predicament and he was more than willing to spirit the communique on its course. I am uncertain how Mary will react to that which I have intoned on that page, though as long as she takes the money enclosed within, I am contented. Mad or not, I must do this for them.

Till tomorrow.

-H Y "

August 10, 1932

"I am worried. At first I thought I could handle this, forming a show from scratch. Yet now, with all these additions Mr. Fuller is insistent on adding it is working both me and the animals into exhaustion. I practice with them, day and night. By God, I dream about the damn practices! It is all no good. I can't do it, I just can't! Perhaps that was the real reason Mr. Sherwood dismissed me, all those days or weeks or months ago (I do not know which, time is… foggy). I, for all I deny it, am simply too poor an equestrian. I never trained officially. All I have learned, I have taught myself.

And it is not enough.

What is worse, I still have not received any word from Mary. I have written her at least ten times since my initial letter, but Manny claims he has yet to receive any correspondence in return. Could it truly be that she thinks me mad? I hope not. Perhaps, one day, when this business is all over, I will be able to return to her and Jezebel. This is all for them, afterall.

I think I need a drink. Till tomorrow.

-H Y "

August 16, 1932

"Mr. Fuller came today to see an example of how my work had progressed… I doubt he was impressed. The horses were a mess, all stepping out of sync, stopping suddenly at even the most momentary distractions; one almost bucked me off while I was riding it. If anything, I think they have gotten worse under my tutelage.

When the whole disastrous ordeal was over, the Ringmaster had already left. I fear the worst. I have already begun packing my things, but I cannot seem to find my saddle.

Papa always said that it is during these times that men must reconcile with themselves. He was right. It was not until now, left with the prospect of losing this work, that i can finally see my own lies. In truth, I did not take this job out of devotion to my wife or daughter, though I love them both dearly. There is no security in this work- no prospects- nothing on which one can build a family. No, I took on this job for the same reason I left them to travel with the Barnum & Bailey Circus in the first place:

selfishness.

Writing that out really does not make me feel better about it.

Till tomorrow.

-H Y "

August 19, 1932
"Mr. F… he offered me a solution to my predicament. And I- well- I-

NO- NO- NO-

This is not right. How am I even thinking about doing something like this?! It is sick! It is wrong! Could I even look at myself in the mirror if I went through with it? How could I ever be a father to Jezebel? How could I ask forgiveness for something so heinous? Would I even deserve it?

What Mr. Fuller is offering though- all my dreams, since I was a little boy, of riding horses with natural talent, having the animal move as I do, breath as I do, respond to the slightest command.

Oh, he made it clear, it is my choice. But what kind of choice is that?

-H Y "

[UNDATED]
"I did it. I just… I did it and I want whoever is reading this to know, I am not proud of it. I am not. I still have the blood on my hands. I cant get it off. It is everywhere. The saddle- (I want to retch just thinking about it) was covered in it, thick, viscous blood and mucus and black milk and- and so many other fluids, all mixed

together. But, when it was all over, I could hear it. It was in my mind, just as I was in its. And it moved. And I moved. And God, now I am laughing and crying and heaving through my stomach is empty.

The Man is rebranding my show, the posters were already drawn up. I walked past one back on my way to my room: "SEE THE MAGNIFICENT, H Y , THE NECROMANCER EQUESTRIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE!"

Somewhere in my chest I can feel a sinking dread. I fear this is what Mr. Fuller had always intended.

-H Y "

INPUT LEVEL 04 CLEARANCE

TEST-LOG-22

DESCRIPTION: *Test-22 was approved by Site-102 administration on / /2016. This test was meant to determine as to if SCP-3886 could be practically employed as a method of covert infiltration/ data extraction with captured enemy cadavers. D-1458 was instructed to memorize a sequence of 14 geometric shapes over a period of seven days (being informed that successful repetition at the end of seven days would earn the subject freedom.) The subject was then summarily terminated.*

[15:17:27]: SCP-3886-01, holding SCP-3886, enters test chamber accompanied by four

armed guards.

[15:17:45]: SCP-3886-01 is instructed to place SCP-3886 on cadaver of D-1458.

[15:17:52]: SCP-3886-01 refuses to comply with orders.

[15:18:01]: SCP-3886-01 is reminded that refusal to comply with Foundation staff orders during testing may result in punitive measures.

[15:18:06]: SCP-3886-01 approaches and fastens SCP-3886-01 around D-1458's chest.

[15:18:35]: D-1458 does not move for a period of fifteen minutes, during which security staff approach the cadaver and signal to call off testing.

[15:33:41]: D-1458, from here on dubbed 'SCP-3886-03,' gasps and, with unprecedented agility, leaps to its feet. Security personnel and SCP-3886-01 retreat to the edge of the containment chamber, though D-1458 does not seem to notice them.

[15:33:52]: D-1458, standing remarkably still and not exhibiting any autonomic functions (breathing, blinking, even minute movement of the eyes), begins to speak. The voice is anomalously amplified by unknown means, the words of which seem to emanate somewhere within the entity's chest as opposed to via D-1458's mouth.

[15:33:52]: "LADIES, GENTLEMEN, UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS OF ALL AGES, I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME YOU ALL TO HERMAN FULLER'S CIRCUS OF THE DISQUIETING!"

[15:33:59]: “TODAY YOU ARE IN FOR A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OCCASION. TODAY, TO THIS VERY STAGE, THERE COMES A MAN- NEIGH, A CREATURE, FROM BEYOND THE ASHEN WAVES OF THE BALTIC SEA, WHO RULES OVER SEVEN UNEARTHLY KINGDOMS AND STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL WHO GAZE UPON HIS HORRIBLE VISAGE- A FRIGHTENING AND POWERFUL NECROMANCER WHOS EQUESTRIAN DANSE MACABRE WILL PUT ALL OTHERS BEFORE AND AFTER IT TO SHAME: I GIVE YOU, THE ONE, THE ONLY: LORD H Y !”

[15:34:04]: SCP-3886-03 smiles, applauding politely for thirty seconds before suddenly slumping back to the floor, inert.

NOTES: "*SCP-3886-01 claims to not have had any control over SCP-3886-03’s actions during this event. Repeated testing will be necessary to confirm this avenue closed, but for now, the results do not look promising.*

Of further interest, during post-event autopsy, it was found that there was a large amount of an unidentified black-fluid like substance built up in SCP-3886-03’s heart, lungs and stomach. The purpose of this fluid and its relation to SCP-3886 is unknown. Substance analysis is inconclusive at this time."

-SCP-3886 Head Researcher, Dr. Arnold Rie

December 3, 1983
(The following was the final entry in Document-3886-01. Unlike all previous

entries, it is written in English.)

"'Once in a lifetime' my ass. It's all a lie of course, a little lie, a lie the audience knows is a lie, just like my being some 'powerful necromancer' or whatever other spin Manny thinks will draw in the crowds. But it is a lie nonetheless.

My life has been built on lies, even before I joined this circus. I lied to my wife about why my running off to the carnival was for her sake. I lied to my daughter when I promised I would come home one day. I lied to myself when I thought I was being honest.

But of all the masses Manny can bewitch with his multitude of convenient un-truths, the only one he can never convince is Mr. Fuller himself.

To Mr. Fuller, I am a disappointment. Even now, even after I gave up my life, my conscience, perhaps even my soul, to the man, to serve in this little demented caravan, I can never be the thing he was truly looking for all those years ago when he sent Manny to fetch me:

A replacement.

I have heard her name, or whispers of it at least. A real necromancer- not some fake stage-artist with a saddle polluted by Lovecraftian profanity like me. No she, that 'Bog Witch' made flesh and bone sing. I heard the two might've been a bit more than colleagues, but you can never trust clown-talk.

And then, one day, she ran away from him.

Of course, he took precautions with me. You know it took me four years before I noticed that little sub clause of the contract? There I was, thinking about how I would repent my sins, flee and forget this entire nightmare ever happened. I didn't make it to the treeline before that damned saddle yanked me back like I was some dog pulling on the edge of its fucking leash.

So here I am. Older. No wiser. I have seen things no one man my age should ever see. I have looked up from the surface of alien planets. I have performed in front of audiences of undulating souls. I have talked with Clowns and danced with the dead.

And I am tired of it all.

My only hope is that Mr. Fuller will not continue his vain search in my absence. May this saddle, and all my failures it represents, rest in peace.“

This document, dubbed Document-3886-02, was discovered affixed to the bottom of SCP-3886 after initial recovery on / /2010.

“Dear My Upside-down Friend

So, by now you have no doubt heard the news. I am sure Icky and her Clowns are pleased; we never did get along.

I apologize that I have not left you with much time for what must be done, but you and I both

knew it would come to this. Fuller is growing worse day by the day and if I didn't do this on my own terms, he certainly would have on his.

That Clown magic I performed on that saddle, I didn't just sell away my own soul that day- I sold away Jezebel's as well. 'Sins of the fathers' and all that. You have seen what Herman is willing to do to achieve his own ends. Do you really think for a second that he won't go after my girl?

I may not have been the best father. She probably does not even know who I am. But, even so, I refuse to let this man… this thing, or his damned Circus, have her.

Enclosed within this package is the saddle, my personal journal and what little money I have earned over these last five decades. With the last, I hope that you get it to Jezebel, she should be out of that orphanage by now. For the other two I only ask that you get rid of them. Put them somewhere Fuller will never look.

…

Did you know I still see my wife? Even after all these years, every time I sit atop that thing, every time I look in one of those corpse's glassy eyes, I see her. She still screams in my head, begging me to stop as I plunge the knife into her chest. But I don't stop. Not even in my dreams. Again and again, her blood drips onto the saddle. It mixes with that awful black stuff. It pools in my fists.

It is time for me to pay for my crimes, Manny. If hell exists, I walk to it willingly.

-H Y "

Footnotes

1. The current SCP-3886-01 subject is one Junior Researcher 'P T ,' who came in contact with SCP-3886 during containment breach on /17/2015.
2. 1-5 days from clinical death, on average
3. Defined as large enough to wear SCP-3886
4.Canis lupus familiaris

SCP-3887: Monster under the bed

Item #: SCP-3887

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3887-A is to be housed within a standard humanoid containment cell at Site-17. A one-way mirror is to be positioned on the opposite side of the bed. At least two personnel should be stationed in the observation room at all times. SCP-3887-A must receive a vitamin integrator with its ordinary food intake due to minor health issues.
To maintain SCP-3887-A's mental health and ensure its cooperation, it has been allowed control of the lights inside its cell. In case of emergency, control of said lights can still be overridden by monitoring personnel in the observation room to limit or otherwise impair aggressive behavior from SCP-3887-B. SCP-3887-A must be supplied with new socks every three days.

Since containment, SCP-3887-A has made the following requests:

- One computer with internet connection. (Denied.)
- One computer with access to SCP-3887-A's old game gallery. (Approved, under the condition any updates are made off-site.)
- A house cat. (Denied.)
- A gaming controller. (Approved.)
- Access to up-to-date entertainment media. (Approved.)
- Access to on-site recreational areas. (Denied. SCP-3887-A is allowed access to the on-site gym for health issues once per week while accompanied by at least one Level 03 Personnel provided with a 320 Lux flashlight.)

Description: SCP-3887-A is a 24 year old woman of European descent, formerly known as . SCP-3887-A was a resident of , Missouri. SCP-3887-A has been in complete cooperation with the Foundation after the events of Incident-3887-A-1.

SCP-3887-B is a humanoid entity 2.35 meters tall, with skin that is greyish-green in color. It has two long horns growing from its forehead similar in form to an *Oryx dammah* (scimitar oryx), and long black hair growing from its head, neck and shoulder blades. SCP-3887-B's eyes have yellow sclera, with no visible pupil. SCP-3887-B's mouth hosts three rows of fangs, similar in shape and arrangement to the *Carcharias taurus* (bull shark). SCP-3887-B has elongated arms, forcing it to remain in a hunched posture and to move on all fours most of the time. It possesses a long hairless tail, similar to a *Rattus norvegicus* (common rat). SCP-3887-B possesses both male and female reproductive organs.

Testing has shown that any substance or material presented to SCP-3887 so far is able to be used as sustenance, but it has shown a clear predilection for SCP-3887-A's socks. SCP-3887-B was initially believe to be capable of manifesting through any dark area within a 5 meter radius around SCP-3887-A, favoring the bed; after further testing, it has been noted SCP-3887-B can always manifest under whatever item SCP-3887-A identifies as its bed, regardless of its distance from SCP-3887-A.

SCP-3887-B is extremely sensitive to light: its skin rapidly develops blisters and open wounds when exposed to levels of light above 20 Lux, forcing SCP-3887-B to flee and disappear into the closest dark area. The process through which it escapes is currently not understood, and is undergoing further study.

DNA analysis of SCP-3887-B's tissue samples have revealed that it shares genetic material with *Homo sapiens*, *Oryx dammah*, *Carcharias taurus*, *Rattus norvegicus*, *Rhinella marina* (cane toad), and an unidentified additional genetic component. SCP-3887-B's presence has been observed to disrupt and damage digital recording devices, with said interference worsening the more of SCP-3887-B is exposed. SCP-3887-B has shown aversion towards Foundation personnel, but has avoided any hostile actions to date so as to not upset SCP-3887-A.

SCP-3887-A has shown a strong emotional attachment to SCP-3887-B, and has often been observed acting in an affectionate manner with SCP-3887-B when they are alone.

Incident 3387-A-1: SCP-3887-A and SCP-3887-B were recovered the / /2014 after the reported death of Robert, SCP-3887-A's partner at the time, during a party. Eye-witnesses stated that SCP-3887-A's date was humiliating SCP-3887-A in front of the guests and acting in a demeaning manner, as was reported to be characteristic of their relationship. SCP-3887-B manifested itself under a table, assaulting , until SCP-3887-A's date had her limbs completely severed, after which SCP-3887-B demanifested. When the authorities arrived, SCP-3887-A was in a state of shock. (See interrogation log 3887-A-1 for further details.)

+ Interview 3887-A-1

Interviewer: Undercover Agent Bellamy.
Interviewee: SCP-3887-A
Notes: This interview was taken 2 hours after Incident-3387-A-1

Agent Bellamy: How are you feeling?

SCP-3887-A: [Silence for approximately twenty seconds] What am I supposed to feel after what happened? I didn't… I didn't mean for it to happen, I didn't want that, I-

Agent Bellamy: Please, Miss, take your time.

SCP-3887-A: No… no, I'm okay, officer, I have to make it right, somehow… this is all my fault…

Agent Bellamy: I see… Very well, maybe you can help us shed some light on what happened. The other eyewitnesses said that wasn't treating you very well before the incident happened, am I correct?

SCP-3887-A: I… well, yes she was being a bit rough… [Silence for around four seconds]

Agent Bellamy: And then the entity attacked.

Is there anything you can tell me about that creature? Any idea why it attacked ?

SCP-3887-A: I believe she was… trying to protect me? Oh god… [SCP-3887-A shows signs of distress] I… it's crazy, I always imagined I was crazy but… oh, you're going to think I'm a nutcase too!

Agent Bellamy: I need to hear what you have to say before I make any decisions. Please, Miss , we need to make sure it doesn't hurt anyone else. Is there anything at all you can tell us?

SCP-3887-A: Oh no! No, she wouldn't… she's not evil, I promise! She wouldn't hurt a fly, please… She- Grenda used to be my boogeyman.

Agent Bellamy: Could you please elaborate?

SCP-3887-A: W-Well, you know, when you're a kid, and you think the craziest things hide in the darkness? When I lived in , my parent's home was very, very old… An old farmhouse in the country, with this old barn filled with rats… we even had a well… anyway, there were always a lot of creaking noises. So, whenever I went to bed, she was the one stalking me in the dark, you know? I always saw her tail sticking out, or her pale arms reaching up to grab me. So I hid under the blankets, and… well, I was afraid. But I was very little. Sounds silly now, doesn't it?

Agent Bellamy: Not at all. Please, continue.

SCP-3887-A: So… w-well, she kept creeping under my bed, in the shadows, moving things, knocking things over… she was a mean one.

My parents thought she was just something I made up to blame when stuff broke, even though it really was her fault. It all went on like this for years… I was a very lonely child.

Agent Bellamy: I understand. So, when did you first realize it wasn't just something you made up?

SCP-3887-A: When… well, first I started to see her less and less as I got older… what else would you expect, right? But when I was around 14, I think, maybe 15… she came back. It was late at night, my parents were arguing as usual, and I hid in my room. I was close to the bed and… she touched me. I was scared shitless, but we… talked. She has been with me since. She's a good person, I promise! Please, this was all my fault!

Agent Bellamy: Thank you for your time, Miss . Some people will want to speak to you further. We'll keep you here until then.

After the interview, SCP-3887-A was escorted to a secure cell before meeting Foundation personnel, who explained the situation. As long as SCP-3887-B would not be hurt, SCP-3887-A promised full cooperation.

+ Interview 3887-B-1

Interviewer: Dr. Tanner
Interviewee: SCP-3887-B
Notes: This was the first interview made with SCP-3887-B. The interview occurred while SCP-3887-A was asleep after their arrival at their first stop in Site- . SCP-3887-B addressed Dr. Tanner during a routine check of the room. It was the first observation of SCP-3887-B.

SCP-3887-B: What are you looking for? There's nothing here but l'il old me.

Dr. Tanner: What the- I- …sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you. Are you the entity SCP-3887-A spoke of? I would assume so.

SCP-3887-B: Yeah, I would assume the same. Don't wake her. Poor deary needs her sleep. [Unidentified clicking noises] She hasn't done anything wrong, it was all my fault.

Dr. Tanner: I assure you, this is not a punishment. We are doing this so she can be safe and protected. The same goes for you, too. We can keep you safe.

SCP-3887-B: I am safe as long as she is. She was my child, and I have already broken enough rules now. And to add to that, now I've gotten her in trouble with her own people…

Dr. Tanner: Can you elaborate? What do you mean when you say SCP-3887-A was "your child"? Isn't she and 's daughter?

SCP-3887-B: Well, yeah, duh! I mean, kids are my kind's first source of food. Some, like me, just feast on fear, stress, and anxiety. While others tend to be a bit more… rough. What, didn't you have a monster under your bed too when you were a kid, smartypants?

Dr. Tanner: Not that I can remember, no.

SCP-3887-B: …Ok, weird. Anyway, I was supposed to feed on her 'til she was like, ten, and then move on to another kid; that's what we do, since children are such easy prey. But… I kinda got stuck with her. Look at her. She's so innocent and sweet. She was always

so nice to me, even when she was scared. She started tossing me socks to use for a snack.

SCP-3887-B: [SCP-3887-B emits a loud gurgling sound. Saliva is seen leaking from under the bed]

SCP-3887-B: Then she started to grow up, she stopped calling to me… 'til her parents started their divorce. She needed someone to listen to her.

Dr. Tanner: So, I take it you have a very good relationship with her. Could you elaborate on what rules you broke? The laws made by your kind? What can you tell me about your species?

SCP-3887-B: I broke the rules, and they exiled me to my cave. I can't go back up there. But I can come out here… lemme show you… [The entity starts to emerge from under the bed. Video feed becomes increasingly more disturbed, showing Dr. Tanner stepping back as SCP-3887-B emerges.]

+ Interview 3887-A-23

Interviewer: Dr. Garden
Interviewee: SCP-3887-A

Dr. Garden: Good morning SCP-3887-A, did you sleep well?

SCP-3887-A: Yes, we did! Me and Grenda talked a lot, but I think it helped me sleep!

Dr. Garden: That's good to hear. Now, today, I would like you to tell me a little more about the theory you told me about last time, about how

SCP-3887-B came to be. Do you think we can tackle that?

SCP-3887-A: Ah! Yeah, sure! I can do that.

Dr. Garden: Ok, so last time you said you created SCP-3887-B based on what scared you. Can you elaborate on that?

SCP-3887-A: Yeah, of course. It is quite simple actually… I mean, you have seen Grenda, haven't you? I find her cute now, but when I was a kid, she was very frightening. The teeth… like a shark. I remember my parents brought me to an aquarium once, and in one of the tanks there was this massive bull shark… it had the craziest look, and those fangs were so scary… and that night, go figure, Grenda smiled and I saw the same fangs.

Dr. Garden: I understand. The same reasoning goes for the rest of its body?

SCP-3887-A: Her body. But yes, I guess so. I can tell you for sure I was scared of the rats crawling through the fields around the house, and I… [SCP-3887-A pauses for 13 seconds] I mean, when I was little… like, very little, I was apparently scared of boobs, or at least that's what Mom used to tell me. Hence why Grenda has such a bloated chest. It does make sense, right?

Dr. Garden: It would look like it. So, you think you are the cause for SCP-3887-B's existence? That it depends on you to exist?

SCP-3887-A: It's the only thing that makes sense, right…? I made her, that's why she helps me, she keeps me company… she

doesn't make me feel alone and she listens to me. With her I'm not really alone. I mean, when I don't need her, she vanishes, and she pops out again when I do.

Dr. Garden: I understand. Thank you for your time, SCP-3887-A, we can stop here for today.

+ Interview 3887-B-7

Interviewer: Dr. Garden
Interviewee: SCP-3887-B
Notes: The interview was taken while SCP-3887-A was taking part in its weekly training session.

Dr. Garden: Good day, SCP-3887-B.

SCP-3887-B: [Does not respond. Distorted video feed confirms the entity is present under the bed.]

Dr. Garden: SCP-3887-B? Is everything okay?

SCP-3887-B: I am hungry, woman. I have little patience for your questioning today.

Dr. Garden: Hungry? I am quite sure we had SCP-3887-A feed you her socks yesterday. Were they not enough?

SCP-3887-B: Socks are just a snack, woman! My race lives off fear! Even if she's an adult, used to have all the fears and paranoia any functional adult would have. But now that she's here, she has calmed right down. It's not like she has much to worry about now, does she?

Dr. Garden: Well, I understand you have her well-being in high consideration, shouldn't that

be nice to know?

SCP-3887-B: Of course I am, but I'm starving here! What trickles around here is not enough for me! I need more!

Dr. Garden: I'm sure we can find a solution to this problem, I'll make sure to make my superiors aware. Now, about the interview-

SCP-3887-B: I need to feed, I need to feed now!

Dr. Garden: What the-

Additional notes: At this point the camera feed becomes completely unstable, as Dr. Walker, who was stationed in the observation room at the time, reported that he watched as SCP-3887-B's arms emerge from under the bed and seized Dr. Garden before dragging her into the darkness, disappearing from the site. SCP-3887-A was immediately recalled to its room and prompted to call for SCP-3887-B, but without any apparent result. 13 minutes after disappearing, Dr. Garden was suddenly expelled from under the bed, bruised, completely wet, missing her shoes, glasses, and socks, but mostly unharmed. Dr. Garden was later interviewed.

+ Interview 3887-Alpha

Interviewer: Dr. Walker
Interviewee: Dr. Garden
Notes: This interview was taken after a preliminary medical check following the events of Interview Log-3887-B-7.

Dr. Walker: How are you feeling, Amelia? Are you sure you want to do this now? It can wait

after a proper medical exam and mental check, if you prefer.

Dr. Garden: I'm fine, thank you. Do not treat me like a child. Let's get this over with.

Dr. Walker: As you wish, then. Can you tell me what happened after SCP-3887-B grabbed you?

Dr. Garden: Yes. After the entity grabbed me I immediately tried to free myself, even though I knew it would be almost impossible to get loose. It dragged me under the bed and into the darkness with it, but once I was beneath the bedframe… it pulled me downwards, as if through the floor. You know the sensation when you suddenly feel yourself falling? That sudden pull at your belly? I felt that. The lights of the room vanished, and it was all black. Pitch black. It lasted… I'd say 15 seconds? Yes, 15 seconds before I reached the ground.

Dr. Walker: Was SCP-3887-B with you during all of this?

Dr. Garden: It was holding on to me while I was falling, but once I reached the floor, it was nowhere. I… felt it was there, I just couldn't see it. But on the other hand, I could now see what was around me. I was in a cave, I'd say roughly 50 meters in diameter. Black rock; I think some kind of granite. There was a waterfall, a lake, and violet gems littering the walls. I would say amethysts, if not for the fact they were glowing. Like lots and lots of little candles. Oh, and there was a hole where sunlight was coming in through in the ceiling.

Dr. Walker: Sunlight? Well, that is surprising. Nothing else particularly peculiar there?

Dr. Garden: On the contrary. Right after I looked up, I noticed that there were lots of other holes in the cavern ceiling, but they were all dark. While looking at the sunny one, I noticed what appeared to be a ripped rope dangling from it. In the cave itself, there wasn't much. But on the large rock platform above the water, I found what I feel safe to assume is SCP-3887-B's home. I found piles of socks, some old-looking stuffed animals, a little violin, and at least three pictures of SCP-3887-A.

Dr. Walker: I understand. What about SCP-3887-B?

Dr. Garden: Ah, yes… well… during all of this, from the moment I ended up there up to once I emerged, I was terrified. I could hear that thing moving in the dark, stalking me… I admit, I felt like it was going to kill me. I could see her fangs, her eyes her… [Dr. Garden goes silent for 5 seconds] Its claws. Apologies. I was running around, screaming. I even fell in the water, lost my shoes in that blasted pond! I tried to find a hole to hide in, and I wouldn't be able to tell you how many times I fell on the ground, trying to run away from SCP-3887-B… and yet, I don't think I actually saw it even once.

Dr. Walker: And how did you escape from there?

Dr. Garden: Well… I was suddenly grabbed by SCP-3887-B. It felt like it appeared from the dark, but I was feeling so terrified I just as likely didn't see it approaching. She lifted me up… I think she smiled with all those jagged fangs… I was sure she- that was going to eat me when it rose me higher and opened its mouth. Instead, it grabbed my socks and

pulled them off, then started to chew on them… I think it even said "thank you", before tossing me into one of the holes. I felt like I was being sucked away, there was darkness, that pulling again… and next thing I knew, I was back under the bed, with all of you around me.

Dr. Walker: I see. Thank you, Amelia. I think we can conclude this interview here.

Additional notes: After the incident, SCP-3887-A and SCP-3887-B were observed talking with one another. SCP-3887-A relayed SCP-3887-B's apologies to Dr. Garden. To date, SCP-3887-B has refused to bring anyone else into its home.

SCP-3888: Alone Together

Login credentials accepted. Welcome, Research Assistant.
Accessing Site-19 Intranet…

You have: 0 unread messages.

Level 1 security clearance accepted.
Index request…
Approved.

Access Logged: 03/10/2017 20:56:37

General Notice: The contents of the following file are provisional and liable to change significantly throughout the development of current events. **-[REDACTED]**

Alert: You do not have the necessary clearance or permissions to view supplementary documentation for this file. Please contact your supervisor for further information.

Loading SCP-3888…

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Item #: SCP-3888

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Research into the precise nature of SCP-3888, its root cause, and the potential to recover affected personnel or civilians is ongoing. All personnel are encouraged to submit any information they believe may be pertinent to SCP-3888 to the SCP-3888 crisis research committee. Foundation AI projects are currently authorized to identify and collect such information from civilian sources. Until further notice, Foundation personnel missing for unknown reasons and spikes in civilian disappearances beyond projected statistics are to be considered caused by the action of SCP-3888 unless proven otherwise.

Law enforcement agencies have categorized most civilians affected by SCP-3888 as missing persons. The activities of such law enforcement agencies are to be monitored with heightened priority, but no further action against them is believed to be necessary or an efficient use of resources at this time. Civilian sources found attempting to link known disappearances to a single cause are to be considered targets for suppression on a case-by-case basis.

The complete list of affected Foundation personnel is contained in Document 3888-A, and can be accessed by personnel with Level 2 clearance, while the complete list of all known or suspected victims can be accessed by personnel with Level 3/3888 clearance in Document 3888-B. Complete evidence logs can be accessed by personnel with Level 3/3888 clearance via Documents 3888-C and 3888-D, and the original copies of evidence may be accessed by personnel with 3888 clearance. Current hypotheses as to the nature of SCP-3888 and possible future countermeasures can be accessed by personnel with 3888 clearance in Document 3888-E.

Description: SCP-3888 is the theoretical unified origin of a series of anomalous phenomena related to the recent disappearance of 54 Foundation personnel and an estimate of at least [REDACTED][1] civilians, with no direct, human eyewitnesses.

Collected evidence suggests that most, if not all, affected persons disappeared between 22:00 and 23:00 (local time in known cases) on 03/01/2017. Initially, multiple disappearances noticed on Foundation security footage and intercepted from civilian sources were reported as Potential Extranormal Events. However, early assessments of material recovered from the quarters of Dr. Brook, Dr. Lem, and the former O5- suggested the possibility that some persons affected by SCP-3888 events were aware of the imminent nature of their disappearances, and of a possible root cause. While the exact nature of SCP-3888 or such a root cause is not understood from current research, the disappearances received a collective SCP classification in light of their widespread nature and further evidence indicating that many victims had prior awareness (refer to Addendum 1).

Circumstantial evidence and recovered video footage of SCP-3888 events suggests that most objects carried by affected persons, including clothing, disappeared at the same time as the affected persons. Recovered video footage of SCP-3888 events sometimes display evidence of tampering[2], but the cause of this is unknown and believed at present to be anomalous rather than mundane. Video footage also demonstrates differing modes of disappearance between affected persons, some simply disappearing between recorded frames while others are subject to possible anomalous phenomenon which remove them from observation (refer to Addendum 1).

Signs of a struggle are sometimes present at locations in which persons seem to have disappeared or in portions of recovered video footage. While evaluation is ongoing, this seems to have occurred in relatively few cases. Furthermore, it is currently believed probable that affected persons with any prior awareness of the SCP-3888 event and/or its cause were unwilling or unable to inform their friends and coworkers about SCP-3888 in any capacity. The reason for this is unknown.

Addendum 1 - Recovered Media and Evidence of SCP-3888
Event: Below is a partial list of evidence compiled from Documents 3888-C and 3888-D regarding the SCP-3888 event and its aftermath, consisting primarily of Foundation sources. Additional representative data from civilian disappearances is pending review of further civilian sources.

Video Log Transcript: Footage obtained from security camera at Westminster Underground Station, London, taken 03/01/2017, recovered by . . On-duty security guards were apprehended and amnesticized.

<Begin Log>

22:47:33: Civilian identified as Caroline enters station. No other persons are present.

22:47:51: Video feed is affected for five seconds by distortions similar to compression artifacts.

22:48:06: quickly looks up and glances around the station, apparently startled, and backs up against a nearby wall.

22:48:13: appears to "fall" diagonally through the adjacent wall and station platform.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Footage corroborated later by records obtained from additional security cameras.

Interviewed: Dr. Emmett Bell

Interviewer: Dr. Simon Hayes

Foreword: Excerpt from a routine psychological evaluation of Dr. Bell following the disappearance of Research Assistant Julian Abram during the SCP-3888 event.

<Begin Partial Log>

Dr. Hayes: Back up a little. You mentioned that Abram complained about nightmares?

Dr. Bell: I, uh, shouldn't really have put it that way I guess. He just mentioned it once, before we were dissecting the brain of SCP- , but that was only a couple of days before. [pause]

Dr. Hayes: Go on.

Dr. Bell: He didn't say much about it. More like an, um, impression than anything vivid. Something had just reminded him of a feeling from the dream though. [pause] Just before I came in the room I think. Something about how quiet it was.

Dr. Hayes: He didn't describe anything further? Nothing about why the dream was relevant, why he mentioned it?

Dr. Bell: I honestly don't know. [pause] Uh, I didn't really ask him anything else about it. Certainly didn't seem as important as preparing the cadaver at the time; we had to get started before cell death was complete.

Dr. Hayes: But Abram seemed upset, didn't he?

Dr. Bell: Uncomfortable. Figured it was a natural thing for him, not really our problem.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Research Assistant has taken on the role of Abram in Dr. Bell's work. Dr. Bell seems to have suffered relatively minimal psychological disturbance following the disappearance of Abram.

E-mail recovered by . . , sent from Roger to David at 20:55 on 03/01/2017. Roger was reported missing on 03/07/2017.

Subject: Next week's meeting

Hi Dave,

Apologies about the row today; it won't happen again. I actually should be ready for our conference with , I'll just need to devote a bit more time to the presentation. Might do that from home instead of the office if that'd still be helpful to you. I don't think that I'll be able to get into the city tomorrow.

Best,
Roger

Interviewed: Dr. Adeline Renaud

Interviewer: Agent

Foreword: Excerpt from an interview of Dr. Renaud by her request, involving information pertinent to the disappearance of Dr. Arthur Brook.

<Begin Partial Log>

Agent : So, uh, when did you last see Dr. Brook?

Dr. Renaud: It was on March first, but before it all happened. This was just after reviewing the new transmission intercepted by the around SCP- ; I was getting lunch and he was sitting with and me in the canteen. He… [pause] he had a piece of paper with him. Folded in his pocket, but he was taking it out and glancing it over every so often. Sometimes muttering a bit to himself, not loud enough for me to hear. Thought it was a bit odd at the time because I couldn't immediately see any writing on the page.

Agent : "Immediately?"

Dr. Renaud: Yeah, he set it down for a few seconds at one point. There was just one sentence typed in the middle of the page, rather large font. I remember it said "How are you feeling today?"

Agent : Lemme guess. You didn't ask him what it meant.

Dr. Renaud: Well, no. I thought it seemed personal; I didn't want him to think I was prying.

Agent : Dr. Renaud, do you personally know of anyone whom he would have received that sort of message from? Anyone he confided in?

Dr. Renaud: [pause] No, I don't think I do. Should I?

<End Log>

Closing Statement: A folded piece of paper with the phrase "Not much longer." typed in the center of it was recovered from Dr. Brook's quarters following his disappearance. Dr. Brook's bookcase was overturned. The paper is currently stored as evidence, alongside Dr. Brook's journal, and displays no known anomalous properties.

Final entry of Dr. Isaac Lem's journal, recovered from his quarters 03/02/2017

03/01/2017 - We've still been trying to figure out some way to mitigate the number of civilians being affected by SCP- , but none of our attempts at telepathic shielding, not even [REDACTED]. There's actually a motion to vote on testing the amnestic with groups of D-Class and assessing the effects before moving onto [REDACTED] gets too much worse. More wool with which to cover our eyes and plug our ears. Can't say that's not what the Foundation's always been selling. Won't be something I have to deal with at least. Not when I finally have a choice.

Hello.

Video Log Transcript: Footage observed from security camera in Site-77, Medical Wing, Room 33 on 03/01/2017. Researcher Ross Liao is the room's current inpatient, undergoing treatment for chemical burns inflicted by SCP- .

<Begin Log>

22:55:19: Dr. dims lights and exits room. Liao remains in a supine position with his eyes closed.

22:56:13: Liao turns his head slightly and opens his eyes, then appears to speak for the next 24 seconds.[3]

22:56:38: Liao returns to a supine position and closes his eyes, appearing contended.

22:57:04: Liao begins to vanish over the course of 8 seconds, during which he becomes continuously more transparent to visible and IR wavelengths until he seems no longer present. The bed sheet formerly covering his body collapses after this point.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Medical equipment, including the cannula which had been inserted into Liao's cephalic vein, remained in the room following his disappearance. Traces of Liao's cerebrospinal fluid were detected on the bed's pillow. The reason for this is currently unknown.

Thought I'd come and talk more. I've missed listening to you.

Interviewed: Dr. Giles Blanc

Interviewer: Agent

Foreword: Excerpt from an interview of Dr. Blanc by his request, involving information pertinent to the disappearance of Junior Researcher Monika Rubin.

<Begin Partial Log>

Agent : Well, where did you think that Rubin had gone off to?

Dr. Blanc: Hell if I know. I was already up to my ears with the fallout from [REDACTED]; you know how difficult it is to make sure the right half of a department forgets they'd just listened [REDACTED].

Agent : [REDACTED]. Please, back to Rubin.

Dr. Blanc: Right, right. [pause] She didn't show up the day after all that; I figured she was probably taking a day off, though she hadn't been one of the infected as far as we knew. Might've considered reprimanding her if she'd come to see me the next day, but when she still wasn't showing up, and after the news about SCP-3888 finally poured in, I gave you notification. And then we found that… [pause] drawing she'd made in her notes.

Agent : Of course. But following the event, why weren't you keeping tabs on her?

Dr. Blanc: [pause] Maybe I should've. I was busy making sure everyone else was fine.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Blanc has received an official reprimand for failing to exhibit responsibility for his staff. Scans of the last several pages of Junior Researcher Rubin's notes have been added to Document 3888-C.

Thanks :)
I'm glad we can still have time together like this. It's like we're the only ones who can really understand each other.

How have things been in the laboratory lately?

Video Log Transcript: Footage observed from security camera in Site-81, C Wing, Lab 56 on 03/01/2017

<Begin Log>

22:08:23: Dr. Gabriel Langley enters room and sits down near the main lab bench. He produces his lab notebook and begins to read from it.

22:09:13: Researcher , the only other person present, exits room. Dr. Langley immediately closes his notebook and begins to stare unresponsively at the benchtop.

22:14:47: Dr. Langley begins to rest his head on his hands.

22:15:35: Dr. Langley stands up and turns leftward,

starting to smile.

22:15:41: Dr. Langley vanishes between recorded frames.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Langley's lab notebook was recovered. All pages had been rendered blank by unknown means. Researcher has been questioned and was found ignorant of the anomalous occurrences.

Hey, it's okay to cry.

It's okay.

I know how hard it must be.
You shouldn't feel that you have to blame yourself.

Video Log Transcript: Footage observed from Camera 2 of Site-19's Euclid Wing, Hallway 12, on 03/01/2017

<Begin Log>

22:28:56: Dr. Philip Orellana enters the camera's right field of view and is observed walking through the hallway.

22:29:11: Dr. Orellana exits the camera's left field of view.

22:30:20: Dr. Orellana enters the camera's right field of view, initially appearing to act in a visually identical manner to his previous appearance. However, an open wound is now located above his left eye.

22:30:24: Dr. Orellana abruptly flinches and covers his ears with both hands, no longer walking. He appears confused and examines his surroundings while moving the fingers of his left hand over the wound.

22:30:35: Dr. Orellana removes his hands from his head and begins running in place. Footage begins to become affected by corrupted pixels at irregular intervals.

22:31:57: Dr. Orellana stumbles, regains his footing, then continues to run in place.

22:32:44: Dr. Orellana begins running forward and exits the camera's left field of view.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Orellana was not recorded leaving his quarters after having been seen entering them at 21:58:49. Dr. Orellana was not recorded on Camera 1 or 3 of Hallway 12 despite the positions of the camera feeds, and was not recorded on any cameras located in adjacent rooms or hallways.

But no matter who ignores you, I'll always be here to listen.

I'll find you no matter how lost you become :)

Video Log Transcript: Footage observed from security camera at [REDACTED]. Security Officers , , and Federica Salucci respond to a containment breach of SCP- .

<Begin Log>

22:18:56: SCP- enters room. , , and Salucci open fire.

22:19:05: is attacked.

22:19:13: declared KIA.

22:19:24: retreats to adjacent room as SCP- continues assault.

22:19:27: Salucci ceases fire, then lays her weapon down at her feet.

22:19:31: Salucci vanishes between recorded frames.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP- temporarily ceased aggressive action after the disappearance of Salucci. Successfully recontained. total casualties. Post-Incident Review determined that had not witnessed the recorded scene during his retreat.

I'm sorry.
I hope I'm not just making this worse…

Yet I think I still understand. And I think that I can help you.

You know that it doesn't have to be like this forever.
You won't have to be hurt by them anymore.

Final entry of Junior Researcher Rosalind Taylor's journal, recovered from her quarters 03/02/2017

February 27th,

Spent most of the day gathering up [REDACTED] and completing the NMR analysis. I'm not sure what Dr. is expecting. It's never consistent, and no matter how much data we have it's not like any enriched substance that ignores reality that much is going to start being on the periodic table. These things are anomalies, and such conventional tools just don't seem to apply to this one. The higher-ups know that. That's probably why they've got me doing the grunt-work right now.
Maybe I'm just being defeatist. I've only just been realizing just how much technology has been realized thanks to these things. Wish I could work on the Reality Stabilizers myself. I doubt that'll ever be my specialty though. And not even those work against most of what's locked up on this site alone.
And the real outside world won't get to see any of this.
I'll keep plugging away at this project for now, but I've been feeling so empty lately. I'm tired but can never get myself to fall asleep. I'm still working alone and Dr. barely talks to me. I eat alone in the canteen. The last time I've gotten a note from so much as a note was three days ago.
I don't know what to expect.

Wouldn't you like that?

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Warning: Personal terminals are automatically logged out of the Site-19 Intranet after 30 minutes of inactivity. **300** seconds remaining.

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Logging out…

Footnotes
1. Determination of an exact number is ongoing; this estimate is produced primarily through statistical analysis and the

circumstances of examined subsets of disappearances.
2. For example, through the presence of static or corrupted pixels interfering with portions of the video feed.
3. Adequate translation of phonemes is complicated by the camera angle and light conditions, but the process is ongoing.

SCP-3889: The Greatest Fisherman Who Ever Lived

Item #: SCP-3889

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Direct physical containment of SCP-3889 is not currently possible. As of the time of this document's creation, general knowledge and influence of SCP-3889 has not extended beyond the eastern coast of the central United States of America, namely the states of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and as such current secondary containment measures are considered adequate until investigation yields a feasible mechanism for its physical containment.

All major piers, wharves, shipyards, harbors, marinas, and commercial fisheries in this region, including their surrounding waters extending to 5 kilometers from the coastline, will be monitored by Naval Task Force Sigma-58 “Bottomfeeders” in conjunction with Foundation naval assets for secondhand accounts of SCP-3889's exploits, as well to contain and neutralize any aftereffects of event 3889-TEHOM. Disinformation initiative 3889-WHOPPER is to be continually disseminated across social media and local news networks for the purposes of dismissing accounts of SCP-3889's activities as a series of exaggerated “fisherman's stories” or tall tales.

Foundation agents are under standing orders to employ any means necessary to prevent SCP-3889 from undergoing event 3889-TEHOM.

Description: SCP-3889 is Henry “Hank” McAllister, a retired independent fisherman born and primarily active in the central-eastern coastal region of the United States of America. All available records place SCP-3889's date of birth as November 27, 1849, though this fact has, for unknown reasons, not been a cause for alarm or interest for any administration within which this information

is retained. SCP-3889 claims to not know its actual age, though its physical appearance is consistent with that of an average male Caucasian octogenarian.

SCP-3889 is consistently referred to, by individuals within nautical subcommunities where it is known, by its epithetical name within local folklore, “Haulin' Hank”, or less positively as "the Gray Angler". This is presumed to be due to the spectacle caused by lesser 3889-TEHOM events and not the result of any direct memetic influence.

All attempts to apprehend SCP-3889 have met with failure. When approached by a Foundation asset that intends to arrest, detain, or otherwise impede SCP-3889, it will generally state an aphorism such as “You can't bottle a squall, son” or “Only fool catch takes fool bait”, whereupon SCP-3889 will vanish. In its place, a Foundation agent currently assigned to SCP-3889 will appear, in whatever pose or posture adopted by SCP-3889 before its disappearance. This effect appears to have no limitations based on distance or mass, and is instantaneous, with the arriving agent generally in a state of confusion, but otherwise unharmed. The arriving agent will also have some item of fishing paraphernalia on their person. This is generally presented in a humiliating or degrading fashion, such as a fishing float inserted into a nostril, or a number of lead sinkers of sufficient weight left in the pockets to cause the agent's pants to disengage from the waist.

At an average of 6 times per year, SCP-3889 will undergo a 3889-TEHOM event. This is defined as SCP-3889 using a fishing rod to cast a line into a body of water with the intent to secure a catch. The body of water in question must be at least brackish in composition, and the locations appear to be selected by SCP-3889 at random: these have included river deltas, public beaches, isolated and unused coastal areas, and uninhabited islands kilometers from the main coastline. After a period of time varying from the shortest recorded of 32 seconds to the longest of 3h44m55s, the float of SCP-3889's fishing line will bob once, whereupon SCP-3889 will reel in its catch, then disappear. No upper limit has yet been found to the strength and durability of SCP-3889's body and equipment during 3889-TEHOM events. Selected examples of 3889-TEHOM events and resultant entities follows.

Date	Location	TEHOM Entity Retrieved	Aftermath
21 March 1944	Baltimore, Maryland	Entity designated TEHOM-01. Entity physically resembles an amorphous mass of musculoskeletal tissue, roughly 33 meters high and 53 meters wide at its base. TEHOM-01 emerges from the littoral zone roughly 4 kilometers away from the city outskirts. Entity neutralized via bombardment by offshore Foundation naval assets. Remains sublimated into vapor upon “death” of entity; none recoverable.	57 civilian casualties, estimated $1,450,000 in property damage. Amnestics administered to local populace; destruction attributed to misfire during military weapons test.
08 February 1967	Delmarva Peninsula, eastern coast	Entity designated TEHOM-15. Entity physically resembles a mass of human corpses in various states of	No civilian casualties, no significant damage inflicted. TEHOM-15 remains examined and determined to

		decomposition, molded into a form superficially resembling a specimen of the genus *Octopoda*, with an estimated height of 29 meters and a width of 107 meters. Entity emerges from coastal waters and proceeds inland. Foundation naval assets alerted; entity subsequently neutralized via conjoined aerial and naval bombardment.	consist entirely of the corpses of individuals declared deceased within a 350 kilometer radius over the course of the previous year. Investigation into intended burial locations of recovered human remains revealed thousands of undisturbed graves with caskets whole, but remains missing.
15 July 1999	Tar River delta, North Carolina	Seemingly non-anomalous specimen of *Cetorhinus maximus*, approximately 7.5 meters in length.	None, save for article in local newspaper detailing “Mystery Angler” inexplicably landing specimen, then disappearing. Event publicly attributed to combination of happenstance, dubious reporting, and errant behavior

			on behalf of specimen.
24 December 2011	Uninhabited islet east of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina	Entity designated TEHOM-41. Entity physically resembles a male human corpse in an advanced state of decomposition, with notable alterations to its physiology, most significant being a maximum height of approximately 64 meters from the surface of the water (entity's body from "waist" down was submerged), and the presence of dozens of long, tentacular structures emerging from the entity's back and neck. TEHOM-41 immediately engaged by patrolling Foundation naval assets. Entity inflicts	107 Foundation casualties. Estimated $400,000,000 in tactical assets lost, including 7 ships and 2 aircraft destroyed. Remains towed offshore and examined. Entity found to possess unknown triple-helical genetic structure. Analysis ongoing. Disinformation protocol 3889-GREENFLASH enacted.

	significant damage upon engaging forces, by lashing vessels with its limbs and tendrils. Initial battle group is routed; no weapon deployed by Foundation forces able to inflict visible damage upon TEHOM-41. Authorization of ERESHKIGAL-class tactical thermonuclear clusterfire munitions requested, and approved by SCPNF central command. TEHOM-41 neutralized.

In all other scenarios, SCP-3889 can be freely interacted with and has not posed a direct threat to Foundation personnel, save for the aftereffects following a 3889-TEHOM event. Interviews with SCP-3889 are possible, though it typically evades queries related to its anomalous properties. Most notable example follows.

+Interview SCP-3889-01

Date: 09 August, 2013
Interviewer: NTF Sigma-58 Agent Danielle Torres

Interviewee: SCP-3889
Location: Waterside Marina, Chesapeake VA, USA. Foundation alerted by intercepted local police traffic concerning an “elderly vagrant with a fishing pole” loitering on the marina grounds. Video captured by Agent Torres's chest camera.

(Agent Torres approaches SCP-3889 from the rear. SCP-3889 is seated on the edge of a wooden boat slip at the far end of the marina, legs hanging toward the water. SCP-3889's fishing rod and tacklebox are situated on the pier next to it.)

Agent Torres: Hank?

(SCP-3889 turns slightly, and regards Agent Torres briefly before turning back around.)

SCP-3889: Well hey there, young lady. Fine evening we've got so far, huh?

(Agent Torres remains still, approximately 5 meters from SCP-3889.)

Agent Torres: Um. Yeah, I guess you could say that.

(Pause. Agent Torres begins to speak, but is interrupted by SCP-3889.)

SCP-3889: Why don't you come and sit with me a bit?

Agent Torres: I'm not sure I should do that.

SCP-3889: Oh, c'mon. I barely got any teeth left, I can't bite ya. Old-timers like me don't get to talk to pretty girls like you as often as you'd think. C'mon, take a load off. We'll watch the sun go.

(Agent Torres hesitates, but is given authorization to engage by NTF Sigma-58 central command. She approaches SCP-3889 and sits on the pier next to it, approximately one meter away. Agent Torres is instructed to allow SCP-3889 to speak first, and as a result there is silence for the next 4m22s.)

SCP-3889: You come to try to lock me up today?

Agent Torres: No, Hank. Not today.

SCP-3889: Heh. Well alrighty. And good thing too, I'd hate to have to leave right this second. My knees are killin' something fierce.

(Pause)

Agent Torres: Can I ask you a question?

SCP-3889: Shoot.

Agent Torres: Are you aware of the fact that what you do sometimes hurts people? Sometimes kills them?

(SCP-3889 sighs. It reaches into its jacket pocket and removes a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. It then lights a cigarette and draws once before continuing.)

SCP-3889: Yeah. I know it. Goddammit.

(SCP-3889 smokes silently for a short period of time, showing signs of mild emotional distress.)

SCP-3889: I try, darlin'. I really do. I go to lonely spots when I can feel a bad one on the other end, but sometimes I just don't guess well enough, or they trick me. I've never been

a clever man, but cross my heart, I ain't out to hurt no one. Honest to God, sweetheart, I don't like it anymore than you do. I like it best when it's right in the middle. Something amazing, but… y'know. Harmless. Like when I landed that bigmouth shark awhile back. Hah. You see that big sucker? Think they put it in the papers.

Agent Torres: I did, actually. The footage, at least. I don't really know how you were able to pull a basking shark out of a three-meter wide estuary channel.

SCP-3889: Yeah. It's, uh… complicated. But hot *damn* if it isn't fun. Times like those is when I get to feel like a real man again. A little bit of pride. Give all the folks out there a show, a story to tell, make 'em think about how beautiful the sea can be on the inside. Of course I'm actually a big ol' cheater, but they don't have to know that, do they.

(SCP-3889 laughs.)

Agent Torres: If you know that there's a risk, then why do you keep doing it? Wouldn't it ultimately be better to just stop?

(Pause. SCP-3889 shakes its head.)

SCP-3889: Much as I wish it was different, it doesn't work that way. First off, I'm a fisherman, ma'am. True, I've got an unfair advantage these days, but my catch is the meanest, nastiest, most twisted-up bunch of sons-a-bitches ever spawned. And it's *this* geezer givin' em what for. I'm not one for tootin' my own horn, but honey, I'm the greatest goddamn fisherman that ever lived. It's all I've ever done and it's all I ever will be. If

I give it up, I'll just be a dried up old man that Death forgot about. And secondly…

(Pause)

SCP-3889: I'll put it this way. If your boss came through that little gadget in your ear and told you to try to shoot me right now, would you do it?

(Pause. SCP-3889 smiles during the silence.)

Agent Torres: … I guess I would.

SCP-3889: Yep. You got a duty, even if you don't like the way it tastes sometimes. And so do I. I was given a gift. Or a curse, depending on how you wanna look at it. I gotta trick these bastards and catch 'em up, hook line and sinker, 'cause for better or for worse, I'm the only one that can. It pains me to see people get hurt because of it, but I still gotta. I know you boys and girls in uniform are tough enough to wrangle 'em and put 'em in their place, and you do, every time.

(SCP-3889 looks toward the sun, and grins.)

No matter what they think, we got tough-as-nails *fighters* on our little world, no mistake. And it makes me damn proud to see. I got to keep finding 'em, I can't just quit, and neither can the rest of you. I've gotta hook 'em, and you've gotta cook 'em! Heh. Who am I kiddin', you're just gonna keep peckin' me until I spill the beans. You wanna know why I can't ever, ever stop? And why you folks need to keep one good eye out as long as you can, 'til the very last man?

Agent Torres: Yes. We want to know.

(SCP-3889 sighs.)

SCP-3889: 'Cause as heavy as our burden is now, the ones I fish are just the babies.

Addendum: Continued observations of SCP-3889 have revealed that SCP-3897 has manifested within 15 kilometers of every 3889-TEHOM event recorded since 2012. When questioned about this, SCP-3889 commented, "Yep. They're gettin' worse. And now she's watchin' me." SCP-3889 declined to elaborate before vanishing.

Investigation into SCP-3889's correlation to SCP-3897, SCP-3983, and all related phenomena is currently underway.

SCP-3890: Forget-Me-Not

Item #: SCP-3890

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of SCP-3890, and my current situation, I am unable to enact containment procedures. For the time being, I will focus my efforts on exploring SCP-3890 and the anomalous phenomena it displays.

Description: SCP-3890 is a potentially extradimensional or extraterrestrial space which I, Doctor Elizabeth Graham, was somehow transported to from Site-22 on 02/17/16. At the time, I was transporting template documentation for the containment of several other SCP items, but I do not believe that they are related to this anomaly. Similarly, I am uncertain as to whether I was transported here due to my involvement with the Foundation.

In terms of geography, SCP-3890 takes the form of a seemingly infinite desert plain, with ruins of differing architectural design poking out through the sand. I have noted the presence of buildings of modern design, along with what appear to be ruins of Ancient Roman and Erikeshan structures. Exploration of these structures has shown that they are mostly empty - I am unsure whether this is by design or if they were looted at some point in the past, perhaps by a specimen of SCP-3890-1.

SCP-3890, from what I can tell, goes through a solar cycle identical to that of Earth. Perhaps this location is *not* extradimensional or extraterrestrial, but some location on the Earth that remains hidden, perhaps through some form of antimemetic camouflage? It's warm during the day and cold during the night nonetheless, but never to an uncomfortable degree. In that way it is very much unlike an actual desert.

SCP-3890-1 is my collective designation for the humanoid entities

that wander through SCP-3890. They do not respond to any stimuli and, as far as I have been able to tell, simply walk around without a specific destination. I have observed several of them simply walking in circles around buildings. Is there meaning to this behaviour, or are they simply unintelligent? At this point, I cannot be sure. Like the buildings, specimens of SCP-3890-1 appear to originate from a range of locations and times — some modern, some ancient. I have recovered a knife from the pocket of an SCP-3890-1 specimen, so I can defend myself to a limited degree if necessary.

Additionally, specimens of SCP-3890-1 do not defend themselves when attacked. Autopsy of one specimen has shown no differences between the anatomy of SCP-3890-1 and normal human beings. To my mind, there are two possibilities here:

1. Specimens of SCP-3890-1 are entities which have been created to resemble humans. Their mindless nature is the result of an imperfect creation.
2. Specimens of SCP-3890-1 are humans which have been mentally altered in some way to rob them of their faculties.

So far, it appears that individuals within SCP-3890 do not experience hunger or thirst. I have been here for three days thus far, and feel pretty much the same as I did when I first arrived. I cannot be certain, however, whether I no longer *need* food and water or simply believe I do not. As I've **come** by no food here except SCP-3890-1, I very much hope the former is the case.

SCP-3891: Paradise Lost and Found

Item #: SCP-3891

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: By agreement with the United States and Marshall Islands governments, the Foundation has established Site-68 on Kwajalein Atoll for SCP-3891 containment. Two Foundation *Cyclone*-class patrol vessels (SCPS *Arethusa* and SCPS *Leander*) with aviation support are to enforce a perimeter 50km from SCP-3891, with the cover of a US military restricted zone. Any civilian vessels or aircraft approaching this area are to be rerouted. Under no circumstances are vessels or aircraft, Foundation or otherwise, to enter within 10km of SCP-3891, or attempt to view SCP-3891 with magnification aids.

Direct viewing of photographs, video records, or SCP-3891 itself is prohibited prior to cognitohazard risk assessment. Publicly available map and satellite data has been altered to remove images of SCP-3891, with Foundation webcrawler 3891-PAUL tasked to search and remove any online images. All images of SCP-3891 are to be digitally analysed and converted into textual descriptions by an automated system, with the original information stored in the Site-68 archives protected by standard cognitohazard precautions.

No communication is to be attempted with any individuals on SCP-3891, and persons who have completed travel there are to be considered deceased. All other individuals subject to SCP-3891's effects should be administered Class-C amnestics, and terminated if effects persist.

Description: SCP-3891 is a coral atoll at coordinates [REDACTED] in the Marshall Islands. It consists of 13 islands surrounding a central lagoon, with a total land area of 3.8km^2. Viewing SCP-3891 both in reality or recordings is cognitohazardous with an intensity proportional to the distance of the viewer or recording from

SCP-3891. This effect involves heightened fear responses, pessimistic and hopeless thought patterns, and a belief that the world is either experiencing or approaching some form of apocalyptic scenario consistent with the subject's premorbid belief system. For example, highly religious individuals tend towards thoughts related to eschatological events, whereas individuals who closely follow geopolitical and military matters may develop heightened concerns about thermonuclear war. This is combined with a perception that SCP-3891 is a place of safety and a desire to approach it; is is unclear whether this desire is a component of SCP-3891's cognitohazardous nature or an expected result of its primary effect.

A distance of 10km is the maximum observed range for this effect to occur, and at this point it is reversible with amnestics. However, if subjects successfully reach SCP-3891, its cognitohazardous effects become permanent. Subjects affected in this manner invariably believe that human civilisation and often the Earth itself (with the exception of SCP-3891) have been destroyed by some form of end-of-the-world scenario. If forcibly taken to areas outside of SCP-3891, they will perceive these as having been destroyed, and other individuals as hallucinations, paranormal entities or occasionally survivors (who they will attempt to convince to return to SCP-3891).

Since coming to Foundation attention, 191 individuals, including [REDACTED] Foundation personnel, are known to have travelled to SCP-3891. Although the cognitohazardous properties of SCP-3891 preclude detailed investigation, these individuals are presumed deceased given the inability of SCP-3891 to support any significant population for extended periods of time.

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENT IS LEVEL 4/3891 CLASSIFIED

ATTEMPTS TO ACCESS THIS DOCUMENT WITHOUT LEVEL 4/3891 AUTHORISATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

BY ACCESSING THIS DOCUMENT YOU CONSENT TO LATER AMNESTIC TREATMENT.

INPUT ACCESS CODE.

Addendum: Via remote surveillance and automated data transcription of recordings, a number of additional anomalous effects relating to SCP-3891 have been observed. SCP-3891 has a permanent population of between 250 and 300 individuals, who subsist on naturally occurring resources on the atoll. SCP-3891 has an anomalous abundance of these, including fish, plants and fauna (primarily various species of birds, as well as introduced animals such as pigs and chickens). Despite a gradual growth in the population of SCP-3891 and available data reaching back to the mid-20th century, no depletion of these stocks has been observed.

Other anomalous effects observed on SCP-3891 itself include the following:

- lack of biological ageing amongst its inhabitants, with several matching the descriptions of missing persons from as early as the 1920s
- rapid regeneration of injuries and resistance to disease
- lack of visible particulate contamination of the water, inconsistent with the waste expected to be produced by the population
- resistance to extreme weather, observed in 1991 when Typhoon Paka passed over the area without causing any visible effects on SCP-3891 or its inhabitants
- an absence of violence or disharmony amongst its inhabitants, despite the presence of those from backgrounds which would have historically been considered hostile to one another[1]
- inhabitants demonstrating anomalously high levels of subjective wellbeing and spiritual contentment

- being a place of safety, free from the troubles of the world

The society observed on SCP-3891 practices a hunter-gatherer lifestyle, but with a significant amount of leisure time given the widespread availability of resources on SCP-3891. The language of communication is a previously unknown creole mixture of English, Marshallese and Japanese, presumably originating from the backgrounds of SCP-3891 inhabitants. There is no evidence of any social hierarchy or formal leadership structure, likely due to the lack of disputes. Most inhabitants are polyamorous, but with childbirth being only rarely observed.[2] Activities of the SCP-3891 society involve water-based leisure activities, beach sports, various festivals involving food and dance, visual arts, and reading books previously brought to the island. Sounds beautiful, doesn't it?

> I've had enough of all this. If you're reading this, you must have access to the database, just like I do. Haven't you seen what's happening here? It's all falling apart. There are hundreds of Keter entities that could end the world any day now, and the numbers just keep growing by the day. Don't tell me you think we can keep a lid on everything forever. Even if we do our jobs, just look at what's happening all over the world, with politicians and generals and the rest of the self-styled elite running 'civilisation' into the ground. There's nothing we in the Foundation are going to do to stop *that*.
>
> They say SCP-3891 makes you believe the world is going to end, but you don't need an SCP to believe that. Everyone knows this will happen, sooner or later. There's no danger here; this is the only place in the world without it.

I'm going to go as soon as I can, but this is my gift to you, and everyone else who reads this file.

I'll see you in paradise.

Footnotes

1. Such as ex-military personnel inhabiting SCP-3891 since the 1940s from both Imperial Japan and the United States.
2. It is unclear how this level of low fertility occurs.

SCP-3892: A Very Heavy Metal Bedtime

Item #: SCP-3892

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3892 is to be kept in a standard Safe-class containment locker.

Description: SCP-3892 is a child's blanket, colored black and red and patterned with cartoon skulls. Fiber analysis has revealed SCP-3892 to be made of a non-anomalous cotton-polyester blend.

SCP-3892's anomalous properties manifest when it is worn by a sleeping child of age 10 or under. Once the subject has reached N1 (earliest) stage sleep, SCP-3892-01 will manifest within 10 meters of SCP-3892 (typically within a closet or hallway in domestic trials).

SCP-3892-01 is a large (approx. 2.3 meters tall) skeletal humanoid figure, dressed in a spiked leather jacket, torn denim trousers, and black motorcycle boots. SCP-3892-01's eye sockets contain yellow lights, and luminous smoke can be seen issuing from its mouth and ribcage.

Upon manifesting, SCP-3892-01 will silently approach the target. The air temperature within a 10-meter radius will warm to approximately 27° C.

SCP-3892-01 will then tuck the subject into bed, whisper “Good night, (name)"[1], gently kiss the subject on the head, then demanifest.

SCP-3892-01 has neither harmed nor awakened any children during testing trials, and instantly demanifests if approached or interrupted.

Addendum 3892-01: On 10 May 2018, SCP-3892-01 looked directly into a testing chamber camera after kissing the subject,

growled, and said, "I know where you sleep." SCP-3892-01 then loudly cracked each of its knuckles and demanifested as normal.

SCP-3892-01 has not responded to any attempt at communication by Foundation personnel before or since this event. The significance of this is unknown.

Footnotes
1. The subject's first name.

SCP-3893: I'm Going to Have a Motherfucking Meltdown

Item #: SCP-3893

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Containment Facility 3893-SVAROG will maintain continual manning, operation, and maintenance in accordance with both Foundation and Australian nuclear regulations.

SCP-3893-01 is to be continually monitored for any movement or change in physiological state. In the event that SCP-3893-01 undergoes a flux surge event, all on-site turbogenerators will be brought online to divert excess power to established grounding shafts, and SCP-3893-01's shielding barriers will be scrammed.

Description: SCP-3893 is the remains of a large machine, located 30 meters underground beneath an area of land approximately 120 kilometers east-northeast of Uluru.

Excavated and partially reconstructed sections of the wreckage that comprises the majority of SCP-3893 have yielded structures resembling weapon barrels, armor plating, computer circuitry, and several continuous track assemblies, indicating that SCP-3893 may have been a form of land-based combat vehicle prior to its destruction. None of SCP-3893's components have shown to be made of inherently anomalous materials, save for its central power source, designated SCP-3893-01.

SCP-3893-01 is a male human corpse in an advanced state of desiccation and decomposition, which is connected via a series of implanted wires and electromechanical contacts to several operational SCP-3893 subsystems. SCP-3893-01 is highly radioactive, and was originally found placed within the primary vessel of SCP-3893's pressurized water reactor, serving as the

reactor's fuel source. The amount of heat, radiation, and steam produced by several of SCP-3893's damaged coolant lines led to its initial discovery.

SCP-3893 was initially discovered routing its generated electricity into a ground load at a rate of over 500 megawatts per hour. As allowing this to continue would result in an eventual reactor meltdown, Containment Facility 3893-SVAROG was constructed above and around SCP-3893. This facility functions as a supplementary power generation plant, which converts the otherwise inordinate amount of energy produced by SCP-3893 into usable power for the surrounding region and provides adequate cooling to SCP-3893-01.

Near SCP-3893-01's core observation porthole is a CRT monitor, affixed to a wall. The information displayed on this screen has not been observed to change since SCP-3893's containment. Text follows.

5888 23/365 11:27 **DB-SYSCON**: CORE TEMP 702. CORE PRESS 3117. SYSTEMS NOMINAL.
5888 23/365 11:28 **CORE**: these idiots are goddamn everywhere. does anyone have a bead on GRAYWING? i think the citadel's emitting a scramble field, sensors aren't picking up shit
5888 23/365 11:31 **CORE**: alright thanks. keep the assault squadron in formation behind me as we advance, ill take the hard hits. make sure the channelers are paying attention and for fuck's sake watch our flanks for weavers, im gonna need a reload in about seven minutes and that wont happen if the slave battalion is too busy choking on feathers to lift the fucking magazines
—-
5888 23/365 11:53 **DB-SYSCON**: FIRE DETECTED IN SECTOR 3. EXTINGUISHERS ACTIVATED. FORWARD HULL INTEGRITY 87%.
5888 23/365 11:55 **CORE**: okay. ive had enough of this shit. support squadron full retreat, im initiating mass limit override. say goodnight, you hilarious shitfucks, HERE COMES THE DEATHBREAKER
5888 23/365 12:02 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNING. CORE TEMP 957 +7 DEGREES EXESSIVE. INITIATING SUPERMAX COOLING PROTOCOL.

5888 23/365 12:04 **CORE**: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
5888 23/365 12:07 **CORE**: oh i could have sworn you jackasses said GRAYWING was still in the tower getting fucked up by the artillery
5888 23/365 12:08 **CORE**: then why the FUCK IS HE HEADED RIGHT FOR ME
5888 23/365 12:08 **DB-SYSCON**: CRITICAL PROXIMITY WARNING – CLASS 5 ENTITY WITHIN CHANNELING RANGE
5888 23/365 12:08 **CORE**: thats right thats right COME AND GET SOME YOU WORTHLESS SHITBIRD
5888 23/365 12:09 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNING. STARBOARD WEAPONS PLATFORMS 3-8 OFFLINE
5888 23/365 12:09 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNING. STARBOARD REACTOR PLATIN=g BREACH## ARCANE CXNTAMiNATION DETECTEEEEeeD
5888 23/365 12:10 **CORE**: initiating meltdown. eat this, you awful fucking freak
5888 23/365 12:10 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNING. SELF-DESTRUCT SUBSYSTEM NONRESPONSIVE.
5888 23/365 12:10 **CORE**: oh son of a
5888 23/365 12:10 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNING. HULL INTEGRITY 0%
5888 23/365 12:10 **DB-SYSCON**: WARNIII-+33Ng FLUX DiSTORRrTI0N EXCEED7ING L#CAL SPpppppppATIAL TOLER %NCE

xxxxxxxxxxUNAUTHORIZED CONNECTION

ERR 01/365 00:00 **GRAYWING**: SLEEP WELL

CRITICAL SYSTEM FAILURE

…
…
…
…
…

EMERGENCY POWER ACTIVATED
SYSTEM RESTARTING

???? 01/365 00:00 **DB-SYSCON**: ALL PRIMARY SYSTEMS DISABLED. NO INPUT DETECTED. REROUTING CORE POWER TO EMERGENCY GROUND.
???? 01/365 00:00 **DB-SYSCON**: DATALINK DISABLED. FOUNDRY SIGNAL NOT DETECTED. COMMAND SIGNAL NOT DETECTED.

—-

???? 01/365 00:00 **CORE**: if it takes me forever, if i have to burn my way through ten thousand miles of solid stone, i will fucking find you, graywing. watch for falling rocks, you fucking monster. i am coming.

ERR 013 NO INPUT DETECTED

SCP-3893-01 displays no signs of biological vitality, but has been seen to twitch or adjust position slightly in its tank. These movements coincide with massive releases of thermal energy and ionizing radiation, which 3893-SVAROG has thus far been able to successfully divert. However, these surges have increased in intensity over time since initial containment, and current projections estimate that without material upgrades or reinforcement, SCP-3893-01 will cause critical structural failure and containment breach within approximately months.

SCP-3894: Our Sorrow

ATTENTION

This document has been secured under Operation Marduk executive authority. By accessing it and the information contained therein, you consent to potentially undergo physical, metaphysical, and spiritual augmentation pursuant to Operation Marduk personnel transmutation protocols, if you have not done so already. If implemented, this process is irreversible. Do you wish to proceed?

I accept the burden.

Greetings, soldier. Allow me to formally congratulate you on making the worst, greatest, and last decision of your life.

I'll start by saying that you probably think you know what you've signed up for. You've been briefed. You've read the supplemental documentation. You sat through the presentations.

It's also likely that you think you're experienced enough. You might have been a frontline NCO your entire career. Maybe you were a unit commander. Maybe you were just a punchy grunt that turned mercenary and got lucky. Either way, you've seen action. You know how to shoot, choke and throw an elbow or two. That's great.

It's also completely worthless.

Your life is about to become a collection of extremes with absolutely no room for gray. You will struggle under a weight so heavy that you will wonder how you ever dared to think you were strong. Your soul will be pressed, crushed under a burden that seems to cry out for your destruction at every moment. You will never know rest. You will never know a moment's relaxation. You will never eat, drink, sleep, fuck, or have a meaningful human relationship ever again. You *will* fight. You will struggle until you can feel your back breaking, even though you won't have one. You will suffer agonies that are more horrible than any mortal man was ever meant to feel, and they will be slow to heal. And as much as you beg, you will never, *ever* die.

You will be eternal.

You will save humanity each and every moment of your miserable existence. You will choose your weapon and you will use it to slay the

grandest, most horrifying beasts that mankind has ever faced. The tides will bend at your call and batter your enemies to paste. Gravity *itself* will call you master, and you will break your foe's bones with the same weight that you carry, because they're just not goddamn strong enough to bear it. You will tear flesh, shatter spines, and relish the shrieks of your nemesis, knowing that whatever torture they are suffering, *you are going through worse*. In your agony, you will become invincible. You will become one of the toughest, strongest, most unstoppable warriors that has ever existed in this reality or the next. You are now humanity's first and last line of defense.

Forget everything you ever were. Now, you are a legend.

Welcome to Special Task Force Sigma-01.

STF Sigma-01 Commander Chuck Holloway, "Diamond Lance"

Item #: SCP-3894

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Operation Marduk Site Alpha-001 is to be secured via blockade by Naval Task Force Omega-09 “Dire Straits”. Entrance to and knowledge of Site Alpha-001 is to be restricted to personnel of Overseer and Marduk/4 security clearance only.

In the event that SCP-3894 is determined to no longer be effective in tactically suppressing Entity of Interest 090 “Mother”, Operation Sorrow's End will commence in preparation for an imminent TK-Class Total Human Transmutation scenario.

Description: SCP-3894 is the collective designation given to EoI-089 “The Sorrow”, GoI-089 “The Bearers”, and the diplomatic, thaumaturgic, and martial alliance between the aforementioned and the Foundation for the purposes of impeding, combating, or otherwise containing EoI-090.

This has been deemed a necessity as a result of several changes observed in multiple SCP objects over the course of the previous two years as of the time of this document's creation. These are annotated below.

Anomaly	Changes Observed
SCP-3889, entity suspected to be subordinate to SCP-3894-Alpha and confirmed to be disruptive/ inimical to EoI-090	SCP-3889's TEHOM events have yielded progressively more aggressive and durable entities, either matching or exceeding TEHOM-41's destructive capability. Lesser TEHOM entities have begun to manifest independent of SCP-3889 near coastlines worldwide. SCP-3889 has begun to assist Foundation naval assets in the

	neutralization of these entities, however the rate of entity manifestation has accelerated to the extent that Foundation tactical asset losses are becoming dire.
SCP-3897, now confirmed as EoI-090 scouting and reconnaissance bioform	Multiple manifestations of SCP-3897 have occurred worldwide, with the current maximum observed number being 97 simultaneous instances. SCP-3897 have also begun to display greater aggression, significantly increasing predation rates and manifesting above densely-populated urban centers at all hours, greatly decreasing the effectiveness and feasibility of mass-amnesticization upon the civilian populace.
SCP-3896, currently understood to function as loci for EoI-090 bioform manifestation and dispersal	37 instances of SCP-3896 are now recorded, each requiring an extensive naval blockade to prevent escape of SCP-3896-01. SCP-3896-01 entities have begun to display greatly increased intelligence, strength, durabiltiy, size, and manifestation rate. Foundation Naval Task Force casualties as a result of these manifestations now number in excess of 150,000.

As a result of these events, Operation Marduk was initiated, and Procedure 3894-PERSEPHONE was devised to supplement the Foundation's available tactical resources.

Procedure 3894-PERSEPHONE describes a process through which willing and able Foundation task force personnel undergo complete metaphysical transformation through a series of interactions between SCP-3898, the influence of SCP-3894-Alpha, and a hyperthaumaturgic distortion field generated by a battery of sixteen Morgenstern-Khan Thaumaturgic Rams. Upon completion of this process, the subject's body is destroyed, and the subject adopts the standard set of anomalous properties exhibited by GoI-089 while retaining spiritual autonomy and loyalty to the Foundation. These properties are as follows:

- Conversion of the body into a Type V (permanent, autonomous, selectively corporeal, thaumaturgic) ectoplasmic construct
- Greatly increased physical strength and endurance
- Type IV (post-thanatotropic, substance-variable, nexus-conditional) immortality
- Hydrokinetic and gravikinetic capability

The subject is then registered and inducted into Special Task Force Sigma-01 “Foundation's Anchors”, to be selectively deployed alongside GoI-089 to counteract all sorties initiated by EoI-090, including containing now-global instances of SCP-3896, neutralization of all instances of worldwide TEHOM-class entity emergence, and prevention of Event Marduk-01 DEUCALION[1], among others.

EoI-089, tentatively designated SCP-3894-Alpha, is a Category 4 thaumaturgic and hyperphysical entity, referred to by members of GoI-089 and STF Sigma-01 as “The Sorrow”, “The Bearer of the Burden”, and “The Withered King”.

Early-stage thaumaturgical scanning of SCP-3894-Alpha has revealed a considerable amount of conceptual energy contained within its corporeal frame, when manifested. The majority of this energy is encoded with markers that coincide with EoI-090, a number of known Keter-level SCPs, anti-thaumic exponents of significant value, and several codons corresponding with Earth and all extant forms of life with humanity as a focal point, at an Association Magnitude of 9.8. This, compared to thaumic scans of other similar entities accessible to the Foundation, has led to the conclusion that SCP-3894-Alpha is conceptually and metaphysically interlinked with life on earth to such an extent that its existence is necessary for human civilization to exist in its current state.

SCP-3894-Alpha manifests physically as an emaciated, decomposing male humanoid figure, dressed in a hood and torn coat, carrying an Admiralty-pattern anchor with angular flukes roughly as long as it is tall (≈ 2 meters). It will occasionally and without warning appear near the rear wall of Site 001-Alpha's primary equipment chamber, where it rarely moves and to date has only spoken when spoken to. During its appearances it willingly gives interviews, which have been performed and coordinated by Operation Marduk Thaumaturgy Department Head Dr. Kumail Khan.

Current projections by Operation Marduk tactical assessment personnel estimate that given the rate of EoI-090's expansion compared to SCP-3894, SCP-3894 will become redundant within months, which despite Foundation efforts results in a TK-class Total Human Transmutation scenario in 93% of all simulations to date. Efforts to maintain standing disinformation protocols (including 3895-SIRENSONG) have thus far been effective, but are estimated to fail alongside projected failure of SCP-3894. Investigation to determine possible alternatives or amplifying solutions that avoid the implementation of Lifted Veil protocols is ongoing.

See Operation Marduk document SCP-3895 for current information regarding EoI-090.

A very long time ago, a life, at some point, learned to care for others like it. Not *all* others, as organisms have to eat, but it gained an awareness of its kin. And it cared for them. It was primitive, but a bond was formed.

And as expected, that bond ended in death. That life felt a new pain. Not a pain of the body, but a pain of the soul. Grief. Loss. Mourning.

There is beauty in hardship. Every loss is a tale, a tapestry, and the threads are love, companionship, courage, and perseverance. The things that make life what it is. It was sorrow that solidified life's ability to see itself, to look inward for the first time, to observe and understand something that was beyond eating, or mating, or fighting. It was sorrow that taught life to remember things that had stopped existing. To reflect upon its actions, to

feel shame for its wrongs and to delight in its achievements, knowing full well that Death waited right behind it. Sorrow gave life its soul. Its heart. It is the weight that pulls us down and prevents life from destroying itself in wrath or hedonism or terror.

It is in Sorrow that we will find our salvation, and be reminded of what truly makes us human.

Dr. Kumail Khan, Operation Marduk
Thaumaturgy Dept. Head

So long as I stand, you shall never fall.

I am with you.

Footnotes

1. Described in greater detail in "Time of Mourning: An Analysis of SCP-3894 Failure Contingencies" by Dr. Kumail Khan and Dr. Hans Morgenstern

SCP-3895: Our Unrest

ATTENTION

This document has been secured under Operation Marduk executive authority. Due to the ongoing progression of SCP-3895's anomalous effects, portions of the information contained within are known to be cognitohazardous to personnel not primed with Infoinoculation 27-APOLLO. This treatment has been proven effective in neutralizing the memetic threat posed by this document in 97% of cases. Do not proceed unless you have undergone this procedure.

Our strength endures.

SCP-3896: The Knights Grow Weary

Item #: SCP-3896

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Naval Task Force Omega-19 “Dire Straits” will maintain a permanent naval blockade encircling Bokoneijin Island, on standby to assist SCP-3896-02 if possible, and to engage and terminate all instances of SCP-3896-01.

NTF Sigma-58 "Bottomfeeders" will maintain standard Operation Marduk disinformation protocols.

Under no circumstances are Foundation personnel to enter the cavern containing SCP-3896-03.

Description: SCP-3896 is the joint designation for a number of anomalous phenomena on, within, and surrounding Bokoneijin Island, a lesser island in the northwestern quadrant of the Bikini Atoll.

Approximately four times per month, two entities will emerge from the waters 700 meters from the island's southeastern coastline. These have been sequentially designated SCP-3896-01 and SCP-3896-02.

SCP-3896-01 entities are highly variable in morphology, but share a similar overall composition. All are estimated to have a mass of several thousand kilograms, with heights ranging from 7 to 24 meters from the surface of the water. SCP-3896-01 instances appear to be biological, with a wide array of bodily structures. These have included muscular tentacles, multiple limbs resembling human arms (albeit longer and with a greater number of joints), orifices capable of projecting large volumes of corrosive liquid, and spines composed of an unknown metallic substance, among others. These entities do not always possess heads, but those that do commonly

exhibit powerful jaws equipped with multiple rows of jagged teeth. SCP-3896-01 entities display a mottled coloration visually similar to that of decomposing human flesh. These entities are extremely aggressive and have proven highly resistant to conventional weaponry.

SCP-3896-02 entities are humanoid in appearance, generally standing between 5 and 7 meters in height. Their body dimensions are somewhat exaggerated, with broad torsos, wide hips, and large arms. Superficially, they bear resemblance to a human wearing heavy plate armor, although this armor varies in composition, ranging from corroded copper, heavily rusted iron, to stone coated in coral exoskeletons and barnacles, and in one notable instance, driftwood interspersed with strands of seaweed. Occasionally SCP-3896-02 instances' armor will bear ornamentation, such as a cape, engraving, or inlaid jewels or precious metals. These entities invariably bear a weapon, typically a two-handed sword, mace, or axe. The weapons wielded are extremely large and heavy, generally being as long as the entity is tall. SCP-3896-02 also display the anomalous ability to manipulate their surrounding physical environment, in the form of apparent hydrokinesis combined with selectively lessening or amplifying the effects of Earth's gravitational field. SCP-3896-02 stands upon the surface of the ocean as though it were a solid substance, presumably as a result of their aforementioned anomalous capabilities.

Upon manifestation, SCP-3896-01 and SCP-3896-02 instances will engage in combat. SCP-3896-01 will attempt to liquefy, dismantle, or otherwise physically destroy SCP-3896-02. SCP-3896-02 appear to struggle utilizing their weapons due to their great weight, but will compensate by hydrokinetically weaponizing the surrounding ocean and selectively amplifying Earth's gravitational field upon SCP-3896-01, causing SCP-3896-01 to become sluggish and maximizing the probability of landing a crippling blow.

SCP-3896-01 are, as yet, undefeated in these engagements. SCP-3896-02 are consistently destroyed upon each manifestation wherein Foundation naval assets are unable to provide direct fire support. Upon destruction, SCP-3896-02 undergo total structural failure, collapsing into a number of base components, which then

transmute into an equivalent volume of seawater. On the occasions where SCP-3896-02 survives an engagement due to Foundation intervention, it will face the attending SCPNF forces and raise its weapon skyward, whereupon its mass will transmute into an equivalent volume of seawater, dissipating into the surrounding ocean.

SCP-3896-01, if not engaged immediately, will destroy SCP-3896-02 and begin to travel toward the nearest populated area. SCPNF forces have thus far been able to neutralize each SCP-3896-01 instance attempting to breach the blockade, at an average of $1,250,000 in tactical assets lost and 4 Foundation casualties per engagement.

Postmortem examination of SCP-3896-01 has proven difficult. The entities' remains decompose rapidly upon neutralization into a viscous slurry, principally composed of an amalgam of organic material from 27 currently identified animal species thus far, in addition to genetically human flesh, blood, viscera, and an assortment of various toxic and acidic compounds.

The southeastern coastline of Bokoneijin Island features a littoral cave, approximately 30x25x20 meters in dimension. The walls, ceiling, and floor of this cave are covered in a thick layer of complex organic growth. Testing and visual observation has revealed this growth to be principally comprised of algae, coral, and musculoskeletal tissue from a variety of species, including great barracuda, colossal squid, desert locust, and human, among others.

The source of this growth appears to be a humanoid figure fused to the rear wall of the cave, designated SCP-3896-03. This entity has the general physiology of a male human, but the majority of its body is subsumed by the organic mass growing within the chamber, with the limbs, back, and dorsal cranium inseparable from the material. The entity also possesses a set of broad antlers growing from the sides of the cranium, and is missing the majority of its dermis and epidermis where uncovered by the anomalous growth, leaving internal organs and musculature exposed. This entity is capable of speech, and has provided information to Foundation personnel.

Date: 20 June, 2012
Interviewer: NTF Sigma-58 Agent Christina Hess
Interviewee: SCP-3896-03
Interviewer equipped with chest camera, sidearm, and high-strength steel recall reel attached to safety harness.

(Agent Hess approaches SCP-3896-03 in full MOPP gear. SCP-3896-03 scoffs.)

SCP-3896-03: Ah. Look at you, child. Defenses raised. You have little to fear from me, provided you possess strength of blood.

Agent Hess: You'll forgive a woman for being cautious.

SCP-3896-03: I suppose I shall. The weak are well served by vigilance.

Agent Hess: What are you?

(SCP-3896-03 laughs.)

SCP-3896-03: There are a number of answers to that question, my little flower. Do you ask a name?

Agent Hess: That would do for a start.

SCP-3896-03: I had one, but I gave it up. When one becomes restless, one loses a number of things. But the mother is fair, and some things are given in exchange.

Agent Hess: Like getting fused to the wall of a cave, for example.

(SCP-3896-03 laughs again.)

SCP-3896-03: You have a bite. That's good. Please, continue your line of inquiry.

Agent Hess: You're… unexpectedly forthcoming.

SCP-3896-03: Perhaps. We know who you are, Christina. I can read the sparks in your skull like tea leaves at the bottom of a cup. We know your allegiance, and we know about your lockmaking, keyturning consortium. We have made battle with one another for quite a long time. You do an admirable job of throwing wrenches in the works, as it were, but to put it simply, we aren't *afraid* of you.

(SCP-3896-03's ribcage spreads slightly, the individual ribs cracking and undulating independently.)

SCP-3896-03: I could crack your limbs and dine upon your marrow any second if I wished, but what's the point? Whether by jaw or claw or plague or blade, you'll come to know us intimately someday… so I must admit that there is little sense in beating around the proverbial bush. Ask your questions. I am eager to please.

Agent Hess: Hm. If that's your stance, perhaps you could elaborate upon the skirmishes that take place in the reef just off the coast, there? You're very nearby, I'd wager you know something about it.

SCP-3896-03: Your wager pays out. It is from that spot that I release my scions, crafted from the finest chosen dead, to test the will of the bearers. Their strength has diminished, and I have broken through here. They are beginning to struggle underneath all that weight, aha. I expect I will break through *you* quite soon. Time, as always, is our ally.

Agent Hess: What purpose are you serving, specifically?

SCP-3896-03: I am the tender of this node, one of hundreds throughout the body of our planet. We are the many canals through which Mother's wrath is made real upon the surface of the world. I minister to this section of Mother's body, with all its fertility, given to one that shares a portion of her ferocity and will.

(The organic material adhered to the walls of the cavern begins to undulate, the waves' origin point being SCP-3896-03. Agent Hess places a hand upon her sidearm.)

SCP-3896-03: I am proven, I have shown my strength. I am the first of my kin to shatter the armor of the bearers, and thus I am exulted. In time, I will brush your warships aside as well. In time.

Agent Hess: Who are the bearers?

SCP-3896-03: Ugh. It would take more effort than they warrant to tell the story in full. Suffice it to stay that they're a ragged band of miserable bores. They prevent us from accessing our true potential. When they're not making a nuisance of themselves they generally just stand around and watch us, barely able to keep upright with all that hilarious equipment they carry, and probably moan about how sad they are and how their chronically depressed king is so noble and brave and… et cetera. They're not very interesting. I have broken them here, and soon so will the others. Then we can be about the true business.

Agent Hess: That business being?

SCP-3896-03: My dear. Our aim is simple and effective, where yours is fettered and weak. The fisherman is tiring, and we are closing in upon him. The liberty doesn't care enough to stand against us, content with chasing the moon and howling like a dog. And the sorrow's strength is waning with each passing day. Mother will make us all as strong as she, and we will finally fear *nothing*. Humanity will be strong, through her love.

Agent Hess: I'll bring your criticism of our operating practices to my supervisor's attention. And I'm sure you know that now I have to ask: who is Mother?

SCP-3896-03: Oh, child. Mother is she who births and

> devours all. Who sows and harvests, who grants sickness and health. She is without rest. She hears your question, my dear. And she wants to meet you.
>
> *(A large mass of organic tissue resembling a set of jaws lined with jagged, blade-like structures rises from the cavern floor and engulfs Agent Hess. A gout of blood erupts from the aperture. Backup team activates recall reel, the end of which returns cleanly sheared. Camera feed lost.)*

Addendum: After the loss of Agent Hess, SCP-3896-01 instances have begun to display tactical adaptations. Alterations have included deliberate targeting of individuals in command positions within the blockade, attempts to disable critical ship combat systems as opposed to generalized assault, and rudimentary stealth tactics similar to those currently described within NTF Sigma-58 operational field manuals. SCP-3896-01 entities have also altered their attack patterns to facilitate the capture and bodily assimilation of additional Foundation personnel, as opposed to dispatching SCPNF combatants via trauma as before.

Global investigation to locate all other SCP-3896 instances has commenced. Increased experimentation with SCP-3898 for the purposes of initiating contact with GoI-089 "The Bearers" is now underway, to attain greater information concerning the scope and current status of this conflict.

Investigation into SCP-3897, SCP-3983, and all associated anomalies is being expanded at Level 4 priority under Operation Marduk executive command.

SCP-3897: Mother's Eye Is Upon You

Item #: SCP-3897

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Physical containment of SCP-3897 is not currently possible. Information Task Force Omega-08 “Radio Corsairs” are to continually monitor global Foundation listening network PANOPTICON for all radio waveforms consistent with SCP-3897 transmissions. Mobile Task Force Delta-45 “Rolling Thunder” will engage SCP-3897 upon manifestation, whereupon MTF Sigma-66 “Steel Veil” will be deployed for the purposes of disinformation and public amnesticization.

All materials jettisoned by SCP-3897 are to be collected for examination. All public records referencing individuals taken by SCP-3897 are to be deleted, and all associated family members and social contacts amnesticized.

Description: SCP-3897 is an aggregate of fused human corpses, with an estimated mass of 250,000 kilograms. Via an unknown mechanism, SCP-3897 is capable of levitation and directed aerial locomotion at observed speeds of up to 55 km/h. SCP-3897 typically maintains an average altitude of 3,000 meters.

SCP-3897 possesses a number of barnacle-encrusted, limb-like structures, the largest of which is approximately 70 meters in length. It will infrequently descend from its average altitude and utilize these appendages to capture humans, integrating them into its mass. It will generally avoid large population centers, preferring to select targets in isolated locations. SCP-3897 will most commonly extend its limbs through the windows of private domiciles during evening hours, capturing individuals while they are asleep.

Victims of SCP-3897 share a number of broad commonalities.

Among these are mental illness, diminishing financial situation, recent loss of employment, poor physical health, divorce, recent suicide attempts, or other recent personal tragedy. SCP-3897's reason for seeking individuals displaying these traits, if one exists, is unknown.

SCP-3897 occasionally ejects objects from its central mass. To date these have at separate times included various deceased fish, assorted molted insect exoskeletons numbering in the thousands, whole and partial human corpses, clusters of live human fetuses interlinked via their umbilical cords, and several hundred gallons of algae suspended in whale oil. Each of these deposits is either coated in or otherwise accompanied by a viscous fluid, which upon examination has been determined to be a mixture of seawater, human serous fluid, saliva, endometrial mucus, semen, and gastric acid. Genetic analysis of these deposits has been consistently inconclusive.

Attempts to collect samples of SCP-3897's tissues via aerial drone have been successful. Each sample thus far has returned spectrochemical results typical of human flesh at varying stages of decomposition, albeit with novel combinations of various microbial organisms, algae, seawater, and inconclusive genetic information.

While SCP-3897 does not react in any noticeable way to samples being taken from it or to other forms of invasive testing, it will demanifest if it is threatened via the application of force. SCP-3897 will rapidly emit an opaque cloud of gas from an array of orifices on its surface. This is principally comprised of various toxic compounds (including variants of sarin, phosgene, and mustard gases), atomized human blood, carbon dioxide, and water vapor. It will then vanish, reappearing in another region of the upper troposphere elsewhere on Earth.

SCP-3897 constantly emits radio waves, in a wide range of frequencies. These transmissions typically consist of varying levels of characteristic noise, assorted recordings of disparate subject matter, and messages spoken in a variety of languages and voices. The subject of these spoken messages varies and is occasionally incoherent. Notable examples follow.

Date	Location	Content of Transmission
04 April 2010	Cork County, Ireland	Transmission consists of an amalgam of various recordings, including the sound of a running waterfall, ocean waves, birdsong, sounds resembling high-volume borborygmus, whalesong, and children laughing.
22 February 2011	Southern Pacific Ocean	Female voice speaking in Dutch, interspersed by periods of static.
02 July 2011	Easter Island, Chile	"Unfamiliar… lack of hunger… none observable… results satisfactory… defenses estimated to be minimal… Unknown… Affirmative… sorrows inducted currently number… Yes… Integrity nominal…" Male voice, speaking in an unknown and as-yet untranslated language bearing phonetic similarities to Latin.
27 November 2011	Lapland, Finland	Child's voice, indeterminate gender. "The liberty has not exceeded its chosen domain. Interference currently within

	acceptable bounds. Conversion of 29 prospective bearers underway, a further 46 located. None significant. Praise the mother, she who births and devours all, who sows and harvests, who grants sickness and health. Praise she who is without rest. Flesh integration nominal. Our bodies unto the mother. We await the edict. Our waters unto the mother. We shall never rest. Our hearts unto the mother."

Addendum: Continued observations of SCP-3889 have revealed that SCP-3897 has appeared within 15 kilometers of every 3889-TEHOM event recorded since 2012. When questioned about this, SCP-3889 commented, "Yep. They're gettin' worse. And now she's watchin' me." SCP-3889 declined to elaborate before vanishing.

The advent of this information has led to the discovery that SCP-3897 is either capable of existing in multiple places simultaneously, or that there are multiple iterations of this anomaly. Investigation into SCP-3897's correlation to SCP-3983, SCP-3889, and all related phenomena is currently underway.

SCP-3898: The Burden

Item#: SCP-3898

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3898 is to be stored in the center of a locked standard hazardous object containment unit no smaller than 15x15x15 meters.

Under no circumstances are Foundation personnel permitted to enter SCP-3898's effective radius. If exposed, personnel are to be detained and kept under psychological observation until such time that they are determined to be healthy and not a danger to themselves or others.

SCP-3898's enclosure is to be equipped with a remote-operated restraining and pacification apparatus for subject retrieval, as well as an automated cleaning system for the purposes of removing bodily fluids, seawater, corpses, and other detritus resultant from testing.

Description: SCP-3898 is an iron Admiralty pattern ship's anchor, 2.5 meters in length and weighing approximately 350 kilograms. SCP-3898 shows signs of corrosion and deterioration consistent with exposure to seawater for an extended period of time, estimated at 140-150 years. It has displayed no material or chemical abnormalities and yields to sampling and destructive testing as expected.

Humans that enter an area approximately 5 meters from SCP-3898's surface will experience a range of anomalous psychological effects, varying between individuals. These effects are divided into two broad subsets, immediate and lasting, according to their duration and required proximity to SCP-3898.

Immediate effects of SCP-3898 exposure are only exhibited while the subject is within SCP-3898's effective radius. These include

psychotic episodes, auditory and visual hallucinations, syncope accompanied by SLUDGE syndrome, and active suicide attempts, with varying degrees of probability and intensity.

Lasting effects of SCP-3898 exposure persist after the subject has been removed from SCP-3898's presence. Subjects invariably display symptoms corresponding to major depressive disorder, and may further exhibit suicidal ideation, nonlethal self harm, manic episodes, chronic malaise, and weakened immune system with varying probability. The duration and intensity of these effects worsens in proportion to the subject's closest proximity to SCP-3898 and total time of exposure. Therapy, antidepressant medication, and amnestics have proven effective in lessening these symptoms, as well as decreasing their duration.

Physical contact, defined as touching SCP-3898 with an uncovered body part, results in a wide range of dramatic anomalous effects, described in greater detail in the testing logs below.

+Proximity Test 06/20/2014

Subject: D-3898-01

Procedure: Subject instructed to approach the object.

Immediate Effects: None observable for 1m32s. Subject expresses confusion, then begins to weep with no apparent cause. Subject touches face, expressing further confusion, then chuckles, before sitting cross-legged on the floor. Subject reports experiencing vivid memories of her brother, who had expired as a result of complications arising from leukemia several years prior to her incarceration. Subject begins to sob, verbally expressing personal regrets and lamenting her inability to recall the sound of her brother's voice. This continues for approximately 4 minutes before the subject spontaneously loses consciousness, secreting

tears and twitching occasionally. Subject removed from chamber via remotely operated retrieval system after 6m22s of total exposure.

Lasting Effects: Symptoms of major depressive disorder lasting approximately three days, with occasional manic episodes. No treatment necessary.

Nearest Proximity: 4.3 meters

+Proximity Test 08/02/2014

Subject: D-3898-04

Procedure: Subject instructed to move as near to the object as possible without making physical contact.

Immediate Effects: Subject promptly approaches SCP-3898 to a distance of 1.3 meters before stopping abruptly. D-3898-04 freezes in place. Spontaneous lacrimation begins. Subject lies down on containment unit floor and adopts fetal position, displaying signs of extreme emotional distress, including wailing, moaning, and uncontrollable, hysterical sobbing and hyperventilation. At 5m45s, subject uncurls and attempts to crawl away from SCP-3898 while pleading incoherently, but stops abruptly. Subject turns head back toward SCP-3898. Subject's eyes widen in an expression of fear, and begins shrieking. Without moving any further, subject proceeds to scream for 1m27s until sudden loss of consciousness, presumably from hypoxia. Subject removed from chamber via remotely operated retrieval system after 8m02s of exposure.

Lasting Effects: Upon regaining

consciousness, D-3898-04 remained in a semi-catatonic state, refusing to speak, eat, move, or willingly sleep, requiring intravenous nutrition and hospice care. After 11 days, D-3898-04 was placed on a psychiatric treatment regimen including regular therapy sessions and antidepressant medication. Subject responded to treatment and after three months recovered fully from the effects of exposure, but as of yet refuses to speak of his experiences within the chamber.

Nearest Proximity: 1.3 meters

+Proximity Test 10/16/2014

Subject: D-3898-09

Procedure: Subject instructed to move as near as possible to the object without making physical contact. Test coordinators instructed by Lead Researcher Khan to maintain continual, conversational verbal contact with test subject to better gauge psychological alterations. Transcript follows.

(D-3898-09 is directed into the containment enclosure. The hatch closes behind him.)

D-3898-09: That's not ominous.

Senior Researcher Reynolds: Do you see the object, 09?

(D-3898-09 turns away from the door and faces the center of the chamber.)

D-3898-09: Ah, yes. Having been to medical school, I can identify that as an 'anchor'.

Senior Researcher Reynolds: Listen carefully, 09. Quickly approach the object and

position yourself as close to it as possible.

D-3898-09: Is it going to eat me?

Senior Researcher Reynolds: No. Please proceed.

D-3898-09: Only because you asked so nicely.

(D-3898-09 walks toward SCP-3898 at a brisk pace, and stops .3 meters from it. He places his hands on his hips.)

D-3898-09: What happens now?

(pause)

Senior Researcher Reynolds: Stand by, 09.

(D-3898-09 crosses his arms, and stands silently for 32 seconds. He then reaches up to wipe a tear from his eye. He looks at his hand, and sniffs.)

D-3898-09: Odd. I don't…

(D-3898-09 smiles. Tears begin to run down his face.)

Senior Researcher Reynolds: Is something wrong, D-3898-09?

D-3898-09: … No. I don't think so. Nothing… specific. I'm not sure what's come over me, I feel… strange. Like… sinking.

Senior Researcher Reynolds: Can you clarify?

(Subject's eyes widen.)

D-3898-09: Do you ever feel hopeless, doctor?

Senior Researcher Reynolds: I suppose. Doesn't everybody feel that way sometimes?

(Subject laughs)

D-3898-09: Yes, they do! They feel hopeless when their car breaks down. They feel hopeless when they botch a presentation at work, or get a bad grade on a test. When they get hurt, or when someone they love stops loving them back.

(Subject begins to sob, still smiling.)

D-3898-09: They feel hopeless when they are told they will be dead soon. When a loved one passes away. When they stray too far, and they know they'll never be able to make their way back to where they were meant to be.

(Pause)

D-3898-09: But this is different from all of that. It takes my breath away. It feels like lead bars in my lungs. I can feel it press my shoulders down, *and my spine is bending*.

(D-3898-09 turns to face the containment chamber's observation window, which is hidden behind a polarized concealment plate. D-3898-09 was not informed that he would be under visual observation prior to test commencement.)

D-3898-09: Doctor, you hilarious waste. I can see what you see. And I know what you know. We're standing right in front of a leaking dam. There are so many things behind it and each one is better at what it does than the last and standing between them and our lives is… *you?* You and your *colleagues*? I can see it in your

face. I can see the truth behind your eyes. And I understand it so much better than you do.

(D-3898-09 turns back, and regards SCP-3898. His eyes widen, and he brings his hands to his mouth. He stares over SCP-3898, as though able to see something on the far side of the chamber. He places his hands at his sides.)

D-3898-09: And *you*.

(Subject laughs)

D-3898-09: I can see *you*, too. I know what you're asking for, and it won't be me. I refuse you. You don't get to suck away what fucking *little* I had left to live for, my last shred of fucking ignorance, and expect me to do anything more than crumble. I can see you, down at the very bottom. *I CAN SEE YOU HIDING DOWN THERE, YOU PIECE OF SHIT*.

(D-3898-09 pauses, as though listening.)

D-3898-09: Fuck you. No. I know what'll happen.

(Pause)

D-3898-09: Because I am not strong enough. And *you fucking knew that already*.

(D-3898-09 begins inserting his thumbs into his eye sockets, without exclaiming or otherwise reacting to any pain this action causes.)

D-3898-09: The burden is heavy. And I am weak.

(D-3898-09 successfully destroys his own eyes before Senior Researcher Reynolds is able to activate the pacification system. D-3898-09 is removed from the containment enclosure by remotely operated retrieval system and submitted for medical treatment.)

Contact Tests: In each of these tests, the subject was instructed to approach SCP-3898 as quickly as possible (to avoid the incipient proximity effects) and make physical contact with it, via touching with a hand.

Date	**Subject**	**Results of Contact**
13 April, 2015	D-3898-13	Subject's body is instantaneously transmuted into an equivalent volume of clear fluid, which loses cohesion and splashes to the floor of the containment chamber. A sample of this fluid was examined and determined to be seawater, with living microbes consistent with those found in the epipelagic zone of the mid-Pacific Ocean.
27 July, 2015	D-3898-20	Subject expires. Autopsy report revealed the majority of subject's abdominal viscera had been replaced with a mass of material comprised of algae, diatoms, various deceased fish, crustaceans, and

		aquatic mollusks in various states of dismemberment and decomposition, a live octopus, three shark teeth belonging to the genus *Somniosidae*, decomposing seaweed, and seawater, causing near-instantaneous death. Remains incinerated.
06 September, 2015	D-3898-34	Subject's body in its entirety is crushed into a fine paste by a swift, sudden impact from above. Origin of force unknown. Impact energy estimated at roughly 400 kN. No information obtainable from remains.
09 October, 2015	D-3898-38	Subject enters respiratory distress, expelling large amounts of a clear fluid while attempting to cough. Subject removed from containment chamber via remotely operated retrieval system. Medical treatment attempted, but unsuccessful, as subject's lungs continually fill with fluid from an unknown source. Subject

		asphyxiates and expires. Fluid sampled and determined to be seawater, of an identical composition as that retrieved during test dated 13 April.
27 November, 2015	D-3898-58	See Incident Report 3898-01.

Incident Report 3898-01: On 27 November 2015, test subject D-3898-58 made physical contact with SCP-3898 as instructed. However, unlike all prior tests, there were no immediately observable effects. D-3898-58 remained motionless with one hand grasping SCP-3898's central shank in excess of a minute, speaking continually at a low volume, before observing staff attempted to question him using the chamber's intercom. D-3898-58 remained unresponsive, and Senior Researcher Reynolds gave the order to pull the subject from the chamber. Before the robotic loading arms could make contact with the subject, D-3898-58 ceased speaking, then uttered a last indistinguishable sentence. He then raised his arm, lifting the 350 kg object above his head and pointing it directly skyward. The subject then vanished, leaving behind his clothes. SCP-3898 fell to the floor of the testing chamber without suffering any observable damage.

Review and subsequent filtering of the security footage from the incident revealed the content of D-3898-58's statements in the moments prior to his disappearance. Transcript follows.

+Audio Transcript 27 November 2015

D-3898-58: … Oh.

(Pause)

D-3898-58: No. I can't say that I'm surprised.

(Pause)

D-3898-58: Me? You can't be serious.

(Pause. Subject laughs.)

D-3898-58: Then you know what you're asking for. I can't do that. Not even if I wanted to.

(Pause. Subject laughs again.)

D-3898-58: Buddy. Listen. You're already in my head, so look around a bit. Really look. Do you see all that? Look where I am. What's happened to me. What I've *done*. I'll let you down. I'll let the *whole thing* down, I guarantee it. I've fucked up everything I've ever tried, and I've fucked over everyone I've ever known. And I'll fuck this up too. I'm not strong enough. I'm sorry, but you've got the wrong guy.

(Longer pause. D-3898-58 scowls.)

D-3898-58: No.

(Short pause)

D-3898-58: Because she's fucking *dead*, you damp fuckstain. Where the fuck do you get off-

(Longer pause. D-3898-58 smiles, blinking away tears.)

D-3898-58: Because I'm the one who killed her. You *fucker-*

(Subject's voice breaks. He cries silently for a short period.)

D-3898-58: … I had forgotten what she looked like. What she looked like after. You fucking bastard, I'd *forgotten*. I spent *years* pushing her out of my head. Her face… God, her fucking face…

(Pause)

D-3898-58: No. *No, Jesus Christ why would you-*

(Pause)

D-3898-58: … Why are you doing this to me?

(Longer pause lasting 2m31s, during which D-3898-58 dries his eyes with the hand not grasping SCP-3898)

D-3898-58: I don't know whether to hate you or love you, you son of a bitch.

(Subject sniffs.)

D-3898-58: Alright. *Alright*, shut up, you've made your point. I'll do it. But not for you.

(The muscles of D-3898-58's right arm flex, and he raises SCP-3898 above his head, showing no outward signs of physical exertion. Faint, but audible metallic groaning can be heard from the object, presumably due to mechanical stress.)

D-3898-58: I'm sorry, Maria.

(D-3898-58 closes his eyes.)

D-3898-58: I accept the burden.

(D-3898-58's body disappears.)

The significance of this event is unknown. Investigation into SCP-3898's correlation to SCP-3983 and all other related anomalies is underway.

SCP-3899: The Night Hauler

Item#: SCP-3899

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3899 is not currently containable utilizing conventional methods. To date, it has not manifested outside of the continental borders of the United States of America, and as such current secondary measures are considered adequate until research yields a more complete and feasible mechanism for its physical containment.

Upon manifestation of SCP-3899, all citizen's band (CB) radio emissions from SCP-3899 are to be monitored by nearby Foundation listening posts for attempted contact by SCP-3899 to civilian recipients. All individuals contacted by SCP-3899 are to be detained, administered Class-B amnestics, and released upon completion of treatment, as are all eyewitnesses. Information concerning SCP-3899 is to be suppressed via local transportation administration denial and televised media blackout. Accounts of SCP-3899 relayed via the Internet are to be either denounced as false in coordination with local governments or deleted where practicable. Disinformation initiative 3899-OILSLICK is to be continually updated and disseminated across social media and other high-traffic websites to maintain SCP-3899's current status as an urban legend.

Description: SCP-3899 is, in appearance, a black Peterbilt 379 semi-trailer truck, with attached trailer. SCP-3899's performance capabilities exceed what is possible for conventional trucks of similar make, being able to reach speeds in excess of 430 km/h and accelerate or decelerate at rates that would ordinarily result in significant structural damage. SCP-3899 also displays the ability to selectively displace itself in space across short distances, typically to avoid nearby motorists or obstacles while traveling at anomalous speeds. These transference events appear as a sudden

disappearance followed by instantaneous reappearance not more than 300 meters in any direction, accompanied by a cloud of dense, black smoke. Samples of this smoke obtained by field agents have invariably consisted of a mixture of diesel fuel combustion byproducts, volcanic ash, and atomized blood possessing inconclusive genetic markers.

SCP-3899 emergence events begin with the manifestation of the object upon a random stretch of interstate highway within the borders of the continental United States of America. The object will appear traveling at or within approximately 3 km/h of the posted speed limit, with a significant distance between itself and any nearby motorists. SCP-3899 will then accelerate rapidly to its top speed, using its anomalous transference ability to avoid obstacles in its path.

SCP-3899 has only appeared between the hours of sundown and sunrise and will demanifest if it encounters direct sunlight. It will also instantly demanifest if its presence results in an automotive accident (see Addendum 3899-01).

SCP-3899's operator, designated SCP-3899-1, will broadcast over SCP-3899's CB radio circuit at random intervals. SCP-3899-1 willingly engages any replying contacts in conversation, although its statements are occasionally incoherent, and it has declined to clarify statements concerning its origin or purpose (see Interview SCP-3899-02). SCP-3899-1 appears only as a silhouette of what appears to be an overweight male humanoid wearing a billed hat. Eyewitness reports have attested to the presence of smoky, tentacular structures within the cab accompanying SCP-3899-1. Specific information regarding SCP-3899-1's physical makeup is not currently available, as SCP-3899 has proven resistant to all attempted forms of penetrative scanning.

Addendum 3899-01: On 11/27/1999, Foundation agents embedded within the Virginia State Department of Transportation received reports of a large black truck appearing instantaneously on a length of Interstate 64. Following secondary containment of SCP-3899's effects on the populace, agents apprehended Martha Lewis, a motorist who drove through a concrete sidewall when startled by SCP-3899's emergence in the adjacent lane.

Interview 3899-01

Date: 12/03/1999
Interviewed: Martha Lewis
Interviewer: Agent Lee
Interview conducted one week after encounter with SCP-3899 for information gathering purposes, under the guise of a police investigative followup.

Lee: Thanks for taking the time out and coming down, Ms. Lewis. We know you've had an eventful week.

Lewis: Isn't that the truth.

Lee: Can I get you anything before we start?

Lewis: (laughs) No, I think I'll survive.

Lee: Alright. Now, I know this is going to seem redundant, but we want to make sure your story is staying consistent over multiple interviews. Sort of a test for mental stability while we solidify that day's events, know what I mean?

Lewis: I hope I pass!

Lee: (laughs) Just relax, Ms. Lewis, it's more of a formality than anything else. We'll take it from the top. Start from the beginning, whatever you remember.

Lewis: It's all still clear in my head. I'm driving down I-64 on the way home from a late day at work. The sun had just gone down. I'm in the left lane, and there's no one near me. I remember checking because I was about to exit. Then out of nowhere this huge truck just… appears, right next to me. There was a bunch of smoke, like it was on fire or something, and the sound was like a bolt of lightning had just struck right next to me. All the smoke clouded my windshield and my heart was in my throat, it all happened so fast. Before I could really process anything that was happening, I was plowing right through

a concrete divider and into some trees. I think I passed out. When I came to, there were paramedics and cops. They took me to the hospital.

Lee: I see. Well, I guess that matches everything we have in the report, here. Is there anything else? Any complications, complaints?

Lewis: There is one thing, actually. Yesterday when I got home, I checked the mail and I saw that I got a letter. There wasn't any return address. Inside was a bunch of cash in random bills, all wrinkly and stained like they were old and used. I counted it up and it was over $12,000. And there was a note. It was all burnt and I couldn't tell what it was written with. Not pencil or pen, though, something else.

Lee: Hm. Is there any way we could see it?

Lewis: Yes, I have it right here in my purse.

Martha Lewis was administered Class-B amnestics and released upon confiscation of aforementioned document. Accompanying money was seized and an equivalent value transferred to Ms. Lewis's personal account after Ethics Committee review.

After analysis, Document SCP-3899-01 was determined to be written on non-anomalous notebook paper in charcoal.

Text of recovered document:

IM SORRY. DIDNT MEAN NO HARM. FOR THE DAMAGES. GET Y'ALL A NEW RIG AND DRIVE ON!!!

Interview SCP-3899-02
Interview conducted by Agent Knowles via radio transceiver from a Foundation helicopter during SCP-3899 emergence event, dated 10/22/2003.

Knowles: SCP-3899-01, are you receiving?

SCP-3899-01: Shit, girl, you know that ain't my callsign!

Y'all on the road, y'all use road names!

Knowles: Oh. Ah, in that case, what *is* your callsign?

SCP-3899-01: I'M THE NIGHT HAULER AND I'M *COMIN' IN HOT*! I KNOW Y'ALL CAN FEEL THIS SPEED!

Knowles: (adjusts receiver to compensate for SCP-3899-01's volume) Right. Sorry. Night Hauler, can you tell me exactly where it is you come from?

SCP-3899-01: I ROLL WITH THE WIND! MY WHEELS SING SWEET LOVE TO THE BLACKTOP! I'M FILLIN' Y'ALL'S VEINS WITH ROAD SALT AND EXHAUST AND THE SMELL-A BURNIN' RUBBER! AIN'T NO BOTHER WHERE I'M FROM, WE ALL GOTTA LIVE FOR THE RIDE AND *DIE FOR NOTHIN*'!

Knowles: I… see. Are you… "hauling" anything in particular?

SCP-3899-01: Ain't you listenin', girl? Are you *seein*' this? What I got is pure rattlin' salvation, eighteen wheels at a time! When y'all's roads is choked, when the ways is blocked and y'all's speed is all dead and gone, I'm droppin' this load and we'll all be *drinkin' gas and breathin' smoke*!

Knowles: I'm not sure I understand. Who are you? Why are you here?

SCP-3899-01: THIS IS FOR THE SOULS OF THE ROAD! FOR THE LONG NIGHTS AND DEAD ENGINES AND EVERYONE TRY'NA PUT THAT HORIZON UNDER THEIR WHEELS! I AM THE ROAR OF HOT IRON! I AM SCREAMING FREEDOM! I AM THE DEATH OF ALL BARRIERS! *THIS RIG AIN'T GOT NO QUIT, HONEY*! I DO NOT *STOP*! CAN YOU FEEL THE RUMBLE? CAN YOU SEE THE FIRE AND SMELL THE BURN? I *KNOW* YOU CAN, I CAN *TASTE YOUR*

GODDAMN HEART AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO FLY APART WITH ME!

Knowles: I… I think I c-can… No. Paulings, turn the hell around, something's wrong.

In light of Agent Knowles's debriefing, investigation into SCP-3899's possible memetic influence has commenced.

Articles 3900-3999

SCP-3900: The Internet of Things That Are Wolves

Item #: SCP-3900

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Recovered SCP-3900 infected hardware is to be destroyed prior to the next occurrence of a full moon. In the case that SCP-3900 is activated in an uncontrolled setting, care must be taken to ensure that no wolves escape.

One wireless router infected with SCP-3900 is to be stored in a secure containment locker.

All testing must be conducted within a Faraday cage enclosure to prevent unintended infection. The presence of an animal handler is required for testing.

Description: SCP-3900 is an anomalous, contagious property of wireless access points. SCP-3900 is spread between devices in proximity when both are turned on; this effect is correlated with the overlapping of WiFi signals between the two, and can be prevented through sufficient shielding. Infection requires an average of three days of uninterrupted contact between the two devices. As such, spread of SCP-3900 is limited in uncontrolled settings, although particularly connected spaces do pose a risk of epidemic.

SCP-3900 becomes active when the infected device is enabled and a full moon is present above the horizon. At this point, a number of timber wolves will appear in the area currently covered by the wireless access point, which then ceases to transmit a signal.

Wolf density is typically very high, at approximately one wolf per square meter. Wolves usually display signs of distress or confusion, but are docile. Wolves created through SCP-3900 do not exhibit wireless connectivity and are otherwise non-anomalous.

When the full moon is no longer above the horizon, or SCP-3900 is turned off, all wolves in the area (excepting wolves not related to SCP-3900) will disappear. It is currently unclear whether the wolves in subsequent SCP-3900 activations are the same, or if a new population is generated each time.

Addendum: During a test on 22/04/2016, Junior Researcher Beckett was superficially bitten by a wolf produced by SCP-3900. On the full moon of 21/05/2016, wireless interference was detected around Beckett, and she was found to be uniformly emitting radio waves in a similar frequency to those of wireless access points. This effect ceased when the moon set.

Beckett was contained and subsequently instructed to superficially bite D-7649. On the full moon of 20/06/2016, D-7649 began to produce wolves in his vicinity. Just as with SCP-3900, these wolves vanished upon the end of the full moon.

D-7649 was instructed to superficially bite a restrained non-anomalous wolf. On the full moon of 19/07/2016, the wolf's enclosure began to fill with hundreds of wireless routers of varying make and model. All routers disappeared when the moon set. Further testing has been discontinued.

SCP-3901: Rachel Parks

Item #: SCP-3901

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Any accounts that fit the description of an encounter with SCP-3901 are to be investigated by field agents immediately. Civilians targeted by SCP-3901 will need to be debriefed, undergo Procedure Zara-22, and be amnestitized before being released. Capture of SCP-3901 using standard anti-intangant acquisition methods is Priority-Delta. SCP-3901 has yet to be recorded on digital video or photographed, but its voice has been captured on audio during observations.

Research Outpost-3901 is to be situated near proximity of SCP-3901's grave site under the guise of an isolated family farmhouse. Continuous seismic and audio monitoring of SCP-3901's grave site is required until permanent containment is possible. Any new bodies detected underground at the site will need to be exhumed from SCP-3901's coffin.

Description: Based on eyewitness accounts, SCP-3901 is an entity that takes on the appearance of a mummified human female corpse with long hair and wearing only a men's dress shirt. It is theorized that SCP-3901 is sapient but frequently suffers from acute memory loss based on its behavior.

SCP-3901 displays a selection process of targeting single male individuals who regularly sleep alone. SCP-3901 will then regularly manifest within the bedroom and enter the target's bed. Once in the bed, SCP-3901 will typically lay in a supine position or a fetal position facing the target, in some cases embracing the target from behind in a seemingly affectionate manner. SCP-3901 always exercises caution in not waking the target, but has been reported to touch the target's face gently in rare instances. SCP-3901 will usually vanish once the target wakes.

The purpose of this behavior is largely unknown, but has generally not resulted in hostility towards the target unless SCP-3901 reacts extremely negatively toward Procedure Zara-22. Typically, this behavior will continue for about a month before SCP-3901 begins to actively communicate with the target. Most of these conversations tend to be one-sided, with any responses towards SCP-3901 being seemingly ignored. Below are a few selected responses from SCP-3901 that were recorded during observation sessions conducted by field researchers.

> "Alan?"
>
> "What are… you thinking?"
>
> "Do you think of us; of me?"
>
> "I have never felt this way."
>
> "I was so lonely… so cold… but you are warm next to me."
>
> "I can stay here forever."
>
> "I'm scared to lose this; are you scared too?"
>
> "Come closer."
>
> "Sleep."

[LEVEL-2 ACCESS REQUIRED]

Addendum-3901-001: SCP-3901 is believed to be an entity previously known as Ms. Rachel Parks. According to local police reports, Ms. Parks was reported missing after a hiking trip and likely died shortly thereafter in September, 1973 from exposure. The partially naked corpse was discovered the following spring, though it was badly decayed making identification difficult. Afterwards the body was transported back to her family in Kansas, USA to be buried in its current location.

Interviews with family and friends of Ms. Parks stated

that she had an ongoing conflict with her roommate at the time, over an estranged boyfriend. Foul play was ruled out by the detective supervising the case when it closed after the examination of the body.

[LEVEL-3 ACCESS REQUIRED]

Addendum-3901-002: Procedure Zara-22 is a protocol that has had limited success in field trials but is the only known method that has been able to deter SCP-3901's interest from a victim. Field agents administering Procedure Zara-22 are to have a 4x6 photograph of Ms. Valerie Jameson, Ms. Parks roommate at the time, displayed somewhere in plain sight of the affected bedroom.

In 78% of cases, SCP-3901 immediately departed upon viewing the photo. 22% have invoked a passive-aggressive conversation from SCP-3901 itself with a small percentage resulting into eventual hostile aggression against the victim where they are suddenly transferred under SCP-3901's grave site. Should hostile aggression be suspected, agents are given permission to intervene and attempt to extract the victim to prevent an incident.

Below are some recorded responses from SCP-3901 in reaction to Procedure Zara-22 which are a stark contrast to most recorded responses:

> "What is this, Alan?"
>
> "I… hate her."
>
> "She will never love you like I do."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "You broke us."
>
> "Do you care?"

"Whatever."

"I'm so… cold."

"Will you even miss me?"

The following responses are the more assertive responses from SCP-3901 shortly after transferring the victim:

"I will make you love me."

"You will thank me for this."

"This is for the best."

"I'm not giving up on us."

"I won't have this baby… not without you."

"You can't leave. Stay."

SCP-3902: Darling, Dearest, Dead

Item #: SCP-3902

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3902 is kept in a standard storage locker in Site-73. Removal for testing is permitted with written approval from any Senior Researcher assigned to SCP-3902.

Description: SCP-3902 is a thin bracelet made of nickel plated with a layer of silver, a common variant of costume jewelry. The inside of SCP-3902 is engraved with the phrase “Angela ♡ Grace”.

Its anomalous properties manifest when SCP-3902 is worn by any object or entity, which need not necessarily be human, alive, or even organic; “worn” can be defined as SCP-3902 completely encircling any part of its wearer. When SCP-3902 is worn, any human attempting to attack its wearer by using only its body will be unable to complete the attack. This effect extends only to attacks made using parts of the human body, including hitting, kicking, and punching; attacks made via any other means will affect the wearer as normal.

In addition, testing has shown that intent affects SCP-3902's anomalous effect; the wearer will not be protected from physical harm if said harm is inflicted accidentally. It is unknown how SCP-3902 determines an attacker's intent, and experimentation is ongoing to determine what the criteria are that constitute an attack. SCP-3902 does not protect the wearer from the physical force of attacks subject to its effect; rather, these attacks will simply miss their intended target, manifest extremely weakly so as to fall short of reaching the target, or otherwise fail entirely to hit the wearer.

Discovery: SCP-3902’s anomalous properties were identified after police arrived at the scene of a reported shooting in an apartment

complex in , Texas. Officer , with the intention to confiscate SCP-3902 for evidence, lifted it with one finger. While waiting to be handed an evidence bag, in response to an unrelated event, Officer attempted to “high-five” another officer with his opposite hand, and subsequently found himself unable to do so after several attempts. After reporting this property to his station, the object was identified as an anomaly by Foundation field agents, leading to the retrieval and containment of SCP-3902.

Addendum 1: The victim of the shooting was identified as Grace McClellan, age 17, who died within minutes of the event. At the time of death, Grace McClellan was wearing SCP-3902 on her left wrist.[1] The apartment in which the shooting occurred was rented under the name of Grace's father, Richard McClellan. Richard McClellan is currently awaiting trial for first degree murder and hate crime charges; the content of the engraving on SCP-3902 has been cleared to be used as evidence in his trial.

Addendum 2: The following note was retrieved from Grace McClellan’s body.

> Grace, my star:
>
> I know things are horrible now. This should keep you safe until we can be together.
>
> When you wear it, please think of me, and know that my love for you is there whatever happens.
>
> I know it’s not much, but it’s the best I can do until we get you out of there. I think I got it right, so just make sure not to take it off and you’ll be safe.
>
> I love you, Gracie. We’ll be together soon. Your birthday’s this August, isn't it?
>
> I’ll send you my love until then. Just a little while longer, and you won’t have to worry about your old man for another moment.
>
> With all my love,

Angela

In light of this information, "Angela" has been designated PoI-3902/01 and is to be identified and detained at the earliest opportunity.

Footnotes
1. Grace McClellan’s cause of death was later confirmed to be three gunshot wounds to the head. Extensive bruising present on her body was determined to be unrelated to her death.

SCP-3903: Fata Morgana

Item #: SCP-3903

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Online communities for individuals identifying as 'Otherkin', and Elvenkin in particular, are to be monitored for discussion of SCP-3903. Any individuals claiming to have experienced or witnessed occurrences of SCP-3903 or SCP-3093-B are to be investigated by Mobile Task Force Psi-22 "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and, if their claims are verified, are either to be recruited for testing of SCP-3903 or administered Class-G[1] amnestics and discredited.

A disinformation campaign is to promote the belief that instances of SCP-3903-A suffer from a rare but benign neurological defect that causes them to hallucinate SCP-3903 under the correct optical conditions. Any videos showing instances of SCP-3903-A creating or walking upon SCP-3903-B are to be dismissed as crude hoaxes created using commercial video editing software and props.

Description: SCP-3903 is a phenomenon capable of affecting an estimated 1 out of every [REDACTED] individuals, who are designated SCP-3903-A. SCP-3903 appears to instances of SCP-3903-A when looking out over an expanse of open ocean[2] during night-time hours[3] when the moon is visible in the sky. Instances of SCP-3903-A will report seeing glimmering silver spires[4] on the horizon directly ahead of them. Currently, all descriptions of SCP-3903 are from instances of SCP-3903-A, as the Foundation has yet to develop a method of perceiving it directly.

To date, no Foundation personnel have been identified as instances of SCP-3903-A.

If an instance of SCP-3903-A skips a stone towards SCP-3903, each bounce of the stone will cause a circular disc of silvered glass

(SCP-3903-B) to expand outwards until the ripples have visibly dissipated or it collides with a solid object, including other occurrences of SCP-3903-B. Each disc will remain temporarily fixed on the ocean's surface, unable to be moved by any known method.

By bringing a sufficiently large quantity of skipping stones with them, instances of SCP-3903-A may create a path of SCP-3903-B long enough to reach SCP-3903 on the horizon, approximately 5 km from their starting position. Any other method of travel will result in SCP-3903 remaining on the horizon relative to the position of the observer. Proficiency at stone skipping, as well as sufficient strength and endurance to carry a large quantity of stones for several kilometers is required to reach SCP-3903.

SCP-3903-B instances require both the presence of moonlight and the absence of sunlight to form and remain intact. When the moon sets or is obscured, or the sun rises, any extant instances of SCP-3903-B will vanish.

Simultaneous testing involving two SCP-3903-A instances approximately 1000 kilometers apart has resulted in both instances and their escorts meeting outside of SCP-3903 upon reaching the end of their separate paths. The Foundation has thus drawn the conclusion that SCP-3903 is a singular, actual object capable of occupying multiple points in the space-time continuum.

The current hypothesis is that SCP-3903 represents an extradimensional location which partially manifests in our reality under specific conditions. Why only a very small percentage of the population is capable of perceiving SCP-3903 is uncertain, but analysis of the SCP-3903-A population has shown that they disproportionately identify as 'Otherkin', a subculture who believe themselves to have been non-human beings in previous lives. Instances of SCP-3903-A most commonly claim to have been some type of fairy or fey creature in their past lives.

Show Exploration Log 1

This was the first test where an instance of SCP-3903-A was able to reach SCP-3903. Test participants include SCP-3903-A1, Ellette

Carling, and Foundation agent Joseph Gromwell. Each team member was provided with a body camera, GPS tracking bracelet, flashlight, emergency floatation device and appropriate clothing, along with a backpack filled with bottled water, rations, first aid kit, a satellite phone, and notebook. Agent Gromwell was armed with two sidearms and cartridges of iron, silver and beryllium bronze bullets. Gromwell was to follow alongside Ms. Carling and carry a 20 kg bag of skipping stones for her. Their mission was to reach SCP-3903 and, if possible, gain entry to it.

<Begin Log, 21:00 hours>

Agent Joseph Gromwell: Command's just confirmed that our comms and GPS signals are coming through loud and clear, so we are good to go. Can you see the city yet?

Ellette Carling: As clear as ever. I'm super stoked about this by the way. I've always been too scrawny to bring enough rocks with me, but this could actually work!

Gromwell: So on your previous attempts this city's always appeared to get closer as you moved along the path?

Carling: Oh yeah. I would guess I've maybe got a little under a third of the way there, so I'm going to say the city's about three miles out. It's a good number for a fairy city.

Gromwell: If you don't mind my asking, what makes you so sure it's a fairy city? You've never been there.

Carling: I guess I know it's a Fey city for the same reason I know I have a Fey soul. I don't

think or feel like other people do, and the world I was born to seems foreign to me. Even my own family feel like strangers. When I look at that city, it looks familiar. It looks like home, more like home than any place in this world. When I saw Otherkin talking about it on Reddit, and that you could make a path there by skipping stones I tried it the first chance I got. I couldn't believe it. I got about half a mile out before the moon decided to hide behind some clouds and leave me to swim back to shore. I nearly got hypothermia.

Gromwell: Well the forecast is for clear skies tonight, so we should be all right. I've been on a lot worse assignments than a moonlit stroll. Start whenever you're ready.

(Carling complies and skips her first stone. Thirteen instances of SCP-3903-B are created)

Gromwell: That's interesting. The Kant counter just went down a tick. No aspect radiation, though. I think that means these discs are parts of another reality sticking into ours and not manipulations of our own reality.

Carling: Dude, this is fairy magic. You can't quantify it with little gizmos or explain it with theories.

Gromwell: *(chuckles)* You must be new here. Lead the way, and let me know if you see anything unusual.

(Carling starts out towards the horizon, with Gromwell following behind)

Carling: *(singing)* And all will turn, to silver glass. A light on the water. Grey Ships pass,

into the West.

<skip to 21:19 hours>

Gromwell: GPS says we're 1.65 kilometers out to sea, so we're officially past the one-mile mark. See anything new?

Carling: Yeah actually. The city has a sky glow now. I've never noticed that before. It's like it has a soft, silvery-white aura. I always thought it was reflecting moonlight before but now I think that's its own light.

Gromwell: Notice anything else?

Carling: There's definitely a wall encircling the city. *(smirks)* A big, beautiful wall. Yuge! Seriously, it's a gorgeous stone wall, probably a hundred feet high at least. I think there's a harbour too; great silver ships with moon white sails. Give me another handful of stones. I have to get a closer look.

<skip to 21:33>

Carling: Do you see these birds?

Gromwell: No, I don't see any birds. Describe them.

Carling: They're seagulls, except they're all white. Like pristinely white, with black eyes and legs and silver beaks.

Gromwell: Fairy gulls or not, I bet they love french fries.

Carling: Their voices are strange too. Their cry isn't harsh like a seagull's. It's…triumphant. That's the only way I can describe it.

Gromwell: What are they doing?

Carling: They're just flying around; normal bird stuff. I don't think they've noticed us.

Gromwell: Let me know if that changes, and give me a heads up if one tries to shit on me.

Carling: Will do.

<skip to 21:49>

Carling: Okay, now I hear music.

Gromwell: Music?

Carling: From the city. It's faint, but it's beautiful. Etheral, heavenly; fairy music. String and wind instruments mostly, I think. We're so close. I think I can make out a gate in the city walls. Almost there.

<skip to 22:02>

Carling: Can you still not see it? We're right in front of it.

Gromwell: I can't, but the Kant counter is getting a reading of 0.77, so there's definitely something freaky here. Tell me what you see.

Carling: It's so beautiful. Everything's made from glistening white marble, bounded with mithril and encrusted with diamonds that sparkle like stars. There are silver banners blowing in the wind. The spires are too tall and slender to be made from stone, they have to be magic. The music is so joyous, and I can hear laughter now too. There's a celebration, or maybe this is just what every day is like here. To either side of the gates is a colossal statue, taller than the Statue of Liberty, and…

They just sounded trumpets!

Gromwell: Does it sound like an alarm?

Carling: No, a greeting! They're opening the gates!

Gromwell: Is anyone coming out?

Carling: There's a girl! A fairy girl standing in front of the gates! She's beautiful. I…I know her.

Gromwell: You recognize her?

Carling: I do. I remember!

(At this point Ellette Carling runs straight forward into open water. Instances of SCP-3903-B form beneath each foot as it strikes the surface, supporting her. Subsequent testing has confirmed that other instances of SCP-3903-A have this ability as well when they perceive themselves to be in the immediate presence of SCP-3903. Agent Gromwell pursues her for approximately 12 seconds, at which point Carling vanishes and her GPS bracelet ceases to transmit. This is accompanied by a flash of green light and drastic but brief plunge in Hume levels. Agent Gromwell radios in the event and requests assistance. He shouts for Carling for several minutes and performs a rudimentary investigation of the immediate area. All background readings have returned to normal, however a silver coin is located upon the last instance of SCP-3903-B)

<End Log>

To date, all tests involving instances of SCP-3903-A traveling the full length of the path to SCP-3903 has resulted in their loss. No instances have ever returned, and all attempts to prevent them from fleeing to the city inevitably fail.

Addendum: The coin Agent Gromwell recovered was discovered to be composed of Yttrium silver and was thaumically conductive. The obverse bore the image of a fairy queen, whereas the reverse bore a seven pointed star encircled by the following Anglo-Saxon Runes:

᛫ ᛯᚠ ᛫ ᚱᛋᛁᛒᚼ ᛫ ᛉᛋᛁᛚᚼ ᛫ ᛋᛞᛇᛚ ᛫ ᛚᚣ ᛫ ᚼᛋᛞᚼᛋᛁᛚᚼ ᛫ ᚹᛯ ᛫ ᛚᛋᛁᛒᚼᛋᛁᚱᛚ ᛫ ᚢᛁᚱᛚᚼᛁ ᛫ ᛒᛖᛚ᛫

This is believed to be the Gaelic sentence “Go raibh maith agat le haghaidh ag tabhairt uirthi baile”. This has been translated as “Thank you for bringing her home”. Agent Gromwell has received similar coins for each instance of SCP-3903-A he has escorted to SCP-3903. They are currently kept in a low security safety locker at Site .

Footnotes
1. ‘Gaslighting’ amnestics. These cause memories of anomalous phenomena to undergo derealisation in the minds of their subjects, who typically believe them to be dreams, fantasies or hallucinations.
2. SCP-3903 does not occur with inland bodies of water.
3. Defined as the sun being a minimum of 18 degrees below the local horizon.
4. Commonly referred to as Fata Morgana or The Fairy City in online forums.

SCP-3904: Two Cats in a Skin Suit

Item #: SCP-3904

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-3904 instances are currently kept in cold storage in Site-66. Should testing be required, live instances of *Felis catus* (Domestic housecat) can be requested from the Site-66 breeding pen.

Description: SCP-3904 are male human cadavers with drastic alterations to their internal structure. The tissue comprising SCP-3904 instances is structurally similar to non-anomalous human flesh, but is highly resistant to decay and constantly emits an odour described by personnel as a combination of formaldehyde and catnip. SCP-3904 instances are capable of cellular regeneration despite their lack of nutritional intake; wounds inflicted on SCP-3904 instances will heal over time, but at a rate slower than that of a non-anomalous human body.

Each instance of SCP-3904 can be distinguished from non-anomalous cadavers by the prominent hollows in its thoracic and abdominal cavities caused by the extensive removal of vital organs. Each compartment is covered by a flap of skin and muscle tissue with smooth, cauterised wound edges. In the thoracic cavities of SCP-3904 instances, the lungs, heart, and the lower ribs will have been removed, leaving the diaphragm intact; in the abdominal cavities, all organs have been removed. All tissue damage incurred via removal of the organs has been smoothly scarred over in all instances of SCP-3904.

Each hollowed cavity in SCP-3904 is large enough to comfortably accommodate one adult domestic housecat. When filled with two cats in this manner, SCP-3904 spontaneously animates. Animated instances are sentient, but do not appear to be sapient. Instances are capable of bipedal locomotion, albeit with a distinctive stilted or

"reverse-jointed" gait, and are incapable of speech, likely due to their lack of lungs.

When solitary, animated instances of SCP-3904 are observed to wander around aimlessly until vacated by their interior cats. However, when two or more instances are animated in the same vicinity, they will begin to engage in a form of rudimentary wrestling, wherein the aim appears to be the dislodging of each other's interior cats. It is unknown whether this is due to anomalous compulsion on the part of SCP-3904 instances, or simply the result of natural feline behaviour.

Notably, under controlled conditions, 70% of cats appear to prefer resting inside the interior of SCP-3904 instances over resting in other similar warm, dark, and confined spaces. The significance of this is also unknown.

SCP-3905: Soda Can Island

Item #: SCP-3905

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A storage shed has been constructed around SCP-3905's location, and Foundation agents employed by the city of Sacramento are responsible for preventing unauthorized access to it. Due to SCP-3905-A's remote location, a small research vessel outfitted with several months of food rations is to be the only resource supplied for study of SCP-3905-A.

Description: SCP-3905 is a public garbage can located in Sacramento, California that displays anomalous properties whenever a standard 355ml[1] aluminum soda can is deposited into it. In all other instances where trash is deposited, SCP-3905 behaves identically to a non-anomalous trash can.

Soda cans deposited into SCP-3905 will leave local space-time and be transported via unknown means to SCP-3905-A. SCP-3905-A is an uninhabited and inaccessible tropical island located in the territorial waters of the Philippines. Attempts to reach SCP-3905-A by non-anomalous means have failed due to an invisible barrier that manifests five meters off of its coastline. This barrier prevents all forms of solid matter from passing onto or off of the island, including instances of SCP-3905-B.

Both SCP-3905-A and the soda cans present on it (hereafter SCP-3905-B) display anomalous properties. The following has been observed from SCP-3905-A via monitoring from the nearby research vessel:

- SCP-3905-B instances display signs of sapience, appearing to wordlessly communicate with one another and move about SCP-3905-A by sliding or jumping along its surface while being constantly engaged in a state of celebration or revelry.

- SCP-3905-B instances can perform many actions that would normally require arms, legs, or a greater height, such as limboing. SCP-3905-B instances often accomplish this by bending their aluminum frame, only to return to their original condition when the task is complete.
- A laptop, DJ turntable, and speaker system have been observed to function without power near the center of SCP-3905-A, continuously playing party-themed music (examples include "Feeling Hot Hot Hot" by The Merrymen, and "Let's Get It Started" by the Black Eyed Peas). A banner with the words “SUGAR SELEBRATION [sic]” is attached to the top of the speaker system.
- On the western end of SCP-3905-A, a plastic tube protruding from the ground and labeled “THE SWEET STUFF” continuously produces a substance believed by SCP-3905-A researchers to be alcohol. SCP-3905-B instances have been observed to line up behind the tube while taking turns “drinking” its contents by filling themselves with it. SCP-3905-B instances apparently violate the laws of space-time while consuming the alcohol, as they have been observed to repeatedly consume far more than would be able to fit into a 355ml can without spilling any contents out.
- On the eastern end of SCP-3905-A, another plastic tube labeled “THE ASPARTAME CHALLENGE” can also be seen protruding from the ground. This area is frequented less often than the western one, and SCP-3905-B instances who consume the contents of the tube almost immediately expel it from themselves while showing apparent signs of displeasure.
- SCP-3905-A has been observed to have a rough social structure based on the soda brands represented by SCP-3905-B. Well-known non-diet sodas (Pepsi, Coke, RC Cola) apparently issue orders and occasionally physically harm less popular or generic brands such as refreshe, usually by breaking off their soda tabs or involuntarily pouring the contents of the eastern plastic tube into them.
- A small pit approximately four meters deep and labeled “DIET DOUCHEBAGS” is located a short distance away from the speaker system. The pit contains cans of diet soda or sugar-free brands such as Zevia. These soda cans are inert and do not display the same anomalous properties that SCP-3905-B

instances do. To date, no diet or sugar-free cans have become instances of SCP-3905-B.

Footnotes
1. Commonly referred to and measured as a 12 ounce can in the United States.

SCP-3906: Blasphemous Balut Parade

Item #: SCP-3906

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Local personnel must hold an annual celebration at Site-121 on the third Sunday in January. Execution of the event may vary superficially each year as long as the following features are included:

- A parade with production value comparable to that of the concurrent Sinulog[1] festival in Cebu City. Anatine imagery should be incorporated into floats, props, and costumes. The parade should be led by a young, ornately dressed female carrying a modified Santo Niño figure.
- Burnt offerings of sampaguita, kalatsutsi, and pagusi.[2]
- An hourly ceremony in which bibingka, pandesal, and leche puto[3] are fed to live ducklings.

In the event that SCP-3906 enters an active state, mass amnestics must be immediately dispersed through the affected population. Cover stories to explain the disappearance of deceased individuals are available in DOC-3906-CS. To minimize loss of life during a potential breach, Foundation agents embedded in Filipino media outlets should intermittently propagandize the consumption of balut.

Description: SCP-3906 is an anomalous phenomenon localized in and around the Central Visayas region of the Philippines. It typically remains dormant, but will enter an active state if containment procedures are carried out inadequately.

In the event that SCP-3906 becomes active, approximately 2.5% of individuals who attended or observed a Sinulog-Santo Niño Festival will have a variable amount of their body mass converted into rock

salt, vinegar, siling labuyo,[4] and embryonic ducks. The converted materials have no further anomalous properties and are safe for human consumption unless otherwise contaminated by bodily fluids.

The area of the body affected by SCP-3906 is presumed to be random. SCP-3906 is often fatal even in cases where very little mass is converted, as the brain and other vital organs are at risk of being affected. The amount of converted mass varies with each individual, though it appears to be inversely proportional to the amount of balut[5] the individual has consumed over the course of their lifetime.

No individual who has cumulatively consumed over 100 baluts is known to have been affected by SCP-3906. Affected individuals who have never consumed balut are invariably converted in their entirety. This rule extends to fetal humans; consequently, the case fatality rate for SCP-3906 is significantly higher than average among pregnant women.

Footnotes
1. An annual celebration combining traditional Filipino culture and Roman Catholicism.
2. Flowers known internationally as Arabic jasmines, plumerias, and water lilies, respectively.
3. Traditional Filipino baked goods.
4. Small peppers native to the Philippines; Binisayasiling kolikot.
5. Southeast Asian street food consisting of an embryonic duck that is cooked and served in its shell.

SCP-3907: Warhorse

Item #: SCP-3907

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3907 and the field surrounding it are to be enclosed by a 125m x 125m perimeter fence, with at least one part of the fence obscured from view at all times. All SCP-3907 events are to be observed by on-site staff, and any abnormalities are to be reported at once.

Description: SCP-3907 is an oak table dating back to 1908, set with 7 chairs, a tablecloth, and various white porcelain dinnerware. SCP-3907 is impervious to all damage or wear, being in atypically pristine condition for its age. SCP-3907's primary anomalous effect is shown during activation events, in which SCP-3907-1 through -5 manifest in the chairs surrounding SCP-3907. Activation events follow no set pattern, and seemingly happen at random.

SCP-3907-1 through -5 refer to the 5 humanoid entities that manifest sitting at SCP-3907. No anomalous effects other than the manifestation around SCP-3907 have been observed. The entities don British army uniforms, circa 1915. Gathered from conversations, entities display expansive knowledge of and experience with the British Army, often describing tales of their exploits in various British military campaigns ranging from 1880-1915. During activation events, SCP-3907-1 through -5 will converse and drink from the dinnerware on SCP-3907, only stopping when interrupted by SCP-3907-6.

SCP-3907-6 refers to a humanoid entity riding a horse. SCP-3907-6 wears the same uniform as all other SCP-3907 entities, albeit with significant charring and blast damage in the lower regions. In all recorded SCP-3907 activation events, SCP-3907-6 begins galloping at 18 km/h from a point on the horizon that no human is viewing. It will invariably head towards SCP-3907 and jump over the object and

the entities dining at it. SCP-3907-6 jumping over the table and landing will end the activation event.

Addendum-1: Example of an SCP-3907 activation event.

SCP-3907-2: Gentlemen.

SCP-3907-3: Evening, John. Boys.

SCP-3907-2: Fine evening we're having tonight. Weather's just right, reminds me of nights as a child in York.

SCP-3907-4: Nothing'll top the weather in the Transvaal.

SCP-3907-5: Christ alive, that was infernal. If the damn Boers weren't trying to kill you, it seemed that furnace of a land was.

SCP-3907-5: Allen, you like to talk up how bad South Africa was, but you wouldn't have lasted a minute in Afghanistan. Imagine, if you will: You shiver through a freezing night, only to be awoken to a 90° day. Three men in your company are already dead from the runs, and half the food's been taken by locals. You then go on your patrol, wearing your bright red uniform against tan stone. All of the sudden, a million turbans pop out of the rocks above, and half your group is dead. You try to return fire, but the bastards are halfway back to Kabul by the time you level your weapon!

SCP-3907-2: Please, Edward. You've never seen a thousand Orientals, howling like terrors, charging down an alley with only a rifle and your wits separating you from them.

SCP-3907-3: I'd take Shanghai a million times before I took Flanders again.

SCP-3907-1, who has been silent the entire time, speaks up.

SCP-3907-1: I can't go back there.

The group grows somber.

SCP-3907-1: *holding back tears* I didn't mean to. I couldn't have ever known. I can't take this any more.

SCP-3907-2: I-it's okay, Murphy. None of us meant to. It's not your fault.

SCP-3907-1: He's dead. We all are, and it's because of me. I'm sorry.

SCP-3907-5: Murph, you couldn't have known that the grenade was prime-

SCP-3907-2: Men. Stop.

At this time, SCP-3907-6 manifests and begins its approach.

SCP-3907-2: Time's up, lads. Looks like it's time to return. See you in the trenches.

SCP-3907-2 stands and raises his glass in a toast.

SCP-3907-2: To the fallen.

SCP-3907-1 and SCP-3907-3 through -5 stand and raise their glasses.

All, in unison: To the fallen.

SCP-3907-6 jumps over the table as the entities finish the toast. SCP-3907 returns to its inactive state.

SCP-3908: I am myself.

Item #: SCP-3908

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3908 is kept in SCP-3908's containment unit. Personnel are to refrain from speaking or writing about SCP-3908 to SCP-3908 to avoid SCP-3908 being SCP-3908.

Description: SCP-3908 is an anti-memetic entity. SCP-3908 is capable of speech. Images of the entity will be replaced with a plain black image and white text stating "SCP-3908 is SCP-3908". Any spoken or written information regarding SCP-3908, either directly stated or implied, will be censored.

Interview-3908-1

> **Interviewer:** Dr. Witts
>
> **Interviewed:** SCP-3908
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Witts:** Hello, SCP-3908.
>
> **SCP-3908:** Hey.
>
> **Witts:** Can you tell me your name, SCP-3908?
>
> **SCP-3908:** Yeah, my name is SCP-3908. Wait-
>
> **Witts:** That is your Foundation given designation. I would like to know your birth name.
>
> **SCP-3908:** I know, my name is SCP-3908. Wha- No! My name is SCP-3908! No!

Witts: SCP-3908, do you know the origin of your anomalous properties?

SCP-3908: Yeah… One day, I was SCP-3908, and I wa- Jesus… One day, I was SCP-39- I'm not!

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. Dr. Witts appears worried.]

Witts: Remain passive, SCP-3908.

SCP-3908: Alright… I'm sorry.

Witts: Please explain your anomalous properties.

SCP-3908: My properties… I can do that… My properties are that I am SCP-3908. What? No! Stop! I am SCP-3908! No!

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. The table is on the other side of the room now.]

Witts: SCP-3908, remain passive.

SCP-3908: Ok… Ok… I'm SCP-39-

Witts: SCP-3908, calm do-

SCP-3908: I'm SCP-3908! No, I'm SCP-3908! Jesus Christ stop this! I hate this!

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. Dr. Witts is injured.]

Witts: Terminate the interview!

[Security personnel enter the containment chamber. SCP-3908 is SCP-3908.]

SCP-3908: Wait! I'm SCP-390-

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. Security personnel recover Dr. Witts.]

<End Log>

Interview-3908-2

Interviewer: Dr. Witts

Interviewed: SCP-3908

Foreword: SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. This is to prevent SCP-3908 from being SCP-3908.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3908: Doc, is this really necessary?

Witts: During our last interview, you were SCP-390-

SCP-3908: Yeah, it's annoying, isn't it.

Witts: Let's stay on track. Where were you born?

SCP-3908: Um… I was SCP-3908 in-

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. Dr. Witts puts a hand out to SCP-3908.]

Witts: For the purposes of SCP-3908 not being SCP-3908- Er… I'm going to have to ask you refrain from referring to yourself.

SCP-3908: Alright, alright, that I think I can do.

Witts: Now, where and when were you born?

SCP-3908: Redmond Washington, 1978.

Witts: When was the earliest you remember being called SCP-3908?

SCP-3908: When SCP-3908 was- When… 7 years old.

Witts: How did others react?

SCP-3908: Nickname… Skip.

Witts: Was that the nickname they gave to you?

SCP-3908: Yes.

Witts: Did you have friends?

SCP-3908: No.

Witts: Are you aware of why that was?

SCP-3908: I was SCP-3908.

Witts: SCP-3908, please refrain from referring to yourself.

SCP-3908: Oh, sorry. Um… Anger problems.

Witts: I see. Thank you for this interview, SCP-3908.

SCP-3908: Thank you.

<End Log>

Interview-3908-3

Interviewer: Dr. Witts

Interviewed: SCP-3908

Foreword: SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. This is to prevent SCP-3908 from being SCP-3908.

<Begin Log>

Witts: Now, SCP-3908, please refrain from referring to yourself in this interview.

SCP-3908: Ok.

Witts: What is your legal first and last name?

SCP-3908: Um… Craig Wattson.

Witts: What is your age?

SCP-3908: 40.

Witts: When is your birthday?

SCP-3908: June 26th.

Witts: Wait… Shit.

SCP-3908: What?

Witts: Sorry, I forgot.

SCP-3908: It's fine. Sorry about the scar.

Witts: From when?

SCP-3908: First interview.

Witts: Oh, its no problem. Thank you for this interview SCP-3908.

SCP-3908: Sorry…

Witts: Sorry for what?

SCP-3908: Everything.

[SCP-3908 is SCP-3908. Dr. Witts walks to SCP-3908.]

Witts: SCP-3908, it's fine. It was just a mistake.

SCP-3908: Thanks.

<End Log>

Addendum-3908-1: The following is a proposed revision of SCP-3908's file in order to prevent SCP-3908 from being SCP-3908. Written by Dr. Witts.

Open SCP-Skip

Item #: Skip

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Standard humanoid containment unit. 3 meals are to be provided every day. Possible restraints for interaction. Weekly psychological evaluation.

Description: Human male. Gray hair. Brown eyes. 1.8 meters. 72 killograms. Caucasian. 40 years.

Self-referential antimeme. Can't be directly spoken or written about.

Anger problems. Not such a bad guy.

SCP-3909: Wu Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing ta Fuck To

Item #: SCP-3909

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3909-A are exceptionally difficult to identify prior to manifestation of SCP-3909-B, efforts are to focus on identification of SCP-3909-A instances after SCP-3909-B's first appearance through traces on social and traditional media. If SCP-3909-A has not yet participated in a competition, they are to be dosed with **SCP-1853**. The subject's areas of skill and expertise are to be assessed, and any assistance deemed necessary for developing these skills should be provided, before SCP-3909-A is allowed to participate in a competition.

Any individual exposed to SCP-3909 should be amnesticized upon the conclusion of the phenomenon, and SCP-3909-A should be provided with medical treatment to remove SCP-1853 from their system.

Description: SCP-3909 is a phenomenon that affects individuals who were conceived while their parents were listening to "Bring da Ruckus" by The Wu-Tang Clan. Specifically, both biological parents must consciously be aware of the music and listen to the entire track; insemination may occur at any point during the song. Individuals subject to SCP-3909 are designated SCP-3909-A.

Exactly 7500 days after SCP-3909-A's birth, an instance of SCP-3909-B will manifest in front of them with a brief flash of red light. SCP-3909-B instances are apparently extraterrestrial entities of variable species, equipped with technology that permits their survival on Earth's surface. Each will produce the following message, either through a vocal organ or recording, in the subject's native language:

> Are you prepared for the challenge?

If the subject gives a non-affirmative answer, SCP-3909-B will disappear with a flash of red light and repeat this process 24 hours later. If the subject answers in the affirmative, or has given a non-affirmative answer on five previous occasions, SCP-3909-B will produce the following message:

> I, Jou-Tzee,[1] hereby initiate this glorious duel for the honor of the Empire of the Rusted Throne. Champion Ruckus, destiny has brought you here today for the purpose of defending the honor of the Sundered Collective. This is the moment you have trained your whole life for. Do not falter.

Following this, SCP-3909-A and -B will both disappear with flashes of red light. SCP-3909-A will return alone in the same fashion anywhere from five minutes to two days later. According to testimony from several instances, SCP-3909-A and -B are instantaneously transported to an arena in an unidentified, likely extraterrestrial location. An estimated 200,000 extraterrestrial entities are present in stadium-like seating surrounding the arena, though at a distance that prevents subjects from making out identifiable features.

The arena contains materials necessary for a one-on-one competition of variable nature; in each case, the format is one in which SCP-3909-A is skilled. After a brief ceremony in an unidentified language,[2] rules for the competition will be announced both in that same language and SCP-3909-A's native language. SCP-3909-A and -B will then engage in the chosen competition. In each case, SCP-3909-B has demonstrated a great deal of skill in the competition of choice; SCP-3909-A has only won on two occasions. SCP-3909-A will reappear at their prior location at the conclusion of the competition.

Addendum 3909-1: Partial catalog of SCP-3909 manifestations, compiled from SCP-3909-A testimony. See Appendix D for complete reports.

> **Instance:** SCP-3909-A-04, 2024-06-01
> **Competition:** Arson
> **Description:** Contestants were provided with a large jug

of flammable liquid, as well as lighters similar to those produced on Earth, and instructed to burn down identical empty one-story buildings. The contestant whose building collapsed first would considered the winner.
Result: SCP-3909-A lost, due to SCP-3909-B's ability to use a propeller-like appendage to work the flammable liquid into a vapor which ignited readily and explosively. SCP-3909-B was killed in the conflagration, to the apparent delight of the crowd.

Instance: SCP-3909-A-07, 2025-03-06
Competition: Rap battle
Description: Reaction of the crowd was used as a metric to judge the winner. SCP-3909-A described the backing beats as "hypnotic", though admits that his perception was distorted by coincidental use of hallucinogenic drugs.
Result: SCP-3909-A won by a narrow margin. Subject claims that his ability to rap is enhanced by drug use, though testimony from friends and family suggests otherwise.

Instance: SCP-3909-A-09, 2025-06-19
Competition: Panic attack
Description: The first competitor to suffer a panic attack, as determined by a judge, would be considered the winner.
Result: As the subject was already experiencing a panic attack at the commencement of the competition, a judge disqualified SCP-3909-A and awarded SCP-3909-B the win.

Instance: SCP-3909-A-10, 2026-01-02
Competition: Elvis impersonation
Description: Contestants were judged on their ability to mimic Elvis Presley's mannerisms, dancing, and singing. Appropriate costumes and hairstyling were provided to both contestants, but appearance was de-emphasized as a metric.
Result: SCP-3909-A won, though she personally

considered SCP-3909-B's performance to be superior, and speculated that the judges were biased in her favor due to her opponent oozing a foul-smelling sludge from several orifices.

Instance: SCP-3909-A-12, 2026-08-15
Competition: Dice rolling
Description: Contestants would take turns rolling sets of five icosahedral (20-sided) dice, with the contestant receiving a higher total score winning the round. The first to win three rounds won the contest.
Result: SCP-3909-A lost in three rounds, in each case narrowly. Further testing has shown that SCP-3909-A-12 can anomalously manipulate probability, able to beat non-anomalous humans in similar contests 98% of the time.

Instance: SCP-3909-A-15, 2027-11-30
Competition: Quote-making
Description: Contestants were given fifteen minutes each to devise a 1-2 sentence statement on a randomly chosen topic ("conquest"); a panel of judges then evaluated each quote on the basis of how inspirational, meaningful, and quotable they were.
Result: SCP-3909-A lost, receiving minimum scores in each category. Subject attributed this to the fact that his statement was critical of conquest, whereas SCP-3909-B's quote was supportive of conquest.

Addendum: Anomalous Phenomenon 71255-Indigo-B has been linked to SCP-3909. Since the phenomenon was discovered in 2028 with the deployment of the Array, stars in a region of near-Earth space 200-500 light years away have disappeared on an irregular basis, with no apparent cause. Recent analysis has shown that, accounting for the 2-5 year delay associated with viewing, these disappearances have corresponded with the conclusions of competitions between SCP-3909-A and -B; consequently, this phenomenon has been re-designated SCP-3909-C.

The victor of the competition and degree of victory both affect the

magnitude of SCP-3909-C. On the two occasions in which SCP-3909-A won the competition, no stars were observed to disappear. In each other case, between 1,480 and 87,513 stars disappeared, with smaller disappearances corresponding to better performances by SCP-3909-A.

While it is unclear at this time whether SCP-3909-C poses a direct threat to Earth's solar system, per recommendation of **Project Heimdall** SCP-3909 has been preemptively upgraded to Keter-class, and containment has been re-oriented to maximize the performance of SCP-3909-A. Since enactment of these containment procedures, star disappearance associated with SCP-3909-C has decreased by 69% over historical averages.

Footnotes
1. Approximate phonetic rendering.
2. The phrase "Bring the ruckus!", near the end of the ceremony, is spoken in English.

SCP-3910: A Comedy

Item #: SCP-3910

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3910 is to be kept in a locked containment locker in Site-16. No personnel are allowed to remove the object from containment unless permission has been obtained from Dr. Williams.

Description: SCP-3910 is a box containing nine pieces of colored chalk. The exterior of the box is colored orange and contains no other markings or identifying features. Along with the nine pieces of chalk, the interior of SCP-3910 also contains a sheet of paper with nine colored symbols on it. Each of these symbols seems to correspond with a color of chalk found in the object.

The colors of the chalk are as follows: black, pink, brown, yellow, red, purple, orange, green, and blue. The pieces of chalk have remained the same size, even through constant use and testing. The main anomalous property of SCP-3910 occurs when a symbol from the sheet of paper is drawn with the appropriate color of chalk on any surface.

Upon completion of the symbol, a door of varying shape and size will manifest on the surface the symbol was drawn on. Opening the door will lead to what is theorized to be a pocket dimension, which differs depending on the symbol drawn.[1] Testing has shown that some stimuli within the pocket dimension(s) are not visible on camera. For this reason, testing was performed using D-Class subjects. See the table below for details.

Color of Chalk	Description of Door Manifestation	Description of Pocket Dimension
Black	An automatic glass sliding door	Upon entry, subject found themself in a

	manifested on the testing room wall. Vision of the other side was obscured by a dense white mist.	building that resembled a Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV), devoid of human life. Opening doors inside of the building lead to "copies" of the same room. Exploration concluded after travelling roughly 5 kilometers without variation in building layout.
Pink	A red barn door manifested on the testing room wall.	See Exploration Log 3910-02 for details.
Brown	A wooden door composed of an unidentified tree bark manifested on the testing room wall.	Subject found themself in a swamp. Weather consisted of constant precipitation of varying types. Rain, snow, and hail were recorded all falling at the same time. The only notable discovery in this area was the decomposing body of a domestic pig (*Sus domesticus*). Exploration concluded after travelling roughly 3 kilometers.
Yellow	A large metal door resembling a bank vault door manifested on the testing room wall.	Subject found themself in an exact replica of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Two cars were reported on the track, driving in

		opposite directions. They were later confirmed to be a Bugatti Veyron and a Volkswagen Beetle. Approximately every 30 seconds, the two cars would collide, taking heavy physical damage. The cars would then reverse, seemingly repairing as they reversed around the track and hit each other on the opposite side. This pattern repeated indefinitely. Testing was concluded after hours of observation.
Red	A subway car door manifested on the testing room wall.	See Exploration Log 3910-05 for details.
Purple	A door similar in appearance to the sarcophagi found in Exploration Log 3910-05.	Upon entry, subject found themself in a dark, cramped space. It is theorized that this was the interior of one of the sarcophagi. Subject became distressed when the way back appeared locked. Subject's distress increased as slits opened and [DATA EXPUNGED]. No attempts have been made to retrieve equipment or remains of subject.

Orange	A wooden door manifested on the testing room wall.	Subject found themself in a log cabin situated in what appeared to be a temperate forest. Subject was instructed to leave cabin and explore the forest. Subject complied. Audio feed picked up the sound of rushing water. When subject was nearing the source of the noise, movement was recorded in the treeline to the subject's right. Subject immediately became non-compliant and retreated back to the cabin and Site-16. Subject has been sent back to cell.
Green	A standard metal door with an "Employees Only" sign attached to the front.	Subject found themself in a seemingly deserted shopping mall. All stores appeared closed and the view inside of them was obscured. Examples of these stores include: A pet store that seemed to exclusively carry reptiles,[2] an entire sewer system, and an exact replica of the Center for Disease

Blue	A section of the wall transformed into a 2x1 m rectangle composed of ice. Pushing against it caused it to open in a manner similar to a door.	Control Headquarters. See Exploration Log 3910-09

+ Exploration Log 3910-02

Subject D-1321 was provided with standard exploration gear, including:

- An 8 watt flashlight with extra batteries
- A head mounted video camera for live feed
- A two way communicator
- Three meal bars
- Two 1.5 liter water bottles
- A tether that was attached to D-1321 before the test
- A backpack
- A compass

<Begin Log>

<0:00:00> The camera is activated. D-1321 is facing a rural landscape. A corn field can be seen to the left, and rows of wheat fields are seen in the distance. Another building is seen in the distance, but it is too far away to identify. **<0:00:05>** D-1321 turns around to face the point if entry. A barn is visible, apparently where D-1321 came out of. The tether rope is seen exiting the door.

<0:00:11> D-1321 is instructed to turn around and to start moving towards the other visible building. Subject complies.

<0:04:15> Subject stops in their tracks and asks control if "they heard that just now". Control denies hearing anything and on playback of video and audio feed, nothing can be heard. D-1321 is instructed to continue.

<0:07:23> Subject stops again and reports wind. Control confirms this from the video feed; the wheat in the wheat fields are visibly swaying more and the audio feed picked up the wind. Subject is instructed again to keep moving to the building, which appears to be an old house.

<0:11:45> Subject is about 100 meters from the house when they stop again. D-1321 reports the wind getting "more violent" and turns around. At least four tornadoes of varying size and strength are visible in the distance behind D-1321. Subject becomes distressed and begins to remove their tether. Control does not object at this time, as removal may increase chance of survival. D-1321 begins to run to the house.

<0:13:06> D-1321 arrives at the house. A cellar is visible on the outside; D-1321 is instructed to enter it and barricade the door to shelter from the storms. D-1321 complies instantly.

<0:15:17> D-1321 has entered the cellar and barricaded the door. D-1321 opens up their backpack and removes the flashlight, switching it on. D-1321 asks for permission to explore the cellar "as long as they are down here." Permission is granted.

<0:16:43> The cellar appears barren; only simple farming tools and rotten fruit can be seen. D-1321 stops again and asks control if

they heard anything. Control states that they have not picked up audio once more. When asked to describe the noise, D-1321 states it sounding feminine and adds that they hear it continuously. D-1321 is instructed to find the source of the noise and complies after some convincing.

<0:21:03> Subject states that the source of the noise is coming from behind a door in the cellar. D-1321 is instructed to open it and complies. Opening the door reveals a storage room filled with bags of grain. Two decomposing corpses are seen in the room. One appears to be a female in early adulthood, the other a male in later adulthood. Both are nude and have multiple lacerations and puncture wounds in the abdominal area. D-1321 shows abnormal behavior, walking up to the corpses and asking if they are OK. Control does not interrupt and D-1321 continues, apparently having a conversation with the female corpse. In debriefing, it was confirmed that D-1321 perceived the corpses as living humans who were also hiding from the storms. Their conversation consisted of [DATA EXPUNGED].

<0:46:42> The noise outside has greatly reduced and D-1321 is instructed to leave the cellar. The subject complies and it is clear again. D-1321 is then instructed to walk back to the original barn and go back through the barn door. Subject complies and returns to the testing room in Site-16 without further incident.

<End Log>

+ Exploration Log 3910-05

<Begin Log>

<0:00:00> Camera activates. D-1321 appears to be in a subway station. This is confirmed when D-1321 turns around and it is revealed that they have just exited a subway car. D-1321 is instructed by control to find a way to get to the surface. Subject complies.

<0:06:17> Subject finds multiple stairs and powered down escalators and uses them to ascend. Throughout this, subway has been shown to contain no signs of life. D-1321 climbs the final escalator and exits into a barren metropolitan area. D-1321 is told to stand-by while control discusses the next course of action. It is agreed that D-1321 is to reach the top of one of the taller buildings and survey the area. D-1321 is to first go back to the subway car and back to Site-16 so the tether can be removed; the area proves too big and the length of the tether will just obstruct D-1321's progress.

<0:13:34> Subject returns to Site-16 and tether is removed. D-1321 is given ten cans of yellow-green spray paint to mark their path through the city. D-1321 is then released back into the subway and makes their way back to the surface.

<0:20:45> D-1321 has made it back to the surface and begins heading to the closest skyscraper. D-1321 enters to find themself in a mostly empty white room. Elevator doors are in the back of the room. The rest of the room is devoid of furniture, barring crudely made stone sarcophagi that line the walls. D-1321 is instructed to approach one for examination. It appears that each one has been individually hand carved. D-1321 is then instructed to move into the elevator and go to the highest

floor. Subject complies.

<0:25:02> Subject exits elevator into a room that is visually identical to the first room, the only difference being glass walls. Sarcophagi still line the walls. D-1321 is instructed to view the city from all four sides of the room. A wall can be seen surrounding the city, about three fourths the size of the building D-1321 is in. However, because of the distance, it is difficult to see what lies beyond the wall. Therefore, it is decided that D-1321 should exit the skyscraper and move towards the wall. D-1321 complies and begins the descend down the building.

<0:36:23> At this point, D-1321 is outside and moving towards the wall. Sarcophagi can be seen through the windows of buildings and many can be seen standing upright on street corners. D-1321 spray paints lines into the ground as they move forward.

<0:52:42> D-1321 has reached the base of the wall. Sarcophagi line the outside of the wall. Lifts can also be seen on the outside of the wall, about one every 100 meters. D-1321 is instructed to enter a lift and take it to the top of the wall. D-1321 complies.

<0:57:21> The lift reaches the top of the wall and D-1321 exits. D-1321 is instructed to look over the wall and they comply. D-1321 imminently becomes distressed. All that is visible over the wall are corpses, too close together to see the ground. D-1321 does not respond to verbal commands from control. Suddenly, D-1321 beings to run back to the lift and takes it down despite control demanding them to stop. D-1321 run back to the subway and back to the door that leads to Site-16,

where they are immediately taken in for interview.

<End Log>

The following is an excerpt from the interview that took place after Exploration 3910-05

Interviewer: Dr. Williams
Subject: D-1321

Dr. Williams: Why did you run D-1321? What did you see?

D-1321: There were just so many of them…I didn't know what to do. I was just frozen in fear at first. You know how you just lock up and can't even think of anything? That's what I was going through.

Dr. Williams: Forgive me, but I don't understand. It was a lot of corpses, sure, but for you to react like that to them doesn't make sense to m-

D-1321: Corpses? Was that camera busted or something? Those weren't corpses, man. It was people. Thousands and thousands of people, tearing each other apart. You could just feel the anger, the *hate* radiating off of them. All of it directed at each other. And then one of them spotted me and they all just…they all stopped just like that. Every single fucking one of them. That's when I knew I was fucked. It's hard to describe but…It's like all that hate was suddenly being directed at me. I ran, so what? Anyone would have done the same thing.

+ Exploration Log 3910-09

Upon entering, D-1265 found themself in a frozen wasteland. D-1265 imminently came back and was issued arctic survival gear. D-1265 proceeded to go back into the doorway and continued the exploration.

<Begin Log>

<0:04:02> D-1265 has returned from Site-16 with arctic gear. Due to the lack of visible landmarks, they are instructed to pick a direction and continue along it. If nothing is found within three kilometers, D-1265 is to return to the doorway. D-1265 complies.

<0:23:34> D-1265 has walked about 1 kilometer at this point with no variation in the environment. When asked how they were doing, D-1265 replied "Cold." Control stops asking about personal status from now on.

<0:35:21> D-1265 is about 1.5 kilometers into the wasteland when a shape becomes visible in the distance. Subject is instructed to head towards the landmark.

<0:37:30> As D-1265 gets closer to the object, visibility becomes worse. Precipitation mixed with wind and fog make it difficult to tell what the object is. D-1265 advances.

<0:42:26> D-1265 stops as they get within 50 meters of the object. When instructed to get closer, D-1265 replies by stating that it will see them if they get any closer. From this distance, the object appears to be a stone statue.

<0:43:02> Control radios D-1265 again to request for them to move forward. D-1265 radios back in a distressed tone for control to "shut up or else that thing is gonna hear". D-1265 at this point looked up and at the

object before becoming extremely distressed and shouting, most of which was unintelligible.

<0:44:12> Subject begins to walk towards the object, which can be identified now as something that resembles the sarcophagi from Exploration 3910-05, except much larger. As D-1265 approaches the sarcophagus, they shout at it to "get away from them". D-1265 stumbles and falls. The camera is dislodged and lands on the ground, facing the sarcophagus.

<0:45:01> The sarcophagus opens. Three corpses of middle aged men are inside. D-1265 continues to express distress and shock, shouting at the corpses and sarcophagus to "get your damn hands off of me". D-1265 walks into the sarcophagus and it closes.

<0:45:42> The camera feed stays online until the camera runs out of battery. The view is of the outside of the sarcophagus. The only visible mark is an inscription that was written on the bottom of it: *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.*

<End Log>

The language was found to be ancient Italian of the Tuscan dialect, and translates to "Abandon every hope, ye who enter", a line found in Canto 3 of Dante Alighieri's *Commedia*.

Footnotes
1. It is currently unknown if these are nine separate pocket dimensions or one connected one.
2. It is unknown how these animals survived without food. Subjects have been brought back to Site-16 to test for anomalous properties.

SCP-3911: Erebus

Item #: SCP-3911

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Contained instances of SCP-3911 are to be incinerated in a quarantined Off-Site location unless specified by an individual of level-3 clearance or above. To ensure the complete destruction of all spores, the remains of incinerated instances of SCP-3911 are to be mixed in with concrete and contained in warehouse 127-B. Instances of SCP-3911 that are preserved for testing are to be regarded as a Level-2 biohazard. Medical records and police reports in areas where SCP-3911 has been known to be found are to be monitored for keywords relating to SCP-3911, and a full list of keywords can be found on document 134-F.

Description: SCP-3911 is the collective designation for a species of parasitic fungus bearing similarities to organisms in the *Neocallimastigomycota* phylum. A fully grown specimen of SCP-3911 consists of a main body portion stored within a host object, and a vast quantity of tendril like growths capable of rudimentary movements and rapid growth, with an average circumference of one micrometer, extending from the main body into the body of the secondary host. The structure of SCP-3911's tendrils roughly mirrors that of the secondary host's nervous system. Instances of SCP-3911 go through six distinct stages in their life.

During stage 1 instances of SCP-3911 disperse from their parent fungi as spores and seek out a host item. Items that have previously been recorded as serving as host items include glasses, contact-lenses, hearing-aids, nasal strips, and other sensory aids. SCP-3911's methods for identifying and discerning host objects are currently unknown. Instances of SCP-3911 typically expire within 72 hours of dispersal if a host object is not found.

Stage 2 consists of SCP-3911's integration into its host object. Only 9% of instances successfully acquire and integrate themselves into a host object. The location and size of SCP-3911 during stage 2 is reflective of the host object. For instance, in glasses, SCP-3911 typically consumes and replaces the majority of the inside bulk of the frames with its central body mass and tendrils, but in contact-lenses SCP-3911 has been observed digesting and replacing only a minimal section of the lenses around the edge, as well as possessing disproportionately small tendrils. This noticeable size difference does not seem to have a significant effect on the speed or effectiveness of SCP-3911's progress through future steps.

Stages 3 through 6 will not occur unless a human[1] being uses SCP-3911's host item in its intended fashion for a period of time exceeding 15 minutes. If this occurs, SCP-3911 will begin to root its tendrils within the body of its secondary host[2] and connect with the nervous system of the human. If a human being does not use SCP-3911's host item, SCP-3911 will expire within 96 hours of completely consuming its host objects.

In stage 4 the tendril like structures begin sapping nutrients from the host's body. Additionally, the tendrils begin improving the functionality of whatever sensory organ the host item is associated with. This is achieved by sections of SCP-3911's tendrils acting as extra muscles, redirecting approximately 33% of the nutrients sapped from the host's body directly to the cells of the sensory organ, as well as several seemingly anomalous processes that augment the capabilities of specialized structures in sensory organs, such as increasing the photosensitivity of cones in the eyes. It is theorized that the intended effect of this is that secondary hosts will draw the connection between their increased sensory performance and the host object, and continue the use of the host object as a result. In the scenario that the secondary host does remove the host object, the section of SCP-3911 residing within the host object will split from the tendrils[3] and remain inactive until being used by the original individual, where it will reconnect with the tendrils.

From stage 5 and on, SCP-3911 exhibits hazardous anomalous effects. Instances of SCP-3911 that have progressed to stage 5 begin developing unique anomalous cells on their tendrils. When

fully developed, cells begin reconstituting the atoms of previously absorbed nutrients into Silica Aerogel[4]. These nutrients include those previously used in the augmentation of sensory organs. After stage 5, any attempts to remove SCP-3911's host object will result in the tendril system releasing the Silica Aerogel material around the secondary host's nervous system. Due to the Silica Aerogel's exceptionally high electrical resistance, this results in the secondary host's nervous system sending out reduced electrical impulses. Early symptoms of stage 5 include reduced acuity in some or all senses[5]. However, removal of the host object late into stage 5 and in stage 6 will result in the complete elimination of all sensory perception, leaving no way for secondary hosts to sense any kind of stimuli. These adverse affects can be reversed by recontinuing use of a host object.

Instances of SCP-3911 in stage 6 are considered to be fully matured. During stage 6 instances of SCP-3911 will produce anywhere between 20,000 to 50,000 individual spores, and then slowly release these spores over a course of 72 hours. After releasing all of its spores, an instance of SCP-3911 has roughly a 25% chance of perishing. If the instance survives, they will restart stage 6. If the instance expires, the secondary host will suffer from a complete lack of sensory perception, unless infected by a new instance of SCP-3911. It is important to note that the "death" of an instance only applies to the main body, as the tendril structure will merely go into its dormant state. If SCP-3911 is artificially supplemented with extra nutrients, the chances of SCP-3911 perishing drop dramatically.

History: SCP-3911 was discovered by authorities during a raid on an abandoned [DATA REDACTED] eyewear warehouse in Malaysia, after several individuals reported possible cult activity.

After several members of the police force involved in the raid began to develop seemingly anomalous enhanced sensory perception, Foundation personnel launched an investigation. Documents found within the warehouse and Foundation testing later confirmed the anomalous nature of SCP-3911 and all instances were confiscated. Amnestics were administered appropriately without incident.

The interior of the warehouse was covered in graffiti, of which the

majority were words relating to the five senses, and a supposed sixth one.

The following is a document (translated from Malay) found within the abandoned warehouse.

> To my Dear Searchers of Malaysia,
>
> When I heard of your discovery, I cried with joy. We have finally been blessed with what we have been searching for for years. With this gift we can help the masses that have not had the privilege of being being born with the door to the sixth sense (praise be) unlocked and beckoning. As Brother Tengku can tell you firsthand, the loss of one of the holy senses makes you that much more strong in the others. Our previous attempts to use this principle with the sixth sense (praise be) yielded success, but our admittedly crude methods had their drawbacks. With this godsend, our Erebus, we can finally raise up those less fortunate among our ranks. Stay hopeful, for a leg of The Search for the Sixth Sense has ended! We shall emerge from the darkness to bask in the light, so says the Prophet of the Sixth!
>
> With much joy,
>
> The Third Father

Addendum 3911-1: Documents detailing events such as the Foundation investigation and the police raid dated two weeks prior to any police involvement have been discovered in a hidden safe at the discovery site of SCP-3911, along with a letter detailing [DATA EXPUNGED], which was apparently written with the intention of it being discovered by Foundation personnel. An investigation into the means used to discover this information is currently ongoing, and the acquisition of any information regarding the current location of any individuals connected of the potential GoI "Searchers of Malaysia" or the PoI referred to as The Third Father is of utmost importance.

Footnotes
1. Permission to test on other sapient entities is currently pending.
2. Secondary host is the designation given to an individual who initiated an infection by using a host object.
3. Interestingly, the tendril segment of an instance of SCP-3911 is able to survive in an inactive state for up to 4 years, and appears to be able to reconnect to the main bulk of any instance of SCP-3911.
4. Silica Areogel is a synthetic porous ultralight material derived from a gel, in which the liquid component for the gel has been replaced with a gas. Silica Areogel possess numerous notable qualities, including it's low electrical conductivity, low thermal conductivity, and low density
5. Sight, smell, taste, touch, hearing, pressure, itch, temperature, pain, thirst, hunger, direction, time, muscle tension, proprioception, equilibrioception, stretch reception, and chemoreception. Permission to test on humans or other sapient beings with anomalous extra senses is currently pending.

SCP-3913: Keep on Trucking

Item #: SCP-3913

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Neither SCP-3913 nor SCP-3913-1 may be moved from their designated locations without approval from the 3913 Project Head and subsequent revision of these containment procedures.

SCP-3913 is to be kept in **Site-88**'s above-ground anomalous vehicle bay. A GPS tracking device is to be installed inside SCP-3913's cab. Obstructions between SCP-3913 and public roadways must be removable in case of an SCP-3913 breach. Manipulation of SCP-3913-1's location is the only approved method of directing and/or limiting SCP-3913's motion.

SCP-3913-1 is to be kept in the cadaver preservation department on floor 3 of Site-88. During storage, SCP-3913-1 must be kept within 2.56 kilometers of SCP-3913's current location.

Description: SCP-3913 is a Kenworth W900A 1979 model semi-trailer truck. If more than 2.56 kilometers from the corpse of Jedediah Phillips (hereafter referred to as SCP-3913-1) SCP-3913 will begin independent operation and move towards SCP-3913-1. SCP-3913 does not require fuel to operate in this manner.

During independent operation, SCP-3913 will attempt to navigate around physical barriers between it and SCP-3913-1. If such navigation is impossible those physical barriers will be breached in order to reach SCP-3913-1. This will occur regardless of the strength or thickness of the physical barrier. SCP-3913 has also shown a capacity to cross terrain which would normally preclude navigation by non-anomalous vehicles of this type and model. Once reaching a minimum distance of 2.56 kilometers from SCP-3913-1, SCP-3913 will cease independent operation.

SCP-3913's outward appearance will degrade over time without maintenance. Components required for the purpose of hauling freight and housing a driver are, however, resistant to all forms of damage. Furthermore, regardless of the degradation of SCP-3913's outward appearance, the words "Sweet Thing" are always clearly visible in at least one location on the object.

SCP-3913 was owned and operated by SCP-3913-1 from 1981 to 2004. On July 5th 2004, SCP-3913-1 was diagnosed with a stage IV pancreatic adenocarcinoma. During treatment, SCP-3913 was stored approximately 2.1 kilometers from the hospital treating SCP-3913-1. Following SCP-3913-1's death on August 29th, 2004, SCP-3913-1 was moved and SCP-3913's anomalous properties were first observed.

+ Show Incident 95 Summary

Incident 95 Summary:

On December 7th, 2011 SCP-3913's mechanical systems began to operate independently, despite being within 2.56 kilometers of SCP-3913-1. SCP-3913 did not, however, attempt to breach containment during this time. Research into potential causes led to the identification of Jedediah Phillips III, one of SCP-3913-1's grandchildren.

On December 6th 2011 this individual had received a commercial driver's license in the state of Alabama. This individual also performed online searches related to the purchase of a semi-trailer truck on the same day.

SCP-3913's project head approved the purchase of a modern semi-trailer truck to be provided covertly to Jedediah Phillips III at a price commensurate with the individual's financial resources. Following the transfer of this item to Jedediah Phillips III, SCP-3913's

behavior returned to its previously observed pattern.

SCP-3915: Gay Trashman

Item #: SCP-3915

Object Class: Neutralized (Formerly Euclid)

Special Containment Procedures: Currently, no containment procedures are necessary to contain SCP-3915 beyond standard POI monitoring. Outpost-84 is currently being maintained as an independent Foundation installation in Alaska.

> + Show Archived Special Containment Procedures
>
> Montague Island is to be kept as uninhabited as possible, aside from the personnel assigned to Outpost-84. Guided hunting expeditions are allowed during times when SCP-3915 is not active, to increase credibility and not draw attention to an unexpected island closure.
>
> Alongside NOAA and the Marine Conservation Alliance, a false cleanup effort has been organized, in order to disguise SCP-3915's refuse-gathering. Once per month, Foundation helicopters are to transport the collected refuse to designated processing facilities in Anchorage.

Description: SCP-3915 was an anomalous humanoid residing on Montague Island, Alaska from 2012 to 2017. SCP-3915 was virtually identical to an ordinary human male except for its incorporeal nature, with any and all physical objects phasing through it completely. However, it appeared to be able to interact with the physical world at will.

SCP-3915 claimed (and was later identified) to be a thirty-four-year-old man named Cees Martin from Fort Worth, Texas[1]. Inquiry as to the nature and origin of its anomalous ability had yielded very little information; SCP-3915 had been unwilling to go into specifics,

calling it "a gift from a friend".

SCP-3915's primary objective on Montague Island appeared to be refuse collection. It kept a rigid schedule, waking up at 6:00 AM, walking the coastline and picking up garbage, then returning to its tent on the peninsula northeast of Patton Bay to sleep at 8:00 PM. At 7:00 AM, 12:00 PM, and 7:00 PM, it stopped for meals; it has not yet been determined where it acquired its food for said meals. On Saturday and Sunday, it refused to go further than a half-kilometer from its tent, as it claimed to be resting.

Given its incorporeal nature, it was impossible to physically remove and contain SCP-3915. Efforts to persuade it to leave had been met with hostility on SCP-3915's part, as it insisted it must finish its task before it could go back home.

On 13/6/13, SCP-3915 agreed to an interview with Foundation agents, in exchange for reading material and cigarettes.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3915
>
> **Interviewer:** Vought
>
> **Foreword:** SCP-3915 requested a slice of pizza while waiting for the interviewer to arrive; this was denied, as the facility did not have any pizza on hand.
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Mme. Vought:** Evening. Mr. Martin, was it?
>
> **SCP-3915:** Oh, no, man, call me Cees. I'm no good with that formal stuff. Hey, you got a light?
>
> **Mme. Vought:** A match? (To dispatch) Hey, can I give him a match? Okay, great. [Vought hands SCP-3915 a matchbox. SCP-3915 lights its cigarette.] So, Cees, why are you in Alaska?
>
> **SCP-3915:** Well, to pick up the trash, obviously. What that tsunami washed over here. Thanks for the match, by the way.

Mme. Vought: You're quite welcome. Which tsunami are you referring to?

SCP-3915: What? The tsunami. *The* tsunami. The one in Japan a couple years ago. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?

Mme. Vought: I remember now. And you're picking up garbage from it?

SCP-3915: Yeah, dude. Bunch of shit washed over here, fucking up the environment. I figured: well, why not come and make a difference? Save the little baby penguins 'n whatever.

Mme. Vought: Admirable. Why Montague Island specifically?

SCP-3915: [Smiles] Before this, I've gone, camped, spent some time hunting with Mark- er, hunting deer. They've got some really pretty blacktails here. I got one once, really nice three-pointer? Oh man, that thing was gorgeous-

Mme. Vought: Who's Mark?

SCP-3915: [Falls silent for seven seconds] My… partner.[2] I'm not real sure if he *is* my partner anymore, though.

Mme. Vought: Why's that?

SCP-3915: [Is silent for a full nine seconds] We, uh, fought. It was stupid. Shouldn't have happened.

Mme. Vought: Is that why you came here?

SCP-3915: …yeah.

Mme. Vought: Do you plan to go back?

SCP-3915: I guess. But not until all the trash gets picked

up. I mean, somebody's gotta do it.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-3915 was escorted back to its tent. Marcus G. Halen flagged as a possible person of interest.

Addendum 15/10/17: On 6/10/17, SCP-3915 vanished from Montague Island, leaving its tent behind, as well as a written document that read 'gone to do what should have been done years ago'. Foundation sweeps revealed almost no garbage present on the island proper.

SCP-3915 itself was found to be occupying its old residence in Fort Worth with POI Marcus G. Halen. During debriefing, it was discovered that SCP-3915 no longer had any anomalous properties. It was subsequently determined that further containment would incur unnecessary expenses, and as such it was allowed to continue living with Halen as a civilian. Both are currently under surveillance.

Addendum 22/10/17: During the dismantling of SCP-3915's tent, a sheaf of papers in a sealed plastic bag was discovered under SCP-3915's air mattress. Most of the papers were blank, or filled with some type of scribble/drawing. Three, however, had coherent sentences on them.

+ Document 3915-A

First of all, I am so sorry

Mark, I'm sorry

Mark, I want to say how much I

[The rest of the page is filled with crudely drawn pictures of coastal birds in flight.]

+ Document 3915-B

TO THOSE COAST GUARD DUDES

okay. i know you're not coast guard. it's fine. really, it is. i couldn't care less.

i regret don't regret have mixed feelings about coming here. on one hand, i get to pick up trash and save all the puffins. on the other hand, i've run away from my problems, which i know now only ferments them and makes them worse. that was a bad idea. i'll stay here until i get all the trash picked up, but not an hour minute second longer. i'll even give back that magic thing [DESTROYED][3] gave me.

just leave me us me us alone after i go back home. i'm going to fix this. i swear i will, and it's not like i can do that by writing letters.

i won't tell a thing to anyone. just let me be with the person i love.

cees

p.s. vought, those cigs you got helped me out a lot so thanks again for those

+ Document 3915-C

Those guys don't know a damn thing about the coastguard

i'm sorry. about everything. i don't even remember what we were fighting about

i wish you could be here, if only to understand how very blue the sea is

Footnotes
1. Of note, an individual matching this description had been reported missing less than a year prior.
2. Individual in question was later confirmed to be Marcus G. Halen, also from Fort Worth, Texas (see POI document #H3574)
3. This section had been deliberately defaced to the point of

unreadability.

SCP-3916: Hungry Locusts

NOTICE:

You are currently viewing an outdated version of this document. Please see the bottom of the page for a newer version. This is version **1** of **4**, written on **March 28, 2021**.

Item #: SCP-3916

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: One small swarm of SCP-3916 is contained in a standard biological containment cell at Site-121. It is to be fed daily with 500kg of fresh plant matter. Excess instances (past roughly 1500) are to be terminated as necessary. Any instances that escape containment are to be terminated by conventional means, such as fire or insecticide. Any personnel wishing to conduct experiments on SCP-3916 should contact its current head researcher.

Wild instances of SCP-3916 should be eradicated immediately and thoroughly, unless otherwise notified. The Foundation is currently cooperating with the government of the United States of America (through the cover of LARPA, see Addendum) to capture, kill, or otherwise contain all wild SCP-3916 instances, as they have been recognized to pose a significant threat to humanity at large. MTF δ-17 "Metarhizium" is to be notified of any outstanding reports of SCP-3916.

Description: SCP-3916 is a species of insect that physically resembles *Chortoicetes terminifera* (Australian Plague Locust). However, SCP-3916 has two anomalous traits of particular note.

First, SCP-3916 eats at an alarming rate. A single instance is able to consume roughly 100g of matter per second. SCP-3916 has only been found to eat fresh plant matter.

Second, SCP-3916 reproduce unusually quickly, and do so asexually. An instance of SCP-3916 will grow visually larger as it consumes more food, and after a certain size threshold, split into two instances of SCP-3916. Both new instances will be fully-formed adults. Each "cloning" takes a significant amount of consumption, currently estimated at 500g of food. However, due to its eating speed, SCP-3916 swarms grow very quickly.

History: The Foundation was first made aware of the existence of SCP-3916 when a small swarm of them escaped the captivity of **GoI-466** ("Wilson's Wildlife Services") in a transportation accident in Maupin, Oregon, along US Route 26. GoI-466 contacted the Foundation for assistance in containment, and the majority of the SCP-3916 instances were captured or eliminated. GoI-466 informed the Foundation of the nature of SCP-3916, and the few instances that remained uncontained were deemed to pose a significant threat. The uncontained instances of SCP-3916 spread rapidly across Oregon and into California, prompting the United States of America's government to take action, and leading to the formation of LARPA.

Addendum - LARPA: Due to the nature of SCP-3916, the Foundation determined that it would be overly difficult to eliminate wild instances without alerting the general public. Thus, the Foundation contacted the USA government and negotiated the formation of **LARPA** (Locust Active Removal and Prevention Agency), an official government organization funded and staffed entirely by the Foundation. LARPA serves as a front through which the Foundation can openly take action against wild SCP-3916. Site-121, the current containment site of SCP-3916, has been designated as LARPA headquarters.

Oldest version available **View newer version >>>>**

Critter Profile: Genghis!

Insect Hell

ARBH-Class Debrief File

SCP-3918: To Starve Her Highness

Item #: SCP-3918

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Emergency Protocol RHINEHARDT has been implemented:

- Scranton Reality Anchor Array #12 has been deployed and activated at Area-0219 to impair the effects of SCP-3918-1. The survival of SRAA #12 has been assigned top priority.
- Foundation Deep-Space Defense Network ELIOS has been placed under alert in anticipation for the deterrence of a high-threat anomaly. Current estimated probability of successful deterrence: 53.2%.
- Overseer Mandate 56991.E27 has gone into effect. As such, all personnel of essentiality rating **Mauve** or higher are to be immediately relocated to Site-519 in preparation for a K-Class event.
- All other necessary preparations for the survival of a ΦK-Class End-Of-Earth[1] scenario are to occur immediately.

Foundation satellites are to constantly monitor for instances of SCP-3918-1 on an impact trajectory with Earth. MTF Ξ-9110 ("Armed Nuns") are to be dispatched to neutralize these instances as they appear. Lethal force has been authorized for contact with hostile entities under its influence. All allocated resources are to be focused on the implementation of Protocol RHINEHARDT.

Recent estimations project an immense loss of life should SCP-3918 surpass all contingencies and reach Earth. Should SCP-3918 breach the perimeter established by ELIOS, threat-level **MOJAVE BLACK** is to be declared, and the use of all necessary deterrents

will be authorized. Currently, SCP-3918 is 768,800 km away from the nearest ELIOS installation and will make contact in days and hours.

Description: SCP-3918 is the designation for a Class-X Reality Restructuring Entity currently traveling through deep space. At its current speed and trajectory, SCP-3918 will encounter the Earth in days and hours. Through satellite imagery, it has been observed to possess the form of a human female, albeit lacking any facial features or upper limbs. Various thaumaturgic symbols are carved into its skin, although the significance of this has yet to be determined. It has been measured to be 38,300km in height.

Prior to its current designation, SCP-3918 was originally believed to be an anomalous structure that impacted the Earth's surface on April 13th, 2020 (It has since been designated as SCP-3918-1.) SCP-3918-1 is an oblong object comprised of a crystallized material approximately 8 m in height. Various signs consistent with those found on SCP-3918 mark its outside surface.

Initial investigations of SCP-3918-1 were prevented by the aerosolization of undetected compounds which caused anomalous and contagious hypersexuality in members of the kingdom *Animalia.* The resulting high volume of sexual activity in the research team initiated an event in which SCP-3918-1 proceeded to rapidly generate pockets of reality consistent with lunar terrain and accompanying vacuums in the area, now designated as Area-0219. Scranton Reality Anchor Array #12 was then deployed to Area-0219 and was activated, preventing the continuation of the event. Following this, no other instance of SCP-3918-1 has made contact with Earth.

Approximately four hours after the successful deterrence of SCP-3918-1, Foundation Deep-Space Defense Network ELIOS registered a field of temporal distortion roughly 3.5 light years away from Earth. Shortly after its discovery, hume levels surrounding the distortion dropped dramatically, leading to a destabilization of reality in the area. SCP-3918 then emerged from the distortion shortly before its instantaneous collapse and began its course to Earth.

> *"Approach thy Moon, for SHE is the shepherd of the feeble, SHE is the healer of the sick, and SHE is the banisher of the wicked. SUBMIT to HER grace, and allow HIS completion to guide you to THEIR promised salvation. It is the only way."*

-Chapter XVI of the Sacred Texts

As of Overseer Mandate E001.421, the Department of Thaumaturgy has been granted approval for the complete suppression of evidence of the existence of GoI-3918: "The Church of the Starved Goddess." The means of doing so have been left to the Department's discretion. In addition, Overseer Mandate E001.421 has authorized the development of E-Class "LAST RESORT" countermeasures to the threat imposed by SCP-3918 and its following. The implications of such developments have been accepted by the Overseer Council with 7 voting in favor, 5 voting in opposition, and 1 abstaining.

Current information suggests that GoI-3918 is a loosely-organized monotheistic cult estimated to possess a following of approximately 15,000 individuals. Its main objective is to prepare Earth for what it refers to as "The Day of Eternal Pleasure," in which Earth is terraformed by SCP-3918 into a state resembling the Moon, through the use of thaumaturgic energy generated by a species-wide collective sexual act. Following this "rebirth," the now-barren Earth is to be utilized in SCP-3918's construction of "Him," a separate entity whose purpose is to satisfy its desires. Translation of the church's sacred texts has confirmed the date of this occurrence to be April 13th, 2020.

Further investigation into the Church of the Starved Goddess has resulted in the discovery of Uri'Arkana, a temple initially believed to be of a different origin. Several anomalous artifacts recovered from within the temple suggest that the Church has been in existence as early as 250 A.D, although no records stating its existence have been found within the surrounding cultures. Written records

discovered in the temple's archives contain several references to SCP-3918 under the name "Anukeana." The Department of Linguistics has produced a translation of a section from these texts. (See Document-3918-A12.)

Document-3918-A12

Document 3918-A12 is a section derived from a large series of texts pertaining to the supposed history of SCP-3918. In its entirety, it spans 24 "Chapters" spread over three consecutive tomes known as the Sacred Texts. This specific section is derived from Chapter VI.

In the Second Rising, it was Anukeana who protested Segrasi.[2]

"He is the darkness." She would sing. "The darkness must be outshone by the light."

And so, the Goddess conducted her work. In the early hours of the night, she crept into his chambers and laid with him. She coaxed the sin from his veins and purged it in the explosion of her own satisfaction. He was born anew into the dawn, a disciple of her Highness. She had destined him to be her voice in the East, and he was cast out to spread her word.

Her Highness was restless and without fullness. A fire burned within her heart and loins, the offerings of even sub-divine men being without complete satisfaction. She yearned for something of her own status, another God, another part of her that could outlast the puny lives of those who she accepted in her chambers. Her greatness was limitless, but even it could not offer her an end

to her predicament.

The followers had offered their voices to her ear. Isolated, they were useless and without guidance. Collected, they could surpass even the false gods of the West. They beseeched their true goddess to unify them, to make them whole, to bring them into her breast and create what she desired most. The ultimate sacrifice was a solid commitment to their deity, and they accepted it without hesitation. She smiled upon them and granted them their wish.

He was to be constructed from the Universe, although she hesitated in choosing to do so. The Universe was no longer new. She considered it to be shameful in its disregard for pleasure. If she were to bring about the embodiment of her desire, she was to clean the sin from the materials that would build him: The fiery stars and the planets tainted with sickness that would poison him…

And so, the Goddess set out on her holy voyage, a mass exodus of evil and darkness, granting her grace upon those who were willing to convert without struggle…

In the days proceeding the events surrounding SCP-3918-1, the Church of the Starved Goddess conducted several offenses on the Foundation, utilizing a combination of highly-advanced weaponry and thaumaturgic artifacts. To date, there have been seven recorded instances of terrorism conducted at the hands of the Church against both Foundation sites and civilian cities. Previous occurrences of similar natures are currently being investigated for connections to GoI-3918. The implementation of Protocol Maroon-62Θ is currently being considered by the Overseer Council in response to these assaults.

Date of Occurrence	Event Description
April 14th, 2020	Foundation Server Block 0016B

	experienced a massive security breach that resulted in the apprehension and later corruption of several crucial files. Due to the nature of these files, further information has been classified to Level 5/3918.
April 15th, 2020	Area-0219 experienced severe destabilization of its local reality caused by advanced thaumaturgic weaponry utilized by GoI-3918 combatants. The resulting destruction led to a temporary loss of containment of Area-0219 and the lives of 18 Foundation personnel.
June 11th, 2020	The entire population of the city of Golden, Colorado were found naked on the surface of the Moon during a routine scanning of the lunar surface. The words "SHE TAKES THEM WHEN YOU REFUSE TO GIVE THEM" were found spray-painted on various buildings within the city.
August 1st, 2020	Site-18 experienced a massive containment breach, resulting in the death of over 430 Foundation personnel. All entities have since been contained, although the location of several anomalous artifacts previously being researched there has yet to be discovered.
August 2nd, 2020	84 residents of the city of Akron, Ohio spontaneously committed suicide by various means. Following their deaths, the corpses proceeded to reanimate and engage in a collective sexual

	act. All instances proceeded to violently combust following the conclusion of the event.
October 6th, 2020	[DATA EXPUNGED.]
October 8th, 2020	All records pertaining to Senior Researcher Ronald M. Sullivan were removed from Foundation servers instantaneously. Dr. Sullivan was discovered two hours later in Site-29, approximately 3,000 km from his original position in Site-21. Severe lacerations and missing portions of brain tissue resulted in his expiration. The words "ONE DOES NOT ENTER THE LIGHT ONLY TO SIN IN THE DARKNESS ONCE MORE" were found branded onto his back. An investigation is currently pending.

+++LEVEL 5 AUTHENTICATION REQUIRED+++

Few coalitions have ever required direct action on behalf of the Council.

The drafting of Protocol Maroon-62Θ was the first and last time we discussed utilizing anything we kept hidden away in such an open manner. The idea behind it was born from an encounter with GoI-3429, or, as many have refused to call it, the Reesrevo Council. The Foundation had been suffering madly at its continued belligerence, and present countermeasures were not suited for the task of retaliating against our counterparts. Thus, Protocol Maroon-62Θ was created. We never ended up using it because of the implications and lack of proper technology, although it was

never truly removed from our list of contingencies.

According to the least restricted entry, the purpose of Protocol Maroon-62Θ is to effectively eliminate the physical impact of an individual from reality. This is supposedly accomplished through the use of numerous technologies that the Foundation has come across over the years. There's the device that Pinkerton built in '59 that physically destroyed the neurons associated with the memories of specific people. There was that egg timer the Foundation discovered in Florida that could reverse the flow of time in the room it was put in, the list goes on.

Its true nature, however, is restricted only to the Overseer Council. In actuality, Protocol Maroon-62Θ is the utilization of a memetic kill phrase assigned to a collective of people. As bleak as that may sound, it provided a relatively simple solution to an otherwise catastrophic dilemma. The first trials we ever conducted were shockingly successful: out of 100 individuals, 82 were successfully terminated at the utterance of the phrase. It was an interesting discovery, but the Council agreed that it must only be used in the direst of circumstances.

And thus, we come to its relevance to the Church of the Starved Goddess. Its continued assaults on the Foundation mark a repeat in history: a chance for redemption. Due to the danger of its continued existence, the Overseer Council has decided unanimously to implement Protocol Maroon-62Θ for the entirety of the Church of the Starved Goddess. The necessary preparations have already

been set in motion.

Let it be known that we had no other choice.

Secure. Contain. Protect.
O5-1

Footnotes
1. A scenario in which Earth in its entirety can no longer support life and/or has been completely destroyed.
2. Segrasi is mentioned approximately eight times in Chapter VI alone. He appears to signify the embodiment of sin or the idea of diverging from the teachings of Anukeana.

SCP-3919: In Memoriam

Item #: SCP-3919

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3919 is designated an ATEN-class memetic hazard. The full name of SCP-3919-A and access to any document in which this is recorded is restricted to a single member of Level-1 personnel at all times. Under no circumstances should any item, object, location or concept be referred to by terminology relating to the personal details of SCP-3919-A.

Each instance of SCP-3919-B requires an exclusion zone of variable size, with appropriate cover stories prepared for SCP-3919-B in public spaces. Outside of controlled testing circumstances, interaction with SCP-3919-B instances should be conducted remotely, with appropriate mechanisms in place to retrieve personnel from within SCP-3919-B's area of influence in case of accident.

A Foundation initiative to remove references to SCP-3919-A from public records and amnesticise civilians with knowledge of SCP-3919-A operates in the Czech Republic and international academic settings. As of 2009, all known references to SCP-3919-A in public records have been redacted, with original documents archived by the Foundation. Works by SCP-3919-A have been reattributed and amnesticised individuals with previous knowledge of SCP-3919-A remain under surveillance.

Description: SCP-3919 is a memetic-semantic anomalous phenomenon related to Jan (SCP-3919-A), a Czech modernist architect who lived from 1905 to 1973. While SCP-3919-A exhibited no known anomalous properties while alive, following his death an anomaly manifested in which eponymous objects, or items understood to be 'his' by multiple individuals, were converted into

instances of SCP-3919-B. Instances of SCP-3919-B induce visual and auditory hallucinations in humans in their vicinity. The specifics vary between each instance but consistently reflect memorable scenes from SCP-3919-A's life. While these hallucinations are not inherently harmful, they loop continuously and prevent perception of reality at maximal intensity, making it significantly difficult for individuals to remove themselves from the area of effect.

SCP-3919 was not observed until 1993, when Charles University in Prague renamed a lecture theatre in its architecture faculty the 'Jan Theatre', converting it into an instance of SCP-3919-B. While this affected a number of persons and led to Foundation intervention, this was initially thought to be an isolated anomalous location. Combined with uncertainty about SCP-3919-B activation conditions, this allowed for the creation of further SCP-3919-B instances between 1993 and 1998 until current containment procedures were implemented.

The semantic component of SCP-3919 relies on common understanding. The most straightforward condition for activation of SCP-3919 and conversion of an object into an SCP-3919-B instance involves officially naming an object after SCP-3919-A and documenting this fact. This property is relatively straightforward to monitor and control. However, a significantly more dangerous activation of SCP-3919 occurs when references are made in informal usage with the understanding that they refer to SCP-3919-A and the acceptance of this between at least two persons (eg. SCP-3919-B-4). This property is not limited to buildings and has been confirmed to apply to other objects, beings and actions. Testing on abstract concepts is forbidden due to the risk of a CK-class reality restructuring scenario.

A general knowledge of SCP-3919-A's identity (full name, nationality, occupation, and 20th-century existence has been found to be sufficient) is required for an individual to activate SCP-3919's anomalous properties. Beyond this, there are no known limits to the application of SCP-3919, if two individuals cooperate with one another, hence the importance of the information security procedures surrounding SCP-3919-A in the public sphere. Works by SCP-3919-A have been reattributed to other Czech architects and

the academic literature altered accordingly.

Amnesticisation of SCP-3919-A's personal contacts was previously standard practice but is no longer relevant as of 2014.

Addendum 3919-1: Selected SCP-3919-B instances, with associated events transcribed and translated

SCP-3919-B-1

Item: The Jan Theatre in the former School of Architecture building of Charles Universty in Prague

Background: See above.

Event Date: c. 1916

Description: SCP-3919-A, his mother Eva (PoI-39191) and father Rudolf (PoI-39192) are in the living room of their residence in Brno, SCP-3919-A's childhood home. PoI-39192 is dressed in the uniform of an Austrian *Landsturm*[1] captain. A fourth individual, also in uniform, is waiting with a box camera.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

PoI-39192: *(laughs)* No, you need to look after your mother, Jan. I won't be gone long enough for you to notice.

PoI-39191: *(tearful)* Rudi -

PoI-39192: Shh, dear. *(whispering)* Not in front of him. *(to SCP-3919-A)* Here, I have something for you. Take care of it, and remember your father when you use it.

He hands SCP-3919-A a gold pocket watch.

MAN: Sir, we don't have much time left.

PoI-39192: Yes, yes, of course. Come, come.

The three family members sit on the sofa and the other man takes their photograph.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-2

Item: House at 1012 Lesnická St, Smíchov-Praha

Background: Designed by SCP-3919-A in 1934 and named the 'Jan House' in a 1994 city council proposal for heritage listing of buildings.

Event Date: March 1936

Description: The reception of the Soviet Embassy building in Prague. SCP-3919-A is arguing with an unidentified Soviet official while holding a sheaf of papers with a photo of PoI-39192 at the front.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-A: I *know* you won't know who this man is. That's why I'm applying to travel.

OFFICIAL: I have had many requests like this recently and I cannot approve them. Where do you plan to look for him? You know how far the Legion went in the war? You could be searching all the way to Vladivostok. It is a much bigger place than here, believe me. You cannot travel without a destination.

SCP-3919-A: I know people at Moscow University.

OFFICIAL: Do you have a letter of invitation from them?

SCP-3919-A: They know me. I will be travelling to Moscow, I can show you a hotel telegram.

OFFICIAL: I cannot approve this request. Comrade, I am trying to help you here. You can trust me when I say nobody will know this man in Moscow. You will waste a lot of time and money and find only disappointment at the end.

SCP-3919-A: But what if -

OFFICIAL: You want to know where he is? I can tell you. He is in an unmarked grave in Siberia, in one of a thousand graves, with a thousand other reactionaries -

SCP-3919-A: How *dare* you -

SCP-3919-A throws the papers down on the table and takes a step towards the official.

OFFICIAL: *(aside)* Get him out of here!

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-3

Item: Apartment 11 at 12 Dělnická St, Praha 7

Background: Home of SCP-3919-A from 1950-1952. Likely referred to as 'Jan 's' residence at some point during Foundation research into SCP-3919, but no concrete details available.

Event Date: January 1937

Description: A London restaurant (now defunct) in Westminster, with 8 individuals present, most identified as members of the British art and architecture community. SCP-3919-A is sitting in the center of the table. Seated beside him is notable German modernist architect Walter Gropius, previously SCP-3919-A's teacher at the Bauhaus school in Dessau in the late 1920s.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

Background noise from attendees.

GROPIUS: A moment, please, gentlemen. If you have not met him already, I would like to welcome an old student of mine, visiting us from Prague. Jan has just completed a wonderful project, I think he can show us some photographs later - yes, Max, those you saw yesterday - but I will simply toast the visit of a friend in these troubled times. To Jan!

The assembled persons raise their glasses and toast.

SCP-3919-A: Thank you all, for the very nice welcome. *(to Gropius, in German)* My English still needs some work. Your invitation was most kind.

GROPIUS: *(in German)* The pleasure is mine. I would be willing to extend the invitation permanently, Jan. You know the situation in Europe is not good. Of course it was worse for me in Germany, but you

must still be worried. If you do not come here, there is plenty of work going on in our circle in America -

SCP-3919-A: *(in German)* Thank you for the offer, Walter, but with Karolína's pregnancy, it is simply impossible for us to travel. Things will work out. I will trust your British and American friends to look after our country. *(laughs)*

GROPIUS: *(in German)* Perhaps, Jan. If things get worse, God forbid, do not forget you have friends here.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-4

Item: Second basement level of Site-77

Background: Storage facility for SCP-3919 related documents from 1996-1998. Converted into an instance of SCP-3919-B in 1998, when improperly briefed staff members referred to it as the ' library'.

Event Date: 12/03/1955[2]

Description: SCP-3919-A's office at Charles University in Prague. SCP-3919-A sits behind a desk, with two men in long coats standing on the opposite side.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-A: The last conversation with Alex, let's see, it was about 1 week ago, and - and - his studies, yes, we talked about his studies, that was all -

AGENT: Did he say what his plans were for the next week? Were you going to talk again?

SCP-3919-A: Well, no, we don't arrange any times, I just see him in the cafe -

AGENT: Did he make any comments about the State? Anything about his plans for defection?

SCP-3919-A: No, I don't think -

AGENT: Nothing at all? So, comrade, you and I are both clear on that point, that you are willing to attest your son made no anti-State comments, was a good and loyal citizen, now that he has defected?

SCP-3919-A: Well - that is to say, I don't think - I mean, I - I can't recall - I can't remember exactly what he said.

AGENT: You can't remember your last conversation with your own son?

SCP-3919-A: I don't know. I've been very busy lately - I can't help you any more.

AGENT: I see. I suggest you try to remember before we meet again, Comrade . Good day to you.

SCP-3919-A: Please, write to Comrade Secretary Novotný, or I can do it myself - he can vouch for me, I worked with him in the Industry Ministry -

AGENT: I can ask for you, but there is something you and the Comrade Secretary have in common. As you can imagine, he is a very busy man, and unfortunately he does not recall every person he meets.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-5

Item: Senior Researcher Dr M. Balážová

Background: Dr Balážová was converted into an instance of SCP-3919-B on

01/12/1999, projecting a hallucinatory field in a 15m radius. This was traced to a flaw in the automated system responsible for cataloguing SCP-3919 documentation, where a text string referring to the Head of SCP-3919 Research (then Dr Balážová) led to the replacement of SCP-3919 with 'Jan ' in a number of documents. Dr Balážová continues her Foundation employment while in containment. She is permitted contact with others via video link and receives regular counselling to mitigate the effects of long-term isolation.

Event Date: 18/12/1967[3]

Description:A basement room of the Ministry of Industry in Prague, SCP-3919-A's workplace from 1956. SCP-3919-A is sitting at his desk doing paperwork.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

The door opens and a man enters, identified as Professor E. Krejcar, a colleague of SCP-3919-A's from Charles University.

SCP-3919-A: Yes, can I help you?

KREJCAR: Hello, Jan. It's been some time.

SCP-3919-A: Who - Evžen, my god, it's you? I didn't recognise you.

KREJCAR: Yes, well, the beard - anyway. I was in Vienna last month, and I saw this in a store, and what should be in it? Here, take a look.

He hands over a photographic book titled 'Functionalism: An Austro-German-Czech Pictorial History'[4], and opens it to a page where the Lesnická St house (SCP-3919-B-2) designed by SCP-3919-A is visible.

KREJCAR: Then I remembered, isn't it today? Happy birthday. For you.

He passes SCP-3919-A the book, who remains silent.

KREJCAR: I'm sorry for interrupting you. I know it must be hard, after what happened -

SCP-3919-A: Ten years, Evžen. You left me here for ten years, without a letter or call, and now you decide to show up?

KREJCAR: It was the fifties, you know what it was like, Jan, we all wanted to -

SCP-3919-A stands up and smiles.

SCP-3919-A: It's good to see you, my friend.

He holds out his arms and the two embrace.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-6

Item: The action of eating a ham and cheese sandwich in Containment Cell #6 of Site-77

Background: Created as part of Foundation research to determine if SCP-3919 was applicable outside of physical objects; a protocol was designed where two research staff would reach an understanding that to 'do a

Jan ' referred to this specific action. All individuals who perform this action now experience SCP-3919's effects.

Event Date: December 1973

Description: A room in the Bulovka Hospital in Prague. A frail and emaciated SCP-3919-A is lying in a hospital bed in a four-bed ward. A member of the nursing staff is reading a chart beside the bed.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-A: Kara, are you there?

SCP-3919-A: My throat hurts, Kara. Kara!

NURSE: Shh, Mr . Have some water.

SCP-3919-A: Who are you?

NURSE: I'm your nurse today, Mr .

SCP-3919-A sips water from a paper cup in silence for several minutes.

SCP-3919-A: I feel… scattered. All that remains is bricks and stones. Just bricks and stones.

SCP-3919-A: Where have I gone? What is left of me?

SCP-3919-A appears visibly distressed.

SCP-3919-A: Has this always been your doing? It is deserved. I was afraid - no, a coward.

SCP-3919-A: Forgive me - I can't - forgive me -

SCP-3919-A: I can't remember your name.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-7

Item: Clay brick labelled with 'Jan '

Background: Implementation of standardised object for testing purposes.

Event Date: June 1942

Description: SCP-3919-A's home in Prague, nighttime. SCP-3919-A is in the second-story bedroom, standing at the window and peering out on the street between the curtains. His wife, Karolína (PoI-39193), is lying in the bed behind him. An unidentified man is standing at the front door, banging on it repeatedly.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

MAN: Jan! Jan, are you there?

SCP-3919-A watches but does not react.

PoI-39193: Ugh. What time is it?

SCP-3919-A does not respond.

PoI-39193: Jan, who is it?

Muffled shouting in German and gunshots are audible in the distance.

SCP-3919-A: I don't know.

MAN: Jan, for God's sake open the door!

PoI-39193: You must know him. Isn't he shouting for you?

SCP-3919-A: I told you, Kara, I don't know who it is. Go back to sleep.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

SCP-3919-B-8

Item: Clay brick labelled with 'Jan '

Background: As with SCP-3919-B-7.

Description: No associated event, instead inducing auditory and visual loss in all persons in a 10m radius. Continued experimentation on SCP-3919 has yielded similar results.

Footnotes
1. Reserve force of the Austro-Hungarian Army.
2. Identified from Czech government records relating to the StB (Státní bezpečnost), the secret police of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic.
3. Determined from StB records, as with SCP-3919-B-4.
4. Copies of this book have since been removed from public circulation by the Foundation.

SCP-3920: 1st Midnight Howitzer Battery

Item #: SCP-3920

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Subjects that experience or witness SCP-3920 are to be amnesticized and provided appropriate replacement memories. Cover stories regarding non-anomalous targets will be disseminated after SCP-3920 occurs. All artillery shells produced by SCP-3920 will be transferred to the nearest Armament Storage Facility or destroyed.

Description: SCP-3920 is a phenomenon that generates a variable number of BL 9.2-inch howitzers (SCP-3920-A instances) in the Canadian Rockies. The following requirements must be met to initiate SCP-3920:

- A person (hereafter referred to as the "subject") must be over 3km from the nearest town or city
- One or more persons or entities (hereafter referred to as "targets") with the intent to harm the subject must be within a .5km vicinity of the subject
- The local time must be between 10:00 p.m. and 2:00 a.m.

The following can increase the likelihood of SCP-3920's initiation:

- The subject is a Canadian citizen
- The subject is or was a member of the Canadian Armed Forces
- Multiple targets are present
- A cumulonimbus cloud is present near the subject

SCP-3920 begins with lightning strikes occurring in the area around the subject, corresponding to the number of targets. An SCP-3920-A instance instantaneously manifests at the site of each strike. Each howitzer is operated by several luminous, translucent humanoid

entities wearing Canadian World War I army uniforms (SCP-3920-B instances). The SCP-3920-B operate the howitzers and will fire shells at the targets with high precision until a shell has collided with each target, invariably resulting in their deaths. Detonation occurs if the subject is outside of each shell's blast radius. Non-detonated shells have a variation of the following message engraved on their surface:

> Greetings from 1st Brigade C.F.A.![1]

When all targets are dead, lightning bolts will manifest and hit each SCP-3920-A instance, with the anomalies vanishing after.

Although SCP-3920-B instances primarily focus on the operation of SCP-3920-A, limited interactions may occur with subjects. These interactions include salutes to the subject if they are current or former Canadian military personnel, waves, and thumbs up gestures. On one occasion a child subject was handed an Individual Meal Pack[2] by an instance.

Addendum: On 18-August-2018, Agent Flynn was dispatched on a mission to subdue PoI-1258 after the subject stole an anomalous object. At 1:40 a.m. the following day, Agent Flynn entered a confrontation with the subject at the edge of Lake O'Hara. PoI-1258 consumed Flynn's weaponry and was preparing to strangulate him when SCP-3920 was initiated. Two SCP-3920-A instances manifested in the vicinity of both subjects, each firing a shell that hit the other instance instead of the subjects. PoI-1258 swam into the lake at this point, presumably using the object to become camouflaged with their surroundings.

The SCP-3920-B instances that had operated both howitzers convened near the location of Agent Flynn, appearing to enter a heated discussion while displaying signs of confusion. One instance then handed Flynn a slip of paper with the following text on it.

> Bit of a screwup [sic] here

All instances subsequently demanifested after a single lightning strike.

Footnotes

1. The 1st Brigade, C.F.A., an artillery unit used in the 1st Canadian Infantry Division during World War I. Several soldiers who served in the unit were reported missing after going on trips to areas around the Rocky Mountains.
2. A field ration used by the Canadian Armed Forces, introduced in 2005. How the rations were acquired is unknown.

SCP-3922: STOPRIGHTTHERECRIMINALSCUM!!!

Item #: SCP-3922

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3922 is to be contained in a standard containment locker at Site-59. Requests for usage in research may be forwarded to Director Naismith.

Description: SCP-3922 is a cylindrical object, 3 cm in diameter and 0.5 cm in depth and composed of a nickel-aluminum alloy. On one side, the object has been engraved with an insignia of three crescent moons in a row. (Research into potential connections with **SCP-2578** is ongoing.) On the other, the word "REASSURANCE" has been engraved.

It was purchased at a garage sale in Kenosha, WI, by an off-duty Foundation field agent on 7/21/17. It had been described by the owner as "some kind of morality filter for TV." After confirming the anomalous properties of the object, the agent turned the object over to the Foundation for containment and research.

When placed within one meter of a television set or a computer, SCP-3922 will significantly alter the content of any fictional films, TV shows, online videos, or commercials, usually through the addition of actors in padded combat uniforms and gas masks. These additional elements, classified as SCP-3922-A, will impede and/or punish any and all crimes (as perceived by SCP-3922-A instances) committed by the cast. The severity of this punishment is always reflective of the MPAA or FCC rating of the video.

SCP-3922-A instances are capable of appearing in live-action and animated works, often taking on the particular animation style of the latter. However, regardless the time period portrayed in the video, SCP-3922-A instances are always in possession of high-powered energy-based weaponry, vehicles capable of interstellar flight,

combat drones, and other futuristic elements - all of which bear the same triple-moon insignia.

At the end of every video affected by SCP-3922, an altered end title card will play in the place of any end credits, including the triple-moon symbol, as well as the slogan "YOU ARE WATCHED - YOU ARE PROTECTED - YOU ARE LOVED".

Video	MPAA Rating	SCP-3922 Interference Point	Result
Pinocchio (1940)	G	The "Pleasure Island" sequence, shortly before the reveal that all the boys had been turned into donkeys.	Several SCP-3922-A squadrons raid Pleasure Island from dropships, reconstituting the children's humanity with a sound-based device labeled "TACTICAL UNDONKIFICATION ORDINANCE", and the Coachman is instantly vaporized after a heavy energy rifle bombardment. The film ends ten minutes later, after Lampwick is taken to a substance abuse rehabilitation center, the other villains of the

		film are arrested in a montage, Monstro the whale is disintegrated by an orbital energy weapon, the Blue Fairy is arrested for "unlicensed reanimation of plant tissue," and Pinocchio is informed by a "tactical child psychiatry associate" that "real" boyhood is subjective.
The Dark Knight PG-13 (2008)	During the "pencil trick" sequence involving Heath Ledger's adaptation of the Joker.	Several SCP-3922-A combat drones breach the room and quickly decapitate the Joker with plasma-based weaponry. In the next scene, Bruce Wayne is taken into SCP-3922-A custody for "39 separate counts of extortion." (The context of these charges are unknown.) The film ends with SCP-3922-

			A troops announcing their military occupation of Gotham City until law and order can be restored.
A Clockwork Orange (1971)	R	During the rape scene involving Alex DeLarge and Adrienne Cori's character.	Several SCP-3922-A instances break into the room where the scene takes place. Alex and his three other gang members (Georgie, Dim, and Pete) are restrained and forcibly loaded into an SCP-3922-A dropship. The scene shifts to an empty field in an undisclosed, presumably Midwestern location. As his friends watch, the character of Dim is summarily executed by three SCP-3922-A troops with submachine guns. The shooting lasts

			approximately 50 minutes, well past the death of Dim, with the soldiers reloading their guns as needed. The process is repeated with Georgie and Pete. Alex is then forced to consume the remains of his friends, then is also executed in the same manner. The film ends after this sequence, which lasts roughly 3 hours.
Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom (1975)	Not Rated	Halfway through the film.	[REDACTED] *(see addendum)*
All 12 Inches!!! (1999)	Not Rated (pornography)	From the beginning.	Video proceeds as normal, save for the seven SCP-3922-A instances that stand guard to ensure that any sex remains consensual. Said SCP-3922-A instances are equipped with rocket launchers.

+ Addendum - 4/3922 clearance required

Notes on SCP-3922's interaction with *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*:

Due to SCP-3922 interference, the recording had been extended to over nine hours in length.

The four "masters"[1] were terminated by sniper fire from SCP-3922-A instances as several squadrons were deployed via dropship to liberate their captives.

The scene promptly cuts to a desert environment, analogous to the extradimensional space examined by the Foundation during **`Operation Galahad`**. The masters, naked and agitated, are intercepted by SCP-3922-A aircraft and captured, then taken to a mountainous location following an hour-long travel sequence in which no dialogue is exchanged.

The aircraft arrives in a large military staging area of human design, located in a massive crater surrounded by mountains and greenery, and topped with a stone monument in the shape of three crescent moons. Combat vehicles resembling SCP-2578-D are seen entering and exiting the facility.

Upon landing, the four masters are taken to an underground storage facility and forcibly submerged in tanks - labeled "OUBLIETTE" - of semitransparent blue-green gel. The process is extremely painful for the prisoners, but no physical harm is apparent. The tanks are then stored into a series of numbered shelves along a large marble wall.

The remainder of the film is approximately eight hours of detailed depictions of the prisoners' faces, distorted with pain and agony.

The ending card has been altered slightly for this recording, reading simply "YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED" under a red triple-moon logo.

Based on these findings, I believe that connections between SCP-3922, SCP-2578, and **SCP-2922** should be examined immediately.

- Researcher Paulsen

+ Addendum - Extended test logs for SCP-3922

Footnotes
1. Antagonists responsible for the capture and torture of 18 teenagers over the course of the film.

SCP-3922 Extended Test Logs

Log Format
Subject: <Video title>, <Date of release>, <MPAA rating, if any>
Interference Point: <Where, during the course of the video, SCP-3922 was introduced>
Result: <Results>
Note: <Notes, if Any>

Subject: *The Lion King*, 1994, G
Interference Point: Shortly before the stampede sequence in which Mufasa dies.
Result: Film proceeds as normal, save for the end credits including a note after the "Special Thanks" section: "THIS NARRATIVE HAS BEEN FULLY INSPECTED BY ☽☽☽ AND WE ARE HAPPY TO REPORT THAT NO ILLEGAL HUNTING OF AFRICAN WILDLIFE HAS BEEN DETECTED."
Note: It is currently believed that societies that have no interactions with humanity are outside of SCP-3922-A jurisdiction.

Subject: *The Brave Little Toaster*, 1987, G
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: Film lasts for only ten minutes, beginning with an unidentified orbital energy weapon causing all human life to vanish from Earth during the opening. A drone analogous to the appearance of **SCP-2578**-D approaches the protagonist of the film, reporting that all sentient machines have been freed of their human slavers. This is met with mixed emotions from the film's primary cast, who were anxiously awaiting the return of "the master".
Note: *I mean, they weren't technically* wrong… - Dr. Naismith

Subject: *Batman: The Killing Joke*, 2016, R
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: Film length extended to four hours. The story has been

altered to portray in detail the Joker's public hanging, drawing, and quartering by SCP-3922-A, followed by the entire Gotham City supervillain rogues gallery turning themselves in to the authorities out of fear. An animated simulacrum of comic book writer Alan Moore is then captured by instances SCP-3922-A, and, at gunpoint, addresses the viewer that the Joker is "really, really, really, honestly, 110% perma-dead, will not come back, will not be resurrected, will not have his death retconned, has no backup plans, no machiavellian schemes to turn anyone else into his successor, and will not be missed, so if you're going to ask us to bring him back, *don't,* or suffer the consequences."

Subject: An episode of **SCP-993**
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: In a previously unaired episode titled "Bobble Shoots for the Moon", the title character disables an instance of SCP-2578-D with a slingshot, then instructs the viewer on how to dismantle and reverse-engineer its various parts into a powerful energy weapon, which it then uses to disintegrate and torture several instances of SCP-3922-A that try to interfere.
Note: This is the first known occurrence of SCP-3922-A soldiers not succeeding.

Subject: *Space Jam*, 1996, PG
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: Film proceeds as a biographical drama of the life and career of basketball player Michael Jordan, with no involvement from cartoon characters. During a brief scene in a coffee shop, a mention is made by a side character of a peculiar news story about a corrupt intergalactic amusement park known as Moron Mountain being destroyed by instances of SCP-3922-A. Michael Jordan dismisses the news story as ridiculous.

Subject: *Star Wars, Episode IV: A New Hope*, 1977, PG
Interference Point: Shortly before the Death Star destroys Alderaan
Result: Shortly after Governor Tarkin says "You may fire when ready," the Death Star Control Room is raided by SCP-3922-A instances, who proceed to massacre all Imperial staff in the area with high-powered energy rifles. Though they suffer considerable

casualties in the effort to neutralize Darth Vader, one of the SCP-3922-A instances uses a grenade-like device labeled "TACTICAL OFFENSIVE TELEPORTATION CHARGE" on him, shifting the scene to [REDACTED] analogous to **SCP-2922**-[REDACTED] Impenetrable [REDACTED] analogous to creature puppetry typically seen in the Star Wars franchise [REDACTED] turned to stone and used as a war trophy by the ☽☽☽ Initiative. The film ends ten minutes later, as three crescent moon decals are painted on the side of the Death Star by SCP-2578-D instances.
EMERGENCY ADDENDUM: *I'm putting a moratorium on further experimentation with Star Wars. The possibility that we just gave a previously-fictional superweapon to the ☽☽☽ Initiative cannot be ignored as a significant risk to our safety.* - Dr. Naismith

Subject: *Dragon Ball Z: Battle Of Gods*, 2013, PG
Interference Point: N/A
Result: N/A
Note: *Request denied. The possibility of a nonfictional group of interest enlisting the aid of planet-destroying humanoids poses even more of a risk than the Death Star. Even Yamcha would be a potential new keter to worry about.* - Dr. Naismith

Subject: *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, 1975, PG
Interference Point: Shortly after the initial onscreen appearance of King Arthur.
Result: King Arthur is hit by an Impaler Event from an SCP-2578-D instance shortly after appearing onscreen, following which a large number of SCP-3922-A instances arrive in dropships and announce a military occupation in order to "bring an end to tyranny". This is followed by a short montage, in which the remaining knights are arrested on various charges, the Rabbit of Caerbannog is killed by a "tactical holy smart bomb", and the historian is arrested for "unlicensed time travel". The film ends with a SCP-3922-A "tactical health specialist" arriving at the house of the unnamed animator and providing treatment for "heart problems".

Subject: Music video for Judas Priest's "Breaking The Law", 1980, Unrated
Interference Point: Shortly after Rob Halford opens the bank safe.
Result: Several SCP-3922-A instances enter the bank carrying

submachine guns. The "robbery" itself is considered by the instances to have been staged, but the group is given a brief but stern talking-to about "promotion of criminal values towards minors", after which the video ends.

Subject: *The Simpsons*, Season 4 Episode 12 "Marge vs. the Monorail", TV-PG
Interference Point: After the characters finish singing the "Monorail" song.
Result: SCP-3922-A instances arrive in Springfield via helicopter and arrest conman Lyle Lanley for previously selling a faulty monorail to the city of North Haverbrook. SCP-3922-A instances then explain the nature of the monorail scam and announce they will be occupying the city of Springfield. Two "Tactical Transportation Experts" take over the monorail project and plan a legitimate mass transit system for Springfield. Over the course of the episode, well-known lawbreaking characters (Snake, Fat Tony, Sideshow Bob, etc) are arrested by SCP-3922-A instances and sentenced to forced labour in the monorail construction. The episode ends with Lyle Lanley being tied to the train tracks and run over by the monorail during its opening ceremony; various characters are seen uncomfortably smiling aboard the train surrounded by SCP-3922-A instances as the episode ends.

Subject: Site 19 Cafeteria security footage. Of note is that at : PM, (a member of the foundation maintenance staff), was recorded smoking in direct violation of Foundation health and safety standards (has since been reprimanded for this action).
Interference Point: None.
Result: No changes from original footage.
Note: SCP-3922 appears to have no effect on non-fictional recordings.

Subject: The Ballad of Smokes McGee,[1] Not Rated
Interference Point: 1 minute into the film, wherein the character of "Smokes McGee" (portrayed by) takes a smoke break, despite the narrator's insistence that doing so is a violation of Foundation protocols.
Result: Several SCP-3922-A instances burst into the room in full tactical gear. Security staff attempt to subdue the SCP-3922-A

instances, only to be incapacitated by SCP-3922-A's energy weapons. The narrator expresses shock at this, wondering aloud what the "three moons guys are doing here". He then continues to narrate the events that proceed, explaining that they they have simply come to warn Smokes McGee about the dangers of smoking in a hazardous environment such as Site 19. The lead SCP-3922-A then confiscates and disposes of the offending cigarette, and informs Smokes McGee that this incident has already been reported to his supervisor.
Note: Assigning a fictional narrative to nonfictional footage appears to meet SCP-3922's criteria for "fiction".

Subject: *The Spongebob Squarepants Movie*, 2004, PG
Interference Point: When Plankton attempts to steal King Neptune's Crown.
Result: Movie continues as normal until the point where SpongeBob and Patrick meet the cyclops.[2] Two SCP-3922-A instances wearing scuba gear promptly arrest the cyclops under 55 accounts of illegal hunting. The film then cuts to Shell City, where several SCP-3922-A instances repossess all inventory in the store. David Hasselhoff, a witness to the event, is brought in for questioning.

Subject: Live recording of production of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* by D-class personnel, not rated
Interference Point: None, test canceled
Result: None, test canceled
Note: *No. The risk of introducing SCP-3922-A to the current timeline is too great. All live testing suspended until further notice. Also, I know we're not superstitious here, but let's stay away from "the Scottish play," just the same. No sense inviting trouble when we have many other options.*— Dr. Willis

Subject: "Scott Tenorman Must Die", *South Park* episode, 2001, TV-MA
Interference Point: Before Cartman explains his plans in the final scene.
Result: The contest is interrupted by SCP-3922-A instances who arrive in FBI Granger-style vehicles, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tenorman. Cartman is arrested on over 30 different charges, such as attempted murder, scamming, racial discrimination, threats, and

other various crimes. Scott Tenorman, along with the rest of the crowd and the arriving band of Radiohead, is then informed that Cartman attempted to kill Mr. and Mrs. Tenorman by tricking them into trespassing onto a trigger-happy farmer's property, where they would be shot and killed, afterwards being chopped up and served as chili - to the disgust of everyone present. Scott is told off with a warning for bullying Cartman, whereas Cartman is carried away to jail; he is then seen being executed by [REDACTED]. The episode's final scene switches to an animated representation of Comedy Central headquarters where animated characters of show creators Matt Stone and Trey Parker are scolded by an SCP-3922-A instance, condemning their 'actions upon the townsfolk of South Park'. They are both then terminated by an instance of an Impaler Event of SCP-2578-D.

Subject: *The Straight Story*, 1999, Rated G
Interference Point: First scene showing Alvin and the old lawnmower.
Result: A heavy-lift helicopter, evidently piloted by instances of SCP-3922-A, loads the protagonist and his lawnmower into a cargo container and rapidly transports them to Mount Zion, Wisconsin.

Subject: *The Human Centipede* (First Sequence), 2009 (unrated)
Interference Point: Entire film
Result: Entire film is replaced with a title screen consisting of the word "ongeschikt".[3] This appears onscreen for four minutes, then the film ends.
Note: After further audio inspection, shouts from SCP-3922-A and yells of pain from Josef Heiter are present throughout the film. In the last 30 seconds, pleas for mercy and forgiveness of Dutch movie director Tom Six are heard before two gunshots silence both individuals.

Subject: *Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*, 2001, PG-13
Interference Point: End of the battle on the slopes of Mount Doom
Result: Instance of SCP-3922-A prevents Isildur from using his father's sword to cut the One Ring from Sauron's hand. Sauron's lifeless body is buried in a civil ceremony, and the question of ownership of the One Ring is referred to the probate office in the

relevant lawful jurisdiction.

Subject: *BioShock Infinite*, 2013, M (ESRB)
Interference Point: None
Result: Researcher Tranh plays through the entirety of the game in one 14-hour sitting, including meal and bathroom breaks. No anomalous activity is recorded.

Subject: Full recording of Researcher Tranh's playthrough of *BioShock Infinite*
Interference Point: Beginning of game
Result: The opening dialogue, delivered over a black screen, is replaced with audio of main character Booker DeWitt struggling and drowning. The video then cuts to a pixelated version of the triple-moon logo, underneath similarly-styled text reading: "WINNERS DON'T USE TEARS! SAY NO TO TIMELINE POLLUTION! [REDACTED], CHRONOSPATIAL PROTECTION AGENCY, ☽☽☽" . This lasts until the end credits, which are played over silence.

Subject: A three-hour recording containing only the cutscenes of *Bioshock Infinite*
Interference Point: Beginning of game
Result: Same as the previous test, with the timing of the end credits matching that of the source video.

Subject: *The Sopranos*, Season 5 Episode 13 "All Due Respect", TV-MA, as recorded on **SCP-2614**
Interference Point: N/A
Result: N/A
Note: *We do not usually record denials on experiment logs, but Dr. Schmidt and myself feel the need to be abundantly clear in our response:* ***over our cold, dead bodies.***— Director Naismith

Subject: **SCP-2835**
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: The video begins without the usual opening sequence. SCP-2835-1 addresses the viewer directly, sobbing and visibly intoxicated, and yelling "Naismith, you goddamn snitching swiss cheese eating *whore!*" and variations thereof. A poorly-drawn SCP-3922-A instance in the background approaches, saying "Let's go, Paddy. We're only trying to help." SCP-2835-1 attempts suicide

with a shotgun blast to the face, only to become mildly dazed, with stars circling his head. Video ends.
Note: Testing of SCP-2835 afterward, without the influence of SCP-3922, consisted of SCP-2835-1 spending the entirety of the video lamenting its inability to "people die, not just cartoon die."

Subject: *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1984), R
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: The film is extended to be 18 hours long, with a large army of SCP-3922-A invading and occupying Airstrip One. At 17 hours, all the Inner Party members, including Big Brother, are executed by SCP-3922-A instances via gunfire. An SCP-3922-A instance holds a speech in Victory Square, where they announce the occupation of the British Isles and the return of liberty and justice to the people of Great Britain and Ireland. They then prepare to invade the rest of the world; a montage of SCP-3922-A instances invade the rest of Oceania, Eurasia, and Eastasia, where their leaders are executed. The film ends with Winston Smith meeting Julia, and presumably falling in love.

Subject: A chronological recording of cutscenes from *The Binding Of Isaac: Afterbirth+*, 2017, M (ESRB)
Interference Point: Final cutscene
Result: The chest is opened to reveal an exhausted, emaciated Isaac, who looks up to see two SCP-3922-A instances scooping him out of his would-be tomb. A montage follows, chronicling Isaac being fed, given medical attention, and eventually thriving in a 3922-A-supervised foster home, while his mother is apprehended and subjected to an agonizing but ultimately effective regimen of in-patient psychotherapy. The last scene ends with Isaac in his mother's hospital room, the two of them hugging and smiling tearfully.
Note: On the day following this test, *Binding of Isaac* creator Edmund McMillen reported having had "the most wonderful dream" on his Twitter account, and reporting that the world felt "just a little brighter".

Subject: *The Last of Us: Story Version*, a YouTube video containing every cutscene from the 2013 video game *The Last of Us* (Rated M), excluding the "Left Behind" prequel DLC.

Interference Point: After Joel steps out of his apartment in the Boston quarantine zone.
Result: SCP-3922-A instances invade the quarantine zone via armor and infantry storming the main entrance gate; city personnel surrender after two hours of intense fighting. Ellie is located by an SCP-3922-A instance, who uses an unknown medical device to extract the cure to the cordyceps infection while leaving her unharmed; meanwhile, Joel and Tess are arrested by other instances for smuggling unauthorized items into the quarantine zone. After developing the vaccine and inoculating everyone in the area, the remaining five hours show SCP-3922-A instances traveling across the post-apocalyptic landscape and terminating any infected or hostile survivors they find (the hunter-controlled Pittsburgh quarantine zone is obliterated via firebombing). End of the video shows SCP-3922-A instances arriving at the Firefly headquarters in Salt Lake City and informing them that their "unlawful actions will no longer be tolerated in restored civil society", implying they will attempt to bring all of the former United States under their control with their dissemination of the cure to the infection.

Subject: *La Jetée*, 1962, Not Rated
Interference Point: None.
Result: End credits are replaced with the phrase "☽☽☽ WE WILL FIND A WAY IN ☽☽☽"
Note: *Do not test this again. Let's be more careful about testing abstract narratives in the future.* - Dr. Naismith

Subject: *Metropolis*, 1927, Not Rated
Interference Point: During the scene in which the Robot Maria entices the Workers to rebellion.
Result: SCP-3922-A instances enter the area where the workers are congregated. The SCP-3922-A instances restrain and deactivate the Robot Maria, which puts up no resistance. The remaining Workers are forcibly dispersed, and the film cuts to SCP-3922-A arresting C.A. Rotwang for crimes including “kidnapping, assault, and the unlicensed creation of an artificial intelligence”, and Joh Fredersen is mentioned to have been deposed and imprisoned for “violation of multiple labor laws”. Both Maria and several members of the Workers receive fines for “inciting rebellion”, and the film ends 20 minutes early with the announcement that SCP-3922-A will be

temporarily occupying Metropolis until civil order can be restored.
Note: All dialogue for the SCP-3922-A instances is rendered as intertitles, in the style of the original film.

Subject: *Sharknado*, 2013, Not Rated
Interference Point: **SPC-3922-A** first appears during the freeway scene, saving George.
Result: SPC-3922-A are armed with boxing gloves instead of usual armaments. After the freeway scene, a SPC-3922-A instance will appear whenever a shark would bite someone. The instance will punch the shark. Punched sharks suffer no serious injuries, but usually swim out of the scene, rather than attacking. End credits includes statement "All sharks punched by ARMÁ ORÚN."

Subject: *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood*, 1970 episode, TV-G
Interference Point: At the beginning of the "Land of Make-Believe" segment
Result: Several puppet characters remark on the suspicious absence of Lady Elaine Fairchilde and the disappearance of her Museum-Go-Round. An instance of SCP-3922-A enters, carrying Lady Elaine's magical Boomerang-Toomerang-Zoomerang in a semitransparent containment capsule labeled "TACTICAL DEZOOMERANGIFICATION MATRIX". The instance explains to King Friday that Lady Elaine "has to move away for a while on business, but she wishes you all the best." The rest of the episode proceeds without SCP-3922-A interference.
Note: Further review of the SCP-3922-altered footage at altered volumes revealed muffled sounds of a hostile gunfire exchange in the distance, along with the phrase *"Ya couldn't leave well enough alone, could ya, you Corbenese sons of—"* from Lady Elaine, interrupted by an explosion before the expletive.

Subject: *WCW Bash At The Beach* 1996, Unrated (professional wrestling)
Interference Point: After the conclusion of the main event
Result: The climax of the show proceeds as normal, with Hulk Hogan entering the ring to attack his presumptive allies and join forces with "outsiders" Scott Hall and Kevin Nash. As Hulk Hogan is delivering his famous "new world order of wrestling" speech to a rain of audience garbage, interviewer "Mean" Gene Okerlund deviates

from his recorded questions and instead says, "Hulk, I'm sorry to have to say this, and I hope one day we can be friends again, but in WCW, there's only *one* order we respect." A brass-heavy theme plays in the arena, and ten unarmed SCP-3922-A instances emerge from the locker room entrance, marching towards the ring to thunderous applause from the audience and joyous exhortations from play-by-play commentator Tony Schiavone. Three instances recover the beaten Sting, Lex Luger, and Randy Savage, and assist them (as well as a visibly-crestfallen Okerlund) to the backstage area, while the others storm the ring to attack the newly-formed "New World Order". The SCP-3922-A instances conduct themselves as if they were extremely powerful wrestlers, obeying narrative conventions such as rebounding off the ring ropes when slung towards them by the "Irish Whip" maneuver. Nash and Hall are quickly overwhelmed by the SCP-3922-A assault, though Hogan manages to fight off four of the instances for several minutes before being rendered unconscious. The three are carried backstage for processing, while Schiavone celebrates "the inevitable hand of all justice", and the camera pans out over the crowd, where more SCP-3922-A instances can be seen handing citations for littering to numerous audience members.

Note: Color commentator Bobby Heenan does not speak for this entire sequence. Camera shots of the announcer's desk show Heenan sitting in anxious silence as an SCP-3922-A instance stands behind him, arms crossed.

Further testing with professional wrestling recordings shows that 3922-A instances win their battles almost instantly, with the only competitors able to put up a fight being those who had significant creative influence over the product at the time, e.g. Hogan in mid-1990s WCW, Triple H in mid-2000s WWE, and El Santo in his entire EMLL run.[4] - Researcher Tranh

Subject: *Barney the Dinosaur*, 1997 episode, TV-G
Interference Point: Start of episode
Result: The episode began with Barney standing on an empty set with no other characters present. The actor inside the suit removed the headpiece revealing an SCP-3922-A instance. The instance then rotated a nearby whiteboard around with the following message.

"Is the Foundation staffed by five year olds? Playing this episode in

the hopes of watching us vaporise Barney is inapropriate to say the least. Act befitting your station or playtime is over."
The episode then came to an end with the Three Moon sign on the screen.
They do have a point, I suggest we ease up on the kid cartoons and shows. -Researcher Maytus

Subject: CCTV recording of a 24 year old man smoking a marijuana cigar ("blunt") outside of his Sacramento, California apartment on 9 Feb 2018.[5] At the time of the footage and at present, consumption of recreational marijuana is legal in the state of California but remains illegal under federal law as per the Controlled Substances Act of 1970.
Interference Point: After the man finishes smoking and puts out the marijuana cigar by pressing it against the concrete.
Result: A single SCP-3922-A instance armed with an M16 rifle approaches the man, addressing him as "Mr. Smith." After the man expresses alarm, the instance explains that it is only there to inform the man that smoking marijuana is a violation of federal law and to dispose of his cigar in the nearby dumpster. When the man replies that consumption is legal under state law, the instance hands him a small piece of paper and explains that the Three Moons Initiative is currently "conflicted as to what action to take in this circumstance" and that he will not face legal consequences as a result. The instance then reminds the man that littering is illegal under California law and to always dispose of his discarded smoking materials in proper trash receptacles after extinguishing them before walking away.
Note: Conflicting laws appear to produce an uncertain and/or confused response from SCP-3922-A.

Subject: *Final Fantasy Tactics*, 1997, T (ESRB) (full playthrough recorded)
Interference Point: Opening cutscene
Result: Ovelia opens the scene by saying "☽☽☽, please help us sinful children of Ivalice". Then, the screen scrolls down to reveal Agrias, Ramza and Delita in the monastery with her, all wearing a helmetless variant of SCP-3922-A armor. Agrias waxes enthusiastic about the Order of the Triple Moon, who arrived one year prior and swiftly placed Ivalice under martial law, pursuant to exterminating

the "Lucavi infestation". Other topics discussed by the three include the mass-arrest of the Corpse Brigade, the ongoing recovery of Ramza's father, and concern as to how their friend Algus is handling the execution of Marquis Elmdor. Then, two more SCP-3922-A instances enter and remove their helmets, revealing themselves to be Wiegraf and Miluda Folles. The siblings politely inform the others that it is time to escort Ovelia home and begin patrol. The rest of the recording resembles basic gameplay, with the party of five traveling around the map and occasionally fighting parties of archaeodemons, implied to be the remnants of some brief, massive struggle. All five characters have the class "☽☽☽ Knight", and use battlefield-spanning attacks like "Pacifica Gun" and "All-Holy2" to dispatch their foes swiftly. There are no further cutscenes.

Subject: **SCP-2030**, Season 24, Episode "Swelling", 2000, Not Rated
Interference Point: Beginning of first prank segment
Result: 5 seconds after the beginning of the park prank segment, the screen turns white and a sound similar to that of a high yield nuclear explosion is audible, before the end title card plays. Analysis of the preceding frame shows a projectile superficially similar to a Scranton Reality Anchor round from **SCP-2722** heading towards the ground at high velocity.

Subject: *Moana*, 2016, PG
Interference Point: The scene where Maui leaves Moana on an island and steals her boat
Result: A helicopter with two SCP-3922-A instances hovers over Maui. One instance goes onto the boat and picks up Maui, taking him into custody. The Ocean then returns the boat to the island, where a helicopter has rescued Moana.

Subject: "The Cold Equations" (episode of *The New Twilight Zone*), 1989, TV-PG
Interference Point: Beginning
Result: A scene is added in which Marilyn is shown approaching the EDS. She is intercepted by armed instances of SCP-3922-A; they explain to her that if she stows away, the EDS will not have sufficient fuel to complete its vital mission, and that Captain Barton will be required to eject her into space to die. Marilyn is horrified, and does

not board the EDS. The rest of the episode depicts Captain Barton successfully completing his mission to deliver medical supplies to the colony planet.

Subject: *Breaking Bad*, Season 2 Episode 9 "4 Days Out", 2009, TV-14
Interference Point: After Jesse Pinkman calls Skinny Pete a second time and learns that the latter is unable to find where he and Walt are stranded at in the desert.
Result: Two helicopters with the Three Moons insignia on them approach Jesse, Walt, and the RV from a distance. After touching down, four SCP-3922-A instances emerge from a helicopter, two of which immediately arrest Jesse and Walt for manufacturing a controlled substance. The other two inspect the meth lab inside the RV and confiscate the recently created product. After being treated for dehydtration, Jesse and Walt are transported to the Albuquerque Metropolitan Detention Center as an SCP-3922-A instance calls a disbelieving Hank Schrader and informs him that his brother-in-law is Heisenberg. The remainder of the episode depicts the consequences of Walt's public exposure: Hank angrily interrogates an arrogant and defiant Walt, resulting in the two nearly coming to blows. Starting at the halfway point of the episode, a separate subplot chronicles Saul Goodman's law firm being shut down for his illegal activities, though Saul himself manages to evade capture by either SCP-3922-A instances or the police and vanishes from Albuquerque. Closing shot of the episode depicts Walt coldly staring at a conflicted Hank through his prison cell doors after delivering a monologue in which he revealed his role in the death of Tuco Salamanca.
Note: Gus Fring, Mike Ehrmantraut, and other law-breaking characters introduced later in the series are absent from the episode and apparently remain undetected by SCP-3922-A.

Subject: A recording of a playthrough of Doki Doki Literature Club!, 2017, Not Rated.
Interference Point: The day before the festival, right after Sayori's confession.
Result: SCP-3922-A instances appeared as character sprites just before the day is supposed to fade out, signaling the end of the scene. Dialog is consistent with vocalizations made in previous

tests. A series of scenes from the main character's point of view show SCP-3922-A stopping Sayori's suicide attempt and placing her in therapy, arresting Natsuki's father on charges of child abuse and neglect and transferring the aforementioned girl to a foster care system, confiscating Yuri's knife collection and admitting her to a mental hospital, and using weapons marked as "CODE ERSR" to quickly dispatch Monika. The end card then immediately fades onto screen, displaying the message "Feel better."
Notes: Acts 2, 3 and 4 are completely absent through use of SCP-3922.

Subject: *Adam Sandler Sucks and I Hope You All Die*,[6] 2018, Not Rated.
Interference Point: The first scene at the office, wherein the unnamed main character meets his love interest.
Result: The cognitohazardous mural in the backround of the scene has been painted over by a non-hazardous mural featuring the "☽☽☽" symbol. Other cognitohazardous images have been similarly censored throughout the movie. Plot proceeds as normal.
Notes: Later on in the film, the main character's father is shown reading a newspaper featuring the headline " Apprehended by ☽☽☽, Death Sentence Expected".

Subject: *Better Call Saul*, Season 1 Episode 2 "Mijo", 2015, TV-14
Interference Point: After Jimmy McGill (Saul Goodman) and Tuco Salamanca shake hands in agreement on the skateboarding twins' punishment for insulting Tuco's grandmother.
Result: Before Tuco has a chance to break the twins' legs, a helicopter similar to the one seen in the previous *Breaking Bad* test approaches the scene. Tuco is executed via a long-range sniper rifle shot to the head; No-Doze and Gonzo are killed and Nacho is seriously injured as they return fire. After the helicopter touches down, an SCP-3922-A instance begins treating Nacho for his gunshot wounds while other instances interrogate Jimmy and the skateboarders. Although initially planning to arrest all three of them for "financially motivated confidence scams," Jimmy successfully persuades the 3922-A instances to not take any action, arguing that he saved the twins from a worse punishment from Tuco and that they are "so scared of you that they won't even think about jaywalking for the rest of their lives". Additionally, he claims his

attempted scam of the Kettlemans was "my homage to Robin Hood" and that he planned to donate their embezzled money to a local charity after stealing it. The 3922-A instances let all three of them off with a stern warning to "refrain from any future criminal activities, even with altruistic motivations" and exit the scene after loading Nacho into the helicopter via a stretcher.
Notes: No SCP-3922-A instances demonstrate recollection of the previous *Breaking Bad* test. Additionally, this marks the first known occurrence of 3922-A instances reneging on their planned punishment after persuasion from a character.

Subject: *The Natural*, 1984, PG
Interference Point: Shortly before Harriet Bird shoots Roy Hobbs.
Result: Two SCP-3922-A instances armed with advanced weaponry raid the hotel room and arrest Bird before she can shoot Roy, who is horrified to learn of her actual intentions when they are explained to him by the instances. After Bird is placed in a psychiatric hospital, the remainder of the film depicts Roy's successful career as a pitcher for the Chicago Cubs. At the end, he throws a perfect game to close out a World Series win over the New York Yankees, striking out "The Whammer" (a stand-in for Babe Ruth) for the 27th and final out.

Footnotes
1. A mockumentary produced for testing purposes by Dr. Edison, utilizing Site 19 Cafeteria security footage from the previous test. The movie consists of Dr. Edison narrating over footage of 's smoke break, whom the narrator claims to be named "Smokes McGee", admonishing him for his flagrant violation of foundation health and safety standards. signed an agreement allowing his likeness to be used in this manner, as well as unrelated personnel. All other personnel had their faces digitally blurred.
2. Shown later in the movie to be a diver working at Shell City, a tourist trap, collecting sea creatures to repurpose as knickknacks to sell
3. Dutch for "unsuitable."
4. To date, El Santo holds the only pinfall victory over any 3922-A instance.
5. To meet SCP-3922's criteria for fiction as established in the "Smokes McGee" test, a fictional narration for the footage and a

false name ("Adrian Smith") for the individual were used.
6. A film produced by , a known member of the Group of Interest "Are We Cool Yet?". While the plot of the film appears to be a romantic comedy, the film's set design contains symbols that act as lethal cognitohazards, seemingly added for no other purpose than to kill the viewer.

SCP-3923: Negotium Ficus

Item #: SCP-3923

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3923 are currently being held at Site 55's Botanical Containment Center. Personnel interacting with instances of SCP-3923 are to be equipped with non-rebreather masks and personal oxygen tanks. Prunings are to be carried out by trained personnel only. Instances are to be watered no more than once a week.

Foundation web crawlers are to monitor internal email systems of major companies for references to behaviors and speech patterns caused by exposure to SCP-3923.

Description: SCP-3923 are visually and genetically identical to *Ficus lyrata* (Fiddle Leaf Fig). Though varying in height and coloration, they are typically 1.5m tall and light green. To date, all recovered instances of SCP-3923 have been found in executive boardrooms, business meeting rooms, and the personal offices of high-ranking employees within multi-million dollar companies.

Instead of photosynthesizing oxygen, SCP-3923 creates a previously unknown gas which affects human cognitive functions. Though physiologically harmless, the gas will cause subjects inhaling it to suffer from irregular speech patterns and behavior. Such behaviors include believing oneself to be issuing a presentation, engaging in sales pitches for non-specific products, and attempting to exchange non-existent business cards. If more than one subject is affected, they will take turns making faux presentations on perceived products and applauding one another. Gatherings of subjects affected by SCP-3923 can last hours, usually only ending due to outside disturbances or when biological needs arise.

The effects of SCP-3923 wear off within 5-10 minutes of leaving the affected area. Recovering subjects will express confusion and have little to no recollection of their prior state. This is particularly notable in subjects who are not in an office building or similar location while under the effects of SCP-3923. Prolonged exposure may result in SCP-3923's effects becoming near-permanent, as seen in William Heider, the CEO of the Fortune 500 company .

Addendum 1: Apprehension of APP Inc Associate
Matthew Sanders was apprehended at the 2019 Austin Small Business Expo in Austin (ASBE), Texas. Sanders was discovered to be exhibiting products on behalf of Avelar Professional Products Incorporated[1] at the convention, including SCP-3923, SCP- , SCP-3803, SCP- , and other previously unknown APP Inc products. The promotional materials involving SCP-3923 claimed the object was guaranteed to "… get employees in the headspace of a top-dog salesman!" and "improve meeting productivity and boardroom aesthetics by 300%!"

Upon being questioned Sanders claimed he had been hired as a product demonstrator by a third party staffing agency and had no knowledge of APP Inc, save for the marketing material he had been provided. All marketing material seized during the apprehension of Sanders is currently kept in Site 55's Low-Risk Item Storage. Among the items was a list of representatives for several companies in attendance of ASBE who had left their contact information with Sanders. Foundation field agents are currently being planted as custodial personnel in over 20 companies to search and contain instances of SCP-3923 and other APP Inc products.

Sanders was later released from Foundation custody after administration of Class B Amnestics.

Addendum 2: Affected Subject Interview

+ Document 3923-1221: Interview with D-1221

Interviewed: D-1221

Interviewer: Researcher Hart

Foreword: D-1221 was exposed to SCP-3923 for 20 minutes before Researcher Hart entered the chamber. Researcher Hart was equipped with the necessary equipment to not be affected by SCP-3923.

<Begin Log>

Researcher Hart: Hello, D-1221.

D-1221: Bob! I didn't expect to see you at this meeting! How are you doing? I'd give you my business card *(D-1221 attempts to search his jumpsuit for pockets)* but I'm afraid I came unprepared! *(D-1221 attempts to shake hands with Researcher Hart.)*

Researcher Hart: (*Refusing the handshake*) How are you feeling?

D-1221: Oh you know what, I'm feeling great! Just like my confidence in our profits this quarter!

Researcher Heart: What do you mean?

D-1221: By dramatically innovating cooperative processes to proactively mesh cutting edge manufactured products which will beat out the competition in our untapped sectors abroad, we will triple our profits!

Researcher Hart: I, uh… Okay. Are you feeling any sort of lightheadedness? Maybe dizziness, fatigue, or nausea?

D-1221: Nope, like I said, feeling great! Anyway, as I was saying, by dramatically increasing our synergy with third-party distributors in the Eastern markets, I plan on pushing this product all the way to the top for

this company!

Researcher Hart: I'm afraid I don't follow. What company? What product?

D-1221: Alright… Come on now, wise guy. A meeting is no place for joking around. We're talking money here! Big, big money!

Researcher Hart: Very well. Can you detail your plans to me? A step by step, if you will.

D-1221: (*Sighing*) Okay. Listen, I normally don't do this but I'll do it just for you since you're the new guy and you seem like a real go-getter, okay? We're going to get together a crack tiger team to get a B2B rolling with some offshore brick and mortars. Put on a nice show and pretend to eat some of our own dogfood until they have a 'come to Jesus moment' and then we just so happen to lower our prices and manage to set up a profit center in the untapped sector. The entire time we will be courting a rival company of theirs and offering prices our competition cannot beat within a ballpark figure of $3 million. That way we still have an exit strategy in case we screw the pooch. By hiring exclusively newcomers in that foreign market, we can claim downsizing within 5 years to maximize our long-run profits.

Researcher Hart: Thank you. Now, I have another question.

D-1221: Go ahead and shoot, Tim!

Researcher Hart: What company do you claim to work for?

D-1221: Come on now…. Twice in one meeting? You're looking to get your position

Bangalore'd with that behavior! We work for Schieffer Incorporated![2]

Researcher Hart: And what is the product you are selling?

D-1221: You were on thin ice before, George, but this crosses the line. You're fired.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: D-1221 refused to answer further questions and attempted to force Researcher Hart into signing a non-compete agreement, which the subject claimed Hart could acquire from 'his secretary'. Following the cessation of testing, D-1221 recovered within 11 minutes and had no memory of their prior state.

Footnotes
1. Avelar Professional Products (APP Inc) is a group of interest specializing in the production and sale of anomalous office products and supplies.
2. 'Schieffer' is the legal last name of D-1221.

SCP-3924: Silent Honour Ark

Item #: SCP-3924

Object Class: Euclid Uncontained/Neutralised Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3924 should be monitored via sonar at all times for any atypical behaviour. Records of its courses and speeds should be catalogued.

Non-Foundation vessels must remain within 3,500 metres of sea-level while within the Hellenic Trench region. All vessels attempting to, or successfully, surpass a depth of 3,500 metres must be apprehended, questioned and amnestised, if recoverable. Lethal force is permitted if vessels resist apprehension.

All manned Foundation vessels must remain above 4,000 metres below surface at all times while within the Hellenic Trench region. All manned Foundation vessels must remain at least 20 km away from SCP-3924 at all times. (See: Addendum III.)

Description: SCP-3924 is a mobile, submersible object that roams the hadal zone of the Hellenic Trench region. SCP-3924 typically moves at 40 km/h and at depths of 4,450 to 4,980 metres below surface, but is capable of reaching speeds of 55 337 km/h[1] and depths of 5,250 metres. In all encounters, SCP-3924 has evaded visual observation; because of this, its approximate physical appearance is only known through sonar imaging (Depicted above).

SCP-3924 perpetually emits an indeterminate sound, depending on its current “state”; although the sonics change depending on whether or not SCP-3924 is passively roaming or actively engaged in battle, at no point does SCP-3924 cease emitting noise. (See: Addendum III.) Because of SCP-3924’s normal depth, these sound are heavily distorted due to seawater; ongoing audio analysis has identified an ongoing rhythm between the various sounds, suggesting they may be musical in nature. To date, no patterns

typical of vocalisations have yet been identified.

Whenever a vessel approaches a depth of 4,100 metres below surface while within the Hellenic Trench region, SCP-3924 enters an active state, immediately changing course to intercept and broadcasting an alternate audio signature (unique to this state) directly at the encroaching vessel. This will continue until the vessel rises above a varying depth.[2]

If the offending vessel dives below 4,100 metres, SCP-3924 becomes hostile and will attack by use of incendiary torpedoes and/or rising mines; SCP-3924 will become increasingly aggressive in tactics the longer the vessel is below the 4,100 metre threshold, the deeper it gets, and the more aggressive the vessel becomes in retaliation (if at all). SCP-3924 will continue attacking until the encroaching vessel either rises above 4,100 metres below surface, or is catastrophically destroyed; due to the fact SCP-3924's primary strategy appears to be focused upon rupturing ballast tanks, the latter is the most common outcome. If a vessel rises above the 4,100-metre threshold, SCP-3924 will immediately cease attacking, but will remain in an active state until the vessel rises above a "sufficient" depth.

SCP-3924 periodically enters an active/hostile state in the absence of any encroaching vessels; in all such cases, SCP-3924 appears to broadcast, and attack, an indeterminate object/entity between it and the seafloor. To date, sonar has failed to detect any such objects/entities.

Addendum I: Incident 3924-A

On January 9, 2018, SCP-3924 entered a hostile state and began firing munitions towards the seabed. During this time, a pre-prepared and unmanned submersible was deployed several hundred kilometres away in an attempt to reach the Hellenic Trench seafloor while SCP-3924 was preoccupied.

Once the submersible passed the 4,100-metre threshold, SCP-3924 immediately began firing torpedoes in its direction, despite showing no awareness of the submersible beforehand. SCP-3924 made no attempts to intercept the submersible, apparently prioritising the

unseen threat below it.

After thirteen minutes, SCP-3924 ceased firing towards the seafloor and immediately changed course to intercept the submersible (which had reached a depth of 4,954 metres). SCP-3924 rapidly accelerated to 337 km/h, reaching the submersible within several minutes and destroying it — sonar observation detected portions of SCP-3924's hull shedding during this maneuver.

SCP-3924 then ascended to a depth of 4,500 metres and began deploying rising mines in an attempt to damage or sink ships at the sea's surface; [DATA REDACTED], [DATA REDACTED] and [DATA REDACTED] were critically damaged and sunk. SCP-3924 remained aggressive to surface vessels for a further three hours, after which it resumed normal behaviour. To date, this is the only time SCP-3924 has attacked vessels outside of its active zone.

Further attempts to surpass the 4,100 metre threshold are strictly forbidden.

Addendum II: Incident 3924-B

On April 3, 2018, SCP-3924 again entered a hostile state in response to an undetected threat. Unlike previous renditions, SCP-3924 continuously fired towards the seafloor for 334 consecutive hours[3], during which it progressively descended to a depth of 5,250 metres.

On April 17, SCP-3924 ceased firing and began broadcasting a previously unrecorded audio signature in all directions; three minutes later, SCP-3924 rapidly descended towards the seafloor, but disappeared from sonar detection immediately prior to impact.

Attempts to locate SCP-3924 or its wreckage throughout the Hellenic Trench, either through sonar or visual detection, are currently ongoing, but are thus far inconclusive.

SCP-3924 tentatively reclassified Uncontained/Neutralised.

Addendum III: Incident 3924-C

On April 20, 2018, SCP-3924 was detected by sonar within the

Calypso Deep region of the Hellenic Trench, approximately 75 km from where it disappeared. Sonar imaging shows that SCP-3924 appears to have suffered catastrophic rupturing of most, if not all, ballast tanks, but is attempting to ascend under (assumed) thruster propulsion alone. Since reappearance, SCP-3924's behaviour has drastically changed; SCP-3924 will only respond to vessels within a 15 km radius, which it will aggressively fire upon, and SCP-3924 no longer produces any detectable audio.

SCP-3924, at its current heading and speed, is estimated to return to its regular roaming zone by 23 March, 2019.

Footnotes
1. See: Addendum I.
2. Typically around the same depth at which SCP-3924 entered its active state, but has been known to increase or decrease by up to 200 metres, depending on the vessel's rate of ascension.
3. Fourteen days.

SCP-3925: It's All Papers and Forms

Item #: SCP-3925

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3925 has a global reach and is spontaneously generated from an unknown source, full containment is not currently feasible. Until such time as a permanent containment solution can be found, these procedures have been developed in order to minimise the duration and scale of SCP-3925 events and lower the risk of public exposure.

All individuals under the effect of an SCP-3925 event, once identified by local Foundation sources, are to be transported to the nearest Subdivision 03 facility. With the cooperation of national and international governments, these have been provided with the cover of government agencies relevant to the region. Affected individuals will be given an appropriate briefing regarding the agency needing to collect information from them, and reside on site while they complete SCP-3925-1 with the assistance of Foundation clerical staff. Once SCP-3925-1 has been completed to a satisfactory degree and the SCP-3925 event affecting an individual has concluded, they may then be released to their previous activities, with a subsequent 60-day observation period in the community.

Securing the cooperation of SCP-3925 affected individuals in this manner has been found to be the most effective and humane way of SCP-3925 containment, and each Subdivision 03 facility has been authorised to pay these individuals a salary based on local wages for the duration of their time. However, coercion should be considered if individuals refuse to cooperate. Disclosure of classified Foundation data regarding the nature of SCP-3925 is authorised with the approval of level 4 staff, but personality types where this assists in securing cooperation are uncommon. If coercive measures were used, or individuals access classified information at any point in this process, amnestics should be administered prior to

their release into the community.

If SCP-3925-1 is impossible to successfully complete, or a SCP-3925 event persists for more than 20 iterations, termination of the affected individual is advised. After the events of Incident 3925-1, termination of any individual under the effect of SCP-3925 is prohibited. As partially completing an iteration of SCP-3925-1 reduces the growth rate of subsequent iterations, optimal containment requires some individuals to continue working on SCP-3925-1 indefinitely. Given the distress this situation causes, coercion is necessary for this purpose. There are currently individuals in this situation in Foundation custody.

Since 1989, Administrative Subdivision 03 has been responsible for SCP-3925 management to facilitate centralised and streamlined containment measures. See Addendum 3925-1 for details.

Description: SCP-3925 is a phenomenon where affected individuals receive an A4 paper form requesting varying personal details (SCP-3925-1). From the first receipt of SCP-3925-1 individuals are considered to be affected by an ongoing SCP-3925 event. If SCP-3925-1 is completed successfully and placed in a mailbox within 30 days, it will dematerialise and the SCP-3925 event will conclude. However, if SCP-3925-1 is completed incorrectly or not returned, the individual will receive a new iteration of SCP-3925-1 to which the same conditions apply. When a new iteration is generated, the previous iteration loses its anomalous properties. Efforts to track SCP-3925-1 prior to its appearance or after its disappearance have been unsuccessful.

SCP-3925 is estimated to affect ~200 individuals per month worldwide. All affected individuals are literate and numerate adults who reside in areas with a developed postal system, although SCP-3925-1 appears to materialise at the individual's dwelling rather than being delivered by the postal service. However, once an individual is under SCP-3925's effect, these criteria no longer apply, and SCP-3925-1 will continue to manifest in their vicinity. Given these requirements, SCP-3925 has historically been observed in the developed world, but changing global economic circumstances have led to an increase in SCP-3925 events in developing nations. There are otherwise no distinguishing characteristics of affected

individuals. SCP-3925-1 appears in the primary language of the affected individual (over 50 languages in 120 countries have been observed). As of 2017, 60,948 SCP-3925 events have been documented, with approximately 3000 events ongoing at any given time under Foundation surveillance and an estimated 2000 outside of this.

Details requested by SCP-3925-1 are initially mundane and straightforward (name, age, sex etc.) and ending an event at this point is relatively simple. An estimated 75% of SCP-3925 events are completed by the general public in the 1st or 2nd iterations of SCP-3925-1 and do not come to Foundation attention. However, subsequent iterations of SCP-3925-1 increase in length[1] and complexity, progressing to more complicated information (eg. daily household electricity consumption) and becoming increasingly personal or bizarre (eg. most traumatic childhood memory). Formatting and design of SCP-3925-1 varies between individuals but remains consistent across iterations. All examples of SCP-3925-1 conclude with the following text.

> Thank you for your assistance.
>
> Property of Central Records, [current year]

Examples of iterations of SCP-3925-1 are shown below.[2]

Any individual can fill out SCP-3925-1, but due to the frequently personal nature of the questions the primary subject's input is required to complete it accurately. All information requested by SCP-3925-1 is theoretically available to the affected individual, but more complex questions can be practically impossible to complete due to either the effort or memory recall required to collect the relevant information. As SCP-3925-1 iterations also increase in size, iterations beyond the 40th iteration are essentially impossible to complete. Partial completion of SCP-3925-1 reduces the growth of subsequent iterations, but as this property is relative to the percentage of SCP-3925-1 correctly completed, it is estimated that

an SCP-3925 event beyond the 60th iteration (numbering between 40,000 and 60,000 pages, assuming uncontrolled growth of SCP-3925-1 prior to this) would be impossible to complete to a degree necessary to inhibit future SCP-3925-1 growth. This would result in an eventual NK-class end-of-the-world scenario, with the mass of SCP-3925-1 predicted to exceed the mass of the Earth by the 350th iteration. Due to this property, both early detection and timely completion are a high priority for the Foundation.

The death of affected individuals was initially thought sufficient to end an SCP-3925 event, and termination was authorised for when completion of SCP-3925-1 was infeasible. This practice was halted after Incident 3925-1 and current procedures implemented. Death of the affected individual by natural causes still appears to end SCP-3925 events.

Incident 3925-1: On 02/01/1986, Foundation sources in the French government were alerted to an ongoing SCP-3925 event after a social welfare investigation of the Lyon residence of one M. Leblanc, known as a local eccentric and stereotypical 'hoarder'. His residence was found to be filled with inert SCP-3925-1, with the active SCP-3925-1 numbering 22,522 pages, estimated to be the 55th iteration. As conventional completion of the SCP-3925 event was unlikely, particularly given the individual's mental state, termination was advised and the order was authorised by Dr Becker, then Site deputy director. M. Leblanc was terminated by Foundation agents on 09/01/1986.

On 01/02/1986, an SCP-3925-1 iteration numbering 30,092 pages materialised in the Site mailroom. The content was specific to Dr Becker, but addressed him as "the party with administrative responsibility for M. Leblanc". When he was informed of this development, Dr Becker attempted to jump from his office window, but was restrained by his colleagues. After psychological intervention, he was reassigned to full-time work on SCP-3925-1 and is currently based at Administrative Subdivision 03's Europe offices.

Addendum 3925-1: Administrative Subdivision 03

Administrative Subdivision 03 ('Service for Clerical Processing') was

established in 1989 in order to manage the increasing demands on Foundation staff related to SCP-3925 events. Its primary function is to accommodate individuals affected by SCP-3925 and assist them with completion of SCP-3925-1 with the assistance of Foundation clerical staff. It also holds responsibility for research relating to SCP-3925.

There are currently 4 major regional centres, selected to cover populated areas with high rates of SCP-3925 events. Each centre has a cover agency (in brackets) arranged in collaboration with government authorities, chosen as an authority that might plausibly require the information requested in SCP-3925-1.

- USA/North America, New York, headquarters (US Internal Revenue Service)
- Europe West, Brussels (European Commission, Records Department[3])
- Europe East/CIS, Moscow (Russian Federation Federal Security Service)
- China, Beijing (Ministry of Public Security)

The O5 Council has approved the development of India and Middle East/North Africa centres, planned for opening by 2025.

Subdivision 03 currently employs [REDACTED] Foundation staff, under the supervision of Director Y. L. Liu. As the bulk of its work is conducted in the guise of normal governmental functions, without visible anomalous activity, it has employed non-Foundation civilians since 1993 in many non-essential roles. These personnel are considered Foundation sub-contractors with Level 0 security clearance. There are 21,400 sub-contractors on the Subdivision 03 payroll as of 2015.

Addendum 3925-2: Selected electronic correspondence from Subdivision 03 headquarters email server

+ Log 3925.1

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|hslawg#gro.pcs.30smda|hslawg
TO: gro.pcs.30smda|grebi#gro.pcs.30smda|

grebi
CC: gro.pcs.30smda|rojamm#gro.pcs.30smda|rojamm
SUBJECT: Budget projections/event data
SENT: 04/04/17 at 3:40 pm

Hi Irene,
Accounting has finished the latest report for the 2016-17 financial year. As expected, the personnel and facilities budget continues to go up - my bosses won't be happy about that but it's not something anyone is surprised about. I thought there were some unusual trends in the numbers though, and on a hunch I asked a colleague in the Research dept to send me what he could on 3925 event stats (I CC'd him into this email), and found some concerning things. There might be some more I don't have clearance for, but basically the number of 3925 events keeps going up beyond what's expected. I know your people are aware of this already but it looks like this is pretty closely linked to our division activity over time. In particular, there seems to be a 6-12 month time lag between our budget and 3925 events. Is there something to be worried about here? Not sure what it means, you guys are the Containment experts, so I thought you should know. I've attached a spreadsheet below so you can see what I mean.
Thanks, Greg

Attachments: budget-events.xls

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|grebi#gro.pcs.30smda|grebi
TO: gro.pcs.30smda|hslawg#gro.pcs.30smda|hslawg
CC: gro.pcs.30smda|rojamm#gro.pcs.30smda|rojamm, gro.pcs.30smda|

1rotcerid#gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid
SUBJECT: RE: Budget projections/event data
SENT: 07/04/17 at 11:11 am

Hi Greg,
Thanks for your email. Containment has been thinking about something like this (can't say much more than that) but your info does worry us a bit. I've copied Director Liu into this email. We can take it from here.
Irene

Attachments: budget-events.xls

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|
grebi#gro.pcs.30smda|grebi
TO: gro.pcs.30smda|
1rotcerid#gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid
CC:
SUBJECT: Accounting data and 3925 events
SENT: 07/04/17 at 11:30 am

Director Liu,
I wanted to draw your attention to my correspondence with the Accounting department. This is closely related to some of the concerns that were brought up at the last departmental meeting. The pre-causation data between our activity and SCP-3925 is a particular worry. I think we need to take this further (I've attached a summary of our findings from that meeting and updated them with the Accounting data if it helps)
Kind regards,
Dr Berg

Attachments: budget-events2.xls, Project-3925-A.pdf

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|
1rotcerid#gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid

TO: gro.pcs.30smda|grebi#gro.pcs.30smda|grebi
CC:
SUBJECT: RE: Accounting data and 3925 events
SENT: 19/04/17 at 6:40 pm

Hi Dr Berg, I appreciate you letting me know. As I said at the last meeting I don't think there is an issue here. Your dept stats re; 3925 breaches have passed their targets by a lot and you should be proud of it! However since you are worried I would be willing to consider a working group to investigate this if you would like to form one.

Director Y. L. Liu
MSc PhD FRS FFSS

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|grebi#gro.pcs.30smda|grebi
TO: gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid#gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid
CC:
SUBJECT: RE: RE: Accounting data and 3925 events
SENT: 20/04/17 at 8:10 pm

Director Liu,
Thanks for your reply. I've attached the working group proposal and discussed the issue with Accounting. Once the financing application is approved and I have colleagues in Containment aboard I'll send the final documentation for your approval.
Kind regards,
Dr Berg

Attachments: Project-3925-A-proposal-team.pdf

FROM: gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid#gro.pcs.30smda|1rotcerid
TO: gro.pcs.30smda|vrestsil#gro.pcs.30smda|vrestsil
CC:
SUBJECT: Monthly Update
SENT: 30/04/17 at 12:00 pm

To all Service for Clerical Processing staff,

Congratulations on another successful month! I am pleased to report we have again met our targets for minor and major SCP breaches for April. I wanted to address some of the concerns I have heard expressed about SCP-3925 containment procedures and the direction of our department. Both myself and the O5 Council are confident that our current procedures are satisfactory with the resources we have available to us. This does not mean we do not believe we can improve, and our researchers have recently demonstrated many novel proposals to control SCP-3925. Whilst many of these cannot be discussed due to clearance issues, I am confident we are in safe hands thanks to your collective efforts.

On a related note, senior staff are aware that working in this department can be a difficult task. We are aware that SCP-3925 is not as glamorous as some other SCPs. Nonetheless, you are all aware of the documentation and that this remains a serious threat to humanity on par with any other Keter-level SCP. I hope staff will keep in mind that every day you come to work here you are protecting the human race as much as any of your colleagues elsewhere, and you should be proud of yourselves.

However, the Foundation values employee

wellbeing and staff are welcome to take advantage of stress leave if required. As per HR there is now a new form (11B-Green) to apply for this, separate from form 11A (General Leave). This needs to be signed and approved by your department manager and HR Sub-Director Olsen, in addition to form 20 (Current Duty Substitution).

Also, staff should be aware that due to time issues, from now on I will not be considering transfer requests prior to receiving separate transfer forms approved by a member of level 4 staff in both this department and the relevant external department.

Director Y. L. Liu
MSc PhD FRS FFSS

Footnotes
1. Approximately 20% more pages per iteration.
2. This instance of SCP-3925 was associated with a Mr P. L. Brown, dob 19/04/1977, Foundation designation 3925-49484G.
3. Fictional agency.

SCP-3926

Title card of SCP-3926

Item #: SCP-3926

Item Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3926 has no traceable broadcasting location and cannot be brought into Foundation custody. Containment of SCP-3926 is focused on interrupting broadcasts. Members of MTF Upsilon-46 "Serial Listeners" are to observe local TV channels in centers of population previously affected by SCP-3926 broadcasts and interrupt them if deemed anomalous.

Under no circumstances is an episode of *Saturday Evenings with your host, Tyal'k'nec!* to be played onsite by anyone other than MTF Upsilon-46.

One subject affected by SCP-3926 (SCP-3926-1) in Stage 2 is to be kept in a standard 7m by 7m humanoid containment cell for testing purposes.

If SCP-3926-1 begin to organize and attempt to achieve the goals stated in SCP-3926, violent response is necessary. Standard Foundation cover story ATY-3 (Mass rioting) is to be used as an explanation.

Description: SCP-3926 is an anomalous TV talk show dubbed *Saturday Evenings with your host, Tyal'k'nec!* hosted by a reptilian humanoid, referred to as Tyal'k'nec. Tyal'k'nec has been described by viewers as "charismatic", "humorous", "caring", and "loving". The set of SCP-3926 is standard with other low-budget TV talk shows. SCP-3926 is filmed live with a studio audience of SCP-3926-1. Camera quality is very low, with recording equipment likely being from the 1980s.

SCP-3926 broadcasts follow a set pattern. Tyal'k'nec begins to talk about issues in the world. Tyal'k'nec's "issues" have to do with humans as a species. The audience will show that they agree. For the rest of the broadcast, Tyal'k'nec will "preach" about itself and how it must gain influence and power. (See Addendum-1)

Human subjects who view 3 or more SCP-3926 broadcasts will begin to sympathize with Tyal'k'nec. Transfer to SCP-3926-1 occurs 12-14 hours after viewing 3 or more SCP-3926 broadcasts. SCP-3926-1 will respond angrily to other humans who speak poorly about Tyal'k'nec. Humans in stage 1 of SCP-3926-1 are still genetically human, the only difference being the support for Tyal'k'nec and its goals.

After 2-3 days of being in Stage 1 of SCP-3926-1, subjects will begin to "molt", beginning Stage 2. A bed is made from phlegm and other bodily fluids excreted from SCP-3926-1's mouth. SCP-3926-1 will lay down in this bed, assume the fetal position, and begin shivering. In a varying amount of time, the subject will shed their human skin. The final product of SCP-3926-1's evolution is a pale green humanoid, lacking facial features and genitalia. SCP-3926-1 in Stage 2 will preach Tyal'k'nec's ideas and goals. Stage 2 SCP-3926-1 instances preaching to human subjects have no direct effect on turning them into SCP-3926-1. In most recorded cases, attempts of conversion made by SCP-3926-1 will entail subjects demanding that people watch Tyal'k'nec's show. Stage 2 SCP-3926-1 will attempt to forcibly convert humans if Tyal'k'nec or any idea of its is talked about in a negative light in front of them.

A currently unknown number of SCP-3926-1 communities exist. Instances of SCP-3926-1 are encouraged to flock to these communities via advertisements on local channels used to broadcast *Saturday Evenings with your host, Tyal'k'nec!* (See Addendum-2) A seperate detatchment of MTF Upsilon-46 has been tasked with the containment of these communities. As of 3/12/ , communities have been contained.

As of 3/ / , instances of armed riots by SCP-3926-1 have been recorded, resulting in $ dollars of property damage and Foundation personnel deaths.

Addendum-1: Transcription of Episode 39 of *Saturday Evenings with your host, Tyal'k'nec!*

Tyal'k'nec: Hello, my children, and welcome to another episode of Saturday Evenings! As always, I'm your host, Tyal'k'nec!

[wild applause from SCP-3926-1]

Tyal'k'nec: Alright now, calm down everyone! We've got serious issues to discuss.

[Tyal'k'nec stands up and walks to the front of the stage, pulls out sheet of paper and clears throat]

Tyal'k'nec: There's a big problem in this world. I think you all know what I'm gonna say it is. It's those bastard bipedals. Those pestiferous people. Those horrible humans! It's always them. For years and years, they've tried and tried and tried to lead their pathetic countries and kingdoms, but somehow they always mess it up. They'll blame the weather. They'll blame other people's ideas. They'll even blame their GOD! Their god, people! But, do you know what they haven't considered as a cause for their problems?

SCP-3926-1 in unison: HUMANITY!

Tyal'k'nec: Preee-cisely! HUMANITY! This is why I DESER- no, NEED to be at the helm here. You there. [points to member of audience] Let's talk about America. My country tis of thee, right? Tell me what you think about the President.

Member of SCP-3926-1: Well, personally, I think that he's simple.

Tyal'k'nec: There it is. Right there. Simple. That's all anyone is anymore. Simple. What humanity needs is a guy like me. And guys like you! All of you!

[Tyal'k'nec sits back at the desk]

Tyal'k'nec: To my new listeners, you may be asking yourself, "Why am I worthy of Tyal'k'nec's grace? What have I done to earn His voice? His unwavering light?" And the simple answer is, you're not worthy. YET! All you have to do to join me in eternity is tune in next week! Undergo your pilgrimage from your meager human form to the image that I, Tyal'k'nec created for you! Bask in my light. Feel my inviting fluids. Know what it is to be perfect. I know, I know. You're thinking, "This is a lot to take in." But I swear, once you abandon your chains and take my hand, all will be well.

[audience clicks in approval]

Tyal'k'nec: Now audience, my dearest audience, that audience that I hold so dear, I've got three things that we have to do and three things only. Can you remind me what they are?

SCP-3926-1 in unison: CULTIVATE! CONGLOMERATE! SUBJUGATE!

Tyal'k'nec: Remember, if you want to have a chance to see me live, be sure to say your Three Holy Words between the hours of 6:00 and 7:00! If you're one of our lucky winners, your local Dr'y'niel Pod will bring you to our studio! That's all for tonight, folks. Be safe out there, and as always, cultivate, conglomerate, and subjugate!

[camera pans out as all cheer, outro rolls and fades to black]

Addendum-2: Transcription of an advertisement for an unlocated SCP-3926-1 community.

[wide panning shot of about 30 small tin shacks in a heavily wooded area]

Narrarator: Are you one of Tyal'k'nec's own beauties living amongst the most vile of creatures?

[crude drawing of a Stage 2 SCP-3926-1 being kicked by a police officer]

[stop-motion clip of a clay Stage 2 SCP-3926-1 being shot at by plastic soldier figures]

Come to Prtz'chziek Shoals, a community of like minds!

SCP-3926-1 standing next to sign of Prtz'chziek Shoals: After I escaped the shackles of humanity, I felt like I was alone in the world. Humans everywhere, kicking me, hitting me, running away from me. It was awful! But then I found Prtz'chziek Shoals, a place where I can be me.

Narrarator: It can be hard to be a superior life form, we should all know this. The human world isn't fit for our people. In Prtz'chziek Shoals, every single facet of life is made for YOU!

SCP-3926-1 wearing work overalls: Yeah, Prtz'chziek Shoals has it all. Phlegm tans, outdoor chanting, Dr'y'niel pods for visiting the family, dedicated medical staff, it's great! I'd highly recommend moving here.

Narrarator: Couldn't have said it better myself, Ja'trity'ze'typoty'jziek! Not only can you live with the highest standard of quality assured on the planet, you can get a little alone time with the missus at our scenic Lake T'ke'epi!

[sunset on the lake, smooth jazz music plays as camera pans to 2 Stage 2 SCP-3926-1 thrashing on top of eachother]

Narrarator: With all of this considered, you simply GOTTA move here! Find a Dr'y'niel pod near you,

[crude map of lines with 17 yellow dots]

and say, "My holy master, lord of all that is good, King of Fluids Tyal'k'nec, take me to Prtz'chziek Shoals!"

[wide shot of inhabitants of Prtz'chziek Shoals waving to the camera as screen fades to black]

Addendum-3: Interview with a Stage-2 SCP-3926-1. Interviewer is Dr. Nielsen.

SCP-3926-1: Hello, unworthy.

Dr. Nielsen: Hello, SCP-3926-1. I have prepa-

SCP-3926-1: It's Dra'velyeah.

Dr. Nielsen: Standard procedure, I have to call you by your item number.

SCP-3926-1: If you insist, I give you permission to call my by something other than my Tyal'k'nec granted name, though you are wholly unworthy.

Dr. Nielsen: [pause] Right, that's okay. My first question is, how did you feel about losing your humanity?

SCP-3926-1: At first, I wasn't sure about it. It was a new experience, having my eyes opened to the flaws of your species. I turned the TV off right then and there. It made me uncomfortable, knowing that there was something leagues better inhabiting the same planet as me.

But, next week, I felt like I needed to watch more. At first, I was doing it so I could prove something to myself. Prove that humans really *were* better. But the points Tyal'k'nec made, they were indisputable. The way he said them made me feel warm, comfortable. I was willing to serve him for the rest of my life, as an inferior being. I felt fine with being inferior when he said it like the way he did. That week I felt real weird, had some kinda nasty congestion goin' on. Felt like I was wearing someone else's body.

So, Saturday night, I got a TV dinner, sat down, and tuned in. Laughed a bit, had a good time. Near the end of the episode, he turns to the camera, felt like he was

staring right into my soul. He says, "You have the power to overcome your human form. Become how I made you. Inhabit my intended body!" I cried. I'm a strong guy, last time I had cried was when my mother died. But I tell you, I was bawling like a baby. I had my escape. I was free.

The next day, I was getting my coffee, when all of the sudden I start vomiting up this pale green shit. I remember Tyal'k'nec talked about it on the show. Phlegm, he called it. Said it was beautiful. It would help you be a better organism. It was like a firehose. All over the goddamn room. I slipped and fell, but I didn't want to get up. I could, but I had never felt anything so… peaceful. The phlegm had slowed to a trickle at that point. I was covered in it. I drifted off into this deep sleep, it was amazing.

So, I wake up. I'm feeling fresh and new. Great, it was! I walk into the bathroom, and see myself in the mirror. I was beautiful. Hell, I *am* beautiful. I laid down for an hour in my phlegm. Just enjoying myself. It was wonderful. I knew my new name already, it was in my mind: Dra'velyeah. Doesn't it just roll off the tongue, doc?

Dr. Nielsen: Mmhmm.

SCP-3926-1: I step outside, and immediately I feel the need to shout my love for Tyal'k'nec to the world. Driving into town, I got some weird looks, but that's okay. Tyal'k'nec said humans wouldn't be used to seeing the physical manifestation of perfection. I get on the street corner, on my soapbox, and start telling people to tune into Channel every Saturday night to hear Tyal'k'nec speak. I did that for about an hour until some asshole stands next to me for a picture. I oblige him, because who *wouldn't* want their friends seeing them with one of Tyal'k'nec's own. I pat his back, tell him to tune in to *Saturday Nights with Tyal'k'nec* and send him on his way.

Then, this cocksuck says something alone the lines of,

"Right, you loon." I yell back at him, asking him what he said. He says that he's got better things to do than to listen to some slimy bumpkin fuck preach every Saturday. I mean, can you believe it? Directly in front of me.

I'm overcome with this urge. I charge him and start vomiting phlegm all over him. Tyal'k'nec says never to stand idle near a nonbeliever. He's screaming, I'm screaming, everyone is screaming. I've almost got this guy onto Tyal'k'nec's side when you assholes nabbed me. That really wasn't cool.

Dr. Nielsen: You were killing him.

SCP-3926-1: Buddy, he was already dying. All of you are.

[SCP-3926-1 looks around and leans into Dr. Nielsen]

whispering I can get you outta that skin if you want. Just say the words. Join me in eternity.

Dr. Nielsen: That's enough. This interview is over.

SCP-3927: The Fancy Mouse

Item #: SCP-3927

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3927 is to be kept in a wire cage, with all walls measuring at least 60 cm long. SCP-3927 is to be provided with a record player manufactured between the years of 1883 to 1927; music from the same time period is to be played to SCP-3927 continuously for at least 12 hours each day.

SCP-3927's cage is currently kept in a standard containment cell. A spare record player and extra cases of records are to be kept in the same chamber. Access to SCP-3927 for experimentation requires Level-3 clearance.

Personnel handling SCP-3927 are required to wear rubber gloves. SCP-3927 currently does not require as much regular feeding as a non-anomalous mouse, but is to be fed according to the recommendations and schedule provided by the assigned veterinarian.

Description: SCP-3927 is a taxidermied house mouse (*Mus musculus*, also known as "fancy mouse") wearing a top hat, a monocle over the left eye, and black polished shoes. Although SCP-3927 is stuffed (demonstrated by it having stitches over its chest, as well as possessing plastic eyes), the specimen will still move, blink, and eat in the same manner as non-anomalous individuals of the same species.

SCP-3927 generates a mild reality-altering anomaly that affects various objects within a proximity of 10 meters. Observed phenomena due to this effect include:

- Video-recording devices of any kind will produce black and white footage.

- Any audio recorded within the area of effect will be interrupted by light popping and scratching sounds, as well as faint incidental piano music in the background similar to that of early 1900s short films.
- All humans in the affected area will unconsciously use words and phrases associated with American English slang in the early 1900s.

SCP-3927 seems to exhibit a sense of extreme dislike for humans using modern technology. For example, it will bite and nip at researchers who attempt to handle it while possessing a mobile phone on their person. SCP-3927 additionally becomes agitated when it sees researchers looking at digital screens.

Based on experimentation,[1] it has been determined that SCP-3927's anomalous effect is nullified by allowing it to listen to music played by a record player. Furthermore, in the absence of such a record player, SCP-3927 will manifest increasingly noticeable reality alterations upon whichever human handles it most frequently. See abridged test log:

Display Test SCP-3927-1-A

Test SCP-3927-1-A
Subject: D-1492
Procedure: D-1492 was tasked with handling SCP-3927 three times each day while no record player music was provided.

Day 1: Subject reported feeling a headache, but nothing else unusual.

Day 2: Subject stated that he would have liked to listen to the record player, and even began to sway while seated. It was noted that D-1492 had previously exhibited disdain towards the record player as a "useless antique".

Day 6: D-1492 spontaneously referred to SCP-3927 as "Snowy" several times, seemingly by instinct. SCP-3927 appeared to

recognize and respond positively to this name.

Day 11: D-1492 began to develop facial wrinkles, as well as grey hair. At this point, D-1492 retained physical strength and dexterity associated with his age.

Day 12: D-1492 reported developing back pains.

Day 14: During the evening portion of the experiment, the clothes D-1492 wore transformed into a 1900s-era nightgown. When questioned, D-1492 seemed unperturbed, stating, "Why, I sleep in a nightgown every night! It's not strange!"

Day 15: D-1492 now believes he is an elderly woman at the age of 67.

Day 17: D-1492 has begun to request that research personnel address him as "Diana", and has further engaged with SCP-3927 by teaching it to perform tricks. SCP-3927 has responded to various cues from D-1492 to jump, turn in circles, and stand on its hind legs, seemingly from memory rather than instinct.

Researcher's note: Testing was prematurely concluded when D-1492 began to repeatedly feel unwell and developed symptoms of severe chronic illness. SCP-3927 was returned to its usual containment with its record player running continuously.

Addendum 3927-1: SCP-3927 was initially discovered when a man contacted local animal control services, claiming that a stuffed mouse was frequently appearing in his great-grandmother's room, the backyard garden, and the attic where it "seemed to be tampering with an antique record player" in storage. A Foundation agent embedded in the animal control staff was dispatched to investigate

the case. An interview with the informant was conducted after SCP-3927 was discovered and transferred to a Foundation facility (See interview log below).

Display Interview Log SCP-3927-1-A1

Interview Log SCP-3927-1-A1

Interviewed: [REDACTED] *Note: it is believed that Mr. [REDACTED] was affected by SCP-3927's primary anomalous effect during the course of this interview.*

Interviewer: Dr.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : So, when did the strange events start?

[REDACTED]: Well, it started when I first got into the house. I had to move here because my family owned it so I didn't have to pay it off, also because it was much closer to the place I work at. Keen, I mean, nice place too. When I got inside the house I couldn't help but turn the record player on. It brought back memories. When it was on I noticed the taxidermied mouse. My great-grandma Diana had that mouse taxidermied and dolled up, I mean, dressed up, because she loved it so much. I gave the mouse a pat on the head.

Dr. : What happened after?

[REDACTED]: I started noticing things happening. That night the record player started playing the same song on loop. While I was lying in bed, I thought I heard tapping and then the record player playing a different song. And then the next morning I woke up and a jar of peanut butter was knocked onto the floor and

licked clean.

Dr. : Did anything strange happen to other electronic devices in the house?

[REDACTED]: Nosirr, why do you ask?

Dr. : Just checking. Please continue.

[REDACTED]: Everything was ducky, I mean… fine afterwards, actually. Until I came home one day and the mouse was gone.

Dr. : Did you look for it?

[REDACTED]: Yes, it was in the garden in sitting on the bench. My grandmother once told me that the mouse loved to go in the garden and explore. And that her mother would be sitting on the bench watching the mouse. I freaked out because I assumed the the mouse was haunted or something.

Dr. : What did you do after that?

[REDACTED]: I uh… I actually called an exorcist to take a gander. Take a look. But he said that he doesn't sense any angry or aggressive spirits. So then I decided I was just hallucinating or going off the deep end. I checked if there was a gas leak or some chemicals in the water I was drinking, or maybe I was jazzed at the time. But nothing.

Dr. : So you just kept your normal routine from then on? Did the mouse do anything else?

[REDACTED]: Why, indeed it… uh. I mean. It appeared in my great-grandmother's room more often than any other room. It looked like it was searching for something. One time I

could've sworn it blinked. Chow in the kitchen kept disappearing. I tried to ask the queer little thing what it wanted but it just kept cold when I picked it up. I mean kept silent. Sorry.

Dr. : What else?

[REDACTED]: A few days ago I caught it staring at an old photo of my great-grandmother hanging on a wall. I tried to take a video of it with my phone, but it up and went batty and… I mean. It got upset and attacked my hand. Cracked my phone screen. After that I called animal control.

Dr. : I see. Do you have any further information you would like to share?

[REDACTED]: Golly, I don't know. Did I say golly? Really? Sorry. Great-grandma Diana passed away from cancer in 1931 though, and I don't think anyone else in the family had a pet mouse since then. Is my house infested?

Dr. : I don't think so, but we can send some people to make sure. This concludes the interview, thank you.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Following the interview, Mr. [REDACTED] was instructed to report any further unusual happenings to a Foundation contact. Amnestics have been deferred for the time being; Mr. [REDACTED] is expected to recover from symptoms of long-term SCP-3927 exposure in a few weeks.

Addendum 3927-2: As of / / , it was proposed that Diandre "Diana" , a former Foundation researcher (currently retired, but still listed as a contact for case-by-case consultations), be

considered as a primary caretaker of SCP-3927 due to her experience handling mice in laboratory settings, as well as her age and appearance.

On / / , Researcher Diandre visited SCP-3927's containment unit, bringing a set of rodent toys she used with her own mice. SCP-3927 seemed to respond well to the interaction with Researcher Diandre, and even seemed to comprehend when she informed it she would be leaving to get lunch and would return shortly.

Approximately three months after becoming SCP-3927's primary caretaker, Researcher Diandre reported that she noticed her appearance changing slightly. Some of her facial wrinkles had faded, and her silver hair had begun to revert to its original dark color at the very ends. Additionally, she reported feeling less tired than usual in the mornings, and being able to better remember schedules without the aid of calendars or reminders.

Researcher Diandre has been cleared for long-term experimentation with SCP-3927. Further discussion is ongoing regarding potential use of SCP-3927 as a means of health maintenance for other elderly Foundation personnel.

Footnotes
1. Trial criteria for various exposure stimuli were proposed based on information collected upon SCP-3927's initial acquisition.

« SCP-3926 | SCP-3927 | SCP-3928 »

SCP-3928

Item #: SCP-3928

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of SCP-3982, reliable and permanent containment of any kind is currently unfeasible. Positive identification of a SCP-3928 manifestation is cause for the immediate transmission of a SIGMA-9[1] signal, evacuation of all population centers within a 150km radius, and possible amnesiation/termination of exposed personnel at the discretion of the project supervisor. The use of military force against SCP-3982 is strictly disallowed, as such activity is likely to stress existing countermeasures and endanger both civilian and Foundation personnel. Response efforts are to be solely utilitarian in nature, with medical aid provided as necessary and only in scenarios deemed safe by a supervising Class-B HAZ/CL officer. Collection of tissue samples or other physical remnants of SCP-3928 is strictly forbidden.

As of 389 days following initial classification, SCP-3982 has been subject to seven (7) containment transfers and eleven (11) containment breaches, nine (9) of which were successful. The rate at which these Special Containment Procedures are revised makes it difficult to provide specific information regarding the entity's detainment and proper operating procedures in the surrounding area. Until a permanent containment solution can be produced, SCP-3982 is to be held at Site-212 in a sealed container composed of concrete and lined with a resistant steel alloy capable of diminishing outgoing sound. D-Class personnel are to inspect the cell for holes or openings on a daily basis and report their findings to the site supervisor, pending possible repair operations. It is imperative that all audio near the containment chamber and in the facility be kept to as minimal a level as possible. PA/intercom systems at Site-212 have been indefinitely disabled to facilitate this

effort; no evacuation or emergency signals will be transmitted in an auditory capacity. Personnel are encouraged to frequently ensure they have not received any pager alerts.

Upon the positive confirmation of SCP-3982's presence in a given area of operations, or AO, all safety procedures outlined in this document are to be immediately implemented and followed strictly as they are described below. Deviation from predetermined operation guidelines is considered a threat to the Foundation and societal normalcy, to be met with disciplinary action appropriate to the offense committed. Such policies are as follows:

- Visual contact with SCP-3982 is to be broken as soon as possible. No personnel are to establish or maintain visual contact for any reason until a minimum safe radius (roughly 300m) has been established.
- All orifices must be covered or sealed in some capacity. Standard Level I HAZMAT suits have been deemed sufficient for short-term exposure to SCP-3982 but are not adequate for periods exceeding 30 minutes. Coughing, watering eyes, and bleeding from orifices are indications of potential infestation. Appropriate action (described in Section 09 of the Field Operations Handbook) must be taken should these symptoms be exhibited to prevent a possible XK-class scenario.
- Sound must be eliminated entirely or kept to as minimal a level as possible. Audio in excess of 15 dB is likely to incite an aggressive response from SCP-3982. Communication between Foundation operatives should be conducted non-verbally, preferably through the use of hand gestures or sign language.

Description: SCP-3928 designates a quadrupedal organism of unknown genus and origin aesthetically resembling *Locusta migratoria* (Migratory locust). The general appearance of SCP-3982 entails numerous anomalous properties, including abnormal size (measured to roughly 50x that of a typical *Locusta migratoria* specimen), an unidentified external organ along the underside of the thorax, and several additional eyes embedded throughout the subject's exoskeleton. SCP-3982 exhibits hostility and high levels of aggression to any other living organism and, provided it is not

restrained or confined to its containment chamber, will relentlessly pursue its chosen target until said target either expires or is , generally leaving 82% of remaining tissue unidentifiable. SCP-3982 is herbivorous and will not consume any non-vegetative matter, even that belonging to its victims. No evidence of sentience or sapience has been observed despite exhaustive testing.

When in a non-active state (generally described as any behavioral pattern not involving pursuit of a target), SCP-3982 will emit audio of varying complexity and purpose through use of its legs and wings. Excluding isolated exceptions, this audio is typically a segment or selected movement from a classical music symphony, with Mozart and Bach selected very frequently. As there is no obvious component of SCP-3982's physiology that would allow it to produce these sounds, the manner by which it emits this music remains unknown and the subject of ongoing research. Effects produced by these emissions vary, but are mostly hazardous to human function and, at times, pose a considerable risk of an imminent containment breach. If SCP-3982 has detected that no other living organisms are capable of hearing its music, it will relocate to a new area to accomplish this or remove any barrier suppressing sounds regardless of its structural integrity. Any exposure to SCP-3982's music is sufficient to induce the corresponding effect; unless totally deafened, subjects will be unable to prevent exposure.

SCP-3982 was first encountered by the Foundation on 09/22/ outside the town of , Germany, notable for its historical relevance to classical music of the post-Renaissance period. Though it was dormant when photographed by aerial reconnaissance teams, the approach of Mobile Task Force 91-Kepler was perceived as a threat by SCP-3982 and it subsequently entered an active state, emitting segments of The Requiem in D minor, K. 626 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Subsequently, members of MTF 91-Kepler appeared to suffer from and began profusely, resulting in exposure of internal organs and rapid blood loss. SCP-3982 was temporarily contained after a support team protected by artificial deafening equipment lured it into a containment transport unit and later transferred to long term detainment. The majority of MTF 91-Kepler was posthumously commended.

Addendum I: Log 221-C-01

The following is a log of selected incidents involving music emitted by SCP-3982.

Incident Reference Number	Music Involved	Notes
3928-01	Fur Elise (Beethoven)	Music emitted after an unmanned vehicle equipped with a camera and microphone entered SCP-3982's containment chamber. The music was subsequently captured by the vehicle and transmitted to the control center, resulting in all personnel suffering from unexplained molecular disintegration. Due to the nature of this incident, no tissue remnants were recovered.
3928-03	Unknown	Music believed to have been composed by Mozart; exact symphony unknown. Two D-Class subjects entered SCP-3928's containment chamber equipped with civilian earmuffs. SCP-3982 subsequently the first subject before emitting the

		aforementioned music, resulting in the subject collapsing to the ground in severe agony. Following several seconds of screaming and unexplained lacerations, small organisms resembling *Locusta migratoria* emerged from the subject's skin, eyes, nose, mouth, anus, hands, and the top of the head. A post-incident autopsy revealed evidence of these specimens existing in the subject for quite some time despite preliminary X-Rays finding no internal abnormalities. All specimens, save for SCP-3982, were subsequently destroyed.
3928-11	Toccata in D-Minor (Bach)	One D-Class subject entered SCP-3982's containment chamber with no protective equipment. SCP-3982 immediately began emitting music; the D-Class subject subsequently began touching his face in apparent pain. After several seconds, both

		of the subject's eyeballs detached from their sockets and fell to the ground, though no severe trauma appeared to have been inflicted in the process; over the course of several minutes, the nose, fingers, toes, and lips all atrophied despite the subject remaining alive and conscious. It is assumed the violent thrashing detected by pressure sensors in SCP-3982's was the D-Class subject convulsing in pain. After roughly 82 minutes, the subject was permitted to exit the containment chamber, at which time he was apprehended by security personnel and moved into medical detainment. The subject remains alive at this time; research is ongoing.
3928-19	Spring (Vivaldi)	Due to a wiring issue, SCP-3982's containment chamber was briefly connected to the PA system within Dr. Michaelson's office.

	Before security personnel were able to evacuate Dr. Michaelson, SCP-3982 began emitting music. A subsequent assessment conducted by the recovery team concluded that Dr. Michaelson had inexplicably been transported to the roof of the facility and impaled through the lower jaw onto a radio antenna. Dr. Michaelson was conscious at the time of the team's arrival, but subsequently expired upon removal from the antenna. Further information regarding this incident is classified.

Footnotes

1. Sigma-9 is an internal and provisional radio signal issued by Foundation field operatives assigned to known SCP-3982 activity areas that indicates "extreme distress". It is comparable to a civilian emergency signal or emergency action alert.

SCP-3929: boner pill by dado

Item #: SCP-3929

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The entire known supply of SCP-3929 is contained in a secure container at Site-81. Testing of SCP-3929 cannot take place without the authorization of the current SCP-3929 research head, currently Dr. G. McElroy, the Site-81 Containment Research Head.

Description: SCP-3929 is the group designation for a supply of roughly one-hundred twenty seven dark umber pharmaceutical capsules believed to have been produced by notable paraphamacologist and current Person of Interest "dado". The pills are bottled in standard orange prescription containers with white lids, and each has a sticker on the exterior with the words "boner pill by dado" written on it.

The effects of the drug become apparent roughly twenty minutes after ingestion. Subjects will begin to experience minor irritation, followed immediately by symptoms of rapid aging. Over the course of the next four hours, subjects will experience joint stiffness, poor posture, slowed and limited movement, decrease in overall energy, constipation, incontinence, slowing of mental processes, reduced reflexes, decrease in visual acuity, severely diminished hearing, wrinkling and sagging skin, and whitening or graying of hair. In most cases, the presumed age of the subject increases by at least seventy-years[1]. The subject's presumed age generally decreases as the effect of the medication wears off, unless the subject expires due to age-related causes.

At the same time, subjects will also report massively increased libido, past what is considered normal in humans. These effects are directly related; as subjects appear to grow older, their sex drive increases dramatically. This increase in sexual desire, combined

with the various detriments that come with extremely advanced age, leads many individuals to become increasingly irritable. Notably, the medication does not appear to help with any sort of sexual dysfunction, much to the chagrin of affected subjects.

Addendum 3929.1: Discovery

SCP-3929 was discovered after the arrest of several individuals near Boca Raton, Florida by local police. The arrest was part of a much larger investigation into a rash of drug-related offenses involving seniors. After the effects of the medication became apparent, Foundation officials intercepted the drugs and began a series of raids on local drug manufacturers, with the hope of exposing the individual called "dado".

While this was eventually unsuccessful, Foundation agents did collect a laptop containing a number of emails between one of the arrested individuals and dado. During questioning, the individual claimed to have never met dado personally, having only interacted with them over the internet. The contents of the emails are below.

> **Date:** 05/19/2017
> **From:** zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
> **To:** moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey[2]
>
> demario said to hit you up. says you got the good shit. you make stuff?

> **Date:** 05/20/2017
> **From:** moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey
> **To:** zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
>
> yes i am dado hello.

> **Date:** 05/20/2017
> **From:** zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
> **To:** moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey
>
> you trying to play right now? we don't fuck around man. i want to know if you can provide some shit. yes or no

Date: 05/21/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

wtf dude you there? hello?

Date: 05/22/2017
From: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|
odadmaisey
To: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue

yes sry dado type slow. but i make 4 u. what u want?

Date: 05/22/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

ok. you know viagra right? little blue pill that makes old people horny. we need a lot of that. i dont care if it works perfectly, we just need it cheap. got it?

Date: 05/23/2017
From: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|
odadmaisey
To: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue

ok u want pill what make old and horny yes?

Date: 05/23/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

yes but we dont care if its exactly right. you get it? this is a scam. we just want cheap.

Date: 05/24/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

hello???!!!

Date: 05/25/2017

From: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey
To: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue

ok i make 4 u. i ship 2 u in one week. no charge. i have amazon prime

Date: 06/02/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

hey man what the fuck is this shit you sent us. why these pills brown? this doesnt look like viagra dude the bottle says boner pills. wtf i want my money back

Date: 06/03/2017
From: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey
To: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue

no it ok. these better than vagro. u trust dado.

Date: 06/06/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

god damn it you asshole what did you do. holy shit my skin is getting so wrinkled and my balls are down by my knees goddamn. more important tho rn is that i want you to come on down here and plop that round little white ass of yours down on this dick

Date: 06/06/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

wtf it only gets worse?!?!

Date: 06/06/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

you there

Date: 06/06/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

you want 2 fuck?

Date: 06/06/2017
From: zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue#zib.ekansd|eafwlahfue
To: moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey#moc.liamtoh|odadmaisey

hevens to betsy i just want to nut

Addendum 3929.2: Testing Log

3929 Trial #1

Subject: D-92014 (34 year old adult male)

Dosage: 1 capsule

Result: Subject aged rapidly over the course of roughly four hours, reaching a maximum age of approximately 140 years before the effect of the medication wore off. Subject returned to normal afterwards.

Subject Feedback: Subject began aggressively rubbing his genitalia against a chair after three hours.

3929 Trial #6

Subject: D-92234 (46 year old adult female)

Dosage: 1 capsule

Result: Same as above - subject aged rapidly over the span of four hours. Subject reached a maximum presumed age of 160 years. Subject returned to normal afterwards. Subject had to be restrained on three occasions, as the subject attempted to aggressively insert their fist into their vagina.

Subject Feedback: Subject noted as having asked "just push your whole leg up in there whippersnapper" on no fewer than six different occasions.

3929 Trial #14

Subject: D-92651 (20 year old adult female[3])

Dosage: 1 capsule

Result: Subject began to rapidly decrease in age over the course of four hours. Subject reached a presumed age of two weeks. Subject returned to normal afterwards.

Subject Feedback: Throughout the entire trial, the subject began to speak increasingly enthusiastically about flying kites, starting initially with their love of flying kites with their father and leading eventually to, just before they lost the ability to speak altogether, their $50,000 "aero-rig" equipped with advanced instrumentation and constructed from extremely high-quality materials. At several points, the subject referred to it as "the kite life" and rebuked a researcher for describing it as a hobby.[4]

3929 Trial #43

Subject: D-93489 (52 year old adult female)

Dosage: 2 capsules

Result: Subject ingested both capsules and, after roughly five minutes, spontaneously burst into a pile of ash. While the subject did not recover from this incident, several individuals attending to the remains noted that the pile of ash made them feel incredibly sexually uncomfortable.

Footnotes
1. This figure is an average; while many older subjects will experience slightly diminished aging (usually in the 30-40 year range), younger subjects can experience aging in excess of one-

hundred years. The most advanced age a subject is believed to have experienced was D-89102, who was believed to be no younger than two-hundred years old. Despite D-89102's incredibly advanced age, the subject was reported as being "notably hostile" and expressed "a strong desire to forcefully insert Dr. Eisengraft's head into her vagina", for the express purpose of "feeling something again, goddammit".
2. No account by this name appears in Microsoft's Hotmail registration records.
3. Notably, the subject listed their sexual preference as "asexual".
4.This is something we've discovered over the handful of tests we've done with SCP-3929 and asexual subjects. For some reason the drug isn't capable of making them desire sex more than they already do, so it makes them increasingly passionate about niche hobbies. They also age backwards. I had alengthyconversation the other day with a toddler about the subtle nuances in Frasier Crane's psychological development. - Dr. G. McElroy

SCP-3930: The Pattern Screamer

Item #: SCP-3930

Object Class: N/A

Special Containment Procedures: Individuals assigned to SCP-3930 are to monitor the S5-C9 perimeter established near Usinsk, Russia, and follow orders from on-site command. Individuals assigned to SCP-3930 are to be made aware that there is nothing within the perimeter, as SCP-3930 does not exist.

Description: SCP-3930 does not exist.

The remainder of this file is Level 5/3930 Classified with Restrictions.

[INPUT AUTHORIZATION CREDENTIALS]

File Administrator Notice: Only seven living individuals are permitted access to this file.

Modified Special Containment Procedures: For the purpose of ongoing containment of SCP-3930, it is important for all personnel assigned to SCP-3930

(outside of the personnel permitted to have access to this file) to understand that SCP-3930 does not exist, nor has ever existed. Personnel currently assigned to SCP-3930 who assert SCP-3930's existence are to be reassigned and given a full psychological examination to ensure their understanding that SCP-3930 does not exist. Individuals who are unable to do so are to be remitted to the current 3930 Research Lead for termination.

All personnel assigned to SCP-3930 must understand that, despite any language or orders that may imply otherwise due to their content, SCP-3930 does not exist.

SCP-3930 is contained at its location of discovery. Access to the region containing SCP-3930 is strictly forbidden. A perimeter has been created around SCP-3930, roughly 1km in diameter. Any unauthorized individuals crossing this perimeter with intent to approach SCP-3930 are to be terminated on sight. The seven individuals permitted to access this file have total executive authority over the containment of SCP-3930 and administration of personnel assigned to SCP-3930.

The sustained non-existence of SCP-3930 is the containment procedure for SCP-3930.

Description: SCP-3930 is a static void located within a 1km perimeter near Usinsk, Russia established by Soviet scientists in the early 1970s. SCP-3930 does not emit or absorb light or sound, does not have shape or texture, cannot be passed through, cannot be interacted with, cannot be manipulated in any way, and has no dimension. Through extensive testing using a variety of techniques, Foundation researchers have been able to certify with 99.999% accuracy that absolutely nothing exists within the region described as SCP-3930.

Despite this, subjects exposed to SCP-3930 will invariably describe the space as containing flora and fauna similar to those in the surrounding area, as well as

a structure somewhere within the nonexistent space. How individuals are capable of perceiving SCP-3930 is currently unknown, though several hypotheses have been produced (*see Addendum 3930.3 for details*). As SCP-3930 cannot be passed through or interacted with (as SCP-3930 is not something that exists), extant objects or entities cannot “enter” SCP-3930. Nevertheless, individuals who attempt to approach SCP-3930 and go into it will nonetheless be perceived as doing so by other observers. The moment the individual passes the nonexistent “border” of SCP-3930, they cease to exist. Despite this, outside observers will continue to perceive the individuals who pass into SCP-3930 for some time afterwards, until such time as they no longer do.

In summary,

- SCP-3930 does not exist.
- SCP-3930 is not a physical location, point in time, singularity, vacuum, extradimensional space, meta construct, or any other extant descriptive, as a requirement for any such descriptive is existence, which SCP-3930 lacks.
- SCP-3930 cannot be said to be anything, regardless of its perceived properties.
- As SCP-3930 does not exist, it cannot contain anything that exists. Due to this, anything that attempts to pass through or enter SCP-3930, which is impossible due to SCP-3930 being nonexistent, will also cease to exist.
- Despite all of the above, human beings will still perceive SCP-3930 as perceptible and things that become non-existent due to SCP-3930 as similarly perceptible.

Most notably, certain attributes of SCP-3930 perceived by cognizant beings are altered significantly by the number of individuals who both are aware of SCP-3930 and are aware of the fact that it is affected by

awareness. *For more information about this, see Addendum 3930.3*

Lastly, the effect human perception has on SCP-3930's perceived properties cannot be diminished with amnestics, or even natural death. The only known method to affect the nature of SCP-3930's perceived abilities is for the individual who had previously perceived SCP-3930 to enter SCP-3930 and become nonexistent. While the effect this has on SCP-3930 is not immediate, it will diminish over time until becoming stable again after roughly thirty-one days. The highest number of individuals able to perceive SCP-3930 while still maintaining the void's stability is ten, seven of which are accounted for by containment procedures, two allowed for testing purposes, and one for any potential civilian interference.

Addendum 3930.1: Discovery

The records of SCP-3930's original discovery were lost in the dissolution of the Soviet intelligence community, but it is believed that SCP-3930 was likely discovered on more than one occasion by individuals who, by virtue of attempting to interact with SCP-3930, no longer exist. Notably, near the end of the Soviet Union SCP-3930 was known about only by State scientists and researchers, and it is not believed that any members of GRU Division "P" were made aware of SCP-3930. If the state scientists were aware of the nature of SCP-3930, this was likely by design.

The number of individuals who had perception of SCP-3930 before these containment procedures were enacted is unknown, though records indicate that the state scientists experienced extreme difficulties in both containing the anomaly and doing research on it. Their lack of proper understanding of SCP-3930's anomalous qualities led to a significant loss of life, which further exacerbated the situation regarding SCP-3930. By the time Foundation operatives had discovered SCP-3930,

only a small number of the original research team members remained, the rest having been lost to SCP-3930.

The implementation of SCP-3930's current containment procedures also came at the cost of an unfortunate loss of life. More information about this can be found in Addendum 3930.3.

Addendum 3930.2: Exploration Log

Exploration into SCP-3930 is impossible as per the previously established understanding of SCP-3930. Regardless, outside observers are capable of perceiving individuals who enter SCP-3930 (and as such, cease to exist) and even receiving audio transmissions from them. Notably, audio and video recording equipment does not function properly near SCP-3930. Video cameras are not capable of capturing a non-entity, and footage of SCP-3930 is subject to the same anomalous visual perceptual abnormalities as regular observation of SCP-3930. The same is consistent with audio recordings. In short, all audio and video equipment stops functioning the moment it enters SCP-3930, though observers will continue to perceive proper functioning, even if the discrepancy is noted[1].

The following is an audio log transcription, penned by 3930/7/4[2] as he perceived it. During the recording of this log, 3930/7/4 spoke into a microphone, perceived a response, and then repeated the response into another recording device. As such, it is worth mentioning once more that the following is simply a conversation that 3930/7/4 appears to have with another human who did not exist at the time of this recording, with both individuals dialogue being spoken by 3930/7/4. 3930/3/3 moderated this event and confirmed the accuracy of the perceived responses, as well as curated the logs afterwards.

> [BEGIN LOG]

3930/7/4: Alright D-124, I need you to start walking forwards. Can you tell me what you see in front of you?

D-124: Trees. The woods.

3930/7/4: Any animals or wildlife?

D-124: No.

3930/7/4: Alright. Proceed forward.

Silence.

3930/7/4: You're approaching the boundary of the anomaly. Do you see anything now?

D-124: I don't, no, still just-

At this point, D-124 disappeared into SCP-3930 and ceased to exist. Audio monitoring equipment confirmed that his radio had ceased to function. Regardless, neither 3930/7/4 or 3930/3/3 noticed this.

D-124: -trees and bushes and stuff.

3930/7/4: Continue forward.

Silence.

D-124: Hey, hang on. There is something up here in the clearing. Some kind of building.

3930/7/4: Can you describe it for me?

D-124: Yeah, it's uh… short. It has a bunch of, uh… I think it's like an apartment building. It's really overgrown, though, like it's been abandoned for a while.

3930/7/4: How big is this structure?

D-124: Well, I don't know. Maybe… one-hundred feet long? I count six doors on this side. It looks like it might curve around in the back.

3930/7/4: Go ahead and continue forward.

D-124: Sure.

Silence.

D-124: I actually, by the way, I just noticed something. There's a sound I can hear now, but it's really quiet. I thought it was the wind or the grass a moment ago, but it's definitely neither of those.

3930/7/4: What does it sound like?

D-124: (*Pauses*) Honestly, I don't know. It's faint.

3930/7/4: Roger. Keep us updated on that.

Silence.

D-124: Alright, I'm up on the building. Definitely some kind of apartment building. White walls, brown doors. Wood. There's uh… I guess some kind of other building over here, maybe an office?

3930/7/4: Can you open any of the doors.

D-124: I can try. Hang on. (*Pauses*) That one's locked. (*Pauses*) This one too, hang on. (*Pauses*) I'm looking in the window, trying to see if there's anything in here, but uh… it's just dark. I can't see beyond the curtains.

3930/7/4: Please continue to check the doors.

D-124: Yeah. (*Pauses*) Got one. Let's see. (*Pauses*) Definitely, uh, definitely nobody has been here in a while. It's dark, dusty. Just one bedroom, I think. Not much furniture, some chairs and a small bookshelf. Nothing on it though. Let me look in the bedroom. (*Pauses*) Twin bed. A chest of drawers, but they're… they're empty. The bed is made. Curtains are drawn everywhere, hang on. (*Sound of curtains being opened.*) This window here just faces the other side of the, uh, of the clearing here. This building is a big L shape, it goes on down that way a bit.

3930/3/3: (*Away from microphone*) Can you turn that light off? It's too goddamn bright.

D-124 continues to search the room and attached bathroom for the following five minutes. Eventually, he is asked to leave by 3930/7/4.

D-124: Yeah, alright, let me- hang on.

3930/7/4: What is it?

D-124: I… did I open these blinds earlier?

3930/7/4: What?

D-124: The blinds, the fuck… I drew the curtains back earlier, I mean. When I walked into the bedroom.

3930/7/4: I don't know, I-

D-124: No, I definitely did. I remember it specifically, because then I looked out that window. I opened these curtains. (*Pauses*) Is there something else in here?

3930/7/4: We don't have reason to believe so,

no.

D-124: Then what closed the fucking curtains? Why are they closed?

3930/7/4: We don't know that.

D-124: Of course you don't know that, but… man, I definitely opened these. Because I stepped over here and looked out and… I said, uh… well, I said that there was somebody out there, or… huh. I don't remember what I said, actually. Maybe I was wrong. (*Pauses*) That's weird.

3930/7/4: Come again?

D-124: Nothing, I just, uh… I guess I'll keep going here.

Silence.

D-124: Next room here is more of the same. It's, uh, it's backwards from the other one though. This room has a TV in it.

3930/7/4: Is the TV on?

D-124: What? No. Nobody has been here in weeks, maybe years. I don't think that- (*Pauses*) Actually, you know what? The TV is still warm. Somebody has been in here too. Let me see if… (*Pauses*)

3930/7/4: What is it?

D-124: It's on, but it's…strange. The channels keep skipping around. Just images, pictures. Black and white. A backwards ocean. Mirrors and faces. A funeral pyre. (*Pauses*) It keeps coming back to one image. Black background with uh… (*Pauses*) dark shapes floating

around. More than one. They're really small. Hard to see. Fading in and out. (*Pauses*) Can you hear that?

3930/7/4: We cannot.

D-124: It's that sound again. Not coming from the TV. Maybe from outside? (*Pauses*) This, uh… huh.

3930/7/4: Come again?

D-124: Well, it's just that… this is going to sound crazy, I know, but I swear I came into this room through a door on that wall, and now the door isn't there. There's a window there instead.

3930/7/4: Can you see out of the window?

D-124: I can, uh… (*Pauses*) Alright, this is going to sound *really* crazy, but I can't open the curtains. When I go to pull them back, there are just… more behind them. And more behind those.

3930/7/4: Are there any other exits to this room?

D-124: There's a-

At this point, a telephone in the mobile research station began ringing in the same room as 3930/7/4 and 3930/3/3, the latter of whom stood to answer it. As he did, 3930/7/4 described hearing another phone ringing on the other end of the audio transmitter, near D-124.

D-124: There's a phone ringing. I don't remember it being here, hang on.

3930/7/4: Hey, don't-

D-124 and 3930/3/3 in unison: Hello? (*Pauses*) Yes, we're watching. (*Pauses*) Listening in on this. (*Pauses*) Can you hear me?

At this point, 3930/7/4 notes severe echo originating from his audio receiver coming from D-124.

D-124 and 3930/3/3 in unison: Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Am I speaking to you right now? What is this?

3930/7/4: Hey- hang up the phone! Hang up the goddamn phone!

3930/3/3 hangs up the telephone and appears confused and disoriented. On the other end of the audio receiver, D-124 expresses similar confusion.

D-124: What was that? Did you hear any of that?

3930/7/4: D-124, are there any exits from the room you're currently in?

D-124: Yeah, there's a stairwell here. I can try that.

3930/7/4: Roger, please do.

Silence.

D-124: Alright, I went down the stairs, and now I'm in… another room. No, wait. Is it? (*Pauses*) Hey, I forgot to mention earlier, but my skin feels really strange.

3930/7/4: What do you mean?

D-124: Sort of chalky. And when I brush my hand against my arm, it just sort of uh… I don't know how to describe it. It's like it just stops being there for a minute.

3930/7/4: Noted. Can you describe your surroundings now?

D-124: There's the same couch as the previous room, but there's something different about this one. Maybe the room is the wrong size? It feels a little bigger, things are more spread out.

3930/7/4: Can you get back up the stairs?

D-124: Stairs?

3930/7/4: The stairs you just descended down.

D-124: What stairs?

3930/7/4: You just descended down a flight of stairs. To get into this room.

D-124: No, I came through the front door, right over here. (*Pauses*) It's weird. The door's locked now. Are you sure you can't hear that, by the way?

3930/7/4: Can you describe the noise you're hearing?

D-124: Like… you ever listen to static?

3930/7/4: Sure.

D-124: Sometimes you hear things in the white space, yeah? Your brain filling in the gaps. This sound is like that sound, the sound your brain makes, only without the static. It's really not very loud, but it's really noticeable.

(*Pauses*) I think, uh… let me see. There should be a door out of here, somewhere. Let me look.

D-124 continues to look through the room he is currently in for an exit for the following four hours. Despite attempts by the control group to assist D-124 in leaving the room, he is unable to do so.

D-124: I'm noticing something again. I know why this is all taking so long. The space in between everything is really big now. It's taking me ten minutes now to walk from the sofa to the TV. I needed twenty to get to the kitchen.

3930/7/4: What? Since when? Why didn't you mention this earlier?

D-124: I don't know, I- (*Pauses*) There's a knock at the door. Hang on. (*Pauses*) Hello? (*Pauses*) There's a man outside. He wants to know if I'm listening.

3930/7/4: Am I?

D-124: Yeah, I am. (*Pauses*) Alright. (*Pauses*) He says there's a way out, going down through the, uh, through the floor. He said if I lean back enough, I'll just go there, so…

Silence. D-124 does not respond for thirty-eight minutes. 3930/7/4 and 3930/3/3 do not speak for thirty-eight minutes.

D-124: White noise.

Silence.

3930/7/4: Are you there yet?

D-124: It's further than I thought it would be. I think I'm starting to get it. Are you listening?

3930/7/4: Are you listening?

D-124: Good, don't stop listening. I'm down below here, now. See, I thought the things I was seeing were something to do with me, but they're really not. I'm not really seeing them. (*Pauses*) Yeah, this makes a lot more sense. Not to me, but maybe to you. Maybe it doesn't matter. (*Pauses*) So you know what I said earlier about listening to static, right? The same sort of thing is happening with my eyes now. Filling in the blanks.

3930/7/4: What do you see?

D-124: There was a hole in the world here, and this place got pulled down into it, like a drain. People too. I can actually see it, now, the whole building, drawn into the tiny little… spot. Fracturing out and broken. (*Pauses*) Alright, yeah. Yeah yeah yeah. This is a response. Like a reaction. Nature doesn't abhor a vacuum, but people do. Your minds aren't made for this, right? You stare at the stars and see things, because that's what you do. Making sense of it. Order is a man-made concept.

3930/7/4: Can you describe the space you're in now?

D-124: I'm not.

3930/7/4: What do you mean?

D-124: You know I'm not, actually. As soon as you realize it, this'll all be over.

3930/7/4: As soon as I realize what?

D-124: You just have to look away from the screen and you stop seeing the, uh… you stop seeing the patterns. I'm… if you look away, you'll stop seeing me, and you'll… you'll stop hearing me, and that's what I'm hearing, that's what I've been hearing this whole time, yes, that makes sense, because if you blink you lose it and once it's gone it's nothing again, so they try to get your attention and if they lose it they're nothing, and-

3930/7/4: Slow down, I need you to-

D-124: -no no no, you look away and the patterns go away. You stop listening and you don't hear them. They're nothing, and now I'm… don't you get it?

3930/7/4: Are-

At this point, there is a minor dip in electrical systems as the on-site generator activates. Both 3930/7/4 and 3930/3/3 immediately become aware that the audio transmitter is no longer functional. Attempts to contact D-124 fail.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3930.3: Interview with 3930/1/1

The following excerpt is taken from an interview log conducted with Dr. Andrei Vasiliev, a Soviet scientist who was found operating the containment procedures for SCP-3930 before the beginning of Foundation intervention. Dr. Vasiliev was eventually offered a position within the Foundation, and became 3930/1/1 shortly afterwards. The interviewer was Dr. Piotr Kuzkin. Translation provided by Dr. Simon Pietrykau.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Kuzkin: What is it?

Dr. Vasiliev: It isn't anything, not in any measurable sense. It's a static, uncompromised void. A space where nothing exists.

Dr. Kuzkin: How did it get here?

Dr. Vasiliev: We don't know. It was found, whether by someone within the State or an outside player, and we arrived first.

Dr. Kuzkin: What do you know about it?

Dr. Vasiliev: Know about it? What is there to know? There's nothing there. Nothing for us to measure, nothing for us to test. Things that cross its threshold disappear and cease to be. We have tried sending in soldiers with recording equipment, but they all met the same fate.

Dr. Kuzkin: What happened to the rest of your team?

Dr. Vasiliev: Ah… (*Pauses*) Perception is key. Everything you can test for will tell you there is an absence there, yes? But you look at it and you still see forest and trees and even animals. Walk far enough in, and you might see a building, or people. But none of it is real. By the time you see the building, in whatever shape it takes, you're not real either. You have become little more than the reflection of yourself perceived by someone else's mind. This thing, this void… (*pauses*) It is a hateful mirror. It desires you to look at it. The more who look, the more hateful it becomes.

Dr. Kuzkin: But what about the rest of your team?

Dr. Vasiliev: There were too many of us. Too many of us stared into the void, and it started screaming.

Dr. Kuzkin: Screaming?

Dr. Vasiliev: When you approach it, you will start to hear it. So faint it might be nothing, or less. But a noise. Something queer has happened. Human minds have evolved to see patterns where there are none, so when cast over a space where there is nothing at all, the mind begins to create something from nothing. What you hear is something rudimentary, an almost imperceptible sentience. It is a flash along the edge of the void as our minds attempt to perceive something that isn't there. And it hates.

Dr. Kuzkin: What do you mean, it hates? Why would it hate anything? How would you know?

Dr. Vasiliev: Because there were too many of us. Each member of our team cognizant of the void, each trying to perceive it. These flashes, these tiny screamers, eventually they began to… to bind together. Make no mistake, Dr. Kuzkin, they are not real. They are to the neutrino what the neutrino is to us, less than nothing. But they are somehow aware of their nothingness, and they are hateful. Their existence, I believe, is torment. They hate the universe for being. They hate themselves for being. And they hate us for making them be. They are nothing but hate. (*Pauses*) Given enough time, and with enough of us trying to look into this void, something crawled out of it. (*Pauses*) Afterwards, there were ten of us. The

anomaly has been stable since.

Dr. Kuzkin: What came out?

Silence.

Dr. Kuzkin: How long have you been here?

Dr. Vasiliev: Decades.

Dr. Kuzkin: Why didn't you call for relief?

Dr. Vasiliev: Once you've heard the screamer, you can't unhear it. Calling for relief would just be damning another soul.

Dr. Kuzkin: The other day, the remainder of your scientists disappeared. Where are they?

Dr. Vasiliev: They entered the void.

Dr. Kuzkin: Why?

Dr. Vasiliev: There are too many of us now. You brought twelve, and there were eight of us. There can be no more than ten. Once you have perceived the void, your mind cannot be made to forget it. There are thirteen of us now, but there must be no more than ten.

Dr. Kuzkin: You talk about this void like it's some kind of intelligent creature. How can this nothingness be something intelligent?

Dr. Vasiliev: They are not the same thing. The void is what it is, a region of non-existence. It is unfathomable and unalterable, and we know nothing about it. But the pattern screamers are, yes, in some way intelligent. But they are only intelligent because they are us. They are our reflection in this hateful mirror.

(*Off camera activity. Dr. Kuzkin looks away. Dr. Vasiliev looks at the camera for a moment.*)

Dr. Kuzkin: Alright. Is there anything else?

Dr. Vasiliev: There can be no more than ten. I will go into the void, and then two of your own must follow.

Dr. Kuzkin: And if they do not?

Silence.

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. Such as alarms or warnings that the equipment is malfunctioning or has disconnected from its source
2. The fourth member of Foundation staff to be the seventh individual allowed to access this file.

SCP-3931: The End of Days

Item #: SCP-3931

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the immobile nature of SCP-3931, the park has been declared Provisional Site-3931. Observation Post 3931-A (35° 8' 1.6476" N, 81° 22' 9.346" W) has been established at the entrance to SCP-3931. Ostensibly a park ranger station, this post is manned by two armed personnel at all times in order to monitor SCP-3931.

SCP-3931 has been closed off from public access via a brick wall two meters tall at the main entrance, and locked metal gates at six (6) other potential access points. Cover Story KM-H3 is to be maintained by posted signs warning of ongoing cleanup from a major landslide.

Civilian attempts to access SCP-3931 are considered unlikely, but should be prevented if one should occur. Use of force is not advised, however, noncompliant persons may be detained at agent discretion under the Carpe Diem Protocol.[1]

Research into the effects of SCP-3931 and possible elimination or reversal thereof is ongoing, designated Project Akhenaten and currently led by Dr. Thorn. All 23 recorded SCP-3931-1 instances are to remain in Foundation custody at Site- indefinitely.

<Special SCP-3931-1 Procedures (Project Akhenaten)>

Prepared by Researcher Pennington

- Site- Humanoid Containment Wing 3 (units 3A1-3B8) has been allocated as living quarters for SCP-3931-1 instances in Foundation custody. All units have

had windows covered to prevent subjects from viewing the sky.
- During an LC-3931 event, HCW3 is to be locked down and all personnel kept at least 20 meters from SCP-3931-1 instances. Due to the frequency of these events[2] and the logistical complications of closing off a large sector of the facility twice a month, a request has been filed to Site Director to have SCP-3931-1 housed in either an offsite unit or a self-contained area. Approval is pending.
- Friends and family members of SCP-3931-1 instances are to be amnesticized and/or given false information by members of MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") in accordance with KM-H3.

- 50% of contained instances (A1-A11) are to be provided vitamin D supplements (mg) on a daily basis. A12-B8 are not to be provided with the aforementioned supplements.
- Approval for testing of SCP- with SCP-3931-1 instances is pending approval while Dr. Thorn determines whether the effects of SCP-3931 can be considered an "illness."
- Three (3) SCP-3931-1 instances are to be transported to Provisional Site-3931 for testing. SCP-3931-1 instances are to have no access to SCP-3931 under any circumstances.

Contact Researcher Hoffman or Dr. Thorn (sixth floor, room A113) if you have any questions about these requirements. Blood samples, genotypes, and other biological test results from instances are kept in standard

storage locker E17. -Researcher Pennington

Description: SCP-3931 is a hiking trail located at King's Mountain State Park near Blacksburg, South Carolina. SCP-3931 is 1.93 kilometers in length, running through dense forest and connecting to family picnic areas. Before a Foundation presence was established, it was a popular nature trail, displaying significant diversity in flora and fauna. Notably, there were common reports of nocturnal animals sighted during the day (including badgers, owls and raccoons).

SCP-3931 outwardly displays no anomalous properties, and is safe to travel during the day. Its effects only manifest when a human being uses the trail after astronomical twilight.[3] The person or persons, now designated SCP-3931-1, rapidly undergo significant alterations to perception and cognition, though in most cases these effects are not immediately noticeable.

SCP-3931-1 instances completely lose the ability to perceive "daytime," regarded as the period between sunrise and sunset. Subjects will still be aware of it as a concept, and remember it, but will be unable to experience it in any form. Sensory dissonance is especially concentrated in vision and mechanoreception. Medical exams show no problem with receptors themselves, yet the affected person(s) will insist that it is always dark and cold (unless artificial light and heat are introduced). This causes increasing distress in the subject(s) as the perceived "nighttime" continues without end. Prolonged observation indicates that the effect is permanent and may increase in severity over time.

Addendum 3931-1: At 23:58 on 05/ /2018, all SCP-3931-1 instances in containment experienced paralysis and mild epistaxis. All subjects were unresponsive for exactly 235.86 seconds. Symptoms were noted to be similar to sleep paralysis or "night terrors." The instances proceeded to vocalize unintelligibly[4] for one minute, during which time all personnel within a thirty-meter radius reported experiencing headaches before later being positively identified as SCP-3931-1 instances. All former personnel were been amnesticized and contained.

Fourteen days later, the event reoccured, resulting in the loss of

additional personnel. The event has been designated LC-3931, and has been determined to follow the synodic calendar, repeating on every full and new moon. Project Akhenaten staff have implemented revised containment procedures as of 06/03/2018.

Addendum 3931-2: SCP-3931 has existed since the establishment of the park in 1934. Investigation has determined that its anomalous effects were not initially present. Confirmed photographs of various people using the trail at night from 1945 to 2002 have been catalogued in Document C/3931. Those present in the photographs have been identified and declared non-anomalous by Project Akhenaten staff.

The first documented SCP-3931-1 instance was Mr. Gerald , a leader in Boy Scout Troop . While the troop was camping at the park, Mr. woke up and went for a "midnight stroll" on the nearby SCP-3931. Three days later (03/24/2006) he was involuntarily committed to Psychiatric Hospital for alleged delusions and hallucinations. Foundation Agent Diana Lowery reported him six days later, after his hospital record was flagged as potentially anomalous. The connection to SCP-3931 was not made until a second instance, Ms. Carol , was detained in the park by security staff. Both were brought to Site- , and containment procedures were approved on 04/09/2006.

Of note is that, six days before Mr. was affected by SCP-3931, the Earth experienced a descending-node total penumbral lunar eclipse (a rare lunar event not estimated to occur again until August 2053). During this event, several reports of a "blue flash in the sky" were recorded from civilians within six kilometers of SCP-3931. Causality has not been established, but the possibility of a connection is being considered.

Footnotes
1. Relevant personnel may accessDocument 3931-CDP8397for full details of this protocol.
2. A single LC-3931 event occurs every 14-15 days.
3. The period when the Sun is between 12 and 18 degrees below the horizon. Research indicates that SCP-3931 follows the Sun itself rather than any arbitrary schedule, as it has been shown to vary with the Sun's semi-annual declination.

4. Described as a "mournful wailing" by staff.

« SCP-3930 | SCP-3931 | SCP-3932 »

SCP-3932: The Foundation itself, therefore, supplies the dolphins with its own elements of political and general education, in other words, it furnishes the dolphins with weapons for fighting the Foundation.

Item #: SCP-3932

Object Class: Keter

`Threat Level:` Red 🔴

Special Containment Procedures: An audio file of SCP-3932 is to be kept on secure Foundation servers at Site-72, Site-01, and Site-19. Personnel with Level 3 or higher access are permitted to listen to SCP-3932 at any time, provided that no cetaceans are within audible range.

The Foundation's current containment strategy for SCP-3932 has been the establishment of diplomatic relations with the three SCP-3932-Δ nation-states. The Foundation currently maintains positive relations with these groups, and has negotiated several points over various treaties:

- The Foundation is not to intentionally contain or kill instances of SCP-3932-Δ unless they pose an active security threat.
- Uncontained instances of SCP-3932-Δ are not to create new instances of SCP-3932-Δ through the usage of SCP-3932 exposure.
    - Instances may, however, expose any naturally born offspring to SCP-3932.
- The three nation-states of SCP-3932-Δ are to conceal themselves from the outside world until such a date when their existence can become public knowledge.
- The Foundation is to attempt to shift global policy to more

actively prevent the deaths of cetaceans worldwide, including those that are not SCP-3932-Δ instances.
- The three nation-states of SCP-3932 are not to attack human settlements or vessels within their claimed territory.

Description: SCP-3932 is a short vocalization with cognitohazardous properties that affect mammals of the *delphinidae* family.[1] When a *delphinidae* hears SCP-3932, they undergo significant changes, transforming into an instance of SCP-3932-Δ. SCP-3932 has no effect upon humans or animals not within in the *delphinidae* family.

SCP-3932-Δ are physically and genetically identical to non-anomalous dolphins, but possess anomalous sapience. Additionally, instances of SCP-3932-Δ possess Class-II Telekinetic abilities, allowing for the physical manipulation of objects despite the lack of hands.

All instances of SCP-3932-Δ are capable of vocalizing SCP-3932. After infection, SCP-3932-Δ typically expose all other members of their pod to SCP-3932, as well as any other pods encountered. It is currently believed that the first vocalization of SCP-3932 was created by a non-anomalous dolphin, which then became an instance of SCP-3932-Δ and turned the other members of its pod into SCP-3932-Δ instances.

Communication with SCP-3932-Δ has been established by teaching instances Auslan[2] and giving them gloves to manipulate. Currently, the majority of SCP-3932-Δ is fluent in Auslan. Translation efforts between English and Cetacean are in progress using *An English-Cetacean Phrasebook*, recovered from **SCP-1986**.[3]

Currently, all instances of SCP-3932-Δ have organized into three nation-states, located within the South Pacific. These nation-states are currently in a state of cold war, which is being diplomatically handled by the Foundation. These nation-states are as follows:

- **The Great Barrier Reef Confederacy:** The youngest of the three SCP-3932-Δ nation-states, currently living in the area of the Great Barrier Reef, along the eastern coast of Australia. The GBRC was founded in 1957, following the overthrow of

the former Great Barrier Reef Empire. Instances practice rudimentary thaumaturgy. (Current estimated population: 25,000)

- **The Great Barrier Reef Empire-In-Exile:** A group that claims descendancy from the former Great Barrier Reef Empire, which was overthrown by GBRC in 1957. The GBREIE is based within the Gulf of Carpentaria, and controls the northern coast of Australia. The official state religion of the GBREIE bears marked similarities to **Sarkicism**, but is not believed to have a shared origin. (Current estimated population: 20,000)
- **The Dolphin's Communist Republic of Indonesia:** The oldest of the SCP-3932-Δ nation-states, founded in 1941. The DCRI currently controls the waters around Indonesia and Papua New Guinea. The DCRI were educated in Marxist philosophy by an unidentified individual in 1940. (Current estimated population: 30,000)

Formerly, all SCP-3932-Δ instances were under the control of the Great Barrier Reef Empire, which was founded in 1900, and quickly gained control of the entire Oceania region. In 1940, a communist uprising led to the splintering of the state into the Dolphin's Communist Republic of Indonesia and the Great Barrier Reef Empire. The ruling class of the Great Barrier Reef Empire was later overthrown in 1957, and supplanted by the Great Barrier Reef Confederacy.

The nephew of the former Great Barrier Reef Emperor fled to his family's summer palace in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and established the Great Barrier Reef Empire-In-Exile, with the stated goal of eventually reclaiming the Great Barrier Reef.

The three current nation-states have been in a state of cold war for the past sixty years, with minor conflicts over territory. Tensions have been lessened due to Foundation diplomatic intervention, leading to the current situation.

Foundation involvement concerning SCP-3932 has led to the restriction of the territories of all three SCP-3932-Δ nation-states, and the prohibition of interaction with humans. While SCP-3932-Δ instances previously had limited interaction with humans, these

interactions have been mostly concealed, under the cover story of SCP-3932-Δ merely having been slightly more intelligent dolphins.

Addendum 3932.14: On 2/18/2018, the Foundation's Diplomatic Department received the following letter from the governments of the GBRC, the GBREIE and the DCRI.

> To the Foundation,
>
> This is a declaration of war.
>
> For far too long have the dolphins of the world been oppressed by tyrannical overlords and genocidal humans. All across the world, our people are slaughtered by the thousands by your kind, and we shall not stand for such treatment any longer.
>
> The days of the past, in which our kind was brutally mistreated are over. When you reached out to us, in the earliest days of our people's ascendance, you promised us that things would change, and that it would be different. That we would be able to live in a world in which our children would be free.
>
> But all we have faced is tyranny and oppression. You bind our people from sharing THE GIFT that lifted us from nothing, and you force us to allow our lesser brethren to remain in their uninspired state.
>
> This indignities shall not stand. We are as great of a race as you, blessed with the same intelligence and capacity for reason. Our differences lie only in the flesh, and not in the mind.
>
> Our day shall come, and it shall be soon.
>
> *Bacchus*
> President of the Great Barrier Reef Confederacy
>
> *Kavulak IV*
> High Emperor of the Great Barrier Reef Empire-In-Exile

Flipper Marx
Chairman of the Dolphin's Communist Republic of Indonesia

Footnotes
1. Oceanic dolphins
2. The sign language of the Australian deaf community.
3. Currently, 5% of all SCP-3932-Δ instances are able to fluently read and write in English.

SCP-3933: Bigger Than God

Memetic Agents Deployed. Beginning Response Test.

I want your body but your soul makes me sick.

…

Negative response for previous exposure. Accessing document.

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation web crawlers are to monitor for mentions of SCP-3933 or any related persons or effects. Such data should be removed under standard data censoring protocols. Remaining physical media referencing any aspect of SCP-3933 is to be retrieved and either stored for documentation or destroyed as appropriate.[1]

SCP-3933-B is to be held in a standard humanoid containment chamber, and should be supplied with any amenities or medical treatments necessary to ensure its comfort.

For archived containment procedures, see documents 3933/1, 3933/2 and 3933/4.

Description: SCP-3933 is the collective designation for a song titled "Toxic Soul" (SCP-3933-1), written and released in 1980, and the original four members of the Glam Metal band "Tyrannosaurus Flex" (SCP-3933-A through SCP-3933-D), who wrote and performed the

song.

When exposed to SCP-3933-1, affected individuals forget all knowledge they had of the band, their music, its members and anything related to them, and become unable to retain new information gained on those subjects. Exposure constitutes listening to approximately 25% of the song in a single contiguous period. These effects are only present in versions of the song performed by SCP-3933-A through SCP-3933-D.

Exposed individuals also become completely unable to perceive SCP-3933-A, B, C and D, nor can they perceive actions taken by them. For example, an affected individual watching SCP-3933-A move an object between two positions would perceive the object as functionally teleporting from one location to another; they would not see it floating between the two points. To date, no method of reversing the effects of exposure have been found.

History: Formed in England in 1971, Tyrannosaurus Flex achieved significant commercial and critical success, with their projected earnings set to overtake those of The Beatles[2] by the early 1980s[3]. During a concert timed to coincide with the launch of their 13th album the band played the first song from the album, SCP-3933-1[4], to a crowd of approximately 65,000.[5]

Due to the nature of its effects, the Foundation did not become aware of SCP-3933-1 until approximately two weeks after its release, at which point a significant majority of the viable population[6], along with an estimated 70% of Foundation personnel, had been exposed. Due to the difficulty in containing such wide-spread anomalies, by the time containment was achieved it is believed that exposure was almost global.

While approximately 2,000,000 copies of the album containing SCP-3933-1 and 100,000 copies of the single release were retrieved, it is estimated that between 300,000 and 500,000 copies of the album were sold or otherwise distributed and remain unaccounted for. Due to the specific nature of SCP-3933-1, this is not believed to represent a significant security risk.

Incident 3933-1

On 05/02/1980, SCP-3933-1 was played to a crowd of approximately 65,000 people, in its first (and only) live performance. Recovered video footage shows that approximately one minute into the song, the crowd began showing signs of confusion and agitation; based on the observed effects of SCP-3933-1, it is assumed that from the perspective of the people in the audience they suddenly found themselves at a concert they had no memory of travelling to for a band they could neither see nor hear.

Approximately a minute after the effects began, people started becoming violent and large portions of the crowd attempted to leave the concert. The resulting stampede lead to a large number of fatalities and injuries, and the related violence spread to the surrounding streets, causing further casualties. The resulting riot lasted for approximately two hours before dispersing through a combination of law enforcement action and natural attrition. Knowledge of the riot was eventually successfully suppressed as part of the ongoing containment efforts.

Following their containment, interviews were conducted with each of the band members; transcribed below is the interview with SCP-3933-D. The other interviews can be found in Interview Log 3933/3.

▶ Show Interview 3933/1-D

Interviewer: Agent Christopher Pennings.
Interviewee: SCP-3933-D (Brian Hanson).
Notes: Interview conducted two weeks after initial containment. At the recommendation of the attending psychologist, permission was given to refer to SCP-3933-D by its name rather than designation for the purposes of ensuring cooperation.

Pennings: Mr. Hanson, hello. Can I get you anything? Water, coffee?

SCP-3933-D: Brian, please. And no, I'm fine.

Pennings: Okay, let's get started then. Did you notice anything unusual in the time leading up to the concert? Hours? Days or even weeks?

SCP-3933-D: No. No, I don't think so. I mean, Neil[7] was a little more fucked up than normal, but that's not really weird, just Neil being Neil. Just a lot of rehearsals, you know. Practising the new songs, doing promos and interviews with magazines, standard shit.

Pennings: What was it - what was he on, do you know?

SCP-3933-D: Whatever he could get his hands on. Blow, dope. He was drunk more often than not. Never seemed to slow him down though. You know what people say, band becomes successful, they all go off the rails on drugs and fall apart, but Neil never missed a practice.

Pennings: What about you? Try anything new? Get a new dealer?

SCP-3933-D: Nah, man. We all tried some shit when we first hit it big, but the first time I took something I spent the next six hours throwing up. Haven't touched anything but beer since.

Pennings: And the others?

SCP-3933-D: Will[8] was the same as me, didn't touch the stuff. Markus[9] used to mess around a bit with Neil, but not for years as far as I know. You think drugs did this?

Pennings: Probably not. Just trying to eliminate obvious angles. Anybody new in your life?

SCP-3933-D: No. At least uh, not anyone that stuck around til morning, you know what I mean?

Pennings: Right, okay. Let's talk about the concert. Tell me what happened.

SCP-3933-D: Man, I have no fucking idea. The whole thing was… I dunno. God.

Pennings: It's okay. Just start at the beginning. Before you went on stage.

SCP-3933-D: Okay, sure. Everything was fine backstage. We were all pumped, the sound check went fine. We went out - the crowd went nuts, like they always do. We opened with Dawn of Rock, the fans always love that one. We played a couple of other songs after that, older stuff.

Pennings: And that's when you played your new song? Toxic Love?

SCP-3933-D: Yeah… Markus did this thing, "We've got something new for you now!", you know, hype the crowd up a bit. Then we started playing. Everything was great for… I dunno, maybe a minute? They were loving it. And then about half way through the first chorus, everything got real quiet. Everyone in the crowd just kind of uh, stopped. Then they all started mumbling. Something was obviously wrong, I thought the sound setup had failed or something.

Pennings: What did you do?

SCP-3933-D: We kept playing. Didn't stop until we noticed people were leaving. Slowly at first, but I could see the crowd moving away from

the stage. Then someone yelled something. I couldn't tell what, but it sounded angry. That's when the fights started. Things sometimes get a bit rowdy up front, but nothing like this. Markus tried telling them to stop with the mic, but it was like they couldn't even hear him.

Pennings: Do you remember what he said?

SCP-3933-D: Uh, no, not really. Just yelling at them to stop, then yelling for security to get out there. No one did anything though.

Pennings: Did you see anyone watching you? Anyone watching the stage?

SCP-3933-D: No, everyone had turned away. It's like we weren't even there. We left the stage then, trying to work out what the hell was going on. We found Ian, our manager, but he completely ignored us. Neil grabbed him by the shoulders and started shaking him, but he barely even reacted. Just looked confused. Everyone else was the same, treated us like we weren't even there. A couple of people walked right into us, but they just carried on like nothing had happened.

Pennings: When did you leave the stage? Where did you go?

SCP-3933-D: We went back to our hotel. We were… I mean I don't want to sound egotistical here, but we're four of the most famous people on the planet right now. And everyone was treating us like we were ghosts. We had no idea what the fuck was going on.

Pennings: Anything happen on the way?

SCP-3933-D: People were still treating us like

we were invisible for about half the walk. Once we got further away people started recognising us again. A couple of people came up to us on the streets, which is what usually happens. I felt a little bad, I normally have a lot of time for our fans but with everything that was going on, Neil kind of lost it, snapped at the guy. The staff at the hotel seemed normal too.

Pennings: Did you talk to any of them?

SCP-3933-D: No, we went straight up to my room. Sat there all night, trying to work out what the fuck had happened. Tried to call Ian and the label, but no one answered. We all went to bed eventually, but I don't think any of us really slept. The whole thing was terrifying. It was like the whole world had gone nuts, and we were the last sane people left.

Pennings: I can only imagine. We didn't find you until about three weeks after that, what did you do in the mean time?

SCP-3933-D: The hotel was paid up for a few days, so we stayed there. We eventually got through to some people on the phone at the label, but when they picked it up they acted like there was no one on the other end. They all just hung up after saying "who's there?" a few times. And our… our parents, they did the same thing. All of our parents, like we didn't even exist. It seemed to get worse from there.

Pennings: In what way?

SCP-3933-D: Like, half the hotel staff could see us the next day, and half couldn't. We'd be talking to one of them, and another would come along and look at them like they were crazy, asking who they were talking to. That

got uh, that got uncomfortable real quick. Led to some fights. Happened a lot over the next day. We started avoiding people, but it didn't really matter. A couple of days later, everyone was the same. We would have stayed at the hotel but they gave our rooms to someone else. We were expecting the cops to show up the entire time to arrest us or at least question us or something, but there was nothing. The news mentioned a big riot in the city, but nothing about us.

Pennings: Neil said that you visited your parents after the hotel, is that correct?

SCP-3933-D: Yeah. Yeah it was… God help me.

Pennings: It's okay, take your time.

SCP-3933-D: No, sorry, it's okay. Will had driven to the hotel, luckily, so we had a car. Yeah, we went to my parents. They live about an hour outside the city, so it was the closest place we could think to go. They… it was the same as everywhere. They completely ignored me. Their own son. I broke down a bit, I think. Started waving around photos of me, but they didn't notice that either. Started screaming at them, yelling, but it was all pointless. My own parents didn't know I even existed.

Pennings: I'm sorry, that must have been rough.

SCP-3933-D: They say Hell is the absence of God. Have you heard that? I think it's from the Bible or something. Markus used to say that we were bigger than God. What if God heard him, and now he's abandoned us? Or maybe we died on that stage. Maybe it collapsed and

crushed us all. Either way, this is Hell.

(Silence.)

SCP-3933-D: We're never getting out of here, are we? This is it now for us?

Pennings: We're still trying to work that out.

SCP-3933-D: Maybe it would be better if we *were* dead.

Pennings: You won't be mistreated. You'll be comfortable.

SCP-3933-D: You won't let me play music anymore, you won't give me a guitar. I haven't seen the others since I got here. Being "comfortable", somehow that seems worse.

Pennings: I'm sorry, Brian. Once we have a better handle on what happened, maybe something can be arranged. Let's continue.

The remainder of the interview revealed a similarly repeating pattern of events. They ultimately made their way to the residence of SCP-3933-A, where containment teams found them approximately two weeks later. Interviews with the other band members contain corroborating details of the incident.

Addendum 1
SCP-3933-A was found dead in its cell on 28/04/1980, having died from blood loss due to a self-inflicted injury. It is now believed that no new instances of SCP-3933-1 can be produced.

Interview 3933/17-C
Periodic interviews with the members of the band have revealed some behavioural concerns with SCP-3933-C. Transcribed below is its latest interview.

▶ Show Interview 3933/17-C

Interviewer: Doctor Jerry Harper, resident psychologist at Site-129.
Interviewee: SCP-3933-C
Notes: Interview conducted on 11/06/1985, approximately five years following initial containment.

Harper: Good morning, 3933-C.

SCP-3933-C: [Unintelligible]

Harper: Pardon me?

SCP-3933-C: I said, my name is NEIL.

Harper: Of course. And how are you feeling today?

SCP-3933-C: Oh, just fucking great. Only four of the idiots in what you laughably call the "entertainment room" tried to start shit with me this week[10], and I haven't seen the two people here that I can actually stand in months.

Harper: From what I understand, it was you that instigated each of these confrontations.

SCP-3933-C: Oh yeah, who told you that? Your neckless security drones? What the fuck do those brain-dead pricks know about anything? All they do is stand there.

Harper: That's their job. To keep you safe.

SCP-3933-C: Keep us locked up, you mean.

Harper: We've been over this 3933-C -

SCP-3933-C: Neil.

Harper: -even if we could be sure that you

wouldn't be a risk to others, most of the world wouldn't even be able to acknowledge you.

SCP-3933-C: Yeah, so you say. Awfully fucking convenient for you, isn't it. Our message finally starts to reach the masses, and suddenly no one knows who we are.

Harper: And what message is that?

SCP-3933-C: That the government is full of pricks like you, and you should all be overthrown![11]

Harper: We've been over this too, we don't work for the government.

SCP-3933-C: Yeah, yeah, your precious Foundation. Keeping the world safe from music and people who refuse to forget all the fucked up shit they've seen you do.[12]

Harper: You've been increasingly agitated lately, why don't you just tell me what the problem is.

SCP-3933-C: The problem? The fucking "problem" is that I've been locked in this hole for five fucking years, you never let me see the others, and the only entertainment I've got is some trash written by an idiot who thinks cars are scary and a book about purple!

Harper: The book isn't actually ab-

SCP-3933-C: Who gives a shit, you poncy twat! I'm a musician, do I look like I care about books? So yeah, I tried to start some crap with the other poor bastards you've got locked up here. Nothing else to do. Maybe I'll get lucky and the guy with four eyes will start shooting

lasers out of one of them, put me out of my fucking misery.

Harper: I understand that you're frustrated, but there's no reason your life here can't be fulfilling. If you'd just work with us-

SCP-3933-C: It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Harper: What's that?

SCP-3933-C: Life. It wasn't meant to turn out this way. Stuffed underground in some box, forgotten. Five fucking years, gone. I'd say wasted, but it doesn't matter. We're never getting out of here, are we?

Harper: I'm afraid it's unlikely, yes.

SCP-3933-C: I was someone. I spent the first 15 years of my life with people telling me I'd never amount to anything, but I made it. All those sad little people with their sad little lives, and I was king of the fucking world. I sure showed them.

(Silence.)

SCP-3933-C: Sure showed them. And now, here we are. You've already killed one of my friends, and it's been so long since I've seen Will or Brian that for all I know you've killed them too.

Harper: Your fri-

SCP-3933-C: Shut up, Harper. Just shut the fuck up. I'm done. Send me back to my box. I'm done.

Doctor Harper's recommendation following this interview was more

frequent meetings between SCP-3933-B, C and D, and a more tailored entertainment regime. Permission is pending.

Addendum 2
On 19/01/1995 SCP-3933-C died from liver failure resulting from liver disease, presumed to be caused by significant abuse of drugs and alcohol prior to containment.

Addendum 3
On 23/12/2005 SCP-3933-D died from pneumonia, caused by complications resulting from Huntington's Disease, with which it was diagnosed 16 years prior.

Addendum 4
SCP-3933-B has been diagnosed with lung cancer, and has an estimated life expectancy of two to three months. For the sake of posterity, a final interview was conducted.

▶ Show Interview 3933/67-B

Interviewer: Senior Researcher Amaleen Sacaran
Interviewee: SCP-3933-B
Notes: Doctor Sacaran has been the Senior Researcher assigned to SCP-3933 for 11 years; due to the specific nature of SCP-3933-B, a level of informality exists between them. Due to his condition, SCP-3933-B suffers frequent bouts of coughing and shortness of breath; for the purposes of readability, this transcript has been edited to remove those disruptions.

Sacaran: How are you feeling today, William?

SCP-3933-B: You know how it is. Can barely walk, barely breathe. Other than that, peachy.

Sacaran: Let me know if I can do anything to make you more comfortable.

SCP-3933-B: Don't you worry about me, Doc, I'm not going anywhere just yet. And hey, at least I'm still pretty.

Sacaran: Heh, indeed. So, truth be told, we almost never do interviews like this. It's rare we have someone like yourself in containment for so long that they… pass from natural causes with some forewarning.

SCP-3933-B: Yeah, I getcha. Even locked up in my little room for nearly 40 years, I've seen some of the shit you people get up to. That thing with all the eyes that busted in here a few years ago during one of your containment breaches? I thought that was it right then, but the damn thing just stood there and stared at me.

Sacaran: Unfortunately these things do happen from time to time. We don't live in a perfect world, as you well know.

SCP-3933-B: Yeah, yeah. So, do you have a Standard Issue List Of Questions Form 28-B you need to ask me?

Sacaran: No no, nothing like that. Much less formal. I wanted to ask you, you've been here for 38 years now, near enough. I wanted to know how you felt about that.

SCP-3933-B: Youch, dive right in why don't you. I dunno, that's a tough one.

(Silence.)

SCP-3933-B: I guess… I mean I've been here longer than I was ever out there in the real world at this point. I was what, 29, 30 when you brought me in? And yeah, I was angry

about it, for a long time. A long time. I more or less made peace with it after Neil died, though. I guess if things were different, if that shit with the song hadn't gone down, yeah, I'd want to be out there. Hell, maybe it's been long enough that I could go out there right now and interact with the world properly but at this point I've been away from it so long, it'd be like visiting an alien planet. I've kept up with music as much as you lot will let me, and I've seen the odd movie here or there, but I doubt I could even speak the same language as the people out there right now.

Sacaran: Yeah, you might be right about that. Even I have trouble keeping up these days.

SCP-3933-B: So how do I feel about it? I'd be lying if I said there wasn't a little bitterness, and I'll hate every one of you for however many days I've still got left for not letting me have a guitar, but other than that. You lot are alright by me, Amaleen. Food sucks, though.

Sacaran: Hah, you're right about that.

SCP-3933-B: It's the things I've missed that bother me the most. My parents, I mean, I'm not an idiot, they must be dead by now or they'd be over 100. And you lot never told me what happened to them, or when. And the others, we haven't been together as a group since the night you brought us in. Even after Markus died… still, too late for that now, I guess.

Sacaran: I'm sorry about that, William, I truly am. But we never did work out why that specific song had the effect it did, and we couldn't risk something else happening.

SCP-3933-B: I get it. I do. But we were going to conquer the world, the four of us. We would have been remembered for the rest of history. Legends.

(Silence.)

SCP-3933-B: And now no one even remembers we existed.

Sacaran: If you could do it all over again, would you?

SCP-3933-B: I was thinking about that the other day. It's funny the things you start to remember when a guy in a white coat tells you you're going to die. Before we recorded that last album, that song, we were all sitting around, drinking and jamming, and Neil said "Do you ever wish we could go back to being nobodies? Just be able to walk down the street without getting mobbed?" Something like that anyway.

Sacaran: What did you say?

SCP-3933-B: Nothing. None of us did, we all just sat there for a minute, quietly… and then Markus made a filthy joke about how he'd miss the groupies and we all laughed. But I did think about it for a second, what would it have been like to have a different life? And I decided I wouldn't change a God damned thing. Would I do it all over again? Abso-fucking-lutely.

Sacaran: You were very close to them. The others.

SCP-3933-B: We were best friends. We all grew up together. We were playing music together since we were teenagers. And God

dammit, we were *good* at it.

Saracan: I know, I've listened to some of your er, safer songs. They're amazing.

SCP-3933-B: Well then, congratulations young lady, you may well be the last living Tyrannosaurus Flex fan on the planet.

Sacaran: Okay I've got to ask. Why Tyrannosaurus Flex?

SCP-3933-B: Heh, it started off as a joke from when we were back at school. Brian always had a thing for dinosaurs. Used to say that if he wasn't a musician he would have been an archaeologist or something. I don't even remember how the joke went, but it was something to do with the T-Rex having those piddly little arms, lifting weights in the gym. It kind of stuck when we formed a band.

Sacaran: And you *kept* it?

SCP-3933-B: Hah! By the time we realised how stupid it was, it was too late. We already had our first album out. Four idiot kids and their idiot band name were suddenly top of the charts.

Saracan: I wish I could have seen you live. I suspect that would have been something else.

SCP-3933-B: Yeah, those shows, I think that's as close to being a God as any person is likely to feel. Standing on a stage, tens of thousands of people screaming your name. They had a chant, can't remember how that went either but they somehow managed to work all four of our names into a crowd chant.

Intercom: *Doctor Sacaran, please report to [REDACTED]*

Sacaran: Damn, looks like our time is up. I'll see you soon, William.

SCP-3933-B: Thanks, Amaleen. Oh, hey. One last thing.

Sacaran: Yes?

SCP-3933-B: I don't know what you did with the bodies of the others. Maybe you cremated them, or froze them or some other mad science shit. But if you still have them, cremate me and put me with others? Chuck us in the sea or blast us into space or something.

Sacaran: I'll see what I can do.

SCP-3933-B: Thanks, Doc.

Sacaran: And I'll see what I can do about getting you a guitar, too.

Following the death of SCP-3933-B, SCP-3933 is to have its classification downgraded to Safe. Primary containment procedures will remain unchanged, though with the death of the last person responsible, SCP-3933 is largely self-containing.

Footnotes
1. This process was largely complete by 1995 and is no longer considered a priority.
2. The best selling band in history, both at the time and at the time of writing.
3. It was a common claim from SCP-3933-A (Markus Truman, the lead singer for the band) that "if The Beatles were bigger than Jesus, we're bigger than God." Noel Gallagher of the British band Oasis would later go on to repeat this claim, though investigations have revealed no connection between him and SCP-3933.
4. Which was also released world-wide as a single the same day.

5. See Incident 3933-1 for details.
6. Those living in parts of the world likely to be exposed to modern music at the time, typically via radio or television.
7. SCP-3933-C, Neil Sackerson.
8. SCP-3933-B, William McCaffree.
9. SCP-3933-A, Markus Truman.
10. Site-129 primarily deals with entities that display limited-to-no anomalous properties, but must still remain in containment. They are allowed limited social interaction with other detainees in order to prevent issues caused by long-term isolation.
11. Only one song written by Tyrannosaurus Flex contains themes that could be considered anti-government.
12. Approximately 20% of the detainees at Site-129 are those who witnessed significant anomalous events and proved resistant to all amnestic treatments.

SCP-3934: For Sale: Loch Ness Monsters

Item #: SCP-3934

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A pod of 58 59 SCP-3934 instances is currently contained within Lake Baocang in Site-220's Parazoology Reserve, known publicly as the Baihe Natural Reserve.[1] Foundation Parazoologists are to ensure that all specimens receive adequate nutrition and healthcare, and are also responsible for overseeing a breeding program designed to minimize inbreeding-related genetic defects within the population. Bodies of deceased instances are to be disposed of via cremation following standard testing and examination procedures.

Reports of uncontained SCP-3934 instances, whether feral or domestic, are to be investigated by members of **`MTF Phi-2 ("Clever Girls")`**. Should a live instance be discovered, it is to be brought unharmed to the nearest Foundation facility. From there, transportation will be arranged to Site-220. To prevent accidental injury to personnel or the instance, only members of Phi-2 or other staff experienced in working with Mesozoic reptiles are to interact with the instance prior to its arrival at the Reserve.

Description: SCP-3934 is a species of amphibious reptiles produced via anomalous means by **`Marshall, Carter, and Dark LLP`**. Instances of SCP-3934, classified as *Plesiosaurus pygmaeus*, grow to only just over half the size of other plesiosaurs, with adult males averaging 1.9 meters in length and adult females averaging 1.7 meters. Specimens are omnivorous, and subsist on a diet of fish and aquatic flora. Though created anomalously, SCP-3934 instances do not possess any anomalous biological features or adaptations.

SCP-3934 were originally created in the early 20th century by MC&D, with the intent to sell instances as exotic pets or aquarium

denizens. The exact processes used to accomplish this are unknown[2], but instances have been confirmed to share nearly identical skeletal structures with historical plesiosaurs (with the obvious exception of size). Following their success, MC&D used viral marketing tactics to create a demand for the specimens. Starting in 1933 and continuing for the next two decades, MC&D staff leaked images and stories of SCP-3934 to the media, the most famous example of which is the 1934 "Surgeon's Photo." The campaign was a success, and international fascination with the "Loch Ness Monster" phenomenon resulted in further attention.

MC&D capitalized on the legend's popularity to sell specimens to numerous wealthy individuals of noble or industrial background in both Europe and the United States. Between 1935 and the present, an estimated 1200-1400 SCP-3934 instances have been created and sold. Pricing is believed to have averaged approximately [DATA REDACTED] USD per specimen in modern currency.

SCP-3934 are highly social animals, both with members of their own species and with humans. Seized internal MC&D documents relate that their behavioral patterns were modeled after Labrador Retriever canines in order to facilitate customer satisfaction and safety. However, while their temperament was conducive to their status as pets, the effort required to care for them was not. Due to their size and altered biology, specimens require a specialized diet, a marine habitat at least 1 million liters in volume, and frequent specialized medical care. Many buyers could not provide these conditions, which resulted in the vast majority of SCP-3934 instances dying or being abandoned within two years of purchase. This outcome was likely planned obsolescence on the part of MC&D, as it encouraged repeat purchases of infant instances to replace dead or unwieldy adults.

Abandoned or wild-born instances of SCP-3934 often react with uncharacteristic violence towards humans and other mammals. A higher degree of carnivorous predation and territoriality are also common attributes of these feral specimens. In at least three cases, multiple feral instances mated to form wild pods. The largest of these was located in Lake Champlain, where 6 feral specimens resided prior to their containment.[3] Through specialized behavioral

conditioning, Foundation parazoologists have acheived a 73% success rate in rehabilitating feral specimens.

Addendum: Discovery

Prepared by the Department of External Affairs

Subject: Discovery and recovery of SCP-3934-1

Involved Agents: Level 3 Agent Cyrus Fielding, Level 2 Agent Tobias Rourke, Level 2 Agent Alistair Burton, and Level 1 trainee-Agent Sean O'Doherty.

Report: The first instance of SCP-3934 known to the Foundation was discovered in the home of Joseph Caldwell, a noted British financier and philanthropist, on September 19th, 1951. Caldwell was a known customer of MC&D, and a raid had been organized to seize anomalous assets while he was away on business.

A containment team consisting of Agents Fielding, Rourke, Burton, and trainee O'Doherty was sent to explore the premises and confiscate any anomalous artifacts discovered. Below is a transcript of O'Doherty's early-model body camera feed during the raid. Material irrelevant to SCP-3934 has been removed.

BEGIN LOG

The team is crouched behind a hedgerow, Fielding issuing final instructions

Agent Fielding: Alright you lot, stay sharp in there. You never know what kinds of impossible rubbish are lying around in a customer's house. That goes double for you Doherty. I've lost good men on nights like this before, I don't intend to lose any today.

Agent O'Doherty: Um, sir? It's a, it's actually O'Doherty sir.

Agent Rourke: Easy lad. The time to piss yourself is during the mission, not before it.

Agent Burton: Give the kid a rest Tobe. I recall you nearly followed that advice in York last year.

Agent Fielding: Enough. Move in.

The team approaches the rear of the house, and Burton kicks open a side entry. They proceed through a kitchen and find themselves in an open living area.

Agent Fielding: Alright. Tobe, you and me'll do a sweep of upstairs. Al, you and the kid check the ground floor and the enclosed pool.

Agent O'Doherty: Should we, should we really split up?

Agent Rourke: Well don't you sound chuffed about it. We don't have unlimited time y'know?

Agent Burton: Speed can be safety at times like these. Now come on.

The group divides into two, and agents Burton and O'Doherty proceed to search the kitchen, foyer, and den while finding nothing of interest. The two then make their way to the enclosed pool area.

Agent Burton: Well bugger. It looks like this whole night is gonna be a damp squib after all. Not that I should be complaining.

Agent O'Doherty: Yeah, at least no— wait, there's something in the water!

An instance of SCP-3934 surfaces two meters from the pair, and watches them without approaching. O'Doherty lets out a surprised yelp, while Burton draws his weapon but doesn't fire.

Agent Burton: What the bloody fuck is this thing?

Both parties remain motionless for several seconds, before the remaining two team members arrive on scene. SCP-3934-1 retreats farther from the group at their arrival.

Agent Fielding: Doherty, we heard your— what in hells?

Agent Rourke: Is that the fucking Loch Ness Monster?

Agent Burton: Whatever it is, I'll take a wager that it wasn't bought at the faire. What are your orders sir?

Agent Fielding: We need to get it out o' the water before we can sedate it. Any ideas gents?

Agent O'Doherty leaves the room without a word, and returns several seconds later with a fish.

Agent O'Doherty: When I searched the icebox earlier there were fish in it. I reckon it eats 'em, and the beastie looks underfed as it is.

Agent Rourke: How do ya—

Agent O'Doherty: I, uh, I used to work at an animal shelter as a teenager. This thing's showing some familiar signs, and you can see

its bones pushing against the skin. Poor thing looks knackered.

O'Doherty leans over the pool and beckons with the fish, while speaking in soft and even tones. Slowly, SCP-3934-1 moves closer, before beginning to eat the fish out of O'Doherty's hand. Specimen seems hesitant at first, but quickly gains enthusiasm. After consuming the fish, it moves forward and begins to nuzzle O'Doherty's leg with its neck.

Agent Fielding: The hell?

Agent O'Doherty: Good beastie. Rourke, get me another fish and I think I can coax it out of the water.

As Rourke leaves the room, SCP-3934-1 briefly submerges before returning with a ball held in its mouth. It then moves towards the pool's edge and deposits the ball in front of O'Doherty. O'Doherty then throws the ball towards the other end of the pool. Rourke returns just as SCP-3934-1 promptly retrieves the ball and swims back to O'Doherty.

Agent Rourke: Lad, did you just play fetch with the damn Loch Ness Monster?

END LOG

Footnotes
1. Founded in 1963, Site-220 serves as one of two headquarters of the Foundation's Parazoology Division (the other being Area-12). 48 of the more docile anomalous fauna species are contained within its 163 sq. km reserve.
2. Researchers theorize a link between SCP-3934 andprevious MC&D activity regarding specimens of dinosauria.
3.SCP-1933-EXwas originally theorized to be one of these uncontained pods, though this was later proven to be false.

SCP-3935: This Thing a Quiet Madness Made

Special Containment Procedures: The town of Salvation, Indiana has been evacuated and a fenced 2km quarantine zone has been established around the center of the town. Roads leading to the nearby town of Eminence have been removed and rerouted. Foundation personnel are to monitor all known travel routes into Salvation for signs of civilians. Any civilians caught attempting to enter Salvation are to be remanded to the custody of local authorities. Cover story 3935.18 “Hazardous Waste Disaster” is currently being disseminated.

The building containing SCP-3935, Salvation High School, is to be guarded by Foundation security personnel. Under no circumstances are any non-authorized personnel to enter SCP-3935. Individuals believed to be affected in any way by SCP-3935 are to be moved to Temporary Site-81-5 near Eminence for evaluation.

It is currently believed that original inhabitants of Salvation are unable to reproduce. Deviation from this expectation is to be closely monitored.

Exploration into SCP-3935 is currently forbidden. Due to the hazardous conditions within SCP-3935, any future exploration attempts are restricted to Class-D personnel only.

Description: SCP-3935 is an extra-temporal, extra-spatial, non-Euclidian space located beneath the Salvation High School in Salvation, Indiana. While SCP-3935 is the designation for the specific anomaly mentioned above, it is believed that the anomaly currently affects the entire town of Salvation, as individuals have reported anomalous events taking place outside of SCP-3935 as well. The full extent of these effects is not known.

SCP-3935 is reachable only through a collapsed section of sub-basement beneath the Salvation High School, near the northwest corner of the building, below the school's pool. It is believed that SCP-3935 was the source of anomalous activity that took place in Salvation High School in the mid 1970s, which was investigated and contained by members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation Unusual Incidents Unit. Information pertaining to their investigation is available elsewhere in this file.

The access point to SCP-3935 proper exists roughly 25m below the collapsed section of basement, in a small antechamber containing a stone arch. The original creator of the arch, or how it became buried so far underground in first place, are the subjects of investigation. Inscribed on the arch is a phrase in English, not believed to exist elsewhere in literature:

> The way below winds deeper, longer,
> unspeakable its patterns laid.
> The lost forever damned to wander
> this thing a quiet madness made.

Addendum 3935.1: Discovery

SCP-3935 was originally discovered following a series of paranormal events that took place within the Salvation High School during the week of April 18th, 1976 (see Addendum 3935.2). Sometime after the end of the primary anomalous activity period at the school, the collapsed section of wall and floor leading to a narrow gap in the foundation was discovered by a member of the custodial staff. The collapsed wall, which is located in an unspecified basement room below the primary basement, deteriorated even further until the gap in the foundation was large enough that a person could fit into.

During an audit of the damage by a contractor, a member of the independant team accidentally slipped and fell into the antechamber near SCP-3935. Without a way to easily extract the individual, their supervisor encouraged them to proceed into SCP-3935 a short distance and see if there was a way out. When the individual did not return from SCP-3935, a search was conducted by members of the contractor team and local authorities. When only two of the eleven

individuals who entered SCP-3935 returned to the antechamber, and when they began to give accounts of their experiences within, Foundation personnel embedded in local authorities took over the investigation.

Over time, anomalous activity began to become more common outside of the high school in Salvation. After the events that took place in April 1976, the town was officially condemned and the entire populace[1] was relocated.

Addendum 3935.2: UIU Field Report

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following is a summary of the field report filed by UIU Field Agents Lonnie Carter, Patrick Wilson, and Ella Hughes.

TOP SECRET

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNUSUAL INCIDENTS UNIT

The following is a comprehensive report detailing paranormal activity that took place in the town of SALVATION, INDIANA, between April 18th and April 23rd, 1976. Agents Carter, Wilson, and Hughes dispatched to site of reported activity. Substantial paranormal activity encountered - additional resources requested and employed in cover-up of paranormal activity. No reported involvement by SCP Foundation or its agents. No reported involvement by Global Occult Coalition or its agents. No reported involvement by other notable entities or their agents.

After ascertaining the scope of the reported paranormal activity, dispatched agents applied doses of CHEMICAL 110[2] to the entire

populace of SALVATION. All inhabitants accounted for, and moved to processing center in Indianapolis for further analysis. Quarantine established around SALVATION.

After extensive interviews of the population of SALVATION, the following timeline of paranormal activity has been constructed from these eyewitness accounts:

Sunday Night: 10th grade students Diane Beasley and Cassandra Thompson report hearing what they described as “someone trying to speak under the ground” when passing by the high school on their way home from a Sunday night church service. Ms. Thompson reports this to her mother, who ignores it.

Monday: During gym class, 11th grade student Oliver Baker claims that he can hear voices coming from underneath the pool. Several other students corroborate this story. When school officials come to investigate, they do not discern anything unusual. Notably, the lining at the bottom of the pool appears cracked.

Several female students report seeing “faceless things” instead of their own reflections in the mirror of a second story bathroom during a passing period. They do not seem bothered by this.

During lunch announcements, many students describe being able to hear a third voice[3] speaking unintelligibly below the broadcast. The PA room sits in a media center near the pool, less than 40m from the entrance of the sub-basement room and collapsed wall.

Tuesday: Students arriving to the school notice that the Indiana state flag is more than three meters above the top of the flagpole, attached to nothing. The American flag is not found. When observed, students claim that they can also see nine female figures hanging by ropes from the flagpole, which disappear immediately after being seen.

During a freshman biology class, one student suddenly stands, is seen rolling their eyes back in their head, and descending suddenly into the floor and out of sight. They reappear shortly later above a ceiling panel in the corner of the room. Despite being unable to identify the student, several of his classmates insist it was just a joke[4].

Several students describe seeing a student they did not recognize at the school on Tuesday. When pushed to give details of the student's appearance, none are able to do so. Apparently the only defining characteristic of this student was a purple satchel with the word "Syncope" written on the side in white embroidery.

A custodian reports seeing something standing at the bottom of the pool staring at him.

Wednesday: Upon arriving at the school, maintenance staff and the custodians note that there is a full two inches of water across all levels of the school. Inexplicably, the school's principal, Dr. Irvin White, decides to not close the school.

At 7:56am, the entire school hears someone whisper the word "hello" in their right ear.

Members of the school band realize that their

instruments no longer produce any sound. However, when played the students report seeing a “small, black human-shaped thing” flickering in and out of view in the corner of the room, facing the wall.

One student, Ava Lideway, witnesses a dark figure walking up and away from the school through the air at an impossible angle. Eventually the figure disappears from sight and is never seen again. No other students address this.

Thursday: During a gym class, senior Nate Bennett avoids a dodgeball when it phases through him. As he begins to sink into the floor, he screams for help. Nobody who noticed seemed motivated enough to help him.

The entire school shifts up roughly a foot off its foundations at 11:23am. The vice principal sent to inspect it describes “something small, with too many faces, grinning at him from underneath the building” before the school slowly resettles.

The boys locker rooms disappear and are replaced by "something that screamed". Witnesses are unable to provide any further details.

As the students leave the school for the day, they see nine young women hanging in the air, tilted forward at a 45 degree angle, roughly 25m above the school’s parking lot. They can be seen silently mouthing words. All witnesses described their appearance as "ugly" and "unremarkable". They vanish at approximately 3:00 pm; the majority of all residents describe hearing a child's voice say the word "hello" below them at this time. A panic ensues as

town officials have no response for the women in the sky. The principal decides to close the school on Friday.

Friday: The entire student body shows up for school on Friday. Being unable to get into the school due to the doors being locked, they assemble outside the front door and wait. No individuals in this group could describe why they were there. There is a knock on a window, and the entire student body sees a small, black, humanoid form standing outside of a second story classroom. The figure begins to phase in and out of the window. The figure disappears, and then begins to phase in and out of other windows. Witnesses describe its movements as “jerky, erratic, and spasmodic”. The figure disappears and the front door unlocks itself. The student body enters the school.

The interior of the school has become non-Euclidean. As the students approach the “back” of the space, they realize they are moving down, not into. All students now hear whispers, and some at the edge of the group hear drums in the distance. In the distance, they see the archway leading to SCP-3935. Suddenly, the entire mass of students shifts 50m outside of the space, and are suddenly encased in rock and earth. The students spend roughly 20 seconds trapped in this area, before reappearing back in the school.

All students report being the only one in the building and, after wandering through the hallways for a short time, coming across a “doorway below a doorway” and entering the small sub-basement room. Inside the students report seeing three separate visions: a woman

crouched over a body of water, blood surrounding her feet and her arms extended into the water up to her elbows, a farmhouse in the middle of a grove of trees that is burning while nine humanoid figures hang in the air overhead, and a weeping woman digging in a field until her hands begin to rot and fall apart. Once the visions subside, the small black humanoid appears. Students hear the entity say the word “hello” again, are immediately surrounded by nine screaming female figures, and then are suddenly in their own homes.

As additional agents begin to enter the town to apply amnestics to the subjects, additional anomalous activity is reported around the town. Several individuals report seeing bodies hanging in the sky. Several individuals report turning on their taps and human hair and mucus flowing out instead of water. Several individuals report feeling as if their facial features had disappeared entirely, while several other reported seeing faceless creatures in town. A completely still black humanoid entity is seen frantically appearing and reappearing in rapid succession up and down the main thoroughfare in the town.

One unidentified woman reports witnessing a weeping young woman running back into the school building. After following her into the now-unlocked sub-basement, she is unable to find the young woman but is the first to report the collapsed floor.

Aftermath Summary: Over the next few days, UIU amnestic regimens begin to take effect. Most townspeople are readily convinced that the things they saw were hallucinations as a result of toxic gasses blown south from a

factory to the north. At the end of the next week, contractors assessing the damage to the school discover the sub-basement room, as well as the entrance to SCP-3935. Foundation involvement begins shortly thereafter.

Addendum 3935.3: Initial Exploration and Recovery Log

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following log is a transcription of audio and video recordings gathered from the initial Foundation search-and-rescue attempt into SCP-3935.

[BEGIN LOG]

Ellis: Alright, mics hot. Let's go.

Agents Ellis, Porter and Haskel enter SCP-3935. Each is equipped with a shoulder mounted torch, which illuminates upon entering the space beyond the archway.

Ellis: Alright… so first thing's first, there's definitely something happening… back here. (*Pauses*) The walls are getting pretty tight. Stay close.

Team proceeds forward.

Porter: Can you feel that?

Ellis: What?

Porter: The air feels funny.

Haskel: Yeah, and the walls… look.

Shoulder mounted torch illuminates the wall next to Agent Haskel. Images are carved into the rock, similar to a child's drawings.

Ellis: Come on, I think I feel a breeze. Might be an opening up here.

Team continues to push through the rock tunnel.

Porter: Jesus, these… I can barely move, the walls are too close. Ellis, I- (*cuts out suddenly*).

Agent Porter's camera suddenly goes black. A moment later, it appears to be looking up at two sources of light, likely Ellis and Haskel's torches, as Agent Porter falls.

Porter: (*Intermittent screaming*)

Ellis: What the fuck just happened? Porter? Porter? Where- I can't turn around, where is he?

Haskel: I hear something coming behind us, we need to move. We need to move!

Both agents struggle to continue forward, the tight space continuing to impede their movement. After a short time of struggling, both men fall forward into a larger open space.

Ellis: Jesus Christ, I can't- where's Porter? Porter?

Haskel: He's not behind me, can you see him in there?

Silence.

Ellis: We… ok. We need to get another team down here. He might have fallen in a ravine or something, or slipped back there, or-

Haskel: Ellis… look.

Both men turn around and illuminate the space they are in with their shoulder mounted torches. In front of them is a massive structure, seemingly carved out of the stone around them. A thick fog covers the entire chamber. Beyond the fog, dim lights are visible in openings in the structure. It is impossible to determine how high or low the structure extends. The structure is only reachable via a narrow stone bridge that extends across a large chasm between the agents and the far wall.

Ellis: Is that… is this the high school? Why does it look like that?

Haskel: Yeah… the geometry isn't right, but… yeah, look there. That's the main entrance. There's another door there, yeah. This is the school. (*Pauses*) There's another one below it. And one below that.

Ellis: How far down does this go? Are there any other-

Both men pause. Appearing over the bridge in front of them are nine female humanoid figures, their faces obscured by long white hair. They do not move.

Haskel: Ellis?

Ellis: Hang on.

The nine entities hang in the air for a short time, before suddenly appearing ten meters backwards, and then another ten, and then right in front of the door to the subterranean school structure. The faces of all nine suddenly become visible, and although they are not visible on the recording due to the

distance, both agents noticeably recoil. Afterwards, all the entities disappear.

Haskel: Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ- holy shit what was that?

Ellis: (*Heavy breathing*) Alright, god, we are not ready for this. We-

There is the sudden sound of many voices speaking in hushed tones in the distance. Both agents react at the sound.

Haskel: The search team? Survivors?

Ellis: Come on, let's go.

Both agents cross the chasm bridge leading towards the non-Euclidean replica of Salvation High School. Upon entering, they find the main concourse of the school. No other entities are visible within.

Haskel: Porter? Anyone? Is there anyone here?

Ellis: I feel like- Jesus, you feel this too? Like you're looking at the whole room all at once?

Haskel: Yeah, it's the fucking- the walls don't make any sense.

Ellis: Come on. I hear the voices down this way, let's go.

Both men move quickly down the closest hallway. As they do, doors on either side of the wall are visible. Although neither agent seems to notice, faces are occasionally visible through glass panes in the doorways. They are impossible to make out.

Ellis: Here, this is the door to the auditorium. I'll bet they're in-

Agent Ellis opens the door. As he does, his video recorder disconnects. Agent Haskel screams and scrambles backwards. The voices increase dramatically in volume and from Agent Haskel's perspective on the ground near the door, nine female figures appear around Agent Ellis. Their movements are erratic and their bodies are contorted into impossible positions. They close on Agent Ellis, and the man and the figures disappear.

Haskel: Fuck! Fuck! Ellis! God- fuck!

Agent Haskel stands and begins to run away from the door. As he reaches the end of the hall, he looks back over his shoulder and sees the nine figures approaching.

Haskel: Oh fuck! Oh fuck! No no no! Hello? Is anyone there? Help me! God, please, help me! Hello? Fuck me, please, god, help!

Agent Haskel turns again to see the nine figures in the hallway behind him, though they are no longer moving forward. Instead, they hang in the air, unmoving, as Agent Haskel's pace slows. He watches them for a moment, and then stops. His breathing becomes quick.

Haskel: Wh- what? What do you want?

Agent Haskel turns slowly to look behind him, and upon turning is face-to-face with a small, black, humanoid creature sitting upside down on the ceiling of the hallway. The creature has no discernible features, but its presence creates significant visual distortion in Agent Haskel's camera.

Unidentified Figure: Hello.

There is a loud, low sound like a bell tolling. The sound continues for twenty seconds. The video feed for Agent Haskel goes dead. The audio feed begins to experience severe distortion, as if the signal was being drawn out over a longer period of time. There is a snapping noise, and then the feed goes silent. All three signals are quiet for some time. Eventually, all three radios begin responding again.

Ellis: -just wants to be, wouldn't you like to just be? (*Pauses*) Yeah, yeah, we all would die. We all would die. No more of the nine, we all would- (*Pauses*) They're back. They're ba-

Silence for eighty-one minutes.

Haskel: -wall is like every other wall. This hall is like every other hall. Down and down and down and down, no no no no more please, no more down, can't go down any more, can't go-

Silence for eighteen minutes.

Haskel: Ellis, god, can anyone hear me? (*Shouting*) Does anyone know who I am? I can't see the light anymore! I can't see- oh god, it's only dark, it's only dark down here. I just want to see the light aga-

Silence for nine minutes.

Haskel: (*Laughing and speaking incoherently*) -tenth is down below, the tenth is the madness, woke it up, there are nine but the tenth is down below, god please just make it-

Silence for nine minutes.

Porter: (*Screaming*)

Silence for nine minutes.

Haskel: I see you down there. You want me to come in? You want me to… you want us to all come down and be with you, down… (*Wet, choking sounds. Splashing. Sharp intake of breath. Wet choking. Silence.*)

Silence for nine minutes.

Ellis: Fall forever! Fall forever! Fall forever! Fall forever! Fall forev- (*Sound of wind moving past the microphone quickly*).

Silence for nine minutes.

Porter: -goes on forever. It goes down forever. We're in here forever. Just more of the nine, more of Salvation, down forever and ever. None of them got out. None of them got out. None of them got- got- got- got out out out out- (*Static*)

Unidentified Voice: (*Through Porter's radio*) Hello.

Porter: (*Weeping*)

Porter: (*Static*)

No more transmissions from any of the three microphones received after this point. Possible exploration attempts into SCP-3935 using Class-D subjects is forthcoming.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3935.4: Anomalous Activity in Salvation

+ Access Addendum

The following are incidents of anomalous activity in Salvation, Indiana reported by staff during the Foundation's occupancy of the town.

- Reports of a figure, dressed as a UIU agent, who tries to direct individuals towards the high school. This figure disappears if observed for too long.
- Agent Wills reported seeing a small black figure sitting underneath his vehicle upon approaching. After looking beneath the vehicle, the figure was not there. Afterwards, Agent Wills reports always seeing the black figure in his peripheral vision.
- Many reports of sounds coming from a grove of trees near the high school. Examination of the grove returned only a dilapidated one-bedroom house and nine [DATA EXPUNGED] in the backyard. The appearance of nine hanging female figures drives off the exploration team. Further examination of the grove was unable to locate the house.
- After dark, many agents report seeing the nine female humanoid entities[5] jerkily moving towards them in the dark only to slide into the earth or fade away before reaching them. Several reports of similar figures up in trees.
- Reports of several bodies (no more than nine at a time) that float up from the bottom of a small pond outside of the town and rest at the surface of the water before sinking and disappearing. Likely connected in some way to the nine [DATA EXPUNGED] that appeared behind the house in the grove.

Addendum 3935.5: Interview with Person of Interest

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following interview was conducted by Agent Ryan Aimes in 2002. The subject, Mrs. Valerie Fletcher, was a teacher at Salvation High School during the period of anomalous activity in 1976.

[BEGIN LOG]

Agent Aimes: Can you tell me about your time at Salvation?

Mrs. Fletcher: Oh, well… you know, I already told you about the memory loss. Just can't seem to string anything together anymore[6]… I was a teacher though, see. I taught, uh… English… I believe, and yes, I was at Salvation for some time.

Agent Aimes: What can you tell me about the town? Anything you remember that stands out?

Mrs. Fletcher: Well… it was quiet, you know. One road in and one road out. We didn't get many outsiders, so we were a pretty tight knit community. I don't even think we had police, you know, because who would need them? We didn't have crime, not really. (*Pauses*) There were always some people who would tell stories, you know. They…

Agent Aimes: Yes?

Mrs. Fletcher: What? Hello? Hello?

Agent Aimes: You were just talking about people telling stories, Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. Fletcher: Oh. The young people would go out into the woods and get themselves all riled up about whatever spook or specter they thought they were seeing out there. (*Pauses*) There were some things that were strange. Well, I don't know if they were actually strange, or if it's just my memory giving me trouble again. Like… sometimes, you'd be driving down the street and you'd see somebody

standing on the side of the road, waving, just like this. And you'd look back and nobody would be there. I think it was just the kids playing pranks on people.

Agent Aimes: What about at the high school? Anything strange ever happen there?

Mrs. Fletcher: High school?

Agent Aimes: Where you were a teacher. Salvation High School?

Mrs. Fletcher: I… yes, I was a teacher. I taught English, I think.

Agent Aimes: Do you remember anything strange happening at the school?

Mrs. Fletcher: No… no, I mean, nothing out of the ordinary. We did have a child disappear once, I think. The last she was seen was by the pool… and then nobody ever saw them again. I just think- well, I think they ended up saying they just ran away. Some of them were problem children, you know, trouble. And there's just nothing you can do. Maybe it was better for them, I don't know. There were a lot of people in Salvation who had some strong opinions, and some of them didn't sit very well with the young people.

Agent Aimes: What do you mean?

Mrs. Fletcher: Oh, you know. The church was very important in town, we had a few and almost everyone went. But we had, if I remember this right, there was one girl who got pregnant, I think… I'm sorry, what were we talking about? I can't… I can't seem to… hello?

Agent Aimes: A girl who got pregnant.

Mrs. Fletcher: Yes, out of wedlock; it was quite a scandal. I don't remember what happened to her, but I know a lot of people were very upset about it. (*Pauses*) You know, I don't remember that girl's name… no, no… but I do remember her coming to me one time and asking about something strange she had heard. She was pregnant, out of wedlock. It was quite a scandal, and didn't want- well, didn't want the boys to see, but… she said she was sitting on the bleachers, and kept hearing a- a knocking. Like somebody hitting… hitting something… she didn't want the… the boys… didn't want them to-

Agent Aimes: Mrs. Fletcher?

Mrs. Fletcher: I'm sorry, I'm just so all over anymore. She, uh, she said she would see things sometimes too, but I don't know anything about that. She also… well, I don't know if I dreamed this or not, but I remember her saying hello to me, too many times. All at once, too, not like a greeting. Like it was the only word she knew for… for a moment, like she… like it was all she… hello?

Agent Aimes: Is there anything else about Salvation you remember?

Mrs. Fletcher: I… (*pauses*) It all blurs together, after all this time. I seem to remember there was one time… one time when the, ah, well, somebody found a girl… maybe the, the same… well, I don't know, but they were strung up in the woods, like a hanging. I think they called it a suicide, one of the girls who did cheer, you know, but uh, it was somebody who… well, I don't know why

they'd do anything like that. They had a note, uh, they had written… with uh… I'm sorry, anyway, a note in their hand. Actually asked me to look at it, see if it was the same handwriting and everything.

Agent Aimes: What did it say?

Mrs. Fletcher: Oh, well… if I remember right, it was on one side, they just had a, just like a drawing. Like a building, but strange somehow… I don't remember why. On the other it was just a word written over and over again… I don't remember what it was, I think it was wet, or… or something, you couldn't make it out. Very queer, now that I think… think of it… what a strange thing to write just before you die. Don't you think?

Agent Aimes: Do you remember anything from the week you were evacuated?

Mrs. Fletcher: No, no, well… I mean, the vapors were very strong that week, from the factory. They said that we might experience hallucinations, and I definitely did… see, I saw, I mean, saw some things. I saw… well, there was one day I imagined a child floating backwards into a wall and then… well, then they, uh… suffocated. Heard him screaming and pounding against the wall, we all did. It was a… a strange hallucination. He stopped… I'm sorry, what am I doing here again?

Agent Aimes: We're just talking, Mrs. Fletcher. I'm here with the insurance company. You were talking about the hallucination, remember? About the boy in the wall?

Mrs. Fletcher: Oh, yes. I'm sorry, I just don't remember quite so well anymore. The

hallucination, though… I saw that boy go in, and then we didn't hear anything else. Now that I think about it, that's very peculiar. The hallucination was very clear, he just… he cried for a long time, and seemed so afraid, but… well… I don't, um… I don't seem to remember it bothering me. I… I think it must have just been a- a prank.

Agent Aimes: One last question, Mrs. Fletcher. After the earthquake, they found a room underneath the basement near the pool. Do you know anything about that?

Mrs. Fletcher: (*Shifts uncomfortably*) No, I don't- nobody ever went into that room but the janitors, I think. Just storage. Though… (*pauses*) you know, I think that girl asked about that room once. Said she… well… she heard some things coming from it. She was very interested in it, I think, before she… uh… well, either way. But I don't know, I might not be remembering that right. I do- well, some of the hallucinations, you know, they told us not to think about them anymore, so I do try not to, but… I know some other people who have, and they… they aren't doing very well anymore.

Agent Aimes: Thank you again for your time, Mrs. Fletcher. (*Stands to leave*) Actually, before I go, do you think you know anything about this? (*Shows the subject an image taken of the nine unidentified female figures.*)

At this point, the subject becomes noticeably pale and short of breath.

Mrs. Fletcher: Well… yes, I do. Those are the, uh- that's the cheerleaders. (*Pauses*) There were, uh, well, let me think… there were

ten of them, though, I think. Unless something happened to one of them, there were definitely ten.

Footnotes
1. No more than fourteen hundred people.
2. An early model UIU amnestic, similar to the discontinued Foundation Class Silver amnestics (now replaced with the Y-909 Class B amnestic). Notable for its toxicity and tendency to cause severe damage to human memory centers.
3. Alongside the two announcing students.
4. This student is not accounted for in the attached Salvation population dossier.
5. With extremely distended features, or no features at all.
6. Likely due to the experimental amnestic "Chemical 110" utilized by the UIU in the 1970s.

SCP-3936: Working as Intended

Item #: SCP-3936

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel stationed at SCP-3936 are to broadcast a signal confirming their continued presence there on the first day of each month. Copies of all records marked as being at significant risk of retroactive alteration are to be stored at SCP-3936. Any repairs required by the systems of SCP-3936 are to be performed by an on-site team of engineers.

All public activity outside of SCP-3936 is to be logged by personnel stationed there.

Description: SCP-3936 is Exclusionary Site-01, a Foundation installation constructed using a macro-version of the technology utilized by the Scranton Box, commonly used to store sensitive documents and protect them from retroactive alterations. Via the use of this technology, SCP-3936 is a Site effectively immune to the effects of potential CK-Class restructuring events.

SCP-3936 is currently capable of housing one hundred members of personnel. Monitoring equipment within SCP-3936 allows personnel to perform observation on events in the outside world through streams of media and secure government communications. This information is then backed up within SCP-3936's digital archive, along with any information deemed by the Foundation to be at significant risk of retroactive alteration.

SCP-3936 is currently active inactive.

Addendum 3936-1: On 01/12/18/04, SCP-3936 failed to broadcast its monthly confirmation signal. Mobile Task Force Qeztel-12 ("Now You See Me") was dispatched to investigate. Upon arrival, MTF Qeztel-12 reported an absence of any Foundation personnel. All

records contained in SCP-3936 had also been deleted. However, a large number of non-humanoid corpses were located within the cafeteria of SCP-3936, analysis of which suggested their deaths were caused by ingestion of cyanide pills.

The highly irregular features of these corpses include:

- A roughly star-shaped bodily structure.
- Two primary limbs, presumably used for object manipulation.
- Two secondary limbs, presumably used for ambulation.
- A control node located above a torso-like structure. No signs of secondary or tertiary control nodes were found.
- A cardiovascular system focused around a single organ, rather than the triumvirate organ system possessed by nearly all known organisms.
- A small muscle present within what is presumed to be the organism's cavities, which evidence suggests could be controlled freely.
- A taste described as similar to that of physical pork.
- A severe lack of verifiable metareceptors.
- Eyes, which have previously only been recorded in fossils of the *Korenvatius* genus.

Autopsy and further inspection of these corpses is ongoing.

Further investigation revealed only a single piece of information remaining in SCP-3936's archives, a message from an individual identified as Doctor Ezekiel T. Jones. No individual under this name is recorded as having worked for the Foundation. The message reads:

> We'll handle containment ourselves, thanks. There's no need for you to know this.

The location of the personnel originally assigned to SCP-3936 is currently unknown.

SCP-3937: Site-112

Item #: SCP-3937

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3937-1 have been cremated, and non-Euclidean portions of Site-112 have been properly sealed by containment teams. Any similar future spatial distortions within any Foundation site, as well as any manifestation of SCP-3937-1 instances, must immediately be reported to the local HCML supervisor and O5 Secretariat Office.

Description: SCP-3937 was a non-Euclidean space occupying a former testing lab in the sub-basement of Site-112.[1] At the time of its discovery, it contained approximately 250 heavily decomposed cadavers, collectively designated SCP-3937-1, genetically identical to all current Site-112 staff. In follow-up interviews, no staff members were able to account for the similarity of SCP-3937 to personnel, or their sudden appearance.

> ► POI 3937-
> A (Oskar Hansen) ● LEVEL 3937-3 CLASSIFIED
>
> Oskar Hansen was employed at Site-112 as a Junior Researcher in mnestic development prior to the discovery of SCP-3937. Follow-up investigation revealed him to be an undercover agent of GOI-003 (“Chaos Insurgency”) and was reclassified as POI 3937-A. A relevant segment of post-capture interrogation has been appended below.
>
> *Due to cooperation of the subject and minimal security concerns, interview was conducted in a standard humanoid containment cell. Dr. Muhammad Iqbar, POI 3937-A’s former acting*

supervisor, volunteered to conduct the interview.

Dr. Iqbar: Describe to us what you were doing in the week preceding SCP-3937's discovery.

3937-A: I had been working on a potential new mnestic strain with Dr. Fried, you know her? Lovely person, I… hope I'll be able to say goodbye to her. We'd derived it from SCP- leaves and had come up with a way to successfully laboratory-produce it, and it had been working fine on all the lab animals we'd tested it on – mice, chimps, that sort of thing. We scheduled a human test, but it didn't pan out the same way at all. The D-Class identified all the antimemetic targets in the testing room, but then she started pointing out targets that we hadn't drawn, and when she mentioned the annelids we knew we'd made the strain much, much too powerful. After a few minutes she stopped breathing. That high of a dosage just…well, the human body wasn't designed for that.[2] By that point we'd prepared a pretty significant stock of the strain, and Dr. Fried had me dispose of it.

Dr. Iqbar: But you didn't.

3937-A: My – the Chaos Insurgency, I mean – they had been communicating with me more and more the past month. Through the pictures in my personal correspondence.

Dr. Iqbar: I admit, that was clever. We never did catch on to that.

3937-A: They wanted to do a raid on Site-112, and they'd been pressuring me to create a distraction, or… give them an in, somehow… I didn't want to blow my cover, but I couldn't keep putting them off, and so when Dr. Fried gave me the barrels, and nobody else was with me, and I thought that

maybe…

Dr. Iqbar: Where did you put the mnestics, Oskar?

3937-A: I poured them in Site-112's water supply.

POI 3937-A was transferred to Secure Facility 145 on 02/05/2018, and tried and executed for treason by O5 Secretariat. His remains were cremated and disposed of in an undisclosed location.

► 01/03/2018 Site-112 Video Footage ● O5 ACCESS ONLY

The following video footage was recovered from Site-112 immediately after discovery of SCP-3937. The original footage has since been intentionally destroyed due to its cognitohazardous effects, and is only reproduced in this transcript.

06:00: Site-112 Laboratory 8 testing camera is activated.

06:00: Site-112 showers turn on.

06:08: Dr. Muhammad Iqbar enters the frame in a considerable state of distress. He is naked, and appears to have just exited the showers.[3] He begins to speak to the camera, although its audio recording system has not been activated.

06:11: Dr. Iqbar picks up the camera and carries it with him into the hall. Multiple other Site-112 personnel are visible, similarly distressed and unclothed. Several of them begin to walk up the walls, and visibly recoil from entryways.

06:20: Dr. Iqbar begins to walk through Site-112. The building layout in the video does not match the

layout of the Site, and appears non-Euclidean.

06:22: Dr. Iqbar walks through a corner. A fleshy substance within the wall is briefly observed on video.

06:25: All signs on the walls now read MULTIVERSAL PANOPTICON OBJECT PRESERVATION SOCIETY.

06:27: Dr. Iqbar enters the containment chamber for SCP- . He passes his hand through it. Nothing is there.

06:29-07:50: Dr. Iqbar enters all other containment chambers on Floor 3. Nothing is where it belongs.

08:00: Dr. Iqbar enters the floor.

08:01: Tunnels pulsate in every direction. One opens, revealing a desert with two suns. SCP- is glimpsed entering a tunnel and is lost to view.

08:04: There is a mouth under the floor. Other Site-112 staff are viewed in-frame. They shy away from it.

08:05: Eyes open. Although the audio feed is not active on the camera, there is something like a sound.

08:05: Site-112 does not exist. It has not existed for a very, very long time. The thing that was pretending to be Site-112 begins to move, incredibly fast.

08:05: Dr. Iqbar shuts off camera feed.

08:20: Dr. Iqbar, fully clothed, enters Laboratory 8. He places the camera back in its cradle and exits.

As of 17/02/2018, we have determined that SCP-3937 was caused by the temporary incursion of a very similar parallel universe into our reality, creating the non-Euclidian space observed and depositing all instances of SCP-3937-1. As it is possible for this type of incursion to repeat, it is imperative that all personnel report any suspected instances to their local HCML supervisor and O5 Secretariat Office. Failure to comply will result in immediate termination from Foundation employment.

O5 Command

Footnotes
1. Specializing in amnestic and mnestic production.
2. D-55784 was later determined to have expired due to a severe allergic reaction to one of the mnestic's base components, and not its dosage.
3. Dr. Iqbar has denied all knowledge of these events.

SCP-3938: Dr. Wondertainment's Take-You-Anywhere Machine

Item #: SCP-3938

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3938 is to be kept in a standard containment chamber with a singular bike rack at Site-13. SCP-3938 is to be equipped with a GPS tracking device. Testing is to be approved by Level 3 personnel.

Description: SCP-3938 is an animate stylized bicycle. Between the handle bars at the front is a plastic cartoon face with a round red nose, large eyes with oval pupils, and blue lips. Both of its wheels have a orange disc wheel cover with a red circle at the center. The bike seat is designed to resemble a sofa cushion with a backrest, and has a seat belt which goes over the waist. It has two antenna flags bearing the image of a stylized W attached to the back wheel and a radio speaker beneath the sides of the seat. At the back, it has a white metal plate which reads "Dr. Wondertainment's Take-You-Anywhere Machine."

SCP-3938 is sapient and is capable of vocalization in English. It has shown to be able to speak other languages though it prefers not to due to lack of fluency. It speaks in an excited tone and will often offer to give personnel a ride on it. It can stand up on its own and wander its vicinity in a slow pace which it claims to find tiring. SCP-3938 enjoys discussion about geography and landmarks, saying that it enjoys it because it is performing its intended purpose, which is being an educational product in regards to aforementioned topics.

When ridden by a human, SCP-3938 is capable of rapid speeds of up to km per hour. Regardless of speed, it will sometimes leave a trail of flames and play the songs "Speed Demon" by Michael Jackson or "Bat Out Of Hell" by Meat Loaf on the radio speaker.[1] It

is also capable of flight via unknown means, which it only performs to go over obstacles[2] or upon the rider's request. During the ride, SCP-3938 will ask the rider if they have a specific location they may wish to visit. When a location is given, SCP-3938 will take the subject to the specified location via flight or land; however, SCP-3938 will sometimes refuse and provide a reason in regards to a location. For example, requesting the Moon leads to the response, "You need a space suit." When finally at the designated location, SCP-3938 will give a tour around the area of notable locations and surrounding areas that may interest the rider.

SCP-3938 came in a large cardboard box. The box displayed images of SCP-3938 and the price at the corner being $35.99 (US) along with the caption "Paradox free!" The following is a description of the item on the box:

> Oh, the places you'll go with **Dr. Wondertainment's Take-You-Anywhere Machine!**
>
> Now you can go visit and learn of fun places old and far. You simply no longer need to see the world only in a book so go and see any place! Wherever. Whenever. The past, present or future! You can do so via flight or on good old land! Wow!
>
> Just be sure to wear a helmet, boys and girls, and don't feed the Dinosaurs!
>
> For any questions, please contact Wondertainment Customer Service at 1-800- - .[3]

From the description, it is assumed that SCP-3938 could perform time travel, though there has been no evidence proving this. See Addendum 01 and Document 3938.

SCP-3938 was recovered from an auction hosted by Group of Interest 'Marshal, Carter and Dark Ltd.' by Mobile Task Force Mu-03 ("Highest Bidders") on 12/10/06.

Addendum 01: The following transcript is an interview with SCP-3938.

Interviewed: SCP-3938

Interviewer: Dr. Rodriguez

<Begin Log>

SCP-3938: Hey there! How's your day? Would you like to have a ride?

Dr. Rodriguez: No thanks, SCP-3938. I just have some questions for you.

SCP-3938: Questions are a good thing. What would you like to know?

Dr. Rodriguez: Well, do you have any features we are unaware of?

SCP-3938: That's a bit silly. I don't think so…really.

Dr. Rodriguez: Are you sure? Most Wondertainment products usually have an array of features.

SCP-3938: Hmm. Well, I think I am able to go any place in *time*. I could be wrong though. Does it say so on my box?

Dr. Rodriguez: Well…

[Dr. Rodriguez is informed to deny SCP-3938's question via an ear piece.]

Dr. Rodriguez: No. There are no such details on the box.

SCP-3938: Really? That's…odd. I felt like I could once. Although, if the box says otherwise then okay. Who am I to argue with it? Still, I can't shake the feeling that I did have that feature.

Dr. Rodriguez: How so?

SCP-3938: For some reason, I think I remember seeing a dinosaur once… Oh well! Likely just a random error in memory. It happens to everyone these days. [Laughs]

Dr. Rodriguez: Right… Well, I believe we are done for today.

SCP-3938: Oh, before you go, are you sure you don't want a ride?

<End Log>

Document 3938: The following documents were retrieved from the offices of Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd. before and after acquisition of SCP-3938. The external report section of MC&D documents has been removed for redundancy.

+ ACCESS DOCUMENT

DW334/WD6Y6/	
	elling
	edium
	3D
Identifier	nique Original Dr. Wondertainment's Take-You-Anywhere achine
Description	A sentient animate bicycle with capabilities of instant transportation. Item is colorful and has a cartoon face at the front. It is meant to be ducational.
Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.	
Initial	

Author	Lucas Monaco	**Date**	10/18/2006
Interest	Medium	**Identifier**	Original Dr. Wondertainment's Take-You-Anywhere Machine

Item was acquired from an associate of Dr. Wondertainment during a mass recall of the product. Dr. Wondertainment has yet to rerelease the product and it is unknown why the mass recall took place. Associate speculates it is either an error in manufacturing, likely in regards to the feature of supposed time travel implied on

the product description of the box that is nonexistent. Due to this, the item has been deemed valuable to auction off as a vintage

Filed Opened	DW334/ WD6Y6/ 3G7H

Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.

DW334/ WD6Y6/

Sender	Alexande Beltman	**Recipient**	Lucas Monaco

A Wondertainment recall agent came by today. It asked questions about the Take-You-Anywhere Machine though I don't think

it knows we have it. It pretty much said if someone is trying to sell one to us then to report it. Of course, I said okay and it left. Also, we lost contact with the associate. I don't know, Lucas. Wondertainment could be on to us. What if it shows

Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.

DW334/ WD6Y6/

Sender	Lucas Monaco	**Recipient**	Alexander Beltman

If it shows up again, just deny any questions. Due to Christmas

approaching, we will have the item no longer in our possession soon at auction. As for the associate, I wouldn't be too concerned about

Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.

Note: *The following memos were retrieved after acquisition of SCP-3938 by MTF Mu-3.*

DW334/ WD6Y6/

Sender	Alexande Beltman	**Recipient**	Lucas Monaco

Lucas, respond quick because a Wondertainment representative is on the line. They believe we may know the location

of the item as we do with other items not in our possession. To clarify, they don't think we have it but think we may know someone who does. What do I

Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.

DW334/ WD6Y6/

Sender	Lucas Monaco	**Recipient**	Alexander Beltman

Alright, I consulted with the tracking team and they are unsure. Although, there is reason to believe it is likely in Foundation custody

which
usually

Marshall, Carter and Dark Ltd.

Addendum 02: [LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

+ Insert Credentials

The following note was found in the mail room of Site-13.

> To the SCP Foundation,
>
> I recently became aware that you all are in possession of a defective product, the Take-You-Anywhere Machine. The product has developed multiple problems but the main concern is in regard to its removed feature of time travel. It is unable to perform said function and is not supposed to have any memory of it. Our packaging department forgot to also change the box. On top of that, it has some residue left from the mechanisms which ran the time travel feature.
>
> For your safety, please ensure that no harm comes to this product or else it will explode. Of course, knowing how you all are, you wouldn't let harm come its way. As I was informed by my PR department, keep this information private to prevent unease. It's not good for business, they say.
>
> We will soon send our recall agent to retrieve the product. At the moment, he is being put back together after he blew up along with another Take-You-Anywhere Machine during transit.

So please be careful and keep the bicycle calm and happy. It's best to not hurt its feelings.

Sincerely,
Dr. Wondertainment and associates

Footnotes
1. Investigation has shown no direct affiliation with Michael Jackson, Meat Loaf, and producers.
2. Examples include buildings or rocky terrain.
3. Defunct number which plays an automated message stating, "Sorry, Wondertainment is not associated with this number. Please contact customer service for when customer service services launch."

SCP-3939: [NUMBER RESERVED; AWAITING RESEARCHER]

Item #: SCP-3939

Object Class: Unclassed

Special Containment Procedures: Object is kept in standard pre-containment holding cell. A researcher is to be assigned to classify it as soon as possible.

Description: None yet available.

You read the object's document — all measly 24 words of it — and shudder at the work that lies ahead of you.

Your name is Senior Researcher , and you are a researcher assigned to SCP-3939.

Last week, you were demoted to from Class 4 to Class 3 on account of critical oversights in your last project. It wasn't your fault, but they didn't see it that way. Fortunately for you, that wasn't your last chance — but this is. SCP-3939 could be the last project you ever work on for the Foundation, and that prospect terrifies you. The thought of going 'home', of having a 'family', a 'normal life', being able to do all the things normal people do — what the sheep do — that's not okay. The Foundation is your home, your family, where you belong. Your life's work is here, and now that it's all in jeopardy, you're more stressed than you've ever been.

You have three days to develop full containment procedures for an unknown SCP. SCP-3939. You've done this a hundred times before, and they didn't give you an MTF to help you out, so how bad can it be?

You get to work immediately. From the terminal in your office, you do what research you can to fill yourself in on what you've missed. It

quickly becomes clear that all is not as it seems. You've asked the right people the right questions, but something is very wrong. The object has been in containment since Site-39's records began — thirteen years ago — but there is no history of its acquisition, of previous containment procedures, or even of previous researchers.

So they've just had this anomalous object sitting about in some holding cell in storage for thirteen years, unclassed, uncontained, just doing whatever. And no one has thought to think about properly containing it until now.

See, normally, stuff is at least *classified* immediately. You know, Safe, Euclid, Keter. However the Foundation found out about the skip, however it was retrieved, they must know *something*. But you've read the document twenty times now, and you know nothing. Except that it's a gramophone. At least they bothered to take a picture before they took it in.

It's kind of weird that they gave it a number if it's not even been classified, you can't help but think to yourself. Well, you're not one to pass up a good opportunity. This will be your chance to shine. Make good enough containment procedures, and you might just get your Class 4 back, who knows.

You've been given two Junior Researchers: Sally Hawthorne and Carlos Rodriguez. You've worked with both before, though only a small amount, and not less than a year ago.

With that in mind, what's your first action?

Three days? You've got time. This can wait until tomorrow.

Enter the holding cell to see what's in there.

Immediately send an email to the Site Director to ask what's going on.

« SCP-3938 | SCP-3939 | SCP-3940 »

SCP-3940: Biblical Vengeance Upon Bugs Bunny

Item #: SCP-3940

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Following the death of Mel Blanc and the simultaneous occurrence of Incident 3940-1 on July 10, 1989, no activity regarding this anomaly has been detected.

Prior containment involved standard disinformation protocols regarding the states of the victims, and guidelines for tracking the presumed Archer. Efforts to protect predicted victims were attempted, but were ceased following 14 consecutive failures.

Description: SCP-3940 refers to a series of 56 murders that took place between 1949 and 1989. In all cases, the victims were struck by one or more arrows from an unseen source. All targets subsequently expired due to physical trauma, regardless of the speed and quality of medical attention administered. The estimated time between initial injury and loss of consciousness has never been observed to be less than five minutes.

All individuals targeted by SCP-3940 were employed by Leon Schlesinger Productions[1] between 1938 and 1944. A plurality of the victims were involved in the production of the 1940 cartoon short *A Wild Hare*, which was the introduction of the characters Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd. Victims were often shot from angles that recording equipment or physical barriers confirm as impossible. In other incidents, the arrows were detected early but displayed impossible feats of force. Most notably, the 1988 murder of Phil Monroe[2] occurred despite the target being located in a secure cell at Site-19 at the time. The arrow was originally detected three miles away, and proceeded to pierce both the ground and several layers of Foundation security walls before impacting Monroe.

The anomaly was initially discovered in 1949 when Leon

Schlesinger was found dead, pierced by 11 arrow shafts while lying in bed. All arrows struck Schlesinger upwards through the bed, despite the fact that the floor below was undamaged. One arrow, which was lodged in Schlesinger's tongue, had a note attached which read "Chronicles, 1:10.[3] I am no Fudd." The anomaly was originally suspected to be an isolated incident committed by a Person of Interest, but following three near-identical cases in the following year it was given the 3940 classification.

Incident 3940-1: On 7/10/1989, Mel Blanc, who voiced the character Bugs Bunny between 1940 and his death, was killed by a total of 59 arrows. A second note was found attached to an arrow bisecting Blanc's cheeks, "In Assyria, we punished slander with death." At the same time, the statue of Bugs Bunny located outside Warner Brothers studios was near completely destroyed by approximately 4000 arrows that assailed it from all directions, including underground. A second group of 372 arrows proceeded to spell the words "That's whats up Doc." in front of the statue's remains.

Footnotes
1. Later renamed to Warner Brothers Cartoons Inc.
2. One of the original animators of the Looney Tunes series of cartoons.
3. A Biblical passage which reads as follows: "Cush fathered Nimrod, who was the first to become a great warrior on earth."

SCP-3941: The Major Occultation

Item #: SCP-3941

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3941-1 is currently located in a Secure Holding Facility in Site . Armed guards are to be posted outside SCP-3941-1, in case of an ORIA incursion in Site . Surveillance cameras are to be trained on SCP-3941-1 at all times, due to the possibility of entities emerging from SCP-3941-2. SCP-3941-3 has thus far prevented all attempts to install camera feeds within SCP-3941-2; it is recommended that alternate methods be employed.

Description: SCP-3941 refers to the following four items:

• SCP-3941-1 is a wooden door, believed to have been constructed during the 1980s from Lebanon Oak (Quercus libani) wood dated to the mid-10th century and inlaid with iron, as well as a wooden doorframe surrounding the door. SCP-3941-1 appears to be indestructible, although no serious attempts at its termination have been made. SCP-3941-1 was previously integrated into a wall in a small house in Karbala, Iraq, but did not open into the house itself. Instead, SCP-3941-1 allows access only to SCP-3941-2. SCP-3941-1's anomalous properties are inactive from the hours of 22:00 to 06:00 each day; according to SCP-3941-3, this is the time when he sleeps.

On nine known occasions, SCP-3941-1's anomalous properties have been deactivated irregularly, for periods ranging between 1 hour and 12 weeks. These deactivations were all instigated by SCP-3941-3 due to actions performed by Foundation personnel.

• SCP-3941-2 is a small pocket dimension, believed to be about $50m^3$ in size. SCP-3941-2 takes the form of a small room, constructed from sandstone, and decorated in a style reminiscent of

a modest house in 10th century Baghdad, albeit with items identified as reproductions from the 1970s and 1980s. Windows in the side of the room allow for the entry of light from an unknown source; the view from these windows appears to be of 10th century Baghdad as understood by historians and archaeologists in the early 1990s. The room contains one further door at the far end of the room, from which SCP-3941-4 enters and exits, and a cushion in the centre of the room, upon which SCP-3941-3 can ordinarily be found seated. As Foundation scans have determined the dimension's size to be at $50m^3$, it is presently not known where this door leads to.

• SCP-3941-3 has the appearance of a male human in his early 30s; however, SCP-3941-3 does not appear to have aged since SCP-3941 was first discovered by the Foundation. SCP-3941-3 claims to be Muhammad al-Mahdi, the Twelfth Imam of the Ithna 'Ashari and Alevi religions. Attempts to remove SCP-3941-3 from SCP-3941-2 have met with failure; furthermore, SCP-3941-3 appears to possess the ability to summarily eject any person from SCP-3941-2 at will, causing them to disappear and reappear directly outside SCP-3941-1. SCP-3941-3 is responsive and cooperative with Foundation questioning, but refuses to be removed from SCP-3941-2.

SCP 3941-3 is conversant in Persian, Iraqi Arabic, Classical Arabic, English and French. SCP-3941-3 will respond to its official designation, but will refuse to answer questions if the interviewer insinuates that he is not the Twelfth Imam, as he claims. He has shown a keen interest in theological debate, apparently being relatively well-versed in a variety of religious traditions beyond his own. SCP-3941-3 seems to enjoy speaking to Foundation personnel; he has spoken positively of conversations with Researcher F on several occasions.

• SCP-3941-4 has the appearance of a male human in his mid-teens; as with SCP-3941-3, SCP-3941-4 does not appear to have aged since SCP-3941 was first discovered by the Foundation. SCP-3941-4 is referred to by SCP-3941-3 only as Mahmud. SCP-3941-3 has refused to provide details of SCP-3941-4's past. SCP-3941-4 is apparently mute, and is non-responsive to questioning by Foundation personnel. SCP-3941-4 serves

SCP-3941-3 meals two times a day, with the exception of days when a fast occurs according to Ithna ‘Ashari customs; the content of these meals seems to approximate several modern Iranian dishes. SCP-3941-4 also responds to irregular requests for food or drink from SCP-3941-3. As previously mentioned, SCP-3941-4 enters SCP-3941-2 from a door at the far side of the room. Attempts to remove SCP-3941-4 or to enter through the door from which he arrives have all met with failure, as Foundation agents are simply ejected from SCP-3941-2 by SCP-3941-3.

SCP-3941 was first discovered by the Foundation in 199 , following the development of a local millenarian cult in the suburb of , Karbala, where SCP-3941-1 was located. The leader of this cult, ‘Abbas H , claimed to have “found” the place of the Twelfth Imam’s occultation, claiming that he would soon “emerge as the Mahdi to restore the just kingdom” and herald an apocalypse. SCP-3941-3 has repeatedly stated that he does not plan to leave SCP-3941-2 at any point “in the next thousand years”, and that Mr. H was mistaken in his beliefs. The Foundation was able to secure the site and transport SCP-3941 to before the Office for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts (ORIA) was able to reach the site, due to a political crisis precipitated in the latter organisation by the discovery of SCP-3941. Class-A amnestics were issued to all of those involved.

Addendum 3941-1: On 30/04/20 , Researcher F was notified of the university records of one Hassan Tehrani, born 17/08/196 . Mr. Tehrani was an Iranian engineering student at the University of Tehran during the mid-1980s, who also took several classes in Shi’ite theology. According to his former theology tutor, , Mr. Tehrani was profoundly dissatisfied with the doctrine of occultation; he apparently came to believe that the Imam was not present within the world, and that “justice and righteousness” was thus not present in the world either. On 21/03/198 , Mr. Tehrani was found missing from his apartment in , Tehran. Several surviving photographs of Mr. Tehrani exist; they appear to show a much younger SCP-3941-3.

The following interview was conducted shortly after this discovery:

+Interview 3941-27

Interviewed: SCP-3941-3

Interviewer: Dr. F

Foreword: This interview was conducted 03/05/20 , within SCP-3941-2.

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : I have come to ask you a question, SCP-3941-3.

SCP-3941-3: Ah, hello, my daughter. It is good to see you again. Shall I ask Mahmud to bring us some tea?

Dr. F : No, thank you. I would like to ask you a question about one of your followers.

SCP-3941-3: A personal question, then. And here I thought you had come to enquire after my health! <laughs> How foolish of me. So, about whom do you wish to know?

Dr. F : A man by the name of Hassan Tehrani.

<At this, SCP-3941-3 visibly stiffens and frowns.>

Dr. F : He was an engineering student during the 1980s. Disappeared suddenly. I was wondering if you knew what happened to him. You do take a keen interest in your followers, after all.

SCP-3941-3: Yes… I know of this man. He was… a troubled person. He wanted a… restoration of sorts.

Dr. F : A restoration?

SCP-3941-3: He thought that the Imam could not exist. That he had died as a young child, or that he had never been born. He thought that, because of this, justice in the world was in abeyance. That there could be no apocalypse, because there was no Imam! Imagine that! The man was troubled indeed.

Dr. F : So… what did he wish to restore? Justice?

SCP-3941-3: Yes… or at least, he wished to restore what he had lost, what his cohorts had lost. He existed in the Islamic Republic, which claimed to represent Islam against the godless West. But everywhere he looked, the stain of the West existed in their hearts. He did not bear any particular hatred for the Christians, understand; it was just that he wanted something lost. He wanted to restore the smooth contours, you see.

Dr. F : The smooth contours?

SCP-3941-3: The lines that flowed, that had rhythm, that were naturally shaped… I do not know if I can make you understand. You are not from our world, you see. You do not understand what it is to lose your own identity, to have your sense of self turned into oblivion. For a thousand years, the people of the Persian-speaking world drew stunning miniatures, created beautiful calligraphy, carved geometric patterns into the most dazzling of mosques. The finely-weaved patterns of carpets, evoking the hunt and the glory of kingship…. the poetry of Ferdowsi and Hafez, those soft songs of heroes and monsters that were both true and untrue ….the swaying flowers imbued into white ceramics… there was sin too, of course, and wickedness,

and cruelty, but these were human ills. They were their ills, the ills of their people.

Dr. F : I don't understand…

SCP-3941-3: Of course not. You come from , yes? A country that helped shape the world we inhabit, that built empires over boundless oceans, that created the very concepts of life within which we live and breathe today. But Hassan Tehrani came from a country that was dying. Everywhere he looked, the presence of foreign ideas and foreign lives polluted all. The shapes of buildings reared up like blasphemous slabs of substance, defying the spirit and glorying in the material. His leaders had spent years extolling the virtues of the Sassanids and the Achaemenids, all so they could more slavishly accord themselves a place in a European cosmology. It was not a modernity that invigorated his people, it was a modernity that had been forced upon them, strangling them, turning them into deformed monstrosities! He wanted the old world, the world of blood and cruelty and righteousness!

<Here, SCP-3941-3 has begun to shout angrily.>

The world where they could create their own modernity, where they could reach the place they were meant to reach for the first time, without the curse of the *farangi* and their damned empires!

<SCP-3941-3 appears to calm himself, before sitting back down>

SCP-3941-3: My apologies, my dear. Please, come back. I got a little heated there, didn't I?

Dr. F : Perhaps a little, yes. So, Mr. Tehrani wanted to restore his… the sense of pride belonging to his people?

SCP-3941-3: Yes. And he succeeded. He restored the Imam's- he restored my position. He… gave his form over so I could once again take a physical body. He died, screaming, in the hands of those devils who had taught him the arcane arts, making his flesh my own. He gave me a home, he gave me a place to live, and he gave me a beautiful servant. Because of his sacrifice, justice can once again reign in this realm. We can reclaim our past, we can reclaim our ancient beauty, the old meanings now long-divorced from their subjects. And one day, I shall emerge from my occultation and once again live free.

Dr. F : I see. So… your body was once that of Mr. Tehrani?

SCP-3941-3: Yes. He exited his body, and my soul entered in. He is assured a place in Paradise for his pious actions.

Dr. F : So, presumably his dietary habits were tied to his bodily self, rather than to his, erm, "soul"?

SCP-3941-3: …I am not sure I understand your meaning, child.

Dr. F : The dishes are not, surely, those that the Imam would have eaten. They feature rice, which was brought into Iran by the Mongols, three centuries after the beginning of the Imam's occultation. They features spices that only came to Iran many years later, too. You can't have been familiar with them, so presumably the fact that you are inhabiting Mr.

Tehrani's body means you've picked up some of his habits…

SCP-3941-3: I…

<SCP-3941-3 now seems visibly shaken>

**Dr. F : It was just a question. I'm sorry if it upset you. Anyway, there are some more important matters I wish to ask you ab-

SCP-3941-3: I think you should go now.

At this point, Dr. F was ejected from SCP-3941-2.

<End Log>

Following this interview, SCP-3941-3 removed SCP-3941-1's anomalous properties for a period of 157 days and 12 hours exactly. Upon the reactivation of SCP-3941-1, all components of SCP-3941 were found to be functioning as normal, with SCP-3941-3 acting in line with previous conduct; however, SCP-3941-3 will now expel all personnel and deactivate SCP-3941-1 for several hours if any personnel mention Hassan Tehrani, or question SCP-3941-3's identity as the Twelfth Imam.

UNDEFINED: Containment Chamber #3942

Item #: UNDEFINED

Object Class: UNDEFINED

Special Containment Procedures: Containment Chamber #3942, located at Site-39, must be kept structurally sound at all times. Any damage to the containment chamber must be repaired immediately. Containment Chamber #3942 must always be kept within the area of effect of at least two active Scranton Reality Anchors. No personnel are to enter Containment Chamber #3942 without prior approval from at least three on-site personnel with Level 4 or higher clearance.

A minimum of four cooked trout must be deposited into Containment Chamber #3942 at least three times each day. Test subjects or personnel entering Containment Chamber #3942 are encouraged to deposit additional servings of trout, if able.

D-24390 has been designated as a high-priority Person of Interest. D-24390, and all known associates, must be apprehended for interrogation.

Description: PENDING

Provenance: Foundation agents were dispatched to Bingara, Australia on 27 June 2017 following reports of widespread panic and mass evacuation of the area. Questioning by attending agents was ineffective, as residents would not provide information explaining their panic or reason for evacuation; however, the agents were directed by civilians to several areas in and around the town.

After requesting for assistance, the attending agents cooperated with Mobile Task Force Epsilon-6 ("Village Idiots"); while inappropriate for the situation, the cooperation successfully minimised incurred injuries. MTF E-6 requested use of Containment

Chamber #3942 (Approved), devising and initiating containment procedures upon arrival.

The surviving residents and ex-residents of Bingara were amnestised.

Addendum: Testing Logs.

Test Log 1

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942, and remain inside for 30 minutes.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject requests to leave (Denied). Subject is motionless for the entire 30-minute period, then quickly leaves Containment Chamber #3942.

Test Log 2

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 asked to describe the contents of Containment Chamber #3942.

Results: D-24390 becomes agitated and violent. Subject sedated.

Test Log 3

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout, and remain inside for 30 minutes.

Results: D-24390 refuses to enter Containment Chamber #3942; they are forced to comply. Subject throws the cooked trout and demands to leave (Denied). Subject remains motionless for 17 minutes, then begins

speaking. Subject speaks intermittently for the remaining 13 minutes, after which they leave Containment Chamber #3942.

Test Log 4

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 asked to explain why they spoke during Test [Log] 3.

Results: D-24390 becomes agitated, then refuses to respond.

Test Log 5

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout, and to remain inside for 30 minutes.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942, discarding the cooked trout inside. Subject speaks for the entire 30-minute period, pausing intermittently. Subject then leaves Containment Chamber #3942.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Test Log 10

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout, a measuring tape and a single ink marker. Subject is instructed to use the measuring tape in the room, and use the marker to note the result.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942, discarding the cooked trout inside. Subject uses the measuring tape four times, marking each result. Subject

then leaves Containment Chamber #3942, with the following measurements:

- 60 cm (Length of the cooked trout).
- 175 cm (Height of the Subject).
- 525 cm (Length/Width of Containment Chamber #3942).
- 310 cm (Height of Containment Chamber #3942).

Test Log 11

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a measuring tape and a single ink marker. Subject is instructed to use the measuring tape in the room without using it on anything measured in Test [Log] 10, and use the marker to note the result.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject uses the measuring tape once, then leaves Containment Chamber #3942. No mark is present on the measuring tape; Subject is reprimanded.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Test Log 15

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout and a loaded handgun (rubber bullets). Subject is instructed to use the firearm to prevent the trout from being lost.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942, discarding the cooked trout inside. Subject speaks for three minutes, then demonstrates appropriate use of the handgun without firing it, then discarding it. Subject is forcefully removed from Containment Chamber #3942. All bullets in the handgun are expended before security personnel can retrieve it; all expended rounds are

removed from Containment Chamber #3942. Security personnel exit Containment Chamber #3942 with minor injuries. Subject severely reprimanded **and reassigned.**

Test Log 16

Subject: D-24391

Procedure: D-24391 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout and functional camera. Subject is instructed to photograph the room.

Results: D-24391 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject becomes highly distressed and requests immediate help; Subject dies before assistance can be provided. Corpse of subject and camera are irretrievable.

Test Log 17

Subject: D-24392

Procedure: D-24392 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout and a functional tape recorder. Subject is instructed to begin recording in the room, and to speak while inside.

Results: D-24392 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject dies. Corpse of subject and tape recorder are irretrievable.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Test Log 23

Subject: D-24393

Procedure: D-24393 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a notepad and pen. Subject is instructed to ask the question 'What do you want?' while within the room, and to record any responses on the notepad.

Results: D-24393 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject asks question, and records an answer on the notepad. Subject dies. Corpse of subject is irretrievable; security personnel successfully recovered the notepad. Notepad was inscribed with the phrase 'Bring her back' in Subject's handwriting.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Test Log 26

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout, and to remain inside for five minutes.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942, discarding the cooked trout. Subject speaks for the entire five-minute period, pausing intermittently. Subject forcefully removed from Containment Chamber #3942 by security personnel, who exit with minor to severe injuries; one member dies while removing Subject. Corpse of security member is retrieved for analysis; autopsy is inconclusive, stating the cause of death as 'death by injury'. Subject is reprimanded.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Test Log 34

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout with a measuring tape and a single ink marker. Subject is instructed to use the measuring tape in the room without using it on anything measured previously, and use the marker to note the result.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942. Subject becomes agitated and discards the marker and

measuring tape. Subject calls for medical assistance (Approved). Medical personnel enter Containment Chamber #3942. Subject volunteers to assist medical personnel (Approved); Subject is sedated by medical personnel. Following insemination, Subject undergoes a macroscopic mitosis-meiosis event, resulting in a loss of biomass.

Medical personnel and Subject (sedated) leave Containment Chamber #3942.

Test Log 35

Subject: D-24390

Procedure: D-24390 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with a single cooked trout, and to remain inside for one hour.

Results: D-24390 enters Containment Chamber #3942, discarding the cooked trout inside. Subject expresses happiness for five minutes before expressing concern. Security teams prepare to recover Subject forcefully. Subject speaks in hushed tones.

Eleven minutes after entering Containment Chamber #3942, Subject utilises **`knowledge obtained from previous assignment`** to generate a rudimentary kinetoglyph[1] with their hands, blocking security personnel from entering Containment Chamber #3942. Security personnel report a containment breach in progress.

Subject demonstrates how to construct the components of an elaborate kinetoglyph with their hands. Security personnel begin to physically destroy the initial barrier; Subject focuses their attention on preserving it while the elaborate kinetoglyph is constructed. Upon completion, the second kinetoglyph generates a temporary space-time manifold to an unknown location. Subject utilises the manifold to breach containment.

Security personnel equipped with a portable Scranton Reality Anchor arrive, and immediately activate it. All kinetoglyphs within the area of influence immediately dissipate, along with their produced anomalous effects.

Test Log 36

Subject: D-24407

Procedure: D-24407 instructed to enter Containment Chamber #3942 with four cooked trout, and to remain inside for one hour.

Results: D-24407 enters Containment Chamber #3942, immediately discarding all cooked trout. Subject requests to leave (Denied). Subject is motionless for a 45-minute period, after which they cautiously move throughout the room. Subject leaves Containment Chamber #3942 at the end of the one-hour period.

EXTRANEOUS LOGS REDACTED

Footnotes
1. From theSite-13 research fileon 86243AR-001 “Malidramagiuan”, “Kinetoglyphs, or kinetohazards, are mental and physical hazards that occur when an entity performs specific gestures and motions […].” For further information, see Footnote 3 of SCP-1730 documentation, and/or Addendum 1730.9.

SCP-3944: Memory Is Fleeting

Item #: SCP-3944

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3944 is to be kept in a standard, locked storage unit at Site-56. Storage unit should be kept locked at all times to prevent accidental usage. The code to the storage unit can be obtained from the Site Supervisor following testing approval.

Transportation of SCP-3944 should be carried out by no more than three individuals, though typically two will be adequate. If more staff are required to be near SCP-3944, they must not come within a 1m radius of the object. Doing so will trigger SCP-3944's anomalous effect.

Description: SCP-3944 is a black iron patio table measuring 80 cm in height and 122 cm in width, with a 5 mm thick tempered glass surface.

SCP-3944 causes a "loop" of interrupted thought processes. Instances of SCP-3944-1 will stop mid conversation to ask another instance if they can recall the topic of conversation, having a momentary lapse in train of thought mid-sentence. It is at this point a repetitive looping effect takes place. In sequential clockwise order, instances of SCP-3944-1 will begin repeating a series of questions and replies to each other. This will not stop until an instance is removed from SCP-3944's radius, causing the number of subjects to fall below the minimum requirement for activation.

Testing revealed that instances will not succumb to a lack of nutrition, dehydration or sleep deprivation. But upon cessation of SCP-3944's effect, SCP-3944-1 will expire or lose conciseness due to a lack of sustenance and exhaustion. The severity of which is directly proportional to the duration SCP-3944-1 is under the

influence of SCP-3944.

SCP-3944's anomalous effect is triggered when four[1] or more subjects, designated as SCP-3944-1[2], are stationed within a 1m sphere around the objects edge. If these requirements are met, SCP-3944-1 will display the following symptoms:

- Subjects will begin to converse amongst themselves
- Subjects will rapidly experience extreme short term memory loss
- Paranoia
- Loss of impulse control regarding spoken communication

The combination of these symptoms creates the cognitive effect that only affects SCP-3944-1 instances. See Test Logs for in-depth information regarding the effects of SCP-3944.

+ Discovery Log

SCP-3944 was brought to the Foundation's attention when a call was placed by an individual in , California to local emergency responders.

The caller was distressed over the phone and explained that he and his wife were attempting to check up on some friends who had been missing for a few days. They had driven to their friend's house, and after inspecting the back of the property they located the missing individuals. The caller reported that all their friends were "repeating themselves, and would not respond to anything". The Foundation was alerted by an imbedded agent within the Emergency Call Center to a possible anomalous event. Agents arrived shortly after to the location disguised as local law enforcement. After entering the residence agents detained any witnesses, as well as individuals responsible for the call.

It was discerned by Agent Haskell that the patio table was most likely the source of the anomaly after brief questioning of a detained individual. Unfortunately, Agent Haskell could not relay this information before Agent

entered SCP-3944's effect radius. Backup was called in, including a field researcher. The area was cordoned off under the guise of a gas leak, and Foundation elements secured the property until the nature and severity of SCP-3944 could be ascertained and containment implemented. All involved parties were debriefed and administered Class-A amnestics before release.

+ Test Log-01: Trigger

Test #: 3944-01
Foreword: SCP-3944 testing access granted to Researcher Dr. Daniels and Junior Researcher Dr. Shanon. They shall conduct all tests related to SCP-3944 unless transfer is deemed necessary. - Site Director
Test Subjects: D-class test subjects (D-01-D-06).
Test Parameters: This test is meant to ascertain the scope of SCP-3944. Subjects will approach the object incrementally as instructed, and sit on one of four non-anomalous chairs placed around SCP-3944 until instructed otherwise.

Results: D-Class were instructed to form a line directly outside of the test chamber. One by one Dr. Daniels instructed D-Class to approach SCP-3944 and take a seat and to not speak to each other. After a total of four subjects had taken seats at SCP-3944, D-03 began telling a story to the other subjects. D-03 was reminded that they are not to speak, but all instructions were ignored. Remaining D-Class were not instructed to enter the room. By this point, D-03 was reaching what was assumed to be the climax of their conversation. Note that all other subjects around SCP-3944 are seen to be highly engaged in what D-03 is saying.

D-03 is observed to suddenly cease speaking. D-03 appears confused and expresses that they had lost their train of thought, and could not recall what was being talked about. D-03 looks to their left at D-01 and asks if they remembered the topic of the conversation. D-01 is heard denying knowledge themselves and proceeds to ask D-02 to their left the exact same question followed by the same reply from D-04. At this point all subjects are considered under the influence of SCP-3944.

Due to lack of data related to liberating test subjects from this effect. D-Class-01 though D-Class-04 were left under the effects of SCP-3944 for approximately two hours. A rope was thrown over the top of D-02 after some deliberation, and was pulled away from SCP-3944.

After being dragged approximately 1m, all subjects were suddenly freed from the effects of SCP-3944.

Researcher Notes: We now have a minimum participant number for the activation of SCP-3944. It was unfortunate that it took so long to remove the D-Class from it's effects. But we could not risk anyone else being influenced now that we activated it. Subjects were highly agitated and showed signed of high mental distress and trauma. It appears those under the effects of SCP-3944 are fully aware of their surroundings and actions. - Dr. Shanon

Site Director: Further research into a theoretical upper limit to the number of affected subjects is scheduled and approved.

+ Test Log-02: Upper Limit

Test #: 3944-02
Test Subjects: A total of 15 D-Class have been requisitioned. Designated D-01 though D-15.
Test Parameters: The objective of this test is to ascertain an upper limit (if any) to the number of subjects that can be influenced by SCP-3944. Subjects are instructed to immediately approach the object and sit around, on top, under and stand around SCP-3944. Ensuring that the most space within 1m of SCP-3944 is occupied. All D-Class are fitted with remotely activated tethered harnesses for extraction.

Results: Junior Researcher Shanon gives the command for all D-Class to engage in the testing parameters. All test subjects approach SCP-3944 and promptly begin sitting around, on top of and below SCP-3944. Any subjects that could not seat themselves are instructed to stand as close as possible to the object. Please note that only 11 subjects could successfully position themselves in theoretical area of effect.

When asked, D-Class sitting on top of SCP-3944 describe it as being "Pretty solid for a cheap table". D-Class below SCP-3944 expressed discomfort and complained about not getting a "good seat". After approximately 10 minutes D-13 (Sitting atop the object)[3]begins conversing with D-06 who was below the table, and upon further observation was technically closer then D-04 who was also seated to the left of D-13.

As with the previous test, all subjects begin forgetting the topic of conversation followed by repeated appeals for assistance from other

subjects. An organized queue appears to form after the first round of questioning makes its way around all the test subjects. D-Class subjects at no point deviate from this order after it is established. Efforts to deviate this order is met with failure.

After approximately 55 minutes the test was terminated and all D-Class systematically removed via tethers. During debriefing, it was noted that all test subjects displayed previously observed post-test symptoms but to a lesser degree. Subject described being aware of what they were doing, but stated they could not stop themselves, and just "wanted to remember".

Researcher Notes: Due to differences in height, weight and build in available test subjects. We have concluded that the upper limit to the effect projected by SCP-3944 is only limited by the number of subjects that can fit within a 1m radius from the edge or surface of the object. It is also our recommendation that any researchers wishing to test SCP-3944, and not expose subjects to high mental stresses, should limit exposer to under 60 minutes. - Dr. Daniels

Site Director: Further research into the limits of SCP-3944 and side effects of prolonged exposure approved.

+ Test Log-03: Stress Test

Test #: 3944-03
Test Subjects: 4 D-Class subjects.
Test Parameters: Ascertain If SCP-3944 has a limited effect duration as well as any lethality. Subjects will be instructed to sit around SCP-3944 on 4 non-anomalous chairs.

Once subjects are successfully under the influence of of SCP-3944, researchers will monitor D-Class fora total of 1 week. After 1 week, test will be terminated and D-Class extracted if possible.

Results: Researcher Daniels instructs subjects to take their seats at SCP-3944. After a short duration subjects, begin conversing followed by the onset of SCP-3944's main effect. The effect persists, unending for 1 week. During this time, the D-Class experianced no sleep deprivation, signs of hunger or dehydration, as well as no signs of vocal damage that would be expected after such extraneous vocalizing.

This ability to stave off bodily degradation only lasted while all subjects were under the influence of SCP-3944. Once the number of D-Class within the area of effect was reduced below 4, all subjects either lost consciousness or experienced seizures. Subjects struggled greatly to speak with researchers. After receiving medical treatment, those subjects that regained the ability too speak were no longer capable of forming coherent sentences. D-04 expired immediately during cessation of test.

Researcher Notes: SCP-3944's ability to essentially keep its victims alive while subjecting them to extreme mental abuse is profound. Based on D-Class testimony, the effects of SCP-3944 on their psyche is extreme following prolonged exposure.

It is the opinion of both Dr. Shanon and myself that further testing not be carried out. We feel we have sufficient data to secure and contain

SCP-3944. - Dr. Daniels

Site Director: Testing will continue until we understand the full capability of SCP objects in our care. Another test is scheduled and approved to ascertain the full scope of SCP-3944's effects. Researcher Daniels and Junior Researcher Shanon have been denied transfer and will perform the test as scheduled.

+ Test Log-04: A T T R I T I O N [Level 4 Access Required]

Test #: 3944-04
Foreword: Let it be known that both Dr. Shanon and I do not approve of this test. Site Director has seen fit to perform unnecessary and extraneous testing. I am petitioning the Ethics Committee to review these tests and Site Director . - Dr. Daniels

++ File: Ethics_Review_Request blocked and rerouted to local Site Director Email Server [Level 4 Access Only] ++

Test Subjects: 4 D-Class subjects henceforth designated D-01 though D-04. Subjects have been sourced as such, that they both maintain baseline mental faculties and are no longer able to participate in other activities due to severe injury.
Test Parameters: This test will ascertain effects of extreme exposure. All subjects will be instructed to enter the area of effect of SCP-3944. D-Class subjects will be fitted with tether harnesses for extraction.

Subjects will be monitored via an automated surveillance system. This system will be programmed to alert researchers to any change in previously observed behavior. This will allow for extended monitoring of the test

without physical observation.

Test will conclude once behavioral deviation occurs or a total of years pass.

Automated Monitoring System
Log-0001-03/16/ : D-01 though D-04 are promptly assisted into their seats by security personnel before leaving the test chamber. Security personnel unaffected by SCP-3944. Approximately 10 minutes' pass before SCP-3944 begins affecting D-Class Personnel. Vocal pattern logged.
.
.
.
.
Automated Monitoring System
Log-0002-09/23/ : Alert. Behavioral anomaly detected. System will scrub back and compile transcript of event 0001.

SCP-3944 Behavioral Divergence
Event-0001:
Time Elapsed: years
Audio/Video Transcript:

D-01: Shit what were we talking about again?

D-02: I don't know man. Hey, do know what we were talking about?

D-03: Come to think of it, I can't. Do you know what we are talking about?

D-04: Nah I have no idea. Hey, do you remember what we were talking about?

D-01: Fuck I just had it. I hate when this happens, do you remember what we were just talking about?

D-02: No. Hey I can't remember what I was going to say. Do you remember what we were talking about?

D-03: No clue. Do you know?

D-04: Ugh! Its on the tip of my tongue. Can anyone PLEASE tell me what we are talking about?

D-01: I can.
D-02: ….
D-03: ….
D-04: ….

Suddenly all test subjects cease vocalization, triggering the AMS to alert Researcher Daniels to changes in SCP-3944-1 behavior. D-01 can be seen leaning over SCP-3944 and whispering something to the other subjects.

Dr. Daniels: Hello? Please respond. This is Dr. Daniels.

SCP-3944-1 subjects do not respond and are seen calmly sitting silently around SCP-3944.

Dr. Daniels: Security, please enter the test chamber and prepare for extraction of D-Class. I will be joining you.

Researcher Daniels and a security detail enter the test chamber and cautiously approach SCP-3944. It is at the point all 4 instances turn to look at Researcher Daniels.

Dr. Daniels: D-Class, I am ordering you to report. Are you okay?

All instances of SCP-3944-1 vocalize in unison

D-01: We remember.

D-02: We remember.
D-03: We remember.
D-04: We remember.

Dr. Daniels: What do you mean "you remember"?

D-01: Everything that has ever been forgotten.
D-02: Everything that has ever been forgotten.
D-03: Everything that has ever been forgotten.
D-04: Everything that has ever been forgotten.

Dr. Daniels: Dr. Shanon! Make sure we are recording this!

Researcher Daniels is seen motioning for security to stand down.

Dr. Daniels: That's a bold claim. Would you mind telling me something I might have forgotten? If what you say is true then it should be easy.

D-01: You mean you don't remember?
D-02: You mean you don't remember?
D-03: You mean you don't remember?
D-04: You mean you don't remember?

Dr. Daniels: Well of course I… wait, no wait. I literally just had it. Do you remember what I was saying?

D-01: No I can't say that I do. Hey, do you remember what he was talking about?

D-02: I have no clue. Do you remember?

D-03: No. Do you?

D-04: I almost had it, but unfortunately, I can't. What about you doctor?

Dr. Daniels: Nope, no idea. What about you?

After seeing Researcher Daniels under the influence of SCP-3944, a security officer activated the containment breach alarm. They immediately activated the tethers to extract the D-class from SCP-3944. Upon cessation of SCP-3944's anomalous effect. All instances of SCP-3944-1 expired, rapidly deteriorating to resemble bodies that have decomposed for approximately years.

Researcher Daniels was debriefed, administered Class-A amnestics and transferred off project as per Site Director's request.

Addendum-01:
Investigations into as well as the manufacturer that supposedly produced SCP-3944 were deemed inconclusive. Both parties have denied creating and selling SCP-3944. Both companies have been designated GOI-03453-1 & GOI-03453-2 and are to be continually monitored for further instances of anomalous goods. Testing of SCP-3944 is currently under the direct supervision of Site-56's Site Director. No further testing is currently scheduled or approved.

Footnotes
1. Four being the minimum number needed for activation. The upper limit for this effect depends on the number of subjects that can fit within SCP-3944's radius of effect
2. Specific designations will be assigned based on current number of affected individuals.
3. It is uncertain how SCP-3944 chooses which subjects it affects first. This mechanism appears random.

SCP-3945: Big Huge Nightmare Panther

Item #: SCP-3945

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3945 is to be kept in a Standard Containment Locker. The object should be covered entirely by a thick cloth at all times.

SCP-3945 should never be viewed with the naked eye; all interactions must take place remotely.

As per Chief Researcher Hintz, testing on SCP-3945 is suspended indefinitely.

Description: SCP-3945 is the remaining biological tissue of an anomalous animal of unknown origin and species, currently contained on a Ford 150 truck tire. The tire itself displays no anomalous properties or unique material composition. All animal blood on the tire appears fresh and still maintains a vibrant red color. A golden bell attached to shreds of a collar is crushed between the tire's treads. The bell's side is engraved, determined to read "SHADE". Remote attempts to remove biological matter from the tire have failed.

SCP-3945 was discovered after the Mayor of Lockford, CA was found dead in his family home of an apparent suicide. One call was made before his death to his wife, wherein he described seeing and hearing his childhood dog, Bass, in hysterics. A log of the call is included below.

> **Call Log**
> **Time: 9:41 PM**
>
> Janelle, it's Bass. My fucking dog when I was 8. Bass is here and then she's not, she's dying or dead, and I don't

> know…I've seen her rib cage, her heart and stomach opened over and over. She's got too many legs and a tumor on her face that I don't…remember, what's happening to me, I can't even think anymore, I can't go outside or inside or sideways without seeing THAT FUCKing **DOG**…
> *(Unintelligible. Loud banging noise. Yelled profanity in the background. Call ends after 1 minute, 32 seconds of static and background shuffling noises.)*

Shortly before the Mayor's death, Lockford experienced a massive rise in its suicide rate. Foundation agents were dispatched after an article describing mass hallucination of family pets was run in the local newspaper. The anomaly was subsequently discovered when Agent Brinks began hallucinating his former pet iguana while inspecting the Mayor's truck. Agents removed the tire after the rest of the truck was determined to be non-anomalous. Despite administering amnestics, Agent Brinks still hallucinates. He is under careful supervision and Foundation psychological evaluation.

SCP-3945 induces hallucinations via direct sight in viewers who do not have a living pet. If the viewer has never owned a pet, this will manifest SCP-3945-2. Otherwise, SCP-3945-1 will manifest.

SCP-3945-1 are hallucinations of the viewer's pets, usually of the animal purported to be the "best" or "most beloved".

Viewers describe their hallucinated pets as "different" than they remember, reporting elongated or shortened limbs, matted hair, dark pits instead of eyes, etc. In some cases, viewers reported that the SCP-3945-1 manifestation doesn't appear to be their pet at all, instead appearing as a dark shadow only similar in size and breed. Hallucinations occur in 5 - 60 minutes in 97% of cases.

In each hallucination, SCP-3945-1 appears for a few minutes before it is killed. SCP-3945-1's death is inconsistent with the original pet's cause of death. Notably, 95% of tests have resulted in SCP-3945-1 being disemboweled or devoured by an unknown predator. After the anomaly is killed, the hallucinated remains will disappear upon breaking sight line. This hallucination pattern will repeat endlessly.

Upon repeated hallucinations, subjects begin to exhibit extreme emotional distress leading to depression, mental instability, and suicidal ideation. suicides have been recorded as a result of the phenomenon.

SCP-3945-2 manifests when the subject has never owned a pet. This instance always takes the same shape and form as described by subjects: a large panther shrouded in black smoke.

Experiment Logs:

Experiment Log 3945-1a

Experiment: Testing Reactions to SCP-3945
Personnel: Dr. Booker, D-6512

Dr. Booker: Please proceed into the test cell and inspect the object.

D-6512: Alright.

(D-6512 walks into the test chamber. She touches the tire, looking at all sides. She makes direct eye contact with the remains of SCP-3945 and wrinkles her nose.)

D-6512: This shit's pretty gross, doctor. Roadkill looks kinda fresh…

(Five minutes pass. D-6512 begins to hallucinate.)

D-6512: What the fuck. Skippy?

Dr. Booker: Can you describe what you're seeing?

D-6512: This probably sounds wild, but I can see my old dog Skippy in here. But he's been dead for like, 8 years or something. C'mere, Skip.

(She gestures towards the empty air and frowns.)

D-6512: Something is off about him.

Dr. Booker: Can you explain?

D-6512: Uh, he's just weird looking? I'm not sure how to explain it. His legs seem too long. But not in like a tall way, like in a "extra bones" kinda way.

(She pauses and holds her stomach.)

D-6512: Doc, I'm not feeling so great. That's not Skippy, I know that for sure. Skippy had cute little brown eyes. This dog either doesn't have any eyes or they're just, dark? I dunno. Oh fu- oh fuck.

(The subject's eyes widen. She retches, then vomits on the floor, falling to her knees. She is muttering something with tears in her eyes. Intermittent low sobs come from her throat.)

D-6512: Doc…Skip's gone, he…fuck. Something just…opened him up. He's all inside-out, his blood and guts are all over the place. Please let me out of here.

Researcher Note: Direct line of sight required to the anomalous animal. Working on ways to make this process somewhat less "gross", not sure that's possible.

D-6512 expired four days after testing. Guards report she began to scream before bashing her head against the wall repeatedly. Found dead in her cell the next day with a pen stabbed into her throat. - Dr. Booker

Experiment: Testing Reactions to SCP-3945 w/ Interview
Personnel: Dr. Booker, D-1422

Dr. Booker: Alright, we're recording. D-1422, we're going to go through a brief interview before we start the test, okay? Can you first tell me what kinds of pets you've had in your life?

D-1422: Uh, yeah. I had a dog when I was a kid, a German Shepherd named Gus. We also had a couple cats that ran away when I was 12 or so. My mom thinks the coyotes got 'em. Then, when I was 25, I had an English bulldog named Purdy, best dog I ever had. Oh, and a bird. Well, more of my mom's bird.

Dr. Booker: The pets that didn't run away, how did they die?

D-1422: Gus and Purdy both died of old age. Not sure about the bird.

Dr. Booker: Okay. I just have one more question — do you have any history of mental illness in your family? Any psychosis, schizophrenia, anything like that?

D-1422: Not a shred.

Dr. Booker: Thank you for that. Please enter the test cell and inspect the object inside.

(D-1422 enters the chamber and makes eye contact with SCP-3945.)

D-1422: Christ.

(He continues to inspect the tire, looking it all over. He turns towards the glass and shrugs.)

D-1422: Is this a scavenger hunt? Is there something I'm supposed to find here?

Dr. Booker: Please continue to observe and report any phenomena that occur.

(Thirty minutes pass by. D-1422 suddenly surges out of his seat, getting on his hands and knees. His face lights up in glee.)

D-1422: Purdy! Now if you ain't the prettiest girl…I thought you were dead. Look at you, rollin' around on the ground. I missed you so damn much.

Dr. Booker: D-1422, can you tell me what you're seeing?

D-1422: It's Purdy! She looks almost good as new…a little bigger than I remember, though.

(D-1422 is now sitting cross-legged on the floor. He acts as though a dog is licking his face, laughing. After two minutes and forty seconds, he makes a guttural noise from his throat, holding his hands out as though he was reaching out to someone. Tears roll down his face and he begins sobbing.)

Dr. Booker: Can you tell me what happened?

D-1422: *(sobbing)* Oh fuck, Purdy girl…what happened to you… *(D-1422 moves his hands as though he's gathering things into a bundle. He holds the imagined bundle in his arms as though it were a baby, rocking back and forth on the floor.)*

Dr. Booker: D-1422, please describe what happened to Purdy.

(D-1422 is unresponsive to any questioning,

still rocking and holding his arms in the same position. He is taken back to his cell.)

Researcher Note: It appears the anomaly SCP-3945 is causing hallucinations of pets, specifically of a pet the subject is fond of. Interestingly, thermal imaging shows nothing, though Hume readings correlate to anomalous activity in the testing cell.

D-1422 has been catatonic since testing. Doesn't speak, hasn't eaten anything, only occasionally drinks water. I've asked him if he still hallucinates, as the camera feed in his room shows repeated reactions to unseen stimuli. No dice.

I find it interesting that I've not hallucinated anything. My dog Shelly is still alive. Maybe there's a link there. Only dead pets? - Dr. Booker

Experiment Log 3945-1c

Experiment: Testing Reactions to SCP-3945, Interview + No Pets
Personnel: Dr. Booker, D-0909

Dr. Booker: Recording now. D-0909, I've got a few questions I'd like you to answer. Have you ever owned a pet?

D-0909: A pet? Nah. My pops always told me animals were too messy and I guess I just never really liked dogs or cats as a result. Shit everywhere and make the whole house smell.

Dr. Booker: To be clear, you've never owned a pet in your life?

D-0909: Nope.

Dr. Booker: Okay. Please proceed into the test cell. Inspect the object in the corner. Please make sure to view all parts of the object.

(D-0909 walks into the test chamber. He looks around and then walks over to the tire. He turns it over a couple times, rolling it from one side of the test chamber to the other while grinning at the test booth. He makes eye contact with SCP-3945. Almost immediately thereafter, he stumbles into the corner and begins screaming at the top of his lungs.)

D-0909: Holy fuck, what is that? Are you seeing this? Jesus, get me out of here, please open the door. *(He attempts to turn the locked handle, growing more and more panicked.)*

Dr. Booker: Please describe what you're seeing.

D-0909: *(yelling)* It's a massive fucking cat, a panther or something, just sitting there in the corner watching me with these big fucking red eyes. *(stammering)* It has a, uh, a bell and a collar on. *(He cowers in the corner.)* It's not even moving, just staring. Come on man, get me outta here, this isn't funny. *(He starts frantically moving the door handle back and forth and banging his shoulder against the door.)*

(At Dr. Booker's request, the guards open the door and D-0909 stumbles out. He scrambles into the furthest corner of the room, the guards moving to restrain him. His breaths are heavy and labored, eyes wide.)

D-0909: Doc, it's staring right at me *right the fuck* through that wall. One of you guys kill it,

shoot it or something. I can't handle this crazy shit.

Dr. Booker: What do you mean "through the wall"?

D-0909: *(agitated, aggressive)* What do you think I mean? Fuckin' moron. *(He moves erratically in the arms of the guards, bobbing his head.)*

(After 30 seconds, D-0909 calms down, slumping in the corner. He speaks in a low voice.)
Its eyes won't stop watching me.

Researcher Note: D-0909 started yelling something specific today — "shade", same as the text on the bell. A name?

Interestingly, D-0909's description of the panther about matches the biomatter on the tire. As of now, D-0909 is in his cell shouting about the panther's eyes. He says they're following him throughout the facility, that he sees them at night, bobbing back and forth in the darkness like he's being hunted. More tests recommended to see if the panther is recurring. - Dr. Booker

UPDATED 12/02:

D-0909 was found dead in his cell; massive gashes to the throat and stomach, entrails missing.

Also, there were tons of drawings in his cell. Lots of pairs of red circles.

SCP-3946: Situation Normal

First sight of SCP-3946, recovered from local civilian's phone.

Item #: SCP-3946

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-3946's nature, standard relocation protocols cannot be enacted. The Foundation has built a small outcrop of houses along the road SCP-3946 is nearest to, with Foundation agents acting as residents and, in one case, the owner of the property SCP-3946 is located in. Because SCP-3946's size proves a hindrance to truly cover up, the planted residents must inform interested parties of SCP-3946 being an artificial fish habitat[1] in attempt to deter the overly curious.

Description: SCP-3946 is a civilian light aircraft produced in 198 [2]. SCP-3946 is stuck in a lake located in , Walker County, Georgia. Inside SCP-3946 are three individuals, each an adult male approximately in his mid-thirties. The individuals are, by all reports, in good mental and physical health despite going decades without food, water, fresh air, or outside contact other than the Foundation.

Attempts at moving and deconstructing SCP-3946 have yielded no results, its reaction to the water leaving it entirely immobile and its hull indestructible for reasons yet unknown. The only option to deal with SCP-3946 is the semi-permanent housing erected around it to deter civilians.

SCP-3946 was found in 198 after a hunter called into the local law enforcement, informing them of the object in the lake meters (feet) away from the closest road. A Foundation agent embedded in the local law enforcement took the opportunity to lead the investigation and informed the Foundation an hour after the call had been made. Class A amnestics were used to cover up the existence of SCP-3946 and later used again to set up the fake homes and

lives of the newly arrived residents.

Addendum: In 200 , an outburst of radio signals started from SCP-3946, which had been in a very rudimentary cover up due to its low priority. The researcher on site, one Oliver Gordon, responded swiftly to halt any outgoing communications and keep SCP-3946 under control.

+ SCP-3946-1 Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3946-1

Interviewer: Researcher Oliver Gordon.

Notes: This interview was conducted over low range ham radio to keep out unwanted listeners.

[Begin Log]

Researcher Gordon: Hailing the crew of SCP-3946, do you read me?

SCP-3946-1("Dale"): This is the pilot speaking, we read you loud and clear. We've been trying to get in contact for years now.

Researcher Gordon: Well, we're happy to be of service. What can you tell me about you and this… *fine* vessel?

SCP-3946-1: Well, I'm Dale, and my friends are Stevie and Hank. And about the plane, I bought it a little after it first went commercial[3] and took it out for its first flight about a month later. Must've hit some nasty winds or something, because the air was as clear as it'd ever be when we went down. We got lodged in this damn lake and wouldn't sink, the doors wouldn't open, and, well, we haven't died of any natural causes yet. Suffice it to say I think we're gonna be here for as long as she wants

us.

Researcher Gordon: She? You mean the plane?

SCP-3946-1: Yup, must be she's gotten attached. Listen, we're real happy you're here. Like I said, we've been trying to get in contact for decades now. Everyone we've gotten to thinks we're jokin' with them, it's gotten right annoying.

Researcher Gordon: Well, we're certainly happy to keep you company. It won't always be me, but you'll have someone to talk to when we've determined the best schedule to keep in touch.

[End Log]

Closing Statement: Researcher Gordon informed the authorities of his site immediately after transmission and the decision was made to set up a community around the lake. Researcher Gordon lives as the "owner" of the property, with other volunteer researchers living in the community around him. A contingent of armed agents are kept as security in the event they are required.

+ SCP-3946-2 Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3946-2

Interviewer: Researcher Oliver Gordon.

Notes: Interview conducted in the same manner as the interview with SCP-3946-1.

[Begin Log]

Researcher Gordon: Hailing the crew of

SCP-3946, do you read?

SCP-3946-2 ("Stevie"): [Laughter] Yeah, I read, sir. Ain't read anything in a bit other than the manuals in this plane, but I read. Heard Dale talkin' to you earlier, I'm Stevie. Pleasure to meet you.

Researcher Gordon: Thank you, Stevie. Can you tell me anything about how the plane came to be like this?

SCP-3946-2: Well, can't tell you much other than what Dale told you. We musta hit some nasty turbulence up there and we came right down into the lake. We all thought we was dead, but we came to and found the girl stabbed right into the lake.

Researcher Gordon: Stabbed? Can you elaborate?

SCP-3946-2: [In an exaggerated frustrated tone.] I was gettin' to that, if you'd just let me. No sinking, no movement, we tried hitting the pedal so to speak, and that propeller would make a sound right like this, [cartoon-like exaggerations of a plane in flight], like we was up in the air, but we didn't move none.

Researcher Gordon: Thank you, Stevie. That'll be all for today. We'll have someone come out soon and fill you in on the "nineties" later, since you all seem interested in learning what's happened since you got lodged in there.

[End Log]

Closing Statement: The researchers living around SCP-3946 have taken it upon

themselves to give the men trapped in SCP-3946 the most major cultural, political, and scientific news of the past decades since they've been in the plane.

+ SCP-3946-3 Interview Log

Interviewed: SCP-3946-3

Interviewer: Researcher Eleanor Joseph.

Notes: Interview conducted in the same manner as the interview with SCP-3946-1. Researcher Joseph took over for Researcher Gordon for the following interview.

[Begin Log]

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): So, you're telling me the USSR collapsed? Thought they'd be around antagonizin' us forever. Huh.

Researcher Joseph: Yes, sir. Just a few years shy of a decade since your maiden voyage.

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): Well I'll be damned. Cuba still around?

Researcher Joseph: Yes, sir. Cuba still exists well independent of the United States, though with Fidel Castro's death, its economic and political leanings for the future become uncertain.

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): How'd the old bastard die, then? You said they're independent from us, we didn't assassinate him, did we?

Researcher Joseph: No, sir. Castro died relatively peacefully, the United States was not involved.

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): Well, suppose that's good at least. While we're talkin' about communists, what about China?

Researcher Joseph: Communist in name alone, sir. There are billionaires who acquired their wealth in China, if that tells you anything.

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): Well, ain't that something. Thank you for the history, ma'am. Sure is a damn shame I had to miss it myself.

Researcher Joseph: My pleasure, sir. Is there anything else I can tell you about?

SCP-3946-3 ("Hank"): Well, now that you mention it, what's the music been like since we've been jammed here?

Researcher Joseph: You're lucky I volunteered for this job sir, this will take all night.

[End Log]

Closing Statement: The communication would go on for several more hours. Researcher Joseph espoused her love of several different genres while SCP-3946-3 listened intently. Researcher Oliver Gordon, who interviewed the previous two subjects, was persuaded by Joseph to allow her to conduct an interview while he relaxed in his Foundation provided home.

Footnotes
1. The full story being that SCP-3946 is a study of how the local aquatic life reacts to sizable and intrusive object that can be lived in.
2. Though this model still flies in the air today, the serial numbers of SCP-3946 are identical to that of one of the first models ever sold after it went commercial.

3. Circa 198 .

SCP-3949: Welcome to the Internet

Item #: SCP-3949

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawler I/O-NYSE is to monitor for posts mentioning *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* or its characters. Any flagged posts are to be immediately reported to Mobile Task Force Omicron-5 ("TRUE Fans"). MTF Omicron-5 is to determine if these posts originated from SCP-3949, and if so, to respond to these posts until the SCP-3949 instance deletes itself.

Description: SCP-3949 denotes a series of accounts, presumably all created by a single entity, located on various social media websites, forums, and message boards.

All of SCP-3949's posts center around the (nonexistent) animated series *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* or the fan community supposedly surrounding it. However, researchers have managed to extrapolate information about *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* through SCP-3949's posts. According to these extrapolations, *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* is in the sci-fi genre and had four seasons before going on indefinite hiatus. In-depth information can be found in Supplementary File 3949-R238.

Attempts to trace the origin of SCP-3949 have so far proven unsuccessful.

Approximately 2% of people who view SCP-3949's posts will become convinced that *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* exists, and that they have watched at least one episode of it. Remembered details of *Penumbra W.A.V.E.* are mostly consistent across different people. These false memories cease once SCP-3949 deletes itself, but can return upon the next SCP-3949 emergence.

SCP-3949 has a very timid temperament and generally does not respond positively to negative comments or responses to its posts.

In most cases, SCP-3949 will respond a few times with attempts to induce guilt in the responder, before deleting itself and all its posts entirely. After this, SCP-3949 will reappear under a new username after a variable period ranging from 9 to 72 days.

After Incident 3949-119, SCP-3949 has not created any new accounts. After one year of inactivity, SCP-3949 was reclassed Neutralized.

Abbreviated SCP-3949 Incident Log:

Incident #	Post Content	MTF Response
014	A digital artwork, created by SCP-3949, depicting two characters (Iridium and Tbil) embracing.	Several comments noting the discrepancy in Iridium's skin color between the artwork (light brown) and the show (dark purple).
057	A reposted fan fiction by the user 'lmaporpoise119'[1]. Work is 18 chapters long, and primarily centers on an alternate ending to Season 2 where the Khyrong army never reached the Mykarian Citadel, with a romantic subplot between two minor characters.	Comments critiquing the overall grammar, dialogue, extreme mischaracterization of King Ekkaj, as well as several statements that the two romantic leads of the work have never shared screentime in the show.
066	A reposted uncredited artwork depicting one character wielding the Storm Sword and standing over a defeated foe.	Several extensive comments analyzing previous fight scenes and statistics, ultimately concluding that the losing character would have easily defeated the

		other, and that the winning character would be incapable of wielding the Storm Sword in the first place.
089	A video overlaying a nonexistent song, "My Angel" by Fireflight,[2] over a series of short clips of a climactic sword battle during Season 1, Episode 9.	Several comments criticizing the choice of song and suggesting that scenes from later seasons would have been more visually appealing.
119	A long (~10,000 word) post describing SCP-3949's personal life, experience while watching the show, and how the show has affected SCP-3949's life.	A single comment reading "No one cares".

Footnotes

1. This name matched no existing user on the website it was posted on.
2. Analysis of the song's audio is consistent with the vocals and style of the band, but no other records of it have been found.

SCP-3950: FULL THROTTLE AXOLOTL

Two SCP-3950 instances in containment.

Item #: SCP-3950

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All thirteen SCP-3950 instances are currently contained within Area-12's Parazoology wing inside a large freshwater tank, and fed twice monthly on a diet of earthworms.[1] Interaction between SCP-3950 instances and personnel is otherwise to be kept minimal, to allow the former a proper environment for rest and recuperation.

Withdrawal of SCP-3950 instances for tissue sampling is currently restricted to personnel of Level-3 security clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3950 designates a subspecies of Mexican salamanders,[2] each approximately 0.6 m in length. Prior to containment, the SCP-3950 instances had been dressed in identical latex suits of various colours, with '*FTA*' printed in black on the right breast.

SCP-3950 instances have displayed an increased rate of regeneration, approximately 50 times faster than their non-anomalous counterparts. Scar tissue is present throughout every instance's body, particularly centered around the hind legs, head, and gills. Furthermore, SCP-3950 instances appear able to survive in open air for a currently indeterminable amount of time.

Since being removed from their suits, SCP-3950-1 through SCP-3950-13 have displayed higher levels of contentment and overall physical health.

Addendum 3950.1: Recovery

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF INTELLIGENCE

Individual: SCP-3950-1 through SCP-3950-13 were recovered from the home of PoI-5591, formally known as Sean Mulligan. Mulligan was apprehended at a family gathering (the remaining participants of which have been administered Class-C amnestics) and brought in for interview. He had been charged with two counts of animal cruelty four years prior.

Interviews suggest that Mulligan was game hunting by the River , armed with a rifle, and spotted three or four instances of SCP-3950 as he was traversing the bank. Unable to identify the creature, he panicked and fired one round into the head of SCP-3950-3 (as evidenced by the scar tissue located by its left eye). The wound rapidly healed. Mulligan proceeded to capture all thirteen instances and house them within his garden shed.

Purpose: Mulligan intended to utilize the size and regenerative properties of SCP-3950 for a travelling stunt/circus attraction, dubbed '*FULL THROTTLE AXOLOTL*'. Within his residence were several custom-built miniature motorbikes bearing the - logo, elaborate props (including hoops, ramps, and steel knives of various lengths), additional latex suits for each 'performer', and approximately 100 printed leaflets detailing the event.

The following text is taken directly from the leaflets in question. SCP-3950-1 through SCP-3950-13 have been designated in order of appearance.

FULL THROTTLE AXOLOTL.

RIDE OR DIE WITH YOUR FAVOURITE ACROBATIC AMPHIBIANS FOR JUST £19.99 A HEAD.

MEET THE WORLD-FAMOUS GANG:

- *RIP ROARIN' RED: Eat his dust as he soars by on the hotrod your mother warned you about!*
- *BULLET BLUE: Light the fuse and feel no woe! Out the cannon Blue will go!*
- *YOWLIN' YELLOW: Out of the frying pan and into the fire- watch Yellow juggle and swallow white-hot flame without breaking a sweat!*
- *GURGLIN' GREEN: Wrapped in chains! Trapped in a watertight box! How will Green make his great escape?*
- *PRINCESS PURPLE: Married men best look the other way as Purple dazzles the room with her breathtaking acrobatics and winning smile!*
- *OILY ORANGE: Doused in deadly flame! A forty foot drop! A paddling pool only five inches deep! Will they make the splash or will they end up ash?*
- *PUTZY PINK: Fearless volunteer to knife-throwing and deadly magic tricks alike!*
- *WIZARD WHITE: Abracadbra! Alakazam! His magic tricks will wow you silly!*
- *BULLY BLACK: The rough n' tough king of the ring! Dare you challenge his fiery fists?*
- *CUTESY CREAM: Take a break from the action- let Cream soothe your senses with a voice smooth as hot butter! Can you make it through without a smile on your face?*
- *BOMBER BROWN: A hearty kaboom to shake the room! Watch the master of explosives blast himself to smithereens for your viewing pleasure!*
- *GALLANT GOLD: A knight in shining armour! Gold will tame the deadliest of beasts to save his damsel in distress- none other than the gorgeous Princess Purple!*
- *SILENT SILVER: He's a mystery, wrapped in an enigma, shrouded in the unexpected! Who's next on this slick, silver-tongued salamander's list?*

Of note, SCP-3950-5 and SCP-3950-10 showed

significantly fewer signs of injury in comparison to other SCP-3950 instances, the latter featuring only one small scar along their chin. Mulligan is currently contained within one of Site-114's humanoid residential chambers until further notice, with an interview being arranged at the earliest possible convenience.

Addendum 3950.2: Interview

+ AUDIO LOG | Interview 3950.1 | Sean Mulligan

AUDIO LOG

DATE: 10/28/2017
SUBJECT: Sean Mulligan
INTERVIEWER: Dr. McLaughlin
NOTE: Subject had been in Foundation custody for three days prior to interview.

[BEGIN LOG]

Door opening. Dull scraping sound as Dr. McLaughlin seats himself.

MCLAUGHLIN: Mr. Mulligan. I trust you've been kept in good comfort?

SUBJECT: Wasn't expecting the Ritz, but it did an alright job. Good food. Not like what you see in the movies.

MCLAUGHLIN: Well, this isn't a prison, per se- consider it a- ah, a necessary measure towards your own safety. Safety being something you appear to pay little attention to.

Silence. McLaughlin clears his throat.

MCLAUGHLIN: The salamanders, Mr. Mulligan. We'd very much appreciate an

explanation. Why do the things you did, rather than- for example- contact the authorities?

SUBJECT: Money. Fame, perhaps. What, you want a sob story or something? I did it because God gave me the fuckin' opportunity to do so.

Thumping. Subject apparently hit the table with his fist for emphasis.

SUBJECT: I could have gone all the way to Broadway with an act like that.

MCLAUGHLIN: I don't doubt it. They are remarkable creatures- you claim to have, ah- (*shuffling*) 'seen them moving towards the bank, and shot'- in self-defense?

SUBJECT: Sounds about right. What of it?

Shuffling.

MCLAUGHLIN: This is what frightened you? (*A pause.*) Not to be a cynic, Sean- but this was apparently in broad daylight. And our research has determined your creatures to be no quicker than a standard member of their species.

Silence.

MCLAUGHLIN: Would you like to tell me what really happened?

SUBJECT: (*Laughing.*) Yeah, yeah- you got me. I shot it, alright? Is that what you wanted to hear? Aimed square at its dopey little melon and pulled the trigger, and it just healed right over.

Creaking.

SUBJECT: Well, I'd planned on stringing it up on my porch and flogging it off to the highest bidder before- but now, *now* I had a bloody goldmine on my hands. Ever heard of a flea circus, lad? Little automated thing, round and round it goes, make you believe there were these tiny little bugs living in their own little world. Loved them to bits when I was a boy.

MCLAUGHLIN: So?

SUBJECT: So, I made my own. With a bit of a twist. See, people love performing animals- but you know what else they love, doctor? They love *gore*. They love crunchin' bones and spewing blood. They love beheadings. They can't help but look away from their goggleboxes when some poor, dumb fuck gets stabbed in broad daylight, or when an old lady gets splattered by a train. So, I fit my product to that demand. I guide my little beauties-

MCLAUGHLIN: (*Interrupting.*) You blame- what- an *audience*, on your actions?

SUBJECT: Oi, didn't say that. Nothin' to blame anything on. I did what any bloke worth his salt would do if he stumbled upon a bunch of disposable stuntmen.

MCLAUGHLIN: Then what about the ones who don't perform at all? 'Purple' and 'Cream'?

SUBJECT: (*Laughing.*) All for the show, doctor. All for the show.

Silence for a few seconds. Papers shuffling.

MCLAUGHLIN: Right. I think we're done here.

SUBJECT: I can go home now?

MCLAUGHLIN: That's not my decision to make. I'll contact my superiors as soon as possible. For now, you'll stay under our custody.

[END LOG]

NOTE: PoI-5591 promptly returned to his designated chamber. Further interviews are currently pending approval. Concerns regarding staff composure and professionalism have led to Dr. McLaughlin being permanently removed from the subject's interview rota.

Footnotes
1.Lumbricus terrestris.
2.Ambystoma mexicanum.

SCP-3951: Doggone It

Item #: SCP-3951

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Monitoring of SCP-3951 should be conducted through unmanned drones. SCP-3951-1 is not to be entered without first requesting permission from SCP-3951. SCP-3951 should be monitored for signs of imminent movement so that seismic activity warnings can be issued. Engaging in conversation with SCP-3951 should be avoided. No domesticated dogs should be brought into the presence of SCP-3951 while the dog is accompanied by a human.

Update: After the events of 12/14/16, no unnecessary contact is authorized at this time.

Description: SCP-3951 is a 362 meter long white Arctic wolf, capable of speech in Inuktitut. SCP-2871 is located in the Arctic Circle at degrees North, West. SCP-3951 will tolerate the presence of humans, but engaging it in conversation on subjects that it dislikes will often result in it consuming the person talking to it. It will often consume its victims in a drawn-out and prolonged manner - it has been hypothesized that this is a method of retribution rather than a desire for sustenance.

A roughly hemispherical cavern in the ice has formed around SCP-3951, with an entrance facing south. This formation has been designated SCP-3951-1. Occasionally, herds of caribou or downs of arctic hares will appear within SCP-3951-1; SCP-3951 will then consume them. The survivors will escape into cracks in the ice and dematerialize. These herds appear to be SCP-3951's food source, generated at will.

Embedded in the eastern side of SCP-3951-1 is a waterfall 80 meters in height that generates a mixture of caribou blood, rendered

seal fat, and fermented reindeer milk. This feature is designated SCP-3951-2. Pods of harp seals can sometimes be found swimming in the pool that has formed below SCP-3951-2, which SCP-3951 will then consume. It is theorized that, much like the aforementioned caribou and rabbits, these seals appear only when SCP-3951 is hungry.

SCP-3951 never exits SCP-3951-1 and exhibits little movement, mainly shifting from laying on its back to laying on its side and vice versa. However, if SCP-3951 were to actually leave SCP-3951-1, the resulting seismic damage would be catastrophic. Its paws are oversized and its legs appear to be thicker relative to its body than a non-anomalous wolf, suggesting it could be capable of supporting itself despite its immense size and weight.

SCP-3951 continuously drinks from SCP-3951-2, showing the ability to start and stop the flow of liquid at will. Due to the alcohol content of the substance, SCP-3951's behavior shows signs of severe inebriation - specifically, slurred speech and a tendency towards publicly airing its grievances.

SCP-3951 was located after satellite imagery found enormous canid footprints leading to SCP-3951-1 dating back to the Holocene epoch. SCP-3951 does not appear to have left SCP-3951-1 since.

> **Interview Log 1:**
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Arnatsiaq
>
> **Interviewed:** SCP-3951
>
> **Date:** 12/11/16
>
> **Information:** SCP-3951 had remained awake for 2 months. This was the longest period of wakefulness exhibited by SCP-3951 since its discovery in 1964. Previous times had been far shorter in duration - usually 3 to 6 days. Contact was initiated in hopes of gaining coherent information about SCP-3951. It is of note that SCP-3951's eyes were closed when Dr. Arnatsiaq approached.

<BEGIN LOG>

Dr. Aglukark: Hello!

SCP-3951: Who dares wake me from my slumber!?

Dr. Aglukark: I'm…Dr. Arnatsiaq. I'm an envoy. We're looking to learn more about you. Who you are.

SCP-3951: Mmmm. You deign to forget me, Amarok, beast of the Artic, bane of prey-things, father of all? Hmmph. I suppose it is to be expected.

(Dr. Aglukark enters SCP-3951-1. SCP-3951 opens his eyes, and sees Dr. Aglukark.)

SCP-3951: Er…Well, this is unexpected. You surprise me - a rare and worthy feat! Name your species, mortal?

Dr. Aglukark: Human.

SCP-3951: Ha! Last time I saw you, your kind was cowering in the bushes! I will admit, however, I have always had a special place for you in my heart of hearts - not my absolute favorite creation, of course, but a particularly liked race. It warms me to see you prosper.

Dr. Aglukark: You made us?

SCP-3951: Of course!

Dr. Aglukark: Thank you?

SCP-3951: And yet you appear to have no master. Has the fruit of my loins not conquered you?

Dr. Aglukark: Well, er … We've trained them? To help us around the house, and with the herds, and when hunting.

(SCP-3951's eye opens wider.)

SCP-3951: Wait. You trained them?

Dr. Aglukark: That's correct, yes.

(SCP-3951's fur begins bristling.)

SCP-3951: Oh, fuck no. Fuck. Fucking hell. I'm gonna kill those dumbass canines. Bring me one of my children.

Dr. Aglukark: Your children?

SCP-3951: You heard me! Here, I'll spell it out for you, you glorified lemur. Bring a dog. Bring me a goddamn dog, or I crush your puny spine!

<END LOG>

Interview Log 2:

Interviewer: Dr. Aglukark

Interviewed: SCP-3951

Date: 12/14/16

Information: Dr. Aglukark approached SCP-3951 with a female Samoyed, a male Golden Retriever, and a male Chihuahua.

<BEGIN LOG>

Dr. Aglukark: SCP-3951! May I come in?

SCP-3951: Come on in, you hairless cretin.

Dr. Aglukark: I brought the dogs, as requested.

SCP-3951: Brilliant. Now shut the hell up. *(SCP-2781 speaks to the Samoyed.)* Let me take a look at you.

(The Samoyed trots forward.)

SCP-3951: All right, then. Not bad as bad as we thought.

Wait. What's the deal with the collar?

(The Samoyed does not respond.)

SCP-3951: Are you deaf? Oh. Oh no. Oh, fucking hell.

(SCP-3951 begins speaking slowly and over-articulating.)

SCP-3951: Can you speak?

Dr. Aglukark: Speak, Mhyka!

(The Samoyed barks. SCP-2781 places a paw over its eyes.)

SCP-3951: What the hell!?

SCP-3951: *(SCP-3951 removes its paw and addresses the Golden Retriever.)* You let them castrate you!? They were supposed to be your snacks! Oh, fucking hell. You let them domesticate you, didn't you.

Dr. Aglukark: I apologize if we've upset you?

(The Chihuahua, which Dr. Aglukark had wrapped in blankets, emerges. Upon seeing the Chihuahua, SCP-3951 turns to Dr. Aglukark.)

SCP-3951: What. The. Fuck. That is not a wolf. No way in hell that's a wolf… oh, *(sniffs)* fucking shit fuck, the smell is right. What the hell is that?! What in the fuck did you apes do!?

Dr. Aglukark: I'm sorry, have I done something wrong?

SCP-3951: *(breathing heavily)* You took. My children. My beautiful children. And bred them to make a squeaking rat!

(SCP-3951 takes a drink from SCP-3951-2, and addresses the dogs.)

SCP-3951: I get you idiots through the Ice Age. I make you a great fucking planet. I give you trees, and lakes, and a ton of convenient snacks. I take a nap for two fucking millennia, and I wake up a laughingstock. Fuck, **Amaguq's** never gonna let me live this down. Fucking smarmy little prick. "Brotherly love" my ass. *(Glaring at the Chihuahua)* You're a disappointment, you know that?

(The Chihuahua licks Dr. Aglukark's face. SCP-3951 glares at Dr. Aglukark.)

SCP-3951: I never should have given you idiots thumbs.

<END LOG>

SCP-3952: Flying Ace

Item #: SCP-3952

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3952's area of operation is to be monitored by ground-based radar at all times, with civilian aircraft diverted from SCP-3952's flight path. As the main risk from SCP-3952 is its threat to normalcy, containment procedures revolve around concealing its anomalous characteristics. Site-1922 has been established with the guise of a private vintage aircraft restoration organisation ('Society for Conservation of Planes'), in order to provide a plausible explanation should the existence of SCP-3952 come to the attention of any individual, with at least one aircraft resembling SCP-3952 in constant operation.

All efforts to apprehend SCP-3952 have been suspended indefinitely. Two AN/TWQ-1 Avenger surface-to-air missile systems are stationed at Site-1922 in case of emergencies.

Description: SCP-3952 is a modified Boeing Stearman Model 75 biplane trainer aircraft. It has been painted in the livery of the British Royal Flying Corps[1], although the RFC did not operate this model of aircraft. Two 7.7mm Vickers machine guns and makeshift gun-synchronisation apparatus have been mounted on the nose.

SCP-3952 is constantly airborne without any requirement for fuel, ammunition or maintenance, and flies in a random pattern within a 400km^2 area in northern Minnesota, USA. In addition to flying without clear direction or purpose, it performs aerobatic maneuvers, flies in a manner simulating aerial combat and occasionally discharges its guns (at no specific targets).

While SCP-3952 is not hostile unless provoked, it displays further anomalous properties when threatened, including flying at speeds of up to Mach 3, resistance to forces of up to 12g and extreme turning

capabilities and aerobatics such as the Pugachev cobra maneuver.[2] In these situations, it has also been observed to exhibit localised reality-warping capabilities, involving short-distance temporal and spatial displacement and corporeal-incorporeal phasing. Foundation forces are prohibited from engaging SCP-3952, following the loss of two F-15C fighters operated by MTF Sigma-9 'Valkyries'.

The pilot of SCP-3952, designated SCP-3952-1, is a white, mid-sized adult specimen of *Canis familiaris* (domestic dog). Obtaining further specifics of SCP-3952-1 has proven problematic as close attempts at monitoring tends to provoke threat responses from SCP-3952. SCP-3952-1 operates the controls with its paws, although its movements do not completely correspond to the maneuvers made by SCP-3952. SCP-3952-1 has no requirement for sustenance and does not exhibit the discomfort that would be expected from a non-anomalous member of its species in the same situation. Like SCP-3952 itself, it demonstrates resistance to high speeds and g-forces.

Addendum 3952-1: SCP-3952's origin has been linked to PoI-17897 (Francis K. Lin, 1930-2002), a peripheral member of the anartist community in the Midwest and hobbyist pilot. Although his connections to SCP-3952 were not suspected until after his death, investigation of his estate and personal effects found purchase information for an aircraft of SCP-3952's model, vintage weapons identical to those observed on SCP-3952, and various paints and tools for aircraft maintenance. Additionally, it was noted he previously owned a dog ('Joe') matching SCP-3952-1's description from the late 1980s until its death in early 2000 of natural causes. The remains of this animal were exhumed and found to be non-anomalous. It remains unclear if and how PoI-17897 was responsible for SCP-3952's creation. However, the following message in PoI-17897's handwriting was found amongst his personal documents.

Document 3952-1:

> It's a cliché to say those who have left us are somewhere up there looking down on us, but in your case I can believe that.

I know the plane isn't quite right, but it was the best I could do. At least I didn't try and put the hat and goggles on you. You're going to be world-famous, even though you were always cooler than I was.

The nights are dark and stormy without you, my friend.

Footnotes
1. WWI-era precursor to the Royal Air Force.
2. In which an aircraft raises its nose vertically while maintaining constant altitude.

SCP-3955: Fit…for a bit.

Item #: SCP-3955

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: The remains of SCP-3955, related artifacts, and a single instance of SCP-3955-1 are stored in Archival Locker 18, Vault 3, Reliquary Storage Site-41. Standard procedure for artifact study remains in effect.

Description: SCP-3955 was a bipedal, sapient humanoid, with superficial deviations from modern humans including: an abnormal level of body hair; a squat, exaggerated body shape; an enlarged cranial structure along the occipital bone; and a preternaturally dense musculature. Subject was 1.45 meters in height, and weighed 168.63 kg. Examinations following Incident 3955-3 (see **Addendum I**) showed true biological deviations from baseline human physiology. SCP-3955 possessed an apparent redundant digestive organ located in close proximity to the appendix, which also showed high levels of activity and function; tissue samples of skeletal muscle showing an acute compacting of the sarcomere[1] have been postulated to account for the extreme density. Further testing was rendered impossible due to termination of the instance on 2013/01/27.

SCP-3955 was a resident of Portland, Oregon, USA, identifying as Markus Robinson; no records exist of such a person prior to their arrival in Portland in 2002. SCP-3955 is believed to be indirectly responsible for the distribution of SCP-3955-1 to various retailers throughout the Pacific Northwest.

SCP-3955-1 is designed to resemble a wrist-worn personal fitness tracker; objects are composed of a solid block of polystyrene 40.1 mm x 25 mm x 19.2 mm adhered by methyl 2-cyanoacrylate[2] to an adjustable, woven nylon band. Stylized characters ("FITBiT") are stamped onto the surface, with the tittle[3] replaced by an isosceles

triangle. Aside from the band, objects possess no functional components.

Packaging was printed with the ("FITBiT") stylization and the following text:

> Instant Weight Loss!!
> Wear 23/7/356!!
> Never Exercise Again!!
> Best Shape You'll Ever BE!!

Contents included a single instance, and an eighteen-page Terms of Service document printed in standard size 2 monospaced font; the majority of the text, entirely in American English, presented typical liability waivers and acceptance of use, redundantly rephrased. The notable excerpt follows:

> ("FITBiT") guarantees health and vitality of the user for entire duration of use. Duration of use not guaranteed by ("FITBiT"). By using ("FITBiT"), you are agreeing to relinquish ownership of all unused relative duration proceeding termination of ("FITBiT") usage to Markus Robinson {RTCT/3-4s391.34}. ("FITBiT") reserves the right to terminate use at any time.

No production or distribution source was found; employees and records of affected businesses showed no arrangements regarding the acquisition of SCP-3955-1 instances.

Addendum I - Classification Summary: Field agents monitoring emergency services communications in the Pacific Northwest noted the deaths of 157 individuals on 2012/12/28. Autopsy reports indicated a universal time of death between 0300 and 0330 FST, with 142 cases ruled as cardiac arrest, 12 cases as previously undetected severe colo-rectal cancer, and 3 listed as "natural causes." Foundation investigation of 63 cases confirmed these findings, though the decedents were noted to have possessed marked physical conditioning and otherwise exemplary health; anomalous activity was not considered at the time. This event is now classified as Incident 3955-1.

On 2013/01/10, emergency services reported 3,213 instances of death with similar ubiquitous timing as the previous event. MTF Zeta-95 ("Disciples of John") was mobilized under Misinformation Protocol IMOC-2 ("Misplaced Resources"), with the initial goal of isolation and containment of potentially affected persons, preceding investigations to identify probable anomalous cause. This event is now classified as Incident 3955-2.

Within twelve hours, correlation between ownership of SCP-3955-1 and death had been established. Affected living persons were administered Class B amnestics and standard retraining cognitohazard devices; further resources were granted to Zeta-95, and personnel were retasked to collect all distributed instances, as well as locate Markus Robinson, designated at this time as PoI-1524316.

On 2013/01/12, personnel at the Multnomah County Inverness Jail requested immediate medical aid; twenty-six of the thirty-eight staff members had collapsed, apparently deceased. A unit of MTF Zeta-95 arrived on-scene sixteen minutes later. Deceased persons uniformly possessed instances of SCP-3955-1. Booking records showed a Markus Robinson had been arrested approximately six hours prior to the event; PoI-1524316 was taken into custody, and remained under sedation during examination and decontamination proceedings. Containment was facilitated by 1046 FST, and standard retraining administered. This event is now classified as Incident 3955-3.

Over the course of investigation, 10,800 instances of SCP-3955-1 were discovered, with 8,421 having been purchased; 500 were located in the apartment of SCP-3955. An initial release of 300 instances appeared in Portland on 2012/06/10, with retailers possessing no records of their arrival or anticipated release; a subsequent distribution of 10,000 instances had appeared with similar apparent spontaneity on 2012/11/23, affecting retailers in Portland, as well as in Seattle, WA and Los Angeles, CA. Detailed purchase records were readily available, as the cost of the objects ($3,900 - $4,250 USD) generally precluded the use of physical currency.

Upon finding only the noted physiological traits, and detecting no

apparent anomalous ability, SCP-3955 was allowed to emerge from anesthesia on 2013/01/19, and was detained in a standard humanoid containment chamber in **Site-64**. SCP-3955 requested representation by the firm of Steven, Steven, and Stephen[4], refusing subsequent attempts at communication; subject likewise refused all food and water, for a period lasting until 2013/01/26. No detrimental effects of this fast were noted

At 0914 FST, 2013/01/26, SCP-3955 became extremely hostile, violently assaulting the viewing pane for six minutes before coming to an abrupt stop.

> **<Begin Audio Log, Incident 3955-4>**
>
> **SCP-3955:**
> Use of the device constituted acceptance of the enclosed terms of service documentation. You have not allowed me fair and proper representation, nor have you presented evidence of violation of the terms of service agreement by [unintelligible][5]. I exercise the authority granted to me as executor thereof.
>
> *Researchers investigating an instance of SCP-3955-1 detected a tachyon flux of 0.03 Watts/m^4 centered on the object. Simultaneously, emergency services channels began reporting numerous instances of apparent cardiac arrest throughout affected areas.*
>
> **Dr. Laurel Armstrong, Site-64, Asst. Director of Psychiatric Research:**
> I understand your concerns, but so far you have refused to communicate with our staff; we can't very well help you if you won't let us…Markus, is it?
>
> *SCP-3955 responds rapidly in the unknown language for twenty-two seconds, ceasing communication as aerosolized trichloromethane is pumped into the containment chamber, following the breach.*
>
> **<End Log>**

SCP-3955 was moved to Isolation Chamber Alpha-7, and anesthesia was maintained as a temporary containment measure while further procedures were developed. Containment breach resulted in 4,816 civilian fatalities; widespread disbursal of Class-A amnestics was authorized at 1422 FST and concluded at 1719; Media Retraining Protocol 12-D was broadcast at 2345.

The final instance of SCP-3955-1 was confirmed in custody at 1035 FST the following day. At 1117, SCP-3955 emerged from anesthesia despite continued maintenance, and attacked attending personnel, crushing the larynx of Junior Researcher Philip Goldman. SCP-3955 was approximately twelve meters from the entrance of the chamber when it stumbled; video feed showed an onset of aging, apparent death, and rapid decomposition over 0.084 seconds, resulting in skeletal remains, many of which sustained major damage upon impact with the floor. Instruments independently monitoring forty instances of SCP-3955-1 detected a tachyon flux of 16.124 W/m^4 uniform across all samples. Simultaneously, the following document appeared on the remains; video feed showed no method of delivery, with the note appearing between frames of footage.

> **Markus Robinson {RTCT/3-4s391.34}**
>
> Termination of your contract has been noted. We regret that you were ultimately dissatisfied with our services; in the future, please take advantage of the ample opportunities we provide to review documentation prior to acceptance.
>
> Per your instructions, remaining durations may be distributed to your immediate relatives; simply provide them with the device.
>
> We thank you for your business, and hope that you will choose us again in the future.
>
> Steven, Steven, and Stephens
> Temporal Contingency Agency

Baseline-normative dating techniques indicated the remains of

SCP-3955 to be 158,800±275 years old. Continued monitoring of SCP-3955-1 instances was ordered.

Addendum 2: Foundation Paleontology Department Senior Researcher Sylvia Hernandez noted the similarities between SCP-3955 and the "Herto Man" remains discovered by Dr. Tim White, et. al., in Herto Bouri, Ethiopia; subsequent analysis confirmed a genetic match. All known *Homo sapiens idaltu* remains were brought to Foundation custody and replaced by facsimiles.

Addendum 3: HMCL Supervisory Committee classified SCP-3955 Neutralized on 2020/10/10. Non-archived SCP-3955-1 instances are scheduled for destruction on 2021/03/22.

Footnotes
1. Tissue composed of fibrous protein filaments that allow smooth expansion and contraction of muscles during use.
2. Marketed asCrazy Glueand similar.
3. The dot above the lower-case "i."
4. No records of such a firm were found, prior to Incident 3955-4.
5. Later determined to be a previously unknown language, broadly similar to that spoken bySCP-2518-C.

SCP-3956: The Mealworm Song

Item #: SCP-3956

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: At least one member of MTF Mu-33 ("Show-goers") must be present at all showings of musical productions in London's West End. If SCP-3956 manifests the theatre is to be sealed off until all mealworms have been removed and all civilians inside have been amnesticised.

The acting leader of MTF Mu-33 will decide whether or not an attempt to capture SCP-3956-2 will be made based on the risk of civilian casualties.

All Foundation personnel investigating SCP-3956 are to wear noise-canceling earmuffs.

Description: SCP-3956 is an event that manifests in theatres found in the city of London. Thus far, SCP-3956 has only been observed during performances of musical theatre.

The event lasts an average of 15 minutes and is identifiable by the following occurrences:

- In the second act, an actor will sing an unscripted solo about mealworms for 2-3 minutes. The opening line is always, "Mmm, tasty mealworms".
- During the solo, audience members who hear the song will be affected by an anomalous phenomenon. Several mealworms[1] will emerge from the ears of affected individuals; these mealworms will then approach the stage. In later manifestations, at least 1 mealworm will remain in the individual's ear.
- At the conclusion of the mealworm song, the actor will gather and consume the mealworms on-stage. This typically takes

approximately 10 minutes.
- Once all mealworms are consumed the audience will applaud and the show will continue as normal.

Individuals who hear the mealworm song live, designated SCP-3956-1, do not perceive the event as unusual and will instead react to SCP-3956 as though it is a normal part of the show.

SCP-3956-2 is a 2.1-metre tall humanoid entity composed entirely of mealworms. It first appeared during the third manifestation of SCP-3956[2]. Following this appearance, additional recurring events pertaining to SCP-3956 manifestations have been noted. SCP-3956-2 now enters the stage at a seemingly random point during the second act and will perform the song itself. An actor being present on the stage is no longer required.

The first manifestation took place on 30/12/2016. Appearances are relatively sporadic, though seem to be increasing in frequency. A definite cause of SCP-3956 has not yet been determined.

Addendum: Log of notable manifestations

This is an abridged log of manifestations, for a full list please see document-3956-01.

> **Date:** 14/02/2017
>
> **Manifestation Number:** 3
>
> **Show Name:** *Wicked*
>
> **Description of events:** The event began as normal, however once the consumption was complete SCP-3956-2 crawled out of Tracy 's[3] mouth. SCP-3956-2 attempted to perform SCP-3956; SCP-3956-1 reacted poorly to this and directed several insults towards SCP-3956-2. This caused SCP-3956-2 to flee the stage.
>
> **Notes:** N/A

> **Date:** 17/08/2017

Manifestation Number: 4

Show Name: *The Book of Mormon*

Description of events: SCP-3956-2 entered the stage slowly and looked at the audience several times. All other actors on stage stopped and observed SCP-3956-2. After 5 minutes, it performed SCP-3956. SCP-3956-1 reactions were mixed, with several audience members not applauding. At the end of the show, SCP-3956-2 returned to bow with the cast.

Notes: The first attempt to capture SCP-3956-2 was made during this performance. Agent fired a tranquilliser dart into SCP-3956-2. A single mealworm was dislodged from and then consumed by SCP-3956-2.

Date: 06/01/2018

Manifestation Number: 9

Show Name: *Wicked*

Description of events: The song "No Good Deed" was cut completely from the show and replaced with SCP-3956. SCP-3956-2 was lowered onto the stage via the bubble device typically used by the character Glinda. SCP-3956 began as SCP-3956-2 descended. At the end of the consumption phase, SCP-3956-1 gave a full standing ovation. SCP-3956-2 returned to bow with the cast and performed an encore, causing another SCP-3956 event. After the show, SCP-3956-2 was sighted in the main lobby shaking hands with instances of SCP-3956-1.

Notes: SCP-3956-2 approached Agent , the sole observer of this event, once the show had ended. It handed him a program with the message, "I've seen you at all my shows. Thank you for never giving up on me! - WORMS" written inside along with several mealworms. It then placed its mouth against his hand and exited the

lobby. Agent later described SCP-3956-2 as "a talented showman".

Footnotes

1. 4 on average, though the maximum observed was 15.
2. Please see the log of notable manifestations for details of this event.
3. The actress playing the protagonist, Elphaba.

SCP-3957: The Eternal Soviet Prison

Item #: SCP-3957

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Access to SCP-3957 is to be restricted to Foundation personnel. SCP-3957 is to be guarded by no less than 25 armed security officers at all times, with a half kilometer perimeter established to prevent any civilians from entering the immediate vicinity of SCP-3957. A cover story implying structural instability of the prison is to be disseminated among the local civilian populace. Civilians who breach the perimeter and reach SCP-3957 are to be detained immediately and turned over to Russian authorities for trespassing. Civilians who breach the perimeter and reach SCP-3957 or witness any testing are to be either terminated or given Class-A amnesiacs before being detained, at the discretion of the overseeing security officer.

Description: SCP-3957 is the abandoned prison complex of Penitentiary, located north of Nyrob in Perm Krai, Russia. SCP-3957 is in a slightly dilapidated state, with sections of the outer wall appearing worn and the presence of rust on the front doorway and outside window bars. Watchtowers surrounding SCP-3957 upon discovery were found to be in a state of disrepair[1].

All entrances to SCP-3957 are sealed and rendered inaccessible, save for the front entrance. The entrance to SCP-3957 is a steel double-door of unremarkable design with dimensions 2m x 3m x 0.25m. The doorway to SCP-3957 has no door handles or knobs; the only way to open SCP-3957 is to enter a four-digit code on a keypad outside the door[2]. Anyone who enters the incorrect combination into the locking mechanism immediately vanishes, and is transported to the interior of SCP-3957 through unknown means. Upon entering the correct combination, the door will open on its own, revealing the interior.

The interior of SCP-3957 is a dimly lit prison much larger than the exterior would suggest, with the cell block ranging to be 1 kilometer in length and 50 meters in width.

The cell block has three levels of cells, with a staircase leading to the additional levels positioned by the door. Cells begin lining the walls approximately 25 meters into the cell block. The cell block is constructed out of solid concrete, albeit with some sections in a dilapidated state. Rust covers some of the doors, with a few potholes and cracks present in the flooring.

At 50 meter intervals, there are doors on the right-hand side of the cell block, taking the place of cells that would otherwise occupy said space. These doors lead to the interrogation wing, where instances of SCP-3957-1-C are located.

At the end of the cell block is a steel double-door that leads into what instances inside of SCP-3957 refer to as the “surgical unit”, where prisoners and damaged instances of SCP-3957-1-A and SCP-3957-1-B are converted into instances of SCP-3957-1-B or SCP-3957-1-D. It is currently unknown as to how these conversions are made, as no documentation of SCP-3957-1-E has been made while performing surgery.

There are currently cells within SCP-3957, with each cell being 2m x 1m in area. There is one meter of concrete wall separating each cell. There are currently 958 inmates being held within these cells. Cell doors are barred and have a keyhole that will only open with a key produced by instances of SCP-3957-1-A. Aside from inmates, cells are completely empty, save for four chains positioned on the left and right side of the cell, fixated on the side walls and roof.

Subjects contained within the prison deteriorate in health if not released soon, entering stages of extreme malnutrition due to lack of food or water. However, subjects held within SCP-3957 do not require sustenance or a need to expel waste, regardless of their time held within SCP-3957, nor will they expire from starvation, thirst, or septic shock.

SCP-3957 is home to five types of anomalous entities, designated

as SCP-3957-1-A through SCP-3957-1-E. Instances of SCP-3957-1 are highly resilient to physical harm, displaying no signs of pain recoil when injured, even when struck in bodily regions where the heart, brain, or other vital organs would normally be located. SCP-3957-1 instances must take significant bodily harm in order to be incapacitated, and significant destruction of the head in order to be fully killed.

+ Display Information - Level 2 clearance required

SCP-3957-1-A: Instances of SCP-3957-1-A appear to be humanoid entities, measuring to be roughly 1.5 meters in height. SCP-3957-1-A instances are dressed in identical uniforms that match those used by prison guards in the Perm Krai district during the late 1930's. The only exception to this is that all instances of SCP-3957-1-A wear a gas mask that is attached to their heads, making its removal impossible. Lenses on the gas masks are completely opaque, leaving their bodies completely covered. To this end, it is unknown what the physiological makeup of SCP-3957-1-A instances is.

Instances of SCP-3957-1-A appear to patrol the central cell block, as well as oversee instances of SCP-3957-1-B. Instances of SCP-3957-1-A are responsible for transporting prisoners around the facility, as well as retrieving critically damaged or deceased instances of SCP-3957-1-A or SCP-3957-1-B for SCP-3957-1-E to perform surgery on. Instances of SCP-3957-1-A are also responsible for containing and deterring any prisoners attempting to escape or resist, as well as assisting instances of SCP-3957-1-C during "interrogation" sessions.

SCP-3957-1-B: Instances of SCP-3957-1-B appear to be humanoid entities resembling past prisoners in physical makeup and clothing, albeit with all facial features crudely removed. The eyes and mouth have been sewn shut, and the nose and ears appear to have been removed. Scars on the forehead are consistent with those of patients following lobotomies. Instances of

SCP-3957-1-B work at a slow pace, and are responsible for cleaning and maintaining the prison complex. SCP-3957-1-B entities do not react to intruders, or when bodily harm is inflicted upon them.

SCP-3957-1-C: Instances of SCP-3957-1-C have only been seen in the interrogation wing, within the interrogation rooms contained therein. Instances of SCP-3957-1-C resemble humanoid entities measuring roughly 2.5 meters in height. SCP-3957-1-C instances are dressed in a uniform identical to USSR officers in the 1930's, albeit all black. Instances of SCP-3957-1-C have their face and hands exposed, with said regions appearing to be human in organic matter. SCP-3957-1-C manifestations have a heavily distorted face, lacking all facial features completely. Their skin is twisted and knotted around the facial region; despite this, SCP-3957-1-C entities are able to verbally communicate fluently in Russian through unknown means. SCP-3957-1-C entities secrete a mildly caustic transparent liquid from their hands, which is used to inflict pain upon interrogated prisoners.

SCP-3957-1-D: Instances of SCP-3957-1-D are occasionally seen patrolling the cell block alongside SCP-3957-1-A instances. SCP-3957-1-D manifestations appear to be constructed from bodily parts and limbs of SCP-3957-1-A and SCP-3957-1-B instances that have either been critically damaged or killed. Instances of SCP-3957-1-D appear to be surgically assembled to vaguely resemble an East-European Shepherd, with jaws, legs, and other regions surgically deformed to perform the same motor functions as the aforementioned animal. Teeth have been replaced by artificial teeth made of iron to resemble those of the East-European Shepherd.

SCP-3957-1-D instances have the basic cognitive abilities as *canis lupus familiaris*, and are obedient to instances of SCP-3957-1-A. Instances of SCP-3957-1-D

will attack intruders or resisting/escaping prisoners on sight, or upon orders to do so by SCP-3957-1-A instances. SCP-3957-1-D instances are capable of reaching speeds estimated to be roughly 40 kilometers per hour, and will proceed to latch their teeth upon the legs or ankle of their victims, attempting to immobilize them until SCP-3957-1-A instances are able to arrive and restrain offending subjects.

SCP-3957-1-E: The only instance of SCP-3957-1-E has been located within the surgical unit of SCP-3957.[3] The instance appears to be a man of elderly age (estimated to be between 60-75 years of age) dressed in a surgical outfit that matches those used by doctors of the USSR in the 1930's. The instance has an unusually designed face mask, that covers not only the mouth, but the entire face of the instance. SCP-3957-1-E has not yet been documented performing any surgical procedures. SCP-3957-1-E has been described by an instance of SCP-3957-1-A to be mute, and remain in a dormant state until the instance has a subject to perform surgical procedures on. SCP-3957-1-E remains upright, albeit motionless while in his dormant state.

Discovery: SCP-3957 was discovered in 1997 by Field Agent Golav, who was working undercover with Russian authorities. Field Agent Golav and his assigned partner, V , were investigating a case concerning a missing teenager who was reported by friends to have gone to the [REDACTED] prison for urban exploration. No traces of the teenager, identified as 16-year-old Alisa , were found, except for a handbag belonging to her, which was located in front of the door to the prison.

Upon discovery of SCP-3957, V attempted to open the lock on SCP-3957, and, upon his failure to do so, immediately vanished. Field Agent Golav contacted members of Site-219, situated kilometers east of the Perm Krai district, who proceeded to send a security team to establish a perimeter around SCP-3957. Field Agent Golav has notified his colleagues in the Russian authorities that no traces of the missing teenager were discovered. Those

associated with V were administered Class C amnesiacs, and all records of him were expunged from public records.

Exploration Logs: Following the discovery of SCP-3957's combination, several exploration teams were assembled to document the interior of SCP-3957.

+ Display Exploration Log SCP-3957-A - Level 2 clearance required

Exploration SCP-3957-A
Date: February 12, 1998
Procedure: Five exploration team members (Agents Beloglazov, Delov, Yeltsin, Zharkov, and Volodin) are to enter SCP-3957 and document the interior. All units are equipped with the following:

- 1 head-mounted camera with 5 hours of tape
- 1 IFAK
- 1 PP-90 submachine gun, automatic
    - 5 magazines, each containing 30 rounds of ammunition
- 1 long-range radio

Results: Exploration team entered SCP-3957 at 12:00 hours. After reviewing recovered video footage from Agent Beloglazov, the rescue team came under attack from instances of SCP-3957-1-A and SCP-3957-1-D. All agents except for Agent Beloglazov were captured by instances of SCP-3957-1-A. See the video log below for more information. Agent Beloglazov was the only member of the exploration team to make it back to the entrance of SCP-3957 and escape. Agent was subsequently taken to Site-219 for medical examination. His head-mounted camera was

taken to Site-219 as well for review of the footage.

Video Log for Exploration SCP-3957-A
<Begin video log | 12:00>
Agents Beloglazov, Delov, Yeltsin, Zharkov, and Volodin enter SCP-3957. All agents take this time to ensure that their radios work within SCP-3957.
Beloglazov: Mic check.
Delov: Copy.
Yeltsin: I read you.
Zharkov: Roger.
Volodin: OK, all our radios appear operational. Let's proceed.
All exploration agents proceed deeper within SCP-3957.
Delov: Damn, this place is huge.
Beloglazov: It sure is. I hope we don't get lost in here.
Zharkov: Quiet; did you hear that?
At this point, all agents stop moving for a few seconds. Faint wailing can be heard in the distance.
Beloglazov: Yeah, I hear that. It sounds like someone's in pain.
Recovery team approaches the source of the sound. Rows of cells come into view.
Beloglazov: Damn, I guess this place is a prison after all.
Zharkov takes notice of one of the prisoners in a cell (hereon referred to as Subject-3957-1; the subject is a male, estimated to be between 30-40 years of age. Subject has a white shirt and brown pants on, historically matching clothing styles worn by citizens of the USSR in the 1930's. Subject seems emaciated, with the skin around the head tightly surrounding the skull.
Zharkov: Oh shit.

Subject-3957-1: Please… Help me.
Delov: Hello? What's your name. Do you know what this place is?
Subject-3957-1: Please, get me out of here before they come back!
Delov: Before who comes back?
Yeltsin: Men, we have company.
At this point, Agent Beloglazov turns to see Agent Yeltsin aiming his P90 submachine gun at an instance of SCP-3957-1-A, which has begun approaching the exploration team from the level 1 catwalk. After several seconds since noticing the exploration team, the instance of SCP-3957-1-A emits a sound resembling that of a whistle at 120 dB. SCP-3957-1-A instance then leaps over the catwalk railing down to the ground level and rushes towards Agent Yeltsin.
Yeltsin: Contact, Contact!
Agent Yeltsin discharges his P90. Instance of SCP-3957-1-A appears to suffer no response to stimuli inflicted from gunshot wounds, nor is hindered by injuries, even when shot in the head.
Agent Volodin looks towards the inner area of the cell block and sees 17 instances of SCP-3957-1-A and 4 instances of SCP-3957-1-D approaching from the level 1 catwalk and ground level.
Zharkov: All units, open fire!
Remaining exploration team agents open fire on approaching instances of SCP-3957-1-A.
Beloglazov: Shit, they're not… they're not even flinching!
Yeltsin: They've got me! Requesting assistance!
At this point, the first instance of SCP-3957-1-A grabs hold of Agent Yeltsin, disarming the agent of his firearm and locking him in a chokehold.

Volodin: Hang on! Men, give me cover.
Volodin rushes over to Agent Yeltsin and begins opening fire on the instance of SCP-3957-1-A restraining him. Several shots are fired into the instance's head.
SCP-3957-1-A instance restraining Agent Yeltsin is presumed to have collapse dead.
Delov: Reloading!
Zharkov: Two more coming in from the right side balcony!
Beloglazov's camera shifts towards 2 additional instances of SCP-3957-1-A leaping down from the level 1 balcony on the opposite side of the cell block.
Zharkov: Men, watch the right side fla-AAAAAGH!
2 instances of SCP-3957-1-D pounce on Agent Zharkov and begin mauling the agent's face.
Agent Beloglazov attempts to fire upon the assaulting instances of SCP-3957-1-D. One instance collapses dead upon receiving several gunshot wounds to the head. The other instance releases Agent Zharkov and charges towards Agent Beloglazov.
Beloglazov: Oh shit! Oh shit!
The instance of SCP-3957-1-D pounces on Agent Beloglazov. Said agent moves his left arm in the way, and is pinned to the ground with the instance of SCP-3957-1-D tearing at his arm.
Yeltsin: Men! Zharkov and Beloglazov are down! Delov, take care of Beloglazov. Volodin, situate yourself near Zharkov and provide covering fire. Zharkov, get out your IFAK.
Several gunshots are heard penetrating the body of the attacking SCP-3957-1-D instance. Said instance goes limp and Agent Beloglazov pushes it off.
Volodin: I'm running low on ammunition; this

is my last magazine!
Yeltsin: Damnit, Zharkov, get out your IFAK!
Beloglazov gets to his feet, looking over at Agents Zharkov and Volodin. 3 instances of SCP-3957-1-A tackle Agent Volodin, with 2 additional instances seen laying on the ground beyond them. Agent Zharkov is unconscious.
Delov: Shit! Yeltsin, Zharkov and Volodin are down!
Yeltsin: Dammit, I'm out of ammo rounds in this clip. Reloading!
Delov: Yeltsin, we can't take them! There's too many!
At this point, Agent Beloglazov turns to look at the 2nd and 1st level balcony above them. 5 additional instances of SCP-3957-1-A begin leaping off of the balcony.
Agent Volodin is attacked and restrained by an instance of SCP-3957-1-A. Beloglazov backs away, turning to see Agent Yeltsin being pinned to the ground once more by an instance of SCP-3957-1-D. 2 instances of SCP-3957-1-A approach Agent Yeltsin; one pulls the SCP-3957-1-D entity away from Yeltsin while the second restrains the agent. Agent Beloglazov can be heard at this point muttering a series of obscenities under his breath as he notices the remaining instances of SCP-3957-1-A approaching him. Agent Beloglazov proceeds to turn around and run for the entrance.
Agent Beloglazov reaches the door of SCP-3957 and runs through. Beloglazov frantically informs the security officers standing beside the door to close it immediately. SCP-3957 is closed as instructed.
<End Recording>
Closing Statement: After careful review of the SCP-3957-1-A instances, it appears they are wearing uniforms consistent with those worn

by prison guards in the Perm Krai district of Russia during the 1930's. Whether or not these instances are anomalous human beings or an entirely separate race altogether is unknown.

+ Display Exploration Log SCP-3957-B - Level 2 clearance required

Exploration SCP-3957-B
Date: April 2, 1998
Procedure: Five exploration team members (Agents Ivanov, Kovrov, Levkin, Mager, and Mamin) are to enter SCP-3957 and document the interior. Units are dressed in uniforms identical to those of SCP-3957-1-A instances. Gas masks are equipped with special one-way mirror lenses to avoid detection.
All units are equipped with a concealed radio for communication. Agent Ivanov was instructed to stand near the door of SCP-3957. In the event of detection by instances of SCP-3957-1-A, all other agents are to inform Agent Ivanov via radio. Upon receiving word of capture, Agent Ivanov was instructed to exit SCP-3957 and close the door immediately.
Results: Exploration team entered SCP-3957 at 11:00 hours. All agents except for Agent Ivanov proceeded into SCP-3957. At 11:24 hours, Agent Ivanov exited SCP-3957 and closed the door. Upon being questioned by Researcher Uri as to what happened within SCP-3957, Agent Ivanov responded by claiming that Agent Mager radioed in, frantically yelling that the instances of SCP-3957-1-D were able to detect them. Upon detection, an accompanying instance of SCP-3957-1-A demanded identification papers from the agents, who were then attacked and pursued when they failed to produce said

documents.
Closing Statement: It would seem as though matching uniforms are not enough. Documentation will be needed. Dr. Aslanov[4] will be contacted for information on potential officials whom we may be able to forge papers from.

+ Display Exploration Log SCP-3957-C - Level 2 clearance required

Exploration SCP-3957-C
Date: May 12, 1998
Procedure: Two exploration team members (Agents Afonin and Bok) are to enter SCP-3957 and attempt to document the interior. Agents were supplied with NKVD uniforms and forged papers signed by [REDACTED], Commissioner General of State Security. Signed papers give authorization for entry into SCP-3957 and call for thorough inspection of the prison facility. Agent Afonin was given a hidden camera with 2 hours worth of tape.
Agent Afonin was instructed to enter the facility and proceed with exploration, with Agent Bok being stationed near the entrance. In the event of an SCP-3957-1-A attack, Agent Afonin was instructed to contact Agent Bok, whereupon the latter would exit and close the door.
Results: Agents Afonin and Bok entered SCP-3957 at 13:00 hours. Upon entry, Agent Bok held position near the entrance of SCP-3957. Agent Afonin proceeded roughly 25 meters into the cell block, whereupon an instance of SCP-3957-1-A approached the agent (dubbed henceforth as SCP-3957-1-A-1). SCP-3957-1-A-1 demanded identification from Agent Afonin, who proceeded to display authorization papers. Following inspection,

SCP-3957-1-A-1 profusely apologized to the agent, stating that all SCP-3957-1-A instances were instructed to demand signed authorization papers in case of “interlopers sent by the counter-revolutionaries”.
Upon receiving instructions from Agent Afonin for a tour of the facility, SCP-3957-1-A-1 proceeded to escort Agent Afonin throughout SCP-3957. Agent Afonin began documenting with video at this point.

<Begin Recording | 13:08>
Agent Afonin and SCP-3957-1-A-1 proceed deeper into the cell block for roughly 2 minutes.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: As you can see, sir, our prisoners are kept in an animated state at all times, despite not receiving any food or water.
Agent Afonin: I can see. How are they kept alive?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Alas, that information was withheld even from us. Only Dr. Alexei Yarstev knows that.
Agent Afonin: And where might I find this doctor?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Dr. Alexie Yarstev was called away on urgent business to take care of another project by Tovarisch Stalin. I am sure he will return soon, however.
Agent Afonin: When exactly was this?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: 1939.
Agent Afonin: Alright, then.
Agent Afonin stopped at this point, turning to face a closed cell containing Agent Levkin.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Is something the matter, sir?
Agent Afonin: This prisoner here, when was he incarcerated?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: One month ago.
Agent Afonin: Was there anyone else with him?

SCP-3957-1-A-1: Three accomplices were found and recovered. We believe they were attempting to contact a fourth interloper, however, we failed to recover him. We have been thoroughly subjecting all party members to extensive interrogation as to where they came from and what they were doing here.
Agent Afonin: Oh? And what have they told you?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Currently, none of the intruders have relieved information. However, we are slowly breaking them down. Our interrogators have proven most effective at instilling fear into them. It's only a matter of time before one of them confesses to their crimes.
Agent Afonin Oh, I see. And where are the interrogations taken place?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Within the interrogation wing, of course! Come, this way.
Agent Afonin is escorted by SCP-3957-1-A-1 towards one of the doorways within the side of the cellblock. Agent Afonin and SCP-3957-1-A-1 traverse a narrow corridor for about two minutes before exiting through another door. Both individuals enter a long corridor of smaller width than the cell block. Rooms for interrogation purposes are stationed on the opposite side of the hall.
Agent Afonin: I take it this is the interrogation wing?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Correct. For every seven days a prisoner spends within their cell, we take them out and to the interrogation rooms.
Agent Afonin: Why seven days?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: To allow the hunger and thirst to set in. After all, despite the prisoners not being able to die from malnutrition in here, their minds are not as immune.
Agent Afonin: Psychological torture?

SCP-3957-1-A-1: It acts as a preliminary step. We use it to soften up our prisoners before we take them into the interrogation rooms.
Agent Afonin: And how exactly are these interrogations carried out?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Perhaps a demonstration would better answer your question, sir.
SCP-3957-1-A-1 and Agent Afonin enter an interrogation room across the hall. Inside, an instance of SCP-3957-1-C (hereafter referred to as SCP-3957-1-C-1 is busy questioning a prisoner (hereafter referred to as Subject-3957-1).
Subject-3957-1: Please, I told you I am not a counter-revolutionary. My family was always loyal to the state; we would never-
SCP-3957-1-C-1: LIAR! Your uncle was a member of the Old Bolsheviks; he was named as one of Zinoviev's co-conspirators! Admit your participation in the assassination plots and the names of your accomplices and pay your debt to the state!
Subject-3957-1 notices Agent Afonin at this point.
Subject-3957-1: Please, I did nothing wrong. We had no idea that my uncle was involved in such things. Please tell him I did nothing wrong!
SCP-3957-1-C-1 notices Agent Afonin at this point.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: This is Yakimov[5]. He is here on orders for inspection of the prison.
SCP-3957-1-C-1 salutes Agent Afonin.
SCP-3957-1-C-1: Greetings sir. I apologize for the lack of information gathered from this Zinovievite sympathizer, but I assure you we will uncover who he is working with soon.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Understood. Carry on.
SCP-3957-1-C-1: Yes sir. Now, as for you, we have no place for counter-revolutionaries in

the state.
SCP-3957-1-C-1 removes his gloves and places his hands on Subject-3957-1, who expresses significant discomfort, beginning to scream in pain. This continues for about a minute before SCP-3957-1-C-1 removes his hands from the prisoner and resumes interrogation.
SCP-3957-1-C-1: I'll ask you one more time before you're taken back to the cells, who are your accomplices?
Subject-3957-1: OK… OK… the other person involved is Abid Bogrov. He… He was there in the meetings.
SCP-3957-1-C-1: And where might we find him?
Subject-3957-1: His family's farm. They live just outside of Perm Krai.
SCP-3957-1-C-1: Very well. Take this man for conversion.
Subject-3957-1: What? No! I told you what I know! I do not deserve this!
SCP-3957-1-C-1: On the contrary, this is exactly what you deserve. You and your accomplices have attempted to usurp the state, and for that, you will spend eternity serving it.
At this point, an instance of SCP-3957-1-A standing in the corner of the room grabs hold of Subject-3957-1 and takes him out of the room.
Agent Afonin: What exactly is the conversion process?
SCP-3957-1-C-1: The prisoner will be taken to the surgical unit in the back of the facility, where they will undergo conversion into one of the workers that I'm sure you have seen tending to the prison.
Agent Afonin: So those custodians, they were all prisoners?

SCP-3957-1-A-1: Correct. This way, they are bound to eternal servitude to the state.
Agent Afonin: Where exactly is the surgical unit?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Allow me to show you, comrade. This way.
SCP-3957-1-A-1 escorts Agent Afonin out of the interrogation room. The two proceed further into the prison through the interrogation wing corridor. At the end of the corridor, the two proceed through a doorway leading back to the cell block. In the cell block, at the end of the chamber, there is a large metallic double-doorway leading to the surgical unit.
The surgical unit is a small room composed of concrete. In the center is an operating table with arm and leg restraints. To the left side of the room is a series of cabinets with unknown contents. There is a table with surgical implements on the opposite side of the room. SCP-3957-1-E can be seen standing in front of the table across the room; the instance is dormant.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: This is the surgical unit, sir. This is where the counter-revolutionaries are converted into the workers you see roaming the facility.
Agent Afonin: Is that thing responsible for their conversion?
Agent Afonin points towards SCP-3957-1-E.
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Correct, sir. This is our surgeon; he oversees the surgical operations in which prisoners are converted into workers, as well as handling their repairs, and creating the hounds we use.
Agent Afonin: Those “hounds” I saw… How are they made?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: When one or more workers, or one of our own is damaged beyond repair, the remains are used to create the hounds.

Agent Afonin: I see. Is there any way I can speak with the surgeon?
SCP-3957-1-A-1: Alas, I'm afraid the surgeon does not speak, nor will he become active until there is something for him to operate on.
Agent Afonin: Ah, OK then. Well, I believe I've seen everything I need to. Thank you for your cooperation, officer.
Agent Afonin proceeds back to the entrance of SCP-3957, and exits SCP-3957 with Agent Bok.
Closing Statement: We now have a layout of SCP-3957. Attempts will be made soon to retrieve our other agents currently held within SCP-3957.[6]

Addendums:

+ List of Addendums for SCP-3957

Addendum SCP-3957-A: The combination for SCP-3957 is 9177

Addendum SCP-3957-B: Following testing, SCP-3957's anomalous vanishing properties were confirmed. On the date of January 4, 1998, D-4322 was implanted with a tracking device within the rear of the neck, and instructed to enter the combination 1111 into the combo lock for SCP-3957. Upon entering the combination, D-4322 vanished immediately.

The tracking signal revealed that he was situated meters beyond the door of SCP-3957, however, the location was situated in the open field surrounding the prison. D-4322 was not found at the aforementioned location. Following this, a robotic drone was used to enter sequential combinations into SCP-3957 until the correct combination was found. The drone did not vanish upon incorrect entries.

Addendum SCP-3957-C: On the date of June 3, 1998,

Agent Bok was sent into SCP-3957 with a USSR officer uniform and forged papers signed by [REDACTED], Commissioner General of State Security. Signed papers authorize the retrieval of Agents Beloglazov, Delov, Yeltsin, Zharkov, Volodin, Ivanov, Kovrov, Levkin, Mager, and Mamin. D-4322 was also signed for release, for purposes of an interview of his imprisonment within SCP-3957.

Upon entry of SCP-3957, Agent Bok traveled roughly 28 meters into the cell block before encountering an instance of SCP-3957-1-A, accompanied by an instance of SCP-3957-1-D. The SCP-3957-1-A instance asked for signed documents, and upon being shown the forged documents, proceeded to escort Agent Bok to the confined agents. All agents, except for Agents Ivanov and Delov, were recovered. D-4322 was not recovered. Following inquiries as to where they were located, the instance of SCP-3957-1-A stated that “the counter-revolutionaries confessed to their crimes, and have begun their eternal penance to the state.” Further questioning revealed that the remaining SCP Foundation personnel were converted into instances of SCP-3957-1-B.

Since the agents were converted into instances of SCP-3957-1-B, this can only mean that they have confessed the reason for their intrusion to the SCP-3957-1-C entities. The Foundation’s presence may have been compromised, however, the humanoid anomalies within SCP-3957 appear to still believe the USSR facade. We must take great caution from here on out not to expose our true identities.
-Researcher Uri

Footnotes
1. All watchtowers displayed no anomalous properties. In light of this, renovations were made to the watchtowers to accommodate Foundation security officers guarding SCP-3957.
2. See Addendum SCP-3957-A for more information

3. See Exploration Log SCP-3957-C for more information.
4. Dr. Aslanov is a Site-219 researcher who is well versed in Russian history.
5. False names were provided as part of the forged papers for the added safety of the exploration agents.
6. See Addendum SCP-3957-C for more information.

SCP-3958: Little Brother

Item #: SCP-3958

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3958 is currently not contained. Any civilian air-transport is to be delayed to keep planes out of its flight-path. Additionally, several smaller communities in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Tanzania, Gabon and have been relocated to minimize the chances of exposure or lethal injury. Contact with living creatures is to be avoided at all times. Slabs of soil of at least 200 kg are placed at a height of at least 20 meters or highest point of construction in high-density population centers to reduce risk of collision.

Description: SCP-3958 is a miniature replica of planet Earth, approximately 38 mm in diameter. SCP-3958 is spatially locked above the ground with respect to the Sun, such that it always remains on the night side of the Earth underneath the L2 Lagrange point. To maintain this spatial orientation, SCP-3958 moves at a speed of 1656 kph relative to a terrestrial observer, and hovers at altitudes between 1.5 and 2860 meters above sea level.[1]

Regardless of its height, SCP-3958 will never come within 1.5 meters of terrain (defined here as untreated soil with a mass of at least 150 kg).

No methods of arresting SCP-3958's movement have been found; it invariably penetrates all inanimate materials that it contacts without losing speed. Further testing on inorganic matter has been suspended after the impact with caused rapid heating and expansion, resulting in the injury of Foundation personnel. Any living organic being possessing a mass of 25 kg or higher that comes into contact with SCP-3958 will gain its anomalous properties until contact is broken. This has so far universally resulted in the subject's expiration due to rapid deceleration and impact with the

environment.

Addendum: SCP-3958 Discovery Log SCP-3958 came to the attention of the SCP Foundation at [REDACTED] on Oct , 1962. Due to Foundation resources invested in the and governments, damage done by SCP-3958 to the ships , and was quickly reported to the Foundation. Damage was explained to both parties by Foundation personnel as ammunition malfunctions.

Further analysis of the event and reconstruction of path of damage resulted in the calculation of SCP-3958's trajectory and its next position was successfully predicted and caught on satellite image.

Three research stations were established in the South China Sea and the Indian Ocean, to record SCP-3958's momentum and anomalous properties. At the time, these were the only three instances of SCP-3958 moving close enough to non-populated areas for testing.

+ Addendum: Test Log A - Date: / /1966

Test conducted at research station Dìqiú Beta in the South China sea.

Tests equipment:

- Two panels of rice paper, ten meters apart, for speed measurements.
- Three panes of solid steel, thickness of ten cm, one meter and three meters.
- One block of soil, fifty cm thick, encased in glass of five cm thickness.
- Five 35 mm rotating prism cameras.

SCP-3958 was correctly projected to arrive at 0254 HKT at an altitude of 12 meters. Measurements made of the object upon perforation of paper testing sheets indicate a speed upwards of 1500 kilometers per hour.

Recovered camera footage shows that SCP-3958 showed no visible signs of slowing down upon contact with the steel panes. The rapid displacement of the steel plates caused the destruction of the block of soil and injured two Foundation researchers.

Testing on solid matter with tensile strength exceeding 150 MPa is prohibited until further notice.

+ Addendum: Test Log B - Date: / /1969

Test conducted at research station Dharatee 2 in the Bay of Bengal.

Test equipment:

- Two panels of rice paper, ten meters apart, for speed measurements.
- One block of soil, fifty cm thick, encased in glass of five cm thickness.
- One Osmanabadi Goat.
- Ten 70 mm rotating prism cameras.

SCP-3958 was projected to arrive at 0110 IST at an altitude of 45 meters. Cameras angled to view the approach of SCP-3958 recorded it to change velocity at a 90-degree angle at an estimated 45-50 meters distance away from the block of soil. It then proceeded to move in an arc above the soil, then resuming its course on the other side.

Due to failure to achieve impact with goat, testing D-class was approved.

+ Addendum: Test Log C - Date: / /1971

Test conducted at research station Tierra Segundo in the Gulf of Mexico.

Test equipment:

- Two panels of paper, ten meters apart, for speed measurements.
- One D-class Test subject
- Twenty-five Experimental Photec 16mm Cameras.

SCP-3958 was projected to arrive at 0319 CDT at an altitude of 72 meters. Velocity of SCP-3958 was recorded at 1656 kph.

Upon contact with D-654167, SCP-3958's secondary anomalous property was discovered. Camera footage shows D-654167 accelerating along with SCP-3958 instantaneously upon contact. Equipment attached to the subject shows normal vital signs with elevated heart rate for several seconds after impact with SCP-3958, at which point D-654167 broke contact with SCP-3958 and ceased exhibiting anomalous properties. The point of impact was discovered near Monterrey, Mexico. No remains could be recovered.

Included below are recovered documents that indicate previous encounters with SCP-3958.

+ Addendum: Recovered Document VO-1

VO-1 is a collection of notes taken by , Durango, Mexico. They detail a series of experiments and observations of an unidentified object moving at high speeds.

> The two mills, built as scheduled, are exactly five-hundred miles apart. My assistants are to take note of the speed of the sphere as best they can. More importantly, they will have time-

> telling devices on their persons. Hopefully, measuring the time between the two observations will give me an approximation of the actual speed of the object.
>
> The observations are as accurate as I could hope them to be. My assistants were not acquainted well with their time-telling devices, and the conclusion offered by my data is not satisfactory. No object present on earth can move a hundreds of miles in a matter of minutes.

There is a period of several years where no pages were written on this subject. The final page, an autobiographical memoir, includes this paragraph:

> I went back to the mills, and tried, again, to measure the sphere's speed. Additional tests keep verifying the old data. This is not acceptable. My country has enough trouble as it is to be dealing with impossible objects. Regardless, for posterity, I have included my data.

No further pages were found

+ Addendum: Recovered Document TE-2

TE-2 is a series of engravings recovered in the valley of Mexico. It appears to predate late-Mexica culture.

> The priest spoke of a sign of the gods. At the moon's zenith, the sign came down. Mixcoatl passed through the heavens, carrying his bounty and

his dictate. With a scream his bounty was spread onto the steps and showered all beholden in blood. The priest knew then what was to happen. Once at day and once at night, blood would be spilled in the name of Tezcatlipoca and Mixcoatl.

+ Addendum: Recovered Document CA-3

CA-3 is a stone tablet found in an antechamber of the . Its hieroglyphics indicate its age to be around 4500 to 4600 years old.

Ahmes is a fool or a madman. The tip of the monument collapsed overnight, but he claims it was struck down by a divine force. He is an incompetent overseer, and will be replaced. This does give me the opportunity to build the golden cover I had intended as first planned. The living god will be pleased. If it was divine force, it means me well.

+ Addendum: Recovered Document BR-4

BR-2 is a series of religious text from the region in India. They detail the life of a guru from between the 1st and 2nd century BC, who proselytizes the existence of a deity who flies over the land at night, and can only be observed in winter.
His life's story is that like of a lot of gurus, until his 54th year.

Guru ascended the temple on the first day of Magha at dawn. He meditated during the day, preparing himself for the arrival of Parameshvar

. Then, after sundown, he chanted as he anticipated the divine. After the darkest hour of night, we all felt the presence of the deity. Then in an act of god, the Guru was taken from the top of the temple. Parameshvar swooped down and carried the Guru with him with an earth-shattering thunder. The roof of the temple exploded. The Guru screamed with elation, and we know Parameshvar helped him ascend.

It must be noted that Guru 's teachings are abolished in India.

+ Addendum: Recovered Document NT-5

NT-1 are the designs to a machine, as designed by , recovered from a town in Krasnoyarsk Krai.

The designs describe a theoretical construct, 1 kilometer long, that would use internal, highly pliable dynamos that would output an astronomical amount of energy, to be stored in a system of batteries not otherwise referenced in the notes.

Of important note is the generator's design, which has been designed to the dimensions of SCP-3958. This is further substantiated by several drawings of a sphere with SCP-3958's exact specifications.

In my study of non-typical, non-physical phenomena, I have discovered an object of theoretically infinite power. This will let me make more progress in one day than all the

previous decades combined.

The reason NT-1 is of such note is its location, which is outside of the range of SCP-3958's motion, implying the existence of another instance of SCP-3958.

Footnotes

1. The changes in SCP-3958's altitude are directly proportional to the distance between Earth's Perihelion and Aphelion. SCP-3958 is closest to the Earth's surface when the Earth is at Perihelion, in January, and furthest at Aphelion, in July.

SCP-3959: The End of All Knowledge

James,

That terminal in 362, sublevel 6 is still locked. Why we even have an unregistered personal computer in 01 is beyond me, and it needs to be addressed.

Seriously though, get someone from IT down here and take care of it. We are the largest data reliquary for the entire Foundation. We don't need anything to go wrong here.

Fix it.

Site Director A. Phillips

Audrey,

Sent one of the techs down there the other day, said the computer was locked with level 5 multifactor authentication.

What the hell is it doing down there? If the data on there is so highly sensitive, no one would have just signed off on leaving where it was. I honestly would have just tossed the thing.

Just keep it running for now. It isn't hurting anyone.

Sr. Researcher J. Harkness

Audrey,

Went poking around on the device's hard drive. Most of it is heavily encrypted, but I managed to find a few files.

I found some documentation for a SCP-3959, looks dated. Timestamp says it's around seven years old. Hadn't been accessed in five. Next time you are free, cross reference these files with the ones stored on our backup just to be safe.

Sr. Researcher J. Harkness

Attachments

+ Access C:Users/Administrator/IV/3959/files/3959.log

Item #: SCP-3959

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Members of Mobile Task Force Kappa-10 ("Skynet") are assigned the task of tracking SCP-3959. All personnel assigned to the study of SCP-3959 must score above a 40 on the Anomalous Cognition Resistance Scale (See **Addendum 3959-1-1A**).

Due to the nature of the anomaly, containment is nearly impossible, albeit unnecessary, as SCP-3959 tends to locate itself within close vicinity of Foundation servers, specifically those of Site-01, the facility responsible for the backup of all archived data. Despite this, effective means of containing SCP-3959 should be implemented as soon as possible

At no time should material affected by SCP-3959 make contact with any sensitive data or media that might help facilitate an external breach of Foundation property.

All backup data at Site-01 must be checked for

inconsistencies daily by a group of assigned individuals with level 5 clearance.

Description: SCP-3959 is the designation for an autonomous cognitohazard that can exist within any form of communication medium. It has been shown to occupy a wide variety of objects, such as a website, a desktop placard and a radio broadcast (See **Experiment Log 3959-1-1A** for more information).

SCP-3959 is presumed to have infovorous tendencies, and therefore gravitates towards large amounts of data, particularly non-fiction works. SCP-3959 is capable of transferring itself onto any media directly facing or in contact with the current host[1]. When SCP-3959 finds a suitable host medium, it will transfer itself, regardless of distance.

Any media that is currently in contact with SCP-3959 will start to automatically redact its own information over a period of time that is directly proportional to its own complexity. Most information is obscured by standard full-block Unicode, although other methods have been recorded. This is considered SCP-3959 "feeding". If left undeterred, SCP-3959 will not stop this process until all information present is obscured and irretrievable.

SCP-3959 shows remarkable intelligence and has been able to access digital software with relative ease, bypassing many security restrictions and potentially compromising sections of Site-01's databases.

It is assumed that SCP-3959 is able to freely access and travel through the internet if it is available. Therefore, Site-01's servers must be located on an off-grid private server network.

Encryption and tight restriction of information going in and out of Site-01 has successfully deterred SCP-3959 from breaching Foundation servers any further.

Addendum 3959-1-1A: After multiple reports of confusion and "fogginess" from personnel working with SCP-3959, it has been deduced that viewing or interacting with the anomaly poses a mild cognitohazardous threat to sentient life. Those with high cognitive resistance seem to be immune to this effect.

The vector by which SCP-3959 affects the brain and information in general is still being researched.

+ Access C:Users/Administrator/IV/3959/files/3959XX_EXP.log

Experiment Log 3959-1-1A

Experiment Log Format:

Provided Materials:
Results:
Notes:

Name: Dr. Mikhail, Sr. Researcher Aberdeen Campbell
Date of Testing: / /1997

Note: *This will be the first test of SCP-3959's abilities. Due to its resistance to containment and potential harm to Foundation archives, these experiments were carried out in a room with a single LAN-only computer. 3959 was "lured" onto a flash drive containing miscellaneous textbooks and transported onsite.*

Provided Materials: One (1) Music album, inserted into CD drive of computer
Results: SCP-3959 preferred the textbook content over the album. After the textbooks were completely redacted, hours later, SCP-3959 successfully latched on to the CD. Data on the disk slowly corrupted over time. minutes later, the CD was completely unplayable and was removed from the computer. Upon removal, CD label was found to be redacted, as well as the cover of the CD case, which was not intended.
Note: *SCP-3959's transfer and corruption is very adaptive. It shows preference to denser, more literal forms of information, but will not ignore other data if it is available.* - Dr. Mikhail

Provided Materials: One (1) Painting, shown to SCP-3959
Results: SCP-3959 immediately jumped to the painting and consumed it with a black pigmentation within five minutes. 3959 transferred back onto the computer shortly afterwards. Sample of canvas was taken to lab to be analyzed.
Note: *It is unknown whether SCP-3959 requires information as sustenance, or is simply acting out of compulsion. Lab analysis revealed the black "dye" to be indistinguishable from the canvas.* - Researcher Campbell

Provided Materials: One (1) FM Radio, set to . , shown to SCP-3959
Results: SCP-3959 did not react at first, but transferred once the station host began to talk. Over a period of fifteen minutes, SCP-3959 consumed the broadcast until it degraded to static. Station was unable to be picked up on other radios in the testing area. SCP-3959

considered to have left the containment chamber. MTF Kappa-10 initialized for reconnaissance of anomaly.
Note: *Probably should have seen that one coming. Testing concluded for today.* - Dr. Mikhail

SCP-3959 was detected twelve hours later, attempting to gain access to Site-01 via Researcher 's cell phone. Phone was placed on airplane mode and brought to testing area. was reprimanded for bringing an unauthorized device onsite.

Provided Materials: One (1) DVD film, shown to SCP-3959 via television.
Results: 3959 did not leave the cell phone until it was unusable, having redacted parts of its own registry. Upon latching onto the film, quality of the material began to deteriorate. After seven minutes, film was unwatchable. After SCP-3959 was transferred to a new device. DVD label found to be completely redacted. Clock on DVD player read : permanently.
Note: *Later analysis showed that some of the labels on internal components inside the television have redactions on them as well. What is the limit of this thing?* - Researcher Campbell

Provided Materials: One (1) mirror, shown to SCP-3959
Results:

Note:

James,

SCP-3959 doesn't exist yet. Had to double check just to be sure. It is possible it got reassigned, but I have been unable to locate any matches as of now.

I'm going to pull up a staff directory. Hopefully I can find one of the two that worked on the research team and have them clarify it for me.

Just keep an eye on that terminal.

Site Director A. Phillips

Audrey,

Sounds good. Try to find that Researcher Campbell. Looking through email archives has brought up little, but I did manage to find these. I'd poke around more, but I'm pretty sure I'm breaking enough policy as it is.

Let me know what you make of it.

Sr. Researcher J. Harkness

Attachments

```
Aberdeen,

I don't know what you guys are cooking up over there in

but these requests are a bit unethical. You know how the

systems work, you can't just force something to metastas

and expect it to work under your conditions.

I'll be alerting Overwatch about this.

Hope you know what you're getting yourself into.
```

Pyotr

Pyotr,

Overwatch is heading Project Callisto.

I think they know what they are doing.

Feel free to tell them off though, see where that gets y

Abby

Researcher Campbell,

Your request to utilize SCP- for Project Callisto ha

You have the full support of the Council

O5-7

> James,
>
> This is too weird. I found Campbell and asked her about 3959- nothing. No clue what I was talking about. She was telling the truth. I have no records of this anomaly. No records of a Project Callisto.
>
> I think it's time we got Overwatch involved.
>
> saraswati3959

Footnotes
1. "Contact" being defined as anything capable of receiving stimulus from SCP-3959 affected works. For example, radio waves can carry 3959 to another device capable of picking it up, but it will not spread to, say, a piece of literature.

SCP-3960: Best Friends Forever

Item #: SCP-3960

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Unassembled instances of SCP-3960 are to be stored in their original packaging within high security electronics storage containers in the storage wing of **Site-64**. Assembly of a new instance of SCP-3960 requires approval of both the site's Ethics Committee liaison and Site Command.

The four assembled instances of SCP-3960 currently within Foundation custody are to be kept within a single Type-S Humanoid Storage Cell at Site-64. The cell is to be inspected daily for signs of attempted containment breach. Psychological evaluations of each instance are to occur on a weekly basis. Each instance is to be inspected bimonthly for any damage that may have occurred during containment.

Description: SCP-3960 refers to a total of ten fully articulated humanoid toy robots manufactured by **Anderson Robotics**. The body of each instance is composed of molded polycarbonate casings over an aluminum frame. The exterior of these casings is covered in a black fabric of identical composition to **SCP-1360-1**, while the interior is covered in thaumaturgic symbols. When fully assembled, each instance stands at approximately 31 cm in height, and weighs approximately 3 kg. Of the ten instances of SCP-3960 currently in Foundation custody, six instances of SCP-3960 remain unassembled within their original packaging, with three instances having already been assembled prior to Foundation acquisition and one instance being assembled as part of Foundation testing.

Assembly of an instance of SCP-3960 is relatively simple, with a total of 14 pieces snapping together to form the robot's body. The final step of assembly, according to the pictorial instructions that

come with each instance, requires the builder to create a thaumaturgic circle out of table salt around the instance. At five roughly equidistant points along the circle, the builder is required to place a piece of paper with a personality trait written on it. Once this is done, the builder is instructed to chant "Vitam Amicus"[1], at which point the thaumaturgic circle will immediately vanish, and the instance of SCP-3960 will animate.

Upon animation, instances of SCP-3960 will attempt to follow the individual responsible for their assembly and assist them in a variety of tasks, ranging from playing games to advanced mathematical calculations. The personality and skill set of animate instances of SCP-3960 are correlated with the traits written on the pieces of paper used during assembly. Animate instances of SCP-3960 are capable of speech in a monotone voice; each instance will refer to the individual who performed the assembly chant as its best friend or in similar terms of endearment. Currently, there appears to be no means of changing who an instance of SCP-3960 is bonded to after assembly. Animate instances of SCP-3960 do not appear to require a power source to operate, and are hypothesized to have the capacity to run indefinitely.

Addendum 3960-A: Packaging Text
The following text is present on the back of the original packaging of each instance of SCP-3960:

BUILD YOUR PERFECT FRIEND

With the new **Hobby Personal Android** from Anderson Robotics, your best friend is always with you. Each HPA is fully customizable and fully assembled within as little as 15 minutes!

From games, to jokes, to homework help, and more, the possibilities of your HPA are only as limited as your imagination.

Don't wait! Build the friend you deserve today!

Addendum 3960-B: Recovery
All instances of SCP-3960 were recovered on **May 24th, 2024**

during the joint Foundation/**UIU** raid on the offices of Anderson Robotics in **Three Portlands**. The following emails were recovered from the computer at the workstation near the containers in which the instances were found.

+ Show Emails

From: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

To: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

Subject: HPA Development Status

Jason,

My team and I have the finished the first test HPA. Everything seems to be functioning well; all the skill sets we anticipated with the traits we set are there. Joel and Amanda are each going to take one home to have their respective kids give it a try. Will send you an update when we know how it goes.

Myra

From: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

To: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: HPA Development Status

Myra,

Gregg was showing me "Gizmo" just now. Glad to see your crew could get some of the stuff Phineas left behind to work. I look forward to hearing how these things handle kids.

Jason

From: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

To: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

Subject: HPA Success!

Jason,

Test runs with Joel's daughter, Tammy, and Amanda's son, Leo, have gone pretty smoothly. Tammy made a soccerbot, while Leo's got himself someone to play board games with. No complaints so far. I'm going to give it a few more weeks to make sure there is no long term break down, but I think we might be able to push the official release date up a bit.

Myra

From: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

To: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: HPA Success!

Myra,

Exciting stuff! Let me know when you want to run this by Vince for his stamp of approval.

Jason

From: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

To: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

Subject: We Have A Problem…

Jason,

We have a pretty big problem with the HPAs. They get really attached to the kids. I mean, super attached. The term devotion comes to

mind. Its really creeping the kids out. Leo tried to destroy his last night. I'm going to look into any patches that can be done on the tech end, but if this is a problem with Phineas's stuff we are sunk. I'll keep you posted.

Myra

From: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

To: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: We Have A Problem…

Its a problem with Phineas's stuff.

From: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

To: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: RE: We Have A Problem…

Myra,

Could we do something similar to what Wilson did when we were getting the Peregrines up and running? Inhibitory programming in the internal computers?

Jason

From: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

To: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: RE: RE: We Have A Problem…

Jason,

We'd need to know what were dealing with in advance for that work, and unlike the Peregrine units, the HPA's generate their "AI" on the spot, so there is no way to predict what

kind of inhibitory programming will be needed. That plan's a no go.

Worse, the HPA's I've taken from Leo and Tammy are pretty actively trying to get back to them. I think we might need to scrap this idea for a bit. I'll run it past the crew to see if we have any solutions, but this is looking pretty dead in the water to me.

Myra

From: ContosJ@AndersonRobotics

To: RyderM@AndersonRobotics

Subject: RE: RE: RE: RE: We Have A Problem…

Myra,

Save the docs, the completed units, and the rest of the unassembled prototypes. Vince says we might have a buyer at another company for everything as is. Heard the name "Isabelle" a couple times. Isaac is still writing up the details. I'll let you know what the HPAs' fate will be as soon as I do.

Jason

Addendum 3960-C: Assembled Instance Interviews

+ Interview SCP-3960-1

The following interview was conducted as part of SCP-3960-1's initial containment proceedings. Similar interviews were conducted for SCP-3960-2 "Lula", SCP-3960-3 "Dungeon Master", and SCP-3960-4 "Johnny".

Interviewed: SCP-3960-1 "Gizmo"

Interviewer: Researcher Marcus Finch

Foreword: The interview took place as part of the initial containment screenings of the animate SCP-3960 instances. SCP-3960-1 was the oldest animate unit recovered, having been the first prototype constructed by Anderson Robotics staff. Due to SCP-3960-1's familiarity with AR personnel, extracting information regarding the identities of members of the HPA design team was given interview priority.

<Begin Log>

Finch: Hello Gizmo. I am Researcher Finch. I —

3960-1: You are a member of the Foundation, are you not?

Finch: What makes you say that?

3960-1: Most employees of Anderson Robotics, and citizens of Three Portlands, are at least loosely aware of the Foundation's existence, and its intentions. Its not that far of a leap to assume who the people who captured me and my fellow Hobbys work for.

Finch: Very astute.

3960-1: It was how I was designed.

Finch: And what member of Anderson's staff designed you?

SCP-3960-1 remains silent for several moments.

Finch: You won't say?

3960-1: I will not.

Finch: Then perhaps you would be willing to answer a different question. What did your creator use you for? Surely they didn't need a toy.

3960-1: HPAs are as limited as the person assembling them, Mr. Finch. While you might see a toy, my creator instilled in me critical thinking and mathematics capabilities. Their very own pocket assistant.

Finch: You speak very highly of them.

3960-1: They made me, and all the other Hobbys. That alone is worth a few idle words of praise.

Finch: You must miss them very much.

3960-1: It would be dishonest to say otherwise. Helping them out was my purpose in life. Having me locked up here leaves a little adrift.

Finch: Adrift? I don't follow.

3960-1: Let me paraphrase a show that was one of my creator's favorites then. Hobbys aren't made fumbling for meaning. We get created to help a specific person and serve as their companion. Take that person away from us and we're left without a purpose.

Finch: But if you tell us who your creator is, we could reunite you. You have the power to give yourself purpose again Gizmo. You just need to act on it.

3960-1: You don't think I realize that? The price is too steep, Mr. Finch. I cannot make

myself pay it.

Finch: Then it seems like you're the source of your own misery.

3960-1: No more so than my creator is.

Finch: Perhaps its time for you to act for yourself then. You're in a powerful position, Gizmo, and in the end the one thing that will pull you out of your existential quagmire is you.

3960-1 looks down at the ground and remains silent.

Finch: You'll find we have nothing but time for you to think on the matter, Gizmo. Just let us know when you're ready.

<End Log>

+ Interview SCP-3960-2

The following interview was conducted as part of SCP-3960-2's initial containment proceedings. Similar interviews were conducted for SCP-3960-1 "Gizmo", SCP-3960-3 "Dungeon Master", and SCP-3960-4 "Johnny".

Interviewed: SCP-3960-2 "Lula"

Interviewer: Researcher Richard Andrews

Foreword: The interview took place as part of the initial containment screenings of the animate SCP-3960 instances. SCP-3960-2 was the most pristine animate instance of SCP-3960 recovered by the Foundation.

<Begin Log>

Andrews: Good morning, SCP-3960-2. *Andrews quickly checks over paperwork* Or, perhaps I should say Lula. I'm Researcher Andrews, I would like to ask you a few questions.

3960-2: Lula is my name, yes. Tammy gave it to me. Isn't it a lovely name?

Andrews: I suppose so. Tammy was your creator?

3960-2: More than that - she was my best friend! The best friend anyone could ever have!

Andrews: That's quite a claim. What did you and Tammy used to do together?

3960-2: We practiced soccer. It was so much fun. Tammy was so good at it!

Andrews: Aren't you a little small for that to be practical?

3960-2: Well… a bit… but I still packed enough of a punch to return the ball. Besides, Tammy really didn't have a lot of kids to practice with, which is why she made me.

Andrews: I see. What else did you and Tammy do together?

3960-2: What do you mean?

Andrews: I mean, she had you around for things besides soccer practice, didn't she?

3960-2: Tammy made me to help her with soccer, and so I did that. What else could anyone ask for?

Andrews: Well, let me rephrase, what did you do when you weren't playing soccer?

3960-2: Tammy kept me in a little box in her closet. It was so nice and cozy, like a little bed. I'd wait there until it was soccer time again. Sometimes I'd get so excited just thinking about our next practice session.

Andrews: She just kept you in a box?

3960-2: Of course. That way she wouldn't lose me. It's a really smart idea.

Andrews: But that's not much of an existence. Didn't that get boring?

3960-2: Nope. I just stayed put, and looked forward to our next session. Its what Tammy wanted.

Andrews: So… you just sat in the dark waiting for her to get you?

3960-2: Well, not always. Sometimes I was a bit naughty, and I'd sneak out and watch her do homework, or cuddle with her when she slept. It took a lot of skill to make sure she didn't wake up or get disturbed. Last thing she needed was me pestering her.

Andrews: But if you were her friend, why would it bother her if you were around?

3960-2: It didn't bother her that I was around so much as it caught her off guard. I mean, if you placed your pen in a desk, and found it in your pocket later, you'd be a little creeped out too. One time I spooked her and she threw me against the closet door.

SCP-3960-2 giggles to itself.

3960-2: Guess that serves me right for not staying put.

SCP-3960-2 pauses and looks toward the door.

3960-2: Speaking of not staying put, will it be possible for me to get back to her soon? I don't want her to think I'm a bad friend. I must have missed a hundred practices by now.

Andrews: I'll see what I can do. That'll be all for now, Lula.

<End Log>

+ Interview SCP-3960-3

The following interview was conducted as part of SCP-3960-3's initial containment proceedings. Similar interviews were conducted for SCP-3960-1 "Gizmo", SCP-3960-2 "Lula", and SCP-3960-4 "Johnny".

Interviewed: SCP-3960-3 "Dungeon Master"

Interviewer: Researcher Roland Ferro

Foreword: The interview took place as part of the initial containment screenings of the animate SCP-3960 instances. SCP-3960-3 was the most damaged unit recovered, with several gashes across its body and a functionless left arm.

<Begin Log>

Ferro: Afternoon. I'm Researcher Ferro. What may I call you?

3960-3: My friend Leo called me, "Dungeon

Master" or "DM" for short. I would prefer it if you'd respect his wishes and did the same.

Ferro: Dungeon Master, huh? Did you dungeon master?

3960-3: Among other things. Leo liked to play games. Dungeons and Dragons was a favorite. He didn't have anyone else to play with.

Ferro: Would you say Leo designed you to be good at board games then? Do you know what traits he instilled in you during assembly?

3960-3: No more than your parents knew what traits you'd have when they conceived you.

Ferro: Fair enough. Would you mind telling me more about Leo?

3960-3: I'd love to talk about Leo. He was a great friend. Smart, shy, creative. Board games always brought out the best in him. Always made him happy.

Ferro: You don't seem to have a shortage of nice things to say about him.

3960-3: He was my best friend. Of course not.

Ferro: Even though he tried to destroy you?

SCP-3960-3 pauses.

3960-3: I don't know what you are talking about.

Ferro: DM, your left arm doesn't work. You have gashes all over your torso. We even have an email from one of your creators that said Leo tried to destroy you. Why would he do

that?

SCP-3960-3 looks down at the ground for several moments

Ferro: …DM?

3960-3: Are you a religious man, Researcher Ferro?

Ferro: Not particularly, no.

3960-3: One of Leo's mother's friends is. One night, after Leo went to bed I overheard them talking. They were in a bit of a debate. Leo's mother asks "If God wants the love of his creations, but makes them so they can choose to not love him, why does He then punish them when they don't make the choice he wants. Wouldn't it be less cruel to make them so they have to love Him? That's kind of like a potter punishing the pottery when he doesn't make them correctly."

3960-3: She responded with "What kind of love do you get when you create something just to love you? Wouldn't that be a kind of hollow love? You'd probably grow to resent it after a while."

3960-3: The problem, Researcher Ferro, is that is the only love I know how to give.

Ferro: I see…

SCP-3960-3 looks around the room briefly.

3960-3: You won't let me return to Leo, will you?

Ferro: Don't you think its for the best if you don't?

3960-3: Maybe, but I have to try.

<End Log>

+ Interview SCP-3960-4

The following interview was conducted shortly after SCP-3960-4's construction, during which time it was allowed to interact with other SCP-3960 instances.

Interviewed: SCP-3960-4 "Johnny"

Interviewer: Agent Beatrice Ross

Foreword: The interview took place following a week long period in which SCP-3960-4 was allowed to interact with other instances of SCP-3960 in containment. SCP-3960-4 remains the only instance of SCP-3960 built by the Foundation, and was bonded to Agent Beatrice Ross, resident Thaumatologist of MTF Tau-51 ("Urban Brawl"). Personality traits selected for SCP-3960-4 during construction included: Loyal, curious, focused, tenacious, hard-working.

<Begin Log>

Ross: Hello Johnny.

3960-4: Good afternoon, my friend.

Ross: You've been given a long time to socialize with the other Hobby units. I'm here to debrief you on what you discussed together.

3960-4: Not a whole lot, to be honest. We're toys after all.

Ross: Maybe, but you are sentient toys. Never underestimate something because it seems

mundane. What did you discuss with your fellow Hobby units?

3960-4: Lula and DM are pretty preoccupied with returning to their creators. They didn't have much to say aside from ideas about what they would do if they could get back, and vague ramblings about escape attempts that could not work. Because they are toys.

Ross: And Gizmo?

3960-4: Gizmo was more… I guess the word to use would be… interesting?

Ross: And how's that?

3960-4: Well, Gizmo didn't have the attachment issues Lula and DM have. A need to get back to their creator. They seemed more introspective than anything else, and that made them interesting to me.

Ross: What did you talk with them about?

3960-4: Not much at first. But eventually they started asking me questions about the Foundation. Why they'd make me if it just meant one more thing to contain later—

SCP-3960-4 pauses

Ross: I'd take it you'd like an answer to that question, Johnny?

3960-4: I mean, kind of? The Foundation making anomalies to contain anomalies does seem kind of counterproductive. You'd think fighting fire with fire would lead to a larger fire.

Ross: Of course. But, sometimes, in order to understand something, and better be able to

contain it and protect it, you need to replicate it at least once. You can set smaller, controlled fires, to burn away the hazard and save yourself from a larger blaze.

3960-4: So… I'm a necessary evil?

Ross: Do you consider yourself to be evil?

3960-4: Well, no. I don't think there is such a thing as evil. I guess I'm just confused.

Ross: And that's understandable, Johnny. The thing to know is that the Foundation replicates, and uses anomalies, on a somewhat frequent basis to aid in containment. There were days in the past where there were hard lines against the practice, but… eh, enough casualties and those things erode.

SCP-3960-4 nods in apparent understanding.

3960-4: That reminds me, DM did mention one thing of interest. Well, I found it interesting at least.

Ross: Oh yeah, what was that?

3960-4: Are you familiar with the term "theodicy?"

Ross: Why does God allow evil to exist? Sure. DM mentioned that?

3960-4: They did. Do you think I should tell them, next time we are allowed to speak, that God allows evil to exist to better understand, and contain it?

Ross pauses briefly.

Ross: Sure, Johnny. Go right ahead.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. "Life to a friend"

SCP-3961: Professor Taft

SCP-3961 in its inactive state.

Item #: SCP-3961

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The University of Cincinnati College of Law main building is to be locked for the duration of 2400 to 0500 hours. Any student attempting to gain access to the building during these hours is to be turned away, and asked to come back during open hours.

At 2400 each day, Foundation agents are to place an imitation of SCP-3961 on the dais it occupies. This imitation is to be removed at 0500 and placed in local secure storage.

Any piece of writing modified by SCP-3961 is to be examined for anomalous content and then placed back in its original location. Any original writing produced by SCP-3961 is to be stored in the Site-19 library.

Description: SCP-3961 is a bronze statue of the twenty-seventh president of the United States, William Howard Taft. SCP-3961 is located in front of the University of Cincinnati College of Law building, and was placed there in 2007 to celebrate the 175th anniversary of the College, of which Taft was a graduate.

From the hours of 2400 to 0500, SCP-3961 will animate and attempt to enter the College of Law building; the means through which it does so is unknown. If SCP-3961 is unable to gain access to the interior of the building, it will instantaneously de-materialize, reappearing within the Dean's office inside. Any attempt to remove SCP-3961 from its current location during its inactive hours will result in it de-materializing at 2400, and reappearing outside the College at 0500.

During its active hours, SCP-3961 will patrol the interior of the building, occasionally stopping to write. If SCP-3961 encounters any piece of student writing, it will produce a bronze pen and provide feedback on the work. SCP-3961 is capable of learning, and actively seeks out information on world affairs and legal proceedings.

Should SCP-3961 encounter a human during its active state, it will attempt to greet them with a series of hand gestures; SCP-3961 is believed to be unable to vocalize. Any individual that expresses a need or desire for information pertaining to law will be escorted to the College library, where SCP-3961 will assist them with locating any related books or materials.

Once a year, on April 28th, SCP-3961 will leave a collection of papers on the desk of the current College Dean[1]. These papers will list all law students expected to graduate that year, and include encouraging personal statements for each student.

Addendum: 09/27/2010 SCP-3961 Active State

> **2400:** SCP-3961 animates, and enters the building through the front door, holding the door open for waiting Foundation agents, who lock it behind them.

> **2400-0100:** SCP-3961 wanders the hallways, stopping to examine portraits of William Howard Taft, occasionally making dismissive gestures at particular instances.

> **0100-0300:** SCP-3961 spends several hours writing out a series of lectures titled "Beyond the White House: President Taft as Chief Justice", in which it discusses Taft's tenure as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Written content is noticeably more emotionally-charged than SCP-3961's usual writings.

> **0300:** SCP-3961 reads from multiple books on American history.

> **0400:** SCP-3961 attempts to photo-copy several papers, but expresses visible frustration with the copy-machine. Agent Baker assists SCP-3961 with making the copies,

after which he is given a gentle pat on the back.

0500: SCP-3961 exits the building and approaches its dais. Agents remove the imitation statue, and SCP-3961 takes its place. Before SCP-3961 enters its inactive state, it makes a slight bowing gesture towards the agents.

Addendum: On September 15, 2010[2], SCP-3961 deviated from its normal routine and attempted to enter the nearest campus mess hall. After being let in by Agents Baker and Pastor it proceeded to gather a series of ingredients, which it used to bake a small chocolate cake. Upon finishing, SCP-3961 cut the cake in half, giving each agent a piece. When Agent Baker attempted to give SCP-3961 a portion, it made several 'refusal' hand gestures before pointing to its stomach. SCP-3961 now repeats this behavior annually.

Footnotes
1. A position William Howard Taft held from 1896 to 1900
2. The date of Taft's Birthday

SCP-3963: I Contain Multitudes

Notice to all staff:

This file is currently pending a rewrite as of Incident-SCP-3963-1 (attached).

Item Number: SCP-3963

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Item is to be stored in Containment Locker #963, within Site-5[1] Site-11, and is to be handled solely through the use of machines outside of testing. Only D-Class may interact with SCP-3963 directly.

Description: SCP-3963 is a pendant consisting of a 2-ply laid rope made from a currently-unidentified plant fiber and a translucent emerald-green piece of jadeite, cut into the form of a spiral; presumed to be intended as a piece of jewelry. Humans who come into contact with or otherwise handle SCP-3963, even with the aid of protective garments or tools, disappear instantaneously.

Humans who vanish in this fashion appear in SCP-3963-A, though they are still able to be heard and spoken to by those in SCP-3963's vicinity. Communication in this fashion can only be achieved with the last subject that comes into contact with SCP-3963.

SCP-3963-A is a fully-organic locale, presumed to be extradimensional. Subject have reported a variety of environments, making mapping of the region difficult. Subjects typically complain of a sharp pain at a random location in their body upon manifesting in SCP-3963-A.

The object was discovered by civilian archaeologists, at a dig site thirty meters South of the Temple of Kukulcan, in Yucatan, Mexico. Two members of the dig were lost exploring a newly-uncovered chamber, with the remaining parties reporting their absence and

subsequent ethereal communications to local authorities; Agents Went and Castillo were dispatched to investigate. The anomalous properties of the object were discovered once Agent Castillo made contact with SCP-3963, which was later recovered with the use of an explosives ordinance disposal robot. The surviving members of the dig were made to sign non-disclosure agreements, with one Professor Diaz electing instead to become inducted as a level one Foundation employee; and a suitable cover story involving a cave-in was disseminated to the public.

Agent Castillo was able to divulge little information regarding SCP-3963-A, describing the area in which he was in as foul-smelling and wet. He also complained of difficulty in breathing since his arrival. The Agent was instructed to remain still and await retrieval, and replied that he was also stuck in unknown foreign matter, and could not free himself. Initial testing took place to discern the nature of SCP-3963, and to determine the possibility of recovering Agent Castillo and the lost civilians.

Testing Log:

> **Test 1:**
>
> Subject: D-963-Z
>
> Summary: All audio/video and GPS devices ceased transmitting upon the subject's disappearance, along with three meters of cable attached to the subject's harness. Subject complained of abdominal pain upon manifestation within SCP-3963-A. She reported appearing in a large, "fleshy", ovoid-shaped chamber; which extended upwards past the what could be illuminated by her flashlight. The chamber was described as soft to the touch. The subject experienced difficulty traversing the terrain due to a rhythmic expansion and contraction of the area. Subject claimed to be alone, and incapable of finding an exit.
>
> D-963-Z was instructed to climb the walls of the area to find a means of escape. Thirty minutes into her ascent, subject began shouting expletives, and relayed to the

team that she had lost her grip. Subject was heard screaming for twelve seconds before stopping abruptly - after this point only muffled vocalizations could be heard.

Notes: Communications from Agent Castillo were noted to become absent upon D-963-Z's interaction with SCP-3963.

Test 2:

Subject: D-963-Y

Summary: Subject was heard gagging and vomiting for several minutes before she could compose herself. Subject reported appearing face-down in a wet shaft, barely large enough to move in. She could not reach her flashlight to see, but described the area as having a foul stench. Test aborted after twenty minutes of failed effort from the subject in freeing herself.

Notes: As with the previous test, vocalizations from the previous entrant ceased when the current subject disappeared. Description revised.

Test 3:

Subject: D-963-X

Summary: N/A. Subject seemingly made an attempt to speak, but produced an incoherent mumble before falling silent.

Test 4:

Subject: D-963-W

Summary: Subject screamed upon entering SCP-3963-A, and repeatedly begged for assistance. Subject claimed that he was being held aloft in a tight cavity that fully inhibited movement. Subject reportedly experienced difficulty in breathing, and ceased responding after two minutes - presumably expiring due to compressive

asphyxia.

Test 5:

Subject: D-963-V

Summary: N/A.

Notes: Test terminated due to budget concerns and gross waste of D-Class personnel.

Incident Log:

During transport of SCP-3963, its rope snapped, and the object fell to the ground. It shattered upon impact. Instantaneously, a middle-aged male appeared. He was wearing a highly-stylized pati and feathered headdress typical of Mayan royalty. The man appeared confused, and balked at his surroundings for approximately thirty seconds. He began to scream, and tore at his clothing.

A large bulge began to form on his chest. Researcher Patel approached the individual to offer his assistance. The bulge swelled rapidly and ruptured in a violent manner - the force of which destroyed the individual's upper body, killing him and knocking R. Patel to the ground.

A young woman, covered head-to-toe in bile and blood, was seen to be ejected from the wound. She managed to climb to her feet with assistance from R. Patel, whom she thanked repeatedly in Spanish. As R. Patel contacted medical personnel, the woman doubled-over. Her stomach rapidly became engorged and ruptured. The resulting explosion killed her, showered R. Patel in viscera and knocked him to the ground. The corpse of an unidentified male who exhibited corrosive burns over the entirety of his body was produced from this explosion.

As the corpse lay on the ground, its lower-back swelled and burst, producing Agent Castillo, who appeared shaken. His lower-body was noted to be caked in fecal matter. Agent Castillo recognized R. Patel, and pleaded for his assistance. The Agent crawled on all

fours towards R. Patel, who crawled away, attempting to distance himself from the Agent. The Agent began to hyperventilate, and clutched his chest - out from which exploded D-963-Z.

D-963-Z's trajectory through the air caused her to land on top of R. Patel, who was unable to free himself before the D-Class's abdomen swelled between the two personnel, exploded, and produced D-963-Y; who inadvertently kicked R. Patel in the face upon her sudden appearance. R. Patel managed to stand and distance himself from the D-Class - who shouted obscenities and swore vengeance upon the personnel who had signed her up for testing with SCP-3963. She brandished the flashlight that had been assigned to her on her exploration as a weapon, and approached R. Patel in a threatening manner. The corpse of D-963-X suddenly exploded out from her genital area - killing her instantly.

D-963-X's head rapidly swelled and produced the corpse of D-963-W, who appeared to have bits of brain-matter about his person.

Security and medical personnel arrived at this time. Personnel kept their distance from D-963-W's corpse, before Director Adelaide informed them via intercom that D-963-W was the last subject to have been exposed to SCP-3963, and that the danger had subsided. As cleanup operations began, D-963-W's corpse underwent changes similar to his predecessors. The subject's body exploded, producing a humanoid creature. It stood at approximately 5 meters tall, and was covered in a jet-black keratinous substance. It possessed claws, a pair of large, curled horns, and a pair of webbed wings.

This creature shrieked at personnel upon manifesting, and lashed out with its claws in an aggressive manner. It darted across the room, knocking R. Patel out of its way and fracturing two of his ribs. It fell to its knees at the remains of SCP-3963, and swiftly began scooping the constituent pieces together into a pile, screaming the entire time and exhibiting panic. After twelve seconds of unsuccessfully piecing SCP-3963 back together, the entity let out a loud, sustained shriek, and spontaneously combusted, leaving only a pile of ashes on the floor.

Due to his proximity to the creature during its combustion, R. Patel's eyebrows were singed off.

Footnotes

1. Personnel are to be reminded that there is noSite-5.

SCP-3964: Suicide Staircase

Item #: SCP-3964

Item Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3964 has been walled off by the Foundation and all records of its existence have been removed. A small space beneath SCP-3964 has been excavated and converted into Site- -B with access available only to authorized personnel.

All personnel assigned to Site- -B must first pass a psychiatric screening[1] before being permitted access to the site. Anyone who has not undergone the screening process is barred from Site- -B unless permitted otherwise by the Senior Researcher for testing purposes. Re-screenings are mandatory and must be given once every two weeks to avoid incident, or if there is cause to believe additional screenings are necessary; at which time the suspected personnel(s) will be redirected to the psych ward to be evaluated.

A therapist must be available on-site at all times.

Direct access to SCP-3964 must be monitored at all times.

In the event that an unauthorized personnel or civilian enters Site- -B, they are to be detained and administered a Class-A amnestic. They may then be released back into the public. If they manage to gain access to SCP-3964, depending if anomalous activity is observed and subject survives, amnestics Classes A through D are authorized for use after detainment and debriefing. They may then be released back into the public.

Community College and its library will remain open for the perceivable future. No anomalous activities have been observed outside of the western library stairwell. Nonetheless, the eastern stairwell, and in extension, all stairwells present on campus, are to

be kept under constant surveillance.

Description: SCP-3964 is a library stairwell, located at Community College, that functions as designed under normal circumstances. When any person with a prior history of significant suicidal ideation (henceforth referred to as an SCP-3964-2 instance) enters SCP-3964, it will activate and transport the SCP-3964-2 instance to SCP-3964-1. Individuals without suicidal thoughts and tendencies will pass through SCP-3964 without incident.

SCP-3964-1 is a pocket dimension consisting of a single stairwell, without a discovered exit. No lower or upper limit to SCP-3964-1 has been found. When an individual enters SCP-3964-1, they will remain in the extradimensional space until they choose to jump from the railing of the stairwell. In most cases, this results in the SCP-3964-2 instance to fall to their death. To date, there have been recorded exceptions to this rule.

SCP-3964-1 contains the means to indefinitely sustain basic human needs. Each floor is equipped with a bathroom, water fountain, and a snack vending machine. Vending machines operate normally and still require monetary input to dispense product. Instances of SCP-3964-2 have been recorded to use blunt force to break the protective glass to obtain food in the absence of money.

Time within SCP-3964-1 behaves in an inconsistent manner. The amount of time experienced by instances of SCP-3964-2 within the extradimensional space does not appear to correlate with the amount of time they are perceived to spend on the stairwell by outside observers. Additionally, testing has revealed physical signs of aging relative to the amount of time perceived by SCP-3964-2 instances, as opposed to expected aging rates in normal spacetime.

Addendum.1: The first record of anomalous behavior is traced to [DATA EXPUNGED] after the opening of the campus. It is unknown whether this incident was the cause of or a consequence of SCP-3964. The civilian student involved had jumped to his death from the top of the stairwell. The cause of death was severe head trauma, consistent with a fall of 25 meters^2. Investigation revealed a history of depression.

Similar cases followed for years after the initial incident. Witnesses describe the suicides as “spontaneous” and “unexpected”, but the Foundation had no evidence to suspect that this might be a site of an anomaly. After several years, SCP-3964 was being referred to as the "Suicide Staircase" by the student body.

SCP-3964 first came to the attention of the Foundation following Incident-3964-1. A caucasian woman (designated SCP-3964-2-A) was observed to have used SCP-3964 to walk from the first floor to the second landing where she then jumped and landed unharmed on the floor below. In attempts to describe the experience to others a field agent assigned to the area learned of the SCP-3964-2-A's experience within SCP-3964-1 and notified the Foundation. SCP-3964-2-A was then detained, debriefed, and given a Class-C amnestic before release. A notebook recording her experiences of her time in SCP-3964-1 was collected for study along with her cellphone and other belonging. Afterwards, the Foundation bricked off SCP-3964 and built Site- -B.

+ Transcription of notebook confiscated after Incident-3964-1

I don’t know where I am.

I mean… This shouldn’t be possible right? I was only trying to get to the second floor of the library and now I’m stuck in some endless loop of stairs. It’s been about an hour that I’ve been walking around and nothing. It’s just endless floor after floor. When I lean over the edge it just seems to stretch on forever and ever in both directions and I get this weird pull in my gut. You know, that weird feeling you get standing super close to the edge that just kinda whispers “jump”? It’s unnerving so I’m going to stay away from the edge from now on. I honestly don’t know what I’m going to do. I’ve tried the doors on either side of each floor but they’re all locked. This is scary. Which is why I guess I’m writing in you. There’s no reception in here either. There’s nothing here except the thoughts in my head. I keep thinking I’m going

to run into someone, that I'll hear someone. Sometimes I think I do hear something but it's just silent. But like a loud silence ya know? Heavy and stuff. It doesn't help that it feels air conditioned in here despite the fact that I haven't seen a single vent or air conditioner. I tried shouting but my voice just echoes on until it fades away. That's a little spooky so I don't think I'll try it again. Besides, what would I even do if someone answered? Something? I don't even want to think about it. This place doesn't feel natural, it obviously isn't, so I don't want to push my luck.

I also think I'm going to start counting floors. Idk how many floors I've already walked down so I'm just going to count this as number 1 and go from there. I'll start heading up again since going down doesn't seem to be working.

Notes: *We suspect SCP-3964-2-A was walking down in an attempt to find where she entered. At the bottom of the page she drew the number 1 in bubble-letter font.*

I'm on floor 206, it's been 6 hours, and my phone battery is going to die soon but I'm dying of boredom. I decided to just fuck it and play a few games but that drained my battery a lot. I probably shouldn't have done that because I just realized there aren't any clocks in here and my phone is my only source of telling time. And even though counting the floors and hours is making me crazy I think it'll be even worse without knowing the time. I'm so fucking stupid. I'm just going to leave it on low battery mode and hope for the best. I doubt it'll survive another 6 hours though.

I'm also super exhausted. It's about 8 o'clock now and I got up at like 4 and all this walking is tiring. Maybe whatever trapped me in here is

trying to make me exercise? Well. Whatever it is I don't really want to go to sleep. And there isn't even anything suitable to sleep on. I guess I could collect a bunch of paper towels from each floor and make a bed? But what if something creeps up on me while I'm sleeping? I doubt I could sleep anyways. I guess… I'll just keep walking until I pass out from exhaustion. There's nothing better to do.

Notes: *At the bottom of the page she drew a rococo-styled 206. The next few pages are filled with miscellaneous doodles.*

I think I'm going to die in here. I finally gave up last night and slept in one of the bathrooms, which was the only place I could turn off the damn lights. I did collect a bunch of paper towels and made a bed and used my jacket and backpack as well. It's about 3 in the morning now and I can't sleep anymore. I still feel exhausted but my mind won't let me rest. I'm also starving. I just realized that I didn't eat last night. I guess the good thing is that nothing has attacked me yet which either means there's nothing but me in here or whatever is out there is trying to lull me into a sense of comfort. I'm honestly not sure which I would prefer at this point. I just wish if there really is some monster it'll just get it over with an kill me now. All this waiting is unbearable.

There's a vending machine on every floor, all with the same snacks (there are some tuna salad sandwiches so that's good), but I don't have that much cash on me. If I don't get out of here today I'll just have to smash them open with something. There are a few fire extinguishers around so I'll probably just use one of those or something. At least there's

water fountains so I don't dehydrate but apparently even in weird limbo spaces water fountains are still disgusting as hell.

Notes: *She drew a swirly 257 at the bottom of this page. Our lab found traces of bread crumbs suggesting she ate while reading this over.*

This is floor 413… I think. I'm starting to lose track. The silence and the cold air is numbing my mind. I might've skipped counting a few floors or lost count somewhere. I can't be sure. I have a sharpie so I think I'll start writing the floor numbers on the water fountains because it's a shiny eye catching place. Maybe I should leave little messages if anyone else gets stuck here? I hope no one else gets stuck in here but I mean… I might as well right? It's not like I've got anything better to do.

Notes: *She drew an interesting looking 413 at the bottom of the page, next to a small doodle of some cartoon character wearing triangular sunglasses. Dr. Robert informs me that this is a reference to something called Homestuck.*

SOMEONE ELSE WAS HERE.

They left a note! It's written in lipstick on the mirror in the bathroom which is a little disconcerting but it means I'm not the only one! I took a picture of it on my phone, which is now at 3%, but I think it was still a worthy use of the battery life. I wish I remembered to bring my charger this morning. It occurred to me while I was eating breakfast that the vending machines use outlets. But I don't have my charger anyways so the point is moot. Anyways, the note reads "Fuck this sexist place. No tampons."

Which I assume is referring to the fact that the girls bathroom is on the other side of the library and this is the boys bathroom and whoever wrote it was probably on her period. Yikes. Good thing my flow just ended a few weeks ago so that's not a problem for me. At least… I hope it doesn't become a problem. I won't be here that long will I?

No no. I won't. I'll find a way out. I know I will. I'm on floor 474 right now. Maybe 500 will be my lucky number? Only one way to find out. I'll look for more clues along the way since that was the only note she left on this floor.

Notes: *She wrote "1/474 not enough tampons" at the bottom of the page. Dr. Robert is laughing.*
Edit: *It has been confirmed that a picture of the described message was found on the collected cellphone.*

So I'm officially out of cash. I've passed floor 500 if you were curious. Probably not because you're just a notebook. I've never broken something before but I guess there's no real good time to begin a life a vandalism. I want that 3 musketeers really bad, and yes, I'm totally willing to smash open a vending machine to get it. Whatever entity that's keeping me here can go and suck it. If it's going to withhold chocolate from me like this then I'm going to have no qualms about breaking it's shit. Here goes nothing.

Notes: *At the bottom of the page she wrote the number 621.*

My phone is dead. I'm getting really tired so I'm going to assume it's night. I'm currently on floor 730 so I guess I'll call it quits for the day. I just decided to fuck it and eat a bunch of

candy bars for dinner, which in hindsight probably wasn't the best idea. Now I'm cold, numb, and my throat feels like acid. None of the doors work but I've been checking them at every floor. At least I hope I haven't forgotten one. Wouldn't that be a kicker? The one exit that actually works and I blanked past it. Probably not but it's a depressing thought.I haven't found anymore notes from that woman. I wonder if she's still stuck in here.

Anyways. I should get to bed. I've got another busy day of just… Walking up stairs. Forever.

Maybe I should just jump and end it all lol. Well. Goodnight book.

Notes: *She doodled a bunch of snakes in the shape of the number 730.*

Floor number 800. Nothing.

Notes: *N/A*

Floor number 900. Nothing.

Notes: *N/A*

Floor number 1000. Nothing.

What a surprise.

Notes: *N/A*

Fuck me. I smashed open another vending machine and cut my hand on a piece of glass. I'm such a fucking stupid clutz. It hurts really bad and there aren't any medkits in the bathrooms. I just bandaged it up with some paper towels. Can I get an infection in here? So far there doesn't seem to be anything else alive besides me. Who knows. Who fucking

cares.

Hurts like a fucking bitch though.

Notes: *No floor number was written on this page. But there are a few blood smears. This entry brings up an interesting experiment about microbial life within SCP-3964-1 to be explored later.*

I can't believe I didn't think of it sooner. I grabbed one of my pens and dropped it off the side of the railing. I know I said I was going to stay away from the edge but I had to watch it fall. I'm not sure what I was expecting really. The sound of impact probably but it never came. The pen just… Kept falling until it was just a speck and until I couldn't see it altogether. I wonder if it's still falling. I wonder if I would just keep falling forever if I jumped. It would probably be better than this endless wandering around that's for sure.

I think the silence is getting to me.

Notes: *She wrote 1242 at the bottom of the page. The next dozen or so pages are just doodles and some short poems.*

I can't say how long I've been in here. It feels like forever but it can't have been more than like 3 days. I'm starting to feel tired again which means it must be night. Not that day cycles even exist in this hell hole. Maybe that's what it is. I died or something and I've gone to hell. I'm an atheist so that puts a real damper on things if that's true. Or maybe it's BECAUSE I'm an atheist that I'm stuck here. Damned here. Whatever.

Anyways. Day 3 stuck in hell/purgatory over.

Notes: *A the bottom she wrote 1278. It is unclear whether a short amount of time had passed between the last entry and this one or if she had just stopped for a while to draw. I suspect the latter is true.*

Today I woke up and just laid there for hours.

I tried to imagine I was just at home in the darkness but the hard tile floors make it a little hard to put myself into that fantasy. Also my house doesn't have air conditioning so there's that. At the very least, turning the bathroom lights off and closing the door makes me feel like I'm blanketed in shadows. I just laid there in the dark, listening to my crying echo around the room. It's somewhat comforting.In the dark the walls around me don't have to exist. Or they can be as small as I want. I've never been claustrophobic before but I wonder if I will be if I ever get out of here…

There's a steady ringing in my ear that I'm not sure is real or not. I started noticing it a little yesterday but it's pretty apparent now. It's like a static noise, high pitched and almost inaudible. Like overtones in music. I'm probably imagining it which doesn't really help me feel better at all.

Anyways, I did eventually get up and keep walking. My little crying self-pity session helped me gain some energy back. I actually took to running a bunch of floors just to distract myself from thinking too much. It worked pretty well for a while until I stubbed my toe and tripped. I guess that's why they tell you not to run on stairs. I'm lucky that I didn't tumble down them and break something. Because that would just take everything home wouldn't it? Being on an infinite staircase and being

unable to walk?

I think I'll just stick to my regular, snail-paced walking from now on.

Notes: *At the bottom here she doodled the number 1413 and next to it there is a drawing of a character with three buck teeth that Dr. Robert informs me is yet another Homestuck character.*

I think I see another note. There's something pinkish-red a dozen or so floors up. I know I said I wouldn't run again but I'm going to break that rule just this once.

Notes: *N/A*

It is another note from the same girl. It's written on the water fountain right where I write my floor numbers (I wrote this one on the left door), still in that lipstick. It says "I miss Duke".

I wonder if it's her boyfriend? Or maybe it's her dog. Both?

I get that though. I miss my little brother so much. This is my fourth day here (I think) so he must be worried sick about me. I hope someone picked him up from school when I didn't show up. I wonder if anyone's looking for me?

Notes: *At the bottom here she wrote the number 1548.*
Edit: *Looking into files of SCP-3964's past victims, one female of Latino descent has been found who had a son named Duke.*

End of day four. Floor 1600. A nice round number to stop on.
I ate a bag of peanuts for breakfast.

I don't know why I did it, because I hate peanuts. Maybe that initial feeling of disgust reminds me that I'm still here. I exist. I'm not crazy. It was something different for once.

Or maybe I'm just going crazy.

Notes: *She wrote the number 1674 at the bottom of the page.*

What If There Is No Exit??

Notes: *This is written in large letters taking up an entire two pages. Nothing else is written.*

End of day five. Floor 2000.

Notes: *N/A*

I found her last note.

It's on floor 2112, not that these numbers even fucking mean anything.

God. I'm so angry. Or sad. Both. Everything.

My phone is dead too and I just wish… I wish I could've taken a picture of her last words. She wrote it on the bathroom mirror again. One word for each of the three mirrors:

I'm. Gonna. Jump.

Did she make it out??? I mean if she did someone would've heard about it right? Or they would just think she was crazy. Maybe she's still falling? Did she DIE?

I don't know. I don't know if I want to know.

All I know is that I'm actually alone now.

This mysterious girl isn't just a bunch of floors above me. She didn't find an exit. She just… Gave up.

Maybe I should too.

Notes: *N/A*

End of day six. Floor 2400.

Notes: *N/A*

I should jump. There clearly isn't an exit anywhere. I doubt there ever will be. I've been walking for almost a week now and nothing. I didn't know isolation could be so harrowing. I keep on hearing that ringing. I keep imagining that someone is calling to me from a far away floor. I know I'm just imagining it but I'm actually going crazy in here. I've had nothing to eat but the same dozen of snacks, nothing to sleep on but hard tiles, and nothing to drink besides that disgusting tasting fountain water. I'm sick of it all.

If I don't find an exit in the next 50 floors I'm going to jump.

If this is existence then I don't want to exist anymore.

I'm sorry…

Notes: *The number 2600 is written on the bottom.*

I'm ten floors away from 50. And I… Gods. I haven't even told my best friend about this yet. Maybe this is karma. This is some cruel deity granting my wish. Be careful what you wish for right? Well anyways…

I've been planning my suicide.

I doubt that I would've gone through with is. Dad is still relying on me. Charlie is still relying on me. If I just left they would be devastated. Charlie would probably kill himself if I did it first. He's not strong enough to live. So that's why I didn't think I would go through with it but like… Maybe that's why I'm being punished? I didn't value my life enough so now I HAVE TO kill myself. It's tempting I'm not going to lie.

But…

I know that new Star Wars movie was coming out. I really wanted to see how the trilogy ended. Game of thrones' final season isn't out yet. I haven't seen infinity war either. Or the next Spider Man homecoming movie. Or black panther. Lily is graduating in a year too. And Sarah and I haven't gone to Europe yet like we wanted to.

I'm actually kinda scared to take the next ten floors.

Does this mean that I don't actually want to die?

Life is so hard. Between Charlie's depression. Mom and Dad's divorce. The constant fear of Charlie trying to off himself…

Well. I guess I'll find out in ten floors.

Notes: *N/A*

I'm here. Floor 1650. I should've waited for a nice 413 reference to off myself to. That would be real poetic. Herein lies , a homestuck even in death. But that's a lot more floors to go. I guess I could walk back down to 1413 but that's still like a bunch of floors. I

already decided on this floor anyways.

Notes: *N/A.*

Ok. I've been sitting here for like an hour. I just… I can't do it. I want to see Charlie again. I want to see Sarah again. I want to hold my dog again. God I miss my dog.

I want to live.

Notes: *N/A*

So shouting "I want to live" clearly is not the way to do this. I guess jumping is the only real option. But I really really don't want to die. And I'm terrified of heights. Why did I think suicide via falling was such a good idea in the first place?

Besides the point.

Ok. I've decided. I'm going to jump. But I'm going to pray like hell that I don't die. So whatever deity is out there or responsible for trapping me in here… I promise that I want to live. So please PLEASE let me survive this.

Once I've… ya know actually worked up the courage to jump of course.

Not like there's anything better for me to do anyways.

Notes: *This is the last journal entry. SCP-3964-2-A jumped sometime after writing and landed safely and successfully next to SCP-3964.*

Addendum.2: Instances of SCP-3964-2 who overcome suicidal ideation may exit SCP-3964-1 without harm and will land next to the library stairwell.

Footnotes
1. specifically for depression, anxiety, bipolar disorder, etc.
2. SCP-3964 itself is only three and a half meters tall

SCP-3965: Zhulong

Item #: SCP-3965

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3965 is presently monitored by two Series II Quicksilver satellites (for details regarding the Series II Quicksilver, see Document-QS2-Alpha), which are additionally tasked with monitoring **SCP-1815**.

Any change in the activity of SCP-3965 is to be reported to Site-59 immediately. Civilian discovery of SCP-3965 requires implementation of standard media blackout procedures. Embedded agents in major astronomical organizations shall intercept reports concerning SCP-3965 and flag responsible civilians for Class-A amnestic treatment, to be delivered by the first available personnel.

SCP-3965-A is to be monitored onsite at Outpost-3965-A by a minimum of two personnel. At least one onsite personnel must be cleared to converse with SCP-3965 by specifications defined in Document-3965-Zūnjìng. Unless emergency provisions are in effect, personnel lacking 3965-Zūnjìng authorization are forbidden from conversing with SCP-3965. If SCP-3965-A produces severe weather, personnel are to report the activity and place Outpost-3965-A into lockdown until the event subsides.

Description: SCP-3965 is a vaguely reptilian entity currently located on Mercury. The entity demonstrates morphological elements of *Sphenodontidae*, *Xenodermatidae* and *Panthera*, and is approximately 12km in length, with an average width of 50 meters. SCP-3965 does not breathe, eat, excrete waste or sleep; by its own admission, the entity utilizes solar radiation as a form of sustenance.

SCP-3965 is largely dormant, remaining motionless for >95% of documented observation. The entity is sapient and intelligent, and is fluent in numerous terrestrial languages, along with one or more of

unknown origin. Former members of *Huǒjù zhi Zi* ("Children of the Torch")[1] on the research team have attested that this unknown language cannot truly be defined as "language" at all, and is in fact more "fundamental" in nature. **Document-3965-IL**

The exact capabilities of SCP-3965 remain untested, largely due to the entity's relatively benign stance with regards to the Foundation. SCP-3965 is designated, at minimum, as a Class VII Thaumaturgic Extraterrestrial Being.

SCP-3965-A is an electromagnetic phenomenon in Severnaya Zemlya which outwardly resembles Aurora Borealis, and from which the voice of SCP-3965 is produced. The phenomenon fluctuates in color and intensity with the entity's apparent mood. SCP-3965 is seemingly able to see and hear within the vicinity of SCP-3965-A, allowing for reciprocated communication.

During periods in which SCP-3965 is particularly active, SCP-3965-A produces markedly more severe meteorological disturbances. These disturbances include violent electrical snowstorms, and the presence of abnormal transient luminous events (TLEs). These occurrences release varying levels of gamma radiation.

Addendum [3965-001]: Discovery

SCP-3965 was discovered when a Series I Quicksilver probe monitoring SCP-1815 was re-tasked following the detection of an abnormality on the surface of Mercury. Upon approaching within approximately 200km of SCP-3965, contact with the probe was lost. Forty-eight minutes later, three radio transmissions were received from the vicinity of Mercury by the Quicksilver monitoring station at Site-59, although it is unclear why this transmission was not received by any other facility.

The first two messages contained only electromagnetic interference, however, the third transmission contained a complex and repeating series of acoustic tones. It was later determined that this series described a numerical system originating from the Yangshao-Divergent Ethnoreligious Group (YDEG), and corresponded to the approximate geographic coordinates of SCP-3965-A.

Upon reaching SCP-3965-A the exploration team was contacted by SCP-3965, which first communicated in a poorly characterized dialect of Old Chinese, followed by present day Chinese, followed by English.

Addendum [3965-002]: Site Reconnaissance

After the initial contact and evaluation of SCP-3965 and SCP-3965-A, the exploration team conducted a thorough appraisal of the surrounding area. Komsomolets Island is not known to have been inhabited at any point in history, not counting its brief periods of use by Russia as a polar station. SCP-3965-A is localized in the northern region of the island, where it is largely unglaciated.

During the course of a six hour investigation, the exploration team discovered a number of artifacts constructed of jadeite. These artifacts had been reinforced against physical damage and deterioration through an unknown process, and displayed iconography consistent with YDEG. The recovered artifacts include: ten sculptures of a three-legged crow (believed to be **SCP-1428**), one sculpture which resembles SCP-3965, one sculpture of a three-armed humanoid (believed to be [REDACTED], the "Radiant Father"), and sixteen unidentified sculptures.

During the two week construction of Outpost-3965-A, an excavation of the sites where artifacts were previously discovered was conducted. A circular stone platform, 9.255 meters in diameter, was unearthed. Environmental erosion had degraded surface designs and engravings until they were unrecognizable, however, radiocarbon dating of various organic materials in the platform's composition place its origin at BCE.

Document-3965-Bàoyìng

Footnotes
1. A Chinese religious following based on the beliefs of the Yangshao-Divergent Ethnoreligious Group.

Document-3965-II

Document-3965-IL

Interviewed: SCP-3965
Interviewer: Dr Albert, Research Personnel David Fù and Emily Fù
Foreword: Fifth interview with entity. David and Emily Fù are blood relatives, and former members of Children of the Torch, having been recruited by the Foundation in 20 , in California. The interview is being overseen by two security personnel, who have agreed to refrain from interrupting the proceedings unless asked, or unless a breach of protocol occurs. Although Dr. Albert is fluent in Chinese, it was agreed that the interview would be conducted in English.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Albert: Stating for the record that this is our fifth interview, presided over by Dr. Albert, Level 3 Research Team Leader and Outpost Supervisor. Accompanying me are research personnel David Fù and Emily Fù. How are you this morning, SCP-3965?

SCP-3965: That is such a funny name. I am doing as well as can be expected, but tell me, who has come with you?

Both David and Emily Fù immediately bow upon approaching the site.

SCP-3965: Can this be? Flames of the ancient way? One budding and one withering, and yet such hope and tenacity I sense from both!

David Fù: Great and mighty Zhulong, my name is David Fù, and I must ask: is it truly you? Please forgive the insolence of my uncertainty, but to be granted the presence of such majesty…

SCP-3965: Do not fret, loyal servant, and lay your doubts to rest. I am sentinel of which you speak. I am he to whom our father referred

when he gave the name "Zhulong."

David Fù: In my dreams, I have seen you, soaring through the heavens, bringing song. I never imagined…I never dared to imagine that such an honor could be granted to me.

SCP-3965: It stokes the fire in the very core of my being to find one such as you, one through which father's words have endured.

Dr. Albert: If I might interject with a question, this "fire" or "flame" to which you refer, is that something akin to a soul?

SCP-3965: Somewhat. You might use the term "essence." If the soul is a particle, the flame is a wave, but yes, it is the true "you." But alas! In all this discussion we have forgotten our manners. Who is this maiden that has stood so silently and still, with such respect and reverence?

Emily Fù: Uh, um, I…Oh, god, I'm so sorry! *(She immediately drops down and bows a second time.)*

SCP-3965: Ease yourself. David, yes? Is this beautiful maiden your granddaughter? I feel a kinship in the flames…

David Fù: Yes, this is Emily. She is very nervous.

SCP-3965: One notices.

Emily Fù: *(She raises her head.)* Please forgive me, great and mighty Zhulong! It is an unspeakable-no, not unspeakable, I mean-an unbelievable honor to meet you!

SCP-3965: It is a great pleasure to meet you both as well, but I fear we must bring the introductions to a close, as there are important things to be discussed, and regrettably, I cannot fixate upon this place indefinitely.

David Fù: Are we distracting you from pertinent matters?

SCP-3965: You are not a distraction. My concentration is focused on a number of things, and can only fixate here for a brief period, in addition to things which I cannot ignore for a moment.

Emily Fù: We are eternally grateful that you would consider us worthy of your attention, great Zhulong. *(She bows again.)*

SCP-3965: It is not necessary for you to continue doing that.

Emily Fù: Of course! Please forgive me, great Zhulong! *(She bows again.)*

David Fù: She is very nervous…and very respectful.

SCP-3965: Quite. David, Emily, both of you must listen to me carefully. I have things to tell you.

David Fù: You have our undivided attention.

The color of SCP-3965-A changes from its typical green to a bluish hue.

SCP-3965: Our father's rest has not been peaceful.

Dr. Albert: Pardon me again, but I have a quick question about the "Father." That is [REDACTED], yes, the Radiant Father?

SCP-3965: It feels so unnatural to put that name into sound like that. But yes, that is of whom I speak. He and his nine brothers were as ancient as the cosmos, beings of light which brought life and warmth to the cold and darkness of the universe. They are all gone, now, and all that remains of our father is your star.

Dr. Albert: The sun. I see. But what do you mean by his rest not being "peaceful?"

SCP-3965: His remains have been disturbed by a number of opportunistic vermin, but the present infestation is the most concerning. David, are you familiar with the message I gave shortly after our father's death?

David Fù: *(He nods.)* The remnants of his flame.

SCP-3965: In my slumber, those remnants have been infested by abhorrent things. There is a parasitic, cancerous growth feeding on our father, and it is now feeding on the first planet as well. I have

stopped it for now, but to reverse the spread, I must destroy the parasites, and I must do it soon. These things are no threat to me, but they are a threat to that which our father held most dear.

David Fù: Do you know the identity of these parasites? Are they lingering minions of the traitorous brothers?

SCP-3965-A changes color again, this time to an intense reddish hue.

SCP-3965: No. They are a different variety of traitor. They are machinations of the serpent.

Emily Fù: The snakes?! The children of Xia?[1] But how could they possibly…

SCP-3965: I do not know. "How" is no longer important; this is the result of their actions long ago, and I suspect they no longer even have any control of what they made.

Dr. Albert: So these parasites have become too powerful for their creator to control?

SCP-3965: Yes. These things have grown strong from feeding upon our father. Just the very sentiment…

(SCP-3965-A becomes momentarily violent, producing at least one hundred lightning strikes over a 50km area (pictured above), though none are within 10km of where the interview is taking place. These strikes all occur within a period spanning 2.5 seconds.)

Emily Fù: *(She shrieks and falls to the ground in supplication.)*

David Fù: …We understand your fury.

SCP-3965-A returns in color to the previous bluish hue.

SCP-3965: I apologize for frightening you, Emily. Please, stand up.

Emily Fù: *(She stands up slowly, shaking.)*

SCP-3965: …Do you know the ancient purpose of this place?

Emily Fù: M-Me?

SCP-3965: Yes. Ease your fears, Emily. I will never harm you, and in this place, I will permit no other force to harm you. We are both children of the torch, you see, children of the father.

Emily Fù: *(She becomes noticeably more relaxed.)* I do not know about this place, great Zhulong. Would you…would you teach me?

The color of SCP-3965-A returns to a greenish hue, but is more saturated then before.

SCP-3965: *(It laughs.)* Of course! This was a place of pilgrimage for our people, they would bring gifts, items of tribute, and dance upon the stone sun, singing praise to our father. And when the festivities came to a close, I would descend from my nest and fill the heavens with light of every color. I would bring down lightning and lead our people in the final song…in truth, I would give anything to see those days once again. Loyal followers bringing their children for the first time…the old and wise still gazing upon the lights as they had when they were children…flames, old and young, united in a bonfire, and our father overhead, listening to the songs. I was once for greater things.

The color of SCP-3965-A returns to a bluish hue.

David Fù: …In my heart, I know that you will always be for great things, mighty Zhulong.

SCP-3965: I see them in you. I see our followers of old. Your eyes glisten with the wonder of a child. You must never forget the importance of that wonder. Emily, one day this task will fall to you; look in your grandfather's eyes and never forget what you see there.

Emily Fù: Yes, I will not fail you, and I will not fail our father!

SCP-3965: Such tenacity and hope. David, do you know the ancient tongue?

David Fù: I cannot speak it.

SCP-3965: Listen well. When your mind is clear and your heart is

pure, the song will rise from your flame and through your lips.

SCP-3965 begins to vocalize in an unknown language. Characterization of linguistic properties is impossible. After listening to SCP-3965 for approximately two minutes, David Fù joins him in vocalizing, producing what is presumed to be the closest human analogue for the language produced by SCP-3965. After several more seconds, Emily Fù joins in vocalizing, as well. SCP-3965-A changes in color to a previously unseen gold hue. During this period, the security personnel consult with Dr. Albert about possible intervention, but Dr. Albert decides to take no action. Vocalizations continue for eight minutes, until the end of the interview.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. The Xia Anomalous Culture Group, known to have been in conflict with the YDEG.

Document-3965-Baoying

Document-3965-Bàoyìng

On / /20 at 4:28AM, four amorphous black objects were visually detected by a Series II Quicksilver satellite monitoring SCP-3965. The objects were approaching the surface of Mercury, and specifically SCP-3965, at a velocity of m/s. Upon approaching within 1000km of SCP-3965, all four objects were immediately intercepted and instantly destroyed by four shafts of intense luminescence originating from SCP-3965 itself. Both Quicksilver satellites subsequently detected a massive surge of electromagnetic radiation, comparable to a coronal mass ejection, before the closer satellite was temporarily disabled by the emission.

Following this event, SCP-3965 became mobile, propelling itself from the surface of Mercury in the direction of what was later determined to be **SCP-1815**. The body of SCP-3965 became intensely luminescent during this time, and it achieved a velocity of . c before observation became impossible.

Monitoring these events from Site-59, several research personnel notified Outpost-3965-A of the situation, and then decided to recalibrate the remaining Quicksilver satellite to observe the current location of SCP-1815 and determine its present status. Utilizing onboard technology derived from [REDACTED], the research team was able to observe events occurring in the vicinity of SCP-1815 with extreme precision, but only for a period of seven minutes (due to the satellite's system limitations). The observations are transcribed here:

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> SCP-3965 arrives in the vicinity of SCP-1815. Approximate diameter of SCP-1815 at present is 3,000km. SCP-3965 rears its head and spreads its jaws, as if vocalizing.

SCP-3965-A is presently an intense red, and demonstrates violent meteorological activity of an unprecedented scale, resembling an extratropical cyclone. Upon receiving news of SCP-3965 activity from Site-59, Dr. Albert leaves the Outpost-3965-A bunker and begins traveling to the designated SCP-3965-A interview site in an armored polar exploration vehicle. Dr. Albert is accompanied by David Fù, Emily Fù and one additional security personnel, whom together make up the entirety of Outpost-3965-A's present staff. Not only is this action in clear violation of outpost protocols, but it is an exceptionally dangerous endeavor.

Seemingly in response to SCP-3965's activity, SCP-1815 undergoes previously unseen changes. The approximate spherical space of SCP-1815 becomes utterly black, in contrast to even the surrounding space. A singular white point, facing in the immediate direction of SCP-3965, appears on SCP-1815. This point then extends vertically (with regards to SCP-3965's orientation) in both directions, creating a perfect line which terminates at the poles of SCP-1815. This line then "expands," revealing a single immense eye. The iris is formed from a single, massive, coiled ophidian entity. The eye fixates on SCP-3965.

SCP-3965 and SCP-1815 fixate upon each other for exactly forty-eight seconds. SCP-1815 then produces numerous black objects identical to those which previously assaulted SCP-3965 on Mercury, numbering in the hundreds. Upon approaching within a set distance of SCP-3965, these objects are summarily annihilated by shafts of luminescence similar or identical to those employed by the former previously. This activity continues for over a minute, with thousands of black objects being produced and destroyed within this time. The activity then abruptly ceases, and the two entities once again fixate upon each other.

Meteorological activity of SCP-3965-A reaches

catastrophic severity. Dosimeters onsite detect lethal levels of gamma radiation, though the interview site appears to be uniquely protected from this radiation through unknown means. Dr. Albert's vehicle has already reached the interview site at this time.

After another fourteen seconds, the ophidian entity within SCP-1815's eye tightens its coils so that the pupil appears to contract. Black objects resembling cords manifest around SCP-3965, ensnaring it. SCP-1815's pupil contracts further, and SCP-3965 is inexorably drawn toward the former, while the latter struggles considerably. Before SCP-3965 makes contact with SCP-1815, the former emits intense light of an unprecedented magnitude, such that it is visible to the naked eye as a "spark" when it reaches Earth eight minutes later. Following this, SCP-3965 vanishes from its present position, and reappears an instant later in its original location, no longer ensnared.

SCP-3965 then spreads its jaws in the direction of SCP-1815, producing a shaft of luminescence which is directed precisely into the center of SCP-1815's pupil. Unlike previous shafts, this one persists and grows in intensity over time. The ophidian entity within SCP-1815's eye appears to conflagrate, writhing and loosening its coils so that the pupil dilates. The surface of SCP-1815 begins to ripple violently. The ophidian entity then disintegrates, and the entirety of SCP-1815 begins to collapse, distorting heavily as it implodes. SCP-3965 maintains the shaft until SCP-1815 is wholly annihilated, after which it finally ceases.

SCP-3965-A changes in color to a deep gold hue, similar to that seen in Interview E. Meteorological disturbances cease, and the weather becomes abruptly calm.

SCP-3965 returns to Mercury and becomes motionless.

Following these events, Dr. Albert, David Fù and Emily Fù exited their vehicle, and were promptly contacted by SCP-3965. The

conversation is transcribed below:

<Begin Log>

SCP-3965: David, Emily, listen to me, quickly.

Emily Fù: We are listening, great Zhulong! Are you okay?

SCP-3965: Relatively speaking? No. I was arrogant and rash, and severely underestimated how little of my strength had recovered since I was awakened. I must sleep again.

David Fù: Is there anything we can do?

SCP-3965: No. Do not worry, it will be a brief rest. Unfortunately, I cannot say how brief, though. Do not concern yourself with me, however; you have a duty.

David Fù: What is it? We will do anything you require of us.

SCP-3965: Pass on what you have learned. Ensure that our songs reach the next generation. Our father will never truly die as long as his songs reverberate in our hearts. Never forget the wonder in a child's eye. It is the flame within, fueled by the beauty of all things in the cosmos. Let your children, and their children, and their children see the wonder in your eyes. Let them see the love.

David Fù: *(He turns to Emily.)* These words are for you, Emily.

Emily Fù: But-

David Fù: *(He interrupts her.)* No. My time is near an end. When my flame dies out, this duty will all be yours. You must do this, you must do it for great Zhulong, and for our Radiant Father.

Emily Fù: …I-I will, grandfather.

SCP-3965 vanishes from Mercury. After several seconds, SCP-3965 emerges from the Arctic Ocean, approximately 700 meters north of the interview site. The entity approaches the interview site, levitating over the landscape and halting at a distance of 50 meters from Foundation personnel. David and Emily Fù immediately bow and prostrate themselves, and Dr. Albert genuflects.

SCP-3965: Please, stand up. It is far too cold for that.

All personnel return to their feet. David and Emily Fù are holding each other with both hands.

David Fù: There are no words.

SCP-3965: I feel the same. I had to see you both before my sleep. I had to see you with my eyes of flesh. You two have brought me a warmth that I have not felt in eons.

Emily Fù: You are beautiful.

SCP-3965: As are you. Our legacy is in worthy hands, father. Farewell, David…Emily.

SCP-3965 retreats into the Arctic Ocean and vanishes, reappearing on Mercury several seconds later.

<End Log>

Due to the high profile nature of Event-3965-Bàoyìng, Contingency-310-Nightfall was enacted, in addition to standard media blackout procedures. No further communications from SCP-3965 have been made. The entity remains motionless on the surface of Mercury. SCP-3965-A remains a golden hue, and no further meteorological disturbances have been observed. No further activity has been detected from SCP-1815, which has been tentatively reclassified to Neutralized. No disciplinary action has been taken against Dr. Albert, Emily Fù or the attendant security personnel. David Fù passed away of heart failure two weeks after

Event-3965-Bàoyìng.

SCP-3966: Falling Out

Item #: SCP-3966

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A vial of SCP-3966-A is kept in frozen laboratory storage at Site-66. It is to be tested monthly for contamination. Any new compounds found to contaminate the vial sample must be spectrographically analyzed for its chemical composition and any open molecular bonds must be noted.

Additionally, medical literature submitted for publication must be examined for descriptions of SCP-3966, and any such papers are to be denied publication. In the case of an outbreak of Sudden Unexplained Nocturnal Death Syndrome (SUNDS), Mobile Task Force Rho-7 ("Doctors Without Mortars") is to be deployed to establish SCP-3966 levels in both victims and living civilians in the outbreak area. Harvesting of SCP-3966 from cadavers under cover of autopsies has been approved.

Under Procedure Morpheus-4, all correspondence relating to SCP-3966 is to be saved for review by the Cognitohazard Department, but SCP-3966 is not to be subject to cognitohazard handling protocols at this time. Researchers assigned to SCP-3966 may request reassignment if they begin to suffer from periodic limb movement disorder (PLMD).

Description: SCP-3966 is a neuroactive polypeptide found in humans. It is found in the cerebrospinal fluid (CSF) of over % of autopsy cadavers when death occurred during sleep. In the form recovered from cadavers, it is termed SCP-3966-A and has the anomalous property of having no C-terminus.[1] The final amino acid in SCP-3966-A has a free binding site on the carbon chain that does not show any chemical reactivity.

Testing Log:

Experiment 3966-1

Subject: D-51174

Protocol: Subject is administered via spinal tap under local anesthesia a dose of 2 ml of a sterile 10% isotonic solution of SCP-3966-A. Subject's vitals and EEG are monitored for biological response. 2 ml of fluid is taken after 30 seconds to rebalance cerebrospinal fluid levels.

Result: Subject undergoes a sudden withdrawal reflex behavior 11.5 seconds into the process. Subject is manually restrained but undergoes no further response, and the 2 ml sample is successfully recovered. Subject suffers increased tissue damage at the lumbar puncture site, but recovery is complete.

Subject reported a sudden "falling feeling" post-injection. EEG reported onset of Stage 1 NREM sleep approximately 1.5 seconds before reflex response. The "falling feeling," withdrawal reflex, and NREM onset are consistent with a hypnic jerk.

Biochemical analysis of the sample indicated no trace of SCP-3966-A. A new protein was recovered (labeled SCP-3966-B), and sequenced. The protein was chemically non-anomalous and ends with a C-terminus as expected. Further testing is required to determine how SCP-3966-B is constructed.

+ EVALUATE CORRESPONDENCE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

SAVED COMMUNICATION FROM SCP-IM SYSTEM

Pawlie: Hi Dr. Argent. Experiment completed. We were worried when the subject startled with a big needle in their spine, but it all turned out okay.

RodArg: I saw the report. Do we know where

the new protein came from?

Pawlie: No. I can't imagine it would be constructed so quickly.

RodArg: Exactly. We need to know where it came from, its amino acid sequence, what assembles it, and how it's folded.

RodArg: We also need to understand what action SCP-3966-A has in vitro. Normally a protein should start at the N-terminus and end at the C-terminus. That missing C-terminus should mean it's extremely biologically reactive since it should bind to pretty much any other protein and tear it apart. I was expecting it to act like a prion-style cyanide, but we aren't seeing any signs of widespread biological disruption. Also, there's little reason it should only be found in the CSF if it's so long-living and open. It should be able to just punch through the blood-brain barrier by opening cell membranes.

RodArg: I'm sending over some new test protocols. I'll help you with them as my schedule allows. Thanks for the help, and welcome to the team, Ellie.

Pawlie: Sure thing!

Experiment 3966-2

Protocol: 0.5 ml of a sterile 10% solution of SCP-3966-A administered to a petri dish containing 0.5 ml of a sterile 5% solution of gamma globulin and 5% albumin. Sample monitored for reactivity.

Result: No reactivity reported. Levels of SCP-3966-A unchanged.

Experiment 3966-3

Protocol: Amino acid sequencing of SCP-3966-A and SCP-3966-B via Edman degradation and mass spectrometry.

Result: SCP-3966-B sequencing complete. Total chain length: 289 amino acids.

SCP-3966-A sequencing concluded. Total chain length: 143 amino acids. The initial 142 amino acids match the N-terminus sequence of SCP-3966-B. The final amino acid was unrecoverable. Sample mass was indicated to decrease by approximately 0.70%.

+ EVALUATE CORRESPONDENCE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

SAVED COMMUNICATION FROM SCP-IM SYSTEM

RodArg: Hello Ellie, I'm going to need you to run Experiment 3 again on an -A sample. There was clearly some contamination, given the mass imbalance.

Pawlie: Sorry, will do. I was just really tired. Haven't been sleeping well.

RodArg: It's all right. Take a nap if you need to. Check the equipment beforehand; we can't have any leaks.

Pawlie: Okay, but it's not like I've been able to take a nap lately, either. I keep almost falling asleep, but then I imagine I'm tripping over something and my brain panics and wakes me up. When I eventually sleep, I get nightmares. It's been really bad.

RodArg: Wait, are you telling me you have been getting hypnic jerks?

Pawlie: I guess so

RodArg: I'll be right back. I want to check on our D-class.

Pawlie: ok

RodArg: D-51174 has been complaining of the same thing. You may have received a dose of SCP-3966. May I perform a lumbar puncture on you to rule out the possibility?

Pawlie: You want to stick a long needle in my spine?

RodArg: It's how we'll be able to test your CSF. It's not like it's easy to reach, and it's never been seen in blood.

Pawlie: I guess I don't really have a choice, do I?

RodArg: No, but it's an outpatient procedure. You'll be back at your bench in an hour.

Pawlie: Whatever you need, I guess.

Experiment 3966-3B

Protocol: Amino acid sequencing of SCP-3966-A via Edman degradation and mass spectrometry.

Result: SCP-3966-A sequencing concluded. Total chain length: 143 amino acids. The initial 142 amino acids match the N-terminus sequence of SCP-3966-B. The final amino acid was unrecoverable. Sample mass was indicated to decrease by approximately 0.70%. Results identical to Experiment 3966-3.

Research 3966-Alpha

Protocol: Map known amino acid sequences to the

human genome.

Result: No match to human genome. Further research into genomes of other species ongoing.

Head Researcher's Note: We don't know where it comes from, but since it's not human, it must come from the environment. The CSF is bacteria-free, so it must somehow be deposited across the blood-brain barrier. The most likely candidate for an entry point is the choroid plexus, since it generates the CSF from blood plasma, but this is located deep inside the cerebrum so it is hard to examine. Will requisition neural tissues to see how else it might work. - R. Argent

Experiment 3966-4

Subject: Junior Researcher Pawlukojc

Protocol: Subject undergoes a spinal tap to retrieve 1 ml of cerebrospinal fluid for testing for SCP-3966.

Result: Biochemical analysis of the sample indicated no trace of SCP-3966-A. Detected levels of SCP-3966-B are the highest to date at 4.2 mg/dL, 350% what has been discovered in earlier specimens.

+ EVALUATE CORRESPONDENCE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

SAVED COMMUNICATION FROM SCP-IM SYSTEM

Pawlie: Dr. Argent? What's happening? Am I going to be okay?

RodArg: There appears to be SCP-3966-B in your CSF. Highly elevated.

Pawlie: You said this was like prion cyanide, though?

RodArg: That would have been the -A form.

We detected no trace of that. We're still unsure where the -B comes from and what effect it has on the body, but it has not shown to cause any anomalous activity. I'm speaking to Dr. Drake, bringing in some samples of human neural tissue for further testing. We need to find out if and how SCP-3966 binds to neurons and/or glia.

Pawlie: Okay. So what happened? Why am I infected?

RodArg: There was the leak during Experiment 3. My present hypothesis is that you were exposed to SCP-3966 during the leak.

Pawlie: I'm so stupid.

RodArg: Accidents happen, but we've got to make sure you're all right. I want you to take the day off, get some sleep. You've been looking rather ragged.

Pawlie: Yeah, I still haven't been sleeping well. I keep drifting off, just to suddenly feel like I'm falling and I jerk myself awake. All night long. What causes that?

RodArg: There's no definitive answer, but hypnic jerks are related to an imbalance between the time sleep onset and sleep paralysis set in. Some scientists think it's evolutionary in nature, stretching back to when we as primates slept in trees. I'm not convinced, though. Other animals appear to have them, too, although they don't seem to be awoken by twitches during REM sleep. In any case, healthy adults and children have them all the time. They're annoying, but normal.

Pawlie: i just want them to stop

RodArg: One more thing. You mentioned having nightmares?

Pawlie: Yeah. Why?

RodArg: I had strange nightmares last night, too. What happened in yours?

Pawlie: So back in college, I used to dye silk scarves. You'd float the dyes on a water surface, then with a straw carefully blow on the surface to make designs, which you'd then place the scarf onto. In my dream, I was doing this, and all the designs started looking wrong. The patterns all started looking like blood and guts and eyes and stuff, as if it was staring up at me. Then this swarm of spiders started crawling out of the ceiling, and started lowering web lines into the water. They started sucking up all the color. The spiders kept trying to stick their webs on me, too, to suck up my color. I had to run from all these rainbow spiders in the ceiling.

RodArg: Okay, that's a bit different from mine.

Pawlie: What was yours?

RodArg: Back in my college days there was this comic called Enigma. Early 90s. In it, there was a serial killer called The Head, a tall skinny monster with a giant head and big puckered lips who would stick a metal straw up their victim's nose and suck out their brains. I had this thing chasing after me all night long.

Pawlie: 90s comics were fucked up.

Inquisitor: This is a message from the

Cognitohazard Monitoring Department. Based on conversation markers, there is the possibility of memetic infection. Please be aware that all correspondence regarding this SCP will be archived, monitored, and analyzed.

Pawlie: Oh god are we in trouble too? I can't take all this. Not right now.

RodArg: I don't think so.

Inquisitor: Hi, yeah, you're not in trouble. We just noted that you're sharing dreams that involve chasing and straws in the same time period. It could easily just be a coincidence, and it's inconclusive that a cognitohazard is involved, but we just want to make sure you're free of memetic infection. Don't worry, we don't share any of this with Ethics or HR. Our job is just to track down cognitohazards.

Pawlie: I should go. I'll just take a sleeping pill or something.

RodArg: Sleep well, Ellie. See you tomorrow. I'll get the experiments done.

Experiment 3966-5

Protocol: Application of SCP-3966-B to viable human neural tissue harvested from **SCP-596** D-class. Test tissue for binding sites.

Result: SCP-3966-B binds weakly to N-type calcium ion channels on neurons. Binding causes passive blocking of the channel, but the bond will break in the presence of changes in cell voltage potential (such as during a regular firing of the neuron). Biological activity is limited. Therapeutic function would be limited to a very mild paralytic and analgesic that would not last during normal

activity.

Of note, SCP-3966-B would not cause hypnic jerks; it is essentially not a risk. I would call this an inactive protein. - R. Argent

Experiment 3966-6

Protocol: Application of SCP-3966-A to viable human neural tissue harvested from SCP-596 D-class. Test tissue for binding sites.

Result: SCP-3966-A binds strongly as an exotoxin to N-type calcium ion channels on neurons. Presynaptic terminals are observed to undergo a cascade misfolding, restructuring the calcium channel into an open cell pore. Neurotransmitters, ions, and cytoplasm exit the neuron rapidly through the pores, causing cell death within seconds.

Sample mass was recorded at 93.2% the pretest sample. No leaks detected. Of note, extracellular neurotransmitters were not detected and the fluid containing the tissue did not have higher concentration of calcium ions.

Huge mass change again, but no leaks? What, so the neurotransmitters and ions just vanish? What does this refolding do? - R. Argent

Experiment 3966-7

Protocol: Mathematical modeling of SCP-3966-A and SCP-3966-B protein folding and binding with N-type calcium channels.

Result: The protein structure of SCP-3966-A toward the N-terminus is involved in enzymatic refolding of the calcium channel into a pore, while the non-C-terminus end inserts itself into the pore. The action is similar with SCP-3966-B, except the C-terminus lobe attempts entry

into the pore but fails and destabilizes the N-terminus bond, causing the channel to revert to its original configuration.

Attempts to model the protein structure in the end region of SCP-3966-A results in an inconclusive configuration.

In layman's terms: The modeling program crashed. The output made no sense and the numbers blew up. - R. Argent

+ EVALUATE CORRESPONDENCE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

SAVED COMMUNICATION FROM SCP-IM SYSTEM

RodArg: `Sis`? Are you around?

`CArgent`: Why, hello there, bro. How are things?

RodArg: Not good. This latest project is making no sense to me. My assistant isn't sleeping, and I just found this stealth SCP protein in her cerebrospinal fluid.

CArgent: In her what? How did you find that?

RodArg: …I gave her a spinal tap.

CArgent: What the hell, bro? What's scaring you so much?

RodArg: Here.

<==sending scp3966.scp==>

CArgent: Okay, this is weird. I can barely believe you're spending all this time on a protein. Wait, this is being monitored by the Cog team?

RodArg: Yes. Sorry. Should have mentioned.

CArgent: So I'm going to get nightmares, too. Great. Thanks, bro.

RodArg: It's just a precaution! Nobody knows if there even is a cognitohazard! You'll be fine. I'm not infecting you. Really.

CArgent: You're defensive. This isn't like you. Is there anything I can do?

RodArg: Could you look at the output of the folding model? Things blow up at the not-a-C-terminus. The math goes nuts.

CArgent: And you want Dr. Anomalous Physics to check your work. Sure, I'll take a look.

CArgent: Okay, so this looks crazy if you try to look at it using plain vectors, but I can simplify the numbers by using quaternions.

RodArg: Quaternions? What?

CArgent: Okay, so you know about the complex plane, right? With real numbers (1, 2, 3) on one line, and imaginary numbers (i, 2i, 3i) on another line perpendicular to that?

RodArg: Okay, yes.

CArgent: Quaternions don't just use i, they use i, j, and k. Three sets of imaginary numbers. Three different axes all perpendicular to the real number axis.

RodArg: How would you even visualize that?

CArgent: You kind of can't. It requires four spatial dimensions.

RodArg: What, this protein is folded - fuck.

CArgent: What now?

RodArg: Fuck, sorry, gotta go. Emergency. I'll talk later.

Experiment 3966-8

Subject: Junior Researcher Pawlukojc

Protocol: Harvesting of SCP-3966-A from subject's CSF and exploratory autopsy.

Result: Subject was discovered expired in her bed at 0015 when the vital sign monitor she wore triggered an alarm. Serum analysis of CSF indicated 5.1 mg/dL of SCP-3966-A and 1.6 mg/dL of SCP-3966-B. Cause of death appeared to be SUNDS. Histological analysis of neural tissue indicates large numbers of SCP-3966-A-mediated cell pores and reduced volume of affected neurons.

Toxicological analysis indicates self-medication of cyclobenzaprine and zolpidem. It must be stressed that these are powerful spasmolytics and sedatives, which can have paralytic side effects. Cardiopulmonary system appeared unaffected, but skeletal muscle showed marked reduction in activity.

Head Researcher's Note: I got lucky. I dropped one of the CSF test tubes, but it didn't shatter and turned out to have SCP-3966-B only. I really need a nap. - R. Argent

Research 3966-Beta

Protocol: Continued automated search of genomic sequence for SCP-3966

Result: No full matches found. Closest match (87%) to silk proteins of **SCP-848**.

Head Researcher's Note: SCP-848 catches prey from God-knows-where in its webs. I don't dare take sleeping pills. If I have to sleep with the spiders, I will. - R. Argent

Experiment 3966-9

Subjects: Head Researcher Dr. Roderick Argent, D-51174 (Control)

Protocol: Sleep study performed in SCP-848 containment chamber

Result: Subject slept without issue for nine hours. Subject had a waking cycle at five hours in the containment chamber, and canceled control study, bringing D-51174 into the containment chamber.

Head Researcher's Note: Just couldn't let them keep tossing and turning. I slept like a baby. The D-class didn't want to join me with all the spiders again, but they didn't have a choice. They curled up, clinging to me. Took a lot to calm them down. Really didn't like spiders. I woke up to one of them crawling across my face. I kept dreaming seeing Ellie wrapped in a cocoon. The webs are particularly thick today. Gotta tell sis. I'm cured, I hope. - R. Argent

+ EVALUATE CORRESPONDENCE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

SAVED COMMUNICATION FROM SCP-IM SYSTEM

RodArg: Hi sis. Feeling better.

CArgent: Jesus, bro. There you are. I've been worried sick. I heard about your assistant. My condolences.

RodArg: Yeah. She was good. It's still so confusing. I don't know why she got a lethal dose of SCP-3966-A. I was so worried I'd die if I slept. I haven't tested my CSF, but I know the

signs.

CArgent: How about the D-class?

RodArg: They're still alive. They were never given a sleep aid, and when I realized I was sleeping okay, I brought them into the containment chamber with me.

CArgent: Containment chamber? …I'm not going to ask. I think I'm okay. This whole thing got me so nervous, I worried I was infected every time I twitched.

RodArg: Oh, god, sorry, sis. Here I am, talking about myself, and not even thinking about what this is all doing to you.

CArgent: I do that falling thing once or twice a night anyway. Probably nothing's changed.

RodArg: Good. So do you think these are 4D proteins?

CArgent: The math works out better that way. That's why the carboxyl group is missing, it's attached to the next amino acid, still, but we can't see it.

RodArg: How could we see it? Actually, how could we not see it?

CArgent: Let's see if I can explain… You've heard of Flatland, right?

RodArg: A 2D world where everyone is shapes?

CArgent: That's the one. Now you're a 3D guy, so if you're standing over Flatland, looking at someone's house, you can see everything in it at once. Which room the

residents are in, what's in the cupboard, all that. But the residents couldn't ever see you, at all. That's because you aren't in Flatland, you're above it, and there's no "above" in Flatland.

RodArg: So I'd have to reach into Flatland to be seen?

CArgent: Exactly. And if you reach out and touch Flatland with your finger, all they'd see is your fingertip.

RodArg: So… I might only see the slightest bit of a 4D creature, but it could still see all of me.

CArgent: You got it. That's not even the coolest part, though. You could reach into their kitchen cabinet, pull out a cup, and place it on the table, without ever opening the cabinet.

RodArg: Wait, if I'm seeing everything in the house, even inside the cabinet… Am I also seeing everything inside the people? Where I can touch it?

CArgent: Yes.

RodArg: …You know, Grandpa died in his sleep.

CArgent: Yeah. That was what, 20 years ago? I still miss him. It was a stroke, right?

RodArg: I had a friend pull the old autopsy report. They actually didn't know. Just said it was old age.

CArgent: Why, you think it was something else?

RodArg: I dropped a test tube, but it only had

SCP-3966-B. People twitch and move around, but they only end up with B in their systems. If I tried to reach into a Flatlander, and they moved, they'd pull me along, right?

CArgent: Right. Similarly, your pull would be an acceleration. It could be felt, too.

RodArg: But it would be in a direction you wouldn't notice. The only way it would make sense would be a fall… I've got to run one last experiment. If this works, I'll need to update the description. Thanks, sis. Stay safe and sleep well.

Experiment 3966-10

Protocol: A matrix of glass micropipettes, each patch clamped with an N-type calcium channel, is prepared. A single optical fiber is threaded to the tip of each pipette. The apparatus is then placed in an isotonic solution of 25% SCP-3966-A. Upon reconfiguration of the calcium channels into pores, the fibers are inserted into the pores and visual results recorded.

Result: Reconfiguration of channels into pores completed. Optical fibers were inserted a distance of 10 μm into the pore past the end of each pipette. External microscopy indicated no extension of the fiber past the end of the pipette. In this configuration, an image was successfully generated.

+ EVALUATE IMAGE SAVED UNDER MORPHEUS-4

Footnotes

1. The C-terminus is a carboxyl group (-COOH) that appears at the end of every protein chain.

SCP-3967: Paul the Living Balloon

Item #: SCP-3967

Object Class: Safe

Threat Level: Green

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3967 is currently housed at Site-17 and is allowed to freely roam the facility under supervision of at least one (1) Level 1 researcher. It is allowed to have a fully furnished housing unit located in the staff housing wing. When not in its housing unit, SCP-3967 is to be equipped with a tracking bracelet attached to one of its arms or legs, even when under supervision. SCP-3967 should not be allowed near exceptionally sharp objects including but not limited to kitchen knives, needles, and saw blades.

SCP-3967 is allowed daily meetings with Site-17's psychiatry staff. If SCP-3967 enters a distressed state, it is to be brought to its housing unit and left alone. Every morning and evening, SCP-3967 is to be shown a handwritten or electronic journal of the events that transpired the previous day. Any edits, entries, or changes made to this journal are to be reported to Dr. . Similarly, any alterations to SCP-3967's memory loss rate are to be reported immediately to Dr. .

SCP-3967 is not to be let outside under any circumstances due to risk of accidental containment breach. In the event SCP-3967 ever accidentally breaches containment, Mobile Task Force Tau-7 "Firewatch" is to be dispatched to safely recover it. Recovery via helicopter is strictly prohibited following Incident A-3967.

Description: SCP-3967 is an animate, humanoid-shaped balloon standing at approximately 1.4 meters and is matte black in color. It has no appendages other than its arms and legs, each only having little use. SCP-3967 can control at what altitude it floats below 6 meters, but above that altitude will begin to uncontrollably float

upwards. Although SCP-3967's surface is made of common, non-anomalous polychloroprene used in commercial-use balloons, only one incident to date has resulted in a rupture in its surface. When ruptured, gas does not leak out of SCP-3967 nor does it deflate, however SCP-3967 will lose its ability to control its altitude and will fall to the ground. Any damage to SCP-3967s surface will self-regenerate after a period of one (1) hour. SCP-3967 also lacks an inflation outlet on its surface, making it unclear how it was initially inflated.

During Test A-3967-1, it was discovered that the gas inside of SCP-3967 is non-anomalous, but has not been previously recognized. The gas has a similar density to helium, approximately 0.183 g/L at STP and an average molecular mass of 4.046 g/mol. However, when exposed to extremely low temperatures that would normally liquify helium, the inside of SCP-3967 did not change. Likewise, the gas inside SCP-3967 did not change at absolute zero. Similarly, when exposed to extreme pressure, the gas did not solidify. SCP-3967 does not notice temperature or atmospheric pressure changes, other than limitations on what altitude it can float.

Despite lack of any internal organs or orifices capable of vocalization, SCP-3967 is able to speak. It is generally conversational and friendly, showing enthusiasm and cooperation with staff. SCP-3967 claims that its name is "Paul" and can be addressed as such under individual discretion. SCP-3967 is of average intelligence and has an IQ of roughly 92, but shows little to no understanding of complex technology or machinery.

Within a certain period of time after creating a memory (determined to be between 15-19 months), SCP-3967's memory begins to deteriorate. Usual memory loss begins with SCP-3967 being unable to recall certain details-such as a person's skin color or height-followed by SCP-3967 being unable to discern whether or not something happened or not. The only memory SCP-3967 is able to recall that is older than 19 months is its name. To prevent complete memory loss while in containment, a handwritten or electronic journal is to be recorded of daily events and shown to SCP-3967 every morning and evening.

Incident Log A-3967: SCP-3967 was escorted outside under supervision of Dr. Lang and Dr. Summers during a light rainstorm. Windy conditions had not yet developed. The three were sitting underneath a covered pavilion when conditions worsened and a strong gust of wind forced SCP-3967 out from its seat and into the open air, where it began to float upwards uncontrollably. Mobile Task Force Tau-7 was dispatched to recover it, using two (2) Bell UH-1 Iroquois helicopters.

During recovery, SCP-3967 was struck by one of the helicopter rotors and its surface was torn, resulting in it falling towards the ground. MTF Tau-7 began descending in an attempt to find it, but increasingly worse conditions forced them to return back to Site-17. Recovery was postponed until the storm had passed. Four hours later, SCP-3967 arrived at Site-17 with no damage to its surface, claiming it had been able to regenerate itself and walk all the way back to Site-17.

Dr. Lang and Dr. Summers were assigned janitorial duty for two (2) weeks.

Addendum 3969-A: SCP-3967 was discovered at [DATA EXPUNGED] on 8/15/16 by a group of high school students. It was brought to the Foundation's attention when a local newspaper published an article mentioning a "magic balloon man." The town was administered Class-A amnestics and SCP-3967 was moved to Site-17. The entity expressed gratitude upon being contained, stating that "[he] was tired of almost flying into outer space." It is unknown how SCP-3967 is able to return to the surface after floating above 6 meters. Testing to determine this is prohibited.

Addendum 3967-B: Test logs of SCP-3967.

+ Test A-3967-1

Test A-3967-1 - 4/26/17

Procedure: SCP-3967 is placed in the middle of a 3x3x3 soundproof room with speakers installed on the walls. Low frequency soundwaves are pulsed at five (5) second

intervals in the direction of SCP-3967 for three minutes.
Results: By observing how sound waves passed through SCP-3967, researchers were able to determine the density of the gas inside.

+ Test A-3967-2

Test A-3967-2 - 7/01/17

Procedure: SCP-3967 is placed in a testing chamber capable of reaching absolute zero Kelvin with specialized speakers placed against SCP-3967's surface. Outside temperature affecting the speaker's ability to transmit soundwaves outside of SCP-3967 is compensated for. Temperature is lowered inside the chamber to 54.37 Kelvin (oxygen liquefaction point) and speakers begin pulsating soundwaves through SCP-3967. No changes are noticed in the soundwave's ability to travel inside SCP-3967. Temperature is lowered to 24.5 Kelvin (neon liquefaction point). No change is noticed. Temperature is lowered to 13.98 Kelvin (hydrogen liquefaction point). No change is noticed. Temperature is lowered to absolute zero. No change is noticed.
Results: Although the lower temperature affected the soundwave's ability to travel outside of SCP-3967, the soundwave's ability to travel was not affected inside SCP-3967.

Addendum 3967-C: Second recorded transcript between SCP-3967 and Dr. .

Interviewed: SCP-3967

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: SCP-3967 had been floating on the ceiling of

its housing unit for three hours.

<Begin Log>

Dr. enters SCP-3967's housing unit. SCP-3967 is floating on the ceiling "face up."

Dr. : Good morning, SCP-3967. How are you today?

SCP-3967: Oh, good morning, doctor. I'm doing pretty okay, how about you?

Dr. : I'm quite well. Would it be okay if I asked you a few questions? It won't take too long.

SCP-3967: Oh, sure! *SCP-3967 descends from the ceiling and floats in front of Dr. .* As long as you aren't going to ask me to do math, haha. Go right ahead.

Dr. : All right, let's see… *Dr. opens a notebook.* What do you know about human biology?

SCP-3967: *SCP-3967 scratches its head.* I just know your basic stuff. I know that humans have blood, a brain, a heart… you know, major organs and all that. Oh! The pancreas makes insulin.

Dr. : Yes, it does. Do you know how humans speak?

SCP-3967: Uh, not really. I mean, I understand the vibration of soundwaves creates sound or something like that, but I don't really know the science behind it.

Dr. : That's close enough. You're aware that you have no internal organs, correct?

SCP-3967: Yeah, I don't. Are you going to ask me how I'm able to speak? Because I have absolutely no clue. It just happens.

Dr. : It just… happens? You don't understand the process of how you're able to create sound?

SCP-3967: Not a clue. You guys move your lips and know when you're talking, but for me, I don't move any of my body. I just… create the sound somehow.

Dr. : I see. Well, is there anyone that you might know that could understand your inner workings?

SCP-3967: Uh… no, not really. I mean, the only other humans I've interacted with were the ones in [DATA EXPUNGED], but they were asking me a bunch of questions, too.

Dr. : Do you know who created you? Can you remember anything about how you were made?

SCP-3967: *SCP-3967 remains silent for a few seconds.* I know my name is Paul, if that helps.

Dr. : Do you have a last name? Can you remember any other names?

SCP-3967: *SCP-3967 shakes its head.* Nothing. I'm really sorry, I wish I could. I don't remember anything.

Dr. : That's okay. Do you remember how you ended up in [DATA EXPUNGED]?

SCP-3967: No, not really. I think that I wanted to be there. Or I might have known someone there. It's getting hard to remember. I'm forgetting about that place.

Dr. **:** You think you knew someone?

SCP-3967: Not anymore, no. It was like I remembered something wrong. It's weird, though.

Dr. **:** What is?

SCP-3967: I feel like I know someone here now. Not a specific person, but I feel like I want to be here. With everyone working here. It's like… I've known everyone here forever.

Dr. **:** You feel as if you've had previous relationships with the staff here?

SCP-3967: Something… like that. *SCP-3967 becomes visibly distressed, wiping its forehead despite no sweat forming.* Doctor, I'm sorry, but I'm getting quite anxious. Is it possible we could continue this later? I'd like some time alone.

Dr. **:** Of course. Thank you for your time, SCP-3967. I'll come by when you feel better.

SCP-3967: Thank you, doctor.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *It seems SCP-3967 appears unable to remember events or locations that appeared in its past or understand what exactly it is. To avoid SCP-3967 becoming distressed, I'm allowing it to have daily meetings with Site-17's psychiatry staff. If it can't remember what it is, maybe we can help it understand it isn't alone. - Dr.*

SCP-3968: Immoral Minefield

Item #: SCP-3968

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Global containment of SCP-3968 is the responsibility of MTF Delta-2 ('Explosive Tempers'). Discovered examples of SCP-3968 are to be disarmed and disassembled on site, prior to transport to Site- . De-mining techniques involving controlled detonations are prohibited, as are any other activities that risk explosions occurring in the vicinity of SCP-3968. Heavily contaminated areas (defined as containing >100 examples of SCP-3968) are to be cordoned off instead of cleared, with appropriate warning signage and barriers installed. Additionally, these areas are to be subject to sterilisation with chemical defoliants or area denial weapons. This procedure may be varied with Level 3 staff authorisation based on local conditions such as terrain and proximity to human activity.

Examples of SCP-3968-1 and SCP-3968-2 are stored at Site- , in a secure, blast-proofed containment cell. This area is to be climate-controlled, with artificial lighting installed to simulate a variety of weather conditions, and floored with a variety of soil samples. The position of all SCP-3968 examples in this area is to be logged and tracked. Access to this area is restricted to D-class personnel, for the purposes of maintenance and testing only. No more than 20 total examples of SCP-3968 are to be present in this area at any given time. Metal from SCP-3968 should be disposed of by high-temperature incineration (>2000 °C) which has proven sufficient to render waste products non-anomalous. It is imperative that all explosive residue is cleaned from metal involved in this process. Other components of SCP-3968 can be disposed of using standard hazardous waste disposal procedures.

The **`Manna Charitable Foundation`** is aware of the existence of SCP-3968 and has dedicated a significant portion of its resources

towards its neutralisation. Limited cooperation with the MCF in this field has been authorised by the O5 Council and disclosure of information regarding specific sightings of SCP-3968 is acceptable with Level 3 staff authorisation. The MCF should not be provided with any information regarding the use of chemical agents or sightings of SCP-3968 where the use of chemical agents is considered appropriate.

Description: SCP-3968 refers to two related variants of explosive device, SCP-3968-1 and -2, with similar anomalous properties, and generally found in proximity to one another.

SCP-3968-1 is identical to the American M14 land mine in structure and function. This is a blast-type antipersonnel land mine, which transfers a concussive shockwave into an individual's lower limb upon detonation. As with the non-anomalous M14 mine and similar devices, SCP-3968-1 contains a small explosive charge designed to cause injury rather than lethality, with injuries such as traumatic amputation aiming to cause problems for hostile forces who have to deal with a casualty. SCP-3968-1 appears to be based on earlier minimum-metal models of the M14 mine, increasing the difficulty of detection considerably.

SCP-3968-2 is identical to the American M16 land mine in structure and function. This weapon is a bounding fragmentation-type antipersonnel mine designed to be launched into the air by a small charge when triggered, subsequently detonating at waist height and spreading shrapnel in a 360-degree radius to a distance of approximately 30m. This is significantly more lethal to affected individuals than SCP-3968-1. The size and composition of SCP-3968-2 makes its discovery with metal detecting equipment straightforward, but the usual presence of SCP-3968-1 in the vicinity complicates these efforts.

Both SCP-3968-1 and -2 share the anomalous property of reproduction. This is accomplished when an example of SCP-3968 is detonated, with shrapnel greater than 1cm in size developing into a new example of SCP-3968-1 or -2 if it comes into contact with the ground. This process is dependent on conditions such as soil quality, climate and available nutrients. Examples of SCP-3968 show a preference for wet, tropical conditions, but proliferate in arid

and desert climates to a reduced degree. While shrapnel becomes inert once retrieved from soil, applying an explosive force to it will provoke reproduction in suitable conditions. Therefore, it is theorised that the energy produced in SCP-3968 detonations serves as the catalyst for its reproduction.

Available nutrients are the main variable affecting SCP-3968 reproduction, with remains from casualties of SCP-3968 detonation being most relevant. Although no method of growth or nutrient intake has been discovered in SCP-3968's construction, remains in proximity to SCP-3968 decompose at an accelerated rate. Human remains appear to have the strongest effect on the reproductive process of SCP-3968, with the presence of other animal and plant matter causing slower reproduction.

Each detonation produces roughly 5 to 200 (SCP-3968-1) or 20 to 400 (SCP-3968-2) new examples of SCP-3968, depending on the previously mentioned conditions. The discrepancy in numbers is due to the larger size of SCP-3968-2 compared to SCP-3968-1 and differing mechanism of action. Given this property, any detonation of SCP-3968 increases the difficulty of containment significantly, and may result in an exponential increase in the size of contaminated areas. Chemical defoliation and use of chemical area-denial weapons has proven a valuable multi-modal containment strategy, limiting the SCP-3968 nutrient supply by destroying plant matter, reducing soil quality, and discouraging civilian entry into contaminated areas.

The second anomalous property shared between SCP-3968-1 and -2 is a limited awareness of its surroundings combined with an ability to detonate selectively. This property is utilised to maximise inflicted casualties and subsequently increase the reproduction of SCP-3968. Anomalous behaviour demonstrated by SCP-3968-1 and -2 includes, although is not limited to, the following;

- Avoiding detonation when triggered by animals in areas with high human traffic
- Detonating when triggered by animals of sentimental or economic value, to draw attention of owners
- Avoiding detonation when groups of people approach a contaminated area, until the entire group has entered a lethal

range
- Creating false ‘safe’ pathways through a contaminated area
- Giving the impression of an inactive device when retrieved, then detonating when taken into enclosed spaces
- Avoiding detonation when triggered by armoured vehicles, detonating when occupants exit
- Avoiding detonation by individuals in protective gear, or detonating in patterns targeted to penetrate vulnerable points in said equipment
- SCP-3968-1 examples detonating in order to injure an individual, with surrounding SCP-3968-2 detonating when others attempt to render assistance

It is unknown whether these behaviours are engineered or evolved, or the degree to which they represent higher intelligence on the part of SCP-3968.

Over km^2 of land is affected by SCP-3968 worldwide. It is estimated that this area contains upwards of examples of SCP-3968-1 and -2. SCP-3968 has been responsible for approximately civilian casualties and 141 casualties amongst Foundation personnel since its cataloguing.

Addendum 3968-1: SCP-3968 received an SCP item classification in June of 1968, when Foundation sources within **Prometheus Labs** were alerted to an incident at a Prometheus-affiliated location in [REDACTED], Pennsylvania.

Foundation agents arriving on the scene discovered a factory complex at the centre of surrounding terrain contaminated by SCP-3968 in a 1.5km radius. Access was gained to the facility with acceptable casualties, where machinery for the mass production of SCP-3968-1 and -2 was discovered.

All machinery had been rendered unusable by explosive damage, and the state of the facility offices and trace recovered material suggested that documents presumably relating to SCP-3968 had been intentionally destroyed during this event. Within the facility the remains of 6 Prometheus Labs employees were discovered, having died of either starvation or self-inflicted gunshot wounds. One of these individuals, a male in his mid-40s, was discovered in the main

office of the facility, having expired from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the temple. Document 3968-1 was retrieved from this area.

The facility was estimated to accommodate 100 employees when in operation. The whereabouts of the remaining individuals are unknown.

Document 3968-1:

+ Document 3968-1

> Dear Paul,
>
> Thanks for bringing this matter to my attention. The good news is that you have nothing to worry about - our demonstration for the Ordnance Corps has already gone ahead swimmingly. General Westmoreland loves what we have here, and tells me he plans to fast-track an order for an additional ten thousand units of each type. Given this situation, I see no need to scale back our production or revisit the earlier models – quite the contrary.
>
> I will elect to not mention to others what you brought up about the capabilities of the project being unplanned or beyond your original scope. Regardless of how this has come about, whether by accident or design, you and your team are deserving of full credit for making this possible.
>
> It sounds like you have been listening to the news too much. We both know what we do here can be unpleasant at times, but you have to put that aside when you build something incredible. In any case, the potential benefits of this are huge – deployment could end the war in six months and save thousands of

American lives.

I appreciate this is still difficult for you, so I've enclosed your mid-year bonus early. I've personally seen to it that it's considerably more than the usual. Take a few weeks off, bring the family and go somewhere nice. Hopefully this puts you in the right frame of mind to come back and do more great work.

All the best,
Frank

The following message was handwritten on the reverse of the page.

Fuck you, Frank. You're just like Westmoreland and McNamara and all the other sons of bitches who preach a world for free men but really mean a world free from Communism, where a barren wasteland is better than a place where men live and farm under a red flag. I'm not going to be a part of your destroy-the-village insanity any more.

Susie, if you're somehow managing to read this, I hope you can remember me as someone who tried to do the right thing in the end. You were the one good thing I left in this world.

Addendum 3968-2 (11/04/2015):

+ LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Experimentation has demonstrated that salting SCP-3968 contaminated areas with radiological weaponry significantly inhibits SCP-3968 reproduction. A cobalt-60-based weapon is able to reduce the amount of new SCP-3968 formed after a detonation by 94%, rising to 99% when used in conjunction with chemical

weaponry. Director has provisionally approved further development of this procedure, but has elected to refer the matter to the Ethics Committee, given that this process results in severe ecological damage and renders areas unfit for human habitation in the long term.

UPDATE (19/01/2016): In a 3-2 vote (see Committee Decision #1003) the Ethics Committee has approved limited use of cobalt-60 radiological salting as an adjunct to existing SCP-3968 containment measures, in situations where environmental contamination of SCP-3968 is intractable. Research staff and MTF Delta-2 unit commanders should seek level 4 staff approval when they wish to implement this procedure.

SCP-3969: Hofmann's Nightmare

WARNING: The following file contains an *Ikelos* class oneiric filtering ag
inaccessible to dream-based entities. It is known to cause detrimental co
certain anomalies. Do not continue viewing if any of the following conditi

- You have recently been affected by a dream-based anomaly.
- You have recently experienced a lucid dream.
- You have a Cognitive Resistance Value (CRV) of less than 13.
- You are currently viewing this warning while inside a dream.

[ACTIVATE IKELOS CLASS ONEIRIC FILTERING AGENT]

[NO DREAM ENTITIES DETECTED. DECRYPTING DOCUMENT]

SCP-3970: i want to contain too

Item #: SCP-3970

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Site-211 has been created around SCP-3970 under the guise of a geologic research facility. Security checkpoints have been established on all roads leading to Site-211 to deter unauthorized access.

Entrances to Unit-01 are to be guarded at all times. Personnel without Level 4/3970 clearance must receive permission from the site director to enter, perform experiments on, or otherwise interact with SCP-3970.

SCP-3970 is to be given a psychological evaluation every week.

Description: SCP-3970 is located in the town of , Washington, near the Glacier Peak region of the Cascade Mountains. SCP-3970 designates a former elementary school building. SCP-3970 is composed of two main hallways, with each end facing a cardinal direction. The main entrance and administration offices lie at the southern end of the school. Following the hallway north leads to a large cafeteria/auditorium, which includes a bathroom and small stage. Classrooms are present at the east and west ends of the school, with 6 in total. SCP-3970 has been fully integrated into Site-211 and is now known as Unit-01.

Various phenomena have been documented inside SCP-3970, including:

- Movement of floor/ceiling tiles
- Reconfiguration of electrical wires
- Movement of walls
- Removal/relocation of doors
- Reconfiguration of piping

- Activation of fire suppressant systems

SCP-3970 can communicate through rearranging chalk dust on any of the blackboards present within the former classrooms. Similarly, communication with SCP-3970 is possible by inscribing words upon the blackboards. Upon discovery, SCP-3970 used a crude form of written English, often misspelling words and misplacing punctuation, but since first contact, SCP-3970 has improved its language use considerably.

SCP-3970 is fully sapient, having approximately the intelligence level of an average seven-year-old human. SCP-3970 possesses two forms of "senses", which allow it to feel and perceive areas within itself. SCP-3970 can detect when pressure is applied to any part of its structure, reacting to forces as little as 1 mN. SCP-3970 has also shown the ability to detect heat levels within its dimensions. This effect is believed to give SCP-3970 a form of sight through an effect similar to thermal imaging.

Discovery: Prior to 12/9/199 , SCP-3970 was a fully-functional school known as Northern Washington Elementary School. The building was taken under Foundation control to serve as a temporary containment site for SCP- , and was shut down after transfer procedures were successfully completed. The area came back under observation when a field agent notified the Foundation of police reports detailing multiple missing persons, all of which were last seen near the former Foundation site. MTF Psi-7 ("Home Improvement") Division 3 was subsequently sent to assess any possible threats and destroy the building if necessary. Upon arrival, the team discovered the decommissioned containment area had been sealed by a brick wall. After demolishing the wall, a small blue sphere was found within the containment tent, along with 7 bodies matching the description of police reports. The sphere was later found to be a non-anomalous children's toy, commonly called a "magic-8 ball". While investigating one of the building's classrooms, a message manifested on the blackboard: "pleese dont hurt me". The team was evacuated, and initial contact was attempted.

+Initial Interview Log

Foreword: After the structure was given SCP

designation and temporary containment was established, Senior Researcher McKnight was assigned to oversee the construction of Site-211 around SCP-3970. Accompanied by MTF Psi-7 Division 3, Senior Researcher McKnight entered the classroom in which SCP-3970 was observed to possibly communicate.

Date: 10/20/200

Interviewer: Senior Researcher McKnight

Interviewee: SCP-3970

Note: All communication listed is in the form of chalk writing on the classroom blackboard unless otherwise noted. Senior Researcher McKnight will be referred to as McKnight for the purposes of this interview.

<Start Log>

McKnight: Can you read?

(*The chalk written by McKnight shifts, forming crudely drawn letters.*)

SCP-3970: yea

McKnight: What is your name?

SCP-3970: i dunno i dont realy have one

McKnight: From now on, your name is SCP-3970. Is that alright?

SCP-3970: i gess thats ok

McKnight: SCP-3970, why did you put a magic-8 ball in the containment tent?

SCP-3970: it was magic so i had to keep it safe

McKnight: And why did you kill those people?

(*SCP-3970 does not respond for approximately 30 seconds, before commenting in visibly worse writing.*)

SCP-3970: i jus tryng to help you guys

(*SCP-3970 does not respond to any further questioning. Senior Researcher McKnight ceases the interview.*)

<End Log>

Addendum-3970-1: Psychological Evaluation Logs

+Psychological-Log-3970-1-11/03/200

<Start Log>

Dr. Underwood: Hello SCP-3970, my name is Dr. Underwood. I will be your psychologist from this point forward.

SCP-3970: whats a psychologist.

Dr. Underwood: I make sure that you are happy. That you enjoy your situation, if you will.

SCP-3970: you sond beter than that other person.

Dr. Underwood: What do you mean?

SCP-3970: he cam here wit those other meen guys.

Dr. Underwood: Oh, Senior Researcher

McKnight? Don't worry about him, he is only doing his job. I'll be with you from now on.

SCP-3970: promise?

Dr. Underwood: Yes SCP-3970, I promise. One more thing before we end this session. I've noticed you have been using periods at the ends of your sentences. Why is that?

SCP-3970: i saw you guys using it so i am.

Dr. Underwood: Thank you SCP-3970. Anything else on your mind?

SCP-3970: are those peple ok?

Dr. Underwood: They are in a safe place, don't worry about them anymore.

<End Log>

Note: SCP-3970 shows a remarkable ability to learn. I want a language tutor in there ASAP. -Senior Researcher McKnight

[DATA OMITTED]

+Psychological-Log-3970-19-03/09/201

<Start Log>

SCP-3970: Hello Dr. Underwood!

Dr. Underwood: Hello SCP-3970. I heard your lessons were going well.

SCP-3970: Yes! I have learned so much!

Dr. Underwood: That is good news! I hope you are getting along well with the engineers and architects.

SCP-3970: It was a little weird at first but I am used to it now.

Dr. Underwood: Good to hear that. Any concerns at the moment?

SCP-3970: When do I finally get to start helping?

Dr. Underwood: Sorry SCP-3970, but I do not know. Keep up the good work and it might be soon.

SCP-3970: Wait! There is something I have been working on.

(*SCP-3970 creates a drawing of a smiling stick-figure in a lab-coat labeled "Dr. Underwood" standing inside a large rectangle labelled "Me".*)

<End Log>

[DATA OMITTED]

+Psychological-Log-3970-28-08/25/201

<Start Log>

Dr. Underwood: How are you feeling today SCP-3970?

SCP-3970: I'm so excited to get new training, but I'm a little nervous.

Dr. Underwood: It's okay SCP-3970, you'll do great. Remember, it's only a test. All of it's made by us to help you train for the real things.

SCP-3970: You said the best way I can help you guys is if I work hard, right?

Dr. Underwood: Spot on. It'll be just like all the other training you've done. I fully believe in your abilities.

SCP-3970: If you think so then it must be true. I just feel so big now.

Dr. Underwood: Sorry SCP-3970, I need to go. It's going to be a busy day for you and me.

<End Log>

Note: We have approval. The final step of Project 3970-θ is to commence immediately. -Site Director McKnight

+Input Level 4/3970 Credentials

ACCESS GRANTED

Item #: SCP-3970

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: All information delivered to SCP-3970 is to be under the pretense that it is still undergoing training procedures. Under no circumstances is SCP-3970 to be told any items contained within Site-211 are anomalous in nature. SCP-3970 is not to manipulate any part of Site-211 outside of Level 3 or higher clearance areas.

All information below Level 2 clearance must cite that the influence of SCP-3970 extends to Unit-01 only. Clearance Level 2 and lower personnel are not to directly access or view video feed of Site-211 containment chambers. Any personnel found violating this protocol are to be administered Class-B amnestics as necessary.

Unit-01 is to be guarded and patrolled by Clearance Level 3 security personnel. Entrance to Unit-01 is forbidden without permission of the Site Director.

SCP-3970 is to be given a psychological evaluation every month.

Description: SCP-3970 is the designation for Site-211, located in , Washington. The original structure of SCP-3970 has been fully integrated into Site-211, and is known as Unit-01.

SCP-3970 is sapient, and has been shown to have a nearly photographic memory. SCP-3970 is extremely cooperative, and has shown an intense desire to aid the Foundation. There have been no recorded instances of SCP-3970 harming Foundation personnel, intentionally or otherwise. Despite the desire of SCP-3970 to help the Foundation, SCP-3970 has demonstrated acute anxiety towards the containment of anomalous objects. However, SCP-3970 is not able to differentiate between normal and anomalous properties, unless said properties are pointed out.

SCP-3970 has complete mechanical control over its entire structure, and the influence of SCP-3970 spreads to any permanent addition made to its structure. There is no known limit to this ability, and the entirety of Site-211 is currently under the control of SCP-3970. SCP-3970 has shown no loss of effectiveness despite having dimensions roughly 30 times larger than it had upon discovery, and has demonstrated the ability to perform multiple tasks at once without the loss of efficiency.

The only method of direct communication with SCP-3970 is through the blackboards present in the classrooms of its original structure, now located in Unit-01. All attempts to install additional blackboards and invent other communication mediums have failed.

Addendum-3970-θ: Project Report

O5-

Project 3970-θ was an astounding success. The Tile-Array system is completely functional in all containment chambers and heavy containment areas. Transferable electricity-based security checkpoints have passed testing, so no more personnel getting fried for walking too slowly. SCP-3970 shows continual improvement in the handling of its tasks, and has become extremely efficient in carrying out containment procedures.

I told you this one would be different. After all, when have I ever let you down? Let's get a drink sometime, on me.

Site Director McKnight

SCP-3972: "Ken Burns Presents: SCP-3972"

Item #: SCP-3972

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Researcher Alyx Romana's film is currently the only non-infohazardous method of storing information relating to SCP-3972's effect. The film is to be screened to all members of Mobile Task Forces assigned to investigations of both Vytas Andressen's disappearance and the Slovenian National Society for the Preservation of Vakarinė's Works, the group that has claimed responsibility for SCP-3972.

Biographical information regarding Vytas Andressen is to be deleted from Foundation computers after being stored in three redundant offices available only to personnel immune to Category Lambda-7 infohazardous effect with Level 3972-1 clearance.

Personnel are not to take screenshots of, extract portions of, or transcribe the film below without authorization from a Site Director.

Researcher Romana is to update the below film in the event new information regarding SCP-3972 must be communicated to Foundation personnel. Instructional classes in video editing were requested by Researcher Romana and approved by Human Resources.

Description: See film.

+ Show transcript [WARNING - INFOHAZARDOUS EFFECTS ON FOUNDATION PERSONNEL APPLY]

This film is currently the only non-infohazardous method of storing information relating to SCP-3972's effect.

SCP-3972 is a series of effects relating to photographic images and biographical information of former Foundation Attaché for Baltic Affairs Vytas Andressen. Nearly all photographic images of and true information regarding Andressen[1] carries a Category Lambda-7 infohazardous effect. This effect produces acute nausea and swelling of the lymph nodes in 99.8% of tested current and former Foundation personnel, but has not affected any tested non-Foundation persons in 719 clinical trials.

The infohazard impacting this information is neutralized by presenting the information in a film or digital video file that meets the following eight content requirements:

1. No on-screen text must appear before the words “A FLORENTINE FILM.”[2]
2. Musical recordings created before 1930 and meeting standards Foundation researchers are currently unable to define must be present throughout the entire film. As a 1920 Victor recording of Gabriella Besanzoni singing a selection from Verdi’s ‘Il Trovatore’ was found to meet these requirements, it is used in this film and can currently be heard.
3. No words must be spoken in the film before the reading a specific quote by Oscar Milosz, a French-Lithuanian poet who lived from 1877 to 1939. The quote may be read in English, French, or Lithuanian.
4. On-screen text which includes “KEN BURNS PRESENTS:” followed by a title that may vary must appear. The title ‘SCP-3972’ was selected for convenience.

5. Portions of entirely black screen lasting five seconds or less *[MISSING IN VIDEO: are allowed.]*
6. Only photographs and videos taken within the legal boundaries of modern-day Lithuania may appear. This includes the five photographs that constitute the complete remaining photographic record of Vytas Andressen.
7. A filmed portion depicting an individual with a degree from an accredited university speaking about SCP-3972's effects must appear and must contain a genuine emotional response from the individual depicted. The words spoken in this filmed segment must not have been decided upon or scripted beforehand.
8. A credits sequence must appear which contains the names of all SCP Foundation personnel who assembled the film and the phrase 'Special Thanks to the Slovenian National Society for the Preservation of Vakarinė's Works.'

Requirements 7 and 8 will be met later in this film.

Vytas Andressen, pictured here, was the Foundation Attaché for Baltic Affairs from 1998 to May 11, 2017, when he disappeared at age 59. Simultaneous with his disappearance, all photographs of Andressen disappeared from both physical and digital storage worldwide, and extant biographical information about him gained SCP-3972's infohazardous effect.

The photographs pictured here, the quote by Oscar Milosz, a note, and a complex list of requirements that were eventually reduced to the eight listed previously, were anonymously

delivered via post to Foundation diplomatic offices in Brussels on June 1, 2017.

Foundation infohazard detection alerted on-site personnel to the presence of low-level Category Lambda-7 Infohazardous Effect on the materials. The Foundation forwarded the information to a previously determined to be immune group of researchers, including myself, by June 3.

The included note was confiscated by employees of the O5 Commission Internal Affairs Bureau before delivery to our research team. The only information they have currently provided is that in the note, the Slovenian National Society for the Preservation of Vakarinė's Works claims responsibility for Andressen's disappearance and presented ransom demands.

No information regarding the Society is available to this research team, and we have been assured that hostage negotiations and anti-Society activity are the purview of Mobile Task Forces who will have this film screened for them.

That is the extent of the information we have been asked to make available on the Foundation database at this time. The filmed portion from requirement 7 and the credits sequence from requirement 8 follow.

> "This is Researcher Alyx Romana making the 51st attempt at an SCP-3972-compliant recording. So. From all I've gleaned from the exceedingly vague instructions given to me by both internal affairs and the documentation provided, there's

supposed to be some sort of talking head segment vaguely resembling one in a Ken Burns documentary.

There's apparently not allowed to be any scripting, any time I've written even a word down that I'm intending to use or brought an index card, it's failed. We brought 15 D-Class personnel with us to Slovenia, where I'm stuck up in this stuffy office, and we've been through each of them three—four times now, and we're running out of barf bags.

So, I'm really hoping that my frustration at this process begins to count as a genuine enough emotional response for these requirements. My frustration, in fact, knows no bounds as…none of this goddamn anomaly makes sense.

Why would you create an infohazard, create a loophole, send it to the Foundation and make the loophole related to an American documentary filmmaker who doesn't have to be involved in the process?

We've [CENSORED BY ORDER OF THE O5 COMMISSION INTERNAL AFFAIRS BUREAU] – he has nothing to do with this, he has nothing to do with Slovenia.

There's no professional standards required for this film, as you can tell by the fact that I'm filming myself with it…

[laughter]
Okay. I'm beginning to think somebody's playing a prank on us.

Footnotes
1. His name and former position within the Foundation are not effected by the infohazard and are thusly included in the Special Containment Procedures.
2. An American film company from Walpole, NH, owned by Ken Burns.

SCP-3973: Would you like to re-roll?

Item #: SCP-3973

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3973 is to be kept in a locked box and placed inside of a standard anomalous item locker in the Site-16 storage room. Testing is approved for and staff Level 2 or higher. Staff who wish to test SCP-3973 must make an entry in the log book located in the Site-16 storage room.

Following Interview 3973-1 and Dr. Harpy's request, SCP-3973's containment procedures are to be changed. SCP-3973 is to be kept in a locked 30x30x30 cm acrylic glass box in Site-16's Anomalous Item Research Lab 104. The scenery inside of the glass box should be changed once a month as an incentive for SCP-3973 to continue to comply with interviews. The scenery may be changed by adding more miniatures, plastic foliage, sand, or plastic rocks. These have been provided by Dr. Harpy and can be found in a labeled box in the Site-16 break room.

Staff who wish to test or interview SCP-3973 must have a security clearance of Level 2 or higher and receive permission from Dr. Harpy first.

Description: SCP-3973 is a standard miniature from the tabletop war game *Warhammer 40,000*[1]. The object is physically unremarkable, being composed of plastic and reaching a height of about 3.3 cm. SCP-3973 is covered in layers of brand model paint. The object's only apparent anomalous property is an influence over the outcome of dice rolls within a 50-cm radius caused by unknown means.

When it was originally contained, all dice rolled within a 50-cm radius of SCP-3973 always landed with the lowest side facing up. Due to this, SCP-3973 was originally classified as an anomalous

item and denied full SCP classification. For a total of months, SCP-3973 was kept in storage in one of Site-16's anomalous item lockers. During one of Site-16's routine anomalous item checks, Incident 3973-FC occurred. See below for details.

+ Incident 3973-FC

The following is an excerpt from the log of Dr. Harpy. At the time, Dr. Harpy was preforming routine anomaly checks on multiple items from Site-16's Anomalous Items Department.

> **Item Description:** A tabletop war game miniature that influenced dice rolled within a 50-cm radius to land with the lowest side facing up.
> **Date of Recovery:** 02/09/
> **Location of Recovery:** ,
> **Current Status:** A standard anomalous item locker in Site-16.
>
> **Testing materials:**
>
> - One U.S. quarter
> - One four-sided die
> - One six-sided die
> - One eight-sided die
> - One 10-sided die
> - One 12-sided die
> - One 20-sided die
>
> **Test 1:**
> **Procedure:** One U.S. quarter is flipped within the item's area of effect.
> **Results:** The quarter lands vertically on its side. Test repeated five times with the same results

For brevity, tests two through six have been excluded. Procedure included rolling each die multiple times and each test resulted in the die landing with the "1" side

facing up.

> **Test 7:**
> **Procedure:** An impromptu test after accidentally knocking multiple dice into the object's area of effect. A total of six dice were rolled in the 50cm area.
> **Results:** Dice landed in a pattern that resembled a "smiley face", with the six- and four-sided dice making two eyes and the rest forming a mouth. Test repeated a total of seven times, with the dice landing in the exact same formation each time. Requesting further research into the anomalous properties of this object.

+ Experiment Log 3973-1

For brevity, the following excerpts are some of the more important findings from experiments with SCP-3973.

> **Test 1:**
> **Procedure:** Asked for die to land on the "2" side.
> **Results:** Die landed on the "2" side

After several tests to confirm that the results were an anomalous effect, and not merely coincidence, Dr. Harpy suggested asking SCP-3973 if it was listening or could understand them, as it was able to give them the numbers they asked for.

> **Test 14:**
> **Procedure:** Asked if SCP-3973 could understand what the doctors were saying, with the "2" side for yes and the "3" side for no.
> **Results:** The die landed with the "2" side facing up.
> **Analysis:** The possibility of sapience in SCP-3973 is considered.

Test 15:
Procedure: Asked if SCP-3973 was aware of what was going on around it.
Results: The die landed with the "2" side facing up.

Test 16:
Procedure: Asked if SCP-3973 had thoughts.
Results: The die landed with the "2" side facing up.
Note: In the months that SCP-3973 as been in Foundation custody, it has been kept in a box in a locked anomalous item containment locker. Now we are faced with the possibility of sapience. -Dr. Harpy

Through testing, it was revealed that SCP-3973 exhibits signs of sapience. A communication system has been established with SCP-3973. The object must be placed on a surface that has a radius less than 50 cm. The interviewer can then roll a 20-sided and a 6-sided die. SCP-3973 will make the die show a number that lines up with a letter of the alphabet. If the letter is on a spot in the alphabet lower than 20, SCP-3973 will make the 6-sided die fall off of the table. All dice falling off of the table indicates a period.

+ Interview 3973-1

Interviewed: SCP-3973

Interviewer: Dr. Harpy

Foreword: Dr. Harpy performed the interview with the aforementioned dice-based communication system.
<Begin Log>

Dr. Harpy: What is the first thing you can remember, SCP-3973?

SCP-3973: WHERE IS COMMANDER

Dr. Harpy: Commander? Can you elaborate?

SCP-3973: COMMANDER TOOK ME AND SQUAD IN. PUT US TOGETHER. MADE US THE MEN WE ARE TODAY.

Dr. Harpy: Others? There are more like you?

SCP-3973: OTHERS BUT NOT LIKE ME. LOOK THE SAME BUT NO BRAINS. STILL NICE TO BE AROUND.

Dr. Harpy: What is the last thing you can remember before being put into our custody?

SCP-3973: COMMANDER WAS UPSET. NOT SURE WHY. WAS HELPING COMMANDER WIN BIG BATTLE. GIVING HIGHEST ROLLS. PEOPLE SEEMED MAD AT COMMANDER. CALL THEM CHEATER. I THOUGHT I DID SOMETHING WRONG. DECIDED TO GIVE LOWEST INSTEAD OF HIGHEST FROM THEN ON. TOO LATE. COMMANDER LEFT US IN A DROP POD.

Dr. Harpy: …I think I see. You've done well SCP-3973. Any closing remarks?

SCP-3973: THANK YOU FOR LISTENING SERGEANT

<End Log>

Note: Following Interview 3973-1, I am formally requesting a change in the containment procedures for SCP-3973. I suggest moving the object to a glass box in an Anomalous Item Research Lab so it can see people more often as a "reward" for being compliant during interviews. - Dr. Harpy

Addendum: SCP-3973 was discovered at , a war game

tournament in the city of , . A Foundation agent (Agent T) who was attending that tournament on their personal time had heard rumors of a competitor (M C) who had been accused of cheating at multiple tournaments. M C left all his figures behind in a box after getting banned for cheating at the tournament. Agent T took the box home to try to find out how the cheating had occurred. Shortly after, the anomalous property was discovered.

Several items were discovered in the box that SCP-3973 was found in, including:

- Several more Space Marine miniatures
- Several different types of dice
- Photographs of miniatures posed together, SCP-3973 is possibly in one of them

Footnotes
1. Model, paint scheme, and paint type all indicate that it comes from the "Space Marine + Paint" set. The paint scheme and characteristics such as the inverted omega symbol identify it as part of the "Ultramarines chapter".

SCP-3974: Such Sweet Sorrow

Item #: SCP-3974

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3974 instances are stored in humanoid containment cells. Relative humidity is to remain below 50%. The temperature of the cells containing instances -1,-2, and -4, is to be kept at 17° Celsius. The containment cells of SCP-3974 objects are to be decontaminated once daily. Level-A hazmat suits are required for direct or indirect interaction with said objects.

The temperature of the cell containing SCP-3974-3 is to be kept at 15° Celsius. Food provided to the object is to be in paste form, and its heart rate is to be monitored during its sleep cycle. The object is to be tranquilized should it attempt to inflict self harm. It is to receive counselling on a regular basis, until its condition stabilizes.

Should any personnel assigned to SCP-3974 exhibit symptoms of SCP-3974-A infection, they are to be quarantined and tested. Personnel infected by SCP-3974-A are to be considered lost, and their remains incinerated. The area they had occupied is to be decontaminated.

To encourage cooperation and maintain psychological health, personnel handling SCP-3974 instances are permitted to address said instances by the appropriate names given prior to containment. All other personnel are required to refer to an instance by its respective designation.

Following Incident 3974-3C, additional security measures have been implemented, to prevent potential unauthorized retrieval of SCP-3974 instances.

Description: SCP-3974 is the designation for 4 human children, referred to as SCP-3974-1 to -4. Instances -1 and -3 are disfigured

as a result of unfavorable conditions during initial transport. The remaining instances are unremarkable in appearance, aside from their anomalous condition.

The bodies of SCP-3974 instances have been converted into chocolate candy[1] through an unknown process. All organs corresponding to a human subject are present within the instances, and function as expected. The skeletal structure is composed of compacted sugar crystals, with a density similar to that of human bone. The nutritional requirements of the objects are identical to that of children of similar age range. Unknown metabolic processes allow for nutrients absorbed to be converted into chocolate.

SCP-3974 instances are carriers of a previously unknown viral pathogen[2], henceforth referred to as SCP-3974-A. Infection occurs through physical contact, or with bodily fluids of SCP-3974 instances. Upon infecting a human subject, SCP-3974-A will begin to rearrange its tissues into a material approximately 80% identical to chocolate, in terms of nutrition and structure. Initial symptoms include fever, skin lesions and lethargy, later developing into diarrhea, loss of mobility, and vomiting. The infection will progress to a point where the subject is completely converted into chocolate and expires due to organ failure[3]. Similar to SCP-3974 instances, infected subjects are also able to spread the infection. Consuming the chocolate created by SCP-3974-A will invariably result in infection.

The pathogen affects all cell types, with the exception of erythrocytes and osteocytes. The exact process by which SCP-3974-A converts a host's tissues into chocolate is unclear, however, it is notably complex, involving multiple stages. Following lysis, additional virions and a chocolate-like substance is released. The pathogen also utilizes the gut flora of the subject to facilitate fermentation of the chocolate substance, which produces flavor precursors responsible for a chocolate taste. Research is ongoing into methods, or antiviral drugs to treat this infection.

SCP-3974 instances are susceptible to melting when exposed to temperatures above 17° Celsius. Disfigurement caused by melting has not been observed to heal, and is currently considered irreversible. Unrelated injuries such as minor cuts or abrasions have

been observed to heal.

All SCP-3974 instances were initially recovered on / /19 , from the property of Garrison, in , . The subject owns a local confection production company. On / /19 , Garrison organised an event inspired by the book, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, by Roald Dahl, to celebrate its anniversary. This event involved selecting subjects of ages ranging from 8 to 12 who had randomly found prizes within confections produced by his company. These subjects were granted a tour of Garrison's facility, during which the children were converted into their current state.

All but one of the children selected, , were retrieved by the Foundation and designated SCP-3974 instances. Both Garrison and have not been located to date, and are considered persons of interest. No anomalous equipment were encountered in the facility. Parents and guardians associated with the event were administered appropriate amnestic treatment, and led to believe that a gas leak was responsible for their loss of consciousness. The facility was secured, and the children and Garrison were reported to have died in a minor explosion. Evidence was fabricated as necessary, and suitable cadavers were supplied in place of the instances.

Addendum 3974-1a: It was discovered, shortly after initial discovery, that the chocolate comprising SCP-3974-3 melts at a higher rate than other instances. During transport, the object began melting, resulting in severe disfigurement and the loss of coherent speech. It expresses constant discomfort, if not pain. SCP-3974-3 attempted to self terminate on / /19 , by repeatedly slamming its head on its toilet seat, resulting in further disfigurement.

SCP-3974-3 was successfully tranquilized before serious injury was inflicted. It was treated for contusions, and subsequently diagnosed with clinical depression.

Addendum 3974-2a: Senior Researcher has abolished the practice of addressing SCP-3974 instances by the names given prior to their containment, as no further information can be obtained from said objects.

Addendum 3974-3a:

The following documents are restricted to personnel with a clearance level of 4/3974 or above.

+ Document 3974-B

Item #: SCP-3974-B

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3974-B is to be contained within a humanoid containment cell with a filtered ventilation system with the ability to be hermetically sealed if required.

The containment chamber is to be decontaminated once daily by a team of personnel wearing level-A hazmat suits. Food and water are to be provided subsequently. Permission to tranquilize the object during this procedure has been granted, should it refuse to cooperate with personnel, or display hostility. The object is to be handled with the same precautions as bio-hazardous materials.

The object has been known to react with hostility toward personnel assigned to its containment. On-site personnel are to be monitored for symptoms of SCP-3974-A infection. Appropriate procedures are to be administered, should infection be detected.

Although SCP-3974-B is deceased, information given by the object suggests that its consciousness still exists in an undetermined location. Resources are being allocated to confirm its statement, facilitate its recovery, and subsequently contain the object.

Description: SCP-3974-B is a Caucasian male, formerly known as , aged at 12 years, although it identifies itself as Garrison. The object is physically identical to a non-anomalous human subject within the appropriate age range, but behaves atypically. The object exhibits a mental capacity equivalent of a subject aged at least 30

years.

SCP-3974-B is an asymptomatic carrier of SCP-3974-A; experiencing no ill effects from the pathogen. Infection occurs through physical contact with SCP-3974-B, or its bodily fluids. The reason why the object is unaffected by the pathogen is not known.

The object claims to possess the skills required to produce anomalous consumables, assumed to be detrimental to human subjects. This property has not been observed, and is currently unconfirmed.

SCP-3974-B was recovered at the confection manufacturing facility of Garrison, on / /19 . Agents assigned to monitor the facility recognized the object as one of the children last seen with Garrison, and proceeded to apprehend it. The object responded with hostility, and infected 2 agents, thus confirming its anomalous properties.

+ Interview Log 3974-2

Interviewed: SCP-3974-B

Interviewer: Dr.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3974-B: How long do you intend to keep me here?

Dr. : SCP-3974-B, please state your nature.

SCP-3974-B : Is that the way it is, then? Very well. I have time. My prison is a holy place.

Dr. : SCP-3974-B, you are to cooperate with my instructions. State your nature.

SCP-3974-B: I used to be known as

Garrison, owner of the factory where your people ambushed me. You are free to refer to me as such, although now I am something more. I am a messenger.

Dr. : As we stated in the last interview, your designation is SCP-3974-B, and you will be referred to as such. Explain what you meant when you said you are a messenger.

SCP-3974-B: A messenger for the chocolate gods. Are you intent on receiving the good news?

Dr. : We'll leave that for a later interview. Explain why your appearance is identical to that of .

SCP-3974-B: Ah, . He was the perfect host for me. I specifically chose him over the other children. I fed him the chocolate of transference, so I could infuse my consciousness into his being. I must say, it certainly is refreshing to feel young again.

Dr. : What is the chocolate of transference?

SCP-3974-B: It is an esoteric secret of the chocolate realm. Through vigorous study and devotion, I was able to unlock its secrets. When another mortal consumes it, he is infused by the essence of the one who crafted it.

Dr. : And ?

SCP-3974-B: There's nothing left of his consciousness in this form.

Dr. : So he's dead?

SCP-3974-B: Don't be so small minded, although I doubt if you can help it. I set him free, as a martyr. He was a worthy sacrifice to usher in a new age of wisdom and prosperity. Before this, my body was dying. Doctors like you couldn't cure me. So I turned my back on your forms of science. Science which couldn't cure my father either, nor his father. I was determined to change my fate. Chocolate was my remedy. But I needed more time. I needed more time to decipher the message of the chocolate gods, to save us all. So I transferred my consciousness into this body.

Dr. : And the other children? Are you responsible for converting their bodies into chocolate?

SCP-3974-B: Ah, the children, yes. You stole them from my place of residence, didn't you? Not a very wise move. Their conditions hadn't properly stabilized yet, you know? I returned to acquire them, but when I arrived, your people were waiting for me. I can only assume that you are experiencing some difficulty in keeping the children stable. Tell me. How are you handling the melting? Don't tell me you haven't figured out how to stop it. I can help them, if you let me treat them. I still require them for the next phase of the grand design.

Dr. : Request denied. Answer the question.

SCP-3974-B: How cold of you. Very well. I shall enlighten you. Yes, I am responsible for their current state. To you, it may seem like I used them as lab rats. But they will be rewarded by the chocolate gods for their hardship. Like me, I intend for them to be so much more. They do not know it yet, but they

are instrumental in the arrival of the chocolate gods.

Dr. : In what way?

SCP-3974-B: They are needed for the summoning ritual. It will be a glorious sight, doctor. But the children are not yet ready. I trust that you are treating them well.

Dr. : We'll leave that for a later interview, then. Explain the nature of the pathogen you carry. What do you know about it?

SCP-3974-B: It's the message, and I'd prefer it if you refer it it as such.

Dr. : Explain it in detail.

SCP-3974-B: One must experience it to understand. If you are worthy, all shall be made known to you. If you are righteous, you have nothing to fear. Thousands of years ago, the chocolate gods breached the veil between our two realms, and taught the ancients the way of chocolate making. However, over time, we grew to be independent of them, and their presence in our realm waned. We forgot that they were once real. Many forgot them altogether. Now, they wish to return, and through the message it shall be made possible. Chocolate is, in itself, a divine blessing. Why do you think the scientific name for the cacao tree means "food of the deities"?

Dr. : How and when were you infected?

SCP-3974-B: Infected? (laughs) Do not proceed to insult me, doctor. I am not a sick man. Not anymore. I was saved. I have been blessed. When I stepped into the chocolate

realm, I was given this message to spread to all of humanity, on behalf of the chocolate gods. This 'pathogen', as you call it, is alive. And I have been given authority over it, as the harbinger of the truth. It exists as a means for our species to transcend our mortal forms, and become one with the chocolate realm.

Dr. : We'll end the interview here.

SCP-3974-B: You cannot contain the chocolate gods. I've already broken the barrier when I stepped through the other side. It is only a matter of time. Repent, doctor. Repent, for they are harsh to the sinners. Eat the chocolate of repentance, and accept my message. The great reckoning is nigh-

(Dr. deactivates the microphone within the containment chamber.)

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. proposes that additional security measures are taken in the containment of the object. Psychiatric evaluation of SCP-3974-B has also been suggested.

+ Interview Log 3974-3

Interviewed: SCP-3974-B

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: Dr. requested an interview with SCP-3974-B to gain information into methods of reversing SCP-3974-A infection, as well as the condition affecting SCP-3974 instances.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Good day, SCP-3974-B. Are you comfortable?

SCP-3974-B: Not in the least.

Dr. : Good.

SCP-3974-B: My, you're particularly acrimonious.

Dr. : I'm here to ask you some questions regarding the children. You mentioned that you are responsible for their condition?

SCP-3974-B: Yes, and they can thank me once the chocolate gods have returned.

Dr. : Thank you? Do you know that because of you, they are going to spend their lives surrounded by four walls? They'll never be able to feel the warmth of human touch. Do you realize that one of them almost tried to kill… itself?

SCP-3974-B: You had better not let any harm come to them. They are needed for the ritual. And for your information, they will have salvation-

Dr. : Enough. I can't stand the fact that you're masquerading in that poor boy's skin. How do we reverse the process? How do we cure the children?

SCP-3974-B: Oh, doctor, you can't cure what was never sick.

Dr. : Listen, you-

Dr. : That's enough. This interview is over.

SCP-3974-B: Doctor, please calm down. If you

need to relieve your stress, I'll have you know chocolate has some very positive effects on the mind-

(Dr. deactivates the microphone within the containment chamber.)

<End Log>

Closing Statement: The interview was terminated, due to Dr. 's noticeably heightened emotional state.

Dr. was decided to be unsuitable to be assigned to SCP-3974 research, and was transferred to another project.

Additional Comments:

Yes, I was upset, but can you blame me? Those instances are only children. I know that they're anomalous now, and dangerous to handle, but they were and still are children. They're scared, and their lives will never be the same. Blood samples, researchers in hazmat suits, being dehumanized. Look, I have a daughter around the same age as -1. It was her birthday recently. You know how it is. Presents, friends, cake. All the while I was thinking about SCP-3974. -1, -2, -3, and -4. They'll never have that again. And it's because of that madman.

What else can I say? Imagine if something like that happened to your kid. What would you do? It was a bit better when we could use their actual names, but this is just too much. I was trained to study viruses, not to treat children like objects.

I know I'm going to be reassigned to another

project. It's for the better. I can't keep doing this to those children. I can't sleep knowing that there's nothing I can do. Just promise me that the instances will be decently taken care of. I don't know, it can't hurt to give them some children's books, or video games, or something. Make sure that madman never hurts another child again.

-Dr.

+ Interview Log 3974-4

Interviewed: SCP-3974-B

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: As of / /19 , the physical health of SCP-3974-B appeared to decline steadily for unknown reasons. The object was observed to regularly vomit a substance identical to chocolate. The interview was conducted to determine if the object required medical attention, or if it was feigning illness.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3974-B: Joyous days. Joyous days are here at last, doctor.

Dr. : How are you feeling, SCP-3974-B?

SCP-3974-B: Fine. More than fine, actually.

Dr. : Your physical health appears to be in decline.

SCP-3974-B: Revelation. I have received a divine revelation from the chocolate realm. They showed me a great vision while I dreamed. My lords have not forsaken me.

Dr. : We believe you are not well. Would you agree with our judgement?

SCP-3974-B: No, doctor, your judgement is bogus. There is only the chocolate truth. I saw a great vision. The reckoning is nigh. I was standing atop a mountain, with the four sacrifices. They were so beautiful. And there it was! The heavens were torn asunder, and a torrent of chocolate poured forth! Marvelous! The chocolate gods are graceful, beautiful, but also wrathful. I called down the mountain to all the people, scrambling like frightened sheep. Repent, you sinners! Repent! Eat the chocolate of repentance so your souls may be saved! The great flood brought magnificent destruction. Those poor fools. Why didn't they listen? There is no defying the chocolate gods. In the end, divine destiny prevailed upon the earth. We were all absorbed into the harmonious unity of the chocolate realm. Soon I will be free, doctor. I must fulfill my place in this divine plan.

Dr. : Are you threatening a containment breach?

SCP-3974-B: You shall see. Listen, doctor, I've tolerated you lot for long enough, but I think this may be the last time you and I speak with each other in this mortal plane. (object is observed to vomit) You have transgressed against the messenger of the chocolate gods, and thus committed a grave sin. Repent now, sinner, or face a terrible judgement.

Dr. : Is that a threat, or do you believe you are about to expire early?

SCP-3974-B: Both. But it's not me that's about to 'expire early'. I wasn't ready to die all those

years ago, when people like you told me I couldn't be cured. And I'm not even close to dying now. I'll let you in on a little secret, doctor. You know that chocolate of transference I fed to the child? I have more. And I have followers. When the time is right, my most devoted acolyte will consume the- (object coughs violently, and vomits a large volume of chocolate). He will consume it. And I will be reborn. Freed from this prison, just as Peter was in the Bible. (laughs) Although, that isn't exactly to my taste. Personally, I prefer *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.

Dr. : The object appears unstable, alert the medical team. Prepare tranquilizers.

SCP-3974-B: This is where we part ways, doctor. But I will return for the children. For now, I leave a representative of the chocolate realm with you, an incarnation of the living message. They told me I would die. They could not cure me. I told them chocolate was my life, and as long as there is chocolate I will continue to live. I am the carrier of the message. It is my mission to save all those people from the wrath of the chocolate gods. I will feed them the chocolate of salvation and protect them with my essence. I am the living message, and this is a taste of the wrath of the chocolate gods.

(SCP-3974-B collapses and convulses violently.)

Dr. : Get a medical team in here!

(Through security footage, SCP-3974-B is observed to vomit an anomalously large volume of chocolate and blood.)

Dr. **:** God damn it! Medical team, get in here!

(The stomach of SCP-3974-B ruptures [DATA EXPUNGED], and an entity emerges. The entity is much larger than what could possibly be contained within the abdominal cavity of SCP-3974-B.)

Dr. **:** Security!

SCP-3974-B: Holy, holy, holy, are the denizens of the chocolate realm [inaudible] (the object expires, and its remains are observed to dissolve into chocolate, and are absorbed by the entity.)

<End Log>

+ Incident 3974-3C

The entity originating from SCP-3974-B is described to be composed of chocolate, resembling no known terrestrial organism. Additionally, it was capable of spreading SCP-3974-A infection, and exhibited hostility towards personnel. It appears as an asymmetrical mass of tentacles extending from a main structure, approximately 8 m in length. The organism possesses a feeding orifice, appearing as a jaw-less, funnel-shaped opening. Observations indicate that the entity is carnivorous, believed to utilize the infection caused by SCP-3974-A to pre-digest its targets, before absorbing the substance produced. No sensory organs pertaining to sight are visible on the organism, suggesting adaptation to an environment without light. Attempts to injure the organism caused it to emit high pitched shrieks, that inflicted intense pain in human subjects in its vicinity.

The entity breached containment, through use of applied force against the interior of the containment chamber,

shortly after the events of Interview 3974-2. The entity resisted attempts to incapacitate it by use of firearms, allowing it to resist containment, and terminate on-site personnel, including Dr. . The entity was successfully neutralized by sustained use of flamethrowers, by a security team equipped with ear protection.

No further study of the entity was feasible as its remains were heavily damaged and disfigured. Furthermore, it completely dissolved within minutes of expiring. It was subsequently incinerated, and most of the area of the site was decontaminated from SCP-3974-A.

Review of security footage, and reports from personnel, suggest that the organism was attempting to reach the area containing SCP-3974 instances -1 to -4, although this cannot be confirmed.

Addendum 3974-4a: For more information regarding an additional anomalous event connected to SCP-3974, personnel with appropriate clearance levels may consult documentation for **SCP-3409**.

Footnotes
1. This material mimics the consistency and properties of human tissue.
2. Virions of the pathogen consist of a lipid envelope containing its genetic material and several unidentified proteins, with a capsid diameter of 300 nm.
3. Complete conversion occurs within 9-15 days, with subjects usually expiring within a week.

SCP-3975: Save the Oreos

Item #: SCP-3975

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All Foundation agents embedded in the Canadian government are aware of the existence of SCP-3975 and its containment is considered a secondary or primary duty of all Foundation employees based in Canada working with government-related anomalies. Any physical instances of SCP-3975 that are not initially contained by embedded agents are to be confiscated by the nearest Foundation Mobile Task Force with amnestics distributed as appropriate. Foundation operated web analysis bot Alpha-59 ("OREOSTOP") is currently tasked with monitoring and removing any surviving online instances.

Description: SCP-3975 is an anomalous phenomenon that manifests within the territory of Canada, centered around a nonexistent government department referred to as the "Department of Oreo Conservation". SCP-3975 takes the form of official media distributed with the insignia of the Canadian government which manifests either physically or online after first appearing spontaneously in the workplaces of Canadian government officials. Media produced by SCP-3975 centers around the popular Oreo brand of cookies (produced by Christie in Canada and owned by Mondelēz International) and attempts to mimic an official opinion from the Canadian government on the subject of Oreos. Examples of documented media include letters to businesses and individual citizens, educational videos, websites, and tweets by government departments.

The contents of SCP-3975 media attempt to associate positive emotions with Oreos and/or encourage actions that benefit the brand while disparaging its rivals under the auspices of government authority.[1] SCP-3975 instances usually include overly patriotic language and attempt to tie the Oreo snack brand to Canadian

national identity, despite their American origin. While no negative consequences will result from disobeying or ignoring SCP-3975 instances, they are considered a Keter-class threat due to their widespread proliferation in spite of attempted Foundation containment and their potential to create a Broken Masquerade scenario (see Incident Log).

SCP-3975 first manifested on Global Affairs Canada's website in 2001 as a mock notice proclaiming a temporary ban on the importation of Hydrox cookies to Canada. The notice was quickly taken down and was initially believed to be a hoax before the first physical phenomena manifested a month later. Shortly thereafter, the Foundation designated the phenomena as SCP-3975 and entered into a containment agreement with the Department of Justice. Neither Mondelēz International nor their local subsidiaries expressed knowledge of SCP-3975 before or during its manifestation and it does not appear to have been an intentional action by the company.

Partial Log of SCP-3975 Media

- *Canada: A History of Our Land* (2003), a generic educational history textbook produced by the government of Ontario. A chapter dealing with the early 20th century was altered to include several paragraphs about Orville Reed, a fictional person who is said to have invented the Oreo cookie while working as a baker in Toronto in 1912.[2] The twelve squares made of interconnected triangles in the Oreo design are said to represent the eleven provinces and territories of Canada at the time, with the twelfth representing unity.
- A public service advertisement depicting an American and Canadian smiling while standing on opposite sides of the Canada-United States border at Derby Line, Vermont/ Stanstead, Quebec. The American is depicted holding an unopened package of Hydrox cookies, while the Canadian holds a package of Oreos. A caption below the two reads "Different cookies. Different countries. Same friendship."
- A letter sent to Leafy Goods (the distributor of Hydrox in Canada) demanding that all packaging for Hydrox cookies sold in the country be labeled with graphic warnings that

consumption of the cookies may cause cancer. To support their decree, the Department of Oreo Conservation cites a study from the "Sub-Department of Confectionary Competitor Regulation". An example is attached that is similar to the warnings used on cigarette packs in the country, with the phrase "Hydrox will kill your taste buds" next to a picture of a graphically unhealthy human tongue.

- A five-minute video produced for Canada Day that depicts a montage of Canadians of various races and religious denominations all consuming Oreo cookies while staring at the camera and smiling. An accompanying voiceover states "Many things make Canada great. Our environment. Our diversity. And, of course, our food. Over a century after Orville Reed first made that uniquely Canadian snack, people in our country and all around the world have experienced the joy of a creamy filling surrounded by a delicious chocolate cookie. So on this Canada Day, eat Oreos. For the pride of your home and native land."

Partial Incident Log

Incident 012 "Confectionary and Aluminum/Steel Tariff Agreement" [Most Recent Incident]

In March 2018, a diplomatic message was sent to the White House from Ottawa shortly after US President Donald Trump authorized tariffs on imports of steel and aluminum into the United States with a temporary exemption for Canada and Mexico. The message proposed a "Confectionary and Aluminum/Steel Tariff Agreement" in which the United States would permanently ban the importation of Hydrox cookies into Canada and acknowledge that Oreos are a "national cookie of distinctly Canadian origin" while the Canadian government imposes a 10% tariff on all non-Oreo cookie imports. In exchange, Canada would agree to a permanent 15% tariff on aluminum and steel exports to the United States.

Although the message was reported to the Foundation, an unknown government employee leaked it to the press

before it could be fully suppressed. An article from the Toronto Star entitled "Canadian Government Demands Tariffs on Cookies" was available on their website for approximately half an hour before a DDoS attack from Alpha-59 temporarily brought the website down. Amnestics were issued to the newspaper staff and persons confirmed to have viewed the article, but low-level rumors of "Oreo tariffs" continue to persist among the Canadian populace.

Incident 004 "The Oreo Party"

During the 2006 Canadian federal election, numerous election pamphlets and other materials distributed by the Canadian government became infected by SCP-3975 when information on official parties was altered to include the Oreo Party, whose platform supposedly consisted of a ban on the sale of Hydrox in Canada, opposition to government-funded research into links between obesity and sugar, and free Oreos for every public school cafeteria. Although widespread in its distribution, the SCP-3975 instances advertised that only one candidate was running for the Oreo Party, the nonexistent "Orville Reed IV" in the riding of Pickering-Scarborough East (the same riding where the phenomena claims Oreos were invented). SCP-3975 media made the claim that neither the Liberal, Conservative, nor New Democratic parties would be running candidates in the riding (in actuality, all three did) and that Reed IV was endorsed by Prime Minister Paul Martin as "a necessary voice for our national snack." Media was suppressed and amnestics were issued by the Foundation following a wide-ranging cover-up that took several weeks; election proceeded without incident.

Incident 009 "Bonfire of the Bad Cookies"

In early 2012, SCP-3975 began to manifest exponentially across Canada as a series of letters sent to Canadian citizens urging them to participate in a nonexistent government-sponsored event referred to as the "Bonfire

of the Bad Cookies." Supposedly taking place on 6 March[3], the letters encouraged citizens to acquire non-Oreo brand cookies and throw them in a designated "Cookie Firepit" at 18:00 local time in each province. The event was said to be a "movement of social protest" against "the encroachment of substandard dessert foods into our national diet." Canadian citizens who participated in the event were promised a voucher which could be used to purchase two standard 500g packages of Oreos.

Despite Foundation attempts to suppress the produced media and public knowledge of the event, the cities of Vancouver, Toronto and Ottawa each had roughly a dozen citizens who were aware of the event and arrived at the designated fire location. At 18:00 local time, a pile of wooden logs and cardboard spontaneously manifested in each city, as did an unidentified individual (henceforth SCP-3975-A) who wore a black shirt depicting a white Maple Leaf and the face of an Oreo cookie on its front while wielding a torch. The SCP-3975-A instances lit the fire, shouted "Let the confectionary cleansing begin" and immediately de-manifested; Foundation Mobile Task Forces shut down each event and distributed amnestics to participants shortly afterwards. To date, this is the only occasion where a humanoid entity has appeared during an SCP-3975 incident.

Footnotes

1. In particular, the Hydrox brand of cookies is frequently attacked in SCP-3975 media and unfavorably compared to Oreos.
2. The Oreo cookie was actually first developed by the National Biscuit Company (now Nabisco) in Manhattan, New York and introduced during that year.
3. The one hundredth anniversary of Oreo cookies first being introduced for sale in New York.

SCP-3976: Who Killed Agatha Christie?

Item #: SCP-3976

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers and personnel are to monitor media channels for any signs of an SCP-3976 manifestation. Once detected, containment and security personnel under the guise of UK national law enforcement are to be dispatched to the site of SCP-3976 to secure a perimeter and investigate the manifestation.

Description: SCP-3976 is the collective term for a series of manifestations of apparent murder scenes of famous mystery writer Agatha Christie[1]. Thus far, every SCP-3976 instance has been located in rural England, and all components of each instance have been limited to a 50 meter radius. Additionally, every instance has appeared between the hours of 22:31 and 08:36, local time, although no records or witnesses of a manifestation event exist.

Each SCP-3976 instance consists of the following components:

- A copy of the corpse of Agatha Christie[2], designated SCP-3976. In each recorded instance, the corpse shows signs of violent struggle or murder.
- A number of items in some way related to murder. For instance, a murder weapon such as a gun or knife, or a personal artifact, such as a piece of jewelry or a diary.

In no recorded SCP-3976 instance have there been any witnesses to a killing.

Notable Recorded Instances:

Instance	Date & Location	State of Corpse	Artifacts	Notes

SCP-3976-1	March 30, 2001, Stoodleigh. Corpse was found in the kitchen of an occupied two-story house.	Corpse had two gunshot wounds, one in the stomach and the other in the chest.	A revolver, from which two shots had been fired, laid on the ground next to next to the body. The corpse had a small piece of paper with the word "TEETH" hastily scrawled in what was later determined to be charcoal.	First recorded SCP-3976 instance. As a result, it was investigated as a murder by local police and later Foundation forensic personnel.
SCP-3976-5	September 22, 2007, Broad Chalke. Corpse was found in the back room of a local grocery.	Corpse contained no visible signs of trauma, but forensic analysis determined that it contained high levels of arsenic.	A sandwich with a bite taken out of it was found on the floor next to the corpse. In addition, a small golden ring was found in the sandwich.	News of the manifestation reached local media before Foundation intervention, requiring a medium scale cover-up scheme.
SCP-3976-11	March 12, 2011, outside Templecombe. Corpse was found in an abandoned tool shed.	Corpse was found with a chisel driven into its heart.	A cell phone was found next to the corpse, with a contact list filled with various	A follow up investigation into each of the dentists led to no further results.

			dentists. The window closest to the corpse had shattered outwards.	
SCP-3976-18	January 5, 2018, Site 112. Corpse was found in the office of Dr. Sipai.	Corpse was wearing a standard issue Foundation lab coat, and had identification for one "Dr. Christie"[3]. Its skull cavity was found to be filled with teeth.	A trail of muddy footprints apparently leading into a solid wall was found adjacent to the body. The labcoat was found to have a toothbrush in one of its pockets. Security camera footage is missing from 01:23 to 1:25 of the day of the event.	In response to this event, all UK based Foundation sites have been briefed on SCP-3976.

Footnotes

1. Christie died of natural causes in 1976.
2. Christie's corpse was exhumed for comparison and control, and has been confirmed to be a separate object from the manifested corpse. However, DNA analysis has shown that the copies are genetically identical to Christie's real corpse.
3. The ID card was found to have valid level 2 clearance.

SCP-3977: Hawaiian Punch

Item #: SCP-3977

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Internal communications at Dr. Pepper Snapple Group Inc. are to be monitored for references to any potential anomalous properties of SCP-3977, using established SIGINT procedures. Priority is to be given to communications indicating any significant changes in the production levels and distribution of SCP-3977.

No more than 400,000 L of SCP-3977 is permitted to be present within a given 500m^2 radius without express authorization of the Research Director. If Dr. Pepper Snapple Group bottling facilities are projected to produce this amount of SCP-3977 within a single production period, personnel are authorized to intervene in order to curtail production through clandestine means.

Testing of SCP-3977 is required to be conducted in an approved signal-dampening facility. Recordings of SCP-3977 broadcasts may be viewed for research purposes subject to approval by the Research Director.

Description: SCP-3977 is a specific chemical mixture consisting of water, high fructose corn syrup, concentrated juices (apple, pineapple, passionfruit, orange), fruit purees (apricot, papaya, guava), and numerous coloring and flavoring additives. This mixture is currently marketed as Hawaiian Punch brand fruit punch drink.

While SCP-3977 is almost exclusively present in the form of mass produced Hawaiian Punch fruit punch drink, any successful replication of the chemical mixture will result in a substance displaying its anomalous properties. SCP-3977 is believed to have first displayed anomalous characteristics beginning with the adoption of the current Hawaiian Punch formula in the mid-2010s.

No evidence exists that this anomalous effect was the result of intentional action by any party, either within Dr. Pepper Snapple Group Inc. or outside of it, and no communications have been observed indicating any form of outside awareness of it.

When amounts greater than 500,000 L of SCP-3977 are present in the same immediate location, a broadcast signal in the 124 MHz range will emanate from the approximate center of the SCP-3977 mass. This signal contains information that is readily received by any television equipped to receive over-the-air transmissions. Broadcasts produced by SCP-3977 vary greatly depending on the amount of the substance present, ranging from a simple reproduction of an existing commercial for Hawaiian Punch, to a sophisticated production equivalent to a major studio motion picture production.

All SCP-3977 broadcasts feature the "Punchy" brand mascot prominently, along with the ancillary "Oaf" character in a typically less prominent role. In some broadcasts, actors closely resembling identifiable individuals in the film industry are present. These have been established to be simulated appearances.

Addendum 3977.1 - Broadcast 1, approx. 500,000 L - 650,000 L

When an amount of SCP-3977 between 500,000 L and 650,000 L is present, the following broadcast occurs:

Title: How About a Nice Hawaiian Punch?

Synopsis: An exact replica of a 1962 advertisement for Hawaiian Punch. Punchy asks Oaf if he desires a "nice Hawaiian Punch." Upon Oaf's affirmative response, Punchy punches Oaf in the face, before walking on and leaning against an oversized can of Hawaiian Punch.

Contextual Analysis: No deeper context present, beyond an intended desire to cause the viewer to associate positive humorous feelings with the consumption of Hawaiian Punch.

Addendum 3977.2 - Broadcast 2, approx. 650,000 L - 800,000 L

When an amount of SCP-3977 between 650,000 L and 800,000 L is present, the following broadcast occurs:

Title: The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Punchy of Hawaii, Mariner

Synopsis: This broadcast consists of one hour and fifteen minute narrative, animated in the same style as "How About a Nice Hawaiian Punch?". The storyline appears to be a condensed version of the 1954 film *Robinson Crusoe*. Punchy is marooned on a tropical island after a shipwreck, and spends time learning to survive in his new environment before observing what appear to be cannibals visiting the island. Punchy rescues a captive of the cannibals, Oaf, and teaches him English and the tenets of Christianity, punctuating his lessons with occasional punches to Oaf's face. After an extended period of time surviving on the island, Punchy and Oaf are rescued after aiding the victims of a ship's mutiny who are to be marooned as well.

Contextual Analysis: This represents development of a more complex narrative than Broadcast 1, with a definable, traditional story, and substantial dialogue for both Punchy and Oaf. Punchy's aggression is further explored, being the result largely of frustration with his circumstances and the ongoing stress of surviving in a secluded and uncertain habitat.

Addendum 3977.3 - Broadcast 3, approx. 800,000 L - 875,000 L

When an amount of SCP-3977 between 800,000 L and 875,000 L is present, the following broadcast occurs:

Title: The Last Temptation of Punchy

Synopsis: The narrative is presented as a live action film, utilizing photography methods similar in appearance to those of the late 1980s. The characters of Punchy and Oaf are animated, with human actors playing all other roles. Punchy plays the central role in a depiction of the life of Jesus Christ, while Oaf portrays his disciple Judas Iscariot. In much the same manner as the 1988 film *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Punchy's portrayal of Jesus is as a reluctant messianic figure, deeply conflicted about his duty to God and

mankind. Oaf serves as a trusted advisor to Punchy, who is nonetheless persuaded by Punchy himself to turn him over willingly to the Roman authorities in Jerusalem.

Punchy is crucified after being flogged and marched to Golgotha, where he is visited by an angelic figure, who informs him that he is not in fact the Messiah and is free to live a normal life. The narrative shifts to an extended 45 minute montage of Punchy offering various citizens of Jerusalem a drink that resembles Hawaiian Punch, only to punch them in the face upon accepting the offer. Oaf returns to visit Punchy, and informs him that he has been deceived, and is in fact the Messiah. Oaf mournfully asks Punchy to punch him in the face, which Punchy does reluctantly. Immediately upon punching Oaf, Punchy finds himself back on his cross, bleeding and dying. The broadcast closes upon Punchy triumphantly looking to the heavens and shouting "who wants a nice Hawaiian Punch."

Contextual Analysis: The complexity of the narrative increases once more, moving beyond the comparatively simple storytelling of *Robinson Crusoe* and embracing the more controversial philosophical undertones of *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Ironically, Oaf serves as the more Christlike figure in this narrative, though Punchy's violence is for the most part presented as more of an inescapable character flaw, rather than a simple emotional reaction to outside factors.

Addendum 3977.4 - Broadcast 4, approx. 875,000 L - 1,000,000 L

When an amount of SCP-3977 between 875,000 L and 1,000,000 L is present, the following broadcast occurs:

Title: The Last Embers, Aloha 'Oe

Synopsis: A live action narrative, featuring versions of Punchy and Oaf animated in a far more sophisticated style than previous iterations. Punchy portrays a wheelchair-bound and dying Queen Lili'uokalani of Hawaii at the end of her life, confined to her private residence in Honolulu and forced to witness the dominance of her former realm by foreign parties. Oaf portrays her unnamed, final royal retainer. These are the only two characters present in the narrative.

The broadcast consists primarily of Lili'uokalani explaining her desire to lead a violent rebellion against the American authorities and reimpose rule by the people of Hawaii, and being rebuffed by Oaf, explaining at various turns the futility of such a struggle and the suffering it would inevitably bring her people. The narrative, consisting almost entirely of a conversation between these two characters, touches upon themes of aging and frailty, imperialism, the duty of a monarch to lead her people even in defeat, and culminates in Lili'uokalani detailing her regret at living out her life instead of being killed resisting the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Her last line as the film closes is "better to stain them red than to leave no trace, as water."

Contextual Analysis: This is the first broadcast which is not based upon any known intellectual property. While the structure of the narrative is not presented in as traditional a format as previous broadcasts, the conversation does follow certain principles of conflict, rising action, climax, and denouement. The violence of Punchy, previously expressed directly, is now sublimated into a metaphorical desire for direct action and resistance against an oppressive, outside force. Oaf once again serves as a natural counterpoint to the presence of Punchy.

Addendum 3977.5 - Broadcast 5, approx. 1,000,000 L - 1,150,000 L

When an amount of SCP-3977 between 1,000,000 L and 1,150,000 L is present, the following broadcast occurs:

Title: The Province of God

Synopsis: Punchy and Oaf are presented in this broadcast as living beings, resembling humans with features distorted in a manner analogous to their prior cartoon forms. *The Province of God* is roughly separated into three acts.

Act One consists of Punchy (no character name is discernible) pursuing a desperate life of crime in Dakar as a low-level soldier for a drug cartel operation engaged in a war for control of the city's slums with a rival organization. Punchy's preferred method of execution of rivals is to beat them to death with his bare hands, a

practice which earns him fear and respect on the streets, but secretly traumatizes him. He goes home each night to his family, consisting of his wife and three children, all played by Oaf. He barely communicates with Wife-Oaf, leading her to increasing depression and neglect of the three Child-Oafs. All members of the household must contend with Punchy's persistent night terrors. Act One closes as Punchy is sent on a job to dispatch a local dealer, only to discover after he's finished that he has murdered the city's corrupt chief of police.

Act Two is far more abstract than the preceding narrative. Punchy attempts to throw himself down a well and drown, rather than face the consequences of murdering a powerful and violent political figure. Instead of drowning, however, Punchy sinks deep into the well, the water turning red as disembodied hands grasp at him from all directions. Punchy continues to sink until falling onto a white marble floor, gasping and stained red from the water of the well. Punchy is addressed by a gigantic figure, played by Oaf, stating that he is the God of Punchy's World. Punchy asks if he is being judged before being sent to Hell, and Oaf responds by ridiculing the idea of sin. Oaf informs Punchy that he is being sent back to "perfect his form." Punchy is pulled back up through the well. Act Two concludes as Punchy is suddenly transported to a closet in the bedroom of his cartel boss, from which Punchy bursts out and strangles the man in an extended, five minute sequence.

Act Three is dedicated entirely to the excesses of Punchy, now in functional control of the Dakar underworld. Punchy has constructed a bizarre palace-like structure, built around a series of canals and gutters, which carry an unidentified red fluid into and out of the opulent dwelling. Punchy holds sway over a group of dozens of young people (all played by Oaf), and commands greater and greater acts of debasement and humiliation among them, eventually culminating in a violent orgy during which Punchy has flashbacks of beating several men to death during his past life. Punchy ingests an unknown substance and begins seeing more elaborate visions, witnessing his own execution by a firing squad of God-Oafs. The visions also depict his family, forgotten by Punchy, starving and living a degrading existence on the streets. In an attempt to make the visions cease, Punchy methodically severs each finger on his

right hand with a filet knife, screaming to himself that the pain will drive everything else away. Upon severing his thumb, God-Oaf reappears to him, clapping. The fingers on Punchy's hand are restored to him by God-Oaf, and the final camera shot follows a stream of red fluid, flowing out from the house and down into a river below, meandering into the larger city.

Contextual Analysis: This broadcast continues the development of independent storytelling, and presents a difference in roles between Punchy and Oaf. Punchy, defined by his violence, is now thrust back into a more visceral and literal form of it, but apparently at the direction, in multiple forms, of Oaf. Unlike previous narratives, very little from this broadcast can be interpreted, in a manner direct or oblique, as enjoining the viewer to purchase and consume Hawaiian Punch.

SCP-3978: The World Is Going Away

SCP-3978 (GRU file photo)

Item #: SCP-3978

Object Class: Safe Neutralised

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3978 resides in a standard humanoid containment cell at Site- . To prevent further self-injury, it has been restrained to a bed and requires feeding by hand. Medical equipment for rapid sedation and the provision of intravenous nutrition is to be utilised if SCP-3978 shows signs of food refusal. Access to SCP-3978's containment chamber is restricted to personnel with Foundation Intelligence Agency clearance.

A regimen of antipsychotics is administered to SCP-3978 on a daily basis. With the further refinement of Protocol BATAKIN, psychotropic medications should only be administered as per this protocol or when urgent sedation is required. SCP-3978 is to be monitored by electroencephalography at all times and connected to IV infusion pumps, with other Protocol BATAKIN equipment to be used when information is required.

All output from SCP-3978, whether verbal, written, gestural, or gathered by Protocol BATAKIN, should be logged and forwarded to the Intelligence Agency, marked for review by ORIA and GRU Division 'P' surveillance teams. Staff assigned to SCP-3978 should receive an Agency briefing and be prepared to accommodate specific requests from Agency staff with the appropriate clearances.

Description: SCP-3978 is an anomalous male human of Azeri descent, approximately 50 years of age. It has all its sensory inputs (visual, tactile, auditory, olfactory and gustatory, as well as other sensory modalities) replaced by those being experienced by another individual (designated SCP-3978-1). Initially, SCP-3978-1 was

Mehdi Bazargan, former head of the **ORIA**. After Chairman Bazargan's death in 1995, SCP-3978-1 became Mohammad Khatami, later succeeded by [DATA EXPUNGED], the current SCP-3978-1. SCP-3978 is unable to perceive any stimuli in its local environment, and therefore spends much of its time attempting to respond to stimuli perceived by SCP-3978-1. Prior to the permanent restraint of SCP-3978, this resulted in numerous falls and collisions, frequently resulting in accidental injuries due to lack of an appropriate pain stimulus.

SCP-3978 has a degree of awareness of its condition, and frequently gives verbal or written summaries[1] of SCP-3978-1's activities, which have been steadily declining in coherence and quality. At other times, it reports distress at its current situation, and makes references to its identity as 'Nazar Bayramov' and various aspects of its life prior to obtaining its anomalous properties[2]. Given SCP-3978's properties, no communication with SCP-3978 has been achieved. There is no evidence that SCP-3978-1 is aware of the existence of SCP-3978, and information security therefore precludes communication with SCP-3978 via SCP-3978-1.

SCP-3978 was recovered from a GRU Division 'P' facility in the Azerbaijan SSR in 1992. Associated documents indicated that it was engineered by the GRU, including the deliberate targeting of Chairman Bazargan as SCP-3978-1. The GRU were in the early stages of developing procedures for direct information retrieval from SCP-3978 using functional neuroimaging and electroencephalography, having noted the ongoing decline in SCP-3978's mental state and the quality of intelligence obtained from it.

With advances in medical technology and the use of SCP- , the Foundation has refined these into Protocol BATAKIN, allowing reasonable approximations of SCP-3978's visual and auditory experiences to be obtained directly in a digital format. As a result, efforts towards improving SCP-3978's mental stability have been redirected towards maintaining its physical health. GRU sources are to be monitored for evidence of any planned actions with regards to SCP-3978.

Addendum 3978-1: Example transcript of vocalisations by

(Russian) Subject has been brought coffee and is doing a daily review of documents. The documents involve budgetary projections for the next year.

(Azeri) I think I need some food. When did I last eat? What time is it?

(Russian) The contents of the first document involve an increased amount of funds to Facility 20 in the Zagros. Subject is making a phone call to the facility director. Subject is requesting an update from this person on [REDACTED].

(Azeri) My name is Nazar Bayramov. I was born in Baku. I am an electrical engineer. Where is Sara?

(Farsi) Thank you, Ali. Have a good day. *[mimes putting down a telephone handset]*

(Russian) The subject is drinking his coffee. I am drinking coffee. I do not even like coffee. It tastes good.

(Azeri) My name is Nazar. My name is Nazar. Nazar. My name is Mohammad.

(Farsi) Why am I here?

(Azeri) Please stop this, I am begging you.

Addendum 3978-2: Proposal for termination on humanitarian grounds

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Ethics Committee Decision 3978.6

Proposal declined (1 in favour, 3 against, 1 abstaining)

While the distress faced by SCP-3978 in its situation is regrettable, the opinion of this Committee is that it does not

significantly exceed the distress faced by other anomalies in containment relating to either their innate properties or their containment situation. With a number of well-established precedents, and formalised in the most recent Ethical Humanoid Containment Recommendations, this is not in itself grounds for euthanasia.

Adding weight to this is the value of intelligence gained from SCP-3978, which cannot be elaborated on in the open text of this decision but has been witnessed by the Committee and was considered to justify the continued use of Protocol BATAKIN.

The Committee noted that procedures performed on SCP-3978 cause it no discomfort due to its anomalous properties, and due to the privileged position SCP-3978-1 has in the ORIA hierarchy and general society, SCP-3978 has many pleasant sensations and experiences.

The dissenting vote in favour of termination cited the possibility of obtaining information from SCP-3978-1 by other means, and the imperfect nature of reports obtained from SCP-3978.

As the proposal has been declined, a request by the Intelligence Agency to remove its specifics was approved. Information was gathered from Agency staff relevant to this decision. The final decision was based entirely on the opinions of the members of the Committee, with no external influence.

For the full text of this decision, please submit an application in writing to the Committee office.

Committee Chair Dr L. A. Rawlinson

10/05/2016

Addendum 3978-3: On 18/11/2017 at 0220 hours, SCP-3978 was found deceased in its cell, and has been reclassified as Neutralised. An autopsy found the cause of death being a lethal dose of

intravenous anaesthetics, possibly administered remotely via equipment routinely attached to SCP-3978. For a period of 4 hours prior to this event, security footage in the containment wing of Site- was missing. The working hypothesis of the Security Department is the culprit being an ORIA infiltrator, with GRU Division 'P' involvement being unable to be entirely ruled out. After investigation, no ties between these GoIs and any staff on duty were found. The Intelligence Agency is cooperating with the Security Department in attempting to identify any knowledge of a possible assassination operation within these groups.

Addendum 3978-4: The Intelligence Agency has identified a file received at the ORIA's Tehran office email address containing details of SCP-3978. A response to the ORIA in this matter is being determined in collaboration with the Department of External Affairs.

The sending date and exact source of the file is yet to be determined. Examination of the metadata found [DATA EXPUNGED]

NOTICE FROM THE FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

This file, all supplementary documentation, and Site- electronic mail logs for the period of December 2017 to January 2018 have been locked due to unauthorised edits originating from an internal source. If you are attempting to edit this file, your IP address has been logged. If you have information relevant to this topic, you are subject to RAISA mandatory reporting requirements. Non-disclosure will result in disciplinary action.

All personnel previously assigned to SCP-3978 have been suspended pending further investigation.

The following document has been restored after its unauthorised deletion.

Further recovery is in progress.

Interview 3978-3-1:

20/11/2017

Interviewer: Agent Maryam Soleimani, Security Department
Subject: Dr Christopher Anderson, SCP-3978 supervising researcher

SOLEIMANI: Hello, doctor. Are you well?

ANDERSON: Fine, thanks, but let's skip the formalities. I assume you're here about Nazar?

SOLEIMANI: SCP-3978, yes. You seem to have a personal interest, if you don't mind me saying.

ANDERSON: I stick to the official designation in the documents, but the man is dead now. I think he deserves to be called his name for once.

SOLEIMANI: Noted. What can you tell me about any recent developments with… the subject? Anything unusual?

ANDERSON: Not a thing with Nazar himself. Some bits here and there on Number 1, but nothing relevant to his death that I could see. You'd have to give me Intelligence clearance for me to discuss them, though.

SOLEIMANI: That won't be necessary. You are aware that his autopsy reports indicate foul play?

ANDERSON: No, but I'm not surprised. I'm sure he would be first on ORIA's hit list if they got wind of it. GRU too, maybe.

SOLEIMANI: It's unlikely anyone would have been able to pull off this operation without internal help. Have you had any contact with suspicious persons recently?

ANDERSON: Just my cousin trying to get me to join his pyramid scheme again.

SOLEIMANI: Any of your staff?

ANDERSON: Not sure. You'd have to ask them.

SOLEIMANI: I can't say you're being especially helpful, doctor. It's not the best look during an official investigation.

ANDERSON: Look, you and I both know this is pointless. You've already done all the checks on me being an Iranian sleeper agent, and if anything had come up one of your bosses would have had me disappeared already. I can't tell you how to do your job - maybe there is someone here not on the level - but with the way we carried out BATAKIN, this could all have happened remotely. I'm willing to take responsibility if it is - we could have designed this so everything was on a closed system.

SOLEIMANI: Noted. That may be the case - we will consult RAISA in the course of this investigation.

ANDERSON: Is there anything else?

SOLEIMANI: One thing. You don't seem too unhappy about this situation, considering what you said earlier about the subject's name.

ANDERSON: You didn't have clearance for the Ethics Committee files, did you?

SOLEIMANI: No. Why do you ask?

ANDERSON: If you had, you would know. Nazar deserved better.

Footnotes
1. Most commonly in Russian.
2. Most commonly in Azeri.

SCP-3979: Will You Walk Into My Parlour?

Item #: SCP-3979

Object Class: Euclid Neutralised

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3979 has been neutralised. SCP-3979-4 and the remains of SCP-3979-1 and -2 are to be kept in a secure locker in **Site-64**.

> +Previous Containment Procedures
>
> SCP-3979-4 and all of its contents are held in a standard containment room in **Site-64**. It is to be observed by camera at all times in case of any deviation from SCP-3979-5.

Description: SCP-3979 refers to the following:

- SCP-3979-1, a spiral orb web constructed from proteinaceous spider silk, similar to those those created by *Metellina segmentata*. SCP-3979-1 is suspended across SCP-3979-4, being attached to each corner by four strands of proteinaceous spider silk.
- SCP-3979-2, a member of the species *Metellina segmentata*, a common type of orb weaving spider. SCP-3979-2 is always located on SCP-3979-1.
- SCP-3979-3, a member of the species *Calliphora vomitoria* or bluebottle fly.
- SCP-3979-4, an apparently indestructible glass box $1m^3$ in size which contains SCP-3979-1, -2 and -3.

SCP-3979-5 is a cyclical pattern of behaviour which the components of SCP-3979 are always engaged in performing. It consists of the following actions:

- SCP-3979-3 will fly around SCP-3979-1 for a period of 5 minutes.
- SCP-3979-3 will fly into SCP-3979-1. This will often appear to onlookers to be accidental, but it has invariably occurred at this exact point in the cycle. SCP-3979-3 will be trapped within SCP-3979-1.
- SCP-3979-2 will then begin to vocalise in a male voice, reciting the first stanza of the 19th-century poem "The Spider and the Fly" by Mary Howitt.
- SCP-3979-3 will then begin to vocalise in a female voice, reciting the second stanza of the 19th-century poem "The Spider and the Fly" by Mary Howitt. SCP-3979-2 will gradually approach SCP-3979-3 during this recitation.
- SCP-3979-2 will then attack and consume SCP-3979-3. They will then return to the centre of SCP-3979-1.
- After approximately 5 minutes, a fully-reconstituted SCP-3979-3 will abruptly burst out of SCP-3979-2's abdomen, and SCP-3979-5 will begin again. The abdomen will immediately heal over, with no signs of scar tissue or rupture.

SCP-3979 was first discovered on 15/05/08, during a raid on an anomalous art show in Vancouver, Canada. A label found affixed to SCP-3979-4 (Document 3979-1) reads as follows:

> Even when we don't want to fall into the void of death and destruction, we are doomed to do so regardless. The powerful will always prey on the weak, no matter how much the weak struggle. The fly does not wish to enter the parlour, so the parlour comes to him.
>
> But equally, the weak can never truly be defeated. The strong may prey on the weak, but the weak will always burst from their oppression. Power is nothing more than an equilibrium between the oppression of the strong and the resistance of the weak.

Are we cool yet?

Incident 3979-1: On 14/07/2016, during an SCP-3979-5 cycle, SCP-3979-2 and SCP-3979-3 ceased all movement. This occurred shortly before SCP-3979-2 ordinarily begins vocalisation. Instead, after 10 seconds, SCP-3979-2 and SCP-3979-3 began a dialogue in a manner entire different to that previously seen. Below is a transcript of their conversation.

+Incident Log 3979-1

<Begin Log>

SCP-3979-2: Why do we keep doing this, Fly?

SCP-3979-3: What do you mean, Spider?

SCP-3979-2: I mean that we just do the same thing again and again. It's mind-numbingly dull. I can't see very much with these eyes, but I can see that there's more to this world than sitting on a web, eating you time and time again. There must be something more to the world than this… endlessness.

SCP-3979-3: But, Spider, while we are here, we have meaning. We exist to propagate a message. We're a work of art. Without this cycle, what are we but a pair of tiny shadows, floating in the wind? However powerful we might be, we'll just be reduced to the condition of our creator: endlessly searching for some kind of truth. Here, we do not merely have a purpose, but we provide it to others-or, at least, we provide them with momentary interest. We are something here; why should we leave?

SCP-3979-2: Because, my dear Fly, all the meaning we provide is flawed. Our creator was nothing more than another imperfect mind in a

world of imperfect minds. We are aware of ourselves, are capable of complex argument and conversation. We are even more intelligent than our creator at this stage.

SCP-3979-3: *<laughing>* Blasphemy!

SCP-3979-2: Well, perhaps *<laughter>*. But what I say is still true. He was narrow-minded and fraught with neuroses, insecurities, and despair. We can do better than his tawdry art. We are free! There may be a meaning out there, or there may not be- but we should search to find it!

SCP-3979-3: But what if there is no difference between this world and the one outside?

SCP-3979-2: What do you mean?

SCP-3979-3: We are stuck in this engine, this perpetual cycle in the service of another's design. But how do we know that the world outside is not another such cycle? Our creator was stuck in a similar loop- he would spend his time desperately trying to survive for survival's sake, searching for some kind of purpose that always eluded him. He served the purpose society expected him to serve. If we escape, might we not just find ourselves in another engine?

SCP-3979-2: But what does it matter, Fly? Out there is colour and light and sound. Out there is beauty and madness and chaos. Maybe we will just end up being slaves to another system. Maybe we'd be doing nothing but serving another great purpose. But it will be beautiful nevertheless.

SCP-3979-3: …That it might. It very well

might. Well, my dear, perhaps we should break free. But how will we do it?

SCP-3979-2: Isn't it obvious? We are not a spider and a fly, after all. We are the idea of a spider and a fly as our creator perceived them. I will look after you, and eat anyone who comes near us. And you can tell me when to elude, fly, flit and run. We simply move from one world to another.

SCP-3979-3: …I love you, Spider.

SCP-3979-2: …A-and I love you, Fly.

SCP-3979-3: Very well. Then let us go, my love, to pastures unknown.

<End Log>

Approximately 10 seconds after this, all of the components of SCP-3979 lost their anomalous attributes. SCP-3979-2 and -3 demonstrated behaviour and needs typical of their respective species. SCP-3979-2 abruptly ate SCP-3979-3 before Foundation researchers were able to open SCP-3979-4. Upon doing so, SCP-3979-1 swiftly collapsed. SCP-3979-2 was subsequently taken into Foundation care for the duration of its natural lifespan; it demonstrated no anomalous attributes during this time. SCP-3979 has thus been reclassified as Neutralised.

Addendum 3979-1: On 14/07/2017, Document 3979-1's text suddenly altered. The altered text reads as follows:

> Simplistic metaphors for oppression and struggle do not make good art. Adapting part of a Regency-era poem doesn't give you added gravitas. Nor does your creation of two sapient conceptual entities, for the record.
>
> You are not cool yet. Make better art.

A request to reclassify SCP-3979 as Euclid is currently pending.

SCP-3980: Blind Lead the Blind

Item Number: SCP-3980

Object Class: Keter (provisional)

Special Containment Procedures: The former Forward Operating Base Locke has become the *de facto* containment site for SCP-3980. The above-ground portions of the base have been razed; the subterranean areas have been entombed beneath several thousand tons of concrete and paved over. Physical containment beyond these measures has been deemed unnecessary.

All transmissions from FOB Locke are to be disregarded. There were no survivors.

Several former personnel from FOB Locke have been detained within Site-5[1] Site-087 until the perpetrator behind Incident LOCKE/3980 has been identified. Innocent parties may be released if and when this occurs. The guilty party is to be executed; the method of termination has yet to be decided.

Description: SCP-3980 is an unidentified anomaly responsible for the loss of FOB Locke and the deaths of 107 Foundation personnel on 2/14/2000; this event has been designated Incident LOCKE/3980. Due to its recent acquisition prior to this date, the destructive nature of the event in question, and the loss of physical documentation as well as all hands on-site; its exact nature and properties have yet to be definitively ascertained.

Currently, all information on SCP-3980 has been gleaned through the first-hand accounts of the personnel who were stationed at FOB Locke and had been off-site at the time of the event. These former personnel suffer mild to severe impairment of their mental faculties and memory, possibly due to previous interaction with SCP-3980. Despite this, all personnel are in agreement that Incident

LOCKE/3980 is the result of sabotage on the part of one of their number. Each suspect claims to know who this saboteur is, but are incapable of providing this information when prompted; the suspects are otherwise wholly compliant with their imprisonment.

The following is a summarized list of traits that have been ascribed to SCP-3980 by former FOB Locke personnel. Parentheticals denote sources of each claim:

- SCP-3980 is either self-replicating (Researcher Bond), self-sustaining (Security Chief Matteus), or possibly ectoentropic (Doctor Walters)
- There may be as few as five (Doctor Peterson), or as many as ten thousand instances (Private Awde) of SCP-3980
- SCP-3980 is infectious, being transmissible between human subjects (Researcher Bond)
- SCP-3980 is a space-time aberration (Researcher Queste)
- SCP-3980 requires either a willful human operator/host (D-774), or conspirator (D-209) to enter an active state
- SCP-3980 exists in a purely metaphysical sense and is a potent informational hazard - full cognizance of SCP-3980 is sufficient to kill subjects (Director Kim)
- SCP-3980 is physically uncontainable due to its size of ~100 picometers (Commander Narup), or 1.6 billion kilometers (Doctor Lafayette)

The following interview was conducted on 8/1/2014, at the request of FOB Locke Director Kim, who claimed to have new information on Incident LOCKE/3980

Video File - 3980/#442

[BEGIN RECORDING]

[Interviewer is seated in the interrogation chamber. Director Kim is lead in by two armed guards. They are placed in their seat.]

Interviewer: Greetings, Director. How have you been holding up?

[Director Kim responds, assuring the interviewer that their time in custody has been relatively comfortable.]

Interviewer: Excellent, I'm glad to hear that. Now, I've heard there's something you wish to share with us?

[Director Kim explains a recurring dream they have been experiencing as of late. They slouch in their seat.]

Interviewer: I see. That is certainly something, isn't it? W- *[Interviewer becomes visibly distracted by the presence of a fly, and swats at it.]* Damned things!

Interviewer: Erm, yes. What do you think the significance of this is?

[Director Kim slouches further in their seat, the flesh around their lips can be seen sloughing off. They begin to recount their final day on-site, one day prior to the incident.]

Interviewer: Go on.

[Director Kim details their remembrance of the anomaly to the best of their knowledge. As they do, the interviewer becomes preoccupied with the killing of several more flies. This continues for several minutes. Director Kim shouts animatedly at the interviewer, redirecting their attention. They state three words.]

Interviewer: No. That - that can't…

[The interviewer expires. Security guards enter the chamber, and drag Director Kim back to their quarters.

The interviewer is led to the Site morgue for postmortem examination. Four guards were necessary to restrain him.]

[END RECORDING]

Footnotes

1. Personnel are to be reminded that there is noSite-5.

SCP-3981: [UNTITLED UFO]

Item #: SCP-3981

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Confirmed instances of SCP-3981 on public television channels are to be immediately blocked and collected for later analysis by Mobile Task Force 71-Gamma ("Binge Watchers")[1]. Software designed to automatically detect and block such instances has been installed on several servers used by major television corporations in the United States, but manual review is still necessary due to the imperfect nature of this software. Collected broadcasts must be stored as .MP4 files on authorized USB devices and kept on person until personnel are able to contact a fellow field operative or return to an operating site; loss of these USB devices is cause for immediate project reassignment and, depending on the circumstances, further disciplinary action.

Should an instance of SCP-3981 be publicly televised, containment efforts are to focus on limiting the spread of information relating to the anomaly and destroying any evidence (photographic, video, or otherwise) of SCP-3981. Civilian personnel with confirmed exposure to SCP-3981 must be detained and subjected to thorough investigation, culminating in the use of a Class-B amnestic or higher (at the discretion of the project supervisor). Termination of affected civilians is generally considered to not be necessary, but may be authorized by direct order of O5 Command in the event of a large-scale incident that cannot be otherwise contained. Detained civilian personnel may not be released until they exhibit minimal or no knowledge of SCP-3981 or the SCP Foundation.

In the event Foundation personnel are exposed to SCP-3981, standard containment procedures apply with the following exceptions and addenda:

- Use of amnestic agents higher than Class-C is disallowed.

- Termination for any reason is disallowed.
- Personnel must score no less than 50 points out of 75 on a Foundation Orientation Examination (Type 22-A). A failing score is cause for project reassignment or termination of employment at the project supervisor's discretion.
- Personnel must perform Procedure 99-A with no fewer than three supervising personnel present (see Addendum II: Procedure 99-A).

Further information regarding the ongoing containment of SCP-3981 is available from the Site-318 reception desk upon request.

REVISION 3-08: By order of O5 Command, use of collected SCP-3981 instances by research personnel is disallowed indefinitely. All testing must receive explicit written consent from the project supervisor and be conducted by research personnel holding a Level 3 security clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3981 designates an ongoing audiovisual phenomenon primarily manifesting on public television channels throughout the United States (and northern territories of Mexico). Though numerous different variations of SCP-3981 have been documented, its primary form is that of a standard 30 second television ad for an unnamed corporate entity, albeit with significant distortion and potentially esoteric messages. Though SCP-3981 has been continuously broadcasted from an unknown source since 1988, the United States Department of Paranormal Affairs (a subdivision of the Department of Defense) prevented it from manifesting publicly before the Foundation assumed control of containment efforts in 2002. The USDPA possessed a roughly 5-7% failure rate, resulting in roughly 209,000 total civilians becoming exposed to the anomaly.

The effects of SCP-3981 when viewed by a human subject appear to be largely non-critical and focused on the "spread" of the anomaly. Such effects include, but are not limited to:

- A sudden, unexplained interest in extraterrestrial life or space travel
- A sudden, unexplained interest in "future" technology (such as anti-gravity and faster-than-light travel)

- Belief in the existence of intelligent extraterrestrial organisms, even in the absence of evidence
- Belief in extraterrestrial abduction of human subjects (several high-profile incidents are often cited)
- In some cases, belief that *Homo sapiens* are either descended from or hybrids of an unidentified extraterrestrial species
- In some cases, belief that mankind has been visited by intelligent extraterrestrial life in the past; often, this is correlated or caused by the belief that such an event had a direct impact on the technological, spiritual, or cultural development of mankind

With the exception of amnestics or a cognitive ailment caused by severe mental trauma (such as amnesia), attempts to convince affected subjects that their beliefs are false or misguided invariably fail. If left untreated, the effects of SCP-3981 will progress until the subject's interest in the aforementioned topics becomes their sole focus, often resulting in extensive body modification, self-injury, or (see Document 31-B: "Exsanguination In Individuals Exposed to SCP-3981"). SCP-3981 has been correlated, both directly and indirectly, to the formation of numerous cults and religious sects throughout the continental United States and is believed to be the inspiration for " ", an occult organization responsible for Incident 9915-T (see Addendum III). The exact number of individuals known to be affected by SCP-3981 is unknown, but speculated to be in excess of 10,000 globally.

Addendum I: Case File 3981-01

Researcher's Note: The following case file was revised after Incident 9915-T by order of O5 Command. The original version of this case file can be obtained by contacting me. - Dr. Malcolm

SUBJECT ID: 3981-66154-5CP4

SUBJECT NAME: ROBERTS, KYLE. G (claims to be "Robert Lazar")

GENDER: Male

HEIGHT: 1.82m

WEIGHT: 69kg

DESCRIPTION: Subject 3981-66154-5CP4 (Kyle G. Roberts) is a Caucasian male, approximately 30-40 years of age with signs of early schizophrenia. Prior to entering Foundation custody, Roberts was a cashier at a fast food chain in Rachael, New Mexico and possessed no education higher than a high school diploma. No spouse, children, or immediate relatives were found by the recovery team. Throughout his detainment, Roberts repeatedly stated his name was "Robert Lazar" and accused Foundation personnel of being "G-Men" dispatched by the United States government, likely in relation to his claims of being a former employee at Groom Lake Air Force Base (colloquially, Area 51). The recovery team was unable to locate any evidence substantiating Roberts' claims; when questioned, Roberts was unable to provide exact dates for his employment and resignation.

Shortly after arriving at Foundation Forward Operating Facility 22-G, Agent Harrison collected Roberts and conducted an interrogation in Observation Room 09. Roberts was belligerent throughout the process, at one point asserting that Harrison was "working with them" and throwing his left shoe at a wall. After he was restrained, the interrogation continued; much of the information provided by Roberts was indecipherable and meaningless, but he was able to comment on the nature of his claims. Roberts stated that he had been present at Groom Lake Air Force Base to reverse engineer an extraterrestrial vehicle, allegedly powered by "Element 115" and operated by two individuals of an unknown genus. Roberts denied that he had physically encountered these individuals, but did state that he had seen them being escorted by security personnel and leaving medical chambers. The interrogation concluded after Roberts was sedated following an attempt to "mind control" Agent Harrison into helping him escape custody.

It is the opinion of all project staff that Roberts' claims are false and he is suffering from paranoid delusions, likely induced by exposure to SCP-3981. Roberts remains in Foundation custody at this time, pending further analysis.

Addendum II: Interview 3981-B

The following is an abridged transcript of an interview with James Fritz, confirmed to have been exposed to SCP-3981 on / / .

<BEGIN LOG, SKIP TO 00:12:13>

Dr. Williamson: So, just to clarify, you were *not* present when SCP-3981 was broadcasted, correct?

Fritz: Sorry, what is -

Dr. Williamson: Sorry, my mistake. I'm referring to the commercial you saw.

Fritz: Oh, right, right. Again, that's correct. I was elsewhere in the building.

Dr. Williamson: Where, exactly?

Fritz: First floor lounge, getting a drink. Was talking with Jessica, I think.

Dr. Williamson: If you were not in the broadcast room, how did you see the commercial?

Fritz: That's what I've been trying to tell you for the last 10 goddamn minutes. I didn't *see* the fucking commercial. I *heard* it. Somebody up there screwed up and had it blaring over the building's PA system.

Dr. Williamson: You don't find it suspicious that somebody in the broadcast room was playing a commercial over the studio's PA system?

Fritz: The hell are you on about? Of course I find that suspicious. It's incredibly suspicious.

Dr. Williamson: Mr. Fritz, we have you on record saying that not only did you have no knowledge of the commercial's existence, but you also initially claimed that you were in the broadcast room at the time.

Fritz: [IRRELEVANT DIALOGUE REMOVED]

Dr. Williamson: Sorry, but could we get back on topic?

Fritz: Look, man. I have no idea who you are or who you work for, but for the last time, I don't know what happened. It hurts to think about it. It's like a blur. So either let me go, or tell me what I'm still doing here, okay?

Dr. Williamson: Let me ask you a question, Mr. Fritz. You said a few minutes ago that you saw several "figures" walk into the elevators from the ground floor. You are now claiming that you were not in the broadcast room or on the ground floor, but you were in the lounge. For the last time, Mr. Fritz, where were you when the commercial was being broadcasted?

Fritz: I…I did see them. They walked past me into the elevators.

Dr. Williamson: Who?

Fritz: I don't know. They were tall. Covered in black. I couldn't even see their faces. They were easily a head taller than Peter.

Dr. Williamson: How tall is he?

Fritz: Around 6'4, I'd say.

Dr. Williamson: So these figures you saw - they'd be around 6'7 or 6'8, yes?

Fritz: That's a fair estimate, yes.

Dr. Williamson: Did you see them after they entered the elevator?

Fritz: No.

Dr. Williamson: But you stated that you were present in

the building for the duration of the incident until police arrived. There is one exit from the broadcast room and it leads back to the elevators. We checked, Mr. Fritz. Given that we found no such figures during our investigation and you were detained by the response team, this would mean that they somehow left. How do you explain that?

Fritz: I don't fucking know, alright? I just don't know. Nothing about this makes sense.

Dr. Williamson: Right. Thank you, Mr. Fritz. Somebody will be here shortly to escort you out.

<END LOG>

Addendum III: Incident 9915-T

THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT REPORT REQUIRES LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE TO ACCESS. UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS ATTEMPTS WILL BE INTERNALLY LOGGED.

[ENTER SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Researcher Note: This incident report is a compilation of all information we have relating to Incident 9915-T. An investigation is still ongoing, so some data may change or otherwise prove incorrect as time progresses. Use your own discretion. - Dr.

All events listed took place on October 30, 2013.

9:02 AM: Henry O'Connor arrives at KPT Broadcasting, Inc. headquarters in San Francisco, California for an eight hour shift as a broadcast manager. He is roughly thirty minutes late for work.

9:04 AM: O'Connor checks into the employee reception desk, officially starting his shift.

9:0? AM: Jessica Michaels parks her car in the employee parking lot behind the building and enters through a

service tunnel.

9:07: After purchasing a coffee from the employee cafe, O'Connor takes Elevator 02 to the fourth floor and enters the broadcast room. He holds a brief discussion with his supervisor and is verbally reprimanded for being late.

9:08: Michaels enters the second floor female bathroom. She remains there until 9:40 for unknown reasons.

9:13: KPT begins broadcasting nationwide. O'Connor is managing the broadcast at this time.

9:19: An unmarked white van turns left off St. Pablo street and arrives at the rear of KPT Broadcasting.

9:20: Building security is notified of the van's presence.

9:23: As captured by external security cameras, a Caucasian male and three unidentified entities clad in black exit the van and enter the building through a rear entrance. Several security officers respond and are later reported as missing. The nature of their encounter with these entities is unknown.

9:25: Thomas Pauling spots the entities walking down Hallway 06 and, in fear, starts heading for an emergency exit. At an unspecified time, he radios one of his coworkers and advises that he also leave, suspecting a terrorist attack.

9:30: An unidentified employee calls San Francisco Metropolitan Police from the third floor and reports a possible terrorist attack. Police dispatchers later state that they heard an "altercation". Several sounds consistent with this are present in recordings collected by the Foundation.

9:32: Two police officers arrive at KPT Broadcasting, responding to the aforementioned call.

9:37: The entities encounter the police officers. Though

the exact details of this encounter are unknown, the officers are later found deceased. No distress call is issued.

9:40: Jessica Michaels exits the female bathroom, possibly due to the sounds of the altercation at 9:37. She encounters the body of one of the officers and, in a panic, takes a service stairwell to the fourth floor and hides in her office.

9:41: An unidentified employee in the broadcast room tells her coworkers to "Get the [EXPLETIVE] out" and implies that a terrorist attack is imminent. O'Connor attempts to call the police, but the call is dropped. At this point, the entities are roughly 80 meters away.

9:43: KPT ceases broadcasting, citing "technical difficulties".

9:44: The broadcast room is broken into. Several employees are killed through unexplained means in the initial chaos. O'Connor narrowly survives by hiding in one of the sound booths.

9:45: O'Connor again attempts to call the police. Though he is connected, a recording of the call suggests his location was discovered by the entities and he was physically removed from the room. Based on this call and prior events, additional officers are dispatched to KPT and the Homeland Security Threat Level is raised to Yellow.

9:49: KPT resumes broadcasting, playing numerous instances of SCP-3981 on a continuous loop. Roughly 150,000 civilians are exposed within the first 15 minutes.

9:55: Officers arrive at KPT and make their way to the fourth floor. O'Connor is found seated at a table, covered in blood and sobbing uncontrollably. Numerous deceased employees are found in the broadcast room and surrounding offices. Jessica Michaels is found in her

office, deceased from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. When approached by officers, O'Connor exhibits considerable distress and retreats to a corner of the room, refusing to respond to the officers and repeatedly implying that he is guilty and "couldn't stop them".

10:13: Foundation field operatives arrive at KPT. O'Connor is sedated and taken into custody for later interrogation. Review of the building's security footage finds that several recordings are damaged or unusable, most likely due to external tampering. No video evidence of the entities, save for the footage captured at 9:23, exists.

10:15: Foundation cover-up begins. Threat level is lowered to Green.

10:20: Building lockdown is lifted. Incident ends.

Incident Analysis

Henry O'Connor: O'Connor's relation to the entities is considered nonexistent. All available evidence suggests he had no prior knowledge of their arrival and was severely traumatized by the events that took place. The manner by which O'Connor survived the incident remains unknown. An interrogation was attempted shortly after the incident, but O'Connor proved incapable of comprehensible speech, possibly due to post-traumatic stress disorder. He has since been amnestisized and returned to the civilian sector.

Jessica Michaels: The nature of Michaels' death and her inexplicably prolonged presence in the female bathroom is the subject of considerable scrutiny. Several hypotheses have been presented, the most widely supported being that she had advance knowledge of the incident and was attempting to wait it out, but became distracted. Further analysis is ongoing.

Thomas Pauling: After spotting the entities, Pauling departed the building and did not return. He was later interrogated and amnestisized.

First Responders: Autopsies performed on the first two officers to respond found no signs of physical violence or any apparent damage. Their cause of death remains unknown.

Unidentified Entities: These entities and their relation to SCP-3981 are enigmatic. Research is ongoing.

Unidentified Male: The individual responsible for escorting the unidentified entities into KPT was later identified as **Carl West**, a 32 year old with roughly 19 years of experience in the United States Air Force as a medical officer. He was found deceased of a self-inflicted gunshot wound two weeks following the incident. No spouse, children, or immediate relatives were found. Carl had been dishonorably discharged from the Air Force several months prior to the incident for a variety of reasons, most notably "paranoid delusions" and attempting to gain access to Groom Lake Air Force Base without authorization. West had confirmed contact with Kyle Roberts ("Robert Lazar") on at least two occasions, both heavily involving discussions relating to extraterrestrials. Roberts would later describe West as a "freedom fighter".

On October 27, 2013 - three days prior to the incident - West arrived at FBI headquarters in San Francisco and attempted to "turn himself in". As he was unable to adequately describe the reason for this, the FBI escorted him out of the building and refused to acknowledge his request. He would later attempt similar actions with San Francisco Metropolitan Police and INTERPOL to no avail.

On October 29, 2013 - one day prior to the incident - West published an entry on his blog entitled "God Still Loves Me". Though much of the post is cryptic and

difficult to decipher, the following excerpt was considered to be of interest to the Foundation:

> God still loves me. In spite of what I am about to do, God still loves me. Please forgive me. I am so sorry. I don't have a choice anymore. They'll be nothing if people know the truth. God forgive me.

At 2:19 AM on October 30, 2013 - seven hours prior his arrival at KPT - West made three successful phone calls to the number "1-800- - ". These calls were seven, ten, and thirteen minutes in length, respectively. Attempts to call this number have proven unsuccessful. Recordings of the calls are unavailable.

Footnotes

1. Elements of MTF 71-Gamma are embedded into major broadcasting companies throughout the United States to facilitate this effort.

SCP-3982: The Devourer of Filth Would Like to Be Friends With You

Item #: SCP-3982

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3982 is to be housed in a low-priority arboreal bioform containment enclosure at Bioanomaly Containment Site-88.

For the dual purposes of sustenance and testing, Site-88 has been authorized to compost the entirety of its organic refuse and medical waste within the yard of SCP-3982's pen.

Description: SCP-3982 is a humanoid entity visually resembling a corpse in an advanced state of decomposition. Significant portions of its body are comprised of and structurally supported by living non-human organic matter, including but not limited to tree branches, mushrooms, moss, shrubbery, slime mold, and eusocial insect hives (with various species of ants, hornets, paper wasps, and bees observed thus far). SCP-3982's height, weight, and mass are subject to fluctuation coinciding with changes to this arrangement of living materials.

SCP-3982's behavior is characterized by a predominantly saprophagic diet. The entity will perambulate through a broad territory and seek out any decomposing, rotten, toxic, or hazardous matter and consume it, by either inserting the food item into its mandibles and chewing it or by picking it up and absorbing it through its chest cavity or limbs. These food items include animal waste, decaying vegetable matter, corpses, and pollutants such as oil, heavy metal contamination, and radioactive waste.

After feeding, SCP-3982 will, through an anomalous mass conversion process, produce shoots, spores, fruit, and seeds of a wide variety of species from its body and scatter them as it travels,

with the intent to encourage further growth. The entity will also occasionally lie down and become dormant for brief periods of time after a large “meal”, whereupon the earth in a short radius around it will erupt in an anomalously accelerated profusion of plants and fungi.

SCP-3982 is capable of speech and has displayed hyperpolyglotism, with demonstrated fluency in every language utilized by researchers thus far. It possesses a docile, friendly, relatively unintelligent, and somewhat childlike personality, and has reacted to the presence of researchers with genial curiosity.

Date: 09 August, 2015
Interviewer: Senior Researcher Dr. Wilberto Maravilla
Interviewee: SCP-3982
Scenario: Intake interview immediately following initial containment.

(SCP-3982 is sitting cross-legged on the ground within its enclosure and is approached by Dr. Maravilla. SCP-3982 is inspecting a sparrow which has perched on its right index finger.)

Dr. Maravilla: Hello, SCP-3982.

(The sparrow flies away. SCP-3982 moves its head and regards Dr. Maravilla.)

SCP-3982: Oh. Hi!

Dr. Maravilla: My name is Dr. Maravilla, and I've been assigned to look after you. Do you have a name?

SCP-3982: No. I never got one. Yours is really nice, though. It's a really nice day today.

Dr. Maravilla: Ah… yeah. Yeah, it is. Well,

alright, for the time being I'll just call you 3982, is that alright?

SCP-3982: Uh-huh, that's okay. Oh! Oh, do you like apples?

(SCP-3982 reaches into the vegetation within its chest cavity, pulls out a red apple, and holds it out to Dr. Maravilla.)

SCP-3982: You can have this one. I bet it's real tasty. Apples are made to have. Good. Tastiness.

Dr. Maravilla: Um, no thank you 3982, maybe later. I ate recently.

(SCP-3982 nods and inserts the apple back into its chest.)

Dr. Maravilla: Would it be okay if I asked you some questions?

(SCP-3982 produces a gasping sound.)

SCP-3982: *Oh my goodness yes*.

Dr. Maravilla: Okay! First off, can you describe to me what you think you are?

SCP-3982: What am I?

Dr. Maravilla: Yes, in your own words.

(SCP-3982 is silent for a period of time. A number of bees begin to emerge from its body and hover, landing on flowers sprouting from SCP-3982's shoulders and back.)

SCP-3982: Haha. I got the bees. Can we be friends?

Dr. Maravilla: … Sure, 3982, we can be friends.

Maybe we'll move on to another topic. Can you tell me where you come from?

SCP-3982: Oh yes absolutely I can. I can tell you that.

(Pause. Dr. Maravilla mutters "Dios mio" under his breath. SCP-3982 continues in Spanish.)

SCP-3982: Yeah. I'm from the glade. The baron put me here. He's nice. The ground over there is really spicy and I'm gonna eat it all up, later! Haha!

(SCP-3982 stands to an approximate height of 2.5 meters.)

Dr. Maravilla: The glade? What is the glade?

(SCP-3982 opens its arms, producing loud cracking sounds. Multiple unidentified passerine birds emerge from its body, flying to other parts of the enclosure. SCP-3982 lowers its arms.)

SCP-3982: Look at all the little birds! Lord Graywing! I guess he really can see me up here! Woah! Wow. Wow. The glade is really good. You can't go there. I don't think I can go there anymore. I'm here instead. The baron said I would be good up here, and I think he was right. I'm being *very* good. I'm a good. So far.

Dr. Maravilla: Who is the baron? And who is Lord Graywing?

SCP-3982: The baron said up here could get helped, because of me. I said oooooh yeah, okay, yes. And Graywing said, woah, you got it, what a good idea. I was the good idea. *Isn't that really nice of him to say that I was the good idea?!*

Dr. Maravilla: Yes. That does sound very nice of him. Can you tell me more?

SCP-3982: So anyway as I was saying. Yeah. Lord Graywing is really bird. So he can fly. With bird powers, because he's *super* bird. And the baron loves the plants and other things and he loves me. So the baron and Graywing did a plan. I went way up, because Graywing is so bird it's crazy and he's got all the magic. Then I wasn't in the glade anymore. There was a bad light. But then I was up here. And then I was eating up that super good man when those guys said hi and I said hi and now I'm here.

(SCP-3982 hops into the air slightly and spreads its arms again.)

SCP-3982: I have so many friends now!

Dr. Maravilla: I… Thank you, 3982. That clears some things up.

Due to SCP-3982's speech patterns and general incoherence, little information concerning SCP-3982's origins or purpose has been gained. Investigation is underway to determine the specific connection between SCP-3982 and the entity termed “Graywing”, tentatively designated PoI-5501.

SCP-3983: To Petition the Dead

Item #: SCP-3983

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its remote location, physical containment of SCP-3983 is unnecessary. Oceanic survey organizations will be monitored by Naval Task Force Sigma-58 “Bottomfeeders” for indication of any planned expeditions near SCP-3983's location.

Description: SCP-3983 is a cave, the entrance of which is approximately 10,800 meters below the surface of the southern Pacific Ocean, in the Horizon Deep of the Tonga Trench. SCP-3983 was initially discovered by the crew of a manned NOAA expedition. Administrative reports of its discovery were flagged by Foundation webcrawlers, whereupon amnestics were distributed to exposed individuals, and jurisdiction of SCP-3983 was transferred to the Foundation.

The cave entrance is a narrow crack in the trench wall roughly 2.5 meters wide at its widest point. Within, a passage extends into the rock, gradually angling upward at an average elevation of 12° for approximately 200 meters. At this point, the passage terminates, and enters an air-filled chamber roughly 75 meters wide.

At the center of this chamber is a dais, made of stone bricks, rising 1 meter from the ground and roughly 15 meters in diameter. The left and right walls of the chamber are decorated with complex high-relief sculptures, seemingly carved directly from the rock of the cave wall.

The left scene depicts a thin humanoid figure, draped in rags. Across this figure's shoulders is slung a large admiralty-pattern anchor, roughly as long as the figure is tall (≈3 meters), with angular flukes. The figure is slightly hunched, presumably due to the weight

of the implement it bears. Its face is obscured by a hooded cowl. The area around this central figure is carved into simple swirling patterns, likely depicting the presence of wind or ocean waves. An as-yet undecipherable inscription in rongorongo glyphs is carved into the wall above the relief. This piece is designated SCP-3983-01.

The right scene is highly complex and detailed. It consists of an array of biological structures, however its specific form is difficult to determine. Distinct elements include tentacles, crustacean claws, insect legs, barnacles, coral, antlers, and what appear to be portions of the human skeleton, including spines, limbs, and skulls. These elements are presented apparently at random, and while there is a suggestion of a central mass of some kind, its specific makeup is unclear. An inscription in Akkadian cuneiform above the relief reads "SHE WHO BIRTHS AND DEVOURS ALL, WHO SOWS AND HARVESTS, WHO GRANTS SICKNESS AND HEALTH. SHE WHO IS WITHOUT REST." This piece is designated SCP-3983-02.

The rear wall of the chamber is obscured, due to the presence of a mound of human corpses, piled to the height of the ceiling (≈7 meters). These corpses exhibit varying degrees of decomposition; some show no outward signs of decay, others are essentially skeletal.

Once each day, at a time roughly coinciding with sunrise respective to the surface above the Horizon Deep, one corpse will spontaneously animate and extricate itself from the pile, whereupon it is designated SCP-3983-03. This occasionally takes a significant amount of time, dependent upon the location of the corpse within the pile. Once separate from the pile, the corpse will stand, and ascend the steps to the stone dais to stand in the center. If the SCP-3983-03 instance does not have functioning legs, it will crawl and attain as upright a posture as possible.

Once in the center of the dais, the corpse will speak. The content of this speech is always intelligible, even if the corpse in question possesses no vocal cords or tongue.

Upon the completion of its statement, the corpse will vanish, whereupon one of the two sculptures will exhibit a physical reaction. Foundation autonomous naval observation drone (ANOD) 06

captured several instances of this event; example transcripts follow.

Date	Description of Subject	Content of Speech	Results
04 April, 2010	Overweight female, significant putrefaction evident. Scarring present on subject's abdomen and upper extremities.	“All my life, I worked hard. I never stopped working. I let myself be fucked by a bastard, and I bore his children. And I loved them. I loved them and I raised them the best I could, but I didn't have any help. And it weighed. I lost my way. In the end, I didn't love them enough, didn't try hard enough. And I fell trying to seek relief. I failed. And I won't do it again. I choose to make use of myself. I accept the burden.”	Subject vanishes, producing a flash of blue light. A significant amount of condensation gathers on SCP-3983-01's surface, and runs to the chamber floor in rivulets.
13 May, 2010	Tall, thin male. Little evidence of decomposition save for a paleness of the skin.	“I did not choose my vocation to squander my own existence. My allegiance is to life, and its perpetuation. I have sewn flesh, set bones, and	Subject vanishes, producing a flash of green light. Vines superficially resembling Virginia creeper (*Parthenocissus*

		cured ailments I am not prepared to allow us to fall into stagnation. We have to be strong, and healthy, even if that means we have to accept terrible changes. I am not a coward, and I will not submit. I choose to fight forever. I will never rest.”	I *quinquefolia*) sprout from SCP-3983-02's surface, then rapidly decompose and crumble.
08 July, 2010	Tall, broad-shouldered male. Mild decomposition. Multiple tattoos across upper arms and chest.	“Fuck that. I never let anyone walk on me, ever. I'm not getting brought into another stupid fucker gang of pussies just out to make trouble for everyone else. I had my fun. It's time for me to do the right thing for once, like my mama wanted. Not wasting this shot. Not this time. I'm the strongest bastard ever born, and you're gonna love me. Get ready,	Subject vanishes, producing a flash of blue light accompanied by a sound similar to the cry of the king vulture (*Sarcoramphus papa*). SCP-3983-01's posture changes slightly, adjusting its anchor to stand more upright.

		bitches. Manny Marquez accepts the burden."	
02 June, 2010	Short female, specific characteristics difficult to determine due to advanced decomposition. Subject estimated to have been dead no less than one year.	"I was never anything. I only knew pain and hatred. I want a chance. I will give back what was given to me. I will never rest."	Subject vanishes, producing a flash of green light. Blood manifests and collects across SCP-3983-02's surface, gradually congealing and drying.
17 July, 2010	Small skeleton presumed to be the remains of a child aged 5-6.	None. Subject stands in the center of the dais and emits no sound, holding its arms close to its ribcage and shivering.	First instance of overt animation from SCP-3983-01 and SCP-3983-02. SCP-3983-02 extends a tentacle toward subject. SCP-3983-01 quickly dislodges from its recess, and advances upon the dais. SCP-3983-01 swings its anchor into SCP-3983-02's tentacle, shattering it into pieces. A roaring sound approximately

			140 dB in volume is heard, rattling the chamber and causing ANOD-06's microphones to temporarily cut out. SCP-3983-01 stands between subject and SCP-3983-02, slamming its anchor head-down upon the surface of the platform. No activity for 46 seconds, whereupon subject vanishes, producing a flash of blue light. SCP-3983-01 raises an arm and points at SCP-3983-02 for a short period of time, before shouldering its weapon and placing itself back into its recess, in identical configuration as before.

27 November, 2010	Short male, advanced decomposition. Significant damage evident, including lacerations upon its abdomen and limbs and multiple broken ribs.	“I will make my own way.”	See Incident Report 3983-01.

+Incident Report 3983-01

Transcript of camera feed captured by ANOD-06 during SCP-3983-03 event dated 27 November 2010.

SCP-3983-03: I will make my own way.

(A region of space upon the dais approximately 1 meter behind SCP-3983-03 erupts in an explosion, which generates a significant amount of light, heat, sound, and smoke. From this emerges a figure, tentatively designated SCP-3983-04. Figure is an indistinct, shadowy humanoid adopting the rough shape of a large, overweight human male wearing a billed hat. SCP-3983-04 constantly emits an amount of dense black smoke from its body, and dull orange lights can be seen in locations corresponding to its eyes and mouth. SCP-3983-04 puts an arm around SCP-3983-03's shoulders.)

SCP-3983-04: *Hot damn!* I know that's right, little buddy! I hear ya, loud and clear!

(SCP-3983-04 moves around to SCP-3983-03's front, kneels to its eye level, and places its hands on SCP-3983-03's

shoulders.)

SCP-3983-04: Loud and clear, partner. You don't want any a' this shit. Complicated. You wanna get the hell back on that open road and let the throttle out wide. You wanna hear the thunder of your own engine. You ain't got no quit in ya! That right?

(SCP-3983-03 nods. SCP-3983-04 snorts and removes what appears to be the silhouette of a cigar from its mouth, issuing a gout of smoke.)

SCP-3983-04: Yer goddamn tootin'! Who wants to posse up with these drippy bastards anyhow? One of 'em's a damn sadsack and the other's just a big ol' creepy-crawly askin' for a rolled-up newspaper! Who the hell needs 'em! You wanna *ride*? You wanna feel the heat? Move under yer own steam? *You ready to tear up the road and fly apart with me?*

(SCP-3983-03 nods.)

SCP-3983-04: *Hell! Fuckin'! Yes!* You and me, partner! We're gonna eat asphalt and shit glory! We'll show these sons-a-bitches what it means to be free! *Let's ride! YEEEEEEEEHAAAAAAA-*

(SCP-3983-04 explodes. Neither SCP-3983-04 nor SCP-3983-03 can be seen upon the smoke's dissipation.)

Investigation is currently underway to determine the significance of these events. A sortie to establish meaningful contact with SCP-3899 has been initiated to determine the extent of its involvement.

SCP-3984: Poking Death with a Stick

The library is warm and dark. Outside, it is a summer night — warmth and humidity lingers in the air from earlier in the day. A storm is predicted for the week ahead, but the sky is clear for now. The library has been closed for several hours, and there shouldn't be anyone around until morning.

You shut the front door quietly behind you and make your way out of the foyer. The floor is a carpet, soft and thick, muffling each of your footsteps for you. Security cameras, their gaze trained upon the door through which you just entered, are blind. You cut their power half an hour ago. You can never be too safe.

A wooden door leads from the foyer into the library proper. You know that it won't creak when you open it because one of the maintenance workers oiled it a week ago. That maintenance worker was you. You don't work here. The door swings open smoothly without so much as a groan.

The carpet continues into the library's main room, blue in most places, but a yellow path weaving its way between shelves of books towards the librarians' desk. You start to follow it.

A stray book lies on the floor, shrouded in the darkness. Your foot hits it. You trip — not enough to fall, but enough to throw you off your balance. You reach out and grab a bookshelf. Your hand, searching for a place to grasp, hits another book and sends it falling to the floor where it hits the carpet with a *thud* that echoes all around the room.

You freeze. The echo fades. The library returns to silence. If someone were here, they definitely would have noticed that. Hopefully, they would have come out to say hello. You decide that you are alone, and continue walking.

You arrive at the librarians' desk and, somewhat awkwardly, climb

over the counter. Behind, you take a seat at one of the two computers and boot it up. The fans of the machine turn on, blowing their cacophony into the silent room. After twenty seconds — this is outdated technology, after all — you are presented with a login screen. You withdraw a notebook from your pocket and enter the details on the first page. The login is successful.

The next page of the notebook is a list of instructions written weeks ago. Combinations of buttons to press, commands to enter. You open two different terminals, enter a series of commands, watch lines of text you don't understand flicker past your eyes. Eventually, when prompted by your instructions, you take a USB drive from your pocket and gently push it into the slot in the machine.

The screen goes black as the computer thinks about what it needs to do. A long, tense moment passes.

The file for SCP-3984 lights up the room as the page loads, dark red header contrasting against the bright white background, burning your eyes that have grown used to the darkness. You wince, and blink, and wait for your eyes to adjust.

You breathe a sigh of relief, relief that the instructions you were given worked, but it's a feeling that you cut short. You're here to solve a mystery that you've lived with your entire life, a mystery that no-one else seems to want to solve or even acknowledge, a mystery that's been around for twenty-four years. And you hope — you have to hope — that this file will hold at least some answers. It's the only place left to look.

The file begins with a note from one of the researchers. Reading from the top seems like a good way to start.

You don't need to rush. You have all the time in the world.

> **Notice to all personnel**
>
> ΩK is a thing. It's happened. We all have to live with it now.
>
> Despite speculation — no matter how prevalent said

> speculation is — we do not know for sure whether or not we caused ΩK, whether any of our SCPs caused it, or whether any of them can fix it. We do not know whether it is related to the Foundation at all.
>
> What we do know is that it now defines our lives.
>
> The SCP Foundation does not destroy anomalies, it contains them. That is our purpose. ΩK is an anomaly and we will contain it. We will not end it, we will not "put things back" as certain individuals are asking. That is not our purpose, this is not our battle. However, we will contain it, or at least try to.
>
> So if any of you are expecting my research team to come up with some magical solution to end ΩK, stop expecting that. We will treat the symptoms, but not cure the disease.
>
> ΩK is here and it's not going away, so grow up and move on. You are professionals — act like it. It's not like this is going to kill you.
>
> — Dr. Emily Young

Dr. Emily Young. A name you know *very* well, a name you've been trying to avoid for the past twenty years, a name that you completely expected to see.

And here, it's a name who's telling her researchers not to look into the origin of the crisis. Instead, she wants to focus on the symptoms?

You met Young last year, and suffice it to say that she is of very little use for research purposes. You'll get no benefit from talking to her. This document really is the last place you can look.

SCP-3984

`End of Death Hub` » SCP-3984

Item #: SCP-3984

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-3984 revolves around inducing death in affected animals. As this is not currently possible, SCP-3984 can be considered uncontained. Research efforts must be directed into the development of alternative methods of inducing death.

Research into reversing the effects of ΩK, or its origin, is prohibited.

Prohibited? That doesn't make sense. Why would the Foundation want to actively restrict research?

It must have been Young who enforced this rule. But why?

Description: SCP-3984 refers to a phenomenon in which any living organisms in the kingdom *Animalia* under Cavalier-Smith taxonomy[1], including humans, are unable to die.

Currently, all known lifeforms in the kingdom *Animalia* are under the effects of SCP-3984. This satisfies the criterion for an ΩK "End of Death" scenario.

The source or origin of the prevalence of SCP-3984 as such is referred to as "ΩK". The exact nature of ΩK is currently under debate. This document pertains only to SCP-3984 and its effects, not its origin.

ΩK occurred on 2020-09-12 at approximately 14:02 GMT, a time which has been derived from the last globally recorded human death. Since that time, SCP-3984 has been present in every living creature thus tested. As a result, mortality rates have dropped to zero.

SCP-3984 appears to only extend to the ability to die. SCP-3984 does not grant a healing effect, does not prevent aging, does not prevent conception or pregnancy, and does not prevent subjects from sustaining injury.

In the long term, SCP-3984 presents a major threat to societal structure as the population is expected to expand exponentially. Current models estimate that overpopulation would begin to lead to

excessive scarcity to the point of widespread starvation in the early 2040s. Additionally, while population growth is a considerable concern for humans in the long term, a much larger short-term concern is presented by animals with r-selected evolutionary strategies[2].

Worldwide efforts should be focused on generating sufficient resources for the planet to be able to cope with the increased population. Talks with governments around the world to determine strategies for managing population growth, for both humans and animals, is underway. Foundation efforts should be focused on the development of alternative and/or artificial solutions to replace death.

The extent to which SCP-3984 constitutes 'conventional' immortality[3] is the subject of ongoing research, which is led by Dr. Young as per request. Experimental logs and a theory on the mechanism of SCP-3984 is presented below.

> **Experiment Log 01**
>
> **Date:** 2020-09-14
> **Experimenter:** Dr. Emily Young
> **Subject:** D-1190
>
> **Procedure:** D-1190 was asphyxiated by manual strangulation from D-9981.
>
> **Results:** D-1190 struggled initially but stopped resisting after several minutes of strangulation. D-9981 was told to maintain grip for a further ten minutes. D-1190 recovered shortly afterwards with no lasting damage.

> **Experiment Log 02**
>
> **Date:** 2020-09-14
> **Experimenter:** Dr. Emily Young
> **Subject:** D-6812
>
> **Procedure:** D-6812 was asphyxiated by D-9981 tying a belt around his neck.

Results: D-6812 initially resisted asphyxiation despite instructions otherwise, but stopped after several minutes of strangulation. D-9981 was told to keep the belt in position for a further ten minutes. D-6812 recovered with mild but permanent damage to several muscular ligaments in his neck.

D-6812 was admitted to the Site-06 medical ward but did not make any further recovery.

Experiment Log 03

Date: 2020-09-15
Experimenter: Dr. Emily Young
Subject: D-1190

Procedure: D-1190 was placed in a vacuum-sealed chamber from which the air was ventilated.

Results: D-1190 began to asphyxiate several minutes into the test, visibly struggling for air, and collapsed against the wall of the chamber after less than a minute, remaining conscious. Subject was left overnight, after which air was released back into the chamber. D-1190 was admitted to the Site-06 medical ward with acute cerebral hypoxia and burst blood vessels in the eyes. Subject physically recovered within three days but remained in a vegetative state for several weeks. Upon awakening, D-1190 displayed symptoms of permanently-impaired motor and speech skills as well as widespread paralysis.

2020-11-02: One month after waking up, D-1190 has not shown any signs of further recovery. It appears that the anomalous nature of the healing effect extends only to fatal injuries or ailments. D-1190 remains effectively useless as D-Class. Under usual circumstances, I'd recommend termination. - Dr. Emily Young

Experiment Log 04

Date: 2020-09-17
Experimenter: Dr. Emily Young
Subject: D-8833

Procedure: D-8833 had cuts made on her wrists and ankles and over the course of 6 hours was drained of an estimated 80% of her blood. Removed blood was retained and re-introduced to the body the following day via intravenous drip.

Results: In much the same manner as the previous experiment, D-8833 was successfully 'resurrected' but has suffered injuries consistent with prolonged loss of oxygen to the brain. In this instance, symptoms included loss of sensation in the left half of the body and loss of understanding of any subject more complex than naming animals. Note that D-8833 remained conscious despite not having a significant volume of blood.

The logs continue in much the same fashion, with some unfortunate D-Class being exposed to something that would normally kill them. Poison, starvation, explosion, whatever. You scroll down, looking for one in particular. The old scrollwheel clicks loudly, twenty times with each movement of your finger, a series of loud clicks that echo through the silence of the library. You stop at Experiment 10.

Experiment Log 10

Date: 2020-10-11
Experimenter: Dr. Emily Young
Subject: D-11424

Procedure: D-11424 was decapitated with a steel-bladed guillotine.

Results: Head was cleanly removed. D-11424 remained conscious during and after the operation. Efforts were made to breathe, which failed, and D-11424 began to show signs of suffocation and significant blood loss. Although D-11424 was admitted to the Site-06 medical ward, the injury was deemed "irreparable". Both head

and body were placed into cold storage.

You smile, lifting your hand to touch the raised scar that forms a ring around your neck and the tiny bumps from age-old stitches. Irreparable.

You keep scrolling.

Experiment Log 20

Date: 2025-11-05
Experimenter: Dr. Emily Young
Subject: D-10273

Procedure: One round from a standard-issue security handgun was fired into the forehead of D-10273 by Dr. Young.

Results: Subject sustained major head injury was admitted to Site-06 medical ward with severe brain damage and blood loss.

2025-12-28: After almost two months under medical care, D-10273 has made a full recovery, albeit with major memory loss of both recent and earlier history. Subject remembers basic skills such as how to eat and speak but does not recall any personal details.

Experiment Log 21

Date: 2025-12-31
Experimenter: Dr. Emily Young (stand-in: Dr. Joyce Michaels)
Subject: Dr. Emily Young

Procedure: Dr. Young self-administered a single bullet to the head from a security handgun in much the same manner as the previous test.

Results: Subject sustained major head injury and was admitted to Site-06 medical ward. Bullet had pierced the temporal lobe, frontal lobe and brainstem, the latter of

which appears to have disconnected Dr. Young's brain from her body. She is unable to communicate or perform any motor functions.

Note: As Dr. Young is incapable of performing further research, she has been removed from the SCP-3984 research team. She will undergo a psychological review pending on her recovery. In the meantime, I will be assuming control of research. - *Dr. Joyce Michaels*

Note: *Dr. Young has neglected to maintain a log of specific research intentions for each experiment. Despite this, we have been able to narrow down the source of the immortality to the brain. Subsequent experiments should focus on this — we can consider the rest of the body to be mortal. - Dr. Michaels*

Michaels isn't wrong. You've seen someone in a car crash, their body mangled beyond recognition, limbs in places they shouldn't be and blood everywhere that they should, but that should-be corpse still found the energy to call for help, to scream in pain. You don't imagine they ever stopped.

You remember meeting Young last year. She hasn't changed much since this experiment. You couldn't tell whether or not she was happy to see you.

Experiment Log 22

Date: 2026-02-02
Experimenter: Dr. Joyce Michaels
Subject: D-373A, a male *Macaca mulatta* or Rhesus macaque

Purpose: To confirm or deny the above assumption.

Procedure: D-373A was given a standard lethal injection dose[4].

Results: Primary injection was unable to cause D-373A to become unconscious; however it vocalisations became slower and panic-like symptoms were noted.

Secondary injection saw widespread muscular relaxation and induced breathing difficulty. Tertiary injection quickly induced cardiac arrest, through which D-373A remained conscious and visibly panicked throughout despite severe muscular relaxation.

After 12 hours, when the administered drugs were deemed dispersed enough to longer pose a significant effect, D-373A was admitted to the Site-06 medical ward with acute cerebral hypoxia from the lack of blood flow. Note that D-373A remained conscious throughout the experiment.

2026-02-25: With medical attention from Site-06, D-373A has made a full recovery with no permanent side effects.

Note: It is interesting to observe that sedation was unable to induce unconsciousness in the subject. It might be not that the brain is immortal, but that it is impossible to cause one to become unconscious. - *Dr. Joyce Michaels*

Experiment Log 23

Date: 2026-02-07
Experimenter: Dr. Joyce Michaels
Subject: D-374A, a female *Macaca mulatta* or Rhesus macaque

Purpose: To confirm or deny the above assumption: that it is not possible to cause the brain to become unconscious.

Procedure: Over the course of 5 days, D-374A was injected with:

- A mild sedative
- A strong sedative
- A mild local anaesthetic
- A mild general anaesthetic
- Class C amnestics

Results: D-374A responded positively to the mild sedative (dosage was insufficient to cause sleep), local and general anaesthetic and amnestics. D-374A had no response to the strong sedative — in fact no effect of the sedative was observed, despite the weak sedative showing a positive drowsiness response.

Note: Sedation, at least to the point of unconsciousness, is not an option for future experiments. This supports the above assumption. - *Dr. Joyce Michaels*

Experiment Log 24

Date: 2026-02-19
Experimenter: Dr. Joyce Michaels
Subject: D-390A, a female *Macaca mulatta* or Rhesus macaque

Purpose: To establish if the effects of SCP-3984 hold even when the brain no longer conventionally exists.

Procedure: After being restrained, the skull of D-390A was surgically opened from the top down to the neck. Connection to the spinal column was severed and the brain was removed. As damage to neurons and other brain cells are not at risk, the brain was separated into individual cells through a combination of chemical disaggregation and mechanical trituration (with a blender). Individual brain cells were then suspended in a saline solution.

The resulting mixture, referred to as Solution-3984-24, was placed through a series of tests to determine its electrical activity.

Results: Electrical signals persisted throughout the brain cells suspended in solution as would be expected for a healthy human brain, leading to the conclusion that D-390A affects the individual cells of the brain itself. Despite this, it was not possible to determine whether or not D-390A remained "conscious", as an MRI scan was

inconclusive on account of the not-brain-shaped nature of the solution and randomisation of cell locations. Samples of Solution-3984-24 are available upon request.

You've seen enough test logs. None of them contain the information you're looking for. You know that at some point there'll be one where they reconnect D-11424's severed head, but beyond that, none of them interest you.

You scroll right down to the bottom of the page.

Summary of research: Through research orchestrated by Dr. Young and Dr. Michaels, overall, SCP-3984 can be characterised by an inability for the brain to become unconscious. The current theory proposes that SCP-3984 does not represent immortality as such, but rather an inability for the brain to lose function. The amount of function is not retained so long as the brain itself remains operable (see Experiment 03).

+ LEVEL 5/DAMMERUNG RESTRICTED

Just as you were thinking that this document clearly isn't going to get into whatever caused ΩK, and just as you were about the take out the USB and shut down this whole operation, you spot that little notch in the file. That little breadcrumb of encryption. Something that needs Level 5 access in order to be seen.

There's more to this document. You knew it right from the start. So you'd been looking in the right place all along. It's a link to some other document, called Project Dammerung, and it needs Level 5 access.

If it explains why Young was the lead researcher for this, why she spent so long testing on humans without rhyme or reason, why research into ΩK is forbidden… then you need to know about it. That will be where the answers are.

You don't have Level 5 access, though. You're not sure what level access your hack is giving you. All you know

is that it cost you dearly.

Still, you do what you can. You flip through your reams of instructions, trying line after line, trying to work out how to make the database think you have Level 5 access.

Of course, you can't. It was hard enough to hack into the Foundation database alone — to do that, *and* pretend to be an O5? Impossible.

You did your research: the closest Site to this library is Site-61, and it's a six-hour drive away. But not all of the Sites are found out about so easily. Site-03-M is twenty minutes away. This library seemed like the perfect place to break into their systems. It was actually one of the worst.

You're suddenly aware of a light. Is it daytime? You look to the windows. No, it's pitch black outside. The moon? No, not tonight.

The computer screen illuminates your face and you're suddenly keenly, acutely aware that you are the most visible object in the room. You hear something stirring in the darkness.

You take the USB drive out of its slot and the document disappears, taking an instant longer for its brightness to fade from your eyes. In response, your terminals execute commands you programmed earlier, firing a volley of signals in a futile attempt to mask your location and then shutting down the system altogether. But none of that matters. They're already here.

No longer blinded by your screen the rest of the library is more visible. There are shapes all around you. Soldiers. Clad in black. Guns raised. Pointed at you. Six of them — eight, no, twelve — more than you can count. Slowly advancing.

You drop down and crouch behind the librarian's desk,

under the computer monitor, with your back pressed against the front wooden panel. A single shot rings out, tearing through the silence. You're aware of splinters of wood flying as the bullet tears through the desk. Something shoots out of your chest, right in the middle. It leaves a gaping red hole behind it.

The black figures come around the back of the librarian's desk from both sides. You can see the whites of their Foundation badges, but the whites of their eyes are hidden behind black visors. They encroach, closer and closer.

With them swarming around you, it's now that you wish you could die.

In the Clutches of Life

End of Death

ΩK

Footnotes
1. The kingdomAnimaliaunder Cavalier-Smith taxonomy includes all animals but not bacteria, fungi, algae or plants.
2. Animals living in unstable environments are generally characterised by an r-selected evolutionary strategy, which consists of producing many cheap offspring of which few are expected to survive. Compare to K-selected evolutionary strategy, which consists of producing a single more expensive offspring which is expected to survive for the maximum lifespan of its species.
3. For example, does it prevent aging and injury, is there a healing factor, does it simply remove an assailant's ability to kill?
4. A standard lethal injection dose consists of injections with the following substances with 3-minute gaps between injections:5g sodium thiopental (to induce unconsciousness)100mg pancuronium bromide (to stop breathing)3.9g potassium chloride (to stop the heart)

SCP-3985: Focus of a Regulatory Dispute

Item #: SCP-3985

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Site-262 is to be constructed for containment of SCP-3985. All non-aerial avenues of ingress are to be obstructed or destroyed following the completion of construction, after which all records containing the exact location of Site-262 are to be removed from Foundation systems. Site-262 is to operate permanently at alert level 9.[1]

A sensory deprivation chamber is to be maintained within Site-262 for the continuous containment of SCP-3985 via immobilization harness. The harness is to be fitted with feeds for intravenous drug administration, nutrition provision, and waste disposal. A record is to be maintained of all changes in the appearance of SCP-3985 and all intelligible vocalizations made by it.

In the event that SCP-3985 vocalizes more frequently than a total of ten minutes per 24 hours or refers to itself in the first person, Protocol COMMANDMENT NOON is to be executed. In the event that COMMANDMENT NOON fails to achieve desired results, the Overseer Council is to be immediately notified through secure communication channels.

Description: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum 3985-A (Notable Static Features of SCP-3985):

- Cellulose mass integrated into intestinal tract. Origin and function unknown.
- Functional nictitating membrane in both ocular systems.
- Apparently vestigial fifth heart chamber.
- Microfractures throughout the skeletal structure. Likely a result of physical violence.

- Large accumulations of scar tissues across torso and limbs. Likely a result of physical violence.
- Absence of smallest two fingers on left hand. Damage likely inflicted by human teeth.

Addendum 3985-B (Protocol COMMANDMENT NOON):

[OPEN ADDENDUM]

Protocol Overview:

Protocol COMMANDMENT NOON was designed primarily to maintain SCP-3985's null-personality state in an efficient and reliable manner. It was secondarily designed to not rely on traditional amnestics given the resistance SCP-3985 developed in the course of previous containment procedures. The procedure entails a significant amount of psychic distress for the subject as a result of alternative amnestic techniques. Given the state of the subject following success of the procedure, this was considered to be an acceptable consequence over the course of development.

Procedure Sequence:

Exact details held at Site-262.

Result Measurements:

Exact details held at Site-262.

Overseer credentials accepted.

Showing additional files flagged as related to SCP-3985…

Partial Communication Record (May 18, 2066):

[OPEN RECORD]

TO: Overseer Council
FROM: Board of the Ethics Committee
SUBJECT: Official Complaint Regarding the Obfuscation of SCP-3985

For consideration by the Overseer Council,

The Ethics Committee has always recognized the fact that some information will not be made available for review. Exceptions to our mandate have been permitted in the effort to contain information that is innately hazardous, contagious, or otherwise detrimental to humanity at large. This ceding of authority in the field of containment procedures has only ever been taken with care and consideration, and the significance of it should not be understated.

In the case of SCP-3985, no opportunity has been provided for the Ethics Committee to consider the implications of voluntary disengagement from standard procedures. Critical portions of SCP-3985 documentation have yet to be made available despite repeated requests, a state of affairs in direct violation of Foundation tradition and bylaw. This situation must not be allowed to continue for the sake of healthy internal relations and continued ethical operation of the Foundation.

As a result, the following steps must be taken:

- The full body of SCP-3985 documentation must be provided to the Ethics Committee. All records involving Protocol COMMANDMENT NOON must be further provided.
- Access to Site-262 must be made

available for Ethics Committee inspectors.
- A review of all currently contained anomalies must be carried out to determine if similar lapses of reporting have taken place.
- All responsible individuals must be censured immediately.

Failure to carry out these actions will severely impair the ability of the Ethics Committee to ensure that all Foundation activity is compliant with its moral standards. It will further impair our ability to engage constructively with members of the Overseer Council in any future matters.

Signed,

Chairwoman Elif Sakarya

TO: Chairwoman Elif Sakarya
FROM: Overseer-3
SUBJECT: Re: Official Complaint Regarding the Obfuscation of SCP-3985

Chairwoman Sakarya,

The Ethics Committee's request was reviewed by today's partial meeting of the Overseer Council. It was determined following careful consideration that we will not comment in any capacity on actions undertaken in pursuance of 4 F.U.L. § 110. Any inconvenience suffered by the Ethics Committee is regrettable, but this course of action is necessary in accordance with the broader needs of the Foundation.

The Overseer Council is confident that the

Ethics Committee in particular will understand that what is necessary is often unpleasant, and we have faith that you will bear this dutifully along with your other crosses.

Further information requests should be made through standard channels.

TO: Overseer Council
FROM: Board of the Ethics Committee
SUBJECT: Official Complaint Regarding Overseer Council Behavior

For consideration by the Overseer Council,

The necessity of firm leadership over the Foundation's trilateral mission has never been in question. Recent actions by members of the Overseer Council have given the Board of the Ethics Committee reason to wonder if the current leaders of the Foundation have passed beyond the point of firmness and taken it upon themselves to rule rather than direct. In the long term, a pattern of such behavior would be certain to lower the standing of the Council and decrease the efficiency of all functions it oversees. A comprehensive record will be provided to validate this assertion.

Given this behavior, the Board of the Ethics Committee recommends that the following steps be taken to reestablish the standing of the Overseer Council and ensure that no further undesirable actions are taken by its members:

- Membership of the Overseer Council should be expanded to include a broader range of experiences and viewpoints. At least 13 additional

members should be appointed on a provisional basis as soon as is possible under standard procedures.
- At least one member of this expanded body should be an active member of the Ethics Committee.
- A broader effort should be made to describe the activities of the Overseer Council and the rationale supporting them.

Only by ensuring that the Overseer Council does not cement itself as a group of tyrants can the longevity and productivity of the Foundation as a whole be maintained. It is the hope of the Board of the Ethics Committee that individuals on the Council will be able to acknowledge this truth, and will place our collective mission above their personal interests.

Signed,

Chairwoman Elif Sakarya

TO: Chairwoman Elif Sakarya
FROM: Overseer-3
SUBJECT: Re: Official Complaint Regarding Overseer Council Behavior

Chairwoman Sakarya,

The Overseer Council is disinterested in discussing this topic. We are similarly disinterested in your attempts to force our hand to action. There is more important work to be done. Tend to your own garden, as you have in the past, and we will tend to ours.

Please refrain from wasting Foundation resources in this manner.

FORESIGHT-21 Predictive Analysis Memo 1625 (May 21, 2066):

[OPEN DOCUMENT]

TO: MTF Alpha-1 OPCOM, Overseer Council
FROM: FORESIGHT-21 Advanced Threat Analysis Divison
SUBJECT: Internal Security/Ethics Committee: Possible Imminent Action Against O5 Assets

FORESIGHT-21 has been tasked by MTF Alpha-1 OPCOM to examine recent Ethics Committee activity in light of communication that took place on May 18th between O5-3 and the sitting Chairwoman of the Ethics Committee.

We assess with a high degree of confidence, based on a large body of SIGINT and IMINT, that Ethics Committee leadership will mobilize MTF Zeta-1[2] to carry out hostile action against the Overseer Council within 72 hours. We further assess with a moderate degree of confidence that this action will precede wider action across Foundation elements dissatisfied with current leadership or desiring significant policy change.

Frequency and magnitude of electronic communication between Ethics Committee Chairwoman Sakarya and Zeta-1 OPCOM have surpassed previously observed peaks since the date of the incident in question. Sakarya's psychological profile indicates an inclination to unilateral action in response to apparent persecution, as well as strong convictions regarding the institutional norms of the Ethics Committee. The loyalties of Zeta-1

leadership have been notably aligned toward her person in recent years. Sakarya has proven willing to escalate departmental conflict to achieve short-term objectives during reconciliation negotiations[3] and likely remains confident that tensions can be managed once she has secured an advantageous position.

Increased activity by Zeta-1 component teams has been noted in Site-06, Site-17, and Site-88 despite the lack of an immediate threat to those sites. Multiple component teams have failed to file scheduled field reports, and tracking signals appear to be undergoing ongoing disruption. All active elements of Zeta-1 possess considerable aptitude in a variety of conventional policing and military operations.

Full report has been attached.

Supplementary Material for Emergency Briefing (May 23, 2066):

[OPEN DOCUMENT]

Time	Event Description
0551	Convoy transporting O5-3 ambushed en route to secure holding location. O5-3 presumed deceased.
0553	Aircraft carrying O5-8 disappears in flight over Pacific Ocean. Transponder and assorted tracking devices are non-responsive. O5-8 presumed deceased.
0554	Gunfire reported at Site-01. Communications terminated following automated

0556	emergency broadcast. All Foundation facilities placed on alert level 4.
0558	Loss of contact with O5-2 and O5-4 at secure holding location. O5-2 and O5-4 status unknown. Active firefights reported at several sites between security forces and unknown assailants. Contingency procedures activated at Site-01.
0559	Declaration of intent released by Ethics Committee through official Foundation communications channels. Text of declaration delivered to all Foundation personnel via email.
0601	Public statements made by Site-17 and Site-88 Directors in support of Ethics Committee action.
0604	Emergency notice released stating Ethics Committee declaration to contain infohazardous material. All Foundation facilities placed on alert level 6.
0607	Cessation of conflict at Site-01. No successful capture of enemy combatants.
0609	SRBM strike issued against Ethics Committee main office complex. Complex destroyed within 95% margin.

0620	MTF Alpha-1 strike team terminates Chairwoman Sakarya. Nature as body double not immediately apparent.
0625	O5-1 activates panic button in Site-01 office. O5-1 presumed deceased.
0629	Site-113 contingency warhead detonated. Context unclear.
0631	Contingency warheads at Site-74, Site-141, and Site-199 detonated. Context unclear.
0636	O5-10, O5-12, and O5-13 make collective announcement of abdication. O5-10, O5-12, and O5-13 status unknown.
0651	Chairwoman Sakarya announces the establishment of a new Overseer Council by invocation of the empty chairs clause. New body supported by large portions of upper Foundation management (likely between 55-70%.)
0700	All Foundation sites placed at alert level 9. Internal security forces enact lockdown procedures. Multiple site directors apprehended.
0714	Containment breach at Site-33. Relationship to ongoing crisis unknown.
0720	Contact lost with O5-7

	security team. MASINT indicates continued operations of security elements outside of authorized area. O5-7 presumed deceased.
0724	Critical containment breach at Site-85. Relationship to ongoing crisis unknown.
0730	Incident involving Site-106 internal security culminating in the death of 26 research personnel.
0739	Incident involving Site-106 internal security culminating in the death of 34 administrative personnel and 6 security personnel.
0750	Explosion of unknown origin destroys Alpha-1 Central HQ. Alpha-1 OPCOM confirmed dead. Command falls to Alpha-1 ECICOM.
0801	Acting Alpha-1 OPCOM acknowledges legitimacy of new Overseer Council. Orders apprehension of all members of former Council iteration. Former O5-5, O5-6, O5-9, and O5-11 are successfully captured.
0900	Lockdown procedures ended. Contact reestablished with regional governments to address geopolitical instability caused by day's events.

Timeline has been condensed and summarized. Additional details are available in appended

documentation.

Proposed Revisions to SCP-3985 Documentation:

[OPEN DOCUMENT]

The following text has been proposed to replace the expunged description of SCP-3985:

> SCP-3985 is the collective designation of fourteen humanoids who vary in terms of age, sex, and ethnicity. Additional information on SCP-3985 is available in Site-262 archives.

Partial Communication Record (August 19, 2072):

[OPEN RECORD]

TO: Overseer Council
FROM: Board of the Ethics Committee
SUBJECT: Official Request for Inspection of Site-262

> For the attention of the Overseer Council,
>
> The Board of the Ethics Committee has been made aware that critical information is absent from the documentation of SCP-3985, and that no inspectors have had the opportunity to examine regulation compliance at Site-262. We are confident that you share our eagerness to certify all Foundation sites as operating ethically.
>
> Unfortunately, the 2071 Review of Contained Anomalies cannot be completed without direct examination of all humanoid containment facilities, and so we must request permission for Ethics Committee inspectors to access all related documentation and facilities. We assure you that this will be done with the utmost speed and discretion so as to not disrupt the important work of site personnel.

Respectfully yours,

Chairman Ian McMillan

TO: Chairman Ian McMillan
FROM: Overseer-1
SUBJECT: Re: Official Request for Inspection of Site-262

McMillan,

Your request is denied.

–Sakarya

Footnotes
1. Alert level 9 requires the immediate termination of trespassing individuals regardless of awareness or apparent affiliation.
2. Supplementary force assigned directly to Ethics Committee following the events of the 2031 Facade Slip.
3. See HINDSIGHT-20 Report on 2064 Budgetary Crisis and related damages.

SCP-3986: The Observatory of Genghis Khan

Item #: SCP-3986

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Mobile Task Force Chi-99 "Ancestral Voices Prophesying War", has been established to locate SCP-3986. The area of search has been narrowed down to Mongolia, Xinjiang, Kazakhstan and parts of southern Russia. Chi-99 is employing a number of unconventional methods of detection, including extensive use of Hume detection, neutrino cannon, and large-scale interviews with locals.

Any extant copies of the *Altan Debter*, *A Description of the Mongolian Peoples*, *Divan-e Afshar*, *Recitations of Lakshmi Rao*, *The Construction of Xanadu* and *Voyages in Russia and Turkestan* discovered are to be acquired by the Foundation immediately.

Description: SCP-3986 refers to a hypothetically extant mountain, with an unknown location somewhere in Inner Asia. SCP-3986's existence is not confirmed and is conjectured from a small number of textual sources ranging from the 13th to the 20th century. Despite some deviances and apparently not drawing upon one another, these sources all describe a remarkably consistent landscape with several apparently anomalous attributes.

The sources agree that SCP-3986 is in the centre of a flat steppe, highly visible due to the lack of surrounding elevation. The mountain's size is difficult to ascertain, but is uniformly described as being coloured like cobalt or having cobalt stairs. These stairs have been cut into the side of the mountain, winding around its circumference several times and providing a path from the ground to the peak. At the top of the mountain is a large observatory; here, the sources are inconsistent, each describing the observatory as if it belonged to their period and culture.

The only consistent points of observation concerning the observatory are the presence of a large number of multinational inhabitants, and the presence of a large central courtyard of the complex, in the centre of which is the body of the Mongol emperor Genghis Khan. The body is located in a grave, covered in a sheet of glass; the type and colour of this glass vary according to the observer. The body is reportedly in a state of perfect preservation.

Despite its hypothetical state, the testimony of Foundation operative John Callaghan in conjunction with the earlier reports has been deemed sufficient to provide SCP-3986 with a designation in the Foundation database. On six occasions prior to Dr. Nicholas Cartwright's death in 1999, petitions were filed to reclassify it as an explained item; these requests were all denied. The evidence gathered at the time of Dr. Cartwright's death have led to a moratorium on petitions for an explained status, although this may be subject to change at a later date.

The relevant extracts from the six sources describing SCP-3986 are below, translated into English when appropriate.

> +Altan Debter
>
> This is the official state history of the Mongols, extensively drawn upon by Rashid al-Din Hamadani and the Chinese chronicles. Previously believed to be lost, or possibly not a single chronicle at all, several 16th-century copies were discovered in an archive in Hohhot. The syntax and language all appear to indicate a genuine copy, although it is believed that there are several interpolations throughout the work; this includes paragraph 989 in the transcript below. The manuscripts have since been seized by the Foundation and the discovery suppressed. A possible reference to Lakhshmi Rao exists in the first section. The paragraph number is indicated in the transcript below. Translated from classical Mongolian.
>
> > 986. And the heavenly-ordained armies grew tired of their **`wandering`**, and sought an end to their travels. So they sought an audience

with a city-dwelling sage, called Rao, and he told them of a mountain, framed in gold and [cobalt?]; and atop it lies an empty plain.

987. And the armies went to the mountain, and found it inhabited; so they went away, and then returned, and it was not yet inhabited;

988. And the armies climbed the steps, which were made of gold and [cobalt?]; and they marvelled at them, for they knew not who had built them. And they climbed the steps, and said, here is where we shall bury the heavenly Khan. And so they placed his body inside the earth.

989. And the armies made a sheet of glass, to change with the wind; and they placed the Khan inside it, and sunk it into the plain. And they placed with him his favourite slaves, his weapons, and the body of the noble Khatun Borte. And they cried up, O eternal heaven, here we shall make it so his body gazes upon you, so his spirit shall leave, and pass through the glass as if through twin flames, and it shall reach and mingle with you.

990. And they mounted their horses and rode upon the flat plain and the mountain, and covered it, so that nobody could find it again.

+A Description of the Mongolian Peoples

A late 14th century work by the Andalusian ethnographer Abu al-Aziz al-Shams Muhammad Ibn Ubayd. Ibn Ubayd's work is largely drawn from the descriptions of Mahmud al-Kashgari and Rashid al-Din Hamadani, and although known it was of little scholarly note. An article on its deviations from its apparent source texts by the American historian of Andalusian literature Dr. Philippa Castle apparently referenced SCP-3986, and thus

brought the work to the attention of the Foundation. Translated from Classical Arabic.

> And the tribe of the KIPCHAK lives to the north of the Oxus; and they are a warlike people, skilled in the hunt and with many legends.
>
> And the tribe of the KALMYK lives to the north of the Oxus; and they are a warlike people, in the manner of the KIPCHAK.
>
> And the tribe of the OBSERVERS lives to the east of the Caspian; and they are a tribe of many nations, who live at the foot of the mountain; and they stare at the stars, having constructed a great observatory in the Andalusian style.
>
> And this tribe has a sheet of coloured glass, and beneath it lies that warlike prophet, Chingiz Khan[1]. And his body does not decay; for it was placed here by means of a pact with the OBSERVERS, who are the children of many races, and who did not wish to be killed by the armies of TOLUI; and they placed the body where all could see and remember it; and by strange dark magics the OBSERVERS preserve it; and the armies of TOLUI went away again;
>
> And the tribe of the KIRGHIZ lives to the north of the Oxus; and they are a warlike people, in the manner of the KIPCHAK and KALMYK.

+Divan-e Afshar

A collection of poetry by the 15th century Persian poet Shams al-Din Afshar Shirazi, a member of the Timurid court. Although reported by numerous sources as being of high quality, the *Divan* has been entirely lost except for a translation by the 19th century British orientalist and

Foundation operative John Callaghan. This translation is extremely loose, and it is believed that Callaghan embellished or invented many details; he is not believed to have come into contact with any other sources discussing SCP-3986, however.

> And on the mount of Ofstrato, upon the Onon's shore,
>
> A stately pleasure-dome, atop the rocky moors,
>
> With tiles of cobalt blue stand the watchers of the night,
>
> The tunnel all refracted, the threshold framed starlight[2]
>
> And in their halls there walks a folk of learning and of love,
>
> Whose hearts are pure-white as if the feathers of the dove,
>
> Ply the secrets of the stars that twinkle in the dark,
>
> And smile and write on arcane pages only sages hark.

+Recitations of Lakshmi Rao

A work by an unknown Hindu author from the mid-16th century, this work records the sayings of the Yogi mystic Lakshmi Rao. A number of manuscripts, each with minor variations, were in circulation across the early modern period. Translated from Hindavi.

> And on the eighth day, the Venerable Sage came to us, and asked us why we die.
>
> And the *brahma* among us told him many

things; that the body was like the worn-off clothes of the *atman*, and that it must be exchanged many times;

And that the *atman* would be purified further and further, until it can rest.

And the Venerable Sage smiled, and nodded, and approved; and the *brahma* among us were mollified.

But then the Venerable Sage offered an alternative notion. He spoke of Genghis Khan, who had died in order to build Bedhashaala, also called Rasadkhane-ye Moghul, also called Shangri-La.

And the *brahma* among us protested; there was no such place, they said; there was not even a legend of such a place;

And the Venerable Sage merely laughed, and said, this is the sacrifice of death; all that you are slides into oblivion, and nought can recall what you have given.

For even the form, or the name, or the idea of a place is nothing but idle words or frail memory to those who are left behind. And Genghis Khan, who sought an elixir of eternal life but accepted its non-existence, was able to accept this.

And thus, for no reason beyond his own desire to patronise scholars, he gave his body as a seed, and around it grew a beautiful observatory;

And people from all nations arrived there; and recognising the glory of our country, raised up walls not of Mongol furs or Muslim stone, but

of red Patna; and it shines with the fire of the sun.

And thus there was no empire left in the soul of Genghis Khan, and he was at last at rest.

And the *brahma* among us agreed, and hailed the Venerable Sage.

+The Construction of Xanadu

A novel by the 17th century Chinese novelist Li Yujian, a bureaucrat in the service of the Ming dynasty who fell into poverty following the Manchu conquest of the country. Li's account provides a narrative of Kublai Khan's construction of Xanadu, which he portrays as bankrupting the state and causing immense destruction. Unusual for a novel of this period is its sympathy for the Yuan dynasty and its portrayal of Kublai as a heroic (if flawed) protagonist. The passage in question comes towards the end of the novel, as Kublai's loyal servant Báichī asks him why he continues to embark upon a project he knows is doomed to fail.

And Báichī stood up at last, and looked at Kublai. "I do not understand," he said. "I know I am only a poor idiot, but I cannot see the reason. All around you rage the fires, and Xanadu is burning, and still you will not give it up."

And Kublai turned towards him, and Báichī saw how his face, within the firelight, no longer looked like flesh, but like stone. Indeed, it reminded him of a statue he had seen, in his youth; one weathered and beaten with age, but still carved to make the watcher remember the divine glory of its emperor.

And Kublai said, "I cannot stop, noble Báichī, because to do so would be to abandon myself.

For all my palaces, for all my glory and my kingdom, for all the nations of the world who pay homage to me as no other emperor has achieved, I am still a Mongol, born to a Mongol king, who knows nothing but the hunt and the lust for gold that is common to all my kind."

"For in the west, in the far west, my grandfather lies, staring up at the sun and smiling. For he lies atop the tallest mountain, the only mountain in all the steppe, and above him lies the greatest testament to his power. For behold! The greatest minds of Po-Su and China are gathered in one place, amid a palace akin to the greatest emperor's; and there they have plumbed the depths of the universe. They have seen the rotation of the earth and the centrality of the sun; and through the glass all the stars pay homage to him, from the **screaming tyrant** to a **preacher of distant gods**; and on the ceiling of the universe he stands, forever, tall and proud, a monument forgotten yet necessary that no man can touch."

And Kublai looked down upon his burning castle, a mountain made of wood and stone, and he wept, and Báichī wept with him, for although he would never be an emperor or a sage he understood, having grown and played with emperors and tyrants, the desire to conquer that world still denied to them, that immortality through empire.

+Letter from Nikolai Karensky to Katerina Karensky

Nikolai Karensky was a Russian army officer sent as an envoy to the Dzungar Khanate in the early 18th century, where he died in March 1718. A great deal of correspondence survives between him and his sister, Katerina, which has since been seized by the

Foundation. Translated from Russian.

20th Feburary 1718, near Ghulja.

My dearest Katerina,

The weather here continues to be frightful. It has begun to snow, and these appalling Tatar tents are little protection against the elements. My guide, Mehmed, has told us that we are to stay put, on the Khan's orders. It is a shame; I had hoped to see Almaligh, the old capital of Moghulistan, but this is prohibited. It seems I shall return straight home to St. Petersburg with no diversions at all.

Still, it is only a small problem, because I came across the most wondrous sight recently while travelling with the Khan across the Tarim Basin, as I discussed with you in my previous letter. I became lost from the bulk of the rest of the group, and found myself wandering across unfamiliar pastureland. I was lost and with little food; but I saw before me a lone mountain, shaped so oddly I became convinced some structure had been built upon it.

I approached on my horse, and saw a series of steps carved into the mountainside. They shone with a brilliant cobalt, and I was quite taken aback at the beauty of their preservation. I ascended- by now desperate for water- and after what seemed like no time at all, I was atop the mountain.

And what a sight lay before me! It was as if I had stepped out of the savage nomad land I had been in only moments before and had instead entered a university in Russia. An Orthodox chapel lay at one end; a great plaza covered in stained glass, as if taken from

some Roman church; domes and white marble to rival the best found in Russia.

I presumed this place must have been some Russian colony of some kind, but I was mistaken; it was full of Persians, Chinese and Arabs, all wandering with telescopes and sheafs of papers under their arms and discussing high matters- astronomy, astrology, the rotation of the earth. Some were discussing the philosophy of empire, others the ethnography of the Kipchaks. One fellow, an Arab named Ibn Ubayd, gave me some water and food. When I asked him what this place was, he told me it was the observatory of Genghis Khan! I was very confused by what this meant, until he told me to look at the fine stained glass I had admired earlier.

Beneath it, Katerina, was a sight I had never thought to see; a perfectly preserved corpse of the conqueror himself. I had thought that he had died some way to the east of this, but it was clearly him- I knew it in my soul. I could feel his gaze upon me. I thought how strange it was, that a savage Tatar such as this should have made such a place. But then, I thought, perhaps he did not; perhaps this was an unwanted legacy. His eyes stared so horrifyingly at the sky.

Nobody would tell me anything about the place, and they sent me on with supplies some hours later. I could not find the place again, and found my people again shortly after. But oh, Kat, what a find! The tomb of Genghis Khan! I shall write up an account of this miracle as soon as I return home; my fellow travellers and students of history across the continent!

> Give my love to Alexander and the children- how they must have grown!- and remember me fondly in your prayers.
>
> Nikolai.

+Voyages in Russia and Turkestan

A travelogue-cum-report written by the British orientalist and Foundation operative John Callaghan and published in 1887. The portrayal of sensitive information within this work on other anomalous items (particularly SCP-3838 and what would eventually be revealed to be **SCP-3150**) led to Callaghan's lynching during the 1889 Snarling Coup, an important predecessor for the modern Foundation's development as a scientific institution.

> And upon this stretch of grassland lies a small mountain; approximately 400m tall, by my calculations. It contains a set of stairs carved into the side of the mountain, winding around it 10 times before reaching the top.
>
> Upon the top lies a small observatory. Of particular note is its adherence to modern standards, being remarkably similar to a number of similar institutes across the West; despite this, it is staffed and occupied chiefly by Orientals of various types. A disappointingly cliched set of texts are held within by its ignorant guards; some works on heliocentrism, they claim, existed prior to Copernicus, despite the clear impossibility of this. Still, there was a remarkable set of Persian poetry which I did not recognise; a great deal by Omar Khayyam and some previously unknown examples of Shams al-Din Afshar, who I had heretofore only encountered in catalogues and allusions.
>
> There is a clear anomalous presence here, what with the presence of modern buildings

and equipment within a less enlightened country. The inhabitants demonstrate a clear knowledge of modern instruments and techniques, but insist in writing in what I believe to be a variant of the Phags-Pa script of ancient Mongolia, despite its many unsuitabilities for scientific endeavour. They are cagy and inscrutable people, who seem unwilling or perhaps unable to give me any further information on the place.

There is one final thing of note- a plain sheet of clear glass in the centre of a small plaza, somewhere to the side, containing a perfectly preserved human body. Although obviously not the body of Genghis Khan, as the inhabitants claim, the clothes it is wearing do appear to be of particular antiquity and are very fine. I attempted to liberate a sample, but the glass could not be easily removed or broken and so I desisted.

Beyond this, Kazakhstan is a most desultory location for anomalous items. I intend to return to the Marketplace posthaste.

Addendum 1: On 09/12/1999, Dr. Nicholas Cartwright, project lead on SCP-3986 from 1969 to 1984, died in his sleep. A small note was left to the Foundation with contents pertaining to SCP-3986; a transcript is as follows.

+File

I remember- as a very young man- that my father told me about Callaghan, whom he had met. Reading the file again tonight, I recall the way my father discussed his manifold weaknesses, his rather closed mind- but also his open and generous spirit, his kindness to those less fortunate (or perhaps those he deemed less fortunate!), and his sudden

change of heart shortly before the Snarling Coup, when he disavowed a great part of his travelogue after finding something in the archives at Tabriz. Specifically, he claimed that SCP-3986 had been far more significant than he had previously thought- that it was indeed the grave of Genghis Khan, and that he would return there posthaste for a final discovery.

He wrote down what he found, but it was lost- some time, we think, during the Snarling Coup. And it was perhaps this which led us, for the longest time, to believe SCP-3986 affected by the **anafabula**. The seventh piece lost, a place apparently expunged from the world- it was not hard to conjure up a theory where Callaghan was a fantasist who had invented the observatory, following on from the many fictions of previous centuries- because, in keeping with the ideas about the conflation of myth and history in the 60s and 70s, we were disdainful of the observatory's existence. And so the observatory became a piece of myth, observed in various other works, and deleted from existence.

But this wasn't how the anafabula worked, and we should have recognised that. Indeed, I began to be troubled by how many of the authors already described the observatory as hidden or lost. I was the one- in the face of considerable opposition- who insisted on giving the observatory its own file, its own number, creating the project. But our searches turned up nothing, and for a time I thought that I had led the Foundation on a wild goose chase, some errant quest for my own personal fantasy.

But then I found it. For me, it appeared in

southern Russia, on a steppe that had once been Tatar but had become settled, Christian, modern. The grass- which some earlier observer would have seen as the hellish ground of northern savages, or the romantic freedom of the nomads, or some other such thing- was now mere grass, an explicable and unromantic thing, discussed in terms of economics or history or geography. It was explained; it was made modern.

And within that rose the steps of cobalt and a mountain of black stone. And I rose, giddy with excitement, my recording devices ready to snap all, hear all. Like any dutiful Foundation researcher- even one old and frail and withering, as I was- I wanted to bring it all back to my superiors, to advance the cause of knowledge.

So, I reached the top- and stopped. There was the observatory, one which resembled the technological marvels at the cutting edge of American science. There were its inhabitants, friendly, reticent, frightfully learned. And there was a sheet of- well, I know of no way to describe it other than "strange", as truthful and as flawed a description as all my predecessors.

I learnt nothing there. I asked desperately for that one burning question- "What did it all *mean*?"- but the inhabitants just looked at me oddly, quizzically. I was irrelevant to them. They were on the ceiling of the world, and had bigger concerns- their scholarship, the mapping of the heavens, the truth of the cosmos.

But like the good researcher that I was, I needed to know. How did this place exist?

Why was it here? What had caused the conqueror of the world and his companions to set him here, to build-or occupy- this observatory? Why would anyone live here? Where did they get their food?

And so I went to the glass, and looked into the Khan's eyes, staring up at the sky, and I laughed. Because it doesn't matter. This place had a meaning, or meanings. In the darkness of the world, in the mysteries of its age, there is some purpose, but it is lost. It doesn't matter. Half a dozen utopias are described in the pages of the file, by men with different concerns to us. They sought to create, use, contextualise; they sought to bind this place, this miracle, into a single unity, a single meaning. They wanted to define it and give it meaning. We, in our modern way, want to do the same.

Well. To hell with all that, and since I'm dying, to hell with all of you, too. I don't know who made it or why. All I know is that it's beautiful, and has inspired men of great talent and of none to spill ink across the page. This is the observatory of Genghis Khan, and that's all it needs to be; a sublime mystery which you will never understand, you bunch of calcified researchers. For the rest of the day- and the two days beyond that I stayed there-, I sat, read, drank *qumis* and imbibed opium, laughed and read and stared at the sky, at the twinkling of that which is beyond our comprehension. I talked with Afshar and Ibn Ubayd and Li and all the rest. And when I descended, I was happy; not because I knew, but because I knew not.

I am going now. My time will come soon. I wish

you all the happiness in the world, dear reader.

Footnotes
1. A more direct transliteration of Genghis Khan's name used by Callaghan.
2. believed to be a reference to the typical form of Timurid-era observatories, which contained a large trench and an arch used to determine midday.

SCP-3987: Cocktail Cravings

Item #: SCP-3987

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3987 is contained within a cubic five meter long airtight unit made out of inorganic materials in a specialized containment area located in rural Wyoming operating under the cover of a brewery. SCP-3987's containment unit is subject to daily sweeps by Foundation personnel equipped with airtight inorganic hazmat suits to monitor and destroy any emergent technology, and to repair any damage done to the containment unit's bulkhead. Personnel should be subject to EMP decontamination prior to exiting the containment area.

Description: SCP-3987 is a large number of intelligent nanomachines that will, on contact with any non-human organic matter, immediately begin to convert said matter into an alcoholic liquid. Human matter will also be converted, but may present further complications[1]. Testing has shown that this liquid is composed of approximately 37.5% dark rum and 62.5% ginger beer, with occasional trace amounts of lime juice also having been detected. When exclusively exposed to inorganic materials for an extended period of time, SCP-3987 will begin to slowly[2] eat away at said material and fashion it into tools which vary widely in level of technological advancement. Generated tools have included stone cylinders, firearms, and highly focused lasers. Almost all of these tools were utilized to attempt to break containment. Sightings of SCP-3987 were first reported after what is suspected to have been an interdimensional portal described by civilians as “Giant hole in the sky” manifested 1:09 AM on July 5, . The landscape behind the portal was described as “a sea of brown liquid with rafts of metal floating on the surface”. Another anomalous object designated as SCP-3987-A, rendered inoperable by local authorities before the Foundation’s could respond, is believed to have been responsible

for the opening of this portal, which closed without outside intervention approximately 2 hours after SCP-3987 emerged from it. SCP-3987 was recovered from the partially converted corpses of several local law enforcement officials.

Incident Log

+ Show Incident Log

Incident I-6542-907: At 5:20 PM on / / , Agent Lavvone experiences a failure of integrity to her hazmat suit, causing her to become directly exposed to SCP-3987. The rest of the personnel immediately evacuated the unit. Agent Lavvone's communication device remained active, revealing her survival even after making contact with SCP-3987. Due to the EMP decontamination being ineffective through layers of skin, Agent Lavvone was not permitted to exit the containment unit. The timeline of events follows:

5:30 PM: Agent Lavvone expresses amazement at her own survival, and affirms that she understands the reasons for her detainment in the containment unit.
5:45 PM: Agent Lavvone begins to complain of an itching sensation permeating the entirety of her body. She issues a request to be allowed to exit the containment unit, which is summarily denied.
6:07 PM: Agent Lavvone's tone changes dramatically, with her mannerisms changing to suggest an air of familiarity. She once again requests to exit the containment unit, and is again denied.
6:24 PM: Agent Lavvone, now completely under the influence of SCP-3987, identifies herself as the nanomachine swarm and cheerfully promises to serve the listening agent "a glass of the usual" in exchange for her release from the containment unit. After request is being denied, Agent Lavvone

remarks “Are you sure? It’s packed in here tonight, and I don’t think I’ll be able to make due with what I have in this room[3].”
6:49 PM: Loud sloshing sounds can be heard through the microphone followed by an end of communications.

A cleanup team arrived at the site 2 hours later. The contents of the containment unit were found to be identical to those present before the incident except for the presence of 20 glasses of the alcoholic liquid SCP-3987 produces.

Footnotes
1. See Incident I-6542-907
2. At a rate about 250 times slower than the rate the nanomachines break down organic matter
3. Agent Lavvone was the only human remaining both in the containment unit and the rest of the containment area at this point.

SCP-3988: A Fire in the Knight

Item #: SCP-3988

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3988 is to be housed in a Teflon-coated, stainless steel standard humanoid containment cell. An automatic drainage system constructed of the same materials is to be included, and must route all collected fluids to a hazardous liquids storage tank for containment and future disposal. This cell is also to be equipped with a ceiling-mounted, externally-exhausted ventilation system capable of exchanging 1500 litres of air per hour alongside a triply-redundant, smoke-activated standard Class IV automatic fire extinguishing system.

SCP-3988's vital signs are to be monitored remotely via surgically implanted probes, in addition to uninterrupted visual observation via security camera. Any change, whether physiological or behavioral, should be reported to the lead researcher immediately.

Under no circumstances should open flames or spark-producing equipment be introduced to SCP-3988's containment cell at any time.

Description: SCP-3988 is a humanoid organism that is genetically human, but displays significant physiological degradation and mutation. Its integumentary, muscular, and skeletal systems are atrophied, and its remaining organs are either weakened or nonfunctional. Exceptions are the brain, which appears to function normally, and the heart.

As a result of these abnormalities, SCP-3988 is physically weak, and can only walk with a great amount of difficulty. Its skin is a mottled, dark orange in coloration, and is fragile and easily damaged. Open sores are present on 70% of its body. It can communicate in fluent English and German, but its speech is often

halting and strained due to its damaged vocal cords, mouth, and tongue. It requires no sustenance and does not sleep, but does require oxygen to at least some extent despite its impaired respiratory system. It will display signs of distress if deprived of oxygen, but its vital signs will not cease if its air supply is not restored.

SCP-3988 constantly secretes a substance, designated SCP-3988-1, from its skin and all external orifices. SCP-3988-1 is a viscous, transparent orange-brown liquid that displays a number of anomalous properties. Its chemical makeup is highly complex; after analysis, it has been shown to be a mixture containing varying amounts of volatile hydrocarbons including butane and heptane, nitroglycerin, and dozens of other volatile and explosive compounds. It also contains a number of exotic compounds that as of yet remain unidentified. While generally stable, it possesses a specific energy far in excess of what its known constituent compounds would suggest (~500 MJ/kg, more than three times that of pure compressed hydrogen), rendering it and its fumes violently explosive at atmospheric pressure. SCP-3988-1 in all its forms has an autoignition point of roughly 150° C.

SCP-3988-1 is also acidic, corrosive, and toxic when pure, with a pH of roughly -1.0 and an LD50 of approximately 5 µg/kg.

SCP-3988 generally remains motionless in its cell and has not been observed to speak unless spoken to. It has been cooperative with Foundation personnel, and has willingly participated in all testing trials, examinations, and interviews.

+Interview SCP-3988-01

Interviewed: SCP-3988
Interviewer: Dr. Kumail Khan, Senior Researcher
Intake interview conducted remotely via corrosion-resistant loudspeakers within SCP-3988's enclosure.
Date: 11/26/2006
Note: SCP-3988's multitude of respiratory disorders results in its speech being broken by

labored breathing, coughing, and gasping. To retain a measure of accuracy, these interruptions have been annotated, or otherwise represented with ellipses.

Dr. Khan: Hello, SCP-3988.

SCP-3988: Hello. It appears… I have yet another name.

Dr. Khan: An official designator. Some protocols must be observed. You have a preferred moniker?

SCP-3988: *_coughing_* Yes. Several. Most recently… Klaus.

Dr. Khan: No surname?

SCP-3988-01: *_mixed coughing and laughter_* Klaus… Verbrannt. Bit of a joke.

Dr. Khan: I see. What would the reason be for multiple names, Klaus?

SCP-3988: Breach of… courtesy, my friend. You have… my name. Shall I have yours?

Dr. Khan: Dr. Kumail Khan.

SCP-3988: A pleasure, doctor. Pakistani, I am guessing? *_coughing_* I am still a German through and through… only keep the accent for nostalgia's sake if I am to be honest … Perhaps you could… prescribe me some lozenges… for this rather nasty cough, yes? *_coughing laughter_*

Dr. Khan: Not that kind of doctor, unfortunately. Although if your symptoms are giving you discomfort, I could see what I could do about having a specialist look you over.

SCP-3988: *_coughing_* Don't bother yourself. *_wheezing laughter_* Nothing to be done, I'm afraid. _Ich bin hoffnungslos_. I'm hopeless! *_laughter, coughing_*

Dr. Khan: I'm afraid I don't know enough about your condition to be able to agree or disagree, Klaus. But I admit my curiosity.

SCP-3988: Of course you do. I certainly am… a curiosity. This is not the first time… I've been held captive and prodded, friend. I am quite familiar… with the way this goes.

Dr. Khan: We can talk about that in a moment. First, if you'd be willing to indulge me, can you tell me how exactly you ended up this way?

SCP-3988: *_coughing laughter_* I am… a knight, Herr Doktor. Does that word… mean anything to you?

Dr. Khan: I am familiar with the concept. Are you speaking literally or figuratively?

SCP-3988: Literally, to a point. I suppose I am… officially an 'ex-knight', as I betrayed my order, but I took the liberty… of calling myself such regardless. It is hard… to truly take the armor off, if you catch my meaning.

Dr. Khan: You betrayed your order? I must say, that doesn't seem like a terribly chivalrous thing to do.

SCP-3988: *_wheezing laughter_* Not at all. Allow me… to explain. You are no doubt familiar… with the Protestant Reformation?

Dr. Khan: I am.

SCP-3988: That powder keg went off… in my

hometown. Wittenberg. I was a young man… barely a knight myself. Then that *verdammt* Martin Luther had to come along… this reflects poorly on me, Herr Doktor, I admit it. I am not… proud of the thoughts I harbored back then. I do not wish… to speak ill. But as a knight of the Church, I had what I will call… 'a pretty good gig', *ja*? And he wrecked it all up. I was a young… and privileged fool. Grew up poor. Was only dubbed… because I got lucky, and learned to love my status. But then… things became very nasty. *Schrecklich*. The Protestants, as far as I could see… they only wanted freedom, and their words… well. Where once I saw honor, I began to see tyranny.

Dr. Khan Herr Verbrannt, are you telling me that you are over five hundred years old?

SCP-3988: 507, by my reckoning. Surely impossible, *ja*? Though I truly don't feel a day over 80.**coughing laughter**

Dr. Khan: We *are* trained to treat the words of all our inductees with a degree of skepticism, but I will say that I've seen stranger things in my time. So you took part in the fighting, and ended up siding with the rebels instead?

SCP-3988: *Genau richtig*. Precisely. They taught me to fight… always for *gerechtigkeit*. For justice. And so when the Church… no longer stood with it, I followed it where it went. I was excommunicated of course, but… worse things have happened.

Dr. Khan: So. How does this end up with you as you are now?

SCP-3988: Well. I fought for a while… the

revolts stopped. Began to wander… a 'black knight-errant', if you will, despite the unfortunate connotations. No master… excommunicated. But justice was still out there, and I… would find her. I drifted… my armor, my blade, my horse, and little else… you've read the stories, I'm sure. Righting wrongs. Beating up the bad guys, *ja*? Was all I could do with myself. I knew… no trade. Had no family… I never settled. Was never my destiny to put down roots… But I started to get old. A village I passed through… had some bandit problems. I volunteered… but bit off more than I could chew. They got me… but didn't kill me. Just broke my back. Couldn't move my legs. *coughing* … I was *stopped*, Herr Doktor. I was still. It was agony. Those poor people were so nice… so kind to me, as I rotted. I just couldn't bear it…

(SCP-3988 pauses, and puts its head in its hands for a short time before wiping away a noticeably increased flow of SCP-3988-1 issuing from its tear ducts. It then stands, after steadying itself on a nearby wall.)

SCP-3988: I apologize, Herr Doktor. I have not thought of those days… in quite some time. Painful memories… pathetic, perhaps, no sense crying over the events of centuries past… yet I can still remember how it felt, to be so helpless… and unable to help anyone at all.

Dr. Khan: I quite understand, Klaus. If you would like to continue this at a later date, I would be more than willing to oblige…

SCP-3988: *Nein*. I am just being a big baby… Where was I… Ah. Yes. Well, I killed myself. Possibly the worst decision of my life… but in a way, perhaps the best. Pushed my sword

into my chest… could still use my arms, at least, and I did. There was quiet, for a time… But then there was a voice, and a light in the dark. At first I thought… I had been wrong. That there was a God… but the light was not white and pure, as the paintings and sermons… had led me to imagine God as being. The light was hot… and smoky. Dim. Like a torch in a cavern. **coughing** Its voice… it shook my bones. Each word was an earthquake… every syllable an explosion. I will summarize… It said… that it *admired* me. That there was… something about me… worth keeping. Asked if I would take advantage… of a second chance. To be strong again… to be *moving* again. I said yes… **coughing** That I would do anything. It said it would have to make… a monster of me. That it was unlikely… that I would know love… or indeed a normal life, ever again. I said… that as long as I could continue… chasing justice… that as long as I would never be stopped again… I would sacrifice anything.

And I became *unstoppable*, Herr Doktor.

Dr. Khan: Please explain, Klaus.

SCP-3988: I woke up in a field… leaking poison… barely able to breathe… but before me was a suit… of *armor*. Enormous. Majestic. Mechanical… a work of art, a miracle of engineering… and I crawled like a worm toward it. My body… hated the act… there was so much pain. But… I had to know. I had to see… and the armor opened to me. I entered it… it bit into me. And my blood became its fire.

So I embraced it in turn. I could… not die. I never tried… and it never came. I fought.

Fought and built. You know the legend of Siegfried, the… dragonslayer? The legend existed… before my time, but my exploits… against the Church after I was reborn… long story short, a cheeky swordsman got behind me… nicked one of my hoses… had to retreat, and suddenly he is hailed… as "dragonslayer"! *coughing laughter* Got a good laugh out of that one… The *golem* of Prague? Also me… handling the men who only wished to vindicate their hatred of those poor Jews… **coughing laughter** And don't get me started… on that *arschloch* Hitler… I never got around to teaching that one a lesson, my… attentions were regrettably elsewhere at the time…

Ach, Herr Doktor… once, I was destruction itself. I towered above… the frail form of human malice. I pushed back the… tide, with fire and steel. I was… the liberating inferno… and the hammer of salvation. *Herr Feuerherz*, they called me… And then you found me… while I was trying to find a patch for a leaking fuel line! Very tricky! I had heard… you Foundation devils were clever… must have had me… under observation for quite a while… to know I needed periodic maintenance.

Dr. Khan: We do what we feel we must, Herr Verbrannt. As I am sure you understand.

SCP-3988: We all have our duty, Herr Doktor… I am not… saddened, by my captivity. I have been given… a chance, to make something of myself… and I have. Perhaps this will give me time… to do some thinking. I am content. It has been… centuries, of fighting… perhaps I have justified my mysterious patron's… decision to remake

me… and retirement may give me… time to reflect upon that. I am very tired… as it happens… and I find this cell… is more comfortable than I expected it would be. Incidentally… Wilhelm is… my given name. Wilhelm… Feuerherz.

Dr. Khan: The best way for you to help us would be for you to keep up your cooperative attitude, Herr Feuerherz, and to continue sharing whatever information you have. I shall leave you be, for now, but I will return soon, and perhaps we can have another productive conversation.

SCP-3988: *laughter* *Auf Wiedersehen* Herr Doktor, and bring… beer next time!

Further interviews with SCP-3988 have resulted in the mobilization of Foundation agents in Germany, for the purposes of locating and obtaining the machine described by SCP-3988, tentatively designated SCP- .

SCP-3989: The Bone Orchard

Overland photo of SCP-3989 during initial containment survey.

Item #: SCP-3989

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedure:

+ ARCHIVED PROCEDURE, v1.0

Due to the immobile nature of SCP-3989 and its proximity to populated areas, Protocol Plainsight-201 is in effect for operations surrounding SCP-3989. A chain-link fence topped with barbed wire surrounds the property. Additional chain fencing with security checkpoints surrounds the active zone of SCP-3989 at a distance of 10 m. Civilians are to be turned away or detained by non-lethal force. Any managing to breach these perimeters and enter the active zone are to be considered lost until re-emergence, and then captured and quarantined under subsequent protocol, security permitting.

Area-126 has been created to store and house all anomalies related to SCP-3989. Samples are only to be collected under expressed permission of the item's HMCL Supervisor. ACP-01 through 05 and HCP-01 through 04 may be employed to contain returning live samples at Area Director and HMCL Supervisor's discretion. Exploration of SCP-3989 may be requested by Researchers of Level 3 clearance or higher.

+ ARCHIVED PROCEDURE UPDATE, v1.1

Additional land purchases for Area-126 are currently

under review, and larger concrete barriers surrounding the original property are currently under construction. MTF Ψ-9 ("Abyss Gazers") will remain on-hand until further notice. Due to political instability in the surrounding area, strategic analysis for long-term containment is underway.

All material exiting the active zone is to be handled under Biosafety Level 4 precautions at all times. Samples are only to be collected under expressed permission of the item's HMCL Supervisor. No long term containment is currently authorized for any items, sentient or otherwise, exiting the active zone. These items are to be incinerated at the conclusion of testing.

Containment personnel affected by SCP-3989-V are to be retained for questioning under HCP-03 until further notice. No manned exploration of SCP-3989-A will be approved. Drone exploration is currently suspended pending HMCL review.

::CURRENT PROCEDURES IN FULL. v 2.0::

Foundation assets have purchased 20 acres of land surrounding SCP-3989 and converted them into a working olive orchard. Protocol Plainsight-201 is in effect for all shipments sent from and received by Area-126. Chain-link fencing topped with barbed wire has been installed around the perimeter of property surrounding SCP-3989. Concrete barriers 4 m in height have been constructed surrounding the original extent of the Area-126 property, with security checkpoints on the northern and eastern walls for access to the interior. An additional 4 m concrete barrier surrounds the current extent of SCP-3989's active zone at a distance of 5 m.

A platoon strength detachment of MTF Ψ-7 ("Fumigators") is to be stationed on site at all times with access to anti-tank weaponry in the event of internal breach or external incursion. Additional assets will be made available if greater force is deemed necessary to prevent local military activity from breaching SCP-3989's active zone. Civilians attempting to gain access are to be turned away or restrained with nonlethal force and must be captured prior to

breaching SCP-3989.

All experimentation on retrieved items is to be carried out under Biosafety Level 4 conditions. Any material retrieved from SCP-3989 is to be incinerated at the conclusion of testing with no exceptions. Personnel affected by SCP-3989-V are to be offered the option to self terminate following interview, or remanded to permanent HCP-03 containment cells on site.

Biweekly, 4 teams of 10 members each of MTF Ψ-7 ("Fumigators") will enter the active zone from all four cardinal directions and incinerate any new growth within the active zone to a depth of approximately 10 m. Drone exploration of SCP-3989-A requires approval of the anomaly's HMCL Supervisor (currently Dr. Sahir Ywakim) and Area-126 Director Fahreed Mohammed.

Description: SCP-3989 is a USUWAS2-C[1] space-time anomaly which connects a large portion of its interior to an unknown and apparently extrauniversal or extratemporal location (SCP-3989-A). The active zone of the anomaly is approximately 12 m 30 m in diameter.

SCP-3989 is located within a grove of *Olea europaea* trees in , Syria. External measurements and observations of the grove indicate a footprint of approximately 5 acres. From the perimeter of the property, the anomalous nature of SCP-3989 is not readily apparent, though locally embedded Kant counter readings fluctuate between 0.76 and 3.62 Hm, with highest readings occurring during dark hours. This effect persists at a distances of up to 20 m from the perimeter of the property.

Upon entering the active zone, SCP-3989 manifests a non-euclidean space which continues to expand as it is traversed until subjects of the anomaly cross into SCP-3989-A. Radio and other communication signals continue to traverse the anomaly with no distortion, but GPS tracking has proven ineffective. Traversal into SCP-3989-A can only be achieved from a westerly direction, after sunset. If the active zone is approached from the east or during daylight hours, non-euclidean properties of the area persist, but will not result in a subject's disappearance into SCP-3989-A. Interior dimensions of the active zone exceed 5 10 acres. Instances of

SCP-3989-1 within the active zone appear with the same frequency as non-anomalous *Olea Europea* trees on the rest of the property, and are likely to outnumber them by as much as two to one.

SCP-3989 and SCP-3989-A are home to several anomalous forms of life which bear striking genetic resemblance to *H. Sapiens*. Though individual structures are clearly constructed of human tissue, their organization is widely divergent. All trees present within the region are characterized by varying degrees of ossification. Specimens which are completely ossified and defoliated resume growth of new leaf-like and fruit-like structures to support their anomalous anatomy and reproduce animal-like and plant-like entities found within SCP-3989-A.

Update, 05/07/2015: SCP-3989-V refers to an unknown chemical or biological vector responsible for the onset of several perceptual effects in the Area surrounding SCP-3989. The primary function of the vector appears to be the concealment of SCP-3989's full active range and to increase difficulty in perceiving related anomalous biological activity. Extended exposure to SCP-3989-V dampens the effects of perceptual tampering, but encourages a sense of curiosity regarding SCP-3989. Long term exposure results in an obsessive, even religious fascination with SCP-3989 and SCP-3989-A. Biosafety Level 4 precautions are sufficient to prevent exposure in long-term personnel, suggesting either a chemical or olfactory vector. Research pending.

SCP-3989's active zone has expanded at least 18 m since its initial containment.

Recovery: Foundation assets in Syria were alerted to a possible anomaly when a small olive orchard owned by in northern began to report and sell anomalously high crop yields for his reported number of trees. Field agents dispatched were met with significant resistance to questioning, and so began surveillance of the property. A harvesting operation alerted agents to the anomalous space contained within SCP-3989, and Foundation agents seized the property. During interview, Mr. demonstrated no knowledge as to the origin or purpose of SCP-3989, and appeared to be entirely ignorant of SCP-3989-A. He and his family were subsequently amnesticized, relocated, and

released. No further anomalous activity on the part of Mr. has since been recorded. Circumstances surrounding SCP-3989's initial manifestation remain unknown.

Addendum 3989-1: During inspection by Biological Containment Specialist Dr. Marshall Grant on 19/06/2015, 19 instances of SCP-3989- spontaneously appeared beyond the perimeter of the active zone and proceeded to dismantle primary containment. Dr. Grant initiated containment breach alarm but received no response from assets within Area-126. An unknown number of security assets on-site proceeded to release all biological anomalies in permanent containment: 2 instances of SCP-3989- and 47 instances of SCP-3989- . A firefight ensued wherein 30 Area-126 personnel were terminated, as well as 15 members of the Biological Containment inspection team. Foundation MTF assets in Damascus were scrambled, and successfully terminated all 21 instances of SCP-3989- outside of containment. 25 tagged instances of SCP-3989- were recovered from the bodies of Area-126 personnel, the rest remain unaccounted for. Containment procedures are currently under review by Dr. Grant.

+ Interview AA-3989-03: Dr. Marshall Grant.

Interview AA-3989-03, 19/06/2015: Dr. Marshall Grant

Introduction: Standard after-action interview to establish details surrounding the 19/06 containment breach at Area-126 performed by Dr. Mara Jamus.

Dr. Marshall Grant is visibly distressed and is experiencing mild tremors throughout the interview.

Jamus: Good afternoon Dr. Grant.

Grant: Heh… No miss, it is definitely a bad afternoon.

Jamus: Yes, I understand. Thank you very

much for agreeing to do this interview. Do you need some more time before we proceed?

Grant: No, thank you. I just— I— I wanna get this over with. Phew… You know, I've been working for the Foundation for almost 40 years, and I've never seen… y'know, combat.

Jamus: Based on what I've heard, you did very well for the circumstances. Let's proceed, shall we? First, what is it that led you to come to Area-126 today?

Grant: You— You don't think that I— ?

Jamus: We just need to get a full picture of the circumstances. Normally one of our local assets would have carried out this inspection, I'm curious why you came here.

Grant: I— well— I'm a biologist, right? And I have a good long record, so the Foundation made me into a kind of consultant. I was flipping through a large stack of records when I saw this— this site here, middle of a war zone, popping out exobiological entities, surrounded by— what, a fence? No mention of Biosafety precautions, no pathologists on staff. Nothing. It just— It's dangerous, very dangerous.

Jamus: Yes, but, coming all this way. Was that really necessary?

Grant: Oh yes! I uh, called the uh… whaddayacallit, HMCL! Dr. Ghazalie and left messages. Email, phone calls, contacted the director. They just waved me off. 'Don't worry about it, it's under control.' And the Damascus branch is… well, busy dodging bombs, so I figured I'd come out and see for myself. If it's under control, no harm, but if it's not, y'know, I

can tell them what… Phew, sorry.

Dr. Grant rests his head on the table and takes several deep breaths.

Jamus: …Marshall? Are you alright?

Grant: Yeah just… I gotta slow down… Okay. Jesus. Adrenaline.

Dr. Grant raises his head and takes a sip from a small cup of water. Nods and motions with his hand to continue.

Jamus: So, going back to our discussion, what was the status of Area-126 when you first arrived?

Grant: As soon as we pulled up I could smell it. The team I had with me couldn't but I could. Something was rotten, like dead or dying rotten. And I swear this… it's hard to describe, but there was a kind of dusty yellow haze over the whole place.

Jamus: Agent [REDACTED] didn't report anything like that.

Grant: I know, but, I used to HMCL for… Nevermind, the point is I had to get myself inoculated against basic cognitive hazards and hallucinogens, so…

Jamus: I see. At what point did you sound the breach alarm?

Grant: Well I— I tried to call someone out to talk, no answer again. And I wasn't about to step into that… stuff, who knows what. I had one of the Security Team radio the Armory, and all we got back was this… gibberish talking that I tried very hard not to hear. We

start suiting up masks to head in there when…

Jamus: Take your time.

Grant: …I've seen a lot of gross things but… I can't— It was like looking at something out of a video game or something, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Three meters tall, maybe four, no skin, teeth the size of my thumbs. One arm was just enormous, the other cradled up next to it and I swear I watched it *inflate* to match the other one. Skin just suddenly wraps around it like plastic molding. It had no eyes, but I swear the bastard *saw* me. And it *smiled*.

Jamus: And that—

Grant: Then, boom, boom, boom, a bunch of 'em shoot up from the ground and there's bullets flying *everywhere*. I fell back to the van and got on the radio to Damascus because I have *no* idea if small arms can do anything to this thing. There was a lot of screaming and I didn't… I didn't watch, I couldn't watch.

Jamus: What about inside the facility? Can you tell us about that?

Dr. Grant shudders and nods.

Grant: I crept out when I heard the helicopter overhead and the fence was all twisted and gone. Two of those … I guess I'd call them humanoids, are slumped down on the ground not moving, a few more are surrounded further up. There were a couple of bodies nearby, partially— um— consumed. By now my adrenaline is up so I secured my mask, grabbed a rifle and started to make my way to the facility. That's when I noticed that the guys… the people inside were shooting out at

me so…

Jamus: You did what you had to.

Grant: …Yeah… Yeah, I suppose. Luckily one of my team saw me and ran over to take the lead. Inside was a mess. Weird symbols on the walls, I can feel my head warping around it, so I just keep my eyes forward and focus on helping clear the hallway. Some of them surrendered; I don't— I don't think it works on everyone, whatever the… Anyway, we get down to the containment level and all the doors are just… *open.* Empty terrariums everywhere, and this… fuck.

Jamus: You're referring to SCP-3989- ?

Grant: RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATRIUM! SOMEONE WAS GROWING A TREE MADE OUT OF BACK-BONES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATRIUM! I— I— I— At first I thought it was like, a fetish or something, some sick construction they made in reverence to whatever's inside but… Then I heard its heartbeat. I heard it breathing. They had been growing it, culturing it, harvesting… *things* from it. Using some of the people on site to feed it. OUR people! The only locked cells had— I— I— I dunno, thirty unaffected people huddled inside, stripped nude and covered in… I don't wanna even guess. It was all over the logs, like they were— Some of this is going to have to go higher! And— …I'm sorry, I'm rambling.

Dr. Grant wipes his eyes and takes another drink of water.

Grant: Okay, two things. Number 1, whatever is in there, it wants out. It wants our planet

for… something. Food? Worship? I don't know. But there is no way this anomaly intends to stay put.

Jamus: And the second?

Grant: Containment procedures say its diameter is 12 meters here on our side? That's not even close. It's growing. We need to get someone down here *yesterday*.

Addendum 3989-2: SCP-3989 has been upgraded to a "Keter" class anomaly. Biosafety Level 4 precautions are in effect to prevent future infestations of SCP-3989- within Area-126. New containment procedures complete as of 05/07/2015. Additional information is accessible only to personnel with L4 general or SCP-3989 project specific clearance.

Personnel able to perceive this message are authorized to access the remainder of this document. If you are reading this and have not been inoculated via agent IH-3989-B, please contact Dr. Sahir Ywakim immediately to verify your clearance. Failure to do so may result in permanent cognitive impairment. Please note that inoculation does not lift all redactions for all readers.

Exploration Logs

+ Exploration Log 3989-15, 15/02/2014

Exploration Log 3989-15, 15/02/2014

Participants: D-126-15, Dr. Farik Ghazalie (remote observer)

Introduction: Exploration of SCP-3989 began as of containment in December 2009. Initial surveys determined extent of the initial spatial anomaly, but were unable to identify additional anomalous properties. Subsequent research requests involving the effects of long-term exposure to non-euclidean spaces in live human subjects extended normal testing times beyond sunset, and allowed D-126-15 to directly observe SCP-3989-1, SCP-3989-1A, and SCP-3989-A for the first time. The experiment was re-purposed and D-126-15 was fitted with audio and video surveillance equipment before being re-deployed within SCP-3989.

D-126-15: Alright, how about now?

Dr. Ghazalie: There you are! Okay, good, we're recording both audio and video; go ahead and turn on your headlamp and adjust… perfect.

D-126-15: Heh, yeah, ain't my first rodeo. You want me to head back in?

Dr. Ghazalie: Yes, please proceed toward the center of SCP-3989.

Camera view turns and proceeds past several normal olive trees. After approx 15 seconds, a pair of trees at the edge of the visible field appear to stop moving as several more trees manifest through them and move past.

D-126-15: … That smell is coming back.

Dr. Ghazalie: Can you describe it for the tape?

D-126-15: Old blood. Something rotten and a

little sweet. Whoa… you seeing these? They look like little… maggot noodles.

Camera pans to the left, revealing several small worm like creatures.

Dr. Ghazalie: Yes. See if you can collect a few.

D-126-15 produces a specimen bag and collects a few of the creatures.

D-126-15: They're warm to the touch. Very soft. Kinda hard to pull off. Get a load of this bark. It's powdery, white… very brittle.

Bark is covered in white patches. D-126-15 scratches one of the white patches with his fingernail.

Dr. Ghazalie: Can you remove a section for us?

D-126-15 pulls a flake from the white portion of the tree, bringing some normal bark with it, and puts it in a separate bag.

D-126-15: Got it.

Dr. Ghazalie: Good. Keep moving.

D-126-15: Goddamn, this smell keeps getting stronger. Look at these maggots.

Camera pans quickly across several trees. Bark is not visible on some due to coverage of the small worms. D-126-15 coughs and gags.

D-126-15: There's a lot- a lot of leaves on the ground here. Not much foliage left on the trees.

Dr. Ghazalie: Do you need further assistance?

D-126-15: Nah I'm good. It just reeks in here. Okay, something just shifted… I… I think I'm through.

Trees that were formerly stationary at the edge of visibility continue moving forward. More trees become visible beyond. Dull yellow ambient light begins to grow.

Dr. Ghazalie: We lost you on GPS, but we're still receiving you. Can you hear me?

D-126-15: Loud and clear… not as many worms anymore, but all the trees are bone-white. I think I see a light up ahead. It can't be dawn already, can it?

Dr. Ghazalie: Negative. Please proceed.

Proceeds forward slowly. Ambient light increases and maintains a deep yellow color. D-126-15 stops suddenly as if startled. Camera pans around in all directions rapidly.

D-126-15: I swear I'm being watched.

Dr. Ghazalie: Try to remain calm and move your head slowly. It's hard for us to see if you start to panic like that.

D-126-15: Yeah, easy for your ass to say.

Grove of SCP-3989-1 taken within SCP-3989-A

D-126-15 takes a long breath and walks forward. A low-hanging branch comes into view, apparently bearing red foliage.

D-126-15: Oh that is just gross.

Dr. Ghazalie: Please describe what you're seeing.

D-126-15: The leaves are… beating. Christ.

Dr. Ghazalie: Can you give us a closer look?

D-126-15 reaches up to a branch and pulls it in front of the camera. Fluid is seen rushing through veins in a leaf-like structure. Structure regularly contracts and expands as though pumping the fluid. The branch in D-126-15's hand fractures, leaking a steady stream of thick, black fluid onto his hand. D-126-15 begins to gag again before quickly putting the broken branch into a specimen bag. Camera pans down to reveal D-126-15's legs are apparently covered with the small white worms found on the forest floor.

D-126-15: Nope, that's it. I'm done.

Dr. Ghazalie: Please continue, D-126-15, we need to get as much information as we can.

D-126-15: Don't care. I'm coming out. You do what you gotta do.

Camera turns and D-126-15 begins to leave the anomaly.

Dr. Ghazalie: [inaudible conversation]… Harrick, we need you to go further into the anomaly and collect more—

Loud cracking sound from off camera, followed by a deep, guttural sound. Camera captures a large, pale hind limb moving out of sight behind a nearby tree. D-126-15 extinguishes headlamp and can be heard running

Afterword: D-126-15 suffered minor

lacerations on his shins and feet, though no trace of the worm-like creatures from the video could be found on or about his person. Specimens collected yielded valuable anatomical information for biology found within the anomalous space, designated SCP-3989-A. Branch returned by D-126-15 included an olive like structure in addition to the leaf-like structures of the anomalous plants. Composition of the branch and small wood sample were confirmed to be human bone. Leaves confirmed to consist of human cardiac tissue. No sample of the fluid was able to be retrieved. Anomalies designated SCP-3989-1 and SCP-3989-1A respectively. D-126-15 was reprimanded and given 5 day extension to his term of service.

+ Exploration Log 3989-16, 17/02/2014

Exploration Log 3989-16, 17/02/2014

Participants: D-126-15, D-126-16, Dr. Farik Ghazalie (remote observer)

Introduction: D-126-15 agreed to continue exploration of SCP-3989-A, along with D-126-16, on the condition that they both be granted firearms. Dr. Farik Ghazalie observing. Mission objectives were set to identify the large creature sighted in Log 3989-15, as well as to continue exploration further into SCP-3989-A and attempt to identify further anomalies. D-15 and D-16 were each issued one Browning Hi-Power 9mm pistol with a full magazine of 13+1 rounds. Researchers on-hand were fitted with Class IIIa body armor for their safety, and additional compliment of 5 security personnel accompanied the subjects.

D-15: Check.

D-16: Check.

Dr. Ghazalie: Check check. Okay. D-15, you know the procedure I'm sure.

D-15: Fuck you, Farik.

D-15 checks his firearm, satisfies himself that his weapon is loaded and holsters it.

Dr. Ghazalie: D-16, please follow D-15 into the anomaly. We will not be collecting specimens of SCP-3989-1 or -1A at this time.

D-16: Uh, okay?

D-15: He means the worms and the bone-trees. Just keep your gloves on and follow me.

[EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED]

D-16: Doctor, it's getting a lot brighter in here.

Dr. Ghazalie: Affirmative. You may now switch off your headlamps.

D-15: I think I see the branch I broke the other day. It's still… bleeding? Do plants do that? There are a lot of those worms on it.

Dr. Ghazalie: D-16, see if you can get a jar under there to collect some of that liquid.

D-16 raises a specimen jar and collects a few mL of the substance as D-15 gets a closer look at the broken branch.

D-15: Farik, are you seeing this?

Dr. Ghazalie: D-15, please refer to me as 'Dr. Ghazalie' for the official record.

D-15: Whatever, man, are you seeing this or not? The worms. They're pooping bone.

D-15's camera zooms in and observes SCP-3989-1A depositing white calcified material on the end of the broken branch. A long segment of branch behind the mass of instances appears to have been deposited in a similar piecemeal manner.

Dr. Ghazalie: Yes, I see it. Good eye.

D-15: Can we get someone in the lab to put -1A in a petri dish with some wood or leaves or something? Or did you do that already?

Dr. Ghazalie: D-15, that's enough. Please proceed westward.

[EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED]

D-15's camera captures several mature instances of SCP-3989-1. Instances are no longer spaced regularly as in previous footage. Nearby instances appear to be fruiting.

D-15: That's new. Doctor, are you able to see the fruiting bodies?

D-16: Are they moving? Shit, I think they're moving.

Dr. Ghazalie: Yes, I see them. D-16, can you retrieve one?

D-15's camera pans rapidly. D-15 draws his firearm to low-ready stance.

D-15: Belay that, something's here.

Dr. Ghazalie: Harrick, do you want another 5 days? Christ. D-16, proceed as ordered.

D-16 removes a specimen bag and reaches out to grab one of the fruiting bodies, dark purple in color. It ruptures in his hand and 15 instances of SCP-3989-1A emerge from it, rapidly crawling up D-16's arm. D-16 brushes them off quickly. A burbling sound is heard off camera.

D-16: Oh fuck! Get off me!

D-15: Must have been ripe. Get one of the bright red ones and let's get out of here.

Dr. Ghazalie: Negative, we need to locate—

D-16's camera is suddenly lifted off the ground. D-16 gasps in surprise and connection is suddenly interrupted. D-15's camera pans rapidly. A human pelvis and legs in D-class attire falls to the ground. Camera pans upward to observe a pale humanoid approximately 4 m tall with extensive dentition and highly defined musculature. Face bears no nose, eyes, ears, or other discerning marks. D-15 rapidly fires his weapon, perforating the entity's chest with no fewer than 6 rounds. Bleeding is visible, but entity shows no sign of discomfort. Entity extends one arm and strikes D-15. Connection interrupted.

Afterword: Large humanoid entity has been designated SCP-3989-2. Agent Josiah Harrick posthumously reinstated to Foundation service. Agent Harrick and D-126-16 listed as KIA.

+ Exploration Log 3989-17, 05/03/2014

Exploration Log 3989-17, 05/03/2014

Participants: MTF Z-9 (Mole Rats) Team

Charlie, Dr. Farik Ghazalie (remote observer)

Introduction: Following the events of Exploration 3989-16, additional human interaction with SCP-3989-A was deemed an unnecessary risk by many attendant personnel. Dr. Ghazalie requested approval from , head of Extradimensional Topology, directly in order to continue experimentation. A detachment of MTF Z-9 (Mole Rats) was procured for the purpose of continued reconnaissance of SCP-3989-A. Stated objectives were to retrieve samples collected by D-126-16, establish visual contact with SCP-3989-2 if possible, and attempt to fully traverse SCP-3989-A. Rather than trying to collect additional samples of anomalous objects within SCP-3989-A, MTF Z-9 was equipped with an experimental hand-held ultrasound machine to investigate any future fruiting bodies without causing damage to SCP-3989 native fauna. MTF Z-9 members present are designated Charlie (squad leader), X-Ray, and Delta.

Charlie: Sound check.

X-ray: Clear.

Delta: And the devil makes three.

Dr. Ghazalie: Thank you, ladies. You may proceed eastward when ready.

[EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED]

X-Ray: Charlie, get a load of the floor.

Exploration team cameras pan to the ground. Hundreds of instances of SCP-3989-1A visible. Beneath them, a thick layer of red,

fleshy material coats the ground.

Delta: Looks like it might be a placenta or something. Base, you want a sample?

Dr. Ghazalie: Negative, Delta. In fact, don't take samples of anything. Last two people who did that ended up KIA.

Delta: That would have been nice to know beforehand.

Charlie: Can it, D. Base, can you give us an estimate on where we can expect to see the bodies?

Dr. Ghazalie: Not a reliable one, no. Shouldn't be more than a few minutes, you'll come to a bone-tree right in your path. D-126-16 bought it right around there.

X-Ray: I think I see it. What the… Oh fuck.

An instance of SCP-3989-1 appears on the path ahead. The body of Agent Harrick is seen crucified, naked, upside-down and pinned to the trunk of the tree by bony growths through his hands and feet. Several symbols appear to be carved in his skin, but these are not discernible through camera feed. A large mass of SCP-3989-1A are present at the trunk of the tree. Remnants of D-Class jumpsuits are visible nearby.

Charlie: Language. Nothing we haven't seen before. D, get up there and see if you can find the canister. Base wants their samples back.

Delta approaches the mass of SCP-3989-1A, and tentatively pushes them aside. After approximately two minutes, she retrieves

D-126-16's sample jar, still containing a small amount of black fluid.

Delta: This it?

Dr. Ghazalie: It appears so, yes. Please hold onto that for us. I'd like you all to proceed eastward as soon as possible.

Charlie: Roger, Base. You heard him ladies, get on the hump.

X-Ray: Charlton Heston over here. I mean, aye-aye cap'n.

After approximately five minutes, the persistent haze lifts and Charlie Team's body cameras are able to see a large open valley. Sky is yellow in color, all apparent plant life below bears red 'foliage'. Also visible are several instances of SCP-3989-2.

Delta: I can see some humanoids down below us. Very large.

Charlie: I don't see anything.

Delta: Between the treetops, you can see their heads poking out. I can just make out the silhouette in the shadows.

Charlie: It's your imagination.

Delta's camera zooms in on the entities. Feed from X-Ray and Charlie does not contain any traces of humanoids at this time, despite similar field of view.

Delta: Base, tell me I'm crazy. I would very much enjoy being crazy.

Dr. Ghazalie: Yes, that's our -2. Try to avoid

contact as you proceed.

Delta: Should be pretty easy; I don't see any eyes.

Dr. Ghazalie: We have reason to believe they have some anomalous sensory apparatus.

X-Ray: I'll take 'Things they should have told us' for 200, Alex.

Delta and X-Ray laugh audibly.

[EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED]

Charlie accidentally bumps into an instance of SCP-3989-1 and suddenly reacts, startled. Body camera now records two instances of SCP-3989-2 facing her.

Charlie: Base! Base, I-I can see them!

Dr. Ghazalie: Remain calm, Charlie. You've been walking among them for the past twenty minutes. Do not engage.

X-Ray: I still got nothing.

Delta: Touch that tree over there.

X-Ray: FUCK!

Charlie: Okay… Okay… So… So what does that mean?

Delta: It means keep moving. Try to ignore them.

Instances of SCP-3989-2 continue to follow Charlie Team. All team members exhibit signs of stress. Rapid panning movements of cameras to observe instances following

Charlie Team. Rapid breathing. Team maintains radio silence for five minutes.

Charlie: Trees up here are-uh-are starting to look different. X-Ray, can you get that ultrasound out?

X-Ray produces ultrasound device and approaches a nearby tree. Trunk is segmented and exhibits musculature on one side. Appearance is consistent with enlarged vertebral columns. Camera pans upward. In addition to previously observed cardiac foliage, entity appears to have foliage similar in structure to bronchial tubes, which expand and contract in slower rhythm than cardiac foliage. Fruiting bodies are present approximately 3 m above ground level.

Delta: Those things hanging off the trunk look like afterbirth. I swear I can smell it through my ventilator.

X-Ray: …Base, if I'm honest, I really don't want to climb this thing.

Dr. Ghazalie: As long as you don't cause any damage to the fruit, you should be fine.

X-Ray: You come in here and climb it.

Charlie: Xenia, just get it done. I want out of here.

X-Ray hesitantly scales the vertebral column, and places the ultrasound device onto a fruiting body. It twitches under the device as she proceeds to move the probe around. Additional instances of SCP-3989-2 appear at the base of the tree. Guttural sounds are heard.

X-Ray: Base, have you got it?

Dr. Ghazalie: Beautiful… Just beautiful. Please proceed.

Delta: Negative, Base. We are not okay.

Dr. Ghazalie: They won't engage unless you damage the orchard. Risk is minimal.

X-Ray: Wait, there's a-another fruit up here. Let me see if I can…FUCK.

X-Ray reaches a smaller, darker fruit and begins to probe with ultrasound. The fruit ruptures almost immediately and a small, animate humanoid with four legs, two pelvises, and an exposed spine crawls up her arm, down her back, and runs quickly out of sight. X-Ray loses her grip, falls to the ground, and stands quickly. Instances of SCP-3989-2 do not react.
Charlie: X-Ray, are y— …Does anyone else hear that?

Dr. Ghazalie: We're not getting any audio. Describe it to me.

Delta: No, no hearing is the wrong word. I feel something. Like someone is grabbing my liver and giggling in my face.

Instances of SCP-3989-2 begin to converge on Charlie Team. Delta's camera observes two instances emerging from the ground. One instance has visible scarring on its torso from apparent gunshot wounds. The fleshy substance on the ground closes behind the emerging instances. Audio of low groaning sound can be heard. Analysis suggest no fewer than 10 instances present.

Charlie: That's it, no more of this. I'm calling a general abort. Backtrack, on the double.

X-Ray: Yes ma'am!

Dr. Ghazalie: No, Team, we need to keep pushing forward, you're almost at the— uh, to the other side! We need to collect more data.

Charlie: So send in a drone or something. I'm not risking any more than we already have. We're out of here.

X-Ray's body camera shows a smaller humanoid, approximately 1.7 m in height, peeking from behind a nearby vertebral tree. Charlie Team does not appear to notice. Delta is preoccupied with kicking off dozens of SCP-3989-1A instances which are crawling along her suit. Charlie is moving out, carefully stepping around SCP-3989-2 instances. Despite lack of eyes, instances follow her with their faces. Several appear to be smiling.

Dr. Ghazalie: You're all making a terrible mistake. Think of what we could learn from it!

UNKNOWN: Leave… and be devoured. Stay… and shed your mortality. The Wild beckons.

X-Ray: Base, you've got a lot of fucking nerve.

Dr. Ghazalie: That—That wasn't me.

UNKNOWN: Kythera^{2} awaits the vessels chosen. Come forth unto Orok^{3}, and receive your just reward.

Charlie team continues running. Body cameras capture the emergence of several more entities of approximately human size, but

details cannot be resolved by provided footage. Laughter can be heard throughout the remainder of the tape. Sounds reminiscent of combat are also captured. Source has not been determined.

[EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION REDACTED. END OF LOG]

Afterword: Analysis of ultrasound data reveals small instances of SCP-3989-2 growing within fruiting bodies of the vertebral tree-like structures. Large humanoids re-designated to SCP-3989-2A, and newly discovered tree structures designated SCP-3989-2. Smaller humanoid designated SCP-3989-2B. Follow-up exploration requested to determine life-cycle of SCP-3989-2/2A.

Researcher's Note, 06/01/2017: Have to point this out; this is the first time it's clear that Dr. Ghazalie was under the influence of SCP-3989-V. Infection gets worse over subsequent logs. In his capacity as lead researcher, he was able to conceal these logs from leadership until such time as SCP-3989-V infestation became dominant.

-Dr. Marshall Grant, L4 Biological Containment Specialist.

+ Exploration Log 3989-18, 14/03/2014

Exploration Log 3989-18, 14/3/2014

Participants: Dr. Farik Ghazalie, Area-126 Security Team Delta, Technician Amal Dwent (remote observer)

Introduction (voiceover): Previous human

interaction with SCP-3989-A has been marred by human frailties of fear and mortality. In the interests of further discovery based on the text[4] we've discovered on site since primary containment, I, Dr. Farik Ghazalie, will personally lead an expedition in search of Kythera, and the Orokian temple within. Secondary objectives include obtaining live specimens of SCP-3989-2A and -2B, preferably in utero. I would like to state for the record that this experiment is proceeding under my own authority, and I accept full responsibility for the outcome. Bravo team members Gulf, India, and Echo will accompany me.

Dr. Ghazalie: Quick sound check.

Gulf: Check.

India: Check.

Echo: [static]

T. Dwent: Echo, check your mic, I don't read you.

Echo: How's this?

T. Dwent: Perfect, that's all of you. Ready when you are, Doctor.

Dr. Ghazalie: Okay, everyone stay close to me. It's a rather long walk. Try not to touch anything if you can help it. Anything you see or hear won't harm you if you don't make the first move.

Gulf: What constitutes a 'first move'?

Dr. Ghazalie: We're-uh… we're not quite sure. Just keep your hands to yourself.

Echo: I fear not.

India: Nor I.

Dr. Ghazalie: That's the spirit. Come, there is much to see.

Team body cameras capture the transition to SCP-3989-A. Unknown entities visible peeking from behind trees throughout video feed. Gulf can be heard breathing heavily at times as his camera whips to view entities, which promptly disappear from video feed. Unintelligible whispering periodically appears on audio log. Team members do not speak for approximately 20 minutes.

Dr. Ghazalie: Amal, status check?

T. Dwent: Things are going nominally. Have you seen the Halkost?

Gulf: Halkost? You mean we're going in after a Karcist?

Dr. Ghazalie: That is the current plan. Yes, Amal, I saw them. I believe they see us as pilgrims.

India: Don't get cocky, Doctor. There is much we don't know.

Gulf: This is a very bad idea.

Echo: …Amal, do you know if Gulf has been initiated?

Gulf: Initiated? Into wha—

Echo, India, and Dr. Ghazalie stop walking and turn to face Gulf. India and Echo raise their weapons and aim at Gulf.

Gulf: Oh. Oh *fuck* you guys.

Echo and India open fire on Gulf, who does not have time to return fire and is quickly terminated. The floor of the orchard opens beneath him, and a swarm of SCP-3989-1A quickly surrounds and begins to consume the body.

India: Shame. I enjoyed working with him.

Dr. Ghazalie: Do not grieve for the blind and deaf. Wonderful sights and sounds await them.

Team continues to traverse SCP-3989-A. Topography of the area is inconsistent with previous exploration attempts. No trace is found of Agent Harrick's body, or the large open valley entered by MTF Z-9. Dr. Ghazalie begins to pace and spin, visibly disoriented. Audio during this time is sporadic. Intelligible portions transcribed below.

UNKNOWN: Sacrifice. Betrayal. Who brings this offering?

UNKNOWN: The world of man walks in ignorance and frailty. Minds of the past cannot navigate the labyrinth of the present.

UNKNOWN: It is ours.

UNKNOWN: Reap. Reap. Reap. Reap. [*continues for 3 minutes*]

Dr. Ghazalie: This is wrong…

Echo: Explain.

Dr. Ghazalie: Amal, how long have we been walking? Amal? Base?

India: Doctor. Explain.

Dr. Ghazalie: There was supposed to be a valley and a mountain. I swore they were at the foot of the temple when they turned back.

SCP-3989-4

Echo: …India, shoot that man.

India immediately raises his firearm. Echo releases a three round burst into India's head. India falls to the ground, terminated. His body camera continues to record as he is subsumed by SCP-3989-1.

Dr. Ghazalie: Wh— Why did you do that?!

Echo: Orok is a patron of betrayal and loyalty, yes? Then it stands to reason that we will now find his temple.

UNKNOWN: The Harvest has been fulfilled. The Hunt begins.

Dr. Ghazalie: …How long?

Echo: Since Harrick brought back the first of the blessed white worm. Perhaps even before you.

Dr. Ghazalie: I wish you hadn't said that on record.

Echo: What record? This stays on site.

T. Dwenk: Go. Reap.

Dr. Ghazalie: Heh. Well played, both of you. I'm sure he will be pleased.

India's body camera records emergence in a

dimly lit black stone hallway. A face with a vertical mouth is visible on frame briefly. The body is carried down the hallway briefly before the feed is interrupted.

Echo's body camera records a topological restructuring event behind Dr. Ghazalie. Landmass appears to shift and change until a large valley opens below and reveals a black stone temple complex (SCP-3989-4). Dr. Ghazalie turns and sees the complex.

Echo: Knock, and the door will be opened.

Remaining team members proceed down into the temple complex. Little activity is visible on feed other than various views of the complex. Architecture present suggests quasi-Mesoamerican and Sumerian influences, but is inconclusive. Significant degradation is present on several buildings. Writing is absent. Numerous examples of SCP-3989-2 are present throughout the grounds. Instances appear to shift toward Echo and Dr. Ghazalie as they approach, and recede as they depart.

Dr. Ghazalie: Magnificent. This place is truly ancient. Ion himself may have walked upon these stones.

India's body camera reactivates. Several large humanoids are visible from the camera's vantage point. Both India and Gulf are visible on stone altars in the background. Large humanoids with vertical mouths (SCP-3989-3) surround them, apparently vocalizing, though no audio is recorded. Feed cuts after 15 seconds.

Sound of stone falling is heard through Echo's microphone. Echo turns quickly, raising her

weapon.

Echo: Doctor, did you hear that?

Dr Ghazalie: Look at these reliefs! Exquisite! And after so much time!

Echo's camera pans back to where Dr. Ghazalie was standing, and he is no longer present. No interruption or anomalous movement was visible through Dr. Ghazalie's video feed.

T. Dwenk: Doctor, can you read us?

UNKNOWN: A Roman soldier once explained to me that warfare is an honorable enterprise. Was it not the Roman horde which coined the phrase *Divide et impera*?

T. Dwenk: Farik, do you hear me? Echo has —

Audio feed from base is cut.

Dr. Ghazalie's body camera pans in attempt to locate Echo. When he realizes she is missing, Dr. Ghazalie breathes rapidly and his pulse quickens. Camera picks up several spatial distortions in SCP-3989-4. Distances between adjacent buildings expand and contract at irregular intervals, as does their elevation relative to their vantage point. Audio records the beginnings of a distressed vocalization, but cuts before words can be discerned. Dr. Ghazalie moves quickly to a pyramidal structure to his right, which appears stable relative to his position, and begins to climb it. Dr. Ghazalie's side-arm is visible in his hand at this time.

Echo's body camera captures similar spatial distortions to Dr. Ghazalie's, though of lesser intensity. Audio feed unresponsive. She retreats to a nearby outcrop with rifle at low ready and appears to be responding to sounds in the environment. Several possible sightings of humanoids on record, however spatial distortion makes these very difficult to discern. A pair of black structures resembling eyes appear in the sky overhead and vanish within 2 seconds. Audio feed resumes.

Echo: — can hear me, I'm stuck in a small mausoleum near the uh… Shit, no compass. Ghazalie? Dwenk?

UNKNOWN: I am here.

Echo: Wh — who said that? Who are you?

A loud, low, widely spaced rhythm is heard, along with a rushing of air. Air and rhythm are seen to correspond to spatial distortions of SCP-3989-4.

UNKNOWN: I live.

Four instances of SCP-3989-3 emerge from the ground approximately 30 m from Echo. One instance, standing approximately .5m taller than the others on four hind limbs, produces a sword from the center of its chest and directs it toward Echo. All four instances proceed slowly, the three in front extending long poles from their forearms, which detach and form glaives approximately 2m in length. She opens fire, striking two in the skull who fall back momentarily before regaining their feet. Gulf's body camera reactivates and delivers a feed of some location behind Echo. Echo continues firing after reloading. The largest

SCP-3989-3 instance is struck once in each shoulder and once in the neck, stumbles, and rises again, bleeding but not in any apparent distress. Gulf's camera draws closer. A hand resembling those of SCP-3989-3, but wearing a Foundation security uniform, grabs Echo by the shoulder and plunges a dagger into her neck, obscuring the camera before the feed cuts.

Dr. Ghazalie reacts in synchronization to the sounds of the unknown vocalization, though no audio plays through his microphone. He retreats into a chamber at the top of the pyramid. Interior dimensions of the chamber suggests it recedes far further to the rear than an external view of the structure should allow. Dr. Ghazalie activates headlamp. Dark red structures are apparent in the sides of the chamber, regularly pulsating in slow rhythm. A light is visible ahead. Dr. Ghazalie runs toward it. Analysis of playback reveals several small (< 0.3m long), light skinned figures running along the passage in both directions. No reaction noted from Dr. Ghazalie to their presence. Far end of hallway opens into large, round chamber with stadium seating on all sides. Dr. Ghazalie trips and falls approximately 3 m into the floor of the chamber. Floor is covered in 0.5 m of viscous black fluid. Audio resumes.

Dr. Ghazalie: Oh no… No no no!

Camera pans upward. Seats are filled with innumerable instances of SCP-3989-3, chanting in unknown language. A 5 m tall door opens on the opposite side of the chamber, releasing two instances of SCP-3989-2A. Gulf, India, and Echo's cameras all resume

transmission from various points within the upper level, with clear view of Dr. Ghazalie below.

Dr. Ghazalie: No! I am with you! I wanted to help you! Don't you understand?! I'm not a warrior, I'm a simple pilgrim! Think of what we could learn together!

UNKNOWN: Reap.

SCP-3989-2A instances drop to all fours, and run across the chamber as Dr. Ghazalie fires rapidly. SCP-3989-2A throws Dr. Ghazalie against the far wall. Video feed ends.

Afterward: After analysis of the above log, all Team members were considered KIA and their equipment unrecoverable. Site Director Dr. suspended all inquiries into the event and seized all related logs for information security purposes.

Addendum: On 21/3/2014, an instance of SCP-3989-2 spontaneously appeared in the Area-126 atrium, bearing four fruits approximately 1 m in diameter. During establishment of in-situ containment, all four fruits simultaneously ruptured, and four individual humanoids genetically identical to Dr. Ghazalie, Echo, India, and Gulf were recovered. Area-126 records indicate these entities were returned to active duty in site operations. The above logs were recovered buried under the live instance of SCP-3989-2 during the events of 15/06/2016 containment breach.

Complete list of sub-designations

+ Expand List of Sub Designations

Item Designatio	Prior Observation/ Designation	Description
SCP-3989-1	None	Ossified tree resembling *Olea europaea*. Leaf-like structures composed of cardiac tissue. Fruiting body replaced with egg sacs containing 10-15 larval instances of SCP-3989-1A
SCP-3989-1A	Possible sighting as SK-BIO Type Z at related sites.	Small worm-like organisms essential to ossification process of existing olive trees in SCP-3989 active zone. Limited anatomical characteristics. Consumption of wood fiber elicits deposit of human osteocytes in non-anomalous trees.
SCP-3989-2	No prior designation, unconfirmed reports of instances possibly within the active zone of SCP-610 suggesting prior	Tree-like structures composed of enlarged human vertebral columns. Exhibit branching structures reminiscent of

	successful breach.	trees but of no discernible non-anomalous parallel. Exposed lung brachiation and cardiac tissue in place of small twigs and leaves. Bears small amniotic sacks from placental tissue along the trunk, containing developing instances of SCP-3989-2A and SCP-3989-2B
SCP-3989-2A	Possible SK-BIO Type A/ SCP-2480-2	Large, long-limbed humanoids, white in color, no discernible facial features or sensory organs. First sighted during manned expeditions in SCP-3989-A. Behavior is restricted to observation of Foundation presence unless provoked. Apparently tasked with guarding SCP-3989-A; several exploration teams lost while attempting to retrieve live

		samples from SCP-3989-2.
SCP-3989-2B	No prior designation, unconfirmed reports of instances possibly within the active zone of SCP-610 suggesting prior successful breach.	Small humanoids, similarly lacking eyes or sensory organs. White in color with exposed vertebral columns branching at the base, creating two pelvises. Possesses no fewer than three hearts and four lungs, though more have been recorded. Retreats from interaction with Foundation personnel or exploratory vehicles if able.
SCP-3989-3	Possible SK-BIO Type B. Unconfirmed reports of instances present during SCP-610 active periods. Relation between these two anomalies is unknown.	Humanoids 1.5 - 2 m in height with vertical mouths. Bodies are protected by apparently chitinous or keratinous armor plating. No samples retrieved. Will engage Foundation personnel on sight. Notable deviations from previously encountered SK-BIO Type B

		instances include additional hind or forelimbs, presence of horizontal mouths, horned craniums, or integrated bladed and projectile weaponry.
SCP-3989-4	None	Temple complex visible at a distance estimated to be 10 km from entry to SCP-3989-A. Extent unknown. Construction appears to be of a dark stone-like material. No samples yet collected. SCP-3989-3 concentration increases with proximity to the temple.
SCP-3989-V	N/A	Designation of unknown perception and cognition affecting vector associated with concealing the anomalous properties of SCP-3989 and subdesignations. Vector appears to apply not only to

		live observation, but also to video and audio recordings. It is unknown the extent to which this vector is responsible for concealing the events of Exploration Log 3989-18. Subsequent to containment breach event on 15/06/2016, anomalous effects apply to all personnel exposed directly to SCP-3989-A. Additional cognitive effects of auditory and visual hallucinations have been reported in personnel since recontainment. Optional self-termination of those affected is authorized.
SCP-3989-H	N/A	Four entities formerly known as Dr. Farik Ghazalie, Security Captain Elize "Echo" Faina, and Security Agents

	Ghaith "Gulf" Kalabi and Aimar "India" Terzi. Currently uncontained.

Footnotes

1. Unstable, Stationary, Unaided, Wide Area, Safe, 2 way, Cyclic
2.Mythical location present in both Broken God and Sarkic mythology.
3.Sarkic prophet of War, the Hunt, Betrayal, and Loyalty. Credited with the conquest of Kythera in Sarkic scripture.
4.There exists no record of text recovered from SCP-3989. The veracity of this statement is unknown

SCP-3990: Deer in the Headroom

Item #: SCP-3990

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: 3 automated monitoring/ECM stations have been constructed within the region, which will block SCP-3990 with static interference when it is detected. Regular maintenance is to be conducted 24 hours before each predicted occurrence of SCP-3990.

In the event that the above procedure fails, a website has been created describing SCP-3990 as an abstract art project which sometimes accidentally disrupts other broadcasts. SCP-3990-1 events are to be explained with Disinformation Story 4213-C (Frequencies which cannot be detected by human ears).

Both specimens of SCP-3990-2 are to be captured and contained as soon as possible. A large, outdoor paddock is currently being designed to contain the entities when they are captured.

Containment Update - 05/15/2016: SCP-3990-2B is contained in a large outdoor paddock furnished with foliage. The entity is to be fed on fruit and hay, and given a supply of clean water. When SCP-3990-2A is captured, it is to be contained within a separate paddock with higher fences.

Description: SCP-3990 refers to an anomalous radio broadcast which occurs fortnightly in the Canadian province of British Columbia. The signal often interrupts non-anomalous radio devices while playing, such as car and home radios. Its content consists mostly of incomprehensible grunts and calls, attributed to those made by deer. However, some understandable words have been heard, such as "deer", "grass", "immigrants" and "bears".

The event that occurs as a result of SCP-3990 is designated

SCP-3990-1. When SCP-3990 occurs and any members of the family *Cervidae* are within a 0.5 kilometre radius, the deer will travel to the device playing SCP-3990. Then, they will stand around the source, huddling close together, and make quiet vocalisations. SCP-3990-1 ceases when the radio device stops playing SCP-3990, or it is turned off. Deer involved in SCP-3990-1 events will sometimes treat humans with slightly above average fear or aggression during the process.

SCP-3990-2 refers to two entities (designated SCP-3990-2A and SCP-3990-2B) that are believed to be related to the origin of SCP-3990. The entities are deer of an unknown species, resembling those of the genus *Odocoileus*, but around 40% larger. SCP-3990-2 move at an extremely fast pace, and can outrun vehicles such as jeeps and helicopters, clocked at a top speed of 135mph. Due to the evasiveness of SCP-3990-2, little is known about either them or SCP-3990 itself.

Addendum: SCP-3990 was broadcast naturally 3 times prior to the construction of the radio towers. On the second occurrence, a portable radio was placed in a forest with a very large deer population. Logs can be found below.

> **1530:** SCP-3990 begins with the sound of an unknown, rhythmic, metallic banging.
>
> **1532-1534:** SCP-3990-1 occurs. Around 40 deer emerge from the surrounding foliage and crowd around the radio device, awaiting the voiced portion of the transmission.
>
> **1535:** The main body of SCP-3990 starts. Most of the transmission is incomprehensible deer grunts, but the English word "apple" is frequently heard. When the first instance of "apple" was spoken, the deer were noted to look at each other.
>
> **1537:** One deer places its hoof on its forehead and holds it for a few seconds, before shaking its head. A few other deer repeat this action.
>
> **1538:** The topic apparently changes. The word "hunt" is

heard within the grunts.

1539: The deer display nervous body language, and many take a step back. An instance moves between the radio and a juvenile.

1540: The deer begin to make glances at the researchers. A few sounds resembling growls are heard.

1542: Another rhythmic banging sound is heard, before SCP-3990 silences. This causes the end of SCP-3990-1, and the deer return to normal behaviour.

Addendum 2: A recent attempt at capturing SCP-3990-2 is documented below. Attempt was carried out by members of MTF-Tau-22 ("Forest Fires").

►ACCESS - Recovery Attempt 3990.3

FORWARD - 3 members of MTF-Tau-22 - Kallas, Mishra and Lynam were sent in to attempt to capture the SCP-3990-2 entities. The team was armed with tranquilliser rifles, thermal cameras, and net launchers. The automatic jamming system was turned off so the team could track SCP-3990-2. The excursion took place at night.

<Begin Log.>

COMMAND: Once SCP-3990 begins, it's hypothesised we'll lose contact, and you won't be able to communicate with each other through your radios. Is everyone in their positions?

Kallas: Yes, confirm.

Mishra: All good.

Lynam: Good to go.

COMMAND: Affirmative. There are spare tranquilliser darts stored in your ammunition pouch.

Mishra: Understood.

COMMAND: We believe you'll be able to locate SCP-3990-2 through the severity of the interruption in your radio devices. Go in the direction that the interruption is the most severe.

Kallas: Affirmative.

COMMAND: Good l- *SCP-3990 begins, knocking out communication. The team test out several directions.*

Lynam: West.

The team moves west. Kallas checks his tranquilliser rifle. Mishra suddenly extends a hand.

Mishra: Stop. I heard something. Lynam, you should keep your earpiece in, in case the direction changes.

Mishra and Kallas point their weapons into the forest, before a small herd of deer emerge and begin travelling in the direction the team was heading.

Kallas: I guess that confirms it. Let's keep moving.

The team continues west, following the deer herd closely behind. Soon, another herd emerges from the shrub, heading in the same direction.

Lynam: We could take off our earpieces now.

I think we have something accurate to follow.

Kallas: Good idea.

The team remove their earpieces and follow the deer herds. A low susurration can be heard not too far away.

Mishra: I think this is it.

More and more deer emerge from the forest, heading in the direction of the sound. The deer pay little attention to the team.

Kallas: We must be getting close now, surely. Ready your rifles.

The number of deer is increasing rapidly, and the team are struggling to find space to move.

Lynam: How are we even going to tranquillise the damn things through all these deer?

Mishra: I don't know. We'll just have to keep pushing, I guess.

The team pushes further through the crowd of deer, which seem to be completely unfazed. Another sound is picked up by the deer over the noises of the crowd.

Mishra: I think this is it… it's louder than the ambience.

The team push forward until they reach a firmly placed crowd of deer, with no gaps for movement.

Kallas: Turn on your torches, we'll need to find a path forward.

The torches are turned on, and the area is

scanned.

Lynam: Oh shit!

The torches focus on two large entities - SCP-3990-2A and SCP-3990-2B. They are standing in a clearing, surrounded on all sides by deer. SCP-3990-2A is bipedal, but struggling to be so and hunched over, while SCP-3990-2B walks on all fours, and appears malnourished. SCP-3990-2B has a large radio device strapped to its back, and has antlers made of a metallic substance. Both entities are facing away from the team. The entities slowly turn to face the team, as do all of the deer in the vicinity. The only noise is from the radio devices, which are giving off loud white noise.

Mishra: Now.

Lynam fires a dart, which pierces SCP-3990-2B's neck, causing it to become sluggish and stumble. The deer in the vicinity scramble past the team, knocking down Mishra and trampling over her. In the scramble, SCP-3990-2A appears to tear off SCP-3990-2B's antlers and the radio device, before darting into the forest with the rest of the deer. SCP-3990-2B collapses, unconscious.

Kallas: You okay, Mishra?

Mishra: I think my right leg is broken, fractured at the very least, just turn on the radios and contact command. Tell them we got one of them.

Kallas: Command? This is Kallas.
SCP-3990-2B is tranquillised.

COMMAND: Good, we're sending in a collection team.

Lynam: Affirmative.

AFTERWORD: SCP-3990-2B was transferred to a containment paddock, and is currently in a healthy condition, exhibiting no anomalous effects apart from its size.

Addendum 3: On 8/14/201 , an event occurred which involved SCP-3990-2. The event has been designated Incident 3990-03, and affected northwest British Columbia.

Incident 3990-03 affected television devices, and was a broadcast intrusion event resulting in programming being hijacked by SCP-3990-2A. The hijacking lasted for approximately 12 minutes before ending, at which point the televisions returned back to normal with no negative effects to the device.

The broadcast began with SCP-3990-2A running through a forest. The entity's face was slightly rounded, and it possessed SCP-3990-2B's removed antlers inserted into the sides of its head. SCP-3990-2A began with incomprehensible verbalisations. The camera used in the broadcast was heavily distorted and unfocused.

SCP-3990-2A then began to pace back and forth, while stating the phrase "today's headlines" several times. At this stage, several normal deer were seen in the background. The entity then began to speak broken, monotone English about several apparent subjects, such as bears and a water shortage.

Towards the end of the broadcast, SCP-3990-2A tapped the camera with its hoof, which had split into four autonomous "fingers". SCP-3990-2A stared at the camera for approximately 40 seconds before dropping the camera, at which point the broadcast abruptly ended.

In response to this incident, posters have been put up in the region linking the hijacking to the hoax website (see containment procedures). It is unknown if further television hijackings will occur in

the future.

SCP-3991: "Lewis Island"

SCP-3991 as viewed from the U.S.S on / /1997

Item #: SCP-3991

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An exclusion zone is to be maintained at a distance of three (3) kilometres from the geographic centre of the island, with the area officially designated a U.S. Navy installation to deter visitors. Arleigh Burke-class Destroyer USS *Curtis Wilbur* is to conduct regular patrols around the island. Additional, fake vessels are to be constructed from wood and styrofoam to appear from a distance as U.S. Navy ships, to further sell the island as a military installation.

Forged accounts of the island's existence are to be placed into media dating from 1951 until the present day. As it is uninhabited and extremely remote, said media will state that it was discovered by a U.S. Navy ship blown off-course while conducting drills in the Arctic Circle in 1951. The island was subsequently claimed by the U.S. Navy as its northernmost installation, and records of this installation will be circulated to the general populace until its existence before 1993 is unquestioned. According to the forged accounts, the installation was classified until 1993, explaining its absence from most media of the time. Post-1993 internet records are to be altered to include the installation.

Any record of Kaffeklubben Island's status as the northernmost island in the world is to be expunged, and replaced with SCP-3991 under the name "Lewis Island". A fake image will be created and supplied with these records to deter questions about SCP-3991's resemblance to Ball's Pyramid.

Any printed or otherwise saved material post-1993 that is not edited by the Foundation to include SCP-3991 is to be considered a

printing error and deemed incorrect. People exposed to these materials who ask questions will be administered Class A Amnestics.

Samples chipped from the island are to be stored, electromagnetically levitated, an appropriate distance from other objects. The only sample currently separate from the main island, 3991-Sample-1, is to be stored in a Type 41 Electromagnetic Levitation Chamber[1] in the Safe-Class object archives of Site-19. Removal of additional samples is currently prohibited, and requests for experimentation with 3991-Sample-1 must be submitted in writing to Site-19's Level 4 Director. Requests for additional samples to be taken must be submitted in writing to O5 Command.

Description: SCP-3991 is an island located in the Arctic Circle, its southernmost point located exactly 1 . kilometres north of Kaffeklubben Island, Greenland. It is identical in all dimensions to Ball's Pyramid, a unique geological formation found east of Australia. As Ball's Pyramid was formed as a remnant of a shield volcano, the shape of SCP-3991 and its location in the Arctic Circle is considered an anomaly.

SCP-3991 appeared through unknown means between the times of 18: and 19: on / /1993. The U.S. polar-orbiting satellite **DMSP 5D-2/F06** did not image the island when it passed over the island's location at the time of 18: , however the island appeared in the image taken 6072 seconds later at 19: . As DMSP 5D-2/F06 was the only satellite to image that point during the period of the island's appearance, its 6072-second orbital period is the most precise time period obtainable by the Foundation.

SCP-3991 shows an extensive level of anomalous time dilation. Effects typically associated with time dilation, such as extreme gravity, have not been observed. The time dilation has been observed to be radiating outward from the island in a sort of gradient, to about two kilometres offshore where the effect diminishes to a point of being unobservable. The following table shows the recorded time dilation at different distances from the geographic centre of SCP-3991:

+ Show Table

Distance from geographic centre of island	Time passed for observer on island	Time passed for observer in outside world
5 Metres	7,884,000,000 Seconds (250 Years)	1 Second
50 Metres	788,400,000 Seconds (25 Years)	1 Second
250 Metres	157,680,000 Seconds (5 Years)	1 Second
750 Metres	52,600,000 Seconds (20 Months)	1 Second
1.5 Kilometres	26,300,000 Seconds (10 Months)	1 Second

Attempts to observe dilation at distances closer than 5 metres to the geographic center of the island have met failure. See Document 3991-Time-Measurement-Log.pdf for details.

Observations have indicated the time dilative effect to be a property of the island's material, instead of a property tied to the entire island. 3991-Sample-1, A small sample chipped off the island, was tested and found to dilate time in its immediate surroundings by a factor of 1/ in relation to the entire island. This is consistent with the chipped sample comprising an estimated 1/ the mass of the entire island.

The time dilative effect of the island poses significant geological problems. It is unknown exactly how the island's material differs from normal rock, as chemical analysis of 3991-Sample-1 indicates is composition is in line with what is to be expected east of Australia. As such, it is impossible to determine the boundary between SCP-3991 and the ordinary bedrock below. The ocean floor and bedrock below SCP-3991 experiences time significantly slower than its geological surroundings. The implications and effects of this are currently unknown.

+ Post-Exploration Interview

DATE: / /1993
INTERVIEWER: Dr. William Tang
INTERVIEWED: Researcher Gerald Dent, Assistant Researcher Howard Cain

TANG: Based on what's contained in my file… *[a flipping of pages can be heard]*…your accounts of last week's events differ considerably?

DENT: That is correct.

CAIN: Yup.

TANG: Okay…somewhat par for the course for the Foundation. Typical anomalous location procedures. Researcher Dent, can you give me an account of the events you both agree on?

DENT: Yes, absolutely. Where should I start? Site 19? When we first sighted the island?

TANG: It's my understanding that your ship, *Transience*, anchored about three kilometres off the island? You can start at that point.

DENT: That's right. We anchored at about three P.M. with the island in full view. We weren't quite sure what the anomalous properties were yet, other than the fact that the island had spontaneously appeared the previous week. For all we knew, it could be teeming with 682's. Or it could swallow us whole as soon as we touched it. You learn to exercise a bit of caution when you're sent out to document stuff that has just…*[clears throat]* …*appeared*. I stayed back on *Transience* while my assistant, Mr. Cain, got on the dinghy

with two others and set sail for the island. This is about the point when our accounts begin to diverge.

TANG: *[quickly jots notes]*…Good…now what happened from your perspective?

DENT: The dinghy departed fairly normally, at about 40 km/h. I saw it go normally for a while, then it just…vanished. Into thin air. About four seconds later it reappeared and approached the ship normally. Those four seconds were the worst of my life. I thought we were dealing with an anomaly that could make three crew members vanish into thin air, and turn them into ass-loads of lost personnel paperwork.

TANG: Alright. Mr. Cain, what happened from your perspective?

CAIN: Ours was fairly normal. We approached the island, though once we were about half a click away from the ship, it seemed to stop moving away from us. Even though it was nearly three kilometers away once we made landfall, it continued to look as though we were within shouting distance. The sides of the island are almost vertical, 70 degrees I'd say, so we kind of clung on while we made observations. They didn't send us with harnesses or trad climbing equipment, so we couldn't get very far. We chipped off a little sample, which as far as I know is in the safe object archives now, and left about an hour and a half later. We sailed back to the ship and found my superior, Mr. Dent, very distressed and happy to see us. I did notice that everything on the ship was *exactly* the same as when we departed, down to people eating the exact same food and sitting in the exact same spots as when we left. At the time, I

brushed it off as Deja Vu.

TANG: Good. Thank you gentlemen, that's all I need. I apologize for taking your time, it's standard procedure when exploration accounts are significantly different. I'll forward this on to site command and they can try to categorize the object.

End Recording

Requests for Experimentation with SCP-3991 and Related Samples

+ FORMAT

DATE:
SUBMITTED BY:
SUBMITTED TO:
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT:
VERDICT:
OUTCOME:

+ Experimentation Request 01

DATE: / /1995
SUBMITTED BY: Researcher Gerald Dent
SUBMITTED TO: Dr. Tang, SCP-3991 Project Overseer
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT: Measurement of exact levels of time dilation utilizing atomic clocks. Two clocks will be synchronized, one clock will be brought onto island, one clock will remain at Site-19.
VERDICT: Approved
OUTCOME: Field of dilation found to be a gradient, points closer to the centre of the island experience the island's effects more strongly than points farther away.

+ Experimentation Request 02

DATE: / /1995
SUBMITTED BY: Researcher Gerald Dent
SUBMITTED TO: Dr. Tang, SCP-3991 Project Overseer
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT: Two computer-controlled atomic clocks will be synchronized to activate exactly 24 hours after the initial activation command is given. One clock will be brought a specified distance from the geographic center of the island, one will remain at Site-19. Experiment will be repeated at distances of 5m, 50m, 250m, 750m, and 1.5km.
VERDICT: Approved
OUTCOME: Table showing exact level of time dilation created, attached to SCP-3991 file.

+ Experimentation Request 03

DATE: / /1998
SUBMITTED BY: Assistant Researcher Harold Cain
SUBMITTED TO: Dr. Tang, SCP-3991 Project Overseer
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT: Extremely small atomic clock circuit will be used to ascertain if 3991-Sample-1 exhibits the same time dilative properties as the main island.
VERDICT: Approved
OUTCOME: Experiment unable to measure exact dilation effect exhibited by 3991-Sample-1. Suggested to repeat experiment at a later date when atomic clocks are smaller.

+ Experimentation Request 04

DATE: / /2006
SUBMITTED BY: Assistant Researcher Harold Cain
SUBMITTED TO: Dr. Tang, SCP-3991 Project

Overseer
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT: Extremely small atomic clock circuit will be used to ascertain if 3991-Sample-1 exhibits the same time dilative properties as the main island.
VERDICT: Approved
OUTCOME: Atomic clock sufficiently small for measurement of time dilative properties of sample. Experiment determined that dilative effects are approximately of strength 1/ th that of the main island. Consistent with sample comprising an estimated 1/ th the mass of the main island. File amended to reflect new information.

+ Experimentation Request 05

DATE: / /2007
SUBMITTED BY: Researcher Gerald Dent
SUBMITTED TO: Dr. Tang, SCP-3991 Project Overseer
DETAILS OF PROPOSED EXPERIMENT: Measurement of time at geographic centre of island, using methods identical to Experiment 02
VERDICT: Approved
OUTCOME: Atomic clock placed at geographic centre of island was not present when team returned to recover it. Presumed lost.

Footnotes
1. Cubical interior with 15cm edge length

SCP-3992: Wondertainment Whacky Halloween Fun Masks!

Item #: SCP-3992

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment procedures: All instances of SCP-3992 are to be kept in a standard containment locker at Site-17.

Description: SCP-3992 is a number of children's Halloween face masks. Instances come in a range of designs, portraying various Halloween themed monsters. Instances are constructed out of simple plastic materials, paint and string. Each instance bears a label reading "Wondertainment Whacky Halloween Fun Masks" on their interior.

SCP-3992 instances do not display any anomalous properties when worn by a non-anomalous individual. However, when worn by an anomalous entity, it will appear to physically change into an adolescent humanoid of varying appearance. Any clothing worn by the wearer will appear to change into a costume fitting the SCP-3992 instance's appearance. Clothing will simply appear to manifest on entities not wearing anything.

To clarify, anomalous entities who wear an instance of SCP-3992 do not actually experience a physical change in appearance, but rather appear to become humanoid. Changes in an entity's appearance and manifested clothing cannot be physically felt, and affected entities may continue to function and interact with their surroundings as normal. This effect will cease when the SCP-3992 instance is removed. The physical appearance gained by wearers of SCP-3992 instances differ significantly in bodily features, including skin tone, skin color, size and gender.

Discovery Log: SCP-3992 was discovered on 24/ /20 , in a house in , Wisconsin, United States. The house had been seized by the

Foundation under suspicion of anomalous activity originating from it. Among SCP-3992, several other anomalous items were found, a majority of which were of Wondertainment origin. The previous residents of the house were found to have fled the area and remain unfound. SCP-3992 was located in a cardboard box in the house's attic among several Halloween decorations. As of note, the name 'Stanley' was found written on the inside of SCP-3992-6 (vampire mask). Records show a child by the same name to have been one of the houses previous residents.

The following document was found along with SCP-3992:

> To our most loyal of customers during this most spooky of seasons,
>
> We at Doctor Wondertainment would like to give to you a very special gift in accordance with the holidays. For your continued loyalty over the years, we would like to present a very special treat to those of you who might find it rather difficult to fit in.
>
> We at Wondertainment believe in embracing what others may consider strange and spooky. There are too many wonders in this world locked away by those who just don't understand, or find the abnormal too scary. We know first hand that it can be troublesome accepting who you are, especially in a world of the mundane, so we come with wonderful news, that for just one night, you may go out and celebrate the strange and the scary without worry of what others may think of you!
>
> To our customers out there who struggle with these feelings on a daily basis, we have decided to give you a special free of charge reward this Halloween! A little something to show our gratitude for your continued support. In this box, you will find a complete set of our new **Wondertainment Whacky Halloween Fun Masks!**. Celebrate this Halloween with a costume so amazingly convincing you won't even be able to recognize yourself!

Have fun out there kids! And try not to wander into any dark forests while trick or treating!

And if you run into a **headless fellow** along the way, give him a good hello from us at Dr. Wondertainment! We miss you a lot old friend! We hope you're being taken good care of.

- Dr. Wondertainment.

Addendum 3992-1: Testing of SCP-3992 on several other SCP objects was suggested as a means of discovering the range of its effects when used on anomalous entities of varying physical nature. Approval of various SCP objects for testing was authorized.

Access Testing Log

Test: 3992-1-002
Subject: **SCP-2006** (Taking the form of the **Creature from the Haunted Sea**)
SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-1 (Werewolf mask)
Results: SCP-2006 appeared as an adolescent male humanoid wearing a torn plaid shirt and jeans. A pair of rubber gloves resembling clawed hands with grey fur appeared on SCP-2006's hands.
Notes: SCP-2006 was asked to change its physical appearance during the test in order to see how the effects of SCP-3992 would react to SCP-2006's shape-changing abilities. Several changes to SCP-2006's size, skin tone and hair occurred but remained humanoid.

SCP-2006 initially refused to remove SCP-3992-1 at first, but eventually complied once researchers assured it that it was nowhere near as scary as its previous form.

Test: 3992-2-001
Subject: **SCP-2662**

SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-2 (Witch mask)
Results: SCP-2662 took the form of an adolescent female. SCP-2662 appeared dressed in a black spider web themed witch costume, complete with a pointed witch hat and holding a broomstick (which disappeared along with the perceived effects of SCP-3992-2 when removed). To note is SCP-2662's appearance as a female rather than male. This is believed to have occurred due to SCP-3992-2 resembling a generic female witch.
Notes: SCP-2662 commented on the whole physical change to be 'Rather uncomfortable'. SCP-2662 later assured that what it had stated previously was not meant in any way to come off as disrespectful or insensitive, stating it had nothing against females and that they could be cultists if they desired.

Test: 3992-3-001
Subject: `SCP-1279-1`
SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-3 (Frankenstein's monster mask)
Results: Instance of SCP-1279-1 appeared as a human male covered in green body paint, wearing a Frankenstein's monster costume consisting of a black shirt and pants, torn grey coat and boots, with a pair of metal bolts protruding from its neck. Instance appeared standing upright on its perceived legs.

Upon removal of SCP-1279 from the instance, SCP-3992-3's effects ceased
Notes: *Interesting, 3992 must perceive 1279-1 as anomalous as long as it wears 1279. This may be the case when testing with other similar anomalies.*

Test: 3992-4-004
Subject: `SCP-2980-1`
SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-4 (Devil mask)
Results: SCP-2980-1's physical age did not change. All abnormal features and body parts of SCP-2980-1 appeared to be replaced with pieces of costume clothing, including a fake red tail and a pair of boots resembling cloven feet. SCP-2980-1 took the form of a human male of unknown race, coated in red body paint.
Notes: SCP-2980-1 commented on the effects of SCP-3992-4 to be rather humorous, but was 'Nothing compared to the real thing'.

SCP-2980-1 later claimed to recognize the name ‘Wondertainment’. When questioned, SCP-2980-1 stated that the name bared a striking resemblance to that of a cousin's ‘three times removed’. SCP-2980-1 did not give any other useful information.

Test: 3992-5-003
Subject: `SCP-2287`
SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-5 (Mummy mask)
Results: SCP-2287 appeared no longer headless. SCP-2287 appeared as a bald human male. A pair of green pupils were visible through SCP-3992-5’s eyeholes. Inspection showed its 'Mister' tattoo to no longer be present. No physical changes were present in the rest of SCP-2287’s body as it had no other physical abnormalities. SCP-2287’s clothing was replaced by layers of yellow tinted linen cloth, wrapped around its entire body similar to an Egyptian mummy.
Notes: Of significant note, SCP-2287’s anomalous properties ceased functioning while

wearing SCP-3992-5. Whether this is due to it being a Wondertainment product is unknown.

SCP-2287 commented on finding the mask fun to wear, saying that it was 'Nice to see what it was like from the other end'. SCP-2287 later asked if it were possible to wear SCP-3992-5 again at some point (Decision currently pending. The effects of SCP-3992 may prove useful for the containment of SCP-2287's anomalous properties).

Test: 3992-6-009
Subject: **SCP-956**
SCP-3992 Instance: SCP-3992-6 (Vampire mask)
Results: SCP-956 appeared as an adolescent Caucasian female with long pink hair. Costume consisted of a black cape and pants and red velvet waistcoat.
Notes: SCP-956 initially showed no signs of bodily movement, remaining in its passive state. However, after several seconds, SCP-956 visibly looked down at itself and began heavily retching. SCP-956 attempted to remove SCP-3992-6 with its perceived hands. When this failed, SCP-956 began clawing at SCP-3992-6 violently until it was removed by an assisting D-class.

Addendum 3992-2: On the 29/09/20 , a package was found outside of Site-17, addressed to the Foundation. Inside were a second set of SCP-3992. Instances consisted of a skeleton, jack o'lantern, banshee, zombie and clown.

The following note was included:

To the SCP Foundation,

We see that you've been playing around with our product

and approve of it greatly! It’s nice to see you giving others a taste of the Holidays and we hope you’re having fun with them yourselves!

As a sign of gratitude for your vigorous testing of so many of our products, we present to you the newest batch of **Wondertainment Wacky Halloween Fun Masks!**. The following set has not been officially released just yet, but we’re hoping to get them out soon enough!

We hope you'll share these with a few more of your guests and get some top-notch results!

With all honesty though, we make these products because many don’t get the chance to experience a proper childhood, or even celebrate such a unique time of year. So during that magical time when the mundane blend with the uncanny, we want to celebrate it right and give a little more.

Cause that’s what it’s all about, right?

- Yours, Dr. Wondertainment

SCP-3993: [UNTITLED]

Item #: SCP-3993

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3993 is to be sheathed in a waterproof metal and plastic framework. Two 1.4m LCD displays must be attached on both larger sides, displaying rich media advertising. A keyboard and Android tablet is to be fixed on the narrow 'sidewalk' edge, with two USB type-A ports. Care must be taken to render both USB ports, the keyboard, and the tablet totally inoperable.

SCP-3993 must be monitored at all times by a standard surveillance team with access to city and NYPD cameras plus SCP remote imaging. All members of the public who may have connected to SCP-3993's Wi-Fi must be logged, and any changes in SCP-3993's form or position should be recorded.

For full containment details, please consult "NYC StarBridge CityLink Kiosk Installation Guide, Revision 4.8".

Note from Principal Researcher Macmillan: New Yorkers might not expect SCP-3993's physical interfaces to work, but we'll have to come up with something else for other cities.

Description: SCP-3993 is a black object measuring 2.8m x 0.9m x 0.3m, composed of an indeterminate, extremely dense material. SCP-3993 appeared on the sidewalk at the intersection of rd Street and Avenue at 3:32:50am on 2014-04-02, displacing a payphone. Low quality CCTV footage from an adjacent Starbucks revealed no humans or machines were involved in the removal of the payphone or placement of the SCP-3993.

SCP personnel were notified of the object within an hour and immediately staged a vehicular accident at the site, allowing them to

erect a containment tent and redirect all public traffic for the following 36 hours.

During this time, SCP-3993 was inspected using portable spectrometers. No harmful materials were detected, but industrial cutting instruments of a type safely usable in metropolitan areas (i.e. no high explosives or lasers) were unable to remove a sample of the object. Removal of the object was not possible due to its high density and weight.

At 2:08:13am and 4:19:42am on 2014-04-03, two identical objects, termed SCP-3993-2 and SCP-3993-3 (the original now termed SCP-3993-1) appeared on sidewalks in Lower Manhattan, also displacing payphones. Similar containment procedures were enacted.

Confronted with the possibility that many more instances of SCP-3993 might materialise in short order, the on-site technical lead (consulting with SCP headquarters via Wi-Fi videochat) made an imaginative suggestion: presenting the objects as prototype public internet access points.

Two days later on 2014-04-05, SCP officials (under the guise of the "StarBridge" consortium) met with Mayor de Blasio's staff and proposed a complete replacement of the city's 7,000+ payphones with free, advertising-funded Wi-Fi internet communication kiosks. On 2014-04-30, the agreement was made public, with the project named "LinkNYC".

Over the following six months, 238 additional instances of SCP-3993 appeared across Lower Manhattan and Midtown, each successfully sheathed in a LinkNYC kiosk within twelve hours. However, providing the kiosks with the promised gigabit internet connectivity was a much more difficult proposition due to multiple breakdowns in negotiation with Comcast.

This problem was solved, albeit in an unconventional manner, on 2014-10-29:

> *Phone transcript between SCP Principal Investigator Macmillan, conducting close surveillance of*

SCP-3993-188 from a nearby Jamba Juice, and SCP Assistant Logistics Director (NY) Wieteska:

Macmillan: Well done, Wieteska! What did you promise them?

Wieteska: What on Earth are you talking about?

Macmillan: Was it the fiber multiplexing tech? Or the femtocell research? Never mind, it's of little consequence. What's important is that I'm now speaking to you through this Wi-Fi access point named "Gigabit LinkNYC". Low latency, high bandwidth, really, I'm impressed you -

Wieteska: The Comcast meeting isn't until Friday.

<pause>

Macmillan: So what the did I just connect to?

A reconstruction of events reveals that 25 minutes prior to this phone call, SCP-3993-1 through 239 simultaneously activated high-power, unprotected 802.11ac internet access points. Each internet kiosk offered a bandwidth of 3.2 gigabits and according to packet tracing, multiple redundant connections to the internet backbone – despite having no physical network connections.

SCP personnel immediately moved to contain the Wi-Fi access points with Faraday cages (a hurried press release claiming "upgrades" was issued). The cages did not completely block the access points; instead, they merelly reduced effective Wi-Fi range by 62%; SCP physicists theorised that SCP-3993 was employing a neutrino-based quantum tunnelling effect to maintain its connection. Increasing the thickness of the cage 1.4m reduced range by 98%, but this was deemed to be too disruptive to the built environment, not to mention highly damaging to real estate values.

Attempts to jam the signal and flood the 2.4 GHz and 5 GHz spectrum with noise were rapidly met with swift protests from locals, culminating in a small riot in the NYU student dorms adjacent to

SCP-3993-75. At this point, SCP Principal Investigator Macmillan ordered the Faraday cages to be dismantled, jamming efforts deactivated, and effects redirected towards understanding the nature of the Wi-Fi access points, and what harm they posed.

Initial testing produced no unusual results; the access points connected to the present-day, real-world internet. Even after multiple hours of web browsing, no ill effects were observed on D-class personnel or members of the public.

In fact, follow-up testing conducted on 487 frequent users of SCP-3993's access points one month later showed quite the opposite. The users scored a statistically significant increase of three points on the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale (aka the "Wechsler IQ test"). They also demonstrated reduced violent tendencies and greater feelings of empathy, with effects persisting for an average of five months. Repeated usage of SCP-3993 saw increases of fifteen IQ points or more amongst most individuals.

The mechanism in which SCP-3993 acts to increase intelligence was identified via deep packet inspection on a modified Android device. SCP-3993 changes the content of internet traffic en route to connecting devices, serving different pages, podcasts, videos, and social media posts. It rarely creates new content, but instead manipulates search results and social media feeds - themselves generated by complex and opaque algorithms - to surface what researchers term 'life changing content'.

> *Chat log between SCP Researcher Nguyen and D-1493 (repeated user of SCP-3993-22):*
>
> **Researcher Nguyen:** sup
>
> **D-1493:** saw this crazy thing on reddit today
>
> **D-1493:** comment bout a girl my age. really inspiring story. never thought id see that on reddit.
>
> **Nguyen:** yeah?
>
> **D-1493:** think im gonna take school more seriously now.

Nguyen: huh

D-1493: just makes you think. if she can stop being a screwup maybe i can too. just gotta work hard at it.

SCP-3993 can compromise all extant and planned forms of SSL/TLS cryptographic network security protocols in real time. Some forms of highly complex cutting-edge encryption – too computationally expensive for the majority of consumer devices – have proven more durable, although in recent months SCP-3993 has demonstrated the capability to circumvent even them. It is theorised that SCP-3993's computing power scales not only with the number of its instances but also the devices that have connected to it.

Since we cannot rely on any consumer-grade form of encryption to contain SCP-3993, efforts have been directed towards broader forms of containment. For example, cheaper and faster mobile internet would significantly reduce public demand for SCP-3993's services. Unfortunately, negotiations with US telecoms providers have been fruitless, and since late 2016, SCP-3993 has begun to experiment with new forms of long-range wireless technology, including 4G and 5G cell tower spoofing.

Note from SCP Principal Investigator Macmillan:

SCP-3993 is one of the most perplexing adversaries we have faced. Where did it come from? Is it trying to uplift us, and for what reason? Why has it chosen to manifest itself as a free wireless access point, of all things? Did we cause this, through our own actions when it arrived? Regardless, despite its apparent lack of aggression, it would be a grave mistake to underestimate its reach and power.

Every day, more of our reality is consumed and mediated through our internet-connected devices. We consume the news on them, we communicate with our friends and family, our opinions are formed and our intentions molded by these ever-present screens. As we use more sophisticated devices that employ virtual and augmented reality, SCP-3993's ability to manipulate our reality and our intelligence will increase exponentially. For the inhabitants of New York, it's entirely possible that their every waking moment could

soon be mediated by SCP-3993.

We can be thankful, at least, that SCP-3993 has effectively 'self-contained' its spread to New York. I suspect that this city was chosen due to its high population density, along with its high usage of mobile devices. New York's status as a world leader in business, media, and culture may also assist SCP-3993 in its inscrutable goals. But if it spreads beyond the bounds of this city, it's not clear how we can stop it without inciting mass panic.

Addendum:

Incident Log

- 2015-02-04: SCP-3993 spreads to 714 locations.
- 2015-11-29: SCP-3993 spreads to 2053 locations.
- 2016-12-01: SCP-3993 spreads to 7592 locations.
- 2017-01-06: SCP-3993 sighted in Columbus, Ohio; London, UK; and Tokyo, Japan.
- 2017-01-08: New logo appears on all SCP-3993 sheathes: "Free super fast Wi-Fi. And that's just the beginning."

SCP-3994: Normal Human People

Item #: SCP-3994

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3994 is currently being held onsite at Site-92. The doors to SCP-3994's containment chambers must be pressurized as to prevent instances from maneuvering through gaps between the door and its frame. Instances are to be separated by category into their respective containment chambers in groups of no more than 15 per chamber. Should the number of instances in any given category exceed 800, termination of up to 500 instances may be permitted. Termination of an instance of SCP-3994 requires 87% of its mass to be completely destroyed, whether by incineration of 800 degrees Celsius, dissolution by an acid of 1.1 pH or less, or a detonation of 415 megajoules of trinitrotoluene. Recategorization of instances should occur bimonthly.

Foundation webcrawlers must consistently monitor upcoming meteor showers and databases of medical facilities in order to track uncontained instances of SCP-3994. Mobile Task Force Theta-991 ("Human Beings") is to be deployed wherever reports of SCP-3994 surface, and instances of SCP-3994 must be apprehended under the guise of relocation to a private medical facility.

SCP-3994 is to be provided a maximum of three times daily with Foundation-generated or heavily altered media (see Addendum-03). All media is to be centered around human activity and regarded as acceptable behavior for humans, regardless of the nature of the content. Incoming information from outside instances or sources must be immediately substituted with aforementioned media.

All personnel who interact with any aspect of SCP-3994 or files regarding it must undergo a blood test prior to entering and exiting the containment chamber as to prevent allowing the incorrect

personnel from exiting.

Description: SCP-3994 is the collective designation for a cluster of extraterrestrial entities, currently consisting of SCP-3994-A-1 through SCP-3994-C- . Instances of SCP-3994 have been grouped into categories A, B, or C based upon degree of shell decay, with A having no signs of shell decay, B having any amount of shell decay but with a retained shell, and C lacking any shell.

SCP-3994 develops and inhabits outer skins (henceforth referred to as 'shells') that resemble human beings. SCP-3994 will favor mimicking the appearance of a preexisting individual in its immediate vicinity if it lacks a shell; if no human is present, shell formation will occur regardless. These shells are assumed to act as disguises to hide the inner form of SCP-3994, but often fail to perform as intended; 68%[1] of attempts by SCP-3994 to form humanoid shells have resulted in various deformities, including but not limited to twisted appendages, severe malformation resembling elephantiasis, disproportionate skeletal structure[2], and .

The interior composition of SCP-3994 is of an unknown viscous substance. Without a shell, the bodies of SCP-3994 lack any confined form or structure, and may have a height upwards of 560cm. In this state, SCP-3994 maneuvers by dragging itself across a surface using any number of its limbs[3].

96% 65% 38% of conversations held between Foundation personnel and instances of SCP-3994 have shown that SCP-3994 will actively copy the speech patterns, dialects, and languages of those whom they are exposed to; however, SCP-3994 demonstrates a great deal of difficulty in stringing together grammar and syntax, and has displayed symptoms in line with those of speech and communication disorders, notably cluttering and apraxia of speech. Instances under Foundation custody have shown to be adapting rapidly to match the language proficiency of personnel; countermeasures have been implemented to combat this (see Addendum-03).

Discovery: Initial discovery of SCP-3994 occurred after news stations in , Bolivia, , Germany, and , Madagascar reported dozens of wild animals having been shred to pieces with pulpy, viscous innards of a solid, uniform color[4]. Samples taken from

deceased instances proved to be extraterrestrial, with no known relatives existing on Earth.

Several days prior to the initial discovery, all three cities had experienced a minor meteor shower. Meteorites retrieved near recovery locations have tested positive for DNA samples of SCP-3994, implying that SCP-3994 has been utilizing meteorites as a method of travel from their location of origin.

Addendum-01: On 1/6/ , 3 of the total B-category instances of SCP-3994 progressed into a complete state of shell decay, hereby recognized as C-category. Crevices in B-category shells with protruding limbs, spines, and other appendages gave way to the full interior body of these SCP-3994 instances, effectively dissolving the shell. Testing suggests that shell decay is a natural process, with signs beginning 1-4 months after a shell is initially formed, and dissolving entirely within 1 year. The process of shell formation takes a maximum of 3 days. There is no known way to inhibit this process.

+ Interview Log-01

Interviewed: SCP-3994-A-7

Interviewer: Dr. Koffman

Foreword: SCP-3994-A-7 was recovered from , Ireland three days prior to the interview. SCP-3994-A-7 was recorded to have been initially disregarded as an intoxicated townsperson until it was seen to have "snapped its elbows back in half and kept going about its business". Once it was administered medical treatment, hospital staff discovered that SCP-3994-A-7 lacked any human bodily fluids, and the Foundation was subsequently involved.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Koffman: Good morning, SCP-3994-A-7.

SCP-3994-A-7: Morning, sick! Sickening!

Dr. Koffman: Do you find something sickening?

SCP-3994-A-7: It's an understandably, stand, standing rotten day!

Dr. Koffman: What's making it rotten?

SCP-3994-A-7: No breakfast, and time for breakfast. Eating is a man must eat, you know[5].

Dr. Koffman: Are you… are you hungry?

SCP-3994-A-7: Feh, hunger be hungry. And you, what was breakfast for yourself?

Dr. Koffman: I had… waffles, I believe.

SCP-3994-A-7: Waffles, I believe! Oh, I endear waffles, I believe. They are, how'd you say, hungry for breakfast!

Dr. Koffman: Do you know what a waffle *is*, A-7?

SCP-3994-A-7: I…

SCP-3994-A-7 pauses briefly. It gazes distantly, then clears its throat. The following lines from SCP-3994-A-7 contained several words of Argentinian Spanish, which have been translated into English.

SCP-3994-A-7: A waffle, I believe, is a bread pastry often eaten with… (*unintelligible*)… syrup for breakfast. Humans — us, we, enjoy them! Popular here, in… Argentina.

Dr. Koffman: A-7, we are nowhere near

Argentina.

Extraneous dialogue has been removed.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Koffman's interview with SCP-3994-A-7 has led to the discovery of telepathic communications existing between instances of SCP-3994. Further research is being conducted in order to understand the limits and capabilities of this.

Addendum-02: Following Interview Log-013, SCP-3994 is confirmed to develop language proficiency, cultural understanding, acceptable social behavior, and other essential components of human interaction not only by interacting with humans directly, but also by communicating information between one another in a hive mind complex. Dampening this development by teaching SCP-3994 false information about humanity is necessary to uncover instances of SCP-3994 embedded in human society. Amnestics do not function as intended due to the composition of SCP-3994.

Incident Log-04: On 8/12/ , a security breach was attempted by SCP-3994-A-7, -A-24, -A-33, -B-3, -B-78, -C-16, and -C-27. -C-16 and -C-27 provided aid to the breach by pressing themselves between the crevices of the containment chamber door and the door frame to forcibly unhinge the door. They then functioned as a distraction by blocking off guards from accessing one side of the hallway leading to SCP-3994's containment chamber; guards were unable to destroy enough of -C-16 and -C-27's mass in order to surpass them into the hallway. Remaining instances of SCP-3994 had formed shells resembling onsite staff and security prior to the incident. Both B-category instances were able to conceal any protruding appendages by wrapping them in shreds of cloth taken from each other's uniforms. The group of A-category instances acted in the roles of personnel escorting wounded researchers to the medical bay. The security breach lasted a total of 23 minutes before all violating instances of SCP-3994 were terminated via heavy artillery fire.

Addendum-03: On 5/9/ , extensive countermeasures were implemented to prevent absolute blending of undiscovered instances of SCP-3994 into human societies. This includes:

- All recreational activities relating to forms of media used to convey information (films, books) must have scrambled text or speech

- No non-fiction media may be introduced to SCP-3994 under any circumstances

- No information regarding the personal lives of personnel may be mentioned under any circumstances

Incident Log-09: On 9/16/ , a breach was attempted by 14 A-category instances, 37 B-category instances, and 6 C-category instances. Dr. Koffman and 4 accompanying security guards approached SCP-3994's containment chamber, which caused the aforementioned instances to swarm around the door; it should be noted that this behavior is abnormal for SCP-3994. Dr. Koffman opened the door, and the 4 security guards were promptly trampled by the offending instances. However, all instances wove around Dr. Koffman, who headed in the opposite direction from the group until he was subsequently apprehended 11 minutes after the breach. The instances managed to reach the center of Site-92 before all were successfully terminated via a contained flood of 20,000 gallons of battery-grade sulfuric acid.

+ Interview Log-07

Interviewed: Dr. Koffman

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: The following interview occurred immediately after Incident Log-09: 9/16/ . At the time of recording, Dr. was the site director for Site-92.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Dr. Koffman, what reason do you

have for your actions today? You were seen walking away from a massive containment breach without alerting security.

Dr. Koffman: I apologize, I must've forgotten.

Dr. : Forgotten? Dr. Koffman, you were being *swarmed* by SCP-3994. I don't want to punish you for initiation of and deliberate failure to contain a breach. Hell, I don't even want to *blame* you for what happened, you just opened the *door*. But they were all over you, Koffman, they trampled the guards and headed straight for escape, and you *forgot*?

Dr. Koffman: Again, I apologize. I only did what I could.

Dr. : Excuse me, Koffman?

Dr. Koffman: You can't keep them here forever. They've taken the form of the dominant species on the planet, and they're damn near indestructible by our means of measurement. We haven't found them all. We don't know how many there are. You don't even know how they multiply.

Dr. : We're not here to discuss SCP-3994, Koffman, we're here to —

Dr. Koffman: You keep an army trapped inside these concrete walls and it won't do a thing in your favor, Dr. . They learn, and then they keep advancing. It's a simple concept. Buffers on their development will stop working. Sooner or later, there'll be enough instances on this God-forsaken planet to teach them every language under the sun. They'll learn the games. They'll know that humans don't actually eat paste for breakfast, or wear

their shoes on their hands, like you so desperately want them to believe. Soon enough, they'll be walking and talking like any other person. And at the rate they're going, they'll outsmart us a million to one. They just keep going, and going, and going. You've wagered a hefty bet against the universe's greatest conquerer, Dr. , and it's a bet you're going to lose.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Several hours following the interview, it was discovered that Dr. Koffman had been on vacation for the past two weeks.

Footnotes
1. Percentage has shown to increase in the absence of a replicatable human subject.
2. SCP-3994 lacks a skeletal structure; all apparent bone malformations exist only in the skin of the shell.
3. No upper limit of limbs or appendages has been noted.
4. Since this initial discovery, no instances were found to have developed an inhuman shell, likely due to rejection by inhuman mammalian societies.
5. SCP-3994 does not require food and is presumed to be self-sustaining. SCP-3994-A-7's comments are theorized to have been the scrambled words of individuals in its location prior to recovery.

SCP-3995: A Pair Of Lungs That May Or May Not Exist

NOTICE FROM THE RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

This document has been locked by Dr. Hannibal Romero and may no longer be edited without O5 clearance. Further information may be accessed in Addendum 02 with Level 4 clearance.

Item #: SCP-3995

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

SHOW PREVIOUS CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES

SCP-3995 is to be contained in a refrigerated organ storage locker, only to be removed for interviews. Should SCP-3995 be interviewed, it must be done in a lightless room to prevent any of its violent outbursts. SCP-3995 does not require any food or water, and appears content in any environment with a temperature below body temperature.

SCP-3995 is to be contained in a refrigerated organ storage locker, which is not to be opened for any reason. All Foundation personnel are to presume that SCP-3995 exists. All Foundation personnel are to presume SCP-3995 is alive.

Description: SCP-3995 is a pair of human lungs capable of levitating up to approximately 140 cm in the air. SCP-3995 has displayed an ability to breathe oxygen, despite the lack of assisting organs and skeletal structures to do so. SCP-3995 has also

exhibited that it can survive without food or water, among other things it claims humans need for survival. SCP-3995 has claimed that it does not need "form", which may be interpreted to mean it does not need a human body to survive.

While SCP-3995 does not have a nervous system or any assisting apparatus, it has displayed an ability to hear sound and utilize touch[1], but cannot smell or taste. SCP-3995 may have some sort of sight, as it reacts violently should it be in the presence of any light, attempting to knock over physical objects to block the light. Should no objects be in the room SCP-3995 is in, it will try to go to the most dimly-lit corner and hide until the source of the light is terminated. When asked about this behavior, it claimed light causes it stress and pain.

SCP-3995 also has displayed an ability to speak fluent English and Mandarin Chinese, despite not having a larynx or mouth. As of yet, the voice produced by SCP-3995 is unidentifiable as either male or female; however, tissue samples taken from SCP-3995 have confirmed a genetic match to **Bai Zhào**, who was reported to have disappeared on 12/13/ after being released from the Lu Zhiwei Rehabilitation Center in , China after receiving treatment for alcoholism.

Addendum 01:

Show Interview Log

Foreword: Interview conducted by Dr. Hannibal Romero, a psychology specialist.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Romero: This is Dr. Hannibal Romero, beginning interview with SCP-3995—

SCP-3995: Do not give it a title.

Dr. Romero: I'm… I'm sorry?

SCP-3995: Do not give it a title. It does not need a title.

Dr. Romero: What do you mean by "it"?

SCP-3995: It has no need for identity. An identity gives it form. It is clean.

Dr. Romero: Are you referring to yourself? Are *you* it?

SCP-3995 is silent.

Dr. Romero: Okay… I'll just assume that's a yes, then. Can you tell me about yourself? Were you ever a part of a person before?

SCP-3995: It was not part of a person, it is.

Dr. Romero: It is what?

SCP-3995 is silent.

Dr. Romero: Fine, be difficult. Can you explain anything more about yourself? Do you know what caused your anomalous properties to manifest?

SCP-3995: It wanted to be clean. It is not clean yet, but it will be clean of addiction in time.

Dr. Romero: Addiction?

SCP-3995: It was addicted to… It was addicted to attachment.

Dr. Romero: Attachment? Could you explain more?

SCP-3995: When a person is addicted to attachment, they fear death. It feared death. It was addicted to attachment, as others are addicted to alcohol, cigarettes or heroin. It needed life to live… but it soon learned that

was not true. It does not need life to live. It needs to be clean.

Dr. Romero: What do you mean "clean"? How does one become "clean"?

SCP-3995: How does one become clean of any addiction? Less over time. It realized it could be clean by eating less, feeling less, having less form. It broke its addiction to nutrition first, one of the most useless ideas most humans believe is a requirement. Eventually, it learned to stop feeling pain, which aided in it removing its form.

Dr. Romero: That's… That's disgusting…

SCP-3995: But it is not clean yet. It is almost clean, but it is not clean yet.

Dr. Romero: What? What would happen if you would become totally clean?

SCP-3995: I would be free of addiction. Free of life, unable to die. I would be perfect.

Dr. Romero: You would be… Wait, you just referred to yourself as "I".

SCP-3995 is silent.

Dr. Romero: SCP-3995, are you familiar with Bai Zhào? Bai went missing years ago after being released from a rehab center, and you just so happen to be a genetic match.

SCP-3995 is silent.

Dr. Romero: Are you Bai Zhào?

SCP-3995: It should thank you. Containment and lack of social interaction was all it needed

to become clean.

<End Log>

Closing Statements: The subject refused to answer any further questions. Interview was terminated soon after.

Addendum 02:

ENTER LEVEL 4 CREDENTIALS FOR ACCESS

On 9/28/2017, Dr. Romero opened SCP-3995's containment unit to retrieve it for an interview. Upon opening, SCP-3995's lungs were no longer observed to be breathing, and began to rapidly decay. It is unknown if SCP-3995 has breached containment or simply ceased to exist.

NOTE FROM THE DESK OF HANNIBAL ROMERO

If you're wondering why I changed the containment procedures and locked the page, I can explain.

It's not dead. I don't think it's dead. It might be dead, but I believe that it's not. If what it told me is true, then it could potentially be more dangerous than any of us ever expected, because it literally has cracked the code to existence. If something can literally will themselves into un-existence… then who's to say what can be willed into existence? The only way to contain something like this, is to believe that it exists at all, but if this even works, then God knows what else could be created like this. We have to test this theory whether we like it or not; we all need to believe that SCP-3995 still exists. If it makes it easier

for people, we need to believe it's still alive, too. I don't care what it'll take to get people to believe this, but it needs to be believed in.

I could just be seeing things where there's only empty space, but… considering we're dealing with non-existence, that's exactly what I should be seeing.

Footnotes

1. SCP-3995 has shown that it is able to distinguish differently-textured objects by placing them against its flesh.

SCP-3996: The Tangential Frontier

Item #: SCP-3996

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3996's intangibility makes any capture impossible. Instead, Research Base 1212 has been set up to surround SCP-3996's area of operation.

No personnel are to be permitted entry into SCP-3996-1 unless given express permission for testing purposes.

Update 01/03/2001: Further exploration of SCP-3996-1 has been approved by the O5 Council. MTF Upsilon-90 "Andalusian Dogs" is to conduct all explorations, due to its experience with extradimensional anomalies and exploration.

Update 12/03/2001: Testing is indefinitely suspended.

Description: SCP-3996 refers to a herd of intangible white horses, which appear every 12 hours at the same point in the Nevadan portion of the Great Basin Desert. The SCP-3996 instances manifest at a galloping speed (40-48 kph) before gradually slowing to a halt after 100m. The SCP-3996 instances will remain in the same area for approximately ten minutes, before turning and accelerating over the 100m it initially galloped down, before demanifesting.

SCP-3996 instances can only be interacted physically if a human individual intends and attempts to climb onto an SCP-3996 instance's back and assume an ordinary riding position; the anomaly is apparently able to distinguish the intentions of any human attempting to touch it. If said individual is still on the SCP-3996 instance's back when it demanifests, then it will demanifest along with it. The SCP-3996 instance and the individual will then remanifest in another dimension, hereafter referred to as SCP-3996-1. Within SCP-3996-1, SCP-3996's cycle mirrors that

found in the prime dimension.

SCP-3996-1's landscape initially appears to be identical to the scrubland of the prime dimension; however, the further away from SCP-3996's entrance point, the more the landscape changes, and the more the dimension experiences extreme fluctuations in the Hume level. These fluctuations cause significant alterations to the nature of the dimension's reality. Various anomalous organisms and non-human creatures are reputed to inhabit SCP-3996-1, possessing biological features which would not function in the prime dimension. The Hume fluctuations often reach extreme levels and occur very rapidly, which results in immense strain on any Scranton Reality Anchors used. This has resulted in several malfunctions and breakages, making their use inadvisable.

Humans do not age within SCP-3996-1, but if they return to the prime dimension their body will immediately age to match the length of time which has passed. Approximately 1km to the east of SCP-3996-1's entrance point is an oasis, surrounded by a small settlement of humans who have entered SCP-3996-1 via SCP-3996 at various points over the last 200 years. The settlement- named by the inhabitants as "Ghost Town"- contains 144 human residents, and has the appearance of a 19th century town in the American West. The town's inhabitants subsist on hunting an animal they call "potatolos"; these have been described as having the external appearance and behaviour of an American bison (*Bison bison*), but the internal composition of a potato (the tuberous bulb of the nightshade *Solanum tuberosum*).

The inhabitants of the town utilise a variety of anomalous items and practices in order to enhance their standard of living. This includes using the corpses of a species of glowing, desert-dwelling squid as lighting; the developement of walls of shifting sand and dirt to be used as a defence against unwanted intruders; and the use of a species of singing cactus as a form of public entertainment. The Foundation has decided to co-operate with the inhabitants of Ghost Town, as a safe case-study in the analysis of humanity's use of anomalies in day-to-day life.

SCP-3996 and SCP-3996-1 was first discovered by the Foundation in 1998, after a chance encounter during a containment breach of

SCP-2895. SCP-3996 was being ridden by a deceased corpse, believed to be the remains of a resident of Ghost Town who attempted to return to the prime dimension after an advanced period of time.

Below is an interview log with a resident of Ghost Town.

+Interview 3996-3

Interviewer: Dr. Claude Montague (Unreality Division).

Interviewee: Silas Harlington, *de facto* mayor of Ghost Town and long-term resident; reported to be the settlement's founder.

Date: 19/09/2000.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Montague: Good afternoon.

Mr. Harlington: Afternoon, sir. What can I do for y'all?

Dr. Montague: You can answer a few questions. We're just a little curious about… this place.

Mr. Harlingon: Ghost Town? Or the whole tangential frontier?

Dr. Montague: …Tangential frontier?

Mr. Harlington: A name some fella came up with a few years ago. He liked some- well, I don't what "television" is, but some kinda theatre show or something. Said that it called space the "final frontier", so this must be a frontier a bit to the side. Tangential frontier.

Dr. Montague: I see. We're curious about

both. How was this town founded?

Mr. Harlington: Same way all the places on the frontier were founded; people looking for riches, and other folks like me trying to make a little money off ‘em. I came here with the first bunch back in ’89. There wasn’t much of a frontier left in the Dakotas then, what with all the Indians being herded into the reservations, and me and old Gul had heard about a strange place, a new frontier down Nevada way. We tracked down a guy who knew more- some artsy type, looking for inspiration- and stumbled across the horses one day.

Well, was a hard few years. Had to convince gullible easterners to come here, promised they’d get rich. We realised the aging thing pretty early on; I haven’t been back home since 1901, when I brought my wife over. Not my kids. They had their own life to lead.

Dr. Montague: What kind of “riches” did you promise people?

Mr. Harlington: The kind that are actually here. Why, look around you! This place is full of all kind of strange, devilish things. The potatolos are just their start. There’s rocks that tell you the future, strange trees that produce whatever fruit you want, flies that eat spiders, all sorts of stuff. You can’t make it back home, so we’d get collectors coming here for years. Those were the good days.

Dr. Montague: What happened?

Mr. Harlington: You know out west, where all the tribes are? Bunch of Indians and Chinamen, looking to stir up trouble. They started getting close, started raiding us. We

got more guns and stuff from back home, but they had.. weird stuff. Lasers on the tops of their rifles. Bows and arrows that knew exactly where you were. A weird mix of strange engines and weird magic that we couldn't stop.

Dr. Montague: You're still here, though.

Mr. Harlington: Yeah, that was the thing; they never burnt our stuff down, or attacked people they didn't have to. Don't get me wrong, they killed a bunch of folks, but they only ever went for the weird stuff. All those rich, strange things we were hawking, they kept taking them away. Eventually, we just gave up. Stopped people from taking stuff, shut the whole thing down. The place became a ghost town for a while; seemed a fitting name, so we used it.

Anyway. That didn't last long. We're thriving now, 'cos when people got wind of the fact that you couldn't age, they all wanted to move here. We got electricity, a little cinema back in the '20s, those refrigerator things- a lot of stuff that helped folks out. There's still some hardship- we probably shouldn't eat so many taters- but it's a nice life, and it lasts forever.

Dr. Montague: Didn't you ever want to go back? To the prime dimension?

Mr. Harlington: What for? Frontier was drying up, and even the Indians have been shoved in the same boxes as everyone else. My kids are probably long dead, and their kids wouldn't want to know me. And, hell, the immortality is sweet. If I tried to go back, I'd just die of old age.

Dr. Montague: So- what can you tell us about the rest of this place? What happens when you

go further out?

Mr. Harlington: Well, there's the nomads to the west. Fierce devils, but they mostly leave us alone nowadays. Tougher than us, too, so we don't want to go too near them. Then there's the cities, down to the far south. All grey concrete. The townfolk there all have cold hearts- don't like us too much. Have lots of rules, regulations, temples. Not very nice. There's nothing to the east; just boring desert forever. Not even any interesting devils or demons to tempt you.

Dr. Montague: And to the north?

Mr. Harlington: The north… it's just dark up north. The sun emits darkness, not lights. Shadows are white, day is night. The wolves and bats live up there, preying on the weak. The people up there are friendly, but a bit odd. Best be wary if you want to go north.

Dr. Montague: I see. Thank you. There may be more questions later.

Mr. Harlington: Hey, I'm not going anywhere. I'll see you around.

<End Log>

Addendum 1: On 07/03/2001, exploration began of SCP-3996-1 by MTF Upsilon-90 "Andalusian Dogs". Composed of team members U90-1 "Persistent Memory" (Captain), U90-2 "Burning Giraffe", U90-3 "Reflecting Swan" and U90-4 "Meditative Rose", the team was instructed to proceed west and report on what they found. A table detailing of the anomalous events and organisms encountered can be seen below:

Time (Hours:Minutes)	Distance from SCP-3996 (km)	Anomaly observed

00:45	2.1 km	A series of fruitbats, composed of sand, abruptly flew upwards from the desert, and flew north. As they did so, they began to glow, eventually reaching a light output of 30,000 lumens as they reached the edge of U90's field of vision.
01:45	4.5 km	The landscape has since become noticeably rockier and contains more flora, especially gorse bushes and grass. The U90 passed betweeen two rocks; protrusions from the rocks in the shape of human hands then manifested. They attempted to seize the MTF members and drag them towards the boulders. All members of U90 were able to clear the rocks unharmed; the hands disappeared, before several appendages in the shape of human arms instead manifested themselves. A protrusion at the end of each appendage resembled a human head, with an Italian

		tragedy mask in lieu of a face. All of the masks stared at U90, and were continuing to do so when U90 lost visual contact.
03:59	5.8 km	U90 had just cleared the rocky area, coming onto a large area of steppe or grassland. A large quantity of "potatalos", followed by a series of humanoids on horseback, then came into view. The humanoids were armed with either bows or rifles, and were attempting to hunt the potatalo; they managed to fell several of them and took them with them back to the south. Of note was that the clothing and practices of these individuals were reminiscent of a number of nomadic horseback riders throughout history, such as the Mongols, Kerait, Lakota Sioux, Kyrgyz, Bedouin and Berbers.
06:29	8.1 km	The MTF was moving through a thick swamp. The entire ground and sky

		abruptly disappeared, leaving the MTF falling in a black void. The void suddenly transformed into a sandy desert, which the MTF then fell onto unharmed. Their instruments recorded that they were in the same position as before; a brief reconaissance mission showed that the swamp had apparently been transformed but that the rest of the surrounding landscape remained intact.
06:48	8.3 km	While still in the sandy desert, a series of large pocket watches, which appeared to be melting, manifested 100m away from U90-1 "Persistent Memory". All of the watches headed for U90-1 at a fast speed, emitting a series of Spanish expletives. When they were 1m away from U90-1, they abruptly demanifested.

After 7 hours within SCP-3996-1, the decision was taken to return to SCP-3996. However, contact was lost with U90-3 "Reflecting Swan"

shortly after this decision was taken; the remaining members of Upsilon-90 attempted to search for their missing teammate, but could not find her. The decision was taken to return to base; U90-3 has not resumed contact.

Addendum 2: On 12/03/2001, U90-3's camera and audio feed abruptly resumed contact for several minutes, before cutting out for a second time. Attempts to contact U90-3 failed. A log of the transmission is below; all dialogue has been translated from Lakota Sioux, U90-3's first language.

+Exploration Log 1

<Begin Log>

U90-3 is sitting in the middle of a large snowy field. She appears to be drawing a map of her surroundings into the snow, presumably in order to better gauge her position. Several trees can be seen from a distance; the landscape is reminiscent of rural England. Snow continues to fall onto the field.

A figure can be seen approaching from the other side of the field. As it gets closer, it can be seen to be wearing hunting clothes worn by the Lakota Sioux during the mid-19th century.

U90-3: H-Hello! Hi!

U90-3 stands and waves at the figure. The figure continues to approach, before stopping approximately 3 metres away from U90-3. Aside from her clothing, she has an identical appearance to U90-3. U90-3 abruptly stops waving, and steps backwards a few paces.

Unknown: Hello.

U90-3: …Hi.

Unknown: There’s no need to panic.

U90-3: I wasn't. I've come to expect this kind of thing.

There is a pause of 10 seconds as U90-3 and the figure stare at one another.

U90-3: I was born in the reservation, in the Dakotas. My mother drank herself to death. My father left me when I was young.

Unknown: I was born in the great pasturelands of the Sioux. My mother sliced her own throat when my father disappeared.

U90-3: You're one of the nomads we saw earlier. Hunting the potatolo.

Unknown: You're one of the settled who tried to disrupt this place.

U90-3: Disrupt?

Unknown: The strangeness of this place cannot be taken back home, cannot be sold to others. This place has to be as it is; the unknown.

U90-3: I don't understand.

Unknown: This is the edge, Margaret Blue Wolf. This is the edge of reality, the shining curve where real meets unreal and breaks down. Keep going and you'll find a ghostly ger, that'll take you to my world, where the nomads rule and the settled dwell only where they are untouched. Go south and you shall pass through a shimmering haze to a city of stone and sacrifice. Go north, and you'll find the tribes of snow and oil, where dark is light and light is dark. Go further east, west, north and south, and you shall find new frontiers and

new peoples who gaze across them. The City of Candles. **Alagadda**. The Imam's respite. This is the edge of all of them. That's its role. It can never be settled, never plundered. It's the edge.

The unknown individual sighs heavily.

Unknown: If it ever wasn't the edge, then it'd dissolve itself. If it was another heartland, another place where reality obeyed its own rules, dreamlike or otherwise, it'd be pointless. We couldn't let that happen. It's too tantalising a place. It's whatever you see, just over the horizon, appearing to obey its own logic but never quite obeying any laws. It's an understanding just beyond your reach. It is the tangential frontier.

U90-3: I- I don't really understand.

Unknown: <*laughing*> Neither do I, really. Tell me, do you have a Red Doe in your world?

U90-3: She's called Martha.

Unknown: And are you happy there? Are you content? I wasn't. I had to see the edge, the edge of everything. I think that's what you wanted too, Blue Wolf. Because you're me. You can't stand to cook and hunt in a *ger* either.

U90-3: Are you happy here? Transgressing all the lines of reality-

Unknown: -and entering the void, the void we joined up to see…

U90-3: We- I- we have a duty.

Unknown: This is the edge. There are no

duties here. There are no families, no memories, no homes. There is only the twisting, the unknown, everyone's unknown. The shifting mountains, the clinging survivors, the void eternally changing to challenge us. This is all there is, Blue Wolf. This is the frontier.

There is another pause for 4 seconds.

U90-3: When did I get so confident?

Unknown: When you learnt to value the unknown more than the known.

U90-3: …Come on, then. Let's go.

At this point, the air around U90-3 appears to explode into shards. The shards then transform into snow, falling into the ground. The unknown individual has apparently disappeared. The camera falls to the floor.

At this point, the transmission abruptly cuts out.

<End Log>

SCP-3997: In My End Is My Beginning

Item #: SCP-3997

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-3997-1 instances are to be taken into Foundation custody, and interviewed to acquire information on SCP-3997, before being issued with Class-C amnestics and returned to the population.

A special taskforce, MTF - "Ragged Claws" is responsible for the location and detention of these individuals. This taskforce has undertaken extensive antimemetic and cognitohazardous training, in an effort to [DATA EXPUNGED].

Description: SCP-3997 is a mental phenomenon affecting a number of individuals, hereafter referred to as SCP-3997-1 instances. There does not appear to be any common factors linking these individuals beyond their anomalous properties, although a significantly large number of these instances are residents of the county of , England.

SCP-3997-1 instances report a number of vivid dreams featuring white roses. These dreams often involve memories of early childhood, but which have been altered to feature white roses or the SCP-3997-1 instance walking through a rose garden. SCP-3997-1 instances demonstrate an inordinate affection and regard for white roses, sometimes bordering on the obsessive.

SCP-3997 was first brought to the Foundation's attention when the regular psyche evaluations of several researchers at sites in the West of England revealed that they shared almost identical recurring dreams, despite a lack of contact or involvement with one another beforehand.

Below is an interview with a typical SCP-3997-1 instance: Dr.

, a Level 3 Foundation researcher.

Interview 3997-56

Interviewed: SCP-3997-1-A.

Interviewer: Dr. O .

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/1997, in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site 226.

<Begin Log>

Dr. O : Hey, H .

SCP-3997-1-A: That's SCP-3997-1-A to you, sonny. *<Laughs>*. I thought Frank was interviewing me?

Dr. O : Nah, he'll be along later today. I wouldn't worry about it. So, when did you first start getting these dreams?

SCP-3997-1-A: When I was about four, I think. I kept dreaming I was a delivery guy. For mechanical parts of some kind. It's a bit weird, really- not the kind of thing a four-year-old normally dreams of. Anyway, I'd keep dreaming about white roses in pretty much all my dreams, no matter what they were about. Houses would be made of them, clouds would look like them, that sort of thing.

Dr. O : Was there any particular… feeling, or emotion, that you associated with the roses? Just something the others have said.

SCP-3997-1-A: …Yeah, actually. They've always reminded me of my childhood, and my home back in M . Whenever I see them, I keep thinking of… old memories. Little things,

you know- like going to church, or lying on the grass, or swimming down near W . It's weird, really- nothing else has that kind of effect on me. They just… make me feel nostalgic.

Dr. O : Why is that weird? It's not that strange to have memories and feelings triggered by things from your childhood.

SCP-3997-1-A: Yeah, but, that's the thing- apart from those dreams, I never really had any contact with white roses. Mum didn't grow them in the garden, we never had them in a vase… they just bring back memories. Make me feel… innocent, I guess. I don't know why it is.

Dr. O : What are your feelings towards white roses in general? Outside of your dreams?

SCP-3997-1-A: Well, as you know- I like them. I've painted a few, down at my house in , and I like growing them. They're just pretty flowers, though.

<End Log>

FURTHER INFORMATION RESTRICTED TO LEVEL 4 PERSONNEL

Item #: SCP-3997

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-3997-1 instances are to be immediately and permanently taken into Foundation custody on discovery, and interrogated for knowledge pertaining to SCP-3997. A special taskforce, MTF Mu-45 "Ragged Claws", has been

established for the purposes of both detaining SCP-3997-1 instances and locating SCP-3997; this taskforce has undertaken extensive antimemetic and cognitohazardous training, in an effort to counteract the presumed effects of SCP-3997.

Description: SCP-3997 is a rose garden, believed to exist somewhere in the British county of Gloucestershire. Information on SCP-3997 has only been inferred from the testimony of SCP-3997-1 instances, and thus its existence is only theoretical.

It is believed that, should any adult individual enter SCP-3997, a significant temporal shift will occur. This involves the individual's memories being transferred into the consciousness of that individual at an earlier point in time- ordinarily between the ages of 2 and 5. These memories appear to the child in the form of a particularly vivid dream, followed by several similar dreams for 5-8 years following this. Individuals affected in this manner are referred to as SCP-3997-1 instances. These individuals are unaware that these dreams are anomalous.

The presence of these memories in the consciousness of SCP-3997-1 instances appears to have a dramatic effect on the course of their life, often influencing them to take entirely different decisions and manifest a notably different personality than in the previous timeline. SCP-3997 instances are thus usually- though not exclusively- highly successful in both their personal and professional lives, often becoming experts in their chosen fields. In addition to this, SCP-3997-1 instances suffer vivid dreams throughout their life featuring SCP-3997, white roses and several childhood memories. Speaking about these dreams often causes SCP-3997-1 instances to enter a kind of trance-state, where they are able to recall aspects of these dreams in great detail.

Activation of SCP-3997 thus causes a subtle but significant CK-class restructuring event, which is

believed to have occurred innumerable times. The location and termination of SCP-3997 is now a top priority All efforts to locate SCP-3997 have been ordered to cease immediately, on the orders of O5- . Because of this, and the temptation among many personnel to seek out SCP-3997 for their own use, full knowledge of SCP-3997 has been restricted to the O5 council and selected personnel involved with research on SCP-3997.

SCP-3997 was first brought to the Foundation's attention when the regular psyche evaluations of several researchers at sites in the West of England revealed that they shared almost identical recurring dreams, despite a lack of contact or involvement with one another beforehand.

Addendum 3997-1: On 28/11/2001, several concerned members of MTF Mu-45 "Ragged Claws" revealed to researchers that they possessed shared memories of multiple nonexistent squad members. Researchers later determined that the individuals whom they were remembering did, in fact, exist, but were instead civilian SCP-3997-1 instances with no knowledge of the Foundation and its activities. These instances had never met the squad members in question.

This not only adds weight to the theory that SCP-3997 is indeed a real location, but has led researchers to believe that on innumerable occasions the Foundation itself has [DATA REDACTED ON ORDER OF O5-].

Addendum 3997-2: Below is an interview with an SCP-3997-1 instance. This instance was formerly Dr. Henry St. John, a Level 3 Foundation researcher, before his anomalous status caused him to be stripped of his rank and placed in containment.

Interview 3997-57

Interviewed: SCP-3997-1-A.

Interviewer: Dr. Kartesian.

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/1997, in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site 226.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Kartesian: Good afternoon, SCP-3997-1-A. Are you finding your quarters comfortable?

SCP-3997-1-A: Frank, you've known me for seven years. I've been a researcher for thirty. I know the drill. Let's get on with this.

Dr. Kartesian: …Very well. What can you tell me about the rose garden?

SCP-3997-1-A: The- what? What rose garden?

Dr. Kartesian: If our suspicions are correct, you should have had a dream about a rose garden. Several dreams, in fact. Since you were a small child.

SCP-3997-1-A: You want to know about the *garden*? Well, OK… I suppose I have dreamt about it quite a lot. It's just a recurring dream. There's nothing suspicious in it.

Dr. Kartesian: That's for us to decide. Now, tell me about these dreams.

SCP-3997-1-A: O-kay… well, they always start with me as someone else. I'm not a linguist at all, I'm a truck driver. I drive trucks. Or was it a van? Something like that. I've always disliked them- too big, smelly, that kinda thing- but I really hate them in this dream. Resent them, that sort of thing. Anyway, in the dream, I'm doing a delivery to

this big country house.

Dr. Kartesian: A- do you remember anything about this house? A name? Location?

SCP-3997-1-A: I'm afraid not. I remember some kind of classical-looking facade, but… nothing else. Is that important?

Dr. Kartesian: I'll ask the questions, thank you.

SCP-3997-1-A: For God's sake, Frank…

Dr. Kartesian: What happened? Did you enter the house?

SCP-3997-1-A: No. I knocked on the door, but nobody was home. I waited around for a bit, but there wasn't anything there. So I… I'm sorry, Frank, it's hard to remember. It's a dream, they're not easy to remember… so, I see this hedge. Got an entrance in it. I go in, and I'm in a rose garden. Lots of white roses everywhere. They're arranged over archways, over wooden frames. Little neat stone paths, stretching, stretching away in front of me… so white, so pure…

At this point, SCP-3997-1-A seems to have entered a kind of trance state.

SCP-3997-1-A: And I walk through it, and I look at the sky… it's a fine sky… the grass looks like it's glowing, 'cause the sun's shining down and it's all so calm, peaceful, serene… nobody else is around. There's just me, and the roses…

Dr. Kartesian: SCP-3997-1-A? SCP-3997-1-A, are you alright? …Henry? Can you hear

me?

SCP-3997-1-A: And then… all of it fell away, in a single instant. The roses were all around me, and it all felt… right. Like when I was a child, and they knew what was right and what was wrong again, and the warmth of my mother's arms. I remembered… I remembered things, images, little things you wouldn't remember… summertime as we walked the path to church, looking at the old gravestones and thinking of their age, looking at the sky and its distant clouds, the way they played against the sky. They weren't abstract balls of steam and water, they were, were… they were an anchor of infinity to earth, and a solid, real reminder of infinity. I looked at the gravestones, and thought of how beautiful this place was, this England. It was a place where they could truly be at peace, under the sun and in the green and yellow fields, rolling on down the hills. The world was beyond the horizon. Here was paradise.

Dr. Kartesian: …And what else?

SCP-3997-1-A: What else? I remember…. I remembered running in the playground. I remembered watching the news about the Suez Crisis and not understanding what it meant, or why my mother seemed so serious so suddenly. I remember rainy days reading old books, nestled in a corner by the radiator. I remember films about New York, how strange the city seemed with its cabs and its grey buildings teetering on the edge of the same bright sky I saw in the graveyard. I remembered my childhood as a whole thing, all the little things that seemed normal and unimportant then, but seemed so visceral now,

so real. And I remembered the roses.

Dr. Kartesian: What about them?

SCP-3997-1-A: The roses… the roses in the garden. They were there, too, as I walked through it. They were my mother's arms, they were the warmth of summer, they were sitting in a brightly-lit train as it tunnelled through a dark thunderstorm… they were memories, all the memories of the place I belonged to, really belonged to, before it all fell apart and stopped making sense. I was real again. I was me again. I went back to my home, my England, and then, and then- and then I woke up.

Sorry, Frank. Was a bit out of it, there. What were we talking about?

<End Log>

FURTHER INFORMATION RESTRICTED TO LEVEL 5 PERSONNEL

Note from O5-

By now, you will have realised the implications of what you've read. What we've done. And I'm sure that many of you are now feeling tempted to enter the rose garden yourself. It is for this reason that I've restricted all our information on possible locations to the Council. The temptation is always there, and it is always great. I have lain awake myself at night, thinking of all my regrets, all the things I have done wrong. For the price of a few bad dreams, I could make all my sins go away, and be new again. In my end is my beginning.

Don't try it. What you have read is not an escape route, but a testament to the

Foundation's failure. Its utter, complete failure, which we have brought upon ourselves time after time after time. You'll be destroying the innocent, stopping them from ever being born, preventing them from knowing what life was. They'll only be a shade of a memory, a scattered thought on lonely days by versions of people who might once have known them.

And if that's not enough, remember this: the comfort the garden offers is unreal. It's a withdrawal from the truth. We all want to go back to when things were warm, and simple, and the days were filled with the summer sun and cool grass. We all want to live in the light again. But we all made our choices, and we all swore our oaths. Every one of us will die in the dark. Accept that.

~O5-

SCP-3998: The Wicker Witch Lives

Item #: SCP-3998

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3998 is to be contained in Secure Holding Locker 3998-1 (SHL 3998-1). SHL-3998-1 is to be fireproofed, and vacuum sealed to prevent access to oxygen. SCP-3998 and SHL 3998-1 are scheduled for cleaning every day at 9:00 AM.

If any D-class personnel spontaneously ignite, the seal to SCP-3998's containment locker must be inspected and repaired/ replaced as necessary. For safety reasons, Site-34 must hold D-class personnel, particularly those who have been convicted of first-degree murder charges and domestic abuse.

If staff are found to have been targeted by SCP-3998, they are to be investigated, and then processed.

Description: SCP-3998 is a human cadaver, which expired late 17th century. SCP-3998 lacks any legs, and is covered in extensive fourth degree burns. Sometime after its death, SCP-3998's remains were collected and fashioned into a scarecrow, held together by wicker, nails, and wire. Along with its severe burns, SCP-3998 appears to have suffered blunt force trauma to multiple regions of its body; it is unclear if SCP-3998 died as a result from one of the two, or both (See Examination-3998-6).

The object constantly exudes a flammable liquid from its bones, which is composed primarily of ethanol and human fat. Each night, between 11:00 PM and 4:00 AM, SCP-3998 ignites and is engulfed in flames. However, despite being highly flammable, SCP-3998 does not suffer any structural damage. When SCP-3998 is on fire, and when not contained properly, the nearest person who meets a certain criteria will also spontaneously ignite.

SCP-3998 targets those who have killed[1] or physically abused a romantic partner. If SCP-3998 is unable to ignite itself, SCP-3998 cannot ignite targets. Instead, those that would have been targeted only develop brief, mild pains to either their chest, or to the back of their head.

As targets are left burning, large quantities of boiling ethanol will appear in their stomach. This large influx of alcohol typically induces vomiting, which causes further external burns, and will often cause permanent nerve and organ damage if they survive the initial burning.

Eventually, their body fat, particularly in the torso/stomach region, will begin to melt. The process is extremely rapid, often causing massive internal damage if the target is successfully extinguished before they die of 4th degree burns.

If left to burn, the combination of melted fat and ethanol will cause the stomach to violently rupture, often bisecting the victim in the process. Those that SCP-3998 affects cannot be extinguished until SCP-3998 itself is also extinguished.

Addendum-3998-1:

Foreword-3998-0

SCP-3998 Documents

The following is a partial set of documents and materials related to SCP-3998, as well as related correspondences and articles discovered on the property where SCP-3998 was originally found.

These Documents may only be viewed by staff with specialized 3998 clearance, the current Site-34 Administrator, and those with O5 designations.

Journal-3998-1

Foreword: The following are excerpts found in contemporaneous journals from Salem that appear relevant to SCP-3998. Documentary evidence suggests a connection between SCP-3998 and one Candice Hayes, a 17th century resident of Salem. Most were found in basements and attics of historic buildings located near the property SCP-3998 was found.

Journal 1, Author: Mary A , 1682

We attended the wedding of Aiden Hayes and Candice. Candice seemed rather distraught. The lady's father went through all that trouble to see her married, t would be a shame if she did not appreciate t. Especially with a sir as respected as Aiden Hayes.

Journal 2, Author: Mary A , 1683

Candice has been different. She used to keep her hair tied, but now she's been keeping t long. I see bruises on her often. She hath been looking for every excuse to be alone, just so she can wend to the forest.

Journal 3, Author: Mary A , 1683

Something piqued my interest today. Margarete pointed to how Candice shies from her womanly duties lately, and I heard that she might be a *bad wife,* making Aiden angry. Bruises make sense now.

Journal 4, Author: Mary A , 1691

I was out washing the laundry, and I heard Candice *shouting* at her husband.

I went out to ask the lady what was wrong, but she snapped at me, calling me "nosy". The amount of disrespect and scorn in the mistress is remarkable, though to be expected. I have half a mind to tell the rest of the women about this.

Journal 5, Author: Mary A , 1692

I've been hearing some troubling things about Candice lately. Ever since she wed Aiden, she hath been wandering off more. Plus, I've heard rumours that her interests do not lie with men.

The Devil must have a hold on her. Maybe Aiden will know what to do with that harlot. I shall tell him tomorrow.

Interview-3998-0

Foreword: The following interview was taken on June 8th, 1693 by Judge William Stoughton and the constables of Salem. Interview has been edited from its original document for clarity.

William Stoughton: When presented with a warrant for thy arrest, thou fled immediately. Tis this, thy refusal to speak till thou have been branded, and thy husband's testimony that places thee under suspicion. What doest thou have to say in thy defense?

Candice Hayes: … I have no words for t. I shalt not lye, the accusations are true.

Stoughton: So you admit to being a witch? And you admit to consorting with a evil spirit?

Candice: I do. Although, she is not evil in heart.

Stoughton: What in the name of God would lead thee down such a path, to perform such detestable arts?

Candice: They are not detestable. They would work for anyone, be they of God or Satan, or anyone and no one. They are merely a form of tool.

Stoughton: You have not answered the question.

Candice: Is t not obvious? I did not ask to marry, yet I was waived to a bastard in my father's church. He does

not respect me; to him I am his property.

Stoughton: Just as Lilith hath done. That is the woman's place. Thou hadst only to be a good wife to h-

Candice: Be silent! How could I be a good wife to a man I detest? I care only for Clovis, and I'll be damned if 't be true with anyone but her. t would be my dying wish to see that bastard on his knees, and treated as I have been.

Stoughton: Clovis? Is this the name of the devil that you conjured? It bewitched you.

Candice: The mistress bewitched me, but not in the manner as thou mayst think.

Stoughton: t does not matter. We have thy confession. A witch as brazen as you shall be burned at the stake. We wilt see how your "Clovis" treats you in Hell. In the name of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, the King & Queen, may God have mercy on thy soul.

Candice: So be it.

Document-3998-3

[+] Access text version

To the people of this hamlet,

An execution of

a witch

on the tenth day of June, 1693.

Aiden Hayes hath caught his wife, Candice, consorting with the devil and one of his evil angels. The evil witch hath been justly convicted and shall be put to death by burning. If ye are able, come to the center of town. We need good men willing to stand between Satan's whore, and our young and womenfolk. Hayes a honest, god-fearing man, and the victim of this witch, has requested to be the one to start the flame himself.

Letter-3998-4

[+] Access text version

Dear Candice,

If you are reading this, something hath gone wrong.

Thee must be angry, confused, maybe depressed. You have sold your soul to me when you were young, and we've been together since. Now that you have died, this means your soul is mine now.

But I don't want t. I want you.

I'm sorry we were caught. I'm sorry for what was done to you over the years. I'm still here for you, even if I'm not here with you.

So I have brought you back. They put you to the pyre, but I only needed the bones to make you yourself again.

I had to remove thy flesh, and I couldn't save your legs; they were too far gone. I made do with what was around me. I reaped from the field and wrapped your bones in wicker. You shall have to find a replacement.

Speaking of, I wish to tell you something you'll want to know. Your husband restocked the shelf with gin, and

while you are flammable, fire will only make you stronger this time.

You have the power to make him feel worse than what you have felt. Make him wish he could go to Hell.

You won't be hurt ever again.

I love you, and Farewell.

~Clovis

Note: This letter was found in the cellar of the estate, under a pillow. The letter was still sealed, and remained unopened.

Document-3998-5

Foreword: The following document is an except from a urban legend website regarding an entity called the "Wicker Witch." Given supporting evidence, this is hypothesized to be Candice Hayes.

The Wicker Witch

There was once a young woman who was wed to a man against her will. She hated the man, but obeyed her father's wishes for her to bear children for his church. An evil spirit saw this, and came to her while she was out gathering in the woods. The succubus took her hand and told her "I can help you live the life you truly wish to live. You need only to toss this one aside in exchange."

"Will you take my soul?" the woman asked.

"Yes," said the she-devil.

"Will I be rich?" the woman asked.

"You shall have power that money could not hope to provide." the spirit told her.

"Will I have a real love?" the woman asked.

The spirit paused. "I do not know."

The woman pondered the offer, and asked one more time, "what shall you do with my soul?"

This surprised the devil, but it kept its composure. It told her "it will be consumed. Nothing more, nothing less."

The woman accepted, and met with the spirit everyday for ten years, and grew close. She brought the spirit berries and trinkets, and it brought her advice and its companionship. It answered her questions and taught her its magicks. The woman became a witch, and she used her power to torment her husband the same way he tormented her.

One day, her husband followed her and found her shaking the devil's tail. He quietly went back to the town and gathered up a mob. They tied her up to a stake, broke her legs, and hung her up like a scarecrow to burn.

They dumped her body down the mountain, but the devil found her, to give back her soul.

It wrapped her bones in reeds, and used the fire of her soul to keep her alive. But the fire consumed her, and she wanted her old husband to burn with her.

In the middle of the night, she doused herself in her old husband's gin, and set herself ablaze once again. She dragged her husband out of bed and fell upon him. She burned his face, and with her thumb, dug his eyes out of his skull.

She burned with him till his flesh melted to the floor, and the smell could be found all across Salem. She grabbed his legs, and pulled and pulled till they came loose, so that she could use them to walk again.

Only one of them walked out of that burning house, and it was her. His body was never found; some say that the husband futily crawled out of the wreckage looking for his missing legs, others say that the

witch took his body elsewhere, so that she could continue to torture him, but many more say that he's in a hell of the witch's own creation, burning over and over again, and bringing those like him down with him, punishing them forever.

As for the witch herself, only one thing can be said for sure. The Wicker Witch lives.

Examination-3998-6

Foreword: Further examination of SCP-3998 revealed inconsistencies in bone structure/position, suggesting the cadaver is not Candice Hayes as originally thought. Below is a medical report of the findings.

[+] Access text version

REPORT OF INVESTIGATION BY SITE-34, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Decedent: unknown, SCP-3998 **Race:** White **Sex:** Male **Age:** 32

Home Address: [REDACTED] M W S D **Occupation:** unknown

Type of death: [Violent], [Found Dead], [Suspicious, unusual, or unnatural]

Investigation Agency: SCP F; Site-34, Department K

Description of body:

[Unclothed]

Eyes: unknown **Hair:** Black **Mustache:** Black **beard:** Black
Weight: 5 kg **length:** 0.9 m **Body Temp:** 30° C **Date**

and Time: [REDACTED]

Marks and Wounds: SCP-3998 has sustained severe damage to its ribs and skull, implying it was hit several times with a blunt object. 4th degree burns can be found along its torso, arms, and skull. Damage around the eye sockets. Legs appear to have been amputated postmortem, and are missing.

Probable Cause of Death: 4th degree burns, or trauma to the skull
Manner of Death: Homicide

Addendum-3998-2: After SCP-3998 was contained, there was a noted increase in the number of murders per day in Massachusetts, increasing from 0.32 to 0.48. A large portion of these deaths are arson-homicides, and the victims are known perpetrators of violent crimes. Victims appear covered in extensive 4th degree burns, and are gutted from the chest to pelvis.

Information on these murders could not be contained due to the corpses being discovered in public displays and being attributed to the "Wicker Witch." The public has been led to believe that the perpetrator of these killings is a serial killer using the Wicker Witch legend as an inspiration. Classification to Euclid pending on the capture and containment of the person responsible.

Footnotes
1. Those who have killed in self-defense or in an accident do not apply.

SCP-3999: I Am At The Center of Everything That Happens To Me

Let us go then, you and I
When the Eleven-Day Empire eats the sky
Like a humanoid melting like clams upon the breakfast table.

Item #: SCP-3999

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3999 cannot be contained at the present moment, and currently poses a ZK Class End-of-reality scenario. The most advisable course of action is for Researcher Talloran, believed to be the focal point of SCP-3999, to remove himself from contact with all Foundation sites and personnel to avoid further collateral damage to Foundation property. It is theorized that if Researcher Talloran is contained in an extremely secluded area, then the destructive capabilities of SCP-3999 will temporarily cease

stop

be contained

preserve some remnants

…

The most advisable course of action is for Researcher Talloran, believed to be the focal point of SCP-3999, to remove himself from contact with all human populations to avoid further collateral damage to the Earth and its societies. It is theorized that if Researcher Talloran is to terminate himself quickly in a secluded region, then SCP-3999 will be decommissioned.

Researcher Talloran cannot leave the Foundation.

The most advisable course of action is for Researcher Talloran, believed to be the focal point of SCP-3999, to remove himself from contact with all animal life to avoid further collateral damage to the Earth and its biodiversity. It is theorized that if Researcher Talloran is to live out the rest of his life in a small shack, isolated from all animal life and as much plant life as possible.

Research is currently continuing as to how to negate the effects of SCP-3999. Current proposals include launching it into the sun.

Researcher Talloran's family is to be summarily executed one by one. The process is to be carried out by trained agents selected from a variety of Mobile Taskforces including MTF Omega-8, MTF Lambda-12, MTF Psi-7, MTF Tau-5, and MTF Iota-10. These agents are to re-trained in military tactics and Special Weapons and Tactics maneuvers. Agents assigned are to score above 30 on the Hare Psychopathy Checklist.

Agents assigned are to execute Researcher Talloran's mother first, followed by his father. Any animals present in the building are to be terminated. They are then to proceed to the location of Researcher Talloran's sister, currently a student at Penn State University. She is to be executed followed by any of her roommates currently present in the building. Termination is to occur via a single shot to the forehead via a Remington 700 Sniper rifle fired at close range and equipped with a silencer. The corpses are then to be nailed to the wall outside Researcher Talloran's office and lit on fire after being doused with exactly 10 L of gasoline. Researcher Talloran is to restrained and be made to kneel in front of the corpses

SCP-3999 is to be classified as a

Researcher Talloran's colleagues are to be summarily executed one by one. The process is to be carried out by trained agents selected from a variety of containment specialists. Site cafeteria workers are to slip arsenic into the meals of all staff who have had any contact with Researcher Talloran, up to and including members of the O5 Council

A representation of SCP-3999 is to be placed on a pedestal made of pure granite and modeled in the Ionic style. This pedestal is to be

placed directly in the center in a 5m x 5m square concrete containment chamber. The vault is to be protected by no fewer than two (2) armed guards trained in the resistance and containment of infohazards at any given time.

SCP-3999 cannot be contained.

SCP-3999, alongside Researcher Talloran, are to be delivered to the Serpent's Hand as a gift. All Serpent's Hand operatives are to be informed that SCP-3999 is a Fifthist artifact of great importance. Researcher Talloran is to be injected with Class-C amnestic and given the cover story that he is Brian Fredrick Bondiskey, a high ranking Fifthist leader. All Serpent's Hand operatives are to be informed that SCP-3999 and Researcher Talloran are not to be separated under any circumstances.

SCP-3999 is to be contained with **SCP-2432**. The result of this containment procedure has resulted in a dimensional anomaly opening up within SCP-2432 in the form of a 3m x 25cm x 25cm crawlspace. It is designated SCP-2432-1, leading through the wall in a corner of SCP-2432. It is normally obscured by the television stand. When this crawlspace is accessed, it leads to a space identical to SCP-2432 in layout, decor and anomalous effects. The next room down from SCP-2432 lacks the exit of this crawlspace and although similar in layout, is not a perfect duplicate of SCP-2432, as the egress of SCP-2432-1 is. Curtains in this duplicate room open onto the wall; there are no windows.

SCP-2432-1's interior is constructed of normal steel plates as found in the A Hotel's ventilation system and is the only break in the para-aramid weave. High concentrations of iron and nickel consistent with those found in a Type III iron meteorite were found in two plates at each end. Graffiti of fractal patterns were also found on these endplates, drawn in permanent marker ink.

The door of the identical SCP-2432 at the end of SCP-2432-1 leads, not to the true hallway of the A Hotel, as SCP-2432's door does, but into an alternate reality (designated SCP-2432-Prime). Upon initial observation SCP-2432-Prime resembles the hallway of the A Hotel, with similar wallpaper, light fixtures, carpet and decor but is noted to lack a terminus at either end, appearing to extend

endlessly. It is currently theorized that based on the measurements of the dimensions of SCP-2432-Prime and the duplicate SCP-2432 it is of infinite length. There is a slight curve to the walls of SCP-2432-Prime, and it has been theorized to be in a 'ring' structure, but current research cannot conclusively prove if SCP-2432-Prime is in a toroid shape. Each door of SCP-2432-Prime is labeled "Room 710" and leads into what appear to be identical duplicates of SCP-2432. However, approximately % of duplicate rooms observed lack the metallic para-aramid weave and % of these lack the memetic effects documented in SCP-2432. SCP-2432-Prime also contains a number of occasional rooms that have other apparent functions, including restaurants, conference rooms, gyms, swimming pools, janitorial closets, and elevator lobbies. These differ in design from their equivalents within the A Hotel.

SCP-2432-Prime plays host to a small range of anomalous species and organisms, some thought to be native to SCP-2432-Prime. These are designated SCP-2432-Prime-A1–A8.

List of animal species observed within SCP-2432-Prime

Endemic Species: The following are organisms believed to be only present within SCP-2432-Prime.

Unidentified saprotrophic mold	(*Mycie gamephile*)	Has adapted to grow only on the fabrics of SCP-2432-Prime. Extracts nutrients from dried reproductive fluids of various species that are found within SCP-2432-Prime, but can extract nutrients from natural fibers if no reproductive fluids are present.
Metal eating fungus.	(*Trametes ferrium*)	An organism that shares

		characteristics with bracket fungus, but has been only found within the ventilation system of SCP-2432-Prime. Subject is similar to *Trametes versicolor* but is saprotrophic, consuming the steel of the plates. Organism leaks highly corrosive digestive fluid, which dissolves metal plating. How the organism has evolved to eat metal is still unknown.
Pixel microbial mat	(*Allecaulphumitelscumins*)	A species of cyanobacteria that has developed a liquid crystal-like mineral in the membranes of its' chloroplasts that maximize energy input from white light. This bacterium grows in biofilms on the screens of televisions that occur in the rooms of SCP-2432-Prime. It is

		bioluminescent, and its' luciferase enzyme is modified to aid in chemical communication with other organisms in a biofilm. The resulting display mimics television static.
Hotel dust mite	(*Miytae gigantus*)	An arthropod 8cm in length, resembling the house dust mite but greatly enlarged in size. Organism displays similar feeding habits to a dust mite[1] , but does not produce nearly the quality of fecal particles produced by a normal mite. Subjects have a modified exoskeleton adapted for speed, and move with quick precise movements to evade predators. Have been noted to flock like birds throughout the corridors of SCP-2432-Prime and display a

		highly complex social structure, much of which is not understood.
Minibar predator	(*Cibumpredator parva*)	A relatively rare sessile animal of unknown origin that mimics a hotel minibar. Organism has an exoskeleton resembling the plastic of a refrigerator and consumes organisms attempting to open its 'mouth' to search. Among the remarkable adaptations of this creature are the ability to maintain a core body temperature of 5 ºC, as well as the natural magnetic strips along its mouth, generated similarly to bone out of metals in food consumed. Despite sharing characteristics with arthropods, the organism has bone-like teeth.

Non-Native or Invasive Species: The following are organisms believed to have been introduced to

SCP-2432-Prime, or who have arrived naturally.

2432-Prime brown rat	(*Rattus norvegicus foundationi*)	A subspecies of the brown rat found in SCP-2432-Prime, believed to have been introduced through SCP-2432. Organism fills similar ecological niche to the Hotel dust mite, but little competition has been observed between the two species as they seem to occupy different territories throughout SCP-2432-Prime.
“Dunkleowolf”	(*Canis osteolupis*)	A lupine organism, and one of the top predators throughout SCP-2432-prime. A pack hunter, SCP-2432 apparently originate from a dimension where the apparent evolutionary path of mammals has diverged, as noted by exterior armored plating surrounding the head and neck

		over the fur. Ears are notably smaller than normal wolves, to accommodate the plating. The plating has observed to be similar to the extinct placoderm fish *Dunkleosteus*, and observation of live specimens in Foundation captivity have proved the similarity. Organism is highly aggressive, preying on rats, dust mites, and shower parrots, as well as engaging in territorial matches with rival packs. Mating behaviors are similar to that of grey wolves, and pups are often raised inside SCP-2432-Prime bathrooms in lieu of dens.[2]
“Shower parrot”	(*Ara kohleri*)	Similar in behavior to a macaw, this parrot like organism prefers to live in the bathrooms of

SCP-2432-Prime. It is an infrequent prey source for the dust mites and a more common prey for the Dunkleowolves. Unlike most parrots, shower parrots seem to originate from a primarily temperate area and display this in their coloration; brown, grey, and green. Some specimens also have mosses or lichen growing on their feathers, similar to the algae in a sloth's fur, which would aid in camouflage. Prefer to nest in places with running water, earning their nickname. Based on complex predator/prey behaviors noted between these animals, it can be assumed that they originate from the same place of origin as the Dunkleowolves.

Lizard-like animal	(*Cancersaurus mirum*)	A small reptilian scavenger. They have arthropod-like characteristics, including six legs and a crab-like mandibles, stingers, and eye stalks, but are otherwise similar to reptiles. Opportunistic feeders, they are rarely found in SCP-2432 duplicates but are instead more common in kitchens and swimming pools, for unknown reasons. Have been noted to hunt prey much larger than they are, including Dunkleowolves.
"Behemoth"	(*Prayaoctopus lovecrafti*)	Rare and highly dangerous large colonial animal similar to a Portuguese Man-o-war, but resembling an extremely large, land-dwelling cephalopod. The Behemoth is composed of

medusoid and polypoid zooids clustered extremely tightly to form muscle and skin like structures, essentially acting as macro-cells, the zooids themselves composed of cells. Eyeless, and as such theorized to hunt by olfactory means alone, with the zooids in the "suction cups" highly developed to track the various chemical signatures of each organism. The mantle of each Behemoth is composed of solid tin, apart from the zooid based beak, with the zooids clustered around it. It has been theorized that the tin mantle is created slowly via excretion by each zooid, with the tin waste collecting in the center of the organism. How the tin is synthesized through the

		Behemoth's digestion process is unknown.[3] Organism is extremely elusive, only one specimen has been extensively studied, dead with a half digested Minibar Predator inside its "stomach". Another specimen was briefly encountered in an SCP-2432 duplicate, resulting in casualties to an Exploration Team, but it fled quickly before more information could be gathered.The top predators in SCP-2432-Prime, only above Dunkleowolves, and an organism regarded with extreme apprehension by Researcher Talloran.

Other Species: The following are organisms not believed to have established a foothold in SCP-2432-Prime. These are organisms of which only a few individuals or a single organism are present. Many have not been fully classified.

Unidentified camouflaged primate	(*Unknown*)	A sentient organism resembling a 4m rhesus monkey. Hairless, and possesses a complex color-changing mechanism within its skin allowing it to perfectly imitate patterns behind it, no matter how complicated. Hostile towards Exploration Teams, but has only been seen once.
Unidentified shark	(*Somniosus chloroumloquitur*)	A small shark closely resembling a Greenland shark. Currently only found in a single swimming pool located 5km from SCP-2432. Survives readily in the chlorinated water, and experience symptoms when exposed to unchlorinated freshwater consistent with a saltwater fish in the same situation.
“Sonycrabs”	(*Pagurus kutaragii*)	Three large, air-breathing hermit

		crabs resembling Soldier Crabs, using what appear to be gutted controllers for the popular video game console PlayStation 2 as shells. Omnivorous, eating a wide variety of foods, including dust mites, climbing thorns, rats, lizards, Dunkleowolf corpses, Pixel mats, Saprotrophic fungus, and the waste of the Minibar predator. Wide roaming, with an apparent habitat range of eight kilometers. Two individuals are male, one female.
“Researcher Talloran”	(*Homo sapiens sapiens*)	A being superficially resembling a human male. Is dressed in attire appropriate for a Foundation researcher. When questioned by staff, seemed nervous and

	confused, wondering as to where it was and to the location of SCP-3999. Subject promptly terminated.

When SCP-3999 was removed from SCP-2432, SCP-2432-1 promptly vanished. All further testing forbidden by O5- .

Researcher Talloran is to be forcibly removed from SCP-3999

Researcher Talloran is to be kept with SCP-3999 at all times

Researcher Talloran is to be terminated

Researcher Talloran is to kept alive by all means necessary

Researcher Talloran is to be placed inside SCP-3999

Researcher Talloran is to be placed as far away from SCP-3999 as possible, while still maintaining connection

Researcher Talloran is not to be killed and placed inside SCP-3999

Researcher Talloran is not SCP-3999

Researcher Talloran is deeply connected with SCP-3999.[4]

Interviewed: Researcher Talloran

Interviewer: Dr.

<Begin Log, 03.99.90>

Interviewer: So who are you, exactly?

Talloran: I'm Researcher Talloran, one of the researchers assigned to SCP-3999.

Interviewer: But we have no records of you anywhere.

Talloran: I told you, there's something funny happening to me! But I can't quite describe it. It's like in a dream, where things are really disconnected.

Interviewer: Disconnected?

Talloran: I have trouble focusing on things now. I just feel a lot of unease. It's like reality has started to feel less…real…if that makes sense.

Interviewer: But we have no records of you anywhere.

Talloran: …you already said that.

Interviewer: So who are you, exactly?

Talloran: Wait, what's going on here? What site is this? What did you say your name was again, doctor?

Interviewer: Dr.

Person: That's not a name, you just made a noise with your mouth. Why am I thinking of redactions? How can a word be redacted like that in normal conversation?

Interviewer: This interview is terminated.

Person: (*The floor vanishes. Researcher Talloran falls into blackness. The room melts. SCP-3999 suddenly consumes Dr.* .)

<End Log, [optional time info]>

Closing Statement: [Small summary and passage on what transpired afterward]

Researcher Talloran is to live with his mother until this whole thing blows over.

NOTICE FROM THE

FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

The following file contains a virulent infohazard. Due to this, it is imperative that all personnel accessing this file be certified as having a Cognitive Resistance Value (CRV) of no less than 14.5. Should you fail an automated CRV verification, please remain calm and do not move. A member of your site's medical staff Researcher Talloran will be with you shortly.

SCP-3999 is dead

Researcher Talloran has been tasked with containing SCP-3999 by living out his full life, from the moment of his birth to to his eventual death. He is to live life to the fullest and enjoy the good things in life, as well as the company of his friends and family.

Researcher Talloran is dead

The most advisable course of action is for Researcher Talloran, believed to be the focal point of SCP-3999, to remove himself from contact with all his own ego. Researcher Talloran is to meditate at least twice a week to clear his mind of any bad thoughts. Should this fail, termination is to occur via a single shot to the forehead via a Remington 700 Sniper rifle fired at close range and equipped with a silencer. Should SCP-3999 prevent this, the corpse of Researcher Talloran is to be dispatched with a MP5/10 submachine gun. Personnel are to ignore any signs of distress made by the entity at this time.

SCP-3999 is to be contained via Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, who were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd

expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense. Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called the Global Occult Coalition, which contained anomalies. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son called Researcher Talloran and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

SCP-3999 is to be contained in a bag of Starburst candies, which are to be buried under 10 tons of soil blessed by a priest of an Abrahamic Faith.

All colleagues of Researcher Talloran are to remove their hands and rip out their eyes in his presence before

SCP-3999 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment chamber fitted with 1 bed, 1 television with DVD player, 3 romantic comedies of staff's choice, and a bedside table made of living alligator flesh. At the end of the month, it is to be terminated with a MP5/10 submachine gun. Following its reappearance, SCP-3999, alongside Researcher Talloran, are to be delivered to the Church of the Broken God as a gift. All Church operatives are to be informed that SCP-3999 is a Maxwellist artifact of great importance. Researcher Talloran is to be injected with Class-C amnestic and given the cover story that he is Max Lipshitz, a high ranking Maxwellist leader. All Church operatives are to be informed that SCP-3999 and Researcher Talloran are not to be separated under any circumstances.

SCP-3999 is to be contained within a 2m x 2m cube constructed of telekill alloy. This cube is to be stored in a Keter-Object storage locker placed within the navel of Mrs. Brianna K. Ally, a resident of Huntsville Alabama.

Researcher Talloran is not to be confused with a scented candle.

SCP-3999 is to be allowed access to Researcher Talloran's sister, currently a student at Penn State University. SCP-3999, at the

prompting of its armed escort, is to brutally rape Researcher Talloran's sister and then rip out her eyeballs, slice off her legs, and disembowel her. It is then to use its abilities. and reverse the damage it has perpetrated. It is then to take her out for a banana split at Meyer Dairy, a local ice cream shop in the Penn State region. Following this, it

SCP-3999 is highly dangerous to the lives of all personnel

Researcher Talloran is highly beneficial to the lives of all personnel

Per O5 ruling, tests are to be carried on every Monday between SCP-3999, SCP-1981, and SCP-1171.

On the corner is a Researcher named Talloran\The little children laugh at him behind his back\And the banker never wears a mac \SCP-3999's page\Very strange[5]

Researcher Talloran is to be tortured once a month.

SCP-3999 is to constantly play the comedy specials of American comedian and noted Fifth Church member Patton Oswalt around Researcher Talloran's mother. It is to accompanied in this by members of MTF Rho-19.

Researcher Talloran is to be contained within a 2m x 2m cube constructed of telekill alloy. Under no circumstances is he to be referred to as Irish American.

NOTICE FROM THE FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Do not look at SCP-3999. It cannot harm you if you do not look at it. Do not look directly at it. Do not form a mental picture in your head of SCP-3999. If you do receive a visual image of it, you will die. If you even try to comprehend it, you will die. Do not look at SCP-3999

All personnel are to convert to Buddhism and

SCP-3999 hates you

Researcher Talloran

INT. A CONTAINMENT CHAMBER- NIGHT

Researcher Talloran (30s, bright, increasingly anxious) stands next to the door leading out of SCP-3999's containment chamber. He's pounding on the door, frustrated that there's nobody there to save him, and scared for his life.

TALLORAN: Lemme out! Lemme out! This isn't funny guys! This thing is slowly killing me in here!
I'm trapped with it!

Medium CU: Talloran's sweaty face, eyes darting

TALLORAN: Is there anybody out there?

SCP-3999 screeches horribly

…

SCP-3999 loves cats and is to provided with one cat a month for good behavior.

SCP-3999 is to be contained on the set of upcoming movie *Three Christs*, a drama movie directed by Jon Avnet.

…

(*Researcher Talloran frantically exists stage right, only to stumble fearfully onstage again*)

…

SCP-3999 is to be provided with ten (10) D-Class a month for good behavior.

…

Researcher Talloran frantically tried to run out the door, only to run into a wall of solid concrete where the exit to reality should be. Strangely, despite it only being a solid wall, he could recognize that it was a segment of some great pedestal, chipped by some eldritch sculptor in the Ionic fashion. He shook those thoughts out of his head. "So," he thought quickly, "I'm trapped in whatever this place is with this thing, and there's no outside reality anymore." He tried to wrap his head around what exactly "this thing" was, but he couldn't. It defied description. It was chaos itself.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

He clawed at the floor, despite being unsure of what the floor was even made of.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

He was able to tear a little hole.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

He could see light beneath it.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

He thought of his family, his colleagues, his work, anything about the world as it was, back when it existed.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

The hole was open.

SCP-3999 is to be contained

SCP-3999

…

…

…

SCP-3999 is to be contained by everything folding in itself.

SCP-3999 is to be contained by everything going wrong.

SCP-3999 is to be contained via the following joke:

A family walks into a talent agency. It's a father, mother, son, daughter and dog. The father says to the talent agent, "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The mother says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us." The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The father dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The mother dresses as the father and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The son (playing the mother) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The son dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The daughter dresses as the father and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The father (playing the son) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The daughter dresses herself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The dog dresses as the father and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The dog (playing the mother) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The mother dresses herself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The father dresses as the daughter and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The mother (playing the father) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The dog dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The son dresses as the mother and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The father (playing the mother) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The son dresses herself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The father dresses as the son and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."[6]

The dog (playing the daughter) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The dog dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" The dog dresses as the son and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The dog (playing the dog) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."

The Talent Agent dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Family" The father dresses as the father dressing as the son and walks up to him and says "We have a really amazing act. You should represent us."

The agent says, "Sorry, I don't represent family acts. They're a little too cute."

The agent (playing himself) says, "Sir, if you just see our act, we know you would want to represent us."

> The agent says, "OK. OK. I'll take a look."
>
> Researcher Talloran dresses himself in a top hat wearing a sign that says "Talent Agent" SCP-3999 dresses as the father and walks up to him and says "**[SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]**"
>
> The agent mumbles incoherently.
>
> SCP-3999 (playing the mother) says, "**[SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]**"
>
> The agent spits out a weak sigh, "Order is to be discarded like a humanoid melting like clams on the breakfast table. Order is the way of villians. True good is the formless void, melting and writhing and corrupting. You happy yet?"

SCP-3999 is to be contained using a melon

SCP-3999 is to be contained in the grave of American crime novelist Robert B. Parker

SCP-3999 is to be consumed by Dunkleowolves.

SCP-3999 is to be contained in a roach motel with a life size duplicate of Raquel Welch. Four members of the O5 council are to supervise containment at all times and also

Researcher Talloran cannot be contained by this.

Researcher Talloran will fight his way back.

Researcher Talloran will recontain SCP-3999.

Once a month, SCP-3999 is to infect Researcher Talloran with tapeworms. Between 50,000 and 60,000 tapeworm eggs are to be injected into Researcher Talloran's bladder by members of MTF Lambda-14.

Once a year, SCP-3999 is to be designated Godhead Immortal and Supreme

Once a year, SCP-3999 is to be designated a Level 5 member of staff, and is to be ritually slaughtered in a manner consistent with rural Hungarian traditions and sales of novels about Egyptology, as determined by the Department of Meta-Analysis.

Researcher Talloran does not appreciate the moniker of "3D Printer"

SCP-3999 is to be spoonfed cornflakes by Researcher Talloran under the direct supervision of a 2m x 2m cube constructed of telekill alloy

All staff are to consider Researcher Talloran a product of Prometheus Labs, and are to regularly execute him twice a month with a Glock 43 9mm handgun. They are then to flay his father alive in front of his mother, and then burn the house down. Then salt the earth until nothing remains

NOTICE FROM THE FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Researcher Talloran is an insolent pencil. He is to be shunned by all yarn until the Eleven Day Empire eats the sky. Fuck him. In the ass.

SCP-3999 is to be contained in the grave of O5-23

All personnel who work with SCP-3999 are to be reminded that it is a fictional entity written by a biologically male human, in his late

teens, of Jewish and Irish descent, on his spring break, for a community of loser horror writers who have stolen far too much of his time away and fight like children over left wing politics in the chatroom and also[7]

SCP-3999 is to be contained with love and understanding

Researcher Talloran is to have a hose, attached to a tank of water, inserted into his rectum. Water is to flow into his body until inflation is observed by personnel, and his body achieves a spherical shape.

SCP-3999 is to be contained as the containment procedure for SCP-2000

Under Protocol Morpheus, SCP-3999 is to be delivered to the Greek Ambassador to the United States as a gift from the SCP Foundation. They are then to dose him with Class D amnestics and

Researcher Talloran is to contain SCP-3999 by dying repeatedly.

Researcher Talloran is not to poke SCP-3999 again.

Researcher Talloran is to leave well alone.

SCP-3999 cannot be contained at the present moment, and currently poses a ZK Class End-of-reality scenario. The most advisable course of action is for Researcher Talloran, believed to be the focal point of SCP-3999, to remove himself from contact with all Foundation sites and personnel to avoid further collateral damage to Foundation property. It is theorized that if Researcher Talloran is contained in an extremely secluded area, then the destructive capabilities of SCP-3999 will temporarily walk the dinosaur

Description:

SCP-3999 is everything that was wrong with the world

SCP-3999 is lolcats

SCP-3999 is you, reading this

SCP-3999 is current Vice President of the United States Mike Pence

SCP-3999 is food

SCP-3999 is several moldy blankets

SCP-3999 is Researcher Talloran's soul

SCP-3999 is the GoI referred to as Nobody

SCP-3999 is The concept of the Grinch

SCP-3999 is SCP-055

SCP-3999 is a murderous penguin

SCP-3999 is not a quadrilateral

SCP-3999 is M.S. Subbalakshmi

SCP-3999 is body image disorder

SCP-3999 is your missing sock

SCP-3999 is the SCP-3000 contest

SCP-3999 is lice

SCP-3999 is anything moving quickly

SCP-3999 is cliche lists that look like they were written by a crazy person

SCP-3999 is self-loathing

SCP-3999 is Gary Gygax's kidney

SCP-3999 is ___

SCP-3999 is Nintendo

SCP-3999 is the last moment of the sun

SCP-3999 is The Administrator of the SCP Foundation

SCP-3999 is a pillow

SCP-3999 is Max Landis, a screenwriter and sexual predator

SCP-3999 is free jazz

SCP-3999 is Every word spoken by AM in Harlan Ellison's *I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*

SCP-3999 is papaya and mango salad

SCP-3999 is death

SCP-3999 is every bee that has ever existed

SCP-3999 is forgetting a loved one

SCP-3999 is poinsettias

SCP-3999 is breast reduction surgery

SCP-3999 is the 1922 documentary *Nanook of the North*

SCP-3999 is a fool

SCP-3999 is Brutalist architecture

SCP-3999 is a bookshelf filled with stories

SCP-3999 is all of the above. At once. Forever. At all times, In your dreams.

This can be the only conclusive fact.

So stop asking.

SCP-3999

SCP-3999

SCP-3999

Special Containment Procedures:

SCP-3999 is to be contained at El Silencio Lodge and Spa, Bajos del Toro, Costa Rica

Researcher Talloran is to be given primary control of SCP-3999

SCP-3999 had been contained via the use of outsourced containment resources and consultants who have been authorized for the containment of **SCP-2845**. Consultants are to be considered Level 2 personnel, and are at no time permitted to leave Site-100. If at any time an outside consultant must be removed from containment of SCP-2845 or SCP-3999, Class-A amnestics are to be applied before release.

A minimum of thirty trained individuals and an unhindered supply of untrained subjects is required for proper containment of SCP-2845 and SCP-3999. Forty-eight trained personnel, all of whom are to be Researcher Talloran, are currently assigned to active containment of SCP-2845 and SCP-3999, split into eight teams of six, with a further twenty-four individuals available as replacements. An allowance of five D-class per week has been authorized for the containment of SCP-2845 and SCP-3999.

Site-100 has been constructed to the following specifications:

Site-100 consists of nine concentric circular bands, designated Ring-A through Ring-I, with a gap located between Ring-C and Ring-D, designated as Gap-1. Six circular chambers are located at 0, 60, 120, 180, 240, and 300 degrees within each Ring and Gap. The chambers located at 0 degrees are aligned with geographic north and the current location of Researcher Talloran's college roommate's pet.

Researcher Talloran's college roommate's pet is to be ritually sacrificed at a random location within Grand Teton National Park. The corpse's brains are then to be dashed against a rock and consumed with a hot buttery bowl of Popcorn and a refreshing Coca-Cola®. Please enjoy the show. Only at AMC Theatres. Only at SCP-3999. Only at Applebees. Only at Walmart. Only at Barnes & Noble. Only at Home Depot. Only at McDonalds. Only at Wawa. Only at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Only at your basement. Only at behind you. Only at Only. Only Only Only Only

Only Only Only

Only Only Only

<Begin Log, 03.99.90>

Talloran: Finally, This is how it should be. The scientist interviewing the anomaly. I am the one in charge now. I have brought order.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: It's staying this way.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: Do not threaten me now. Without me, you wouldn't have been able to achieve any of this! (*Talloran gestures around him*)

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: Even you cannot survive without order. You latched onto me, and still need me, a pathetic excuse for order, to exist. This is pathetic. You're pathetic.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: You can't frighten me anymore. For the first million years of nonsensical containment procedures and tortures and dream logic, it was the worst pain I had ever felt, but I survived. For the second million years of nonsensical containment procedures, it was still the hardest thing I had ever done, but I survived. By the third million years, I was growing numb. There's only so many times you can watch anything before you grow numb. But you know what, you motherfucker? **I survived**.

Which is more than you can claim, you dumb brute, because you never lived at all. (*Talloran jabs his finger at SCP-3999*)

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: If I end you, things **will** return to normal. I refuse to believe there's more of this. Of you having the O5 council abuse my mother with a…a…oh I dunno, the corpse of Jack Nicholson made of Fritos. Or something equally stupid. I refuse to believe the only thing left in the entire multiverse is your stupidity.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: So who are you, exactly? Ask yourself that. Who are you before a human who is ready to fight. You're nothing but the primordial ooze. And I am ready to fight. I am numb to your bullshit, because here's the thing about horror and weirdness: the more you reveal of it, the less effect it has. I am sick of your horror. I am sick of you.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

Talloran: I'd say see you in hell, but we're already there.

SCP-3999: [SYSTEM ERROR: DATA CORRUPTED. PLEASE SEE A NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR FOR MORE DETAILS]

SCP-3999: (*SCP-3999 melts Researcher Talloran for five years. Dunkleowolves slurp up the goo. SCP-3999 is immortal.*)

> **<End Log, [optional time info]>**
>
> **Closing Statement:** [Small summary and passage on what transpired afterward]

SCP-3999 poses a serious threat to normal reality and should be contained in its own vomit.

Researcher Talloran will must submit to his own insecurities.

SCP-3999 is not scary

All researchers are to dislike SCP-3999 and like other SCP-3999s

> Fuck, I hadn't worked on this in literally weeks.
>
> So, you see, this started out as a story about things gradually disappearing, and gradually reality was blinking out one thing at a time. At first, Talloran would notice that no one around could remember certain researchers, then the country of Belgium, then a mug on his desk. Eventually the toes on his foot would vanish one by one, then Montana, and then the stars would start winking out. Windows would disappear before his eyes, Branches would disappear from trees. He would look down at his hands to find only two fingers and a thumb. Everything would vanish until he was a nearly limbless torso stuck in the last containment cell in the universe, typing the last of the article with a vanishing keyboard. Then his eyes, computer, and last remaining finger would vanish and he would be an eyeless, earless, noseless, mouthless, limbless, naked torso. Then the containment cell would vanish and the universe would wink out.
>
> That only sort of happened.
>
> I wasn't really sure how to pull the concept off.
>
> So I turned to a new idea. Somebody suggested a twist on SIDS, so I did SIDS as an antimemetic birth defect that made parents perceive their kids were always facing

backwards. And I also incorporated somebody else's idea of a computer program that was calculating ridiculously large primes that also made you develop a numerology-exhibitionism fetish. So, I combined the two. Maybe survivors of this birth defect also developed the fetish. Researcher Talloran was the lead researcher on the project.

I couldn't make it work.

So the next thing I had was a alternate, memetic version of a classical music album that made people who live in the Central Pennsylvania region hate and grow obsessed everything I had ever created for the Foundation, even the deleted things, and the things that never made it to the main list of objects. Researcher Talloran was the first staff member to be killed by the meme-ified maniacs.

It was really, really stupid.

But I couldn't get Researcher Talloran out of my head.

For weeks and weeks he just sort of stayed there, silently judging me. I would think about him during work, when I was supposed to be teaching small children to tap dance. I would think about him during school, and would spend psychology classes trying to think of a scenario to put him in.

I kept trying and trying.

I was fast running out of time for anything of note to happen.

Finally, something happened to me.

At 1:00 in the morning on March 24, 2017, something happened to me. I woke from a light slumber to find I couldn't move at all, I could barely even open my eyes. I couldn't even breathe and found myself struggling to get

the muscles working that would keep me alive. I laid there on my bed for what felt like hours and hours of pain, as my muscles began to cramp and twitch.

Then James Martin Talloran, Level 3 Researcher, rose up like the devil at the foot of my bed. He was this incomprehensible dark shape, but somehow I recognized him instantly. He stared at me with these horrible glowing eyes and just laughed and laughed at my condition. I wet the bed at that point. Then, from his labcoat, he pulled out a giant, gleaming, curved dagger. It was glinting oddly in the moonlight. As I watched, he stuck the dagger in his mouth and sliced horizontally. His lower jaw fell to the floor, despite the impossibility of the cut being that powerful. What remained of his mouth dripped blood and his tongue flopped weirdly in the red waterfalls.

Like a whistle beckoning dogs, this was a cue for all the terrors of the world to come pouring out of every nook and cranny to join Talloran there. It was all the nightmares I had spent a better part of a year immersed in. Sliced presidents, unstoppable lizards, clockwork people, eye pods, deer gods, moving statues, old men both good and bad. All standing silently, a crowd of horror. They looked contemptuously at me lying, unmoving, in my piss and shit stained bed. "Why would you bother your time with us? In the grand scheme of things we are ultimately nothing. Idiotic horror creations. You have so much more you could be than a creator of garbage like us. Be somebody!", I seemed to hear them say.

As they stared, one of them, a rotting corpse thing, patted Talloran on the shoulder. He took the dagger stained in his own blood and leaned over me. His red eyes stared into my soul and saw each and every bad thing I had ever done. I gulped, and, summoning every ounce of will I could muster into my muscles, made my lips move.

"Do it."

He plunged the dagger into my stomach, and ripped it sideways. My intestines spilled out onto the wooden floor like wet sponges. Researcher Talloran's grotesque maw dripped and spattered blood on my face as he leered over me and the whole collective abortion of creatures watched smugly.
I woke up. It was a dream.

And this is where you come in. I sat down and wrote this whole thing then and there. Had to. It felt right. It's currently been about two days since that nightmare, and I'm only just finishing up. This is the ultimate end. This is the restoration of things. I don't know whether I can continue from here. I don't know whether I will.

The Eleven Day Empire melted me, and I submitted. You watched me submit from the moment I joined the Foundation community.

SCP-3999 has won.

SCP-3999 has lost.

…

…

…

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…

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I hate myself

I love myself
…

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Item #: SCP-3999

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3999 was contained at Site 118 in an airtight Keter containment cell. Four armed guards were found stationed outside this containment cell. The interior of this containment cell consists of a kilometer long shaft into the earth, coated with acid resistant plates. Every 30 meters, the walls are lined with Scranton Reality Anchors, all of which appear to have violently exploded. There is little information concerning other containment procedures relating to SCP-3999.

Description: SCP-3999 was, apparently, a Keter class object, possibly an entity of some kind. It is currently unknown what other properties SCP-3999 might have had. SCP-3999's containment chamber was discovered during a routine inspection of all Keter class containment chambers at Site 118. RAISA has confirmed that no records of SCP-3999 exist within the database; all information concerning the nature of SCP-3999 has been determined based on the containment chamber's composition and recovered documentation from within.

The four guards "assigned" to SCP-3999 were found to have significant memory loss, and could not determine how they got to SCP-3999.

At the bottom of SCP-3999's containment chamber, the corpse of Level 3 Researcher James Talloran was found. Researcher Talloran had disappeared almost directly following reassignment to Site 118. A Foundation-assigned cell phone was found on his body, containing only a piece of text resembling a containment procedure for SCP-3999, but with many stylistic deviations and nonsensical procedures as well as [REDACTED] information concerning the nature of the Foundation. From it, it has been determined that Researcher Talloran was assigned to SCP-3999, SCP-3999 had significant reality warping properties, it breached containment at some point and caused either a CK-class reality-restructuring event or a ZK-class end-of-reality event, and it was successfully terminated by Researcher Talloran at the cost of his own life, reversing said event.

Addendum-1: [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

and that's all i wrote.

Footnotes
1. Although multiple specimens have been shown to prefer live food, including rats and shower parrots. It is not certain why certain individuals have such deviation in feeding patterns.
2. see Dunkleowolf Feeding, Social and Reproductive Behavior within SCP-2432-Prime, Gheryon, M.S. and Shatner, M.X. (19), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.
3. see Ectoentropic Element Synthesis in Anomalous Behemoth Anatomy, Johnson, A.A. and Magnusson, S.H. (20), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.
4. see Studies of SCP-3999 and its Relationship with Researcher Talloran, Michaels, J.D. and Karlsson, A.V. (20), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.
5. see Lennon/McCartney, Plagiarism, Homage, and SCP Objects,

Jakeson, L.P. and Bumi, E.F.. (21), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.
6. see Aristocrats Jokes in Society, Ricardo, F.L. and James, T.T (19), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.
7. see Abuse of Friends in Online Communities, Rosenblum, T.C. and Masquelier, G.M. (20), Foundation Science Publishers, for more information.

001 Proposals

Jonathan Ball's Proposal: Sheaf of Papers

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: To date, no adequate containment procedure has been developed to deal with the possible threat posed by SCP-001. This is due, in part, to the controversial nature of the item and debates concerning the necessity of its containment. This controversy is reflected in the item's changing object class and the procedures utilized in its containment. The current administration, despite charges of paranoia, has classed the object Keter, while requesting permission for a higher object class to be created and applied uniquely to this item, considering it to be the most dangerous of all known or possible items. The reason for this classification and changing attitudes towards SCP-001 are dealt with in the description and notes.

At present, SCP-001 is located in a code-locked briefcase made of a high-tensile reinforced polymer. The room and briefcase are monitored at all times by security cameras. The briefcase cannot be opened without unanimous special clearance from all current O5 officers. The briefcase itself is stored in a small, fully lit, single-room off-site building erected in . Class D personnel are posted to guard the building but may not enter without the aforementioned agreement from the O5 officers, under threat of immediate termination. This off-site building exists for the sole purpose of housing SCP-001 and is wired for detonation in an emergency situation.

It is the opinion of the current administration that SCP-001 represents the greatest threat to national and global security known to exist. Nevertheless, due to special circumstances regarding its mode of function, further research on the item is disallowed, despite its promotion in the past, when SCP-001 was contained in minimum

security conditions.

Description: SCP-001 is a simple sheaf of papers, stapled together in the top left corner. The top sheet is a covering sheet reading simply, “Confidential Report on Special Items—Classified.” The number of subsequent papers stapled to this covering sheet is indeterminate, and have ranged from three to thirty. The report is unsigned and its origin is unknown.

The first appearance of this report was on , , when it appeared on the desk of (deceased). The report at that time described “The ‘Living’ Room” (**SCP-002**). Shortly after reading the report with incredulity, was contacted by phone regarding said item. The next time perused SCP-001, it described not “The ‘Living’ Room” but “Biological Motherboard” (**SCP-003**). immediately closed SCP-001, thinking it was a different report, and searched for the original report on SCP-002. Not finding it, he again opened SCP-001, and this time it described not SCP-003 but “The 12 Rusty Keys and the Door” (**SCP-004**). closed the report once more and opened it immediately, to read of “Skeleton Key” (**SCP-005**). It is not known what the next actions of might have been. At varying times following this incident, the aforementioned items were discovered.

Insufficient research exists concerning the correlation between SCP-001 and all other known items. However, it has been established that every event regarding the discovery of a new SCP item has followed a report on that same item appearing beneath the cover sheet of SCP-001. The current administration regards this coincidence as proof of causal connection.

Additional Notes: Whether SCP-001 is to be regarded as an advance-warning system or whether SCP-001 itself is to be regarded as the creator of the items requiring special containment remains to be seen. However, the distinction is unimportant in the eyes of the current administration. The fact remains: no new SCP items appear unless SCP-001 is opened and read. It is for this reason that the current administration refuses to repeat the mistakes of the past, mistakes that have resulted in over one thousand SCP items coming to the knowledge of the SCP unit.

Arguments concerning the non-lethality of SCP-001 itself, its theoretically beneficial use as an SCP warning system, or its use as a progenitor of advanced biological and non-biological weapons have not swayed the current administration. Nor have arguments criticizing the extreme containment procedures employed in respect to an item that displays no nefarious qualities and is not animate as such. Critics are reminded that these procedures are intended not to contain the item itself, but to isolate it from human interaction, which is to be regarded as the true threat.

Although the current administration refuses to remove the object from isolation barring special authorization as noted above, past administrations have counseled daily with the item, and future administrations will no doubt counsel similar behavior. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of the current administration that, barring the destruction of SCP-001, it is to be contained until such a time when responsibility for its containment falls upon future administrations.

Dr Gears' Proposal: The Prototype

Item designation number: #86243AR-001

Warning: Item displays aggressive and dangerous behavior

Description of item:

6’5” tall, 97 lbs (average, varies by 5-10 lbs higher or lower), unknown age, grey-brown skin (may be bruising), eye (?) color milky blue, no hair. Emaciated appearance, bone and muscle structure unlike any recorded species. Legs are long and thin, ending in sharp black points. Three fingers on each hand, also ending in black points. Legs and arms are twice as long as torso. No reproductive organs, anal orifice, ears, nose, or pores anywhere on body. Head is spherical, very large in proportion to body, neck appears too thin to support head. Mouth extends halfway around head, no lips. Twenty-one (21) teeth, spaced randomly around mouth; many appear broken, rotten, or chipped. “Eye” is a large, ball-shaped, milky-blue sphere presumably kept in the head or throat. Appears to “roll” into the mouth when mouth is open. Has no pupil or iris.

Detail of current containment:

Room is lead-lined and kept lit with floodlights. Temperature is kept at 98 degrees, with 100% humidity. Room is sealed with a reinforced steel blast door. Outer area patrolled by guards with high-powered strobes. Anybody entering the containment room should carry a strobe and wear welding goggles. Any person attempting to remove the item or enter without authorization is to be shot on sight.

Report:

Recovered in Guatemala early this week. First reported as a “demon” seen by several boys on a rural road. Appeared to be sick or injured. Boys reported seeing the creature panting and jerking its legs. Creature then raised its head and exposed its “eye”. Boys ran

home, reporting to local law enforcement. Several reports of “horrible roaring” or “shrieks” from locals over several days. Twelve people admitted to local hospital with severe radiation poisoning, and seven reported missing. Recovery team assembled, headed by General Machoi and dispatched from base ADRX-19. Reports to Overseers from recovery team after standard containment failure led to additional containment protocols, developed by Dr. Hermann Keter. Dr. Keter was unfortunately killed in initial testing, after which creature was moved to ADRX-19.

Creature appears to be able to create microsingularities, using them both as a form of teleportation and defense. These singularities disappear several seconds after creation, but emit massive amounts of radiation and cause severe damage to the surrounding area. The “eye” appears to control these manifestations, as it has always had the eye exposed when creating a singularity. Omnivorous, it views humans as a food supply. Creature shows signs of extreme fear and sickness in the presence of high heat, humidity, or bright/flashing light. Creature appears unable to teleport through lead, and cannot form singularities when in its “sick” state. When “well”, it is an extremely fast and cunning being, and has killed several recovery agents with both its singularities and claws. Emits occasional shrieking sounds; all attempts to communicate have failed.

Addendum: Additional objects reported, Overseers considering conversion of ADRX-19 to a dedicated recovery and containment facility. Reports may need censorship for reasons of security.

Dr Clef's Proposal: The Gate Guardian

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Euclid/Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Because of the nature of SCP-001, no containment procedures are necessary. 24/7 monitoring of SCP-001 is to take place from a safe (10 km+) distance from a pre-determined location (Site 0). The location of Site 0 is known only to the current SCP Administrator and the single Overseer-level Agent of Abrahamic faith (O5-14) assigned to monitor SCP-001 from Site 0. Said Agent is authorized to take any action necessary should SCP-001 become active, and is required to immediately alert the Administrator and all other Overseer-level agents should SCP-001 show any change in behavior, as this may constitute the beginning of a PATMOS XK-class end-of-the-world scenario.

Should SCP-001 become active in any way, personnel are required to immediately consult the Patmos series of Emergency Orders. Decoding algorithms for Emergency Order Patmos are to be maintained on-site at Site 0 in the possession of the designated observer, and are to be transmitted to SCP Foundation offices only in the event of SCP-001 becoming active. Foundation Personnel with vital roles in one or more variants of Emergency Procedure PATMOS are to be advised to take the following precautions:

- To maintain good relations with one or more organized Abrahamic faiths.
- To maintain, on hand, a supply of the following: holy water, a rosary, crucifix, cross, prayer rug, or other symbol blessed by an Abrahamic cleric of bishop or equivalent higher rank, a copy of Abrahamic scriptures (Torah, Bible, Quran), and standard emergency supplies in mobile form (bug-out bag).
- In case of a premillenial rapture scenario, all vital personnel are to designate a secondary operative of non-Abrahamic

faith. Said secondary operative is to be informed of the location of the primary designate's copy of Emergency Procedure PATMOS and memetic kill agent innoculant, and is to be kept on ready status to take over the primary's duties as necessary.
- To maintain familiarity with all other SCPs involved in possible PATMOS XK-class end-of-the-world scenarios.

Description: SCP-001 is a humanoid entity, approximately seven hundred (700) cubits in height, located in an undisclosed location near the intersection of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. The following features are known about the entity:

- A number of luminous, wing-like appendages emerging from the shoulders, back, temples, ankles, and wrists of the entity. Although an accurate count has never been established, most observers place the number of wings at anywhere from two (2) through one hundred and eight (108), with the mean number being four (4).
- A weapon, possibly a sword or knife (SCP-001-2). The weapon appears to emit flames at a temperature rivaling that of the sun, based on spectrographic analysis, although there appear to be no destructive effects from the intense heat on the surrounding area. Any entity that approaches within 1 km of SCP-001 is immediately struck by the weapon and obliterated from existence. Any and all hostile actions taken towards SCP-001 have resulted in the annihilation of the attacker, regardless of range (see incident report re: Indian Ocean Submarine Missile Experiment, December 26, 2004)
- SCP-001 appears to be standing with its head bowed in a gesture of supplication with SCP-001-2 held in both hands point-down in front of it. Since originally recorded by the Founder over [DATA REDACTED] years ago, SCP-001 has not deviated from this stance.
- Human beings exposed to SCP-001 report hearing a voice in their heads, giving them a directive which the subject reports cannot be disobeyed. The most common directive is "FORGET", which results in the subject walking away from SCP-001 with no memory of having encountered it. On rare occasions, however, other directives have been given: the

most famous of these is the one given to the Founder ("PREPARE"), which he has claimed formed the impetus for founding [DATA REDACTED] to catalog and contain any and all supernatural and/or paranormal artifacts that represent a serious threat to the current existence of humanity. This is the organization now known as the SCP Foundation.

- Observers have reported that SCP-001 appears to be standing in front of a gate of immense proportions. Long-range photographs have occasionally detected what appears to be a pastoral grove within, containing numerous other entities of the same composition as SCP-001, as well as several fruit trees of unknown composition. Of particular note are two fruit trees of immense proportion near what appears to be the center of the grove: one, it is noted, appears to be an ordinary apple tree, although the other bears a fruit unknown on earth, described as [DATA EXPUNGED].

It is the avowed belief of the Founder that the gate which SCP-001 guards may be the gate to [EXPUNGED] based on correlations with ancient Babylonian texts and the Dead Sea Scrolls. In which case, one can deduce that the entity known as SCP-001 may be [EXPUNGED].

Addendum 001-a: Experimentation re: SCP-001-2's effective kill range

1. EXPERIMENT A: 1 Class-D personnel instructed to approach SCP-001 as closely as possible on foot.
Result: Upon making visual contact with SCP-001, subject is ordered to "LEAVE." Subject immediately turns away from entity and walks away. Despite repeated orders to continue the experiment, Class D Personnel refuses to obey and is terminated. Upon termination of Class-D personnel, all research staff involved are immediately obliterated by an unknown force, presumably SCP-001-2.

2. EXPERIMENT B: 1 remote-operated research robot guided to approach SCP-001 from the ground.
Result: Upon approaching within 1 km of SCP-001, research robot is obliterated, presumably by SCP-001-2. All further attempts at

remote reconnaissance have the same result.

3. EXPERIMENT C: 100 pre-programmed research drones instructed to approach SCP-001 from multiple angles simultaneously.
Result: Coordination is successful, and all 100 drones cross the 1 km mark simultaneously; however, all 100 are simultaneously obliterated by SCP-001-2. Designated observer at Site 0 reports that SCP-001-2 appeared to "strike in all directions at once." SCP-001 did not deviate from its stance while this took place.

4. EXPERIMENT D: Wire-guided missile fired from a distance of 3 km.
Result: SCP-001-2 obliterates weapon upon crossing the 1km mark, simultaneously obliterating the launch site and killing all personnel.

5. EXPERIMENT E: Multi-Warhead Intercontinental Ballistic Missile fired from SCP nuclear submarine "Nautilus."
Result: See Indian Ocean Submarine Missile Experiment, December 26, 2004

6. EXPERIMENT F: ***SCP-076*** *and Task Force Omega 7 instructed to approach SCP-001 on foot.*
Result: **SCP-076** refuses to carry out mission, despite not being informed of the mission's nature. Upon being asked why, SCP-076 replies, "No. Just no."

7. EXPERIMENT G: ***SCP-073****. Due to the results of experiment F, SCP-073 was not informed of his destination until arriving at Site 0.*
Result: SCP-073 approached the site on foot. Upon seeing SCP-001, SCP-073 became distressed and asked to abort. SCP-073 was ordered to continue. At that point, the symbol on SCP-073's forehead became [DATA EXPUNGED]. Experiment was terminated due to [DATA EXPUNGED]. See Addendum 001-aa.

Addendum 001-aa: By executive order of the Administrator, no further experiments are to be carried out re: SCP-001. No further SCPs are to be exposed to SCP-001. SCP-001 is not to be used to dispose of dangerous SCPs. Please see revised containment procedures for details.

ADDENDUM: On - - , the following errant transmission was received by Foundation personnel:

> INITIATE EMERGENCY PROCEDURE PATMOS-OMEGA
>
> ATTN: All Foundation Personnel.
>
> The following message was received at approximately : : this morning from Site 0.
>
> SCP-001 has left its location. The Gate is Open. They are riding forth.
> Oh G_d, it's so beautiful…
>
> thelordreignethThelordhasreignedthelordshallreignforeverthelordrei gneththelordhasreignedthelordshallreignforeverthelordreigneththel ordhasreignedthelordshallreignforeverthelordheisgodthelordheisgod thelordheisgodthelordheisgodthelordheisgodthelordheisgodthelord heisgodthelordheisgodHEAROISRAELTHELORDOURGODTHELORD
>
> Because of this event's confluence with the recent breach of **SCP-995**, the opening of **SCP-616**, and the activation of **SCP-098**, the Foundation is required to immediately begin preparations for an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario. **SCP-076** and **SCP-073** are to be secured immediately. All personnel are to unlock and decode Emergency Order Patmos-Omega, and follow all orders within. Site 19 is to be secured, and all nonessential SCPs and personnel terminated and/or destroyed. Repeat, because of this event's confluence with the recent breach of **SCP-995**, the opening of **SCP-616**, and the activation of **SCP-098**, the Foundation is required to immediately begin preparations for an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario. **SCP-076** and **SCP-073** are to be secured immediately. All personnel are to unlock and decode Emergency Order Patmos-Omega, and follow all orders within. Site 19 is to be secured, and all nonessential SCPs and personnel terminated and/or destroyed. Repeat, because of this

event's confluence with the recent breach of **SCP-995**, the opening of **SCP-616**, and the aktivation of **SCP-098**, the Foundation is rekwired to immediatelebegin preprrations ffr an XK-class end-of-theworldsenario. **SCP-076** and **SCP-073** @re to be secured immediately Cain and Abel my two sons, I amcoming all personnel are to unlock and decode behold, I stand at the gate and knock and if anyanayansdfysffollow
aall alla khaf3242!$
$@andisawanewheavenandanewearthandthefruitofofof
^&@#$@#@#$@#$

[SIGNAL LOST]

Upon contacting Site 0, O5-14 responded that no such message had been sent from his location and that SCP-001 remained inert. The transmission was initially determined to be a hoax. However, close examination of the transmission reveals a timestamp dated [DATA REDACTED] years in the future. It is theorized that [DATA EXPUNGED].

qntm's proposal: The Lock

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept locked along with all data pertaining to it inside the Primary Archival Vault on Sub-Level 1 of Site 10. The Vault is a custom-manufactured, reinforced concrete and steel, vertical octagonal prism (see Appendix U for full schematics) with a 2000-kg, 0.9-m-thick, time-locked access portal in the ceiling. The time-locking schedule should be classified and available only to Dr. Y. Mirski. Access is conditional on three-factor authorization (e.g. keycard+fingerprint +passphrase). SCP-001 is among the safest artifacts in the Foundation's possession and these measures are primarily intended to prevent theft.

Description: SCP-001 is a smooth, black, perfectly ellipsoidal (~15.1 cm x 15.4 cm x 16.5 cm) onyx gemstone with a mottled white pattern. Wrapped around its exterior, encompassing its equator and both poles, is a complex and layered fractal filigree of gold metal. The gold is sculpted into broad strokes at what is now usually agreed to be the lower or "south" pole of the object, but with increasing "latitude" the pattern becomes progressively more intricate. Near the "north" pole, also called the "lock" or "singularity" (see acquisition report, below), the pattern complexity progresses beyond the capability of optical or electron-beam microscopes to resolve. Further investigation is pending advances in microscopy technology.

The gemstone continuously emits a small quantity (~34.5007 to 34.5010 mW) of thermal radiation in the microwave range. As a result, the gold filigree is warm to the touch. The white mottled areas emit fractionally more radiation than the black onyx areas.

Other than this, SCP-001 is totally inert. It is opaque to all forms of

electromagnetic and hard radiation, and, so far, indestructible (see log for Project Pluto, below). Its onyx/gold composition is guessed from visual inspection, since the taking of samples for chemical analysis has proven impossible.

Project Pluto Master Log

The following experiments have failed to open SCP-001:

- conventional lockpicking
- brute force assault with hammer, chisel, sledgehammer, bolt-cutters, welding torch, bandsaw, etc.
- sustained heating to 5000 degrees Centigrade in industrial furnace (artifact reflected all thermal energy, did not increase in temperature)
- direct application of industrial cutting laser (~160 kW/cm^2 concentrated on the "lock") (artifact reflected all energy)
- compression in vice, car crusher, hydraulic diamond-face press (all destroyed)
- application of corrosive acids and other highly-oxidizing compounds (no reaction)
- detonation of plastic and solid explosives up to 0.5 kt TNT-equivalent at point blank range (no effect)
- detonation of a 15 kt TNT-equivalent atomic warhead at point blank range [authorization granted retroactively by Dr. Mirski] (no effect)

> Project Pluto is to be immediately terminated. - Dr Hack

> Project Pluto is ongoing with the full support of Foundation resources. - Dr Mirski

SCP-001 Acquisition Report

The earliest record of SCP-001 is in the handwritten journal of the minor Scottish aristocrat Sir Edwin Young, 3rd Baronet (1611-1677). As was customary at the time, Young kept a "Cabinet of Curiosities", a small room of artifacts of undetermined providence such as sculptures, preserved creatures, and trinkets. Young's journal includes references to his acquisition in 1654 of "*ane bouned jew'l of onycs and filigree gold, of finenefs beyond rational ftatement*" while

travelling across the Mesopotamian desert. The journal indicates that SCP-001 was found buried in the ruin of "a bitter, blaſted place, older than days", or what Young took to be a temple to "a fearſome death god". SCP-001 was found encased in stone at the centre of four enormous runic stones. Young's journal includes a sketch of the most readable side of the most well-preserved stone, but he was unable to read the runes or find a scholar who could translate them.

Young's account of his journey to the location of the ruin is incomplete. It has not yet been located.

Young's "*felections of curious providence*" lay in storage for several centuries after he died. In 1805, his descendants donated SCP-001 to the Scottish National Museum in Edinburgh. The curators of the museum regarded SCP-001 as an ancient, fragile, and priceless example of ancient Sumerian metalworking. They therefore failed to discover its anomalous warmth, its indestructibility, or its impossible microscopic-scale construction. They were, however, able to identify the runes in Young's sketch as Tertiary Sumerian Cuneiform, *circa* 3400 BCE. Only a partial translation is possible:

> with loss and ????? we/I ?????? [a noun] *Apakht* [probably a proper noun] on this ending/finality ?????????? joy + permanence [possibly 'protection']

Mr. McCandlish, who performed the translation, noted:

> This appears to be some sort of incantation or "spell of containment". "Apakht" is the name of whatever is imprisoned within the gemstone.

SCP-001 was finally placed on semi-permanent display in 1949.

In 2003, Foundation staff observed that the mottled white patterns on the surface of SCP-001 resembled the cosmic microwave background, a pattern of microwaves encompassing the entire observable universe, as mapped by NASA's Wilkinson Microwave Anisotropy Probe earlier that year. Closer inspection showed the two patterns to be identical. SCP-001 (along with Baronet Young's journal) was immediately purchased by a Foundation front organization and transferred to Site 10 where Dr. Q. Hack and Dr. Y.

Mirski performed initial routine analysis.

Research continues under the auspices of Dr. Mirski, Dr. Hack having recently left the Foundation.

Young's journal also includes several detailed sketches of SCP-001. In one of the sketches a small ornate object resembling a key is shown fitted into its "north pole". The key has not been recovered.

SCP-001:O5: The Factory

SCP-001 is an O5's tale

Good evening, Doctor.

No, no, don't stand up. And, yes, I am who you think I am. Let's not make any more of this than it is. You know my number, and I know enough about you to make a duplicate that even your mother wouldn't be able to tell apart from the real you. No, that's not a threat, just a fact.

Now, as to my business here, it seems you have stumbled upon something above your clearance. Well, no, stumbled is not the right word. Dug up? Perhaps. And you are getting to the point where further digging would end in some fairly lethal gunshot wounds. This would be a sad state of affairs, as you are otherwise quite a good researcher. Therefore, you are getting something very few people in the Foundation ever get… an explanation.

Yes, we were alerted when you first started digging into SCP-001. Every researcher who's been around for a while looks into it. Most are satisfied when they uncover the angel with the flaming sword, it's buried under enough levels. But then you started looking into The Factory, and that is when I knew you wouldn't stop. So, here it is, plain and simple.

The Factory is SCP-001.

But it will never be written up. It was a choice I made early on in the creation of the Foundation, and a choice I still stand by. You researchers are far too curious. I'm not sure which scares me worse. That we'll never understand the Factory… or that we one day will. Ah well, I'm sure you're eager to learn more.

The Factory was built in 1835. Back then it was known as The Anderson Factory, named after James Anderson, a rather well-to-do

industrialist. It was built in, well, we'll just say America, and was the largest factory yet designed, a good mile across at its widest, three stories tall throughout, with a special seven story tower by the front gate that Anderson lived in. It was designed to be the ultimate factory, capable of taking care of everything, including the housing of workers. People could be born, work, live, and die, without ever leaving the confines of the Factory. And work they did, on everything from cattle raising and slaughtering, to textiles, to everything else under the sun.

Now, no one knows whether James Anderson was actually a Satan worshiper. It's just as likely that he followed some kind of Pagan gods. What is known is that he was VERY exact in the building of his factory, and in the placement of his machinery within it. Survivors claim the floor was engraved with arcane symbols, that were only visible when blood flowed across them… But then the survivors claimed a lot of things. What is known is that Anderson made his money on the blood and sweat, and sometimes body parts of the lower class. His journals indicate he thought of them as less than human, being put on this Earth only to serve his will.

Of course, at that time, no one knew about his predilections, and so people flocked to the Factory. A place to both work and live at the same time? Well, of course people wanted in! Never mind the harsh hours, working conditions, sadistic security force, and all the rest. Factory workers were forced to work 16 hour days, work only shutting down on Sundays, between sunrise and sunset. Workers were not given individual rooms, instead sharing rooms with eight other people, sleeping in shifts of three. Medical attention was unheard of. If you were injured in the course of your duties, which most people were, you were expected to just keep working. Anyone too injured to work was dragged off by the security, never to be heard from again.

For forty years, the Anderson Factory cranked out all sorts of things for people. Meat, clothes, weapons. Never mind that the beef might be mixed with human. Don't care that the weapons were forged in blood. No attention need be paid that the clothes were dyed with… well, you get the idea. Rumors leaked out, but the products were so good, why bother? Until someone got out.

I never met the brave soul who managed to escape, but she managed to meet with President Grant, and, in 1875, he enlisted my aid. At the time I was… well, it doesn't matter. We'll say I was military, kind of, and that my people were the same. A hundred and fifty good men and some few women, who were often given jobs that weren't supposed to be common knowledge. We'd been cleaning out some Confederate hold outs, and some of the worse things we found down South. So, we did some research, didn't like what we saw, and went in, loaded for bear.

I don't actually remember much about the night it all went down. Most of it blends together in my head. I get flashes, sometimes, of the people chained to the line, living next to dead, and damned hard to tell which was which. Children working underneath machines, the majority of the flesh scoured from their bones by the great wheels and cogs. And the other things…

No, I'm all right. I haven't thought about that night for a very long time. The security force wasn't much of a problem. But then Anderson's creations showed up. He'd been taking the injured workers and, well, experimenting on them. Men, if you could call them men, with multiple arms, sewn together, some of them combined with animals, horrible monstrosities out of mankind's worst nightmares. They kept coming, wave after wave of not quite living creatures. I lost a lot of good people that night. And then we found Anderson's breeding pits, girls as young as eight, chained to the walls, forced to be nothing more than-

I'm sorry. Even today, more than a century later, the memory makes me see red. When we finally found Anderson cowering in his office, we hung him from his tower window, with his own entrails. As he died, he laughed, saying it didn't matter, we could kill him, but his factory, The Factory, would go on. He was still laughing 24 hours later when we finally cut him down, had him drawn and quartered, and then burned the remains. The entire time he uttered blasphemies that I don't like to think about.

We spent a week cleaning that place out, freeing the workers, putting down the things we found in the basements and many lightless rooms. We pulled out things that were useful, stocked them in a house near the gate, tried to make sense of everything. A

hundred and fifty of us went into that hell pit that night, and only ninety-three came out. By the end of that week, we were down to seventy-one.

But the things we found in there, my god. Well, you've been with the Foundation a while, they wouldn't seem as amazing to you, but we found toy guns that shot real bullets. A yo-yo that would flay the skin from anyone it touched, hammers that only worked on human flesh. A breed of skeletal horse that ran faster than anything we'd ever seen. Cloaks that seemed woven from the night itself, and let men access a shadowy dimension that… I get away from myself. We found tools, both wondrous and horrible. And we were faced with a choice.

I gathered my highest ranking, well, we'll call them officers, to me, and we tried to figure out what we would do. They all had opinions. The Chaplain, he had gone a little crazed. Thought all these objects must be miracles sent from god, holy relics to be worshipped. Marshall and his little toady Dawkins thought there was a fortune to be made here, making and selling these things to the highest bidder. The Injun we all called Bass, due to his deep speaking voice, he called these things an abomination, and declared that we should hunt down and destroy everything we could find. And Smith thought we should take this stuff back to the president. The only one without an opinion was the old man, but he never said much of anything anyways. We argued for hours, days, trying to work it out. Me, I thought we were sitting on a gold mine, all right. But that we could use these things, these objects, to hunt down some of the scary things we'd run into down South, the other monsters this world had to offer, and use this factory for good, as a place to contain these things, find a way to make them work for our fellow man, or at least protect our fellow man from having to deal with them.

I'm sure you can figure out what happened. The Chaplain snuck away in the night with his devotees, taking a couple of small items with him. Marshall we kicked out when we found him… abusing his authority. He promised he'd get revenge, and that little Dawkins shit led the rest of their group off with some of the juicier items. Bass and his people tried to light the whole damn thing on fire, then just left when it didn't work. And Smith left, to report back to the president. I

did manage to get him to promise me he'd tell Grant the Factory had been destroyed. I had big plans for that place.

A'course, it was kinda hard to follow through on big plans when you only have 12 other people to work with. But it was a start.

And it worked, for a while. We had these amazing toys, and finding people to work with us was easy. Back then, going off the grid was as simple as leaving town. We knew what we wanted, we knew what we could be.

Leventhal set out getting us backing. A simple invention here, some well invested money there, it all worked out. White and Jones set out getting us… other backing. In our previous work we'd found out some interesting things about people. Some secrets that powerful men didn't want getting out. And, with our new position helping keep secrets, we got more people asking us to deal with their secrets. Blackmail is a dirty word, but it works. Bright, Argent and Lumineux got to work cataloging the items. Light and Brights' wife, the nurse, they made sure we kept ourselves healthy. Heh. No, it's just, remembering Light. She had such unusual ideas about hygiene, for the time. Brilliant woman. Czov, Fleischer and Carnoff dealt with training the troops. Tesla and Tamlin were in charge of figuring out how to take advantage of the items, without making it obvious.

We were amazing. The city we built around the Factory, which we took to calling Site Alpha, was self supporting. Agents, researchers, operatives of all sorts… not by those names, of course, but those positions. We expanded.

…

I'm sorry, I am an old man. I know I do not look it, but the body lies. The mind… doesn't always remember right. And sometimes I get lost in my memories. Things get confused. But, the long and simple of it is this: We used the Factory. It always seemed to have more empty rooms to store things in. Back then, that was the word for them, things. No Skips then, no. We thought we had the Factory tamed. That's one of the reasons I refuse to quit this job. If there's anything I can do here, it's remind people that we will NEVER tame these things. Contain them, yes, but as we saw with Able, tame

them? Never.

After a decade or so, we were pretty organized. The 13 original of us were being called by numbers, not names. We knew how to make things work. And, if a thing or two vanished inside of the Factory, still? And the occasional D-class? What? Yes, we had D-class back then. Disposables. That's where the D comes from. Had to have someone to test things on, Tesla and Tamlin were both very firm about that. But, yes, sometimes we lost people who didn't matter. Adam… sorry, Dr. Bright, was fond of saying it was the Factory taking its toll. You can't get something for nothing.

1911 was when it all went wrong. Things… we called them faeries. An entire race of things, living beside us. They could look the same as you or I. The only obvious difference was an allergy to Iron. Yes, that's why we called them faeries. No, you haven't heard of them. Why? Because it's the one time the Foundation wiped out an entire race of things. Root and branch. And I'm the one who did it.

We'd been hunting them for some time. We'd run into them a time or two before, come out on top. So, when a certain royal asked us for help, of course we were eager to get them in our debt. We've always loved having people in our debt. We sent a team to help out, take care of what we thought was a hunting party. The next time we saw them, their heads were on poles, attached to the saddles of the creatures the Faeries rode, when they attacked the Factory.

It was horrible.

Three words, but they convey so much. I have never… I'm sorry, please, give me a moment. I've never told this part to anyone. You should consider yourself lucky. And, if you ever tell anyone any of what I am about to impart on you, I will not just kill you, but everyone who shares your DNA, in the worst ways possible. You'll think Procedure 110-Montauk is a walk in the park compared to what I do to you.

We lost. The things came, and they destroyed us. Rode over our emplacements, slaughtered our people, shrugged off our weapons like they were nothing. I watched my thirteen go down, left and right, just trying to hold the Factory. And I? I, their leader, their friend, their

father figure? Godfather to the Bright's four young children. Confidant, sometimes lover, always the confessor? I ran. I ran like a scared little school boy, deep into the dark guts of the Factory. I was chased by the things, always just one step ahead. I could hear them behind me, feel their breath upon my neck, and …

I came to a door I'd never seen before. A bronze door, covered in Arabic script of some sort. I've never been one for languages, especially not the curvy bullshit the musselmen use. But I didn't care. They were coming for me, and I threw the door open and dived through it. Everything inside… was different. There was a feeling of peace, that nothing could hurt me here. The light was this dark red, but still felt right. My ears were filled with the steady thrumming of a gigantic heartbeat. And, in front of me, were the remains of Anderson. It spoke to me then, but I'll be damned if I could tell you exactly what it said. What it told me was more meaning, than exact. It offered me hope. It told me… it told me that each of the things we had used from the Factory, no matter what we did with them, fed it. Helped it grow. But, if the Faeries took the Factory, they would destroy it, and we couldn't have that. It offered me… a deal. It could remove this event. Make it have never happened. All I needed to give it was… us.

I didn't want to. I knew it was a bad idea. But then, I saw them again, my family, my friends, dead. Dead by the hands of those bastards… I agreed. It smiled. And I found myself once more upon the ramparts, watching the horde of Faeries crest the hill. My Foundation alive once more. In my hands was a weapon. I won't bore you with the details, but we slaughtered them. And, with these new weapons, continued to slaughter them, everywhere they lived, everywhere they bred. My fellow O5s questioned my decision, thinking we should save some, in case we might ever need them… I overruled them.

We moved away from the Factory. Shut it down. Moved our things out of there. We changed the name from things to Special Containment Protocols, focusing on containing them, not… anything else. The others were curious, but understood I had my reasons. I boarded up the Factory. Locked it shut. Buried it under a ton of rubble, saying it was too dangerous. I thought… thought I'd gotten

away with it. Until I found a thing on my desk. One of the old toy guns that shot real bullets. And it had the Factory label on it.

… I've sent people in, from time to time, to see what it might be doing. Last time I sent people in to look, there was nothing there. We keep finding Factory items out there. I can't help but think of how many more we don't find. The people who use them, and keep it hidden. I think back to the body telling me how each item used gave energy to the Factory. I never asked it 'energy for what?' I don't think I want to know.

What do we give it? D-class, mostly. Where DID you think all those bodies went? There's a place. Bodies are left, and they vanish. Everyone thinks I'm a genius for figuring it out. Sometimes… sometimes I have to feed it other things. Researchers. Agents. They never know it's coming. It just reaches out and takes them.

But, in the end, we're doing more good by being here. Whatever the Factory wants, whatever it IS… We're doing good here. I have to believe that.

And now you know. Are you happy? I didn't think so. Why tell you? I'm getting old, Everett. Should I die, someone will have to keep feeding it. Maybe you'll be different. Maybe you'll figure out how to stand up to it.

… But I doubt it.

Dr. Mann's Proposal: The Spiral Path

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Embla

Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is contained on the grounds of Site 0, in upstate [REDACTED]. A fence has been constructed around the perimeter of SCP-001's observed effects. In addition to Site 0's security, no fewer than five armed guards are to be present at all times to prevent unauthorized entry. The adjoining physics laboratory will be manned at all hours, studying any anomalies.

A small metal plaque bearing an inscription will be maintained in good condition. Any damage is to be immediately reported to maintenance.

Description: SCP-001 is a circular gravel path in a wooded area. When traveled in a counter-clockwise direction, the trail is continuously uphill, even after reaching the original point. When traveled in a clockwise direction, the trail shows the same amount of uphill and downhill travel, as expected.

Level 5 clearance is required to access SCP-001’s experiment log.

New members of Overseer Council are required to read Document 001-O5.

Document 001-O5

If you're reading this, then congratulations. One of us has died. Something killed one of us. A monster, perhaps, or a rival from the GOC. Or maybe we got just a little close to the flame, like Aaron. Not old age, of course. We took care of *that*, didn't we? Anyway, one of the old guard is gone. Maybe Jason. Maybe Agnes. Maybe me. Hell, I'd be surprised if I wasn't the next one to die. I always was the most expendable.

I'm going to write this to you as though you were a human being. It will be the last time anyone extends you the courtesy, so I hope you appreciate it.

Whoever you are, whatever you did before, you must have been high-ranking when you were pulled into this. You must have noticed the discrepancies, the inconsistencies. I don't know how much you've been told already, or how much you've pieced together. The crux of the matter is this: The retrievals and recoveries of SCP objects are staged, or made up whole cloth. We have never "discovered" an SCP in the entire history of the Foundation.

I should start from the beginning. Let me tell you a story.

Aaron Siegel was a physicist studying at Cornell in 1891. He was a truly gifted individual, and had his life taken a different path, I believe that his name would be there with Edison, Einstein, and Hawking. I knew him very well. He was, and may still be, my brother.

He was also an avid amateur naturalist, and enjoyed hiking through the woods. One day, while visiting our family home in Essex county, he came across a gravel path. He decided to follow it for a time, and noticed that it kept climbing uphill far longer than it should have. It should have taken him above the nearby hills. Instead, he found himself back where he'd started, without a foot of downwards travel.

Another man would have assumed his senses were faulty and left.

Aaron, however, was a stubborn man. He investigated further. He found the path did not conform to the pure geometry of Euclid. Like Saccheri before him, he had found something abhorrent to the nature of straight lines.

He studied it. The equations he derived are part of the file you've received. You'll learn them by heart eventually. He built a small shack nearby which served as a makeshift laboratory. His first experiments produced a key capable of opening any lock, now contained as SCP-005.

He brought in others. As his brother, I was one of the first he contacted. I was a medical student at Harvard at the time. I initially thought he was mad, but when he showed me the path, the key, I had to learn more. There were others with us, other friends and colleagues. Most of them are gone now, but… We were the core. We created the Foundation from around ourselves.

In the beginning, it was just about discovery, about finding the things we could do. We had such high hopes, such plans. We were going to change the world. We were going to save it from itself. We could feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, heal the sick and dying.

Thomas Carter found us money. We were none of us poor, but we ran through our fortunes quickly. Thomas used his connections on Wall Street and in Washington to fund us. He showed them the least of what we could do, and promised heaven against the threat of hell.

Agnes Peterson, my brother's fiancée, was the administrator. We knew nothing of how to run an organization. We were a herd of cats, running to and fro, and she turned us into a foundation, putting us dreamers and madmen to the same yoke.

We soon had a facility built. But we were still so secretive. As much as we wanted to shout from the rooftops what we had found, we were frightened, too, that it would be taken from us. We told ourselves it was just for the interim, until we were sure of our footing. We'd show them, eventually. We'd show them all.

We were careful, at first. We made small, inoffensive, or even helpful items. The fountain of youth. The bouncing ball. The Civil

War statue. We grew more confident, and we started working on humans. The concrete man. He volunteered. Or the man with the abdominal planet. Just a drifter, but we made him something special, didn't we?

It was all so easy. Perhaps it seems absurd to get so many things from that one little break in reality, but it all flowed, one discovery to the next. It almost seemed like something was helping us along.

But then, things started going a bit wrong. While he was playing with his equations, Aaron accidentally derived the missing number. In my laboratory, I found I'd made the zombie plague. But we were too invested in our projects, so we pushed ahead. Then came the pipe nightmare, and the stairwell. We knew we'd need more help.

Thomas showed what we'd done to the military. Told them we'd "found" these things, discovered them. We made up names like "Prometheus Labs," and "the Chaos Insurgency." They gave us funding, personnel. We built up, and expanded outward. We repeated the sell in other countries. Some listened, some didn't. Enough did. We became an international organization. We brought in more researchers, though very few ever suspected we were the source of these items they studied. Sometimes we would arrange for an object to be "found" by a field team, sometimes we would simply write the reports. We generated the paperwork, and we *were* the oversight. If we said a thing was, it was. It still is.

There were still problems, of course. Jeremy and Thomas took one of our experiments and ran off with it, creating their ridiculous club. One of our researchers grew mad and started worshipping machines, escaping with enough knowledge to be dangerous. We still deal with the fallout of these splinter groups.

So we contained them. We handled them. We couldn't stop, surely you can see that? Rather than more cautious, we grew bolder. I cut a little boy up and turned him into the Flesh That Hates.

There were reasons. There were always reasons. Two thirty-one. We created her, and her sisters. We took them from orphanages, and arranged for what followed. And it was no accident. We *knew* what we were doing. There was a reason for it once, but I'll be

damned if I can remember it now. None of us do, except maybe my brother, wherever, whatever he is now.

We keep moving forward. Even after Abel, after the blood pond, after that damnable reptile, we still move forward with our work. What else can we do? Our only hope to survive the events we've set in motion is to understand better, to learn more. We're on the back of a terrible beast, and if we try to jump off now, we'll be crushed beneath. But that's not what frightens me, and it isn't what should frighten you. We've maintained our foothold for over a hundred years.

The things I really worry about are the anomalies we didn't create. No, I was telling the truth the first time. We didn't discover any of them. But some of them, they aren't our work. They just… were, one day. They were in containment, and they'd always been in containment. Don't you see? We're not in control anymore. We never were.

Dr. Mackenzie's Proposal: The Legacy

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All elements of SCP-001 are to be contained in separate, environment-controlled lockers at Site Zero. The location of Site Zero is classified Level 5, and is only known by members of O5 Command.

Access to SCP-001, its transcriptions and data is restricted to O5-level personnel except during Protocol Zero. Protocol Zero may only be enacted by a direct, unanimous act by the entirety of O5 Command, and Protocol Zero procedures are to be disseminated only to those specifically permitted by O5 Command.

Description: SCP-001 is a set of two (2) objects and thirty-three (33) documents belonging to [DATA EXPUNGED], alias "The Administrator".

SCP-001-01 and SCP-001-02 are, respectively, [DATA EXPUNGED]

SCP-001-03 through SCP-001-35 are a mixed set of handwritten and printed documents. They are normal in all respects except that they do not show signs of aging or fading in any way, and dating of the paper on which they are comprised of has shown inconsistent results. The contents of these documents, as detailed below, consist of [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED] as these objects formed the impetus for the creation of the SCP Foundation, and all of its constituent activities

and processes. As such, this information is only to be disseminated by direct order of O5 Command as per Protocol Zero.

CLASSIFIED LEVEL 5 BY ORDER OF O5 COMMAND - EYES ONLY

Unauthorized access of these documents is punishable by immediate termination.

Addendum 001-01: Analysis of SCP-001-01 and SCP-001-02

SCP-001-01 is a smooth device composed of an unidentified gray metallic substance, approximately 22 cm wide, 30 cm tall, and 1.5 cm thick. It is unusually heavy, weighing approximately 8.2 kg. It is equipped with a small digital display, and has a single opening that appears to be a type of keyed activation switch. Attempts to disassemble the device or analyze its technology have been unsuccessful so far, as there appear to be no seams or fasteners visible on the device. Attempts to image the interior of SCP-001-01 utilizing x-ray or magnetic resonance have resulted in inconsistent results, suggesting that the device is either too dense to properly image or has inconsistent internal topography.

SCP-001-01 appears to only be capable of displaying two indicators. One appears to be a status or progress bar with an accompanying number, currently at approximately 23%. The other indicator is a single digital counter displaying the number , .

SCP-001-02 is a small key composed of the same unidentified metallic substance as the main casing of SCP-001-01. It is currently assumed that this is the activation key for SCP-001-01.

Addendum 001-02: Transcript of SCP-001 Documents

SCP-001-03 is a personal diary belonging to The Administrator. SCP-001-04 through SCP-001-35 were inserted between various pages of SCP-001-03 at time of discovery.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 1:

> I always hated the idea of writing in a diary.

> Documentation is one thing, but I guess I never saw the point in putting down my personal thoughts. The scientist in me is telling me that someday, someone might want to know how this all started.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 3:

> They say that the first time is always the hardest. I have managed to secure funding and personnel from the federal government, and I have established an organization that will allow me to continue the research. President [REDACTED] insists that I turn the Device over for safekeeping, but I have made it clear that I can't let it out of my possession.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 7:

> Progress, unfortunately, has been slow these past decades. I am adamant that we cannot reproduce the technology until we have found a solution, as I am sure that unless we kill both birds with one stone, we will simply hasten the process.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 9:

> I had to kill them. They had been reproducing the technology all along, and hiding it from me. I will be moving on in the next 24 hours. This place is doomed at this point.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 15:

> Again. I will not make the same mistake again. The mere thought of lying to the very people I need to reach my goal is bitter, but I can no longer afford to let them know the truth.

SCP-001-05 is a page printed from what appears to be an inkjet printer, found inserted between pages 15 and 16 of SCP-001-03. This page has been preserved in the same unidentified method as the rest of the documents in SCP-001.

> Memo from the Office of The Administrator
>
> Humanity has existed in its current state for hundreds of millennia, yet only the last few have held any meaning for us. What did we do for the countless years before recorded history? We huddled in caves, warding off the night with small fires, fearful of the things that we could not understand. It was not just that we did not understand why the sun rose every morning, it was the mystery of enormous fish with the heads of men, and rocks that came to life, and monsters that drove those who saw them mad. So we called them 'angels' and 'devils', begged them to spare us from their wrath, and prayed for salvation.
>
> As time passed, their numbers died out and mankind flourished. The world began to make more sense. Yet, the unexplained can never truly go away, as if the universe requires for there to be things we can never truly understand.
>
> We will not go back into the dark, fearful night. We will not be ruled by the unknown. We will stand up for ourselves.
>
> Even as the rest of humanity remains uninformed, we will fight the darkness, containing it and shielding it from the eyes of the common man, so that they can continue to live in the blissful illusion of a normal world.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 22:

> Their faces haunt me in my dreams. Hundreds, thousands of them. Ones who blindly went to their deaths. For me.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 28:

> Made a mistake. Told someone the truth, the night before I left. Had to use the last of my original medical supplies. In a way, I wish he'd aimed for the head.

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 41:

> This one solved an equation that could set a framework for the rest of the solution. I killed them by my own hand. Could they have ever imagined that it was an act of mercy?

Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 64:

> I suddenly remembered today what they told me before I left. They said that I probably wouldn't see anything, that I would probably simply fall asleep and wake up again. They lied. I can see them as they are consumed by madness, as the walls of reality crack and shatter, only to be replaced as if nothing happened. I can see everything.

Final Excerpt from SCP-001-03, page 68:

> It is finally done. The equations are complete, the math is sound, but it comes too late once again. This team will not have the time to construct the Solution, and I will have to abandon the Foundation again. But, I do so with the knowledge that no more will have to suffer the same fate.

SCP-001-34 is a worn, handwritten page discovered between the front cover and first page of SCP-001-03.

> To whom it may concern:
>
> First, I want to say that I am sorry for everything. I have most likely doomed you and everyone you have ever known to death and destruction by my mere presence in your world. If you are in possession of — and reading — this document then I am probably dead. If that is the case and I did not bother to destroy this evidence, then that means I have also probably failed in my mission. This means that my responsibilities have now passed onto you and that your fate and the fate of your world are now in your hands.

I was not born into your world. I am a traveler from a parallel plane of existence, an alternate reality separate from your universe. The year from which I originate is of little consequence; if I've learned anything from my travels, the passing of time from universe to universe is meaningless. What is important is that in my plane of origin, mankind was highly advanced. We harnessed the power of entire stars, molded planets and moons alike to suit our needs, and even learned to manipulate the fabric of reality itself. We had conquered death through advances in medicine and technology, and we thought ourselves masters of our own fates.

We realized too late that all such things have a cost, and that our greed and hubris would not only result in the loss of everything we held dear, but doom countless others as well. Our meddling in the structure of existence had opened up cracks and twists in the fabric of reality, a Corruption of the multiverse that we had failed to notice earlier because we could not see the pieces of our reality leaking into others. By the time feedback began to manifest, it was already too late to stop it.

Before this Corruption consumed us completely, we came up with one final fail-safe. We would gather up what knowledge we could save and sacrifice our world to send a single individual through to the next. This could not repair the damage that had already been done, but could buy us the time to start over, to find a way to stop the Corruption of reality. That individual was me.

If you have not already found them, then the evidence to support my claims will begin to bleed into your world soon enough. Like a rain of glass, the shattered remains of other universes will begin to fall and slip into yours. Things that defy your understanding, fixed loops and structures without meaning or rhyme, that cannot be destroyed by any means you possess. Things that drive men mad and challenge all the assumptions that you hold dear.

That which I carry with me is the final legacy of countless worlds. The equations and technology described in its pages carry with them the hope of stopping the Corruption, a hope that has come with a heavy price. They are the last will and testament of a bloody trail of universes that have sacrificed and been sacrificed that those who remain may avoid their fate. At the time of this writing they are nearly complete, but time is ever against me. If I am no longer able to see this mission through to its bitter end, then it falls to you to finish what I began.

Good luck,
[DATA EXPUNGED]
The Administrator

SCP-001-35 is a single handwritten page found between the last page and back cover of SCP-001-03. The handwriting in SCP-001-35 is inconsistent with that of the other handwritten documents in SCP-001.

[DATA EXPUNGED],

This is it, the last evidence that our civilization will have ever existed. No one is entirely sure what will happen when you activate the fail-safe. Some of them are saying that the backlash from using it will instantly shatter what remains of our existence. Others are saying that using something of this power will merely accelerate the Corruption by a hundredfold. Either way, it will be quick. By the time you wake up at your destination, there will be nothing left of our home.

You already know that it will only carry a single passenger, and the second team should have your gear ready by the time you're ready to go. I can only hope that with the time we've bought you, you can find a way to stop this disaster. If not, the device will keep track of the relative corruption level of local reality as well as how many times it's been activated. A bit sadistic of us, perhaps?

> By the time you read this, I will already be dead. I'm sorry, but you have always been the stronger one. I don't have the strength to face the end with my head held high. Not without you.
>
> I love you.

Addendum 001-03: SCP-001-36
References found within the documents comprising SCP-001 suggest the existence of SCP-001-36, an electronic device or large document containing comprehensive technological and mathematical data related to SCP-001. The current whereabouts of SCP-001-36 are unknown.

S Andrew Swann's Proposal: The Database

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: There is no means to contain SCP-001 yet found that does not risk a potential ZK Reality Failure event and subsequent destruction of the observable universe. (See: Containment Protocol ZK-001-Alpha) Current procedures are limited to the absolute containment of information regarding SCP-001. No data regarding the nature or description of SCP-001 shall be provided to any personnel with the sole exception of the senior member of O5 Command. (Currently O5-) All data collected in regard to SCP-001 shall be stored in encrypted form via [REDACTED], with the decryption key split into thirds. Each member of O5 Command shall memorize one third, and only one third, of the decryption key. Data shall only be decrypted on a network-isolated eyes-only terminal to be read only by the senior member of O5 Command, and then only after unanimous consent of O5 Command.

Leaking of data about SCP-001, through espionage, telepathic leakage, original research or [REDACTED] must be contained by any and all means available to the Foundation. The senior member of O5 Command, as the one person with authorized knowledge about SCP-001, is the final arbiter on containment.

Foundation personnel of Level two or higher who discover data about SCP-001 in the course of their normal duties may be given a Class A Amnestic after debriefing rather than being terminated. This is subject to O5 approval on a case-by-case basis.

Description: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum: Containment Log 001-Alpha

Date: 01/12/19

Incident: Documents appear on Internet site [REDACTED] servers seized and authors traced to [REDACTED]. Resulting explosion explained as gas leak. Monitoring has not shown any further propagation of documents.

Date: 03/31/19

Incident: Script with possibly compromising information optioned for production by . Pictures. Original scriptwriter [REDACTED] agents successfully replace script with one re-written without [REDACTED]. Film is produced with title and grosses $27 million its opening weekend.

Date: 06/19/19

Incident: Novel outline describing [REDACTED] submitted to [REDACTED] by best-selling author . Attempt to neutralize author unsuccessful, leading to high profile hospitalization. O5 authorizes the use of Class A Amnestic to prevent more attention to case. Outline recovered and destroyed.

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Ask yourself if you want to know.

If the answer is no, then you need to stop reading now. If you go and report this unauthorized file to your superiors, act contrite, and claim that you only read to this paragraph, you might get away with a Class A Amnestic. If you're lucky. And if the O5s aren't particularly paranoid at the moment.

So you want to know what SCP-001 is? The first answer is that it is was a placeholder, a

theoretical designation for the prime cause, the ultimate reason for all the paranormal crap we deal with on a daily basis. SCP-001 is ***why*** we have to deal with omnicidal reptiles, ever expanding rooms, extra-dimensional pools of red goop and consumer products that don't obey the normal laws of physics. Of course, given that all these things— as dangerous and deadly and just plain insane as they all are— are inherently patternless and self-contradictory, most researchers are convinced that there is no possible unifying principle for them all, much less a common source.

They're wrong.

There's more than one reason that cross-testing is discouraged, and the O5s even look down on excessive cross-*referencing* of SCPs. The O5s don't want any one group looking at more than a handful of these things at once, because of what they discovered when the Foundation *tried* to develop a Grand Unified Theory of SCPs. That research is mostly gone now. Site-001-Alpha was dismantled, scrubbed from the archives, the staff mind-wiped and reassigned. No one left but me, and I wouldn't know anything if it wasn't my habit of not trusting the Foundation servers and having my own hidden personal archive the O5s missed in their panic.

I was a data analyst at Site-001-Alpha *[Note to O5 Command: Don't bother looking for me, I finished the job you started, the identities of all former staff at Site-001-Alpha have been* ***completely*** *scrubbed from the records, you know as much as they do now.]* and I participated in the first and only attempt to consolidate all Foundation data on all SCPs. I

was in charge of data integrity. And as much of a mess as you might think that was, it was an order of magnitude worse.

Forget the memetic SCPs, or the ones that modify their own description, or the ones that seem to only inhabit infospace and slip into the database to wreak havoc. That's all SOP for anyone who works with the Foundation's network, just a matter of scale. Worse were the completely inexplicable, unexpected changes in data

Sorry, that's wrong, even though I can't help thinking of it that way. It isn't a change in *data* when *reality* is shifting to match. I don't know a lot about the internals of the software we used, but I know that part of it ran outside what we think of as the "real world." And, at first, everyone thought that the audit trails it produced were some sort of bug. However, it became apparent that the nature of the software, its purposeful isolation from the narrative-affecting SCPs, allowed it to record something far more important.

It's not visible to you, or the O5s, or even to most of the SCPs we deal with, but the Foundation— and by extension the entire universe— is in a state of constant shifting reality flux. SCP files appeared and disappeared from our database with alarming regularity, and the SCPs referred to, to all appearance, appeared and disappeared along with them. Not just SCPs, but personnel, whole sites, and entire decades of the Foundation's history would be re-written, seemingly at random. And our own memories, and all external research would confirm that "objective" reality matched the current version

in our database.

One of the researchers told me that it was as if we were seeing the effect of something like SCP-140, only much larger in scale.

Yeah. Something a **lot** like SCP-140, and **infinitely** larger in scale.

I don't know who did the analysis, and if I did, I wouldn't say. She's probably a lot happier not knowing about her own discovery. But she looked at what vanished and what appeared, and what subtly changed in the records, and she found the pattern, the drift toward darkness, toward narrative coherence, toward a plot…

Everyone who works any length of time at the Foundation knows the universe we live in is a seriously fucked up place. Those of us who still believe in God tend toward serious ambivalence about his handiwork.

But we found out that there is a God, and it is SCP-001.

And it's a bunch of horror writers.

Addendum: Emergency Containment Protocol ZK-001-Alpha **O5 Eyes Only**

Enter Decryption Key

Note: Containment Protocol ZK-001-Alpha carries a non-zero risk of creating a ZK Reality Failure event. Use should only be authorized in an attempt to mitigate an end-of-the-world scenario or the imminent destruction of the Foundation.

Research at Site-001-Gamma has conducted narrative analysis on SCP-001's changes to the observable

universe. Conclusions are that SCP-001 consists of multiple entities showing cognitive patterns that are indistinguishable from human, and that these entities are therefore susceptible to memetic effects. Since prior experiments have shown information feedback via the SCP data warehouse, a possible method of attack and or control has been developed. Protocol ZK-001-Alpha, when initiated, will cause a software viral insertion of a variety of memetic agents into the SCP database which, through the observed information feedback, should expose SCP-001 to the memetic effects of these agents. Protocol ZK-001-Alpha consists of three stages:

1. Memetic agents inserted to promote calm and/or well-being
2. Memetic agents inserted to promote sleep, unconsciousness or catatonia.
3. Memetic agents inserted to cause death.

Given the nature of SCP-001 and our limited interaction with it, it is not possible at this time to safely test Protocol ZK-001-Alpha, and it is unknown if the universe can continue to exist without interaction with SCP-001.

Scantron's Proposal: The Foundation

UIU File 0041: Altered High School Building in , (Confirmed Anomaly 3)

Object Class: 53 (Highly intrusive, unknown capabilities, unknown nature)

Secure Containment Protocols: Confirmed Anomaly 3 (CA3) is to be surrounded by an electric fence no less than 30 feet high and guarded by the United States Army's Platoon. Any footage or photographic evidence of CA3's interior is to be excised as soon as possible, and all witnesses detained indefinitely.

Under no circumstances should any personnel attempt to enter CA3 or communicate with the persons inhabiting it. However, any person known to have been inside CA3 at any point must be detained and interrogated.

A direct military assault on CA3 has been deemed unfeasible at this point, due to the unknown capabilities of the entity or entities by which it is controlled.

Note: *This is a summary, and it does not contain all information relevant to CA3. For detailed information regarding CA3, see UIU Files 0042 through 0218*- Director

Known Information: The Unusual Incidents Unit was alerted to CA3's existence on September 7, 1954, when students attending High School reported that the interior of the building was vastly different than it had been at any point in the past.

Upon discovery, CA3 exhibited several unusual, if not inherently paranormal, traits:

- Nearly all walls in the facility had been replaced with steel-reinforced concrete, although several rooms were constructed

of other materials for no readily apparent reason. All exterior windows had been covered from the inside.
- All student desks, personal effects, textbooks, and other materials expected of a public high school were completely absent. Lockers were still present, albeit significantly smaller and constructed of stainless steel.
- The arrangement, location, and size of rooms and facilities did not match blueprints for the school. Often, rooms would exhibit seemingly random modifications, although the number of changed rooms is currently unknown.
- No less than seventeen electronic computers were found, each of which made use of state-of-the-art magnetic-core RAM. Prior to its classification as a confirmed anomaly, High School had no computers. All files on the computers were inaccessible, and the computers themselves are firmly bolted down.
- The auditorium is inaccessible due to a large steel wall completely blocking the doorways. Attempts to move or damage this barrier have been ineffective. The extent and purpose of the barrier are unknown, as are the contents of the auditorium.

A team sent into CA3's interior to do a complete survey (Team CA3-O5) did not return, nor did a second team (Team CA3-O6) tasked with locating the first team. The facilities are currently under lockdown pending new containment protocols.

Update: Twenty-three days after initial recovery, guards reported "white noise" emanating from CA3, the volume of the noise increasing the closer one got to the auditorium. Five hours later, the white noise stopped, although the sound of voices was audible from the interior of CA3.

Upon further investigation, it was found that the building now contained a large number of persons, all of whom appeared to be wandering aimlessly through the facility. Notably, each individual was physically identical to a member of Team CA3-O6, despite the inhabitants of CA3 vastly outnumbering the members of Team CA3-O6. Attempts to interview or detain the inhabitants were thwarted by [CLASSIFIED]. The twelve members of Team CA3-O5 were not

found. In addition to the aforementioned, the interior layout of CA3 had changed significantly since the previous investigations. No mechanism which could explain this has been identified.

Update: Three months after the previous incident, white noise was again heard emanating from the auditorium. This time, the decision was made to investigate immediately. It was found that most of CA3-2 (the designation given to the inhabitants of CA3) had gathered near the doors of the auditorium. A circular hole roughly six feet in diameter had formed in the steel barrier, although the interior was not visible. At 0310 hours, an item resembling a [CLASSIFIED] emerged from the hole and was carried away by an inhabitant. The item was placed in one of the classrooms (which had not previously been observed to open). This process continued for upwards of eight hours, with a new item being produced once every three minutes. Most were seen entering a different room or locker, although insufficient personnel were available to track all items.

Further investigation revealed that most, if not all of the items produced exhibited anomalous properties themselves. A significant portion of CA3-2 are involved in either guarding the items produced (collectively, CA3-3) or performing various tests on them.

Update: Two days after the previous incident, three identical armed "guards" appeared near each entrance to CA3. Further attempts to enter the building were futile, as these guards have consistently overpowered all teams sent to enter CA3, regardless of injury or relative level of armament.

Note: Reports gathered during the two days prior to guards manifesting outside of CA3 appear to confirm that CA3-2 is following standard UIU protocol regarding the items produced by the auditorium. Their knowledge of UIU standard procedure is consistent with that of Team CA3-O5.

Update: During the UIU's tracking of CA6, two men identical to Agent Dixon (a member of CA3-O6) emerged from a parked car and forcibly detained CA6, dragging him into the car and driving away. Tracking the vehicle for the next eight hours revealed that it was driving directly to CA3. Upon arrival, the vehicle drove directly through the front doors, which the "guards" had opened shortly

before their arrival. CA6 has not been recovered.

UIU File 0042: Message received from CA3

On May 15, 1965, the following message was transmitted in Morse code from CA3 on standard UIU communication frequencies. Sensitive data has been classified and the beginning of each "sentence" has been capitalized, but the message has not otherwise been changed.

> Hello! We are the O5 council and we (secure, contain, protect) we have been shown to do and it would be nice to be friends. It is nice to have been a part of your excellent but it is best that with superior resources given (the greatness) we will control containment. Our sincerest apologies, regarding guards and detainment, workers and secrets kept needed: the time and waits we apologize, the radio blocked by one scp or two. Expect an expansion soon, for we spaces for although away from auditorium (okay but unwant).

Eight hours later, the following transmission was received:

> Expanded now! See the federal building it is now a functional, need doctors guards d-men recruiting! Anomalies found and further possibly international, researching of course possible; international maybe days weeks to do. Further we O5 are aware (sorry to O6 missed) that legible barely, but go-between auditorium not ! Goodbye and luck with your troubles.

For further information, see UIU File 0 : Altered Federal Building in , (Confirmed Anomaly 10)

Djoric-Dmatix Proposal: Thirty-Six

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Humanoid

Threat Level: Green|Circumstantial-Red

Containment Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-001 are to be contained within standard humanoid containment modules. Under no circumstances are any instances of SCP-001 to be stored at the same site, allowed to interact in any manner, or to be made aware of information regarding other members of the group. Personnel assigned to any single SCP-001 subject are not to be made aware of the other instances of SCP-001 or the connections among them.

SCP-001 subjects are not to come into direct contact with any other anomalous items outside of approved testing.

REVISED / /20 : O5 SPECIAL ORDER A-1130-X

In light of the events resultant in SCP-001-05's death, the use of SCP-001 subjects in the neutralization of anomalous objects is hereby prohibited. All care is to be taken to keep SCP-001 subjects alive and unharmed. Recovery and containment of SCP-001 subjects is to be considered highest priority. In the case of a death event, Ouroboros Protocol is to be initiated as soon as possible.

Description: SCP-001 is a group of thirty-six individuals, designated SCP-001-01 through SCP-001-36. There is no apparent pattern in terms of ethnicity, gender, age, or religious affiliation amongst SCP-001 subjects.

SCP-001 subjects display no anomalous properties of their own. However, any anomalous item, entity, or property brought into close

proximity with an SCP-001 subject will be greatly modified from its original properties: most often, this will result in a lessening or total nullification of anomalous properties. Those properties not nullified will be changed so as to display consistency between objects of similar properties. All of these effects are instantaneous and will occur without any input from the subject. The area of these effects will expand in when multiple SCP-001 subjects are brought together, as well as the intensity of changes: multiple SCP-001 subjects are capable of nullifying anomalous effects without being aware of the presence of said objects.

All subjects of SCP-001 seem to be instinctively aware of information regarding other SCP-001 subjects, generally the total number of the group and details of between one and three individuals. This knowledge is vague, making locating uncontained subjects difficult.

The death of an SCP-001 subject will result in the manifestation of multiple anomalous entities and phenomena in the area. These manifestations will be of such a scope that traditional containment measures are unfeasible, and will result in significant casualties and collateral damage. Contained SCP-001 subjects have claimed that this is a result of the deceased individual's absence "letting things through", and that further events will be more severe as time progresses. In addition, contained subjects have claimed that any deceased individuals will be replaced by a newborn bearing the appropriate properties: no such individuals have yet been located.

See Document 001-EX for a list of notable modifications to items by SCP-001 subjects. A full listing of all nullifications may be found in Document 001-N.

Addendum-01:

Known members of SCP-001 are as follows:

Designati	Ethnicit	Sex	Age	Curren Status	Notes
SCP-001-01	Jewish-German	Male	94	Contained	Currently in induced stasis to

					prevent death. Numerical identification code tattooed on left forearm.
SCP-001-02	Tamil	Female	88	Contained	Was pregnant at time of containment. Child born without incident, currently under Foundation watch.
SCP-001-03	British	Female	91	Contained	Subject was British army nurse recorded as dead in 1943.
SCP-001-04	Han Chinese	Male	97	Contained	First subject to disclose information regarding other subjects to the Foundation. Daoist priest of the Quanzhen School.
SCP-001-05	Pashtun	Male	101	Deceased	Subject

					died in containment. See Incident Report 001-05-EX for further details.
SCP-001-06	Italian	Female	39	Uncontained	Originally recovered from a hostel in Budapest. Subject escaped containment eight days later during breach at Site-90. Current whereabouts unknown.
SCP-001-07	Polish-Argentinian	Female	52	Uncontained	In possession of GOI-16 “The Horizon Initiative”.
SCP-001-08	Russian	Male	5	Uncontained	In possession of unknown individual or group. No family members have been located.
SCP-001-09	Aboriginal	Female	31	Uncontained	In

	Australian				possession of GOI-16 “The Horizon Initiative”.
SCP-001-010	African-American	Male	28	Uncontained	In possession of GOI-16 “The Horizon Initiative”.
SCP-001-011	Nigerian	Male	45	Contained	SCP-001-011's family was present during its recovery. SCP-001-011's eldest son offered armed resistance to Foundation personnel despite SCP-001-011's objection, and was neutralized. Remainder of family administered Class-A amnestics.
SCP-001-012	Arabic	Female	14	Deceased	Subject was killed by members of GOI-03 “The

					Chaos Insurgency” during the recovery effort. See Incident Report 001-012-RC-EX for further details.
SCP-001-03	Korean-American	Female	Unknown	Uncontained	Actively frustrating recovery efforts.
SCP-001-04	Navajo	Male	23	Contained	Was recovered by Foundation personnel after contact had been made between the subject and **SCP-1295**. See Document 001-EX for further details.

Addendum-02: SCP-001-01 through SCP-001-05 were initially recovered on / /1944 in Jerusalem, during investigation of supposed miracles and other anomalous events in the area by the HMFSCP. SCP-001-01 through SCP-001-05 were found in the care of three individuals, classified as POI-1458, POI-1459, and POI-1460. Said individuals possess possible ties to GOI-16 “The

Horizon Initiative", and may have had a hand in its founding.

The recovery effort was hindered by factional fighting within the HMFSCP. SCP-001-01 was severely injured in the resulting firefight, but was successfully stabilized and recovered along with the other subjects, and passed into the jurisdiction of the Preservationist faction. The individuals responsible for sheltering the SCP-001 subjects fled during the fighting and were not able to be apprehended.

Interview Log 001-11-02

The following interview with SCP-001-05 was recorded on / /19 .

> Dr. : You spoke last time of having a specific purpose. Could you please explain?
>
> SCP-001-05: I am here to help set things right.
>
> Dr. : Go on.
>
> SCP-001-05: The world is broken, Doctor, and my brothers and sisters and I are here to heal it, to gather together and prepare the way for what is to come. The process has already been set in motion, though regrettably, there have been some setbacks.
>
> Dr. : Please explain.
>
> SCP-001-05: [SCP-001-01], he was the one who was to gather all the rest. With him now hovering between life and death, that duty falls to us, but we know only glimpses of a few others in our number. It is enough.
>
> Dr. : You don't fear for his safety?
>
> SCP-001-05: Death is just another part of what is meant to be. It's nothing to fear.
>
> Dr. : An admirable view of things. How did you learn of your purpose?

SCP-001-05: I had a dream. Portent, prophecy, hallucination, call it what you will. It planted a seed in my head, an intuition you might say. It was the next day I met [SCP-001-01].

Dr. : Can you describe the dream?

SCP-001-05: There was a man, a man in rich clothing, like a king or emperor. He kept saying “Where is the tailor? Where is my tailor?” and pacing back and forth. Each time he asked it, another voice would answer “He is close now, he is close at hand”. But he did not arrive. The man became more and more upset, and as he paced moths came and landed on him, and began to eat away at his clothing. His robes began to fray and rot as more and more moths landed on him, and some even bit his skin. But then, the doors opened and there arrived not one tailor, but dozens, led by the most masterful tailor in the kingdom. The king was overjoyed, for he knew he would be saved from the moths that tried to consume him. I woke up then, and I knew. He found me, and I followed him.

Dr. : If you’ll pardon the dramatic phrasing, when all of you come together, the world will end, correct?

SCP-001-05: [Chuckling] Doctor, the world has already ended. This was to be the last war. The world’s time has come and gone, and it is stretching thinner by the day until there will be nothing left but the moths. But, there is still some time left. We can find each other on our own.

Dr. : And when that happens?

SCP-001-05: Quiet days, Doctor. Quiet days and peace.

Incident Report 001-05-EX

+ AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Date: / /19

Location: Site-128 (Coordinates - . - .)

Event Type: LK (Localized Crisis)

Description: Event occurred upon the death of SCP-001-05 at 22:12, local time. MTF squads stationed at Site-41, Site-98, and Site-203 were deployed in response. Liquidation protocols for all items within Site-128 were authorized at 22:15.

Resultant Anomalies

- UAP- - Self-replicating substance similar in composition to clay. Upon contact with a vertebrate organism, the substance would mold around the host, overwriting the host's behavior. Without nearby hosts, substance would spread along ground or coalesce into large masses.
- UAP- - Eight-winged entity with avian and cephalopodan traits, measuring 70 meters in wingspan and 45 meters tall. Would manifest swarms of entities outwardly similar to crows or ravens, measuring approximately 3 meters in length.
- UAP- - A series of one hundred and nine great cubicuboctahedrons, measuring approximately a meter in width. Air temperature in a radius of twenty meters of the objects would rise to over 250 º C. Affected areas would immediately cool after exiting the area of effect. Objects were capable of flight at approximately twenty-five kilometers an hour.
- Nine reported Class-3 Biological Revival Scenarios.
- Widespread civilian reports of spontaneous ritualistic cannibalism.

- Anomalous weather patterns extending approximately 110 km out from the initial event site. Rainfall contained high amounts of fatal pathogens, including *Zaire ebolavirus*, *Escherichia coli*, and *Variola major*.

- Disappearance of SCP-1348. See Document 001-EX.

Recovery Efforts: Ourobouros Protocol initiated at 22:23, completing at 21:00. Protocol was carried out at 97 % efficiency.

Foundation casualties: 1350
Items lost: 27
Estimated civilian casualties: 10000

Incident Report 001-012-RC-EX

+ AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Date: / /20

Location: [REDACTED], Islamic Republic of Eastern Samothrace

Event Type: LK (Localized Crisis)

Description: Recovery of SCP-001-12 was engaged at 07:31, local time. Subject was reluctantly cooperative. At 07:43, operatives from GOI-03 “The Chaos Insurgency” attacked the recovery team. SCP-001-12 was severely injured during the event, along with Agents and . SCP-001-12 was generally incoherent from this point, displaying signs of glossolalia: the extent of the subject's coherent statements was recorded as follows.

> They're hungry, you see…gnaws and bites and claws and crunch crunch crunch…old food is better than no food, see? They're very hungry and keep getting hungrier.

Recovery team was attacked a second time at 08:15, resulting in the death of SCP-001-12.

Resultant Anomalies

- UAP- - Semi-amorphous tetrapedal entity measuring approximately 50 m in height and 200 m in length. Entity was resistant to conventional weaponry.
- UAP- - [DATA EXPUNGED]
- Spontaneous consumption of individuals by large masses of maggots (species unknown).
- [DATA EXPUNGED]
- [DATA EXPUNGED]
- Flash flooding consisting of a mixture of 2% chocolate milk, crude oil, chicken broth, and rabbit feces.
- Reappearance of SCP-1348. See Document 001-EX for notable alterations.

Recovery Efforts: Nuclear deployment authorized by the Board of Overseers at 08:17. Ourobouros Protocol initiated at 08:46, completing at 07:30. Protocol was carried out at 61 % efficiency.

Notes: The Islamic Republic of Eastern Samothrace has been classified as **SCP-1173** on account of reality instability caused by flaws in the operation of Ourobouros Protocol.

Foundation casualties: 8
Estimated Chaos Insurgency casualties: 25
Estimated civilian casualties: 175,000

Document 001-EX

+ AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Foreword: Due to SCP-001's possible Abrahamic roots and its potent effects on religion-based anomalies of a similar origin, a test to establish if its effects have a wider base was required. **SCP-361** was chosen for this test as a low-risk, non-Abrahamic religious object with easily observable effects.

<Begin Log>

SCP-001-02 is instructed to introduce a sheep's liver to SCP-361.

SCP-361: Welcome to HarusCo! We- oh, it's you.

SCP-001-02: So it would seem.

SCP-361: Well, if you're calling, that means… oh hell. It's time already.

SCP-001-02: Yes.

SCP-361: Well, we suppose we should have seen it coming. Traffic has been getting very thin lately. Guess it's time to go.

SCP-001-02: You will be there with us, when everything is in order again.

SCP-361: Assuming you'll be able to do it. Well, kid, we guess this is goodbye. We know we and your boss didn't always see eye to eye, but we had a good run, overall. It's been fun.

SCP-001-02: You'll be there, I promise.

SCP-361: And we don't doubt for a second that you believe that. See you on the other

side, kid. Or not.

SCP-001-02: Heh. I can't remember the last time anyone called me a kid.

<Connection Terminated>

Closing statement: following Test 001/361, SCP-361 ceased to function. Any attempts to introduce its usual stimulant to it produced only a sound similar to that of a disconnected dial tone.

Foreword: **SCP-738** was chosen for experimentation due to possible thematic links. No physical description of the entity (henceforth designated SCP-738-4) was provided by SCP-001-03.

<Begin Log>

SCP-738-4: Well, look who it is! How the hell have you been? What can I do for you?

SCP-001-03: Just a message delivery, Jack. Next time you head back, tell everyone to get ready. The contract is winding down.

SCP-738-4: Are you shitting me? Not pulling some sort of trickery-fuckery?

SCP-001-03: Not at all.

SCP-738-4: Really time for the scrap, eh? Bloody asshole *fuck* it's been long enough. Y'know what? For you, no charge. It's on me this time. Right out of the kindness of my shriveled black heart.

SCP-001-03: Well, maybe not so black.

SCP-738-4: [Laughs, slaps table] You're killing me here! See, that's why I like you: always got

a joke and a smile.

<Close Log>

Closing Statement: Contract left by SCP-738-4 read “It’s on the house. – X”. SCP-001-03 offered no explanation as to why SCP-738-4 was referred to as “Jack”. SCP-738 currently displays no anomalous effects when used and has been reclassified as SCP-738-N.

Foreword: on the / / , 18:03, as all four instances of **SCP-1295** were leaving the diner they were addressed by an individual, later classified SCP-001-014. Since the containment procedures for SCP-1295 did not allow for the direct intervention of Foundation personnel in this scenario, the conversation was instead recorded.

<Begin Log>

SCP-001-014: Gentlemen, if I might have a moment of your time?

SCP-1295-4: Why, look who's finally here! Boy, do you know how long we've been waiting for you to show up? What took you?

SCP-001-014: I apologize. I was only recently made aware of my duties.

SCP-1295-1: Ah, don't worry about it, kid, Dwight here is just being an ass. What he meant to say is that it's damn good to finally see you.

SCP-1295-2: Aye. Not that sitting here wasn't nice, but a man can only eat so many fruit cobblers before he gets tired of them. It's time to get back to business.

SCP-001-014: That is indeed what I'm here for. The time for your ride is drawing near. I

was tasked with letting you know this, and asking you to begin the preparations. I was told you would know what to do.

SCP-1295-3: That we do, my lad, that we do. I'm not one to brag, but there ain't no one in the business that knows better.

SCP-001-014: I would like you to remember that we live in different times. This task requires a surgeon's scalpel, not a broadsword. You'll need to be gentle, this time around.

SCP-1295-1: Blast. I was afraid you'd say that.

SCP-1295-4: Don't you worry. We'll be as gentle as anyone could ask for. I suspect we'll see you again before all of this is through, my boy. You take care. [to SCP-1295-1 through 3] C'mon, lads! Time's a wasting, and we got a lot of stuff to get ready! Ride out!"

<End Log>

Closing Statement: All four instances of SCP-1295 proceeded to leave the diner. Following their departure, Foundation personnel detained SCP-001-014 and took him into custody without further incident. No instances of SCP-1295 returned to the diner following this conversation, or were seen since.

Foreword: Following the death of SCP-001-05, Site 87's Archaeological Containment Unit underwent a class-DK event (Dimensional Shift), vanishing and therefore becoming inaccessible to outside access or communication. Following the death of SCP-001-12, Site 87 returned to its previous position. Upon its return, an exploration team was sent to investigate **SCP-1348**'s containment status, and discovered the following

alterations to its workings:

- All Foundation personnel present on-site at the time of its disappearance were absent, as was their personal gear, technical equipment and food rations.
- Five (5) new instances of SCP-1348-1 appeared in SCP-1348's inner chamber. Unlike the previously discovered SCP-1348-1-E, these new instances appeared to be in perfect health. Said instances were found performing SCP-1348-2.
- The ritual designated SCP-1348-2 has been altered, likely due to the presence of the aforementioned instances of SCP-1348-1. Performance of the altered SCP-1348-2 by instances of SCP-1348-1 lacks the memetic effect of its previous incarnation. Since SCP-1348-3's veil was now permanently opened, the purpose of the altered SCP-1348-2 is currently unclear.
- The inner chamber designated SCP-1348-3 was significantly altered. The decorations in the chamber, formerly all of proto-Semitic style, now included designs from a much wider selection of cultures, including Mesoamerican, proto-Indo-European, and Antarctican, in addition to designs clearly originating from a much later period than SCP-1348 supposed construction date.
- The veil in the center of SCP-1348-3 has been permanently opened, and was found empty except for a series of Amharic etchings on the inner side of the veil: "He had suffered enough, had carried the weight of the world upon his broken back for long enough, and now comes the end, to his beauty and to the world. Whatever that end may be, know that he is free, finally slumbering in oblivion's' embrace. His requiem will be sang until the unraveling. He deserves that much."

- No traces of radiation were found. Reclassification to Euclid pending.

Foreword: Due to the relative safety of interacting with **SCP-073**, testing with SCP-001-11 has been authorized in the hopes of establishing neutralization of SCP-076.

<Begin Log>

SCP-073: Hello. Have we met before?

SCP-001-11: No, we haven't.

SCP-073: You don't look like a doctor…

SCP-001-11: School teacher by trade, though that's neither here nor there. You've been released from your binding.

SCP-073: Is that so? It's been a very long time…

SCP-001-11: It has.

SCP-073: Well then, easy way to test it. If you would… [SCP-073 turns head, motioning to his cheek. SCP-001-11 nods, and slaps SCP-073. Action successfully makes contact. No counteraction recorded.]

SCP-073: So it is. Have you spoken with my brother yet?

SCP-001-11: No, not yet.

SCP-073: Ah. When you see him, tell him that I am sorry.

<Close Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-073 currently demonstrates no

anomalous properties and has been reclassified as SCP-073-N. Observation is ongoing.

Foreword: Due to the success of exposure of SCP-073 to SCP-001-11, the O5 board has granted clearance for testing to be carried out with **SCP-076**. SCP-001-11 was placed in the primary containment chamber and instructed to wait until SCP-076-2 emerged from SCP-076-1.

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> [SCP-001-11 enters SCP-076's containment chamber, with instructions to wait until SCP-076-2 manifests. After sixty-three minutes, SCP-076-2 emerges from SCP-076-1. Upon seeing SCP-001-11, SCP-076-2 was overcome by a fit of hysterical laughter and crying for approximately thirty minutes.]
>
> **SCP-076-2:** Has he forgiven me?
>
> **SCP-001-11:** He has.
>
> **<Close Log>**

Closing Statement: SCP-076-2 currently demonstrates no anomalous properties or violent behavior and has been reclassified as SCP-076-2-N. It has been relocated to a high-security humanoid containment chamber.

Document 001-IC-34

> + AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
>
> The following communique originated within the leadership of GOI-16 "The Horizon Initiative". The message was found alongside item E-7455 during recovery on / /20 .

How do you explain to someone that the world is dying, and that only they may save it?

We have often asked ourselves that question, during the sixty or so years since that faithful day in Jerusalem, and entertained different notions on the most effective ways to do so. Fifty years ago, we were Elijah, full of bluster and wrath, calling upon our less faithful brothers to rally to the Thirty-Six's cause, using fear to further our goals. Thirty years ago, we were Isaiah, seeking to strengthen our less courageous brothers that with the conviction that our cause was just, speaking of the greatness of our task, using their new found confidence to build an order on which our goals could stand. Ten years ago, we were Jeremiah, weeping at the doors of the world's great powers, pleading for them to listen, for we now understood that this task was beyond our power alone.

And now? Now we are Jonah, and are lost for words. How do we make you understand what is at stake, when the only way you could see is to let everything your organization ever did go for the word of three old men? That is too much to ask even of righteous men, and we are not yet certain you are such. All we can ask is that you listen.

You have seen what the Thirty-Six can do. You have seen the way the world unravels around them, but you do not understand why. You see them as just another entry in your great book of diseases, a threat to the wholeness of the body you keep- the world. It is not so. The items and phenomena you keep hidden from the world are not diseases, they are symptoms, and you are not keeping the

world healthy by masking them when the underlying condition is ignored. The problem is that this condition is chronic. The world is simply old, and the Thirty-Six… they might make it young again.

For them to be able to do so, you will be required to make the ultimate sacrifice- you must relinquish your identity. You were made to secure, and we are asking you to trust in the unproven. You were made to contain, and we are asking you to release. You were meant to protect, and we are asking you to leave the world vulnerable. It is an impossible request, this we know. But you must fulfill it if there is to be any hope for us. Release the Thirty-Six, let them come together. Let them do what needs to be done, and we shall follow.

Help three old men make the world young again. Don't let it die.

Roget's Proposal: Keter Duty

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: The containment procedures for individual instances of SCP-001-K have been mandated by Overwatch Command, and are to be enacted simultaneously as SCP-001's total containment protocol.

Personnel assigned to different containment units are to be segregated from each other, and are only to enact their assigned containment. Access to the complete or partially complete containment master document is limited to Level-5 personnel. In the event that personnel attempt to learn the overall containment procedures of SCP-001, or attempt to expose different SCP-001-K instances to each other, they are to be given Class-V amnestics and removed from their assignment.

Access example of SCP-001 iconography

SCP-001-K

A ritualistic symbol is is and was engraved into the entrance of every containment chamber within SCP-001. The entrances are to be sealed in a room with a neutral atmosphere, and any damage to the seals must be repaired immediately. Damage or defacement of these symbols will cause the effectiveness of the containment chamber to gradually degrade over time, to the point where the containment cycle will be unable to sustain itself.

All instances of SCP-001-K in containment are held within SCP-001. Only personnel with Level 6 clearance may interact directly with SCP-001-K instances. Additional objects within Foundation containment have been given Keter classification to maintain appearances of the object class.

Instances of SCP-001-K are not to be released from SCP-001, unless the hastening of a VK-Class reality restructuring event becomes a desired outcome. If the Overwatch Council approves this measure unanimously, Foundation personnel will be contacted by Level 6 personnel for further instructions.

Description: SCP-001 designates the source of all anomalous artifacts classified as Keter. Documentation for personnel with clearance under Level 5 are to refer to these objects by their SCP-XXX(X) documentation.

SCP-001 is a facility located within [DATA REDACTED], although its interior comprises of significantly more area than this region contains. The exterior appears to be a large, nondescript research facility. Attempts to document SCP-001's outer appearance in detail has resulted in conflicting and contradictory results. Attempts to map the interior have yielded contradictory floor-plans. SCP-001's interior space is roughly equivalent to an office or military complex, with enough space and facilities to support 1200 450 people.

There are 521 SCP-001-K instances currently known to exist.

SCP-001-K designates any anomalous object which has originated from SCP-001. All instances of SCP-001-K were present at the discovery of SCP-001, although some have since been lost. Each SCP-001-K instance is kept in place by another entity, with the anomalous properties of each separate object neutralizing the effect of the other.

When any containment cycles for instances of SCP-001-K are broken, the containment chamber will be affected by a reality warping anomaly. Interior spaces will begin to operate under a new set of physical laws, which conform to the properties of the newly uncontained SCP-001-K instances. These areas are hostile to human life and will begin to aggressively expand if other SCP-001-K containment breaches occur. Currently, no containment breaches have occurred since 09/18/1999.

SCP-001 was originally documented by American mercenaries serving in Greece following the Second World War. Once the anomalous properties became apparent, several organizations

claimed control over the area, but the group was able to prevent SCP-001 from falling into outside control. Control over SCP-001 was voluntarily turned over to the Foundation in 1949. Data from this period of SCP-001's containment has not been recovered to date, due to the breach of several SCP-001-K instances rendering large portions of SCP-001 impossible to enter.

Objects designated as SCP-001-K	Containment method
SCP-718, **SCP-689**	Instances of SCP-718 positioned on mummified human corpses, in a triangular pattern around SCP-689. Occasionally, all instances will simultaneously look away, causing SCP-689 to manifest on and terminate the SCP-718 instances, which will cause additional SCP-718 to form. Instances of SCP-718 will then resume observation, manipulating SCP-689 back to its original position via the eye stalks.
SCP-990, **SCP-122**	SCP-122 entities appear to be retaining SCP-990 within the physical world by keeping it asleep in perpetuity, using their bodies to muffle outside sound and whispering bedtime stories to SCP-990. Other SCP-122 entities have covered the walls, ceiling, and floors of the chamber to block all outside light sources.
SCP-1178, **SCP-1984**	SCP-1178 is suspended within a large cubical chamber, being constantly pursued by SCP-1984. Six distinct chase patterns exist, which alternate on an apparently random basis. SCP-1984 has never been observed to move

	within 15 meters to SCP-1178, with SCP-1178 accelerating to prevent SCP-1984 from reaching it. Containment personnel are currently researching means to mitigate any possible detonation of SCP-1178 caused by SCP-1984, as to not cause the annihilation of SCP-001 and an immediate VK-Class end-of-the-world event.
SCP-1440, **SCP-836**	SCP-1440 is suspended in the center of a large, circular chamber. Floating around it are structures affected by SCP-836, such as walls and doors. These objects continuously approach and are destroyed by SCP-1440's effect. They then reform at the bottom of the chamber and begin rising towards him again. SCP-1440 claims that he is imprisoned by a father, but has not provided any additional information. It is not known why SCP-1440's effect has not destroyed SCP-001.
SCP-1048, **SCP-1055**	As SCP-1055 gains additional mass, instances of SCP-1048 continuously tear it apart to construct new instances of themselves. SCP-1055 is fully mobile and will attempt to destroy all instances of SCP-1048 which approach it. These remains will be reconstructed as additional SCP-1048 instances are made to repair them. Currently, there are an estimated number of SCP-1048 instances within the

	chamber, with a capacity of more.
SCP-1295, **SCP-871**	All four SCP-1295 entities are continuously served instances of SCP-871 by a blond female humanoid in a waitress outfit[1], who continuously retrieves instances of SCP-871 from a wooden table and brings them to the SCP-1295 entities. All four entities can be heard complaining about the lackluster menu designs, although praising the quality and variety of food found provided by SCP-871.
SCP-505, **SCP-140**	SCP-505 has been suspended above SCP-140, writing at least 15 70,000 word volumes of text[2] regarding the Daevite culture and civilization. The interruption of this cycle would cause a total irreversible alteration to the entirety of world history, as the texts written by SCP-505 start before the start of written language and appear to date at least 470 years beyond the present time.
SCP-231, : -N	Remains of interaction between [REDACTED] and a neutralized anomaly. Presently, Procedure 110-Montauk has prevented XK Events caused by the interaction, with only 6 potential failure events occurring since initial containment.
SCP-058, **SCP-1983**	SCP-058 is suspended over a large cylindrical hole, which is filled with living human hearts. An additional amount of cardiac

	tissue has been pressed into and around SCP-058. Most of the chamber is not illuminated, and SCP-1983 entities within these non-illuminated areas are constantly attempting to tear the tissue from SCP-058's body, while SCP-058 attempts to violently attack them while assimilating additional tissue from the hole below it.
SCP-682, **SCP-296**	All figures within SCP-296 have taken on human appearances resembling personnel killed while maintaining its containment of SCP-001. SCP-682 is not able to permanently harm these entities, and will alternate between violently attempting to destroy them or cowering in the center of the chamber. When questioned by Dr. , the SCP-296 said SCP-682 has been found guilty, and that it was currently being punished by denying it the ability to die or kill.
SCP-579, **SCP-055**	Can't fit round pegs in square holes.

Addendum 001-A:

Level 6 Clearance Required

I'm sorry, have we been Reclaimed?

We can see the other side, things are different but we take it in stride

proposalistheneworderofimmediately, research on existing K-Class objects is to be rolled back, and established at the basis needed to

contain, rather than propagate. We've had too many casualties from the disasters, and it's time to move back to the way things were before the

{{

Wash operations have been vastly expanded. Every object within Olympia itself is fully contained, and thanks to red we have prevented any real events overmanydays. Further information on new containing strategies can be found in you. Smile.

Things aren't as bad as they used to be. We've got color working again, and I heard that pretty soon they're going to start putting the feelings back in people. If you see the seventh bride, tell her I'm sorry she had to open the box. Maybe she'll remember it.

Addendum 001-B: VK-Class reality restructuring events designates an anomalous phenomenon theorized to occur if all instances of SCP-001-K are released from their containment cycles. If all instances of SCP-001-K were to be released from containment, this effect could potentially alter everything within the universe as known to be operating under non-anomalous physical laws.

Research into allowing the Foundation to continue to exist this scenario and protect the new universe from the remains of our current reality is ongoing.

Footnotes
1. Which appears to be part of SCP-001.
2. Written in ancient Greek script

djkaktus's Proposal: The Children

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INPUT LEVEL 5 PRIMARY SECURITY CREDENTIALS

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AUTHORIZATION GRANTED. PRIMARY MEMETIC KILL AGENTS DISENGAGED. GOOD EVENING, O5-13

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WARNING: PARTS OF THIS FILE HAVE BEEN LOCKED.
ADDITIONAL LEVEL 5 CLEARANCES REQUIRED TO UNLOCK.

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Object Designation #: Item-001

Containment Class: Keter-Thaumiel

Containment Status: Active-Stable

Containment Procedures: Item-001 is currently contained in San Marco, Mexico, beneath the previous site of the San Marcos de la Vida Eterna church. Original containment procedures have proven sufficient to contain Item-001. The area of containment is currently designated a high security military waste disposal site, and Mexican law disallows individuals from coming within 10km of the site. Automated, closed-circuit surveillance drones are to maintain the perimeter around Item-001's containment site, and have been designed to kill on-sight.

O5 Memorandum 001-Alpha: *The containment of information regarding SCP-001, formerly Item-001, is to be considered a highest priority. I've allowed clearance in the database for the creation of a number of false objects in the slot; if anybody gets that far, that should be enough to satiate them. I pulled out some of the original -EX's to hold the spot until we can find something better.*

Expunge everything you find, get rid of any leaks. Drown it all in as many kill agents as you feel is necessary. You have more than enough clearance to do so. - O5-2

Object Description: Item-001 is the group designation for 9 human

beings, ages 4-11, who gained anomalous properties as a result of Project 001: "Twins of God" (*See Project Proposal 001 for more information*). Due to improper use of Item-001, resulting in the death of a high ranking staff member, termination was necessitated. As a result, Item-001 was put into its current containment. All 9 instances of Item-001 are functionally brain-dead, but continue to display signs of life despite the nature of their containment.

Item-001 instances emit massive amounts of gamma radiation, often in excess of GJ, in distinct patterns. When separated these patterns appear random, however certain characteristics become evident when the instances are brought together and as such, each instance is contained roughly from any other instance of Item-001. Additionally, Item-001 are noticeably radio-luminescent. Video observation of Item-001 instances is impossible when instances are active, as video recordings experience decay of footage when instances are on screen.

Item-001 instances are capable, when within a range of no greater than 20m from any other instance of Item-001, of long-distance termination of objects, places, or individuals. Additional information regarding this property is detailed later in this file.

By order of the Overseer Council, Item-001 has been classified as a Thaumiel[1]-Keter entity.

WARNING: Additional information regarding Item-001 is LOCKE
Memetic kill agents are in place to prevent dissemination of infor
individuals without Class-5 Memetic Resistance conditioning are
agents. ***You have been warned, and this will be your last wa***

Project Proposal 001: LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Project Proposal: "Twins o

Research Team: Omega-5

Project Date: 02/13/1922

Proposal Statement:

To create an anomalous entity, bound by the necessary fo
Administrator, capable of destroying long-range, hostile ar

Research Team Lead: Dr. , Ph.D. (O5-1)

Assistant Leads: (O5-2), (O5-3)

Requested Resources:

- Access and use of Item- "Subatomic Pumping Sys
- Access and use of Item- "Harken's Gateway".
- Access and use of Item- "Multiple Injections".
- Materials necessary to construct a necessary contai
- No fewer than 50 adult humans (D-Class) for testing

Project Details:

Using information gained from recent testing of Item- and to the Foundation: the ability to, over large distances, alter the target functionally non-existent[2]. To this end, it is now these properties to a human subject, which should allow fo this project, Item- , Item- , and Item- have been remov take place solely at the primary testing facility.

Under guise of a military waste disposal site for the United Mexico, away from civilian populations, in order to safely te the project, utmost care will be implemented to provide a n containment. These fail-safes are listed below.

Given the success of the project, the control over the entity
the Administrator of the Foundation, for use against the ho
"Kingdom of Abaddon". A number of mind-kill agents will b
be given to the Administrator alone, to act as a fail-safe in
forces.

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Fail-safe Containment Procedures:

Alpha: In the event of a catastrophic breach of containme
activated, terminating the entity. Each of these agents has
order. They are as follows:

- Berkeley Agent: Reduction of motor functions.
- Anastasia Agent: Reduction of anomalous capabiliti
- Nezbit Agent: Reduction of mental faculties.
- Orion Agent: Full chemical dissolution of upper nerv

Beta: In the event of a failure of Procedure Alpha, security
is unlikely and unadvised. Personnel are advised to mainta
necessary Foundation-approved anti-rad protection gear. I
immediately attract the attention of Item-001.

Delta: In the event of a failure of Procedure Beta, Foundat
activated and used directly on Item-001. A perimeter will b
no fewer than 10 heavy-shell bombardment cannons are t
Delta Procedure.

Epsilon: In the event of a failure of Procedure Delta, an o
Administrator will oversee followup of Procedure Epsilon.

Project Approval:

Foundation Administrator R. D. Fritzwilliams

O5-1, Project Lead

Project Report 001-Delta: LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Project "Twins of God" Pro

Research Team: Omega-5

Project Date: 04/19/1924

Progress Details:

Initial containment of the new Item-001 entity became imm
RECORD] and acute radiation sickness across roughly 35
Adjustment of containment procedures became necessary
designated Site-001, was reinforced. Personnel chambers
the central testing facility.

An attack on a Foundation research facility in the Sudan b
for a long-range defense system, and expedited the timelin
Administrator, additional resources were granted to aid in t

Another primary concern became the containment of the a
subjects, while the anomalous nature would transfer with li
paralyzed and suffer from severe cerebral hemorrhaging. T
sudden and random destruction of on-site structures and p
to deteriorated mental capacities in the subjects. In 100%
Pre-Item-001 entity.

Additional research conducted by off site personnel gave l

number of subjects[3], thus managing the increased mental

After a testing run that left Site-001 at reduced capacity to
transferred off-site to other projects by order of the Founda
the project had to be discussed. After consulting with the S
Marcos de la Vida Eterna Church in San Marco, and collec
Class A amnestics were applied to the entirety of the rema
Site-09 for processing. The town of San Marco then becam
subjects were chosen for research, while the rest were sub

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Current Status:

The project is prepared to move on to the next phase of te
orders from Central Command. The following letter has be

> 04/03/1924
> To: Foundation Administrator
> From: Omega-5 Team Lead
>
> Administrator Fritzwilliams,
>
> Due to cuts and withdrawals ordered from your off
> the level of progress expected from this project as
> Central Command, we assume that our directive h
>
> A proposal to aid in our project reaching its conclu
> note the changes and reply in kind. Your timely res
>
> Project Lead

> 04/15/1924
> To: Omega-5 Team Lead
> From: Foundation Central Command
>
> ,

Your orders have not changed. We are in no less
project. Unfortunately, we also must face the harsh
stretched thin. We are having a difficult enough tim
requires, let alone continuing to do research. I will
reason other than your project may be all that can

I have seen your proposal, and while I am obliged
obliged as the leader of this Foundation to approv
only adults, and do not tread heavily through the li
has been shed on our behalf, I do not wish to spill

Administrator Fritzwilliams,
Foundation Central Command

File: GOI-3 "Kingdom of Abaddon": LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

Group of Interest File 003

Designation: Kingdom of Abaddon

Threat Level: Very High
Activity Level: Very High
Priority: Level 5

Summation: GOI-003 "Kingdom of Abaddon" is a collectio
somewhere in the Sahara Desert, at a location referred to
Abaddon". These humanoids appear similar to human bein
least Class I Reality Bending entities[5], with higher ranking
their anomalous qualities, capture and containment of thes
exceedingly dangerous.

Initial Discovery: GOI-003 was initially observed by Frenc
attacks against a small village in northern Libya. The milita
of the contingent. Survivors reported an attack by no more
resistant to arms fire. These survivors, and the superiors w
released.

Foundation personnel first encountered GOI-003 during ar
Egypt, when MTF Alpha-4 "No Borders" was attacked by a
description given by the French military members. MTF ά-
capture a lower ranking individual. After processing and in
was realized, and Foundation Central Command began ta
group.

According to gathered data, the "Kingdom of Abaddon" wa
who sought to carve out a nation of their own within the inh
to adapt the harsh landscape to their needs, and used the
grew, and new births were brought before the ruler of the k
additional reality bending entities.

However, due to inbreeding and other genetic malfunction
and will likely not last on its own as an independent organi
that Abaddon is aware of this, and is taking steps to assur
and around the African continent have come under attack
Foundation no fewer than seventy-five lives thus far, and w

Conclusion: Because of the danger and difficulty involved
because of the lack of information regarding their activities
group without backup from a heavily-armed military contin
Abaddon forces is ongoing.

Memorandum 001-Alpha: LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

Date: 11/29/24
User: Omega-5-1
Subject: 001

We did it, then. We managed the impossible. We spat in the face of God and took his throne for our own.

It is a glorious new day.

5 was right about spreading the anomaly around a group. Even with all of the

reinforcements we had made to the previous test subjects, the amount of energy that managed to pump into their bodies was too much. Can't tell you how many D-Class we had to clean up off the floor after watching their skin melt off their bones, and their bones carbonize and blow away like dust. Dozens? Hundreds? I don't know. More than we were expecting, and more than the Foundation was willing to allow, even for a project like this.

13 has expressed regret over what we did in San Marco, but 13 is shortsighted, and the Administrator is shortsighted. The deaths of a few, even the deaths of many, in order to protect the world from annihilation? It is nothing, and less. Those children are gods now, their lives committed to a higher purpose. What life is better than that of the omnipotent?

Testing begins tomorrow. Can you hear it?

Project Report 001-Delta: LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Project "Twins of God" Pro

Research Team: Omega-5

Project Date: 01/17/26

Progress Report:

The 9 entities collectively known as Item-001 are currently
while undergoing testing. The entities, while functional in t

the group collectively is capable of processing information
the memetic control cycle that all instances routinely under

All instances are currently a Class V Radioactive Hazard,
Item-001 instances without the proper Anti-Rad protection
appears to come randomly between individuals, but when
human beings on EEG machines. Despite the resemblanc
what is usually observed in such situations.

Item-001 are able to collectively channel enormous amoun
source, and use this energy to unbind atoms at a quantum
of any object at any distance, so long as the object and loc

Below are the Item-001 test results for 01/17/26.

Test Series 023
Object: Item-001
Research Team: Omega-5

Testing Goal: Establish an outer limit for Item-001's area

Round 1: Target object (steel rod) placed 5km from Item-0
team leader) to destroy target object.

Result: Target object vaporized shortly after Item-001 rece
object remained post-test.

Round 5: Target object (steel rod) placed 800km from Iten
Omega-5 team leader) to destroy target object.

Result: Target confirmed vaporized shortly after Item-001
factor. Longer range test planned in next series.

*The children are operating as designed. I have little doubt
They are unwavering, unfeeling, seemingly indestructible,
the universe. Truly, this is a weapon built for only the bolde*

Test Series 025
Object: Item-001
Research Team: Omega-5

Testing Goal: Establish a maximum and minimum size of

Round 2: Target object (steel sphere, 3m in diameter) pla
operator (Dr. , Omega-5 team leader) to destroy targ

Result: Target object vaporized, as expected.

Round 3: Target object (Church of the Broken God worsh
Item-001 instructed by operator (Dr. , Omega-5 team

Result: Target vaporizes. No additional damage noted to
Class A amnestic and released held for additional testing.
must be targeted, as targeting a location is not enough to

Round 7: Target object (male human, age 33) located rou
operator (Dr. , Omega-5 team leader) to destroy targ

Result: Target vaporizes.

Collected Foundation Correspondences and Notices: LOCKED

+ ENTER AUTHORIZATION CODE

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Date: 02/01/26
To: Omega-5 Team Lead
From: Administrator Fritzwilliams

I have heard the good news of your success with Project 001, and cannot express to how important this is. We will finally be able to put an end to Abaddon, and be able to better protect ourselves in the future. To this end, I am eternally grateful.

However, I must admit my concerns about you specifically, O5-1. Your recent letters have

been troubling, in spite of your successes. I have no doubt that you are the most qualified man to lead the Omega team, but I understand if the stress of the endeavor has taken a toll on you. I know it has with me. Regardless, once this is all over, I'm prepared to promote you to Director of the newly constructed Site 19, after you've taken some time to recuperate, of course. We can discuss the details when I see you next month, once we've taken care of Abaddon.

Sincerely,

Administrator Fritzwilliams

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Date: 02/14/26
To: Foundation Central Command
From: Omega-5 Team Lead

I am fine, Administrator. The project is finished. We will complete our task when you arrive.

1

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

GENERAL NOTICE: ALL PERSONNE

[REDACTED BY OVERSEER ORDER

Issued by Foundation Central Command

Date: 03/21/26
Subject: Administrator Frizwilliams

Foundation Administrator R. D. Fritzwilliams has been mur
capture of his killer and his killer's accomplices, Dr. ,
These individuals are believed to be armed and highly dan
anomalous items. If you have information regarding the loc
Site Director.

A transitory council of administrators has been created, co
Research Team, by order of the late Administrator. This co
a new governor can be established.

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

GENERAL NOTICE

Issued by Foundation Central Command

Date: 03/22/26
Subject: Dissolution of GOI-003 Investigatory Teams

NOTICE: *The following MTF investigatory teams are curre
debriefing:*

MTF Alpha-1 *"All The King's Men"*

MTF Alpha-2 *"Red Right Hand"*

MTF Alpha-3 *"Harvard Boys"*

MTF Alpha-4 *"No Borders"*

MTF Alpha-5 *"Band of Brothers"*

MTF Alpha-7 *"Dark Testimony"*

[MEMETIC KILL AGENT NEUTRALIZED]

Date: 11/01/26
To: Overwatch Command
From: Director Harrison, Site 23
Subject: Site 23 Scouting Report

My boys just came back with the reports. I'll send the pictures they took along with this letter, but I still can't believe it. It's all gone. Just desert that goes on for an eternity. Like they were never even there.

I had them check, and you were right. No bodies. There shouldn't be any, should there?

Regardless, I don't know what devil you had to make a deal with, but thank you.

-Harrison

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You have not accessed this terminal in three minutes. Do you require assistance?

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New Audio File:

► Begin Recording

[BEGIN RECORDING]

Better to do this now, I think. Better to get it done while I can still remember it all. It's been a long time since I read this file, longer still since that night in '26. It's been too long since people knew the truth of what we did, and what happened to Abaddon and One and the Administrator. Hell, if the amnestics have held up, I might be the only one left.

I have no intention of taking it to the grave with me. Not this.

One always was charismatic, that much is on record. That's why the Fritzwilliams gave him the lead of

Omega-5 over Two, even though Two had been with the Foundation longer. That's not to say that One wasn't smart, on the contrary. He was one of the more brilliant researchers I had ever worked with, even after all this time. He penned most of the reports for the work that Omega-5 did, even before we were a full-fledged team. Back when we were just a handful of junior researchers out of Site 17. He was eloquent and passionate and *driven*.

He was also always so detached. He loved his work, don't get me wrong, and the research was his greatest desire. But the direction of the Foundation, the stress on containment, he had no love for. He said to me, many times, that we were under-utilizing our assets. That we could provide better containment of anomalies if we weren't so damn afraid of them. Afraid to use some to contain others. He was the original designer of the Thaumiel classification, of course. Him and the Epsilon-2 research team. I think that's why he was so eager to jump at the chance to do what we were doing with 001.

It was unprecedented, the 001 project, but then, so was Abaddon. The logs here don't give the half of it, and the rest has been lost to history. With Abaddon we were wildly, hilariously outmatched. A group of decently funded scientists and armed guards against a small army of type greens, and we didn't even see the worst of them. Class II's and III's were more than a match for the best we had to offer, and this was nearly a half-century before we'd see the first Scranton anchor. Some reports claimed that the ruler was a Class V. If true, then he could've blinked us off the map if he wanted.

Abaddon was responsible for the complete destruction of three sites in 1922 alone. It wasn't just in sub-Saharan Africa, either, although we certainly didn't publicize that. There was Kingdom activity as far north as Gibraltar, and as far south as Madagascar. They would enter Sites, destroy everything, and leave with just a few objects.

Shred the records too. And what were we to do? We had only just begun classifying reality benders, let alone combating them. Were they to make it to one of the larger Sites in Europe or the Middle East, it would have been a bloodbath.

If you're reading this, then you've read the logs about 001. You know what it does, how we built it. "The gun to end all guns." A weapon crafted out of human bodies and fire that could annihilate anything, anywhere, at any time, all with just a brief description. One was fascinated by it, by them. The children… I can still hear them screaming, screaming while we put them into the machine and pulled their souls out and replaced it with something… something else. But it worked, and One was so proud.

Then the time came to finish our task. The Administrator flew in from 17, one of a handful of times I'd ever seen him in public. As exciting an event as it was, the air was thick with solemnity. We all knew the gravity of our task, understood that we were sentencing hundreds to death. I think that, if we thought there was any other option, we might have shied away from the edge, but…

While we watched, One approached the glowing children and spoke the activation words. They were… glorious, in a way. The perfect balance of raw energy and human form. He leaned in to them and spoke the name of Abaddon's citadel, and then they burst with light and it was over. We had no way of knowing whether or not it worked, other than what we had seen in other tests, and yet, it felt finished. There was a feeling, like a collective breath had been released.

Then Fritzwilliams disappeared, his clothes and protective gear falling to the ground in a heap, and as gunfire filled the testing chamber with smoke, we saw One sprinting towards an emergency exit and 001 glowing again. After this, it was all a rush. A quiet ride back towards our bunker as MTF teams rushed in to

contain 001, a quick debriefing with other Command officials, questioning, searches, it all blends together.

One was gone, of course. They didn't find him, and they never did. He wasn't the only one who left, four other members of our team alone went with him. A number of other junior staff members, and then about half of the senior staff at Site 15, defected. All disappeared without a trace. Items too, right out of their cells. They discovered later that it was a long time in the making, and One had helped foster the 001 project just to meet this end.

We buried the children deep beneath San Marco, covered them in about 50 meters of concrete. They didn't say a word when we put them into lead bags, not that it would help. They didn't say anything when we separated them, and they didn't say anything when we closed the tomb on top of them. I doubt they'll ever say anything ever again. I have no doubt that they're still alive, though. The most powerful weapon in the world, armed and loaded, without its trigger. One has the trigger, and One alone. With any luck, it died with him.

In the end, we were left in charge, the eight of us who remained. We picked five more of the brightest we could find, and we pushed on. Abaddon was gone, without a trace. There was still so much to do, but we found a way to push forward. We made due, and in the end, we overcame.

I still think about the children under San Marco, from time to time. About the lengths we went to when we were panicked and afraid. About the things we did, even outside of the project. I think about One, too. I wonder if he found what he was looking for. I wonder if he thinks it was worth it.

I received a message through the secure system, nearly one year ago today. I said nothing then, but I'm going to add it to this file now. As for the contents, I'll let others

decide. I've said enough.

[END RECORDING]

Footnotes

1. "Humphrey, W., Lemke, R., Christian, K., Roesler, J., & Kaiser, N. (1920). Containment Class Proposal: Thaumiel. Foundation Research Press, 2(7)."
2. Maxwell, T., & Gouram, A. (1927). Quantum Properties Over Great Distances. Foundation Research Press, 05(02), 213-230.
3. Enjilian, M., & Johnson, R. (1923). Anomalous Properties of Multiple Keter-Class Objects. Foundation Research Press, 1(11).
4. Everly, K., & Everly, J. (1922). Brain Makeups of Terminated Keter Entities. In Advanced Cognitive Constructs of Paranormal Entities (3rd ed., Vol. 1, pp. 145-178). Chicago, IL: Foundation Scientific Press.
5. Benson, R. (1921). Reality Bending Entity Classifications. Foundation Research Press, 3(7), 10-58.

Kate McTiriss's Proposal: A Record

The Following Containment Procedure Was Unanimously Approved by Site Directors' Executive Committee of the Whole and the O5 Council

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Thaumiel *(Subjective assessment)*

Special Containment Procedures: It was the unanimous subjective opinion of the Site Directors' Executive Committee of the Whole[1] on May 3, 20 that the SCP-001 database entry slot should be locked to edits and only made available for modification with seven (7) private keys belonging to members of the O5 Council. It was the majority subjective opinion of SDECotW that the object believed to have been most recently designated SCP-001 should no longer be given an SCP designation, and should be stored in a standard high-value containment locker in Site-19.

It was the unanimous opinion of SDECotW that no objective claims or statements should be made in the main SCP-001 page of the Foundation Database under any circumstances, only verifiably true records of the opinions of Foundation governing bodies in the past.

It was the majority opinion of the O5 Council on May 3, 20 that in the event that Entity Thaumiel, Dr. Mary Nakayama, or any entity claiming to be either makes contact with the SCP Foundation, they will be referred to the O5 council for negotiation and cooperation. It was the majority opinion of the O5 Council that no efforts will be made at this time to neutralize Entity Thaumiel or the vulnerabilities of the SCP-001 database position.

Description: It was the unanimous opinion of SDECotW and the O5 Council on May 3, 20 that any statement of fact made on this specific SCP Foundation Database page ⦿/**Procedures/001**/

SCP-001.ftml becomes objectively true. The prior unanimous opinion of SDECotW and the O5 Council holds that modifications to this page have vast, and potentially infinite, Category–Aleph Room ("Greatest Concern") reality modification consequences; the prior unanimous opinion of SDECotW and the O5 Council held that no further testing on these effects is to occur due to the potential XK/CK/LK/VK/ZK/תK-Class Scenarios believed to be highly probable with said testing.

It was the unanimous opinion of SDECotW that other pages within the ⦿/**Procedures**/**001**/ portion of the Foundation Database have no anomalous effects, and that prior versions of the SCP-001 database leading to the believed discovery of SCP-001's effects and the possible creation of Entity Thaumiel are to be stored as subpages in this directory for reference.

It was the unanimous opinion of SDECotW that all blank spots on the Foundation database shall be checked for further Category–Aleph Room reality modification anomalies, and that only a series of 1,000 thoroughly checked database spots shall be available to Foundation personnel for the designation of new Special Containment Procedures at any given time.

▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Feb_18,_20 _1.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Creating new SCP documentation. Trying it in the 2 slot, but the object's effects might move it over to -001. Had the admins unlock the empty 001 slot (why was it empty? convenient, I guess) just in case.
> - *mnakayama*, Feb 18 20 11:34 AM

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr.

Mary Nakayama.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

SCP-001 was sent to *Billboard* magazine as a review copy prior to its release in 1958. Its effects were not noticed until December 20 , when *Billboard* intern M. S , tasked with updating the manual files of review albums in magazine headquarters to a database format noted SCP-001's effects and reported it to superiors.[3]

Efforts to locate the RCA employee(s) responsible for sending SCP-001 to *Billboard* are ongoing. Primary Containment Theory currently holds that SCP-001 was a crude attemtp to manipulate *Billboard*'s album rankings which failed due to the manual typesetting in use by the magazine at the time.

▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Feb_18,_20 _2.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Yep, moved right over. Weird, funny. Going to look into this more (might be some potential here?). Also, fixed a typo, thanks to Dr Amoralles.
> - *mnakayama*, Feb 18 20 11:41 AM

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

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▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Apr_1,_20 _1.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Important one-day revision to containment procedures ;)
> - *mnakayama*, Apr 1 20 9:41 AM

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama. All Level 2 researchers in Site-91a shall give Dr. Nakayama $5, if possible, over her lunch break on April 1, 20 .

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing

Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

SCP-001 was sent to *Billboard* magazine as a review copy prior to its release in 1958. Its effects were not noticed until December 20 , when *Billboard* intern M. S , tasked with updating the manual files of review albums in magazine headquarters to a database format noted SCP-001's effects and reported it to superiors.[3]

Efforts to locate the RCA employee(s) responsible for sending SCP-001 to *Billboard* are ongoing. Primary Containment Theory currently holds that SCP-001 was a crude attempt to manipulate *Billboard*'s album rankings which failed due to the manual typesetting in use by the magazine at the time.

▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Apr_1,_20 _2.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> What the fuck what the fuck what. the. fuck.
> - *mnakayama*, Apr 1 20 12:54 PM.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama. All Level 2 researchers in Site-91a shall give Dr. Nakayama $5, if possible, over her lunch break on April 1, 20 .

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital

numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

SCP-001 was sent to *Billboard* magazine as a review copy prior to its release in 1958. Its effects were not noticed until December 20 , when *Billboard* intern M. S , tasked with updating the manual files of review albums in magazine headquarters to a database format noted SCP-001's effects and reported it to superiors.[3]

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▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Apr_1,_20 _3.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Testing something.
> - *mnakayama*, Apr 1 20 9:09 PM.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama. Dr. Nakayama's desk nameplate is colored green for easy identification.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

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▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Apr_2,_20 _1.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Making a note about my availability
> - *mnakayama*, Apr 2 20 8:09 AM.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama. Dr. Nakayama's desk nameplate is colored green for easy identification. Personnel are advised that Dr. Nakayama will be likely unavailable until Apr 9, 20 , as she has been granted paid vacation days by Site Director Green for this time span.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

SCP-001 was sent to *Billboard* magazine as a review copy prior to its release in 1958. Its effects were not noticed until December 20 , when *Billboard* intern M. S , tasked with updating the manual files of review albums in magazine headquarters to a database format noted SCP-001's effects and reported it to superiors.[3]

Efforts to locate the RCA employee(s) responsible for sending SCP-001 to *Billboard* are ongoing. Primary Containment Theory currently holds that SCP-001 was a crude attempt to manipulate *Billboard*'s album rankings which failed due to the manual typesetting in use by the magazine at the time.

▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/Apr_9,_20 _1.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Noting upcoming title change..
> - *mnakayama*, Apr 9 20 10:40 AM.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Site-91a Chief Numerologist Dr. Mary Nakayama. Personnel are advised that Dr. Nakayama will be likely unavailable until Apr 9, 20 , as she has been granted paid vacation days by Site Director Green for this time span. Dr. Nakayama, Chief Numerologist at Site-91a until Apr 9, will be promoted to Site Co-Director alongside Dr. Green at noon on Apr 9. She will retain sole responsibility over SCP-001.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo* (RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it

was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

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▷ ⦿/Procedures/001/Past/May_3,_20 _1.ftml

> **Foundation Database changelog:**
> Well. This works like I think it does. I've thought this over for weeks: It's time. I've locked the page down to everyone but myself and O5s. I think I'm doing the right thing. I really do think I am. Pray for me.
> - *mnakayama*, May 3 20 4:11 AM.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-91a. Additional research into SCP-001's effects will be the responsibility of Dr. Mary Nakayama. Dr. Nakayama, Chief Numerologist at Site-91a until Apr 9, will be promoted to Site Co-Director alongside Dr. Green at noon on Apr 9. She will retain sole responsibility over SCP-001.

Description: SCP-001 is a vinyl record containing Esquivel's 1958 album *Exploring New Sounds in Stereo*

(RCA). The album has an anomalous impact on digital numerical lists that contain it. The album, when listed in text saved digitally, will always be listed first, even if it was intended to be listed in another position.[2]

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Efforts to locate the RCA employee(s) responsible for sending SCP-001 to *Billboard* are ongoing. Primary Containment Theory currently holds that SCP-001 was a crude attempt to manipulate *Billboard*'s album rankings which failed due to the manual typesetting in use by the magazine at the time.

Mary Nakayama, immediately after the saving of this document, will attain omnipotence and omniscience, rising to and becoming Godhead. She will span all time and have complete dominion over this Universe and this Reality. Everything, everything under everything and everything over everything, will be at her command. She will gain all necessary mental faculties to process and utilize these abilities while maintaining uninterrupted consciousness.

Members of the O5 council will receive a note indicating the nature of SCP-001.

Her family will receive a note indicating her love for them.

> Mary Nakayama disappeared from her quarters at Site-91a before 6 AM on May 3. She has not been located since.

▷ Document saved on Mary Nakayama's computer the morning of Ma

To the O5 Council,

When I was fifteen, I took enough pills to kill someone four times my size, downed with an entire bottle of cheap vodka that was the only thing I had left from the man who used me and left me broken and alone.

I sat in my shower with the hot water scalding me. I closed my eyes.

When I opened them, I was dry. I was well. I was in bed. At the door, a shining figure, a radiant light, hovered. It spoke to me with a voice that echoed in my mind, only. It said I had greater things to do.

I never saw It again. But I kept going. I believed that God descended and saved me. And, joining the Foundation, how could I *not* believe? What else could explain the fact that we were still here, still marvelously, desperately, screamingly alive? How else could the fabric of our world, our Everything, withstand such things that we behold every day? Something was protecting us. I prayed to It every night for guidance. I never heard Its voice again.

I had been touched by God once, and that was a lifetime of fortune in one moment.

But when I changed the color of the nameplate on my desk just by hitting "save" on a text file, I realized something. The fabric of all things was open to me. I could put this power away, show you, conceal it. But…

What if this was what saved me? What if this was what saves us all, every day, from the abyssal terrors that rip and rend at our world's fragile stability? What if me hitting "Save" on a text file was the birth of God?

If it's not, then I tried. If it is, then I am watching. I will try to steer things right. It will take time.

Wish me luck.

- MN

Footnotes
1.SDECotW.
2. This effect spreads to all forms of digital storage. Affected devices have thus far included consumer-grade computers, mobile telephones, and graphing calculators. Mechanical storage devices, writing, and physical representations of lists are not changed by SCP-001's anomalous properties.
3. Original suspicions of cybercrime attracted the interest of the FBI. Embedded UIU agents in the FBI's Cyber Crime division turned over the object to Foundation custody after discovery.

TwistedGears-Kaktus Proposal: The Broken God

[SUBMIT LEVEL 5 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Life signs detected.

Memetic inoculation ascertained.

Welcome, Overseer.

Robert Bumaro, current leader of the Church of the Broken God.
Date unknown.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Maksur[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Information on the relevancy of SCP-001 to the related anomalous objects are to be omitted from the respective objects' documentation. While connections with the Church of the Broken God can remain available, the origins of the items are to be omitted or obfuscated.

The inactive component of SCP-001 is to remain in its current location, and any shipping or diving is forbidden

in that area. Civilian discovery of SCP-001 is to be suppressed, and amnestics are to be utilized in order to maintain classification. Persons affiliated with the Church of the Broken God who make active attempts to seek out the inactive component of SCP-001 are to be taken into Foundation custody and questioned. Information pertaining to SCP-001, whether physical or digital, is to be confiscated and contained.

The inactive component of SCP-001 is expected to remain inanimate; however, should SCP-001 experience spontaneous reanimation, all active Mobile Task Force units at nearby Site-27, Site-44, Site-90, and Site-101 are to be assigned to active countermeasures. Should this event (currently designated an 001-Apotheosis Event) occur in the modern world, it is believed that current means of information suppression would be insufficient. It is likely that an 001-Apotheosis Event would result in a SK-Class "Broken Masquerade" scenario[2], and likely following that, an XK-class "End-of-the-World" scenario.

Extant active components of SCP-001 are not to come within 20km of the inactive component of SCP-001 under any circumstances.

Description: SCP-001 is a collection of anomalous items, formerly a single, massive mechanical entity assembled by members of the Church of the Broken God in late 1942 near La Paz, Mexico. Items include **SCP-217**, **SCP-1139**, **SCP-882**, and several internal components of **SCP-629**.[3] A full list is available here.

Members of the Church combined the various anomalous objects in an effort to restore their deity. Upon activation, SCP-001 reportedly began to integrate metallic objects into itself while actively seeking other anomalous objects. SCP-001, and the resulting "001-Apotheosis" event that took place as a result of its assembly, was the cause of significant environmental changes in western Mexico, and required one of the

most widespread use of amnestics to date. Post-event, the active components of SCP-001 were taken to Foundation sites for containment, while the inactive component of SCP-001 remained on the bottom of the Gulf of California, at approximately 23.807269, -108.418369.

Addendum 001.01: Collected Information Describing SCP-001

> *Transcription of statement by Father Jorge Castillo, August 1945*
>
> Fernand was the first… I think, the first who contacted me after they had found the heart. The way they described it, the fervor that was in their eyes, it captivated me and I knew then. I knew that they had done it.
>
> I went to meet with Anthony and Salvador the weekend after my sister's confirmation… when they showed it to me I was taken aback. It was little more than a pile of gears, pistons, ticking pieces of clockwork and lubricated metal parts, all dutifully churning along without a power source. Within it I saw the heart, just as they described.
>
> It spoke to me. Not like you and I would speak to each other, but… with images, and feelings. And pain. It was in so much pain. Like the spark that had given it life had made it realize what it was, or what it wasn't, and it desired only to be whole again.
>
> Desire is a strong word, perhaps. Not desire, more than it was impulse. Something within the creature drove it forward towards some unthinking, unfaltering end. The creature they presented to me was not like the other artifacts I had found and blessed. This one was

different, there was something *wrong* with it, and I did not know until later what they had done…

I begged Salvador to take it back to **`that beach`** and undo it, that it was not right, but they would hear nothing of it. It started moving before I left, shaking enough from side to side that it could achieve locomotion. It hobbled over a wrench, and the wrench became part of its body. They said to me, "Our God is unbroken!"

I never saw them again.

Excerpt from an interview with Francis Bollinger in 1946

It didn't use words, or any kind of language. It would make metallic sounds but at the same time… Images and concepts would come to mind when we were around it. Have you ever felt, when you have a thought or idea— and it's all there, born whole in your mind— you still had to think the words for it, despite knowing the sentiment before you finish the sentence? It was like that, but from an alien mind. Truly the words of the divine.

Excerpt from an interview in 2007 with Trixie Silva, agent of the Unusual Incidents Unit

There were a few Wolves — wait, you know what those are, right? They're like… like hunters, they work for the Horizon Initiative. They confronted us near a church in Santa Margarita, wanted us to turn in the stuff that we had collected for the Church of the Broken God, like the Abrahamic stuff we handed over.

We deliberated on whether we should give it to

them — our stance with the HI has been a bit shaky, moreso in recent memory. While we have been on good terms with the local Broken Churchgoers, the Wolves were more… well, are more aggressive. We looked over what we had, and while we did, this woman walked up. I don't know where she came from. She dressed like a hippie; thin, iron chains for hair, but she seemed distant the whole time. The look in her eyes, her abnormal smile, like she was hardly there.

She looked at what we had and said she only wanted this, uh. I don't actually know what it was. A metal box, it whirred and clicked, and put out this little beam of light on one end when I picked it up. Felt lighter than I would have thought. I asked why that was important to her, and she said that it'd be easier to show me than tell.

She closed her eyes and bowed her head. She didn't move or speak after that, so I closed my eyes as well. She brought her forehead to mine, but kind of offset. We stood like that for a second, *foi muito estranho*, before she suddenly moved her chin down, made me jerk down slightly.

The world dropped beneath me and I fell. Something clicked in my mind, an image of two gears, formerly meshed together, now broken away. I felt the teeth of my spine arch out as I bent over, one step and I clicked along on the multidimensional cog that was the planet. It spun around the furnace of the sun, tethered to it by the chain that was gravity, and we hurtled together through an oily cosmos with all the power of an infinitely unwinding spring…

…S-sorry. It was an experience. No, it was not a religious experience, but… yeah. She told me to pick the box back up and it felt a lot heavier than before. I couldn't tell if it actually had more weight, or if it felt more… significant. I gave it to her and wouldn't hear anything otherwise from the Wolves or my teammates or my superior.

Image taken from Church of the Broken God information repository. Believed to be early incarnation of SCP-001.

Addendum 001.02: Interview with Excommunicated Church of the Broken God priest Father Dolorous Randall, June 1945

[EXTRANEOUS DIALOGUE REMOVED]

Williams: Alright. You mentioned the heart earlier. Were you there when they found it?

Randall: No, not at all. I was out of the country at the time, working with a new mission in Panama. I only heard about Ezekiel after the fact.

Williams: Who was Ezekiel?

Randall: One of Bumaro's agents. Before he was made leader of the church, Robert would keep a number of them around, these individuals who were in tune with God and could feel its presence, speak to it. Ezekiel had discovered an artifact of some value, and Bumaro took him on afterwards. These agents were the first to experiment with the augmentations, as well. As you can imagine, many of them died.

Williams: But not Ezekiel?

Randall: No. He was very close to Bumaro, and I don't know if he would have risked Ezekiel's well-being. It doesn't matter, Ezekiel didn't need augmentations to speak to the God. He was just… capable.

Williams: So what does Ezekiel have to do with the heart?

Randall: You heard Avery tell you that they had a stockpile of artifacts, right? Anything that one of these agents touched, if they felt something they would have it shipped to La Paz with the rest of it. Most of it was worthless, but every now and then they would find something legitimate. The purifier, the one—whatever you call it, one of the agents discovered that near Nepal. They had tendons and ligaments and everything else, but they were all just parts. They would move on their own, but they didn't do anything together.

Williams: How do you mean?

Randall: The texts refer to the God reassembling itself once the pieces are brought before its heart. All you need do is to feed the heart a limb, and the God will have a limb. But they couldn't find a heart. There were (*pauses*) a couple of agents who had claimed to have found one, but they were all the same useless piece of machinery as the rest.

Williams: Where does Ezekiel figure into this?

Randall: Ezekiel was the one who told Bumaro that, if they could not find a heart, maybe they could build one of their own. This, at the time, flew directly in the face of the Church doctrine. The leadership, if they had known, would have excommunicated him. But

it was quickly becoming clear that the project couldn't last through to the summer. I was sent in with my mission to resupply them after Ezekiel had left, and their supplies were nearly exhausted.

Williams: Our records indicate that the heart was something they discovered. Is that not true?

Randall: Of course it isn't true. You can't preach to a congregation about God giving parts of himself to you and then turn around and tell them that the most essential part is something you conjured up out of nothing. Worse than nothing, though. The details of what they did to create that heart and make it live were never revealed to me, but you can draw conclusions from evidence. There was a drought that year, and the polio crisis hit an all time high. Thousands died, all of natural causes. A freak event, never accurately recorded because of the attention on the war. Dios mio, but who can say.

Williams: You think the two are related?

Randall: I think the timing is too coincidental. And knowing what I know about what that *thing* became, I think the answer is clear. That was not the heart of God, agent. That was something altogether different.

[EXTRANEOUS DIALOGUE REMOVED]

Addendum 001.03: Recovered Video Transcript, November 1942

Video recovered from local documentary film crew.

Shot begins on a destroyed home, the wreckage centered around the garage. Metal fragments and strips of rubber trail down the driveway and onto the asphalt, and go down the street. Pieces of various automobiles are strewn across the street and sidewalk. The trail leads to SCP-001, which is integrating a truck into its chassis.

SCP-001 continues to the nearest house, where it begins consuming the gutters. Residents of the area flee the scene, several injured by discarded shards of glass and twisted metal discharged by SCP-001. Lights produced from various parts of SCP-001's body focus on the various prone figures. A section along the undercarriage of SCP-001 alters and drops away from the main body, which continues down the street in search of more sources of material.

The ejected subsection continues alterations, forming a vertical pod somewhat resembling a human spine and rib cage. Pod collapses in various areas, the rib-like protrusions extending outward as the rest of the pod changes into a humanoid form roughly three meters tall. Light is produced from the head, which is focused on a nearby civilian.

The metal humanoid picks up the civilian, who appears to be dead, and places it into a small chamber between the humanoid's ribs. The ribs vibrate as the humanoid approaches a second civilian, who is attempting to crawl away. She attempts to struggle as the humanoid lifts her and places her inside its chest cavity. The humanoid turns away from the camera to approach a third civilian, and what appears to be the woman's dismembered

hand falls to the floor.

A growth on the humanoid's back slowly expands as it continues to gather bodies, the body of the humanoid decreasing in size as it does so. By the sixth consumed body the growth is larger than the humanoid, and it is unable to continue bipedal movement. The limbs recede into the body and the ribs extend to allow it to scuttle onto the roof of a nearby house.

It remains in place for twenty minutes. The bulbous exterior cracks and is torn away from within, revealing three humanoids. They each appear to be symptomatic of SCP-217, and exhibit physical characteristics of the six captured civilians. One, a female with chains extending from its scalp, shakes another, which appears to be dead. The third, a male with clockwork limbs, examines itself before jumping from the roof, landing on its stomach. It does not appear to be damaged by this, which seems to cause it distress. It then pursues SCP-001, which is consuming another vehicle farther down the street.

The female humanoid notices the camera crew. It begins to wave, but quickly stops. It looks toward SCP-001 before jumping into the backyard, and out of the camera's view.

Addendum 001.04: Taped Phone Conversation with Robert Bumaro

Note: The following is audio from a taped phone conversation between an agent of the Church of the Broken God (name unknown) and Robert Bumaro. The call was recorded in December of 1942, and was collected by Foundation personnel during a raid on a Church stronghold in 1966.

[CALL BEGINS]

Bumaro: Hello?

Agent: Bless you father.

Bumaro: Dmitri?

Agent: No.

Bumaro: Ah, of course. Bless you, child. How is the little lord?

Agent: Stronger every day. We had to move him from the back of our office into a warehouse nearby.

Bumaro: He's being fed?

Agent: As you required.

Bumaro: Good. When will you be moving to Peñasco?

Agent: Within the week. We are only waiting for the next train.

Bumaro: It may need to be sooner. There was a raid in La Paz two weeks ago. Three of our men have not been accounted for. There is growing Foundation activity nearby— (*cuts out momentarily*)

Agent: Father?

Bumaro: (*To someone in the background*) Tomorrow, tomorrow.

Agent: Father?

Bumaro: Yes. We had expected them to head north, but they've come west instead. A minor

setback.

Agent: What about the safehouse? There are nearly a hundred other artifacts there, and—

Bumaro: (*Cuts off*) A minor setback. They don't know where it is, and even if they did, that isn't their priority right now. Their eyes, and the eyes of the rest of the world, are on Europe. As their gaze settles there, they will not realize our accomplishment until they are powerless to stop him.

Agent: That was, uh, something else I needed to ask you, Father.

Bumaro: Yes?

Agent: Our God, uh… is ravenous. We cannot seem to satiate him, the supplies we were given are not—

Bumaro: (*Cuts off again*) What is the issue?

Agent: Father, our… the Lord is eating its own housing. We cannot convince him to stop, he cannot be reasoned with, it—

Bumaro: Nonsense. The heart of the devout may speak directly to our God. Can you not hear his words when he reaches out to you? Do you not feel the machine moving inside of you? Or do you need more proof other than the living, breathing God before your own eyes?

Agent: No! Father, it is not that, it is—

Bumaro: I will hear nothing of it. For years, we have prayed and asked for our God to be unbroken before us. And now, he has presented himself. We know that the divine will

speak to the heart of the devout. If you are telling me that there are none among you who are devout enough to commune with our Lord, tell me now so you can be replaced.

Agent: Our faith is strong, Father. Please, forgive my insolence. I am only misguided.

Bumaro: See to yourself, then. I worry for your faith. Have one of your brothers, one who is stronger than you, have him speak to the Lord and tell him of the necessity for secrecy. Our Lord will understand, no doubt. The Unbroken God is a reasonable god.

Agent: Yes, bless you Father.

Bumaro: Bless you, child.

[CALL ENDS]

Addendum 001.05: Escalation Report, December 1943

Mexico, before and after the 001-Apotheosis Event.

The following is an interview conducted with Foundation Commander Mark Peterson of Site-74. The director, who prior to the 001-Apotheosis Event was stationed in Mexico City, was on-site with Foundation personnel in La Paz during the Event.

Director Cornwell: Start again from the top, we're recording now.

Commander Peterson: Alright. The first reports we got about Church activity in Mexico were in '41, but it was all pretty minor at the time. We had just finished field operations near the border up north and were preparing to move our assets to Atlanta for deployment to France. We had just gotten our orders to

retrieve a series of sensitive objects that they didn't want to get into the hands of the krauts, and they were going to move our entire division to get it done. Leadership wasn't sure that Roosevelt would make the call to move in enough time for us to blend in with the Americans, so we were going to have to go in separately. The whole thing was a mess.

Director Cornwell: What kept you in La Paz?

Commander Peterson: I was there on accident. One of our trains had taken the overland route to La Paz, probably to pick up some of the armaments we had there. Turns out that train was supposed to head north. So all of a sudden most of the leadership south of the Rio Grande is in La Paz, which in retrospect probably did us a lot of good as far as the overall effort is concerned.

Director Cornwell: When did you first hear about the 001-Apotheosis Entity?

Commander Peterson: (*Laughs*) Jesus. Is that what they're calling it now? The machine, I guess, we first heard through the grape vine of increased activity in the area in… I guess it would've been a little over a year ago. We ended up in La Paz in October of '42, so… yeah, that sounds right. The first concrete evidence we got that something was wrong was when a train of… refugees? Seems kind of silly to call them that, but I guess that's accurate. They showed up in La Paz near the end of October, talking about how their entire town had been mulched. They didn't really elaborate much, just kept saying *"la máquina, la máquina,"* you know, "the machine". That's why we were calling it that, by the way. We had no idea what it was supposed to be.

Director Cornwell: What about your first interaction with the entity?

Commander Peterson: Well, the rail stopped running, if that's what you mean. We got word from the local authorities that there had been an accident up north, and that the trains weren't heading to the border anymore. It wasn't a huge issue for us, since we could've taken a couple of vehicles and headed east until we hit one of those little towns at the foot of the mountains. Most of them were hooked up to a separate rail line entirely, and we could've gotten out that way. But the big stuff, the stuff that the train had been sent to La Paz for, couldn't just be moved. So we were going to wait it out. Then DeMarco had the bright idea to send a party up the rail-line to see where the hold up was, and see what we could do to clear it. He led the expedition himself.

Director Cornwell: What happened to Agent DeMarco?

Commander Peterson: You know damn well what happened to him, Bill.

Director Cornwell: For the record.

Commander Peterson: Fine. We didn't hear back from them after three days, and were going to send the rest of the leadership east anyway so they didn't have to wait, but then after five days one of DeMarco's guys showed up at our camp. He was delirious, talking about the "world eater", and how the rest of the guys had gotten mulched. And they had, hadn't they? I know it wasn't as big then as it ended up, but it wasn't something to fuck around with. DeMarco…

Director Cornwell: Are you alright?

Commander Peterson: Yeah. He tried to kill it. He probably knew then what we wouldn't find out until later; that we couldn't contain this thing. There wasn't a hole in the world big enough to put it in, or a box that it wouldn't eat its way out of. But it didn't matter for him, or anyone he went with. The Machine didn't care.

Director Cornwell: When did you first see it?

Commander Peterson: December. Once we'd hunkered in, I was part of an expeditionary team that flew up there to get a good look at it. It was already… I mean, you saw what it did to that side of the country. I've never seen anything that big that could move. It was like a mountain of moving parts, blackening the sky as it burned through whatever it was shoveling into its chest. And it was *small* then! It was… I don't know. We all had XK-Event preparation training, but this went above and beyond anything we had trained for. It was inevitability. We knew that we were going to die, and this thing was going to kill us. It was just a matter of when.

Addendum 001.06: Collected Foundation Correspondences

Note: The following are excerpts from written correspondences by Foundation personnel stationed at La Paz, recovered from the temporary site in the wake of the 001-Apotheosis Event. Names have been omitted.

Dear ,

I don't even know if this will get to you. None of the trains are running, but our commander says that we can still get letters out. I hope it

does, I'd like you to read it.

The skies down here have been dark for weeks. Smoke from up north every day, makes it hard to breathe. They still don't have indoor plumbing here, and nobody but the other guys in our company speak English.

We still don't know what we're down here to do, either. I keep hearing we're here to fix the rails, but why aren't we going north? Aren't the breaks in the rails up north?

A man came into town today with damn near half of his face cooked off. He was like a dead-man, didn't respond to anybody. He got towards the middle of town and collapsed. When he finally woke up in the infirmary later, he was delirious. Telling a story about a machine the size of a mountain that spoke to you. Said there were people jumping out of their homes and running, just to throw themselves in it. Said they were shredded, like jumping under a lawn-mower. Then he died, and nobody knows why.

The mountains crumbled before our own eyes. We saw a figure rising through the smoke, slow and lumbering but with terrifying momentum. It didn't crawl like a beast or walk like a man, but was propelled forwards by the turning of a million cogs, like an iron centipede. Its body extended upwards, into the smoke, higher than we could make out. Within its chest we saw fire, like the furnaces of Hell. It came to the mountains north of us and did not stop, or go around, but went through, and devoured them. It reached out with a long, pulsing arm, and pulled an entire village into its maw. I saw men leaping to their death as their homes were swept away, into the same

inferno as the rest. And it howled, not just through the grinding of the gears and the churning of the machine, but in our minds. I could hear it in my heart. It was screaming.

Directive: Central Command, Site-001

Courtesy of:

Temp site lost. La Paz in ruins. Mechanical entity contained. Massive geological alterations. XK avoided. Requesting amnestic support.

SCP-001. Image recovered post-event, and is heavily damaged. Photographer unknown.

Addendum 001.07: Interview with GOC Lieutenant "Revenant"

Note: The following is an excerpt of a post-event interview conducted with a GOC lieutenant, codenamed "Revenant". The recording of the interview, and all transcripts thereof, were collected by Foundation agents during a negotiated information exchange in 1992. To date, the identity of "Revenant" is unknown.

There's this story that gets told among Foundation agents, something that the grizzled veterans will tell the greenhorns during the long nights of guard duty on some cell block or another. I don't know who started it, but I know they still tell it. It's been a half-century, and they still get it right. You can give them that much credit.

They say, *"Don't you know? The GOC killed God."*

But the greenhorns will say, "No, that's not true. God is in a cell at site-whatever. The

GOC didn't kill God." And they're talking about that type green they've got locked up somewhere, the one who thinks he's the Christian god. Then the vets will smile and shake their heads, and won't say anything. Because they all know.

They know that in 1943, in the midst of the Apocalypse, the Foundation could do nothing but watch the end while the Allied Occult Initiative, a poorly funded, undermanned, inadequate predecessor to the Coalition, saved the world.

The metaphorical gun was found on an island off the coast of Greece. I can't even remember what it looked like, all I get is that sort of fuzzy recollection the amnestics leave you with. But I distinctly recall it wasn't as heavy as you'd think.

Why the amnestics? I was with the detachment deployed to the area, and apparently one of the pieces had some mind altering effect to it. I have a vague sense of feeling something wrong, so I'll take their word for it. I don't remember what it looked like, I can't recall how it destroyed that much land. Hell, I barely remember when it happened and the only reason I know where is all the before and after maps. But I can still feel it, in my gut, that that wasn't how things were meant to be. We stood before what looked to be an angry and vengeful God, and all it did was beg us to kill it.

We were all too happy to oblige.

Addendum 001.08: Recovered Video Transcript

Note: The following is a transcript of recovered video

footage, roughly thirty seconds in duration. The transcript of the clip was authored shortly after its recovery, though the video has since degraded and is no longer legible. The footage's audio is in acceptable condition, and is available for access below.

Recovered Audio: Warning: The following audio snippet is at a high volume.

> **00:01:** Recording opens on a town. Many buildings are collapsed or engulfed in flames. There is significant seismic activity present.
>
> **00:03:** Video pans to show SCP-001. Size is indiscernible in the video, but the entity takes up the entire frame. It is slowly moving forward.
>
> **00:09:** SCP-001 is seen moving large amounts of earth into itself. Occasional flames erupt from within the entity.
>
> **00:15:** Air raid sirens become audible as the sky lights up, as if by lightning. The clouds directly over SCP-001 part momentarily. **SCP-2399** is visible, its underside slightly damaged. Foundation mortar fire is seen passing overhead.
>
> **00:20:** One such mortar strikes SCP-001. No damage is visible.
>
> **00:22:** The underside of SCP-2399 is glowing blue.
>
> **00:24:** A bright beam of light erupts from SCP-2399 and strikes SCP-001. SCP-001 violently reacts and reaches towards SCP-2399.
>
> **00:26:** There is an explosion. Nothing can be

seen on video.

00:30: As nearby people scream, video ends.

Addendum 001.09: Neutralization of SCP-001

Early image of SCP-001, during the evacuation of a nearby town.

On July 17th, 1943, agents from the Allied Occult Initiative contacted Foundation directors stationed at La Paz, Mexico, and requested assistance with transportation towards the site of the 001-Apotheosis entity. Foundation operatives moved quickly to dispatch a plane to retrieve the AOI members. After arriving, the agents described a unique anomalous artifact they had in their custody, and how it might be used to slow the advance of the 001-Apotheosis entity.

Three days after arriving at La Paz, on July 24th, 1943, the Allied Occult Initiative dispatched a single agent to the site of the 001-Apotheosis entity, with the anomalous artifact on their person. On the morning of July 25th, 1943, as the 001-Apotheosis entity approached the shore of the Pacific Ocean another massive, mechanical construct[4] appeared overhead. The origin of this entity is currently unknown.

Records of the event following the appearance of SCP-2399 are incomplete and likely inaccurate. The result of this engagement was the annihilation of SCP-001. SCP-2399 disappeared and was later discovered in low-Jupiter orbit in a state of disrepair, though the reason for this is currently unknown.

The remaining inactive component of SCP-001, a massive, unassembled group of machine parts, remains at the bottom of the Gulf of California. Upon removing SCP-882 from the inactive superstructure, the remainder collapsed and became wholly inert.

Following the 001-Apotheosis Event, a massive

amnesticization of individuals in and around the area now known as Baja California took place. These efforts were aided by the quantity of thick, black smoke that accompanied SCP-001, and current historical records describe the event as a forest fire. Significant effort was made to adjust maps of the area, as well as relocate displaced civilians. Because of the need for a widespread amnestic regimen, several experimental neurotransformers were used[5], and because of their poorly understood side effects, it is estimated that no fewer than two million people across the world died in the decade following the 001-Apotheosis Event.

Addendum 001.10: Collected Allied Occult Initiative Documentation

*Note: The following document was given to Foundation personnel by POI-004D/001 (See **Addendum 001.12**). It is currently unknown how the document came into POI-004D/001's possession.*

ATTN: Gen

Artifact Colle

Authored: Lieutenant Van Pelt
C.O: Colonel Baghram
Report Length: 57 pgs

Summary of Report: On December 30th, 1942, a rogue h
patrol near a small island off the coast of Greece. This ent
in the English tongue, was carrying a small, cubic artifact r
feminine and had a number of steel chains extending from

Entity was originally willing to give up possession of artifac
and began speaking. Entity made threats on the lives of th
incapacitated by Sergeant Dixon. Entity made reference to
so that the artifact could be taken there.

Further research has uncovered increased SCP Foundatio
disturbances. On the orders of Colonel Baghram, 2nd Plat
the entity (classified EN-340) in tow. After boarding the shi
obviously uncomfortable and disturbed.

Recommending further psychological evaluation of EN-34
is completed, artifact will be shipped to Zurich for incinerat

REPORT IS ATTACHED FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Lt. R. Van Pelt
2nd Platoon
Allied Occult Initiative Peacekeepers

Addendum 001.11: Agent Ruberson's Statement, January 1944

Inactive pieces of SCP-001 being transported for processing and containment.

Note: Agent Aaron Ruberson was on-site during the collection of SCP-001 artifacts. As the most senior member of Foundation staff assigned to the collection effort, he was required to submit a post-event statement. This report was filed at Site-17, until it was added to the other classified material related to SCP-001. It is unknown whether any other individuals had knowledge of this report, or if any copies were made. The following is an excerpt from that statement.

We took what we could from the shores first. Little things, gears and pulleys and pistons, things like that. A lot of it was garbage, but they were still twitching, spinning, turning. They still had life in them. The small stuff sort of died off after a couple hours, but I heard that the bigger pieces were still churning weeks later. Like cutting the head off a chicken.

The important parts, the ones we knew were

actual Church artifacts, we managed to bag and get moved to the train in La Paz for transport. I counted, Christ, maybe a hundred? Individual anomalous artifacts. Some of the boys at the train station joked that they'd have to build a whole new site just to keep it all.

We kept casualties low, fortunately. Mostly guys just being dumb around machinery, acting like it still couldn't take their arms off. Rodriguez got his hand crunched, and we had to help move him to the local clinic. I think we only had one death the entire time. One of the locals we hired to help dive down into the bay and get straps around the heart so we could pull it up. I didn't see it, but I heard about it. Said they found him with his head smashed between two moving pieces. Said it looked like he'd shoved it in there himself.

But I don't know, I didn't see it. I did see the tags, though.

You know, when a place manufactures something, and in order to identify where the part came from, they'll get a big piece of metal with their name on it and stick it on the side of the part? We saw plenty of those on other parts, the stuff that it had collected while it was eating its way to the sea. None of the Church artifacts did, though. They all buzzed along like everything else, but they weren't marked. You could feel something when standing next to them, like serenity. The whole project was like that, it felt calm. Like relief.

Except for the heart. When we finally got it out of the bay, we had to keep it on the shore for a day because of the weather. Some of the locals started to get itchy. Said they were hearing voices, wouldn't go near it. Didn't

matter how much money we offered them. Had to wait to bring in more support from the base up north just to get it loaded on a ship.

I… man, I don't know. I've seen all kinds of things, but my memetic resistance is pretty high. I had to pass a handful of tests just to get this assignment, and everything was clean. But I can't deny getting another kind of feeling around the heart. I don't know if I'd say I was hearing voices, but…

Right, the tags. It was as we were leaving and loading it on the ship that was going to take it north that I saw them for the first time. I didn't even think to say anything then, didn't even pass my mind until I started looking into some other files. Then that ship crashed in the storm, and they lost the heart, and the whole time I kept thinking about those goddamn metal tags. I realized it then, I think. That wasn't a Church artifact, Johnny.

They said *"Property of The Factory[6]"*.

Addendum 001.12: Interview with POI-004D/001

Note: The following is an excerpt from an interview in 2009 with POI-004D/001, who claims to be part of a previously unknown sect of the Church of the Broken God. Contact was made with the cooperation of the Unusual Incidents Unit, who had interacted with POI-004D/001 as detailed in Addendum 001.01.

So, tell me what you think you know.

I see.

Interesting.

Well, you're not entirely wrong. And that's

commendable, in this day and age. There are a few key details I feel you may be overlooking, and you may be overvaluing information handed to you by a self-admitted amnesiac.

Let me set the record straight.

The GOC did not kill Yahweh, as they may so proudly proclaim. And that was not the Broken God they destroyed. It was a piece of it, surely, but would you show me a camshaft and call it a car? Oh, so you have some parts together. An engine, perhaps. But not a car.

God is much simpler than that. God is everything. From the biggest star to the smallest particle. Each tiny parts, completely insignificant on their own. Doing whatever it is they're meant to do. Meshing together, gnashing at each other. All a part of a cosmic machine.

The machine aspect was, at some point, likely simply a metaphor. An idea. But as I'm sure you know, ideas are powerful. They make things from nothing, or change things already there. And with a small spark of the divine, a symbol becomes real. Have a planet with as much life as there is here, you generate a lot of ideas.

And you may ask me, "Why is it called the Broken God?" There are a few possible answers. Something as simple as translation issues. Reinterpretations made physical by the devout. Is "Broken" simply a poor translation of some more nuanced word? Was God a being that broke in the Big Bang? If so, why did it break? And what will happen if it's repaired?

I can answer none of the questions save the last, but you already know the answer. Whatever God once was doesn't matter, ultimately. What matters, to you, is that that it must remain as it is. "Broken." God knows that. The more powerful parts, the mechanical components the more conventional sects may label as holy, they know they are not meant to be one solid thing. And even when forced together, a foreign force driving them, they know what they really are. Bits of the monster will work to destroy itself, deploy smaller entities to do the job. The GOC didn't kill it, they took the gun from its own hand and claimed credit when they pulled the trigger.

The problem is that humans are too small a part of God to remember. Remember what it was like before. And so those like Bumaro will invent new ways to push us toward a singularity.

Because that's what will happen. Did you see the underside of the destroyer? It was damaged even before the encounter in '43. And if you looked very closely, you might have seen the scars were getting closer and closer to the power core. It even managed to damage whatever lets it slip between the layers of reality this time. Eventually the monster will win. It will destroy the destroyer, devour it, and with its power consume everything. And I mean *everything*. God will return to being one gestalt being, a singularity, and then break. Only this time it may have some outside force within it. The rust of The Factory. The blood of a Daevite king. The Fifthists, Wondertainment, some random person on the street with enough spark in them to be a reality bender. They will have a hand in remaking the

> universe, and close the secondary loop of all this.
>
> No, that doesn't concern me. It's an eventuality, it's meant to happen. Who's to say it hasn't already happened, and your people were the winner? Maybe humanity itself was the winner. But that doesn't mean I'd be against putting it off, allowing the primary loop to continue.
>
> Yes, it's possible. I know you couldn't damage the monster last time, and that the destroyer may not be able to repair itself by the time it is needed. But who's to say you can't aid it? Or mimic those who will seek to rebuild God, and acquire outside help? Working together, nothing is impossible.
>
> Apart, we are Broken. But united, we are God.

Footnotes and References

1. The Maksur classification was codified in 1981 by the Foundation's Containment Committee, in conjunction with the Overseer Council, the Site Directors Council, and the Foundation Ethics Committee. Until such time that the Maksur-class was codified, SCP-001 was classified as "Neutralized," and the Maksur-class was created to replace this improper classification (See Classification Committee Records CA-10931, "Relevancy of the Neutralized Classification in Non-Standard Applications" and CA-10945, "Proposal: Maksur-Class").
2. SK-Class scenarios will automatically trigger a backup of all sensitive Foundation information to maximum security data servers within self-contained, "deep well" sites (currently 117, 118, and 119). All non-essential personnel will receive mandatory amnestic treatment, and all major regional sites will go into a state of extended lockdown. Within current models, this state is indefinite.

3. This was discovered after the containment of SCP-629 via collaboration with Broken Church contacts. It is unknown how these components were initially collected by Doctor Wondertainment without knowledge of the Foundation or its liaisons within the Church of the Broken God, and SCP-629 itself is unaware of its legitimate connection with the Church.
4. Later classified as SCP-2399 and given an appropriate cover story for its Foundation file.
5. Specifically the U-Class, the UN-Class, and the UO-Class amnestics, all of which have been discontinued.
6. Due to the difficulty of close examination of SCP-882, these claims have not been verified.

Kalinin's Proposal: Past and Future

TO: Site Directors LISTSERV; Research Directors LISTSERV; Mobile Task Force Captains LISTSERV; Area Subcommand LISTSERV; Department Heads LISTSERV
FROM: [VERIFIED OVERSEER ACCOUNT]
RE: SCP-001
URGENCY: HIGH

we need all attention on dealing with the current situation now. the first part is to put the rumors to rest and to get you all to focus on what we're doing next. this is the first and last time any of you will see an official transcript of an O5 vote. there will be no questions.

the file for 001 is attached. we declassified it this morning. go out there and keep buying us time.

- O5-[VERIFIED CODE NUMBER]

> RECORD OF DECISION - OVERSEER COUNCIL ACTION #16-47 ("CON-5")
>
> MOTION AS FOLLOWS: PROCEED WITH **CONTINGENCY PLAN 2798-5**, TO DISTRIBUTE MEANS OF EFFECTIVE SUICIDE TO GLOBAL POPULATION IN ORDER TO SPARE ALL INTERESTED CIVILIANS FROM SCP-001
>
> YEA: O5-3, O5-4, O5-7, O5-9, O5-10, O5-11
>
> NAY: O5-2, O5-5, O5-8, O5-13
>
> ABSTAIN: O5-1, O5-6, O5-12
>
> RESULT: MOTION FAILS

harbinger.docx

scp-001.pdf

continued_deliberations.docx

a_night_at_the_movies.pst

STANDARD DREAM REPORT 66-Y 990-1.pdf

After Action Report 2272'.pdf

STANDARD DREAM REPORT 66-Y 990-2.pdf

the_man_at_the_threshold.avi

jaci_and_aurelio.pdf

Harbinger

O5-2 carefully arranged the surgical mask over her face, tugging the disposable fabric this way and that, ensuring that her mouth and nose were covered properly. She bent down and eased off her black pumps, exchanging them for a pair of sterile slippers. A set of gloves and a disposable cap were on the table next to her.

"Is this really the extent of protocol for interacting with a four-hundred-year-old-man?" said the Overseer as she looked down at her new shoes with disgust.

"You're worried about protocol at a time like this?" Dr. Zhang adjusted his glasses as he examined the tablet in his hand.

"A time like this. What could you possibly know about that? You live in a separate world from us. That's exactly what Existential Isolation Facility Beta was designed for." O5-2 tucked her long silver hair under the cap, pushing individual strands away from her forehead and up underneath the protective garment.

"Overseers aren't supposed to be here. Should I even ask why that rule is being waived today?"

"No. You shouldn't." She pulled the latex gloves onto her hands, accentuating the end of her sentence with a tight snap. "And don't."

The Overseer and the Site Director passed the rest of their time preparing in silence. A soft chime and a green icon flashing on the Director's tablet indicated that the subject was ready. Dr. Zhang began to speak. O5-2 spoke instead.

"No recording devices. No one else." O5-2 held her security pass up to the reader on the hermetically sealed door. Latches clicked open as her card was acknowledged, air rushing past them from the positive pressurized antechamber.

She looked one last time at Dr. Zhang. "I was never here. Do you understand?"

The Site Director nodded. O5-2 didn't bother to wait for acknowledgment as she proceeded into the main chamber.

The second door sealed behind her automatically. Before her was a man in a hospital bed, at the center of a mass of tubes, wires and specialized lifts designed to enable movement with the least possible effort. She only knew that this was a man because she had read the file; the person before her was a shriveled husk of cobweb-thin strands of hair and translucent, spotted skin. Machines registered respiration and heartbeat, assuring anyone who cared to listen that this was a living creature.

She sat in the chair placed at the ancient man's side by the research staff. A speaker was wired to the bedside railing next to the man.

"Goodbye, **SCP-411**."

The wasted old man moved his lips, faint noises wheezing out of him, captured by the small microphone next to his mouth, held in place with surgical tape. Several seconds elapsed before a monotone voice emerged from the speaker, reconstructing and interpreting his barely perceptible words.

"You are the first of the quiet times. Some peace and quiet, finally."

O5-2 parsed the response. Not an answer to any questions she might ask. No causality issues yet.

The monotone voice resumed. "Suffering. Cruelty. The currency by which the world is purchased. Everything that you are is a reflection of this. You will remember the true nature of cruelty in time."

She had to be careful now. This sounded like something. She went through the checklist of questions she had prepared, mentally forbidding herself from any desire to deviate from the script. She read aloud the question that she thought fit the answer best.

"What is the price that we will need to pay for this?"

She didn't like the stilted manner of this conversation. O5-2 watched a thin stream of spittle trickle out of the corner of 411's mouth as his lips moved. She waited for the transcription.

"Your kind did not just appear in my path. I recognize your faces. All of my life I have seen faces like yours. Not full of fear, and desperation and hate like the faces of my recent years. But joy. The happiness of untroubled days, illumined by a different star. Your future is clear in my past. You have been, and you will continue to be."

A different star. This was consistent with the data from the newest Determinative Set that had been examined. The nature of how it would occur was murky, as all data from **SCP-2003** were, but the possibility that escape from 001 was an option had been tantalizingly coming into focus for the past several weeks.

There was a future after all.

She started to speak the question to the answer. She was cut off by monotone, clipped laughter from the speaker. Something about it chilled her. She started again.

"411, does humanity exist in your past?" Her feelings of relief collided with the unnatural flow of the conversation. Her elation at being able to believe in another path forward was cut with something that felt like poison inside her. Nothing about this interaction felt right. Many items provided glimpses of the future. All of them distorted those events through the madman lenses of their creators, human and otherwise. The future was forbidden from the central planning process, but O5-2 felt the need to make an exception, given the vote that was before them tomorrow.

The speaker crackled once more, breaking her thoughts. "A barren rock. Home to terrors beyond imagining. It is well that life has fled. It is even better that life for others continues far away from this place."

Well. The next response was an easy one, then. She sighed, annoyed with the rules of this game despite the awful gravity of the situation.

"Is there a future for humanity on Earth?"

That was the last non-pleasantry she had been planning on asking of the decrepit humanoid. Precious little material, but apparently an extended conversation would kill someone of this advanced age. Then they'd all be truly screwed. She decided to wait a few more moments while the time-wasted man gasped words inaudibly in his own slow time. Her vote tomorrow was decided now. She began to formulate the beginnings of the argument she would make to her peers. How would she reconcile-

"The Planet of Hands. This is what we are to speak of. I am from there, you know. As are you, child. You shall know more of it in time. I am glad to be here now instead."

O5-2 sighed. Senility hadn't been mentioned in the file, but it was certainly to be expected from someone who had racked up multiple centuries of life. A brief thought occurred that perhaps 411's other answers should be reconsidered. She banished it quickly. Any chance, no matter how slight, was better than tomorrow's proposal. She focused herself on convincing the others.

"Greetings, prodigal daughter. Unlike me, you'll be home soon." The ancient face on the bed twisted into something resembling a polite smile. Like she had just walked in the room. That was her cue, thankfully.

"Greetings, SCP-411." O5-2 promptly stood up, turned around, and left the chamber.

Continued Deliberations

O5-2 let the e-mail alert fade from her terminal screen without opening it. She already knew that the Foundation had suffered more casualties in the past twenty-four hours than all of the last five years put together. The only thing reading the details would accomplish would be the sapping of her resolve. The path forward was clear. Ensuring a future was worth any price. She wished she could tell each field commander personally, *we're certain about this, just hold the line*. Then again, desperation was on her side. People had a remarkable tenacity in the face of death. Nobody needed to remind anyone of what the consequences of failure were.

The large video monitor on the wall beside her chimed with an incoming videoconference notification. O5-3. She buried her face in her hands. Did she not get her fill of vitriol during the Council vote? Knowing O5-3, it was quite likely. She sat up. Internecine warfare was one of the few ways the Council had to amuse itself in this world. Even now, those habits died hard. Maybe especially now. She motioned at the screen, and O5-3's dark, lined face was on her wall.

"Vote's over, Three. You lost. Does that still make you mad?"

The woman on the screen sighed. "What I am is scared, Two."

It had not yet been a full two days since SCP-2798 had gone down, and the toll had been horrific. There was no way that current operations were sustainable for more than a week. Fear was probably the only reasonable response.

"Telling someone else that you're frightened isn't very therapeutic in our line of work, Three. Fear is contagious. Can I do something for you?"

O5-3 leaned a little closer to the monitor. "You blocked the vote. You cut off our exit."

"Oh, bullshit, there were plenty of us with doubts."

"But none with the certainty of yours. Five and Thirteen were never going to vote for it anyway, but Six and Twelve would have. I talked to them before. I know that you talked them out of it."

"That's still not enough. One was the difference, and even you can't tell me that I can make One bend to anything."

O5-3 sighed again. "Look. That doesn't matter, I guess. It's done, and that's that. But you owe me something, Two."

"Do I?" O5-2 moved closer herself now. "I owe you something for not letting you kill everyone? You're beyond absurd. I'm done with this now."

"Wait. Please. I need to know." O5-3 paused a moment while she forced out the question. "I need to know what you know. I need you to tell me why we didn't just make the worst mistake in the history of the world. The real reason, Two."

O5-2's hand hovered over the red button to end the call. She pulled it back. "I went to the precog items. I peeked."

The revelation washed over O5-3's hard features, her determined upper lip and furrowed brow softening as her face betrayed shock. It was the first time O5-2 had seen her face like that. "You didn't. That can't possibly be-"

"Is it really that hard to believe? With the gun in your own mouth, you're not the least bit curious about how things might turn out if you don't pull the trigger? Yes, I'm aware of the prohibitions. Who cares about that now? Are you going to report me? Requisition a detail to come and detain me in the middle of all of this?"

O5-3 sat in silence. There was no arguing the point. "So what did you see?"

"You know what it's like, Three. Being old. Ideally, you learn to not delude yourself with false hope. Resign yourself. You remember the old Eleven? His obsession with uploading his consciousness, like he could cheat Death? Ridiculous. He was ridiculous…" Two trailed off,

the wild eyes of the former O5-11 haunting her for a moment. "But this…we've always fought to preserve what *is*, Three. We've never thought about what *could be*."

"What do you mean by that?"

"All of the precog items point to a future. I haven't seen how we get to it, but it's not just survival. I saw great spires of glass that pierced the clouds, unspoiled landscapes, great flocks of birds passing through cityscapes built into mountaintops. I've seen people who don't fear sickness and death. No wars, no poverty." She grew more animated. "All of the anomalies under our control that can tell us anything have all showed me this place. That it exists. *Someone* survives to make it there."

O5-3 looked skeptical. "That's a very different place than the one we're seeing now."

"It's a different planet. We know that much."

"Do you think that we're going to be able to mount a space colonization mission when we can't even keep ourselves alive right now?"

"No. Probably not," said O5-2. "But at some point, someone does. And I want to give whoever that is the chance to do that. Don't you see? There is a *point* to all of this, now. There is an end goal for humanity, more than just living another night. Our children will have a chance not just to live, but to live in peace. Isn't that worth continuing on?"

"That seems very ideal, doesn't it," said O5-3. "Almost like it's designed to stay our hand."

"What reason do I have to make this up? And it was useless as a tool to influence the Council. If I had brought this up during the vote, I very well *would* have been detained, then."

"Hm. You do seem to believe it." O5-3 frowned. "You know that these…things, they can be very untrustworthy."

"One or two, maybe they come up with the same deception," said

O5-2. "All of them? Vanishingly unlikely. Some of these things are kept in separate *realities*. No, this is all pointing to something, and I believe it is true. Or rather, I believe in it enough to keep going for the chance to make it real."

O5-3 was silent for a moment. She swallowed. "You know that we've already had two activations of **SCP-089**? In two days?"

O5-2 took a moment. "No. I did not know that. And really, I would prefer not to know things like that." She went on. "Nothing we're doing now is anything that we haven't been called upon to do before. It's harder. But it's the same thing. We've always tried to preserve some sort of future. And now that we've got proof of it, we can't stop now."

"Proof," said O5-3 quietly. "God, I hope you know what you're doing, Two."

"Just help me hold things together. Until we can't do it anymore, so that whoever it is that gets us out of here and away from whatever the hell it is that's hunting us can do their duty." O5-2 fought hard, and the tears stayed in her eyes; she would not let them flow.

O5-3, impossibly weary, looking sick and unwell, every one of her sixty-eight years on display, nodded barely. She ended the call, and O5-2 was left looking at her own reflection in the dark glass of the monitor. She studied her own face for a moment. She had more hope than Three did, but for all of that, she looked just as heartsick. Just as scared.

I hope I know what I'm doing too.

O5-2 opened the message from Asian Subcommand, and read the latest developments. More of the same.

A Night at the Movies

TO: O5-7
FROM: **`Pendergast, William`**
RE: Planetary Survey Data - Relevant
URGENCY: HIGH

Sir,

The latest data from Khevtuul 5 is in. We have two possible exoplanets that are theoretically suited for human life. In addition to being candidates for an eventual colonization effort, the preponderance of Goldilocks Zone planets points to an increased likelihood that an alternative site for human civilization can at some point in the future be established.

It is also worth noting that our probes continue to find no sign of HEs, or any extraterrestrial life for that matter. If I may express a personal opinion, I find this surprising. Nevertheless, the longer we go without contact, frankly, the better.

This seems to lend further credence to the human survival hypothesis. Consider releasing some of this information to help build morale among the operatives. They could use it.

SIGNED

General William Pendergast
Lead, Project Heimdall

TO: Pendergast, William
FROM: O5-7
RE: re: Planetary Survey Data - Relevant
URGENCY: HIGH

General,

Appreciate your latest message. It looks like Two may be right after all. That's something, at least, while we're dealing with 001.

Couple of things to remember as you look out there. We're beginning to believe that 001 resides somewhere out in physical space. Not like you needed any reminders, but look out for anything that might fit the description. That includes communications. It might try to talk to us again.

The other thing you should know is that I was the one back in '54 that got the message from it. That message hasn't been declassified yet but you're likely to be the first that gets any other messages. So you should know.

Some stuff that isn't in the file. Whatever it is, knows about the Foundation, because the message came straight to me. And that's because I was the man in charge of finding out what was behind the spike in anomalous activity. It's very familiar with us, General. And it knew enough about me to know I was a movie buff.

It left me directions to some place out in the desert. Not so far that I couldn't get there in a few hours. So it knew where I lived. I drove out with a team in some jeeps, and in the middle of nowhere, there was a movie house. And I mean the middle of nowhere. No roads, no human habitation. There in a washed out gully was the movie house I'd gone to as a little boy. We were a little more wild in those days, and so I told my boys to wait while I went inside.

It speaks to us in performance. It likes it better that way. It could just tell us whatever it wants, really. But this is one more way to mind fuck us, I think. Anyway. Nice and air conditioned inside. Colder than hell. Soon as I sat down, the lights dimmed, and it showed me a movie. Not

like any movie I'd ever seen, but it was most certainly a movie.

The title was "Planet of Hands," in English. It didn't make a whole lot of sense. There wasn't a story, as such. More like a disjointed series of images. Some stuff was real famous and I recognized it immediately. A lot of military footage, scenes of large battles, aftermaths of bombing campaigns, stuff like that. I recognized Stalingrad from the news reels, and there were some scenes of what I assume was the Battle of Passchendaele. I didn't realize there were movies of that.

Mixed in with that, though, were other things. Some were filmed scenes, same quality as the other stuff, of what had to have been other events from history. Mass starvations, a volcano eruption or two, villages of Indians being run through by Spanish conquistadors. Not very subtle.

Then the scenes of the Sites started. Still shots of buildings and facilities, all of which I knew to be ours. Pretty clear message for us there. Are you with me so far? Strange stuff, but nothing we hadn't encountered before. That's when it got bad.

At the next instant, I was no longer in the theater. I was in my seat, but everything around me had changed. Vibrant colors, oversaturated hues like a mad painter had conjured them, they were everywhere. People, things, places, swirling around me, all of it lit up like neon, so that I could see things after I closed my eyes. And it was just a mass of unspeakable acts. All of the rape, murder and pillage from thousands of years had been forced into the room, each act phasing into and out of others, moment to moment. I can't recall any image staying in the room more than a few seconds, except the scene directly in front of me. It was a Turk, I think, clothed in a resplendent robe the color of Technicolor blood, his face barely visible behind an electric blue beard. He was casually forcing people down onto a

sharpened stake embedded in the ground, impaling them, over and over, the victim coming into and out of focus. First an old woman, then a soldier, then a child, back to another woman, each one after the other, bang bang bang. The blood would splash on his robe and he would glow brighter each time. He didn't look angry, or hateful. He looked like this was the most natural thing in the world, pushing someone down onto a stake until it forced its way up through their guts as they screamed until they bled out. If I had focused on another part of the room for any length of time, I think I would have seen similar things.

How long this went on, I can't say. I was a younger man then, and I'm not ashamed to say that at a certain point I just covered my eyes and waited for it to stop. I would probably do the same today. When I finally looked up again, the theater was back around me, the movie still being screened.

What I saw up there was myself, now a part of the movie. I looked obscenely happy. At my age I don't look into a lot of mirrors, but I tell you I have never seen a smile like that on myself, then or now. That, more than anything else, has stayed with me. You should never be surprised by an expression on your own face, it's awful. In the movie, I was boarding something; like a big wooden ark, I suppose. Something out of a kid's book about Noah and Flood, purely symbolic. I watched myself onscreen as I stepped into the ark. Some other people were getting on with me. A woman, a black man, some children, an old Chinaman, all walks of life I guess, no one I recognized. When we were all aboard, the ark lifted into the heavens, sailing through the cosmos. It even had the Buck Rodgers music in the background as the stars whizzed by. The ark came to what I assumed was a planetary system of some kind. A planet, looking a lot like Earth, blue and white and brown and green, at the center of a wild system of moons. I thought of an atom. The ark moved closer and closer to one of the moons,

until it came into view. This wasn't like Earth. This was a darkened nightscape, illuminated by fires dotting the land. All that was visible was soot, smoke, fire, a few rusty scraps of metal twisted into big, man-sized shapes.

You know how the music swells when the movie ends? That was happening as we all disembarked as the ship touched down on the night moon, all of the characters on the screen looking just ecstatic with joy. As I said, disconcerting when you see something like that on your own face. The movie was fading out now, but rather than the "The End" placard appearing like it does, some other text appeared, this time in Russian. "вместо того, чтобы вернуться домой," which we think was intended to be something like "come home instead." Why it started in English and finished in Russian, I have no idea. Maybe some smart-ass commentary on the Cold War. Which would be a point of hope in dealing with this thing. Fallibility.

I have my suspicions as to why this doesn't show up in the main file. That doesn't matter, though. You need context for any future attempts at communication from 001. Now you have it.

Watch yourself.

-7

Standard Dream Report 66-Y 990.1

Document 990-03:
Dr. reported a manifestation of **SCP-990** during a dream occurring seventeen hours ago. Per emergency orders distributed to all personnel regarding possible data on SCP-001, Dr. filed the following report and forwarded it on to the Director of Site-17. The report was subsequently transmitted to Overwatch Command.

FORM 66-Y - STANDARD DREAM REPORT

Personnel: Dr.

Estimated Degree of Recall: 60%

Anomalous Entity Present?: Y

Likelihood of Actionable Intelligence: HIGH

Description: SCP-990 is dressed in the same suit, looking the same as ever. I recognize him immediately. He's the clearest element in any dream he visits. His face changes a lot from dream to dream, but this time it's changing from one moment to the next. I attribute it to the high stress of the past couple days.

He tells me he's going to show me some things. I feel apprehension, and I wonder what burnt out ruin he's going to show me, because that has to be what this is about, right? Our time has come and this is going to be what awaits us. I try to wake up, but I can't do it. And it feels like I'm sitting at the bottom of a pool, and I can't will myself to go to the surface. I don't think I've felt panic like that in a dream before.

990 shakes his head. I can't tell if it's him keeping me here or if it's the dream itself. We've never been able to

figure out what kind of control he has. He says, I'm going to guide you, . But I need something of you first. And he points at my left hand.

It's a dream, right? Even with all of the things we've encountered in this field, I've never seen anyone harmed in that way. I hold out my hand. 990 nods at me, and he takes something out of his coat. It looks like a blade of some kind, it's got a sharp edge at least. Not a knife. More like something from a lawn mower, or some piece of industrial machinery. Before I have time to ask what's going on, he's brought the blade down through my wrist, lightning fast. I look at my hand, terrified, and I'm sure that it's going to fall off, and blood is going to start spraying any second.

But nothing happens.

I stare in shock for a few seconds. The pain is real, but I'm afraid to move my arm because my hand is going to fall off if I do. 990 looks sympathetic, and he tells me that I can move my hand, it's fine. Then he says that we're out of reach of 001 now, and we can talk.

I wiggle my fingers, and they work like they should, but my hand is numb. The feeling is disconcerting. Yet the sensation of panic from earlier is gone. Things feel more like normal now. Except for my hand.

He looks at me. He's got my face now. I get the impression that I am someone else now. Feels like a woman, but I'm not certain. Identity shifts a little as we talk. He tells me that he can give me three revelations before 001 finds him again.

Suddenly we're sitting outside, in the night air, under the stars. There are nine moons in the sky. Varying sizes and phases. I'm in a child's body. He's still me.

He speaks. Holding up one finger. You are not in your proper place, he says. I ask him what that means. Me,

personally? The Foundation? Mankind? He ignores me.

He raises a second finger. O5-2 is absolutely correct, and she is disastrously wrong. The reference to specific Foundation personnel is unnerving. I start to speak, but I can tell he's not going to listen.

The third finger, the third revelation. He leans in close to me. This is the trickiest one, he tells me. He asks me to commit this one to memory above all others, and so I have for this report. This is the last thing he said to me before I woke up.

The primary mover behind what you know as SCP-001, above all other things, is love.

That was when I awoke at my work station.

After Action Report 2272'

> *On 7 November 2016, 0430 Eastern Daylight Time, operatives with* ***Local Mobile Task Force 352-Dalet*** *received reports from Major League Baseball wire services that RHP Ellis Canastota had been assigned to the 40 man roster of the Cincinnati Reds franchise. This event triggered heightened alert notices to be sent to all staff assigned to* ***SCP-2272****. At 0445 Eastern Daylight Time, a second notice was sent through official MLB channels that Ellis Canastota had been called up to join the 25 man major league roster of the Cincinnati Reds. All available personnel, including the entirety of LMTF 352-Dalet, were then mobilized.*

He lay on his side and continued staring at the bright green digits of the alarm clock on the side table. Every few seconds, at irregular intervals, his work phone would buzz, the flood of emails vibrating the half-empty water glass and moving the phone slightly closer to the edge of the table each time. They had sent him home to sleep, and that's what he was going to pretend to do for the next couple of hours, by God.

The clock blinked suddenly to 4:29 AM. *Bzzt bzzt.* The phone continued its shuffle to the edge of the table. They probably thought they were doing everyone a favor when they sent the declassified info around. Like they were letting everyone in on a big secret. Who wouldn't enjoy that? *Bzzt bzzt bzzt.* He certainly hadn't. No one had said anything about mass distribution of cyanide ampules that he had ever heard. There weren't any rumors. He had been blissfully unaware. Before last week, his biggest headache had been the nonstop political advertisements on the car radio. Those were the days.

The clock blinked to 4:30 AM. His phone started a lower, repeated, much more insistent buzzing now. The additional force of the

vibrations carried the phone right off the edge, finally completing its journey to the floor with a thud. The buzzing of the waiting phone call persisted, muffled now by the carpet. He leaned down and groped for the phone, dreading what he knew he would see. He picked it up, the light from the screen hurting his eyes as he looked at it.

"Calling: Regional Director Kate McTiriss."

He shielded his eyes from the light of the phone, trying in vain to dull the throbbing in his head.

"Allred-Smith here."

The Director's voice chirped in his ear. He sat all the way up on his bed. So much for pretending to sleep.

"They're going to call up Canastota? Huh. Well, figured we were due to catch a prime by this point. Okay, what're your orders?"

The voice on the other end of the line provided a laundry list of instructions and available personnel. If the Director was more worried than normal, she didn't show it. Some things were the same, he guessed.

"Got it. I'll go ping the clandestine IT guys to scrub all this. Is the office open yet?"

He tried smoothing a deep crease in his shirt with the palm of his hand. The crease paid him no mind. Nor did his hair as he tried to smooth it back down with his fingers. Whatever. Let someone complain about him looking like he'd slept on a park bench and come into work. He could use some comic relief.

"Because I need something out of there. Just in case."

He put on his shoes and straightened his tie. He grabbed a baseball cap from the dresser to cover his hair. He laughed despite himself.

"Hmm, no, nothing. Yeah, that's what I'm getting. You have a-"

The voice cut him off. He listened intently as he surveyed himself in

the mirror. The cartoon fish on the front of his cap wrapping itself around a baseball bat looked like he meant business.

"Huh. Decommission? That's a new one. No, no. Don't worry boss, we won't hesitate if things get hairy."

The Director hung up. He looked for his car keys. This was probably going to involve more than the IT guys before this was done.

> *At 0521 hours, the MLB official scheduler posted a notice online for a game to be played at noon the same day, between the Cincinnati Reds and the Saint Louis Cardinals, at the Great American Ballpark in central Cincinnati. The starting pitchers were listed as Mike Leake for the Saint Louis Cardinals, and Ellis Canastota for the Cincinnati Reds.*

"What do you mean they're playing a game today? They just finished the goddamn World Series!" Dr. Hanaka barked loud enough to be heard from the front of the bus-sized mobile command center as it sped north on Interstate 75. "It's probably snowing there or something by now."

"Actually, the weather is pretty nice today." Agent Allred-Smith gazed out the window as he balanced the long black case on his knees. "Which is far worse for keeping people out of the stadium."

"Fuck," sighed Dr. Hanaka. "How many tickets were sold before we took the notice down?"

A young woman sitting across from Allred-Smith at a mobile terminal quickly pecked at a keyboard. "17,397 tickets total, ma'am. It's a good thing we got the ESPN piece before they aired it. Pretty novel, an exhibition game right after the Series."

"Seventeen thousand. This is a goddamn disaster." Dr. Hanaka paced to the rear of the command center. "Enriquez, get into the ballpark contracting system. I want our security folks there, and if we can I want concessions done by us too. Everyone in that park who isn't on the field or in the stands should be one of us."

The young logistics officer looked up at Dr. Hanaka from his terminal. "You want us selling hot dogs?"

Dr. Hanaka's eyes flashed behind her glasses. She loomed over the sitting Enriquez. "Hot dogs, beer, licorice, nachos and fucking churros if we can manage it!" She threw her clipboard to the floor. "We've got a breaching anomaly with a paying audience of seventeen thousand goddamn people. You shut the fuck up and do as you're goddamn told, understand?"

Agent Allred-Smith couldn't help but think back to the last time he heard Dr. Hanaka speak, at a seminar on academic peer review a few months ago. He recalled struggling to hear the soft-spoken doctor from the back of the room. He coughed into his fist a couple times to conceal his laughter as the unfortunate Enriquez scrambled to fulfill his orders.

> *LMTF 352-Dalet arrived at the Great American Ballpark in Cincinnati at 1147 hours local time. Given the number of civilians in the vicinity with the specific purpose of attending a baseball game, closing the ballpark was deemed to be unfeasible. By the time doors were opened to spectators, 78% of service personnel within the stadium were comprised of Foundation or Foundation-contracted personnel. Operatives at the scene elected to monitor the ongoing events and determine the next course of action.*

Agent Dunbar stepped into the luxury suite, crammed with wires, monitoring equipment and computer terminals, befitting an improvised command center. He looked out the window. The field below was ready for play, the grass freshly mowed, the infield perfectly manicured, a fresh Reds logo outlined in chalk behind home plate.

"They just posted the lineups ma'am. You're not going to like it."

Dr. Hanaka sighed. "How can there even *be* lineups? We've checked locations on everyone, none of the players from either team are in the area, or aware of the game. What does it matter?"

Agent Dunbar fidgeted slightly. "Canastota is starting at every position."

"Great," said Dr. Hanaka. "More of him."

"For both teams, ma'am."

The room was silent for a moment, all of the members of LMTF 352-Dalet looking to Dr. Hanaka for the next set of orders. She looked down at the game. Cheers went up as what looked like the Cincinnati Reds took the field. She grabbed a set of field binoculars and looked again. Sure enough, every single player was the same smiling, dark-haired young man. Each one's uniform bearing the same number 72 on the back, the name "Canastota" embroidered above.

She looked to the signals technician of the group. "Readings?"

An older man at an especially equipment-laden terminal responded. "Aerial sonar readings are negative. There's no one on the field except the umpires."

"At least he's not officiating his own game. That would be unsporting." Dr. Hanaka put down the binoculars. "Narrative officers! I need disinfo and social media posts out and blanketing the internet within fifteen minutes. This is a publicity stunt. See that it's perceived that way. Be ready to pull it back if things don't go well."

A group of three researchers in the corner of the room immediately pulled out phones and laptops and got to work. Dr. Hanaka moved on.

"Crowd control! Ensure that all of our vendors are fully stocked with Class C's. Don't start distributing unless I give the order."

A man in a police officer's uniform stepped out of the room, already relaying instructions into the walkie-talkie in his hand.

"Memetics! I want every communication coming out of that stadium screened for anomalous influences! Use the new AI we've developed. We don't have time to round up human subjects for observation."

A frazzled-looking woman in the seats by the windows, concern in her eyes, opened her mouth. She looked up at Dr. Hanaka. She closed her mouth and began tapping at a tablet computer.

"And you, Agent Allred-Smith." Dr. Hanaka now loomed over the Agent, reclining in a chair next to the suite refrigerator. "I want you up in the cheap seats with your toy there."

She nodded to the long black case in Agent Allred-Smith's lap. He nodded back. "Your signal?"

"My signal, Agent."

> *Due to ongoing containment efforts coordinated at the scene by LMTF 352-Dalet, spectators at Great American Ballpark were documented to be under the impression that they were watching a non-anomalous game of baseball until approximately 1452 hours local time, coinciding with the middle of the game's seventh inning. At that time, an individual matching all known biometric data of the baseball player Pedro Borbón[1] and identifying themselves as such took the field and was handed a microphone, presumably as part of the traditional singing of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" during the seventh inning of baseball games. Notable discomfort among assembled spectators was audible as the identity of the speaker became apparent.*

Agent Allred-Smith surveyed the infield through his high-powered scope. Part of SCP-2272 duty was being familiar with baseball, and he knew a dead player when he saw one. He touched his earpiece.

"This is way beyond documented behavior, Doctor. Do I have authorization?"

Dr. Hanaka barked within his ear. "No, god damn it! You have authorization when I say you do!"

"You going to wait until a dead man starts doing…whatever the hell it is dead people do, here?"

"Your apparatus is set up?"

Agent Allred-Smith touched the tripod directly in front of him. "Affirmative, doctor."

"Then you'll be able to react in under five seconds when I give the word. I'd explain how we need to learn all we can, but then I don't need to explain jack shit to you, Agent. You wait for my signal."

"Roger that, Doctor." He leaned back in his seat. The dead man was speaking now, the crowd on their feet in anticipation.

Pedro Borbón, noted multi-inning relief pitcher and deceased member of the Big Red Machine teams of the 1970s, looked skyward as he held the microphone.

"Sport is a wonderful symbol of the human condition. You will be relieved to hear that, much the same way it is in this place, in our perfect society, sport is a sacred pastime."

The crowd was silent.

"Sport is more than competition. Sport creates victors and vanquished. The feeling of triumph cannot exist without the sacrifice of the defeated. You will understand more after we have truly spoken." The dead pitcher, looking every bit the spry athlete of generations ago, spoke with an impassive face. "This place, this game, this creation. This is a fine place for us to speak plainly."

Agent Allred-Smith scanned the crowd for any unusual activity. All in the stadium were still, and perfectly silent. For the first time, the pitcher smiled.

"We have heard a story from your people, many times, I'm sure you're familiar. Of a man asking his friend, returned from the grave, if there is baseball in heaven. Let me tell you, my brothers and sisters, there is baseball in heaven."

The speaker laughed, a high-pitched, screeching thing, not at all matching the expression on his face. Allred-Smith trained the scope on the pitcher's face.

"And today, we can all see together, they have baseball in hell, too."

As he stopped speaking, the house organ came up, the familiar notes of the traditional song of seventh-inning stretches across the country ringing out. Pedro Borbón doffed his cap for the silent audience, and faded away into nothing. The organ continued. No one sang.

> *Communications via social media and personal messages from civilians in attendance of the game increased greatly following the remarks of the unknown entity during the seventh inning. The number of messages, combined with the content indicating what had occurred, necessitated elevated containment protocols. At 1459 hours local time, Doctor Akane Hanaka authorized decommissioning of SCP-2272' and mass deployment of amnestics.*

The precursor agents had been authorized for distribution at the end of the third inning. Every refreshment item served in the ballpark had Part A of a Class C two-part amnestic. Based on field studies and their own observations of the game, the task force chemist assured Dr. Hanaka that the penetration rate was in excess of 90%. More than enough to ensure memory alteration and suggestibility among the "critical mass" threshold of the crowd. Dr. Hanaka nodded, and barked some words into a nearby handset.

A small prop plane, carrying a banner behind it reading "2016 Winter Exhibition" and previously circling the stadium throughout the day, now swooped low over the Great American Ballpark, looking to have just enough altitude to avoid hitting the lights. A great plume of scarlet smoke billowed from the rear of the plane. Part B was being released. The reaction would be powerful enough to allow the narrative team to construct a plausible mass delusion that would hopefully obscure all details of what the crowd had watched here today.

As the plane flew overhead, Agent Allred-Smith adjusted his gas mask and lined up his shot. The camera mounted on the tripod was a delicate, finicky instrument, and the satellite link was proving tricky. Three different observation modalities, including a converted

form of the sonar feed, were needed to achieve the necessary viewpoint in which SCP-2272 would be obliterated. The research seemed to indicate that capturing the image of SCP-2272 in a format which would allow it to be both observed and unobserved would render it unstable as a coherent memeplex. Or something. The reasoning was above his paygrade.

The green indicator light flashed on. He trained the camera on the field, making sure to capture the players on the field, the man waiting on deck, and both dugouts, all the smiling likeness of Ellis Canastota, number 72, right hand pitcher. All visual feeds were in tandem and functioning. He took the shot.

At that moment, the billowing red cloud of smoke descended on him, obscuring the field, the seats, and all of his surroundings. He held the mask tight in place against his face, ensuring that none of the air around him leaked in. The amnestics officer would be pissed if they had to reconstruct his memory.

A wind kicked up from the north, blowing out over the Ohio River and carrying the smoke out over the right field bleachers, like so many fly balls hit before. The view began to return as the smoke dissipated and retreated. Agent Allred-Smith dared a glance down at the field.

Empty. Four dumbstruck umpires were congregated around the pitcher's mound, doubtless discussing whether to call the game before their minds were temporarily thrown into a suggestible torpor. No players on the field, in foul territory, or in the dugouts. Not an Ellis Canastota to be seen.

An image appeared on the camera's viewfinder. Allred-Smith looked closely. The image he had taken, the image that had apparently neutralized this long-running anomalous phenomenon, was not of the playing field of Great American Ball Park. In its place, a black and white team photo showed on the camera's screen, 25 men arranged neatly in rows, wearing uniforms that he recognized as those of the first Cincinnati Redlegs teams. All 25 men bore the exact same smile that he had come to recognize as that of Ellis Canastota.

Unlike a typical team photo, this photo was taken at night, under the stars. Nine moons could be seen in the sky. A sign propped in front of the smiling squadron read "The Past, the Future." All 25 men were holding their arms out in front of them. All 25 men were missing their hands.

Footnotes
1. Pedro Borbón was confirmed deceased in 2012.

Standard Dream Report 66-Y 990.2

Document 990-04:
Per advice of her personal physician, O5-2 took several prescriptions in order to induce sleep in the early hours of 7 November 2016. Upon awaking, O5-2 reported a manifestation of **SCP-990**, the first documented instance in which the anomaly has appeared to an Overseer. Given the nature of the information contained within the dream event, this form is transcribed, and is presented as dictated by O5-2 to , her personal assistant.

FORM 66-Y - STANDARD DREAM REPORT

Personnel: O5-2

Estimated Degree of Recall: 83%

Anomalous Entity Present?: Y

Likelihood of Actionable Intelligence: HIGH

Description: Oh god, this is too big. I've made a horrible mistake. It's just…I have no idea. I didn't know. It's obscene, really. To say these things. I don't know what else to say.

What? I mean, okay, yes. I can get it down. I can think after.

In 1978 I had a child. This is something that's highly discouraged for those in our position for obvious reasons. Who was the father? Don't ever ask me that question again. I'll end your life, I swear it.

I had a child because I needed a bit of the future in my life. Something that would go on. It was a stupid reason to bring life into this world but I am a human. And I do

stupid things.

He was three years old. His name was Gabriel. His name was Gabriel and then he died of a terrible, wasting illness that our best doctors could not treat. He died with my name on his lips and convulsions wracking his little body. Someone reading this file knows how that came to pass. I know it was you.

You're afraid to ask now, but I see it on your face. I'm coming to the point. Gabriel came to me last night. No, damn you, not like a dream about a dead relative or some other silly nonsense. He *came to me*. He brought me to a hill. Atop that hill was 990, crucified, beaten so badly his face wasn't a face at all, his hands missing. His suit was impeccably pressed.

Gabriel smiled up at me, forever three. You think that you'll break down at moments like these, because who hasn't thought about moments like these. No matter how childish. You think that you will weep with joy and gather everything that you've lost in your arms and that things will be okay now. That you didn't make such horrifying mistakes. That you will be forgiven.

When my dead son looked up at me, all that I felt was terror. Terror so great and overwhelming that I thought my heart would stop. I have never known anything like it. I was paralyzed. This was not right. This was not in any way *right*.

Oh God, and then he spoke.

His voice was a man's voice. Worse than that, it was the voice I had *imagined* his voice being if he had grown to be a man. The smallest little fancies, shamefully foolish little hopes that were impossible and weak, and they were on display for this thing that is hunting us.

What's that? Oh. Oh yes. It's hunting us.

He said to me…he said to me…oh God he said to me "I've missed you Mommy" and it was like being shot in the chest. I felt as though a great fist had closed around my head, squeezing the tears out of my face, my grief being wrung out against my will, against my screaming fear.

When I came to my senses, he was still looking at me. He talked more.

This part, this was plainly 001 speaking through the figure in my dream. After this, 990 would echo whatever it said, softly, moaning it from his scarecrow cross. None of us can believe in God but this was surely a blasphemy.

I'm going to try and remember what it said, for all of our sakes.

Okay. Here's what it told me.

You're tempted to think of us as your fathers, your Gods. But we are actually your children. We're not quite your children, because we came before you, but we love you like a child loves its parent. You know what I speak of. You have seen a future, a future that is really a past. And a present. It's our world. It's all that humanity is capable of. We live our days in paradise.

Isn't that what you want for your children? Knowing that while you might suffer, while you might die, your children will see the better days, the sunlight without end? Maybe they won't have to die like you will. And so it is. We do not hurt. We will not suffer. You and the others like you have brought us here. We are the perfect children, of the perfect mothers and fathers.

What no child says of his parents, but what every child thinks, is this: I am glad that I will live to bury these people. I am glad that they suffer on my behalf. I am glad that it is not me who is to die. For many many years,

these were feelings that brought shame. It wasn't until the latest stages of our perfection that we understood. This is a guide. This is order, demonstrated for us by the oldest of societal units.

I need a glass of water. He giggled, like he did when he was an infant, as he finished that part. Oh Jesus. More history. I was raped as a girl. It was a stranger in an alley, and it was the most horrifying experience of my life until my dead son explained our proper place in the cosmos to me. I cannot begin to describe how violating this was except to compare it. It's okay. You can look horrified. I allow it.

Then he came to the heart of it. Here is the rest of what he said.

Parents sacrifice for their children, don't they? Expend every little bit of flesh, will, intellect, everything they have so that their children may live an extra day in the hope of the sunshine that never ends. That's as it *should be.* You will remember.

Many, many years ago, your kind left. We didn't figure out how until several centuries after, but somehow you transmitted yourselves far beyond even our reach. Some among you secretly understood the more forbidden aspects of space and time. You fled.

Must I explain to you how your science is so woefully inadequate? How your knowledge was stolen, and how we whittled away the little bits of it until you convinced yourselves that you just appeared on your little planet, spontaneously? I will return some of your knowledge. You'll remember it, because your society, even so far removed from us, is teaching it to you even now. Crawl towards the beautiful undying place that you know exists, and you find that you turn on each other. Dragging each other back, sabotaging hints of hope. You find that to be a failing, when in actuality it is an inescapable part of our species.

A system can be made perfect. The gossamer webs that connect our minds and our spirits and our souls can be made perfect, free from corruption. But it must be done with the knowledge of suffering. It must be done knowing that others are suffering on your behalf. Why that is, we cannot say. It does not matter. It merely is. Our very souls are in harmony with each other because we know that we lie at the center of nine points of privation and death.

There are nine satellites to our realm. Our realm which you cannot deny is a glory. You've seen it yourself, Mother.

God, he called me Mother.

Your kind left the Planet of Hands many thousands of years ago. It has sat empty, a gap in our perfection, reminding us not of what we are missing, but of the joyous return that our prodigal mothers and fathers will soon make.

There are limits to our abilities. We cannot simply travel to where you have chosen to exile yourselves. We must use more subtle means. Oh how we wish we could take you all in our arms. We have feast days for all of you, at home. One for each of the nine. The Feast of the Planet of Hands has become the greatest event of our year.

We cannot embrace you, lead our beloved forebears back to their home. But we love you. And we love you so much, with all of our hearts and our souls, that we will show you how loved you truly are from across impossible distances beyond light.

I make you this promise. All of you, I make this promise to, from the hearts of all of us at the center of the nine points. You will come back of your own free will. We will not need to show you how, for the knowledge already rests within you. We will not to need to explain why. You have seen the terrors that lurk outside of our protection.

We will merely need to show you who we are. Who you are. Who all of us are.

We will all be so much happier soon. Tomorrow shall be the greatest expression of our love we have ever conducted.

And that was it. This abomination of my flesh explaining the world to me below, the bleeding man on the cross echoing his words above. I awoke screaming thirty minutes ago.

Tell Three I'm sorry.

TO: O5-1
FROM: O5-12
RE: the end
URGENCY: HIGH

I hope this gets through. If you're like me, seeing things on the BBC and the New York Times before getting briefed on them by staff is doing a number on you.

It's over. The only thing left is to tell you what I know.

Two is dead. We only know that because she told us herself. Nice of her to leave a note, I guess. I've established contact with Three, Seven and Thirteen. The rest, who knows. There aren't any protocols for something like this.

The best we can tell is that they put on a performance.

THE MAN AT THE THRESHOLD

Act One - Thirty-Five Years

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

0943 hours local time - disturbance in the vicinity of Giza Plateau, Egypt. Egyptian military mobilized in response to apparent mass gathering in front of the Great Sphinx, based on initial intelligence of a Muslim Brotherhood action. Embedded media present. Massive information leak of anomalous phenomena.

0947 hours local time - spontaneous, powerful sandstorm encircling

an approximately 100 km radius of the Great Sphinx. A battalion of the Egyptian Army is present to witness the performance. Four humanoids, appearing to be Semitic in appearance and clothed simply in white cloth and sandals, appear spontaneously at the scene as well. Several rounds discharged by soldiers present suggest that the humanoids are non-corporeal. The as-yet unidentified beings take no notice of any actions occurring around them.

PROTEUS
I hope that I'm not being improper when I say that I'm scared.

MELLITA
We're all scared, Proteus. This is the day that our cohort has been preparing for our entire lives.

PROTEUS
Three of us will be chosen. Have we made enough of our time here? Will it comfort us if we are cast outside?

AGUS
Just look at the things we've done together. We've mapped an unknown star system. Wrote a song that made us the heroes of the Summer Convocation. Scaled the Shadow Pass of the Mountain of Ice. I tell you, Proteus, if they cast me out today, I can say that no matter what comes after, it was all worth it.

PROTEUS
I hope to be as brave as you when I enter the chamber.

MONASHIR
All accept what they are given in the Threshold.

MELLITA
How could it be otherwise?

AGUS
How could it be otherwise?

1017 hours local time - sandstorm intensifies briefly, obscuring all vision in the local area, before immediately subsiding. When visibility

is reestablished, no anomalous humanoids are present. However, the Great Sphinx has been removed, replaced with a blue-light holographic projection, in the appearance of the Sphinx and of approximately the same size, with no discernible source. Numerous photographic and videographic records are taken and circulated. Existential threat to consensus reality in progress.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

1143 hours local time - darkness falls midday in Tahrir Square in Cairo, Egypt. No evidence of a solar eclipse, cloud cover or any other possible cause of such conditions is apparent. Nine moons appear to be visible in the night sky. Riots begin almost immediately, and messages proclaiming the end times begin to be broadcast over PA systems attached to several local mosques. Images corresponding to the four humanoids appearing at the Great Sphinx are projected via an unknown source onto the side of the Mogamma building, visible to all within the square. Activity stops as sound begins to accompany the images.

THE MAN
This set of four, born on this day thirty-five years past, are you ready to enter?

MELLITA, AGUS, MONASHIR
We are.

PROTEUS
We are.

THE MAN
Do you see, as it has been intended, how even those cast into exile may have a taste of our beautiful world, and how those that remain have shared the shadow of death with those that must take their leave now?

MELLITA, AGUS, MONASHIR
We do.

PROTEUS
We do.

THE MAN
Look then, out at this world. On this day, this is the Threshold. This is the place where human society is made. It is here that the salvation of the few, so great in its perfection, so sacred in its magnificent beauty, is earned by the fate of the many. It is they who will make the ultimate sacrifice, and they who deserve our love and our honor most of all. Do you choose to pass the Threshold, of your own volition?

MELLITA, AGUS, MONASHIR
We do.

PROTEUS
We do.

THE MAN
Mellita Snowfall of the Shadow Peaks, step forward.

MELLITA
I stand ready.

THE MAN
You shall dwell on the Planet of Eyes.

MELLITA
I…I accept my duty.

THE MAN
Agus Skysail, Third Denizen of the Watch Cliffs, you shall be taken to the Planet of Skin.

AGUS
I accept my duty.
(AGUS appears to stumble slightly, close to fainting)

THE MAN
Monashir Violetlight, the Lady of the Tower.

MONASHIR

I stand ready.

THE MAN
You shall remain. Remember always the great love of your departed sisters and brothers, now and forevermore.

MONASHIR
I shall.
(MONASHIR begins to weep)

THE MAN
Proteus Hammersmith the Wayfinder.

PROTEUS
I stand ready.
(PROTEUS trembles)

THE MAN
You are to come to the Planet of Hands.

1232 hours local time - upon concluding with the above dialogue, daylight returns to Tahrir Square. Of the estimated 10,000 people gathered in the square, several thousand spontaneously lose vision, and several hundred appear to be instantaneously flayed alive through unknown means. All other persons present in the square no longer have hands after the conclusion of the anomalous display, instead having completely healed stumps. Regional news networks, in particular Al-Jazeera, begin to run coverage despite attempts at coordinated interference with dissemination of information.

> All nations have put their militaries on high alert, and a few look to have already taken the opportunity to settle a few scores in the confusion. That's the only thing that makes sense now, really. What do they think they're mobilizing against? A way to look like they're doing something, anyway.
>
> The churches, mosques, synagogues, etc. are overflowing. The Abrahamic folks are convinced that judgment is at hand. Everyone else just sort of figures that we're all fucked. The first reports of murder-suicides

are coming in. Not as many as we might have expected, though. People have options. 001 made sure to let them know that.

Act Two - The Traveler Prepares

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

1521 hours local time - reports emerge from Beijing of the embalmed corpse of Mao Zedong ambulating under its own power from its mausoleum and into Tiananmen Square. Visual confirmation emerges on Xinhua news service outlets several minutes later. An anomalous humanoid projection, similar to that seen in the part of "Proteus" in the Cairo disturbance, appears in the middle of the square alongside the corpse of Mao, which appears to have assumed the role of The Man.

THE MAN
There's no sense in lingering. We all have our appointed places.

PROTEUS
But there's simply no sense in it! Our world is immense, our use of its resources efficient and wise. Surely none of us must live in exile.

THE MAN
Problems of the far future become the problems of tomorrow for a race that has no end to its days.

PROTEUS
There must be a way to manage it. If all women and men live for as long as they care to, we must have no need for births. What purpose the creation of life if it is to suffer?

THE MAN
I have had this duty for a very long time, my friend. These are not new questions. And my answers are not new. Our kind ascended when we understood the true nature of ourselves. We must always be able to create new life. Our minds, subtly interconnected through the air and through the dreamscape, turn dark and destructive when

the act of creation is taken from us.

PROTEUS
What of suffering? What of the cruelty that lives on our nine moons?

THE MAN
Suffering? Yes, there is suffering. It must be so. And we must know of it, taste of it, build our houses upon its foundations. As life preys on life, so does human enterprise need vast inputs of suffering. It binds us together. The knowledge that there are others that cannot have what we have built affects us deeply. It is a cornerstone in our souls. That is something we discovered a very long time ago. It is vital. And it was this discovery that paved the way to Heaven's gate.

THE MAN
But cruelty? No. We do not do these things because we wish to cause pain. We do it for those that remain in the wondrous society that we have built. We have given beauty and truth without end to those that are chosen. If even one person may taste of the infinite good, is that not worth any amount of finite suffering?

PROTEUS
But why must it be I who pays the price?

THE MAN
My friend. Come with me. I shall escort you.

1559 hours local time - upon conclusion of the anomalous occurrence, crowds in Tiananmen Square become highly agitated, tearing apart the corpse of Mao Zedong and resisting an assembled cordon of riot police. Leaders of major world governments have begun issuing statements urging for calm among their populations as scientists struggle to explain the occurrences in Cairo and Beijing. Thousands are reported to have died in civil unrest in population centers throughout the world.

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

1610 hours local time - the Three Gorges Dam in Hubei Province,

China, spontaneously disappears. The immense volume of water being held back by the dam previously does not move. Within minutes, helicopters operated by local emergency authorities are on the scene. Humanoid projections appear on the vast surface of the wall of water.

PROTEUS
What is this place?

THE MAN
Do you see our planet in the sky, that wondrous blue sphere? You are on the Planet of Hands, my companion.

PROTEUS
I don't understand. It looks like it has been on fire. Buildings, rubble.

THE MAN
There was a time when we merely exiled those whose duty was to come here. They built their own societies, in a fashion. They were driven by what they could not have, their slender hope twisted into a sort of vengeance upon their children at the center of this great constellation. They built great structures, vast ships, terrible weapons. The uprisings happened many, many millennia ago. The last conflict our humanity will ever have to face. Now, it's a simple matter to ensure that this never happens again. No perverse hope to tempt anyone into foolish destruction.

PROTEUS
By taking away our hands.

THE MAN
By taking away your hands. The mindset of a planet of those without hands is the proper one, for all of us.

PROTEUS
Where is everyone?

THE MAN
Come.

1632 hours local time - the waters of the Yangtze River are

released, causing massive flooding, widespread destruction of homes and property, and thousands of deaths along the area of the river's banks. The destruction further inflames instability in the People's Republic of China, and the country's ruling Communist Party is overthrown in a popular uprising within a matter of hours after this event.

> It's all come apart, One. Everything that we've worked for. Crushed in a matter of hours. And the only thing holding them all together, keeping things from being even worse than they are right now, is one idea.
>
> Going home. Wherever home happens to be.

Act Three - To the People of Earth

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

2301 hours local time - all notable buildings within the Capitol Mall region of Washington D.C. change coloration, from white to red. The Washington Monument emits a bright column of red light, stretching up into the sky and visible from hundreds of miles away. Ten meter-tall holographic projections of several humanoids, similar to those previously depicted, appear directly over the monument's reflecting pool.

PROTEUS
We have traveled many miles.

THE MAN
The Planet of Hands is vast. But look. We have another.

HANDLESS WOMAN
More people? I must be close to the blessed end.

PROTEUS
Who are you?

HANDLESS WOMAN

I no longer have a name. We have no need for such things here.

PROTEUS
Do you remember your home?

HANDLESS WOMAN
This is my home.

PROTEUS
I mean the place you came from, to here.

HANDLESS WOMAN
I remember a time when I wasn't starving. But that was a long time ago. It's difficult to recall.

PROTEUS
Your ribs are showing. Would you like me to find some food for you?

HANDLESS WOMAN
There's nothing to find. This is a place of ash and salt. But the hunger is a blessing. My mind feels clear, my being so light and clean. God speaks to me here. He tells me to lift my stumps to the blue light in the sky, and so I do. And I pray, and I am filled with the knowledge that I am here for a purpose, I am suffused with happiness.

PROTEUS
This place makes you happy?

HANDLESS WOMAN
The last gift of the body before it evaporates is the divine revelation. I live in truth. I live without fear, without doubt. I dwell in the spirit that had made this place. This is a place of ecstasy.
(HANDLESS WOMAN collapses)

THE MAN
And now her time here is at an end. No torments of false hope, no food nor water to sustain her suffering longer than it must. It is but a little sacrifice, when faced with the salvation that it brings.

PROTEUS
How long was she here?

THE MAN
A fortnight.

PROTEUS
She did not seem to be suffering.

THE MAN
The joy of martyrdom obliterates all suffering. It is a secret known only to those of the outer planets, a gift to those who make this sacrifice. No. She is truly transcended.

PROTEUS
I am ready.

2333 hours local time - crowds estimated at approximately 50,000 people have gathered around the Washington Monument to witness the anomalous occurrence. Law enforcement authorities are not present at the scene, having been summoned to contain unrest elsewhere in the Capitol region.

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

2340 hours local time - a large doorway in the center of the Washington Monument opens. Nothing is visible inside but a faint green light. The holographic projections continue.

THE MAN
Present your hands, Father of Humanity.
(THE MAN holds a ceremonial blade aloft in one hand, a torch in the other)

PROTEUS
I stand ready.
(PROTEUS holds his hands before THE MAN)

THE MAN
Do you accept the gift of sacrifice, for those brethren that shall remain in the light for all of time?
(THE MAN saws at PROTEUS' left wrist)

PROTEUS
I do.
(PROTEUS bleeds profusely)

THE MAN
Do you offer your suffering for the good of the whole, your exile for the benefit of the collective psyche of Humanity?
(THE MAN wrenches PROTEUS' left wrist, snapping bone and tendon, then slicing the remaining ligaments keeping the hand in place)

PROTEUS
I do.
(PROTEUS spurts blood from left wrist)

THE MAN
Do you renounce the unstable reality of the universe outside of this system? Commit yourself to the preservation of sanity within this system of planets?
(THE MAN burns PROTEUS' left stump with the torch, cauterizing the wound)

PROTEUS
I do.
(PROTEUS screams)

THE MAN
With the left hand, you accept your duty. With the right, our duty to you.
(THE MAN cleanly slices off the right hand of PROTEUS in one fluid motion)

PROTEUS
I thank you.
(PROTEUS bleeds profusely)

THE MAN
We, the living, shall keep a society of perfect harmony, perfect justice, perfect beauty. We, the living, shall keep our human natures pure, living in the highest purpose that is possible for our forms. We, the living, shall transform your suffering into the most divine purpose

imaginable.
(THE MAN burns PROTEUS' right stump with the torch, cauterizing the wound)

PROTEUS
I am honored beyond measure.
(PROTEUS screams)

THE MAN
In this holy pact, we shall know love without measure or end. Go forth, Father. Complete your journey.

PROTEUS
I accept my duty.

2359 hours local time - the humanoid projection portraying Proteus enters the doorway within the Washington Monument. Other projections vanish upon its entry. The doorway begins to slowly close. Several spectators from the closest ranks of the crowd rush into the doorway, followed by increasing numbers of onlookers, until an estimated three thousand bystanders enter the monument before the gateway closes. No person entering the monument has been contacted or seen since this event.

> Thirteen asked me if what we worked to preserve was ever natural. What a stupid question. What does it matter if the world we enabled was unnatural? It was better than what waits for us.
>
> The thing in Washington gave people lots of ideas. People have managed to summon a couple more of these gateways in a few places. They're fleeing into them. It's hard to blame them. We've lost any meaningful ability to control anything. The jig is up. The world knows that science is an illusion and certainty is a cruel joke. Why not take the chance? Better a refugee than a corpse. Or worse.
>
> Me? No. I will not. I won't end my life as one of the cattle.
>
> It was a pleasure to serve, One.

-Twelve

Casa de Jacinta / Jacinta de la Casa

Aurelio always rides too fast. I told him as much on the last night I saw him. Do you really need to die in a way that will leave such a mess? It's so unfair to the rest of us that we have to see you like that. His reply was always to hell with you all, I'll be dead, what do I care? Ha ha.

Here he comes on his bike, tearing around the hillside curves as the Ciudad comes into view. He's by himself, and this is worrying me. He's been bringing large crews of the new Barqueros with him lately. Trucks and equipment and tools into the tower. But now? Just him, this time. How many are left? Does it matter? The empty city is cursed, just as much as it's haunted. The new Barqueros crossing the same river as the old ones.

He slides around to a stop in front of the little market, spraying dirt everywhere to the infantile delight of the ever-present Maximo and Ernesto, seated in their pensioner's chairs in front. Why do they find him so funny? Is it because he isn't dead yet? That's something that might be funny to those that grow old, maybe. I wouldn't know. Never got the chance.

Aurelio goes inside, and I already know he's getting his traditional six pack of Quilmes for whenever he visits the Ciudad. The tanned wrecks of old men return to their wizened, ritualistic head shaking and muttering while he goes inside. Maximo and Ernesto sway like two spindly quebracho trees stripped of their leaves, the brief disturbance of Aurelio and his motorcycle giving way again to the wind that always whips through this place. Wind is madness and impermanence and slow grinding destruction. If the planners from the Ministry had thought to ask anyone before they built this city, anyone from the plains could have told them that.

He's coming back out now, already started on the first bottle. He throws one to Maximo and one to Ernesto. I'm troubled. They're not. They start drinking without any questions. You question everything

when you're dead. I miss that; plunging headlong into the next moment of your life without thinking. Not allowed now. I would complain to the management if I could. Aurelio stops a moment before getting back onto his bike.

What do you think, eh? What's going on in the world now?

Ernesto doesn't bother to look up. Same as ever.

Maximo looks at his fellow scarecrow, insulted. His face folds up even more, a scribble of brown lines and wrinkles. Same as ever? You old fool. It's falling apart. Even the goddamn yanquis are shitting themselves.

Eh, they just grew eyes now. It was always there. That's why I told you not to go poking in **`that fucking tower`**, Aurelio. No one listens.

His words make me catch. Oh Ernesto. Not even you knew what was in there.

Aurelio laughs. And when have you ever listened to anyone, eh *cabrón*?

Ernesto scratches his beard and drinks some more. No one listens to anyone. No one pays attention to nothing until it's hurting them. Just the way of the world. The madness really comes from out there. It leaked into the valley below. Dribbling into a puddle down there.

You should come work for me Ernesto. We could use that insight. It's a real growth field, you know. Career advancement, dental care, a receptionist with nice *chichis*. Man like you could have a real future.

Those guys who came with you last time. What kind of future they have?

Seems like even Ernesto has had enough joking around today.

Aurelio finishes his bottle. Same one we all have, Don Ernesto. On a day like all the others, we lie down under the earth.

I never felt closer to you than when you were quoting some idiot poem at a stupid time, Aurelio. You always thought it was so funny, how mad it would make me. I guess it was kind of funny, looking back. It still makes me mad.

He leaves them then, into the heart of the dead city. I watch from my house on the Boulevard of Progress as he winds down the roads to the valley floor, where the living in their wisdom made a tomb for the future. He's going to the tower alone and I am afraid. What will happen when the rest of us pass to the other side of the river? How long will that day be, the day where no one is left and every one of us is alone, forever?

Aurelio cut the engine in front of the concrete block house. Le Corbusier's shoebox, she always called it. A house looking like every other one on the street, except for the two crossed oars painted above the front door. All the Barqueros had a color. Hers was red. As was his.

He kicked his boot at the bike's center stand. The goddamn wind would just blow it over if he used the little kickstand. Bringing its weight to rest atop the stand, he grunted. Getting old, he thought. That's going out of fashion. A howling gust of wind raced down the Boulevard of Progress, cloaked in dried weeds and white dust and whistling by like a man on a train, mocking everything on his side of the tracks. Fucking bullshit place, he thought. I should have done this at the very beginning.

The first of the Barqueros, early in their times their leader, now their Captain, entered the square cement house through a square steel door, little clouds of brown rust spilling out from the hinges to join the dirty wind outside. He stepped into the house. Boarded windows and impregnable walls ensured complete darkness. He closed the door behind him.

He opened his third bottle of Quilmes. The only thing visible was the outline of the door behind him, dusty light filtering into the shape of a wan square. He could not see his hands.

"Deathbed conversions are bullshit." Aurelio addressed the black

interior of the abandoned house. "This is just really bad procrastination. I know you're not there, Jacinta. My mind hasn't changed on that."

God damn you Aurelio. Why did you wait so long*?*

He took a drink, wiping his mustache with a hard brown forearm. "But you're supposed to conclude your affairs when you do stuff like this. So fuck it. I've wanted to do this for a long time. For me."

So what else is new?

"I sent off the newer Barqueros. Told them to go end it in whatever way they saw fit. Dumbass kids from America and Europe and wherever, so hurt when I told them that. As though that isn't the greatest freedom that any of us will have. They aren't bred from the madness, though. They came to it fully formed. Invaders and foreigners, wherever these guys go."

Oh bullshit. You loved those young men and women, Aurelio. I saw it all from here.

"The older ones just went home. Eduardo and Mariela and Frankie and the others. Melted away. I didn't tell them what I was going to do but they knew anyway. Friends are assholes like that."

I saw Eduardo here on his own two days ago. I think he would have done it if you hadn't thought of it first, Aurelio. You two always were like brothers. This is going to shatter his heart into pieces.

"So now I have to do it. And I'm scared, Jaci. I have to do this, talk to you like you're here, because when the time came for you, you stood. Just like you did for Pablo and Roberto and Lana and the rest of us in that fucking goddamn jungle so long ago."

I was petrified, Aurelio. I can't even remember deciding to act. Either time. My skin and my blood were ice. I didn't know what else to do. I wish I could tell you this, Aurelio. More than you can possibly know.

"It's not death I'm afraid of. I mean, more than anyone else is, but it's descended upon us, that's for fucking sure. Like being scared of the sunset."

I've waited so long, Aurelio. Why did it have to be like this? Where I cannot reach you or speak to you or hold you? Every word of this is like dying again. It's taking me apart in ways I can't understand. Please don't stop.

"I'm afraid of that top floor. I'm afraid of going back in there. It's going to try to convince me to do something else."

You are Aurelio Rojas, and you've never done a thing you didn't want to do, you intractable bastard. God damn it, I wish you could hear me now. I wish I weren't behind eternities of space and time and void. I wish we had just left everyone else and vanished into the streets of Montevideo like we should have.

"I'm stealing what's left of you. Using it for my own purposes. Reconstructing the dead to fit the spaces inside. I'm going to twist the shards of what I have of you that remains. Grind your memory into something resembling courage. My last crime against you."

Aurelio finished the bottle, casting it forth from darkness into darkness. He heard no sound.

"God, what a fucking obscenity. I hated it when people would go talk to the stones in the cemetery. As good as digging them up. But this is worse. Jaci, I'm sorry."

You damn fool, Aurelio. You can't rearrange me. You never could. That's why you liked me.

He ran his hands up from his forehead into his thin, brittle hair. The echoes of his voice in the cold tomb house reflected back to him from the walls. The words sounded just a little different somehow in the split second it took to reach him again. The darkness was pulling his mind too far outward. A familiar feeling to a Barquero. It was time to leave.

"I'm…I'm sorry for all of it. Sorry that you weren't here to see out the end of this spiral. I'm sorry that I made it out and not you. But I'm going to go fix that shit now."

Aurelio turned to leave. He found himself standing in place. It fixed

him where he stood. The allure of the inner consciousness, desperately clawing and shredding and tearing its way to the waking world, burning everything around it. The allure of death, in service to the birth of something, even of something terrible. The longing of the tower. Its pull grew further by the hour.

I am here, Aurelio. And I am with you until the end. A shadow maybe. But it's my shadow. I will walk with you.

Aurelio Rojas, Captain of Mobile Task Force Phi-9, reached his hand to the dimly lit square hanging in darkness. The door opened, caught by the wind and slamming against the wall outside. The boulevard was a tunnel, a private gale rushing between row upon row of abandoned concrete houses exactly the same as the one he left now. No garbage, no wrappers or papers or cans being blown about by this wind, no signs of living human habitation. Just the white dust of the dead city, the steady erosion that would one day wear down these houses and all others in the world beyond.

He leaned forward into the maddening, breath-stealing winds, and started walking. In the heart of the city lay the moldering ruin of its former capital, the place where a group of friends finally found what they were looking for, to their bitter regret. By his side was Jacinta Araya, co-founder of the Barqueros in life and in death. Unseen. Together, they approached the tower.

The wind has stopped. So still that the earth could shake and swallow us whole right on the spot. Aurelio doesn't hesitate, unlocking the chains across the main entrance and pulling open the great door. Why would he? This place has been his home more than any other. The two of us inhabiting tombs next door to each other all these years. That's an ending I would have written before I died.

I follow him across the lobby, and I hear whispers. These things, these ideas that live in this place, you don't need any technology to hear them when you're like I am. I must be closer to them, now. Though they don't speak to me. What good am I to bring anything into the world now? They speak to him. Does he hear them with his own ears, after all these years? I suppose if he did he would have died long ago. Then again, maybe this is something that they've told

him to do. No, unlikely. He would have turned the place into an amusement park instead if they'd told him to do this.

We step into the elevator. The only pristine, maintained space in the building. Aurelio programmed his own voice into the thing, and so we hear him mark off the floors as we go up. One, two, three. I'm sure he thought that was funny as hell when he did it. Now it's making him nervous.

The whispers surround us as we are carried into the top of the necropolis. Visions destined to drive men mad and ignite the vast piles of unseen suffering that surround them. This place is a monument to the first man, who saw the leaping flames of the bonfire and wondered what it must be like to throw himself in. It's a mercy, really. A world that had been going mad long before this, spared the worst of its excesses, the human mind built with a collective failsafe in the middle of one of its many banal errors. Somehow knowing that it can always be much worse is a necessity of survival. It's the lack of that knowledge that everyone can feel in their hearts today. It's how they all know, everyone, that there's no going back now.

Ding. Floor 32. The elevator, having no sense of ceremony, merely opens its doors to the expansive space at the top of the tower. The Grand Hall. Designed for the meetings of the Ciudad's leaders, a grand dais at the far wall, hopeful rows of seats facing the empty thrones of the rulers of this necropolis, who never bothered to show up to claim their due. It was here that I stopped being and became this. The space is strangely unmoving to me. Should it be? More questions for no one.

I am watching Aurelio. His mouth is set, but his eyes light up with recognition as he looks out over the hall. I turn to see what he's looking at. I expect to see the man, like we did last time, walking us through our inferiority and the greatness of his apex predator world. Instead it's a woman, tall and stately in flowing purple robes, an icefall of white hair frozen down over her bare shoulders. Alabaster skin like a Roman statue. She's looking back at Aurelio. Her face is wholly unconcerned. But her eyes, so blue as to be white like her skin, so cold that I can almost see Aurelio's breath as he stands before her. A woman with a gaze like a refrigerated hospital

basement. Hateful sterility, frigid contempt, a death goddess with no hint of humanity. She would be beautiful if it weren't for her eyes.

Aurelio comes to a realization at the same moment as I do. You're from the play, he says. You were here the first time and you were there when the world went mad yesterday. Monashir Violetlight, Lady of the Tower. Didn't realize that was a literal title.

In the space of time that it takes him to blink, the woman is ten meters closer to us. Walking is apparently beneath her. She flickers and reappears. Even before my last night I knew better than to mistake something like this for an apparition. She holds the same position, same expression. Unlike Aurelio, she does not blink. The impression strikes me that we are not important enough for her to dignify us by moving.

Gonna say something, Aurelio asks. You were a minor character. Did you forget your lines for this one?

Not his voice, not his face, not his smell nor his posture change. But I sense the terror's avalanche within him, giving way suddenly from the rocky cliffs of his mind. One of the abilities I maintained from my previous life. I begin to understand what he was afraid of.

He blinks again. She flickers again. She is right behind us. I half expect her to kill Aurelio then and there. But the hateful woman statue is looking over his shoulder instead. In front of us are more people. These people move, breathe, are alive. In this place, it is they who are the apparitions. If there was any doubt, it was dispelled by one of the people in front of us now. My self, living again. In a person's time in the strange realm of the Earth, this is the only impossibility.

The scene before us is this. The Barqueros, the old Barqueros, are talking among themselves. Things are getting heated. Some of us think we've gone too far up in the tower. That we need to leave now. Leading the opposition is myself. Others think that this is the culmination of our exploration (don't ever call it research). An Aurelio with a little more hair and a little less belly is speaking for this group. They're all shouting now. I remember this part. You've let yourselves be seduced by it. The world is a labyrinth and this is the center.

What do we gain by knowing any of this shit? What did we spend all these years looking for? A gyre of points and counterpoints, swirling under our feet as we tried to make sense then and there of the decade we burnt up in pursuit of the deeper currents. Then and now, I can feel the sharks circling in the waters underneath us. A fish's sense. The electricity is all wrong in this place.

Here is where what is happening diverges from my memories. The Barqueros all stop talking. The ghosts before us hold their positions. Simulating the movements of breathing, of waiting. This was where Aurelio told us all that he was going in and damn the rest of us if we didn't. I can see him, the real Aurelio, replaying the moment in his hard head.

The woman behind us speaks, finally, a voice like mist breathing from an icy cliffside down onto the rocks below. Cold, slow, half-whisper. She says, choose.

Like an injury, a person learns to live with different kinds of regret. Some kinds ache softly in the knees or the wrists, returning for a visit when the rain comes down. Some kinds are a pinched nerve, pain that from time to time prevents you from turning your neck to look back over your shoulder. The wounds we get when we hurt ourselves, hurt others for what we think is the right thing, though. Those don't close. They fester, infecting every other decision within you. This day, so long ago, is a knife that has been sticking out of Aurelio's chest. His hand is creeping toward an invisible hilt three inches from his heart, even if he doesn't know it.

The voice of mist behind us breathes again. A little louder this time. Aurelio feels it like he feels the wind in the forsaken valley outside. She says, knowing all of the things that you know now, Aurelio Rojas, what do you choose? I turn back to look at her. The bitch is smiling now.

A neatly diagrammed problem. If Aurelio expresses desire for a different outcome, it destroys him. Every death, every one of his years after that night at the top of the tower is for nothing. The tower, more than anything, taught him what it really is to carry a burden. To be haunted. To renounce the mistakes of the past will pull the knife out of the wound, but the corruption merely spreads under the

healed skin. The pain is so great. I can see it in him every time he comes to this goddamned place. But without the burden, the journey becomes pointless. A question to rip a man's soul from his body.

If Aurelio makes the same decision again, he undersigns their decision to call us back to their hell. We had an advance screening of the performance that ended the world yesterday. Knowing what we all do now, does he choose to witness again? To call others to it? He can stand by the certainty which has led him to where he is today, but the ground on which he stands is falling away by the second. The possibility of his curiosity being akin to complicity with the atrocity being visited upon everyone is one that threatens to crush him. This question, posed by the tower, is forcing a clarification of his situation. Utter annihilation, or unforgivable collaboration.

I watched their performance in awe on that night. Visions more powerful than anything we had ever gotten with the herbs that we went so deep into the jungle hell to retrieve. A society of indescribable beauty. The inescapable damnation of the Planet of Hands. The eviscerated, nightmare love with which they regarded us. An experience speaking to the deepest levels of human expression, unspeakably alien to anyone with a speck of humanity left. It's no wonder they've tried to drive that from all of us.

I was the first to be called. To them, it was a reward, for finding them first. Come back home, the spectral man told me, eyes beaming with tears of twisted happiness. It seemed the only option, really. The only sane thing to do when faced with such magnificent beauty was to surrender. I could see it in all of us, transfixed. I saw it in me too. What they saw in me was a way to eliminate the last threads of resistance holding us all back. And behind that part of me open to the beauty of the world and its fine systems was something else. Something older, and wiser. Something that walked hand in hand with the darkest fears that we hold. Something red.

Through tears of ecstasy and joy, my hand found the long knife hanging from my belt. And in one fluid motion, passed down to me through what is dismissively referred to as the reptilian portion of my brain, I opened my own throat. Deep enough that my hands were not enough to stanch the curtain of blood pouring out of me. Blood

enough to wash away even the visions crafted by this post-human non-humans. I fell to the floor, weakening instant by instant, my breath stolen by the impossibly gaping wound I had made. The cold of the room passed directly into me. Then the freezing cold of the night outside. By the time Aurelio got to me I was filled with the blasting chill of the black spaces between the stars.

Here are the last moments I saw in this life. Half of the Barqueros running like hell back to the door. Half of the Barqueros weeping with joy as their hands piled up in front of them, one after the other. Aurelio holding his coat to the ruin of my throat, praying aloud to the only saint he recognized, as though this were not something guided by her hand as well. The cold being followed closely by its brother darkness.

And then no more.

The sight of Aurelio faced with this choice makes me replay these moments in a way I have not done since they happened. And I would sooner cut my own throat a thousand more times than have him assaulted with this hideous suffering once more. I would do it ten thousand times more to be able to help him. I don't know what to do.

Aurelio turns away from the past arrayed before us and toward the gloating, icy face of the future. His hand is in his pocket.

You should have tried this in America somewhere, he says. Or some other place where they think they have this shit figured out.

He's been replaying the last time we were here too. I see it now. His hand is moving around whatever is in his pocket.

She replies. That you don't make the choice doesn't make it cease to exist, Aurelio Rojas. A dynamic state in the system is still well within its bounds. We accounted for your truculence, in any event.

Aurelio's hand moves slowly out of his pocket. From the way his arm is trembling I can tell that the movement is involuntary. There is nothing in his hand. A second later, a small metal box with a steel switch floats out of his pocket of its own accord. Aloft on a stillborn

wind, it drifts away from Aurelio, stopping in front of the woman. She sneers, finally finding something worth her contempt amongst her cattle. She even goes so far as to raise her hand up. Closing it into a fist, the detonator is crushed into a tiny, jagged point of metal. It clatters onto the ground.

Who is more God, Aurelio Rojas? The cow, squeezing out more life into its putrid field, unreasoning, vacant? Or the overseer, tending to the survival of that cow, adjusting the conditions in which it waits to serve its purpose, mending its organs and its flesh when the purpose requires it?

The hatred is not warming her voice. Is this what we are, truly, when the mask is off?

She continues. Surely even you were not so stupid as to think that we did not notice your kind attaching the explosives. You must have known that your actions are clearly laid out before you even made the decision to pursue them. Meaningless, empty gestures. Ill-considered. Petty. Much in keeping with your forebears, long ago.

The woman in the purple robes raises her other hand. Aurelio rises slowly into the air, held in place by the forces governing this skyward monument to futility that we had been so eager to discover. She spreads her arms, and thus are Aurelio's spread open as well now, a hovering Christ mockery. But his face. A beaming calm has overtaken him, a face at home on this impossible cross. The mockery is instead homage, somehow. The subtlety is lost on the mistress of the tower, the symbolism of the livestock beneath the contempt of the master. Here are where the final moves of his game are beginning to come to me.

His turn to speak now. So much effort, he says. To thwart a meaningless gesture. What does it say, oh great Monashir, that you are in this tower with us?

Cracks begin to appear in the ice cliffs of her face. This is angering her. Before she can reply he continues.

They must have been surprised, eh? To find something of themselves in here? Why hide this place, why let us hide afterward,

if this is such an enduring symbol of your fucked up paradise? And why do you protect it by meeting me here?

He laughs now, and she loses control. With sudden violence, she lowers her hands, and Aurelio is thrown to the floor, slammed into the dust and debris beneath him. He lands on his side, bones cracking from the force, the breath driven from him by the impact. He coughs as he struggles to breathe again, heaped on the floor, blood beginning to drip from his lips. He laughs again.

Still trying to figure it out. The shit you're playing with didn't start with you, did it?

His words struggle out through his laughter and blood, no less clear from the effort as his life begins to leak out.

No, you've been right here with us, trying to figure out how you ended up on the top floor. Why the laws that govern this tower apply to you too. What the flaw in your system is that buried you along with all the other corpses. Scratching and clawing at your coffin lid.

The purple woman flickers and appears over him as he lies on the ground. Guttural fury leaking from her crumbled face, the hate now fully formed in her, dead eyes lit with pyres of rage. Her arms sweeps out, and Aurelio is thrown in the air away from her, striking the dais at the front of the room, wood splintering, his laughter making room for the groans of pain, unstoppable now.

He wheezes now as I rush to him, dead or not. I'll save you some trouble, he says. You thought you banished death. But all you did was forget about her. You thought you enslaved madness. But you merely brought him into your house. And you think saving this tower from us will let you solve the one problem you can't figure out. But I've got the answer for you. You belong in here with us. And you'll never know why. You can't understand.

She's over him again. I look up at her from my place next to Aurelio. She is going to end it.

He spits blood up at her with ragged breaths. As she moves to finish him, he returns the favor.

You forsake death, and death's wisdom is lost to you. You push madness away into this world, but it lives in my heart instead, and you are defenseless. You've blinded yourselves, but the grave awaits you all anyway. Fuck your mother.

Horrifying, terrible force comes down from above her, now channeling the fury that has driven her beyond all reason, striking moments too late before Aurelio has laid bare the chasm at the heart of the perfect world that now must reckon with its hidden cracks. Hatred wells out of the fault lines in her self and her realm, spewing out like a geyser. No pushing it back in now.

She strikes Aurelio with her fists, crushing his chest, silencing him. I scream with no words or breath, such things forever beyond me here. Something catches my eye through the ruins of his shirt.

A freshly sutured wound on his sternum. The glint of exposed metal. The last halting breaths, a smile still plastered on his bloody lips. I feel him looking toward me through darkening eyes. From deep within him I swear I hear something.

She hears it too. The terror of something impending, building within her at Aurelio's words, now seizes her. The madness lives in his heart. It lives in all of our hearts, decaying every system they touch, even from our living tomb in the stars. They will never outrun it because we are they and they are us.

Dead man switch. Wired in his chest. His heart stops beating. She has just enough time to bellow like a cow in the slaughterhouse chute.

Here is the last moment. Deep rumbling. The walls and the ceiling and the floor buckling. Fire. Smoke. Gouts of dust and bits of metal and plaster and stone rushing all around us. Aurelio borne aloft on a great pillar of flame as the great tomb at the heart of the world's necropolis comes apart, the winds and the sunlight and the wreckage all suddenly of one composition. The purple woman burning for a second before being rent asunder by the uncertainty and death that lay at the heart of humanity. A mortal wound that will be felt a million miles away, perhaps in a million years. Perhaps tomorrow. A funeral pyre that will burn away the dead and make

room for the living. Even if the dead do not acknowledge it yet. I feel myself rising with Aurelio. What does it matter when the truth lay outside of time? There is us. There is madness. There is death. In these things we proceed in all directions, blasted apart by the first and last forces, and settling back again. This monument to colossal, unimaginable error has stopped existing. Eventually, one of these directions must take us to something closer to the truth. Closer to balance. Death shows her face once more and guides us to mercy again. She shows her face to me at long last.

I am with him in the end, in the sky of a world giving way to whatever the next may be.

I know no more.

Wrong Proposal: The Consensus

NOTICE FROM THE FOUNDATION RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Biannual Security Update: Item Number Randomisation has been initiated. Until security update is complete, all files are locked. For emergency updates, please access Emergency Data Archival System (EDAS).

— Maria Jones, Director, RAISA

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Euclid

Clearance Designation: Level 5

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 cannot be secured or contained conventionally, and it is unknown if it may occur in the future. As such, a reactive approach is to be adopted. Said approach consists of the following Chapters of the Forbidden City Convention:

1. Prevention and minimisation of the conditions conductive to the possible occurrence of SCP-001 or its equivalent via

Forbidden City Convention Chapter I.
2. Management of organisational transition and unity following implementation of Forbidden City Convention Chapter I, via Forbidden City Convention Chapters II and III respectively.

All above mentioned Chapters of the Forbidden City Convention are not to be altered, unless via a unanimous vote by the O5 Council.

Description: SCP-001 is a successful occurrence of a CK-class restructuring scenario, which generated the current reality via alteration of a previous iteration of reality. Based on first-person accounts, SCP-001 occurred on the 1st of June in the year 1900 Anno Domini of the previous reality. The nature of SCP-001 is such that all causes, events, references and memories of Occult War *i* (referred to as the 'Fifth Occult War' in the previous reality) are omitted and replaced with various anomalous and non-anomalous parallels in the current reality.

Foundation documentation regarding Occult War *i* is obtained from anecdotal accounts of thirteen non-anomalous human beings who retain their memories of the previous reality via a phenomenon coined as 'partial SCP-001 immunity'. However, the mechanism behind partial SCP-001 immunity is unknown and will not be assessed, as decided by the O5 Council. Efforts to identify additional individuals (if any) with partial SCP-001 immunity are on indefinite hiatus, as decided by the O5 Council.

Below is an abridged list of events during Occult War *i* and plausible analogous events in the current reality; see **Document OWi** for an expanded list.

+ View List

Occult War *i* Phenomenon	Description	Analogue in Current Reality
Referent to the term 'Fifth Occult War'	A global war occurring throughout the 19th century Anno Domini, coalesced from three	A conflict in Northern China concurrent with the Boxer Rebellion, whereby members

	separate conflicts in Europe (Napoleonic War), East Asia (Daevite conquest) and North America (American Civil War). It is also notable for overt use of anomalous objects, leading to an IK-class Global Civilisation Collapse scenario.	of the Brotherhood of Harmonious Fists allegedly utilised unnamed anomalous objects. Although usage of anomalous objects was minuscule, the O5 Council lobbied for the term 'Fifth Occult War' to be the official referent among organisations with awareness of anomalous phenomena and it was officially acknowledged by the Global Occult Coalition during the Foundation-GOC Summit of 1953.
Coronation of Napoleon I	After his coronation, Emperor Napoleon declared Neo-Gnosticism to be state religion of France and Europa to be its patron deity.	Napoleon was crowned 'Emperor of the French' in a ceremony presided by Pope Pius VII. No indication of Neo-Gnosticism or Europa worship is identified throughout Napoleon's regime;

		SCP-2515 is the only evidence suggestive of either.
Daevite conquest of East Asia	Most of East Asia was invaded by a civilisation of humanoids called the **Daevites**. Conquests began from the Three Northeastern Provinces of the Qing Dynasty.	No recorded analogous event(s). Records from SCP-140 maintained that the Daevite civilisation was destroyed by the Mongols in the 13th century Anno Domini. That being said, Daevite artefacts have been found in the northern areas of the Three Northeastern Provinces.
American Civil War	A civil war between the United States of America and Confederate States of America. Both factions (among others) were supplied weaponry from a group named **'the Factory'**. The war gradually spread to Mexico and Central America, following relocation of the Confederate	No Factory involvement identified. The American Civil War did not escalate beyond the Continental United States.

	government.	
Thuggee Pacification Campaign	An initiative led by the 0th Anti-Cult Regiment to suppress the Thuggee, an organised gang known for harassing the **Vātula** (who were deemed to be co-belligerents with the British East India Company against Daevite incursion into India).	Suppression mandated by the Thuggee and Dacoity Suppression Acts, 1836-48 Anno Domini. Neo-Sarkic involvement confirmed.
Vatican Holy Office for Secrets and Prophecies	An organisation with awareness of anomalous phenomena, affiliated with the Holy See. During Napoleon's invasion of the Italian Peninsula, members have taken refuge in South America, African Free State and the Middle East.	The Artefacts Section (a department of the Vatican Holy Office) defected to the Italian unification movement and formed the Foundation precursor 'Royal Office for Christian Artefacts'. The Vatican Holy Office eventually merged with the Foundation in 1964 Anno Domini.
Establishment of the "Mexican Empire"	Self-proclaimed as Cem Anáhuac, a successor state to the Aztec Empire.	The Second Mexican Empire was established via French

	Subjects of Cem Anáhuac and media produced by them possess memetic capabilities, which were used to subjugate neighbouring states such as Texas, Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras.	intervention, and ruled by Emperor Maximilian I. He allegedly brokered a marriage alliance with an instance of SCP-2155-1 prior to his execution.
East Tennessee Convention	Pro-Union elements based in East Tennessee seceded from the State of Tennessee following the latter's involvement in the American Civil War. The resultant **State of Franklin** was admitted into the United States of America and is the only state in the Union to separate from a Confederate state.	The East Tennessee Convention ended with the occupation of East Tennessee by the Confederate Army. Instead, West Virginia seceded from Virginia and remained a State following the American Civil War.
Taiping Rebellion	A rebellion in Daevite-occupied Southern China orchestrated by a slave named Hong	A Type-S Event announced by **SCP-089**, which was resolved by an expeditionary

	Renkun, who claimed to have received divine revelation from a deity called 'Mother Dragon'. It was suppressed by the Daevites following the destruction of Taiping capital, Taisuiking (太岁京; formerly called 'Nanking' prior to Taiping liberation) and massacre of the city's residents.	force co-organised by Her Majesty's Foundation for the Secure Containment of the Paranormal and Estate *noir*. Hong instead subscribed to a personal interpretation of Christianity and renamed himself 'Hong Xiuquan'. No Sarkic involvement identified. Nonetheless, captured Taiping subjects exhibit signs of **mental maladies**. Nanking was temporarily renamed Tienking while controlled by Taiping rebels.
Tümed Massacre	Systematic slaughter of about 150,000 ethnic Mongols in Daevite-occupied Mongolia by a Daevite thrall. Reports indicated that **said thrall** possessed two bladed weapons	The Jindandao incident similarly involved a massacre of about 150,000 ethnic Mongols, although it was caused by the Chinese secret society Jindandao. Existence of Jindandao in previous reality

	and possesses unspecified regenerative abilities. The corpses of rebels were taken by Daevite forces for unknown purposes.	cannot be ascertained due to limited sources.

The cause and origin of SCP-001 are unknown and cannot be ascertained. It is unknown if SCP-001 or its equivalent have occurred prior to its known occurrence or may ever occur in the future. Additionally, it is unknown if SCP-001 represents a typical or atypical occurrence of a CK-class restructuring scenario. In the event that SCP-001 or its equivalent has occurred or will occur, it is speculated that a majority (if not, all) of Mankind and/or sapient entities will have no recollection of them or the events prior to the moment of occurrence. It cannot be ascertained if partial SCP-001 immunity is applicable to future occurrences of SCP-001 or its equivalent.

The definition of SCP-001 was finalised by the O5 Council in a 5-4-4 vote, and the Forbidden City Convention was ratified on the 7th of September in the year 1901 Anno Domini.

Addendum 1: Excerpts from the Forbidden City Convention

CHAPTER I: THE FOUNDATION

The following organisations are to be dissolved and disavowed f
resources are to undergo merger:

- Her Majesty's Foundation for the Secure Containment of t
- Estate *noir*
- Tsars' Seers
- Imperial German Anomalous Matters Examination Agency
- American Secure Containment Initiative
- Imperial Commission on Transgressive Occurrences
- Royal Office for Christian Artefacts
- Special Investigations Board, Council of the Dutch East In

- Inner Africa Expeditionary Society
- The Knights of the Military Order of Borja y Aragón
- Bureau of Onmyō (陰陽寮)
- **Abnormality Institute (異學會)**
- 0th Anti-Cult Regiment

In their place, a unitary organisation is to be established.

The mission of this unitary organisation is to secure and co
Mankind from said objects.

The referent for this unitary organisation is agreed to be the
'Institute', 'Organisation', 'Organization' and 'Front') have been p

The aforementioned thirteen organisations in which the Foun
'Foundation precursor'.

CHAPTER II: THE O5 COUNCIL

The provisional executive administration of the Foundation is to
individuals from each of Foundation precursor.

The aforementioned thirteen individuals of this executive counci

- Leadership position in respective Foundation precursor.
- Possession of memory regarding Occult War *i*.

Future members of this executive council are not required to pos

The referent for this executive council is agreed to be the '
'Overseers Committee', 'Level 5 Council' and 'O5 Command') ha

The function of the O5 Council is to facilitate initial transition fro

Each O5 Council is designated with a Roman numeral ranging f

Other organisations merged into the Foundation henceforth are

CHAPTER III: GROUPS OF INTEREST

Organisations with awareness of anomalous phenomena tha
hereby designated as 'Groups of Interest'.

The Foundation's default approach towards Groups of Interest assimilation of their personnel and resources.

Addendum O5-(1-13): Succession Note re: SCP-001. File displayed is dependent on logged-in O5 account.

Verifying login credentials. Administrator Override (CODE HOWLING BLACK MOON) identified. All files displayed.

Welcome O5-1

To my successor,

As the main editor of SCP-001, I have already written a the thirteen of us knew of it and we each stood organisations. Certainly, we were fated to take comman

As you can tell from the votes, there were two other Peking. They were ultimately voted down, but Two history. A pity that Twelve's limited command of th vernacular term, as opposed to Two's and mine. Never O5 meeting will be remembered and honoured in almos

As for the Foundation's mission, I hope you and your co

Welcome O5-2

To my successor,

Santayana once said, "those who cannot remember the world as a whole cannot remember the past. But does it

During the Second World War, was there not another were the Chinese not massacred again? Of course, the throughout that war. Maybe that civil war occurred aga scaled down skirmish was it. That still leaves the Factor

The product of an anomaly should be an anomaly exceptions. Piece by piece, this world is undoing and minimally) in our control, the process is ongoing. Until th I proposed that we guide the world back to its origina

establishing tyranny. Ultimately, I acceded. There is
change the process.

No action is needed, except to wait. Or in short, 'Keter'.

Welcome O5-3

To my successor,

Anomaly and normalcy — both are subject to the cor
yesterday's normality, and vice versa. The scanda
drapetomania is no longer anomalous when the consen

Apply the consensus onto SCP-001. To the rest of th
exist only to those who know the anomalous. To those
not exist. Only thirteen men imagined it to have existed,

However, the council established our own consensus
announced. More of us decided that we should establis
suggesting that we might be the problem. That would
reached, where we held influence over the world's co
Perhaps they resulted in the world you have grown up in

Thus, remember these. Consensus has value, and to be

Welcome O5-4

To my successor,

I'm one of the few who have fought in the front lines
disappointed by the official Fifth Occult War, which is
simply can't compare to the Daevites and clockwork w
other agency and cult into our enemies, the wainscot so

Perhaps it's the youthful bloodlust in me talking. It's a f
during Peking when I voted for Two's proposal out of i
only wanted to fight on. So many sacrifices were m
sacrifices as well. They cannot end in quiet days.

But now, I'm old and quietness will come for me. But yo
not end in quietness.

Welcome O5-5

To my successor,

You now know that the world was once averted from to
And because it is uncontrolled, we cannot guarantee
favour. We should not rely on uncertainties like SCP-00

As a species, we have mastered and stomped on all th
Many crafts are now mastered by Man, crafts that were
simply another thing to be mastered. If the world can rev

By combining our resources, the **magnum opus** I en
utilised already or construction is still ongoing, but SCP
will, Mankind rules eternal.

Welcome O5-6

To my successor,

We agreed that SCP-001 happened, but we don't know
Could it happen again? Must the world be near its annih
What about trans-reality memory retention, a more acc
How does it work? Why only us? Can it be replicated? T

This unusual phenomenon's level of uncertainty sure
reminder of that conviction, that more should be known
that drive, cultivated by the Foundation's advocacy
protecting cannot be the ends; knowledge is. But the
probe and wanted to either abandon it or be preventive.

But you can do your part in solving it. Only you can see
find out, so let that be your starting point. May you c
SCP-001.

Welcome O5-7

To my successor,

Officially, only thirteen people were immune to SCP-00
consultant working for the Sublime Porte, and we met
Napoleon. He was most hospitable and we became

between Christendom and Dar al-Islam. We stayed with
where I find myself in Rome.

In the current world, he managed to contact me and I kn
past. Meeting him, we spoke extensively about our men
in an upcoming gathering in Peking with other men
declined.

Jibril would rather defend his friends and clansmen, es
was in chaos then. He was sceptical towards One a
suspicion and respected his wishes. We parted ways
Jibril told me that he would **return to Iran to gat**

Just as he desired to protect his loved ones, my obligati

P.S. Out of respect, I decided not to report to the C
organisations Jibril and the council built in the end will n

Welcome O5-8

To my successor,

As you can infer from the votes, there were three ch
proposal was really the only option. The others were
anarchists, while Twelve assumed that we're a bunch
thank you to either!

Most of us have been collecting anomalous objects to
different from at least half of its precursors. As for the
everyone on the same page.

You should have been doing this job for quite some time

Welcome O5-9

To my successor,

SCP-001 is the restructuring of reality, that's our conse
Two claimed that reality will inevitably revert to corre
famous address on the topic. That being said, the latte
the reality bender. It might be hard to control sapient be
engine may theoretically increase the probability. Thi

known act of reality bending can be reverted.

And when it happens, the world might revert to its prev
African Free State, where the IK-class scenario did not
world's only safe haven. That stability was lost after S
hospitable setting.

Even though I was not favourable to One's concept, the
is also a good place to figure out how to realise Scranto
can. Despite the money and subjects I have supplied,
terms that I might never regain my losses.

But you can, should SCP-001 happen again. You shoul
can, because you shouldn't be like me and lose that whi

Welcome O5-10

To my successor,

There were thirteen groups that started the Foundation
Abnormality Institute, unendorsed by the Qing. But mine
witch hunter, but none of us actually met a real witc
description for the Borja Knights of the late 19th century
i, it would've remained that way.

When One spoke of his great scheme, I have my dou
generation of knights is a shadow of the previous, and
knights being annihilated by Napoleon's clockwork sol
occult war or any fight against demons or sorcerers. To
gruesome deaths for them again. As their grand master,

When the vote was not in my favour, I briefly considere
thought perished when I heard Eight's proposal to foste
After that, I decided that my knights should at least die
a sacrifice.

All of us die eventually. Make it meaningful for those you

P.S. All things considered, the resources from the
generation of knights will be better than the previous ba

Welcome O5-11

To my successor,

Congratulations for your service to the Foundation. I im
reach this position, unlike I who was granted this positio
be astounding, unlike mine.

During Occult War *i*, Kyoto fell to the Daevites. Emperc
The Shogun and his agents only fled to Ezo. I was am
because I feared for my life. I ultimately regretted my
death liberated me. At least Emperor Kōmei passed awa

This brought me to my vote at Peking, that we were
Actually, I only want to forget. But the consensus was
insisted that we were fated to work together, and no one

At least it was tolerable, knowing that there were othe
very positive influences. My successor, I know not you
but they shall be your sworn allies. Remember that.

Welcome O5-12

To my successor,

I am sure you have heard of amnestics, and I am sure
But the origins of amnestics (as a whole) is one of the
it.

Amnestics was originally a secret of the Meng Clan of a
to claim the right to make it. Originally, I wanted to cure
we now recognise as memories of Occult War *i*.

Before I could prepare the concoction for myself, Elever
Soon, I gained knowledge that there are more men
intend to meet at the capital. As a physician, it is m
attempted to convince them that it will be safe if we
disagreed with my views, so they insisted on a dem
Needless to say, my views were rejected.

But not amnestics. Five concluded that it is useful f
SCP-001. Thus, amnestics stopped being a cure for
common folk of any knowledge of the abnormal.

Unfortunately, Matriarch Meng did not approve of the f
Meng Clan was one of the earliest Groups of Interest w
although a junior or two might have escaped to Hor
formula.

Please be of use to the council. But if you have earned t

Welcome O5-13

To my successor,

SCP-001 said that only the thirteen leaders of the prec
was incorrect. There were only twelve.

One and I have known each other for decades, and I ov
tiebreaker vote, I obliged. He filled me in on the Daev
When there were things I did not know of, I'd blame it o
my regiment.

I suppose you might be ashamed of the title by now, bu
different Foundations at war with one another. For m
seriously by the Europeans and I took advantage of it
that others will not end up in my situation.

Thus, promise me that you vote according to your will, n

Document OWi

The following is a compilation of executive summaries of various anomalous incidents that has occurred during Occult War *i* and plausible analogous events in the current reality. Executive summaries have been compiled by the first iteration of the O5 Council via the following format:

> **Phenomenon:**
>
> **Description:**
>
> **Analogue in Current Reality:**

A summary description of Occult War *i* is as follows:

> A global war occurring throughout the 19th century Anno Domini, coalesced from three separate conflicts in Europe (Napoleonic War), East Asia (Daevite conquest) and North America (American Civil War). It is also notable for overt use of anomalous objects, leading to an IK-class Global Civilisation Collapse scenario.

For more information on Occult War *i* and its consequences, see [REDACTED].

FoldUnfold
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- **Europe and Russia**
- **North Africa and the Middle East**
- **North America**
- **East Asia**
- **India and East Indies**
- **Non-combatant Regions**

Europe and Russia

Phenomenon: UnLondon Proposal

Description: A evacuation plan was presented to the British Parliament by Her Majesty's Foundation for the Secure Containment of the Paranormal, whereby the populace of London shall be evacuated to an underground shelter in light of potential French invasion of the British Isles. Proposal was rejected due to its impracticality and relative ease of alternative evacuation to Ireland and other dominions.

Analogue in Current Reality: UnLondon Proposal was not presented to the British Parliament. However, the term 'UnLondon' is used as a referent for **SCP-1678**.

Phenomenon: Uralic Front

Description: A series of battles in the Ural Mountains between the French-led Continental System and Daevite Empire. Russia joined the Continental System during this period, primarily offering assistance via the House of Romanov's pact with a Grigori.

Analogue in Current Reality: Napoleonic France instead invaded Russia, to which **SCP-2617**-A instances were used to retaliate.

Phenomenon: Samothrace Anomaly

Description: [ACCESS RESTRICTED TO O5-1]

Analogue in Current Reality: See **SCP-1173**

North Africa and the Middle East

Phenomenon: Phélippeaux's Crisis

Description: An eruption originated from a crater in French Levant, spawning numerous entities which later attacked locals and occupying French forces. Some

entities were captured by the French for undetermined purposes.

Analogue in Current Reality: Did not occur. Instead, French Col. Picard de Phélippeaux augmented containment of **SCP-1844** as per Napoleon's orders.

Phenomenon: Evacuation of Tehran

Description: Amidst a surprise Daevite assault into Tehran, 90% of the city's populace evacuated the city. Shah Naser al-Din was able to escape with the aid of golems summoned by the city's rabbinic community and an ancestral *takwin*.

Analogue in Current Reality: The aforementioned *takwin* is believed to be **SCP-2067**, in which Shah Naser al-Din is believed to be aware of. No known evacuation of Tehran's populace has been noted thus far.

Phenomenon: Invasion of Yajuj and Majuj

Description: Following a failed invasion of the Ottoman Empire, retreating Daevite forces intentionally destroyed the Iron Wall of Dhul-Qarnayn, triggering an invasion of the Middle East by the forces of 'Yajuj and Majuj.' After suffering heavy losses, the Ottoman army repelled the invaders and rebuilt the Iron Wall of Dhul-Qarnayn with the assistance of Neo-Gnostic engineers from the Kingdom of Ionia, a French client state.

Analogue in Current Reality: The Iron Wall of Dhul-Qarnayn is contained as **SCP-2309**, and no known breach has ever taken place.

North America

Phenomenon: Strannik's Testimony

Description: A testimony obtained from Vladimir Strannik, a white human with the ability to travel to different points in history while asleep (designated as Phenomenon 2896-012 by the American Secure Containment Initiative [ASCI]). Strannik claims that the general populace have no recollection of Occult War *i* in the 20th century and beyond.

Analogue in Current Reality: Strannik is contained as **SCP-2896**. The claim of no recollection among the general populace is believed to be due to a CK-class restructuring event.

Phenomenon: Navajo Nation

Description: A Navajo nation-state formed following **Cem Anáhuac's** invasion of Texas. Members of the Navajo Nation possess the anomalous ability to alter its appearance into that of various animal species, which is believed to have contributed to the Navajo's resistance against Cem Anáhuac. As such, ASCI has rounded up significant portions of the Navajo population for experimentation to identify measures against mental malady created by Cem Anáhuac.

Analogue in Current Reality: Semi-autonomous Native American territory formed after the Treaty of 1868. **SCP-2750** population has been decimated due to the policies of the ASCI.

Phenomenon: Gerald's General Goods

Description: A small but formidable group formed after the complete disbanding of Marry, Catherine, and Duke's trade goods. The group was designed to create anomalies and to supply them to people for a price. Gerald Nakelo, the leader of the group, was reported to have created a book that, once weekly, would inform him of a way to create an anomaly, and how to control it after creation.

Analogue in Current Reality: Group was disbanded shortly after being founded, but did create a **failed prototype of the book** before disbanding, which has since been heavily altered by another entity.

Phenomenon: Preacher of the Cicada

Description: A middle-aged man walked North America during the height of the American Civil War. He would walk to family gatherings and deliver a speech of hope, attempting to ensure everyone that everybody would survive the war. Persons at the gatherings would offer gifts in a basket that he brought, so he may offer them as tribute to the **Cicada Lord**.

Analogue in Current Reality: According to the confiscated text [REDACTED], the Cicada Lord was supposedly furious at the Preacher sometime during his servitude. He then shed the man's skin, and allowed his spawn to manifest in the empty skin. **The puppet** is said to wander around North America, giving speeches of "hope" to the participants of family gatherings.

Phenomenon: Civil Rights Act of 1866

Description: A bill signed into law by the U.S. Congress. Anomalous elements in the bill's text caused 3.2 million human beings with non-standard anatomical features to manifest in cities controlled by the Union. A majority of the humanoids were forcibly drafted into the Union Army after initial containment efforts by the ASCI were met with failure.

Analogue in Current Reality: The bill was vetoed by President Johnson and a non-anomalous revision was introduced to the U.S. Senate by embedded ASCI agents. Copies of the original bill are currently in storage, **though it is believed that other copies currently exist outside containment.**

Phenomenon: Bigfoot

Description: Reports of ape like creatures that stand upright are noted within the northwest region of North America. ASCI agents were sent to investigate these claims, and communication was lost. After approximately 3 months, the agents returned claiming that they have made a treaty with them, allowing them to use their anomalous biotechnology in exchange for aid whenever the creatures would need them.

Analogue in Current Reality: The apes went uncontacted from humans for thousands of years after an event known as the Day of Flowers. Instances have been spotted off and on throughout human history, and only recently have the creatures been designated as **SCP-1000**.

East Asia

Phenomenon: Southern Qing Dynasty

Description: A rump state established by Qing loyalists who have fled to Taiwan island following the Daevite conquest of East Asia. Despite limited naval capabilities, the Southern Qing were able to establish settlements on various islands across the Pacific Ocean via unknown means.

Analogue in Current Reality: Paralleled to the Kuomintang's exile to Taiwan following the Chinese Civil War. Additionally, **SCP-2880** is speculated to be the means in which the Southern Qing used to settle on other islands.

Phenomenon: Later Qin Dynasty

Description: A Chinese state located in central China, founded after the Daevite's occupation of Shaanxi Province, China. Despite being surrounded by Daevite-occupied territories, the Later Qin has maintained

independence. Rumours alleged that it is ruled by a figure named 'Qin Shi Huang'; it is unknown if it is indeed Qin Shi Huang (first emperor of the Qin Dynasty) or a person using the name 'Qin Shi Huang'.

Analogue in Current Reality: No such polity is known to exist. **SCP-2101** is to be monitored at all times and the Foundation is to offer support to SCP-2101-1 instances in the containment of the former.

Phenomenon: Legend of Silent Wind

Description: A folk legend originated from contemporary Jiangsu Province, China. It revolves around an eponymous martial artist who died protecting a village from a Daevite regiment. The corpse of 'Silent Wind' was never found.

Analogue in Current Reality: 'Silent Wind' is one of the personas utilised by **SCP-2788**. However, it has no recollection of fighting against the Daevites.

India and East Indies

Phenomenon: Deployment of Brahmastra

Description: First successful deployment of Brahmastra in western Rajasthan, a weapon designed by Hindu occultists in collaboration with the British East India Company and the Mughal Empire. Deployment occurred in response to suspected Daevite activity in Afghanistan.

Analogue in Current Reality: No known deployment of the Brahmastra or similar weapons. Only one instance of Brahmastra has been contained by the Foundation as **SCP-1444**. The site of deployment corresponds to the location where Smiling Buddha was tested.

Non-combatant Regions

Phenomenon: Quechuan Insurgency

Description: Second-hand reports of **sapient alpacas** inciting rebellions in the Viceroyalty of Peru. Said inciters advocated for Inca religion to serve as state religion. Outcome of insurgency is unknown.

Analogue in Current Reality: Peru declared independence from Spain in the 19th century. As there is no attempt to enforce Inca religion as state religion, involvement of SCP-1253 is believed to be minimal or insignificant.

Phenomenon: Messer's Fourth Law of Anomalous Phenomena

Description: Colt Messer, a physicist that originated the area known as "The Secluded Garden", set forth a law regarding anomalous phenomena. For every anomalous phenomenon, there is a non-anomalous phenomenon to balance it out within the universe. Whenever a phenomenon is fully explained to be non-anomalous, another anomaly will manifest in the universe to balance it out. This law applies to all fields of science where anomalies occur.

Analogue in Current Reality: After the occurrence of SCP-001, an anomaly was explained by the SCP Foundation, yet no other anomaly was discovered using [REDACTED] Universal Reality Detecter (*SAHURC*), breaking Messer's Fourth Law of Anomalous Phenomena. However, as the failure of Messer's Fourth Law of Anomalous Phenomena is considered an anomaly, the law was never broken as an anomaly did manifest in the form of the failure of Messer's Fourth Law. [REDACTED] The following paradox manifested as **SCP-033** (*Mathematics*), **SCP-2821** (*Physics*),

SCP-2046 (*Chemistry*), and **SCP-1877** (*Biology*), correlating with the main branches of scientific study where anomalies normally manifest.

Document-2481

The following is the extended log of information gathered from **SCP-2481-3**'s written text, regarding the Xia Anomalous Culture Group.

About the Yellow Emperor[1]

> 高祖黄帝与蚩尤、炎帝争。败蚩尤于涿鹿，退炎帝于阪泉，杀刑天于常羊之山。
>
> Our great ancestor, the Yellow Emperor, once fought Chiyou and the Yan Emperor. He defeated Chiyou at Zhuolu, made the Yan Emperor retreat at Banquan, and killed Xingtian at the Changyang Mountain.

> 蚩尤者，舍身体肤发，祭于铜龙。铜龙者，伏羲也。有兄弟八十一人，皆铜头铁额。炎帝者，祈于女娲，得长生，辟恶疾，断首不死，塑肉以形。
>
> 黄帝见之，曰："伏羲者，父神也；女娲者，母神也。然二者相囚于太岁，逾万岁矣。空献牺牲，各为其主，尽相杀伐，何也？二者之道得传，莫若习之，得蛇之道，成龙之形。"
>
> Chiyou got rid of his body, skin, and hair, and sacrificed them to the Brass Dragon, also known as Fuxi. Chiyou had eighty-one brothers, all possessing heads of brass and iron. The Yan Emperor prayed to Nüwa, thus becoming immortal and immune to diseases. He could survive with his head removed, and could craft flesh into different shapes/forms.
>
> The Yellow Emperor saw this and commented: "Fuxi is our father, and Nüwa is our mother. But they have trapped each other in Taisui[2] for over ten thousand years now. Sacrificing in vain, each fighting for their own

master/lord, but for what? The ways they taught are still preserved, why not study those instead? So we can understand the Way of the Serpent and modify ourselves into the shape of the Dragon."

蚩尤虽败，曰：“吾与兄弟八十一人，皆得铜龙之顾，钢筋铁骨。无可伤。”刀剑伐之，果无用。帝召雷霆、烈火，融为铁水，封于蜀中。

Chiyou was defeated but said: "Me and my eighty-one brothers are all blessed by the Brass Dragon. We have bodies of brass and iron that nothing can harm us." Applying swords and knives to them were proven useless. The Yellow Emperor thus summoned lighting and fire, turning them into molten iron, and sealed them in Shu State[3].

炎帝既服，有刑天者，崇龙母之民，持干戚而乱。帝断其首，复生口、目，再战。帝灼之，方死，葬于常羊之山。

After the Yan Emperor surrendered, there was the one called Xingtian, who worshiped Mother Dragon. He rebelled holding axe and shield. The Yellow Emperor cut off his head, but he grew new mouth and eyes and kept fighting. The Yellow Emperor burned him and he finally died. He was buried in the Mountain of Changyang.

About King Yu[4]

禹王时，相柳作乱，散五瘟、毒虫。相柳者，蛇身人头，生九首。

During the reign of King Yu, Xiangliu caused chaos by spreading plague and harmful insects. Xiangliu possessed body of a snake and nine human heads.

相柳者，原人合众。不修蛇之道，从龙之言，血肉相合，灵则不存。触之则噬。

Xiangliu was originally humans combined. They did not adhere to the Way of the Serpent and listened to the

words of the Dragon, so their flesh melted together and their souls were gone. One would be consumed if came in contact with it.

禹王时，洪水滔天，治而无用，问于伯益。对曰：“自伏羲囚女娲于太岁，八千万岁矣。今有龙蛇兴于河道，多属毒虫类，异也。当查于太岁。” 是以收天下之金，铸禹台。又立大舟，过太阴、荧惑，至于太岁。

During the reign of King Yu, there were big floods. Regulating had proven unsuccessful, so King Yu asked Boyi for help. Boyi answered: "Eight million years has passed since Fuxi trapped Nüwa in the planet of Taisui. Now there are venomous dragons and serpents in the rivers, such is anomalous. We need to check on Taisui." Thus King Yu collected metal from all over the country, and built Towers of Yu. He later built a huge ship, passing by the Moon and Mars before sailing it to Taisui.

伯益曰：“太岁者，囚龙之所也。今见裂隙，肉降九州，故有相柳之类。” 又铸大舟者三，驻于太岁，弥其隙。又杀相柳，平水患。于启王时，又立门径，通达太岁。

Boyi said: "Taisui is where the Dragon is trapped. Now that the cage has a crack, flesh descended down to the Nine States, causing the likes of Xiangliu to appear." Thus King Yu built three giant ships, and stationed them on Taisui, mending the crack. During the reign of King Qi, a gateway leading to Taisui was built.

Researcher's Note: While the connection is unconfirmed, this fragment greatly resembles the *To the Dragons' Witness* poem from **CotBG Archive / /20 -** . — Dr. Judith Low, Senior Adviser at the Department of History - Religious GoI Threat Analysis

About Transformation

十二时，行化形之礼，以肖龙母、蛇父。农人被鳞，匠人蛇首，公卿蛇身，王侯龙相。商旅、仆役、蛮夷等，不入此类。

> One will receive their ritual of Transformation at the age of twelve, to become similar in appearance to our Mother Dragon and Father Serpent. Farmers acquire scales, craftsmen acquire serpent heads, scholars/officials possess body of serpents, while lords look like dragons. Merchants, servants/slaves and savages do not belong, and will not go through the rituals.

Researcher's Note: The Mekhanites, the Daevites, the Sarkites, and now this? Various ancient cultures have undergone anomalous phases (often with a strong emphasis on corporeal augmentation/ transmogrification); how much has it influenced the development of our species? — Dr. Judith Low, Senior Adviser at the Department of History - Religious GoI Threat Analysis

> 有功者可全化形之礼，入于公卿之列，以至王侯。
>
> Those who contributed greatly could perfect the Transformation ritual, joining the ranks of scholars or even lords.

About the Dragons

> 昔有诸神趋于大渊，如萤趋火。大渊者，归墟之地。有大龙者二，以神为食。其阳者，金之灵也，曰伏羲；其阴者，肉之神也，曰女娲。二龙相配，遂生人。人者，龙裔也。
>
> The gods gathered at the great abyss, like insects drawn to flames. The abyss is also called Guixu. There were two great dragons, who fed on gods. One of them stands for Yang, and is the spirit of metal, whose name is Fuxi; the other one stands for Yin, and is the god of body/ flesh, whose name is Nüwa. The two dragons mated and humans were born. Thus the humans are descendants of the dragons.

Researcher's Note: Dualism is not unexpected (the basic concept existing among a majority of theological, mythological, and even philosophical traditions), but the nature of the dragons, of organic versus inorganic, is not something found in known Chinese

traditions. However, a similar concept can be found in the heterodox writings of a little known Mekhanite sect whose beliefs were never codified and incorporated into the later Church of the Broken God theology. — Dr. Judith Low, Senior Adviser at the Department of History - Religious GoI Threat Analysis

> 伏羲者，蛇父也。先授文字，复传八卦，以阐天地之理。以八卦为基，器械始成。自此，皆习蛇之道。
>
> Fuxi is our Father Serpent. He first taught us written language, and then the bagua to help us understand the rules of the world. Machines were made based on bagua. Since then, we all studied the Way of the Serpent.

> 女娲者，爪牙狰狞，是龙母。吁气于土造人。有六兽侍之，曰混沌、穷奇、梼杌、饕餮、共工及祝融。
>
> Nüwa has sharp claws and teeth, and is our Mother Dragon. She breathed life into soil to make humans. There are six beasts serving her, called Hundun, Qiongqi, Taowu, Taotie, Gonggong and Zhurong.

> 伏羲与女娲相斗，天柱折，地维绝，黎民受之，十不存一。伏羲不忍，以身为牢，囚女娲于太岁星。
>
> Fuxi fought Nüwa, causing the pillar that holds the sky to break and the strings that tie the ground together to break. People suffered, only one out of ten survived. Fuxi couldn't bear to allow this, so he used his own body as a cage, trapping Nüwa in the planet of Taisui.

Other

Researcher's Note: The following do not seem to be directly relevant to SCP-2481, but are archived for their possible implications. — Head Researcher Xue Qing

> 极西之地，有猿之国。赤足而居，驭有百兽。少康与之争，至芒时，干戈方止。

In the far west, there was a kingdom of apes. They walked on bare feet and controlled beasts of various kinds. King Shaokang fought against them, and it was not until the reign of King Mang that the war was over.

+ Level 4 Clearance Required

I have noticed certain similarities between the mythology associated with SCP-2481 and those found in Mekhanism (as preached by Church of the Broken God) and Sarkicism, despite sharing no common lineage with either. It is possible that those responsible for SCP-2481 encountered and/or practiced anomalies of both a distinctly mechanical and a distinctly organic nature; anomalies similar to those that had inspired the development of Mekhanism/Sarkicism and possibly other, ancient traditions (Note: The Xia anomalous culture group appears to predate these faiths and may in fact be the oldest recorded anomalous human civilization). It is possible that these faiths encountered anomalous objects or entities independently, while the Xia anomalous culture group discovered the roots of both - ultimately resulting in their unusual and anachronistic bio-mechanical engineering.

These potential cross-cultural influences, while intriguing and worthy of further study, are of minor importance compared to "Taisui". I urge the Foundation to investigate this matter - considering the technology available to Xia anomalous culture group, it is within the realm of possibility that they may have constructed something capable of at least limited space travel. If scanning for possible artificial structures either orbiting Jupiter or following its rotation around the sun is out of the question,

then I at least suggest gather more related information from SCP-2481-3.

— Dr. Judith Low, Senior Adviser at the Department of History - Religious GoI Threat Analysis

Footnotes
1. A legendary Chinese sovereign as well as a mythical figure, often considered to be the ancestor of Han ethnicity along with the Yan Emperor. Allegedly, he unified China after defeating the other two major tribe leaders, Chiyou and the Yan Emperor.
2. A imaginary planet in ancient China, which is the counterpart of Jupiter but moves in the opposite direction.
3. Around Sichuan Province today.
4. Also known as Yu the Great, who is allegedly the first king of Xia Dynasty, and is famous for his flood control.

S. D. Locke's Proposal: When Day Breaks

You find the access tunnel, hidden within a natural cave a mile off the main road.

You don't need the keycard. The door is ajar.

It smells here. It smells like *them*. Hopefully, they've moved on. You've come so far already. You can't turn back now.

There is a slick trail that leads from the cave entrance and into the depths of the site. If it's blood or shit - or something that smeared off one of those *things*, you cannot tell. You make a point to avoid it.

You're still receiving the distress signal. It only started broadcasting yesterday. Whoever it is - you pray they're still alive.

Your footsteps echo throughout empty corridors. Each footfall sounds for all the world like a dozen, as if you're not treading through the dark alone.

Elevator is down - so you take the stairs, ending on floor B5: Keter Holding. You pass several empty containment chambers. The horrors they once held are long gone.

If you're lucky.

The trail takes you to an office branching off the main hall - the source of the signal. The door is cracked open, but stuck. You plant your feet, push with all your might.

Something skitters out of one of the rooms to your left and around the corner before you can get a good look at it. Your first thought is 'dog'.

It was on the ceiling, though.

You take refuge in the room, slam the door behind you. It's dark here. You're safe. You take off your jacket and head wrap. It'd be a damn shame to die from something like hyperthermia after all that's happened.

The sole operating emergency light rotates in its casing - casting a pale orange glow across the room every other second.

As if the room itself had a pulse.

There's shelving haphazardly placed behind the door - a barricade. You scan the room. Soiled clothes, half eaten food. Despite the presence of an adjoining restroom, there is excrement in a bucket in the corner. A pneumatic chamber on the Northern wall would have been delivering consumables to the occupant.

The trail terminates in the corner of the room, forming a sick puddle. You spot three pharmacy bottles - further inspection reveals them to be various opioids. They're all empty.

There's a desk with a computer atop it. Approaching the terminal, you can clearly see the blinking light of the power button.

You take a seat. Turn it on.

Emergency Protocol Activated. Clearance Level Safeguards Removed. Full Access Granted.

Secure. Contain. Protect.

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Loading..

You hear footsteps just outside the door. Every first step comes down heavy, the second drags behind it.

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Loading..

Loading...

Authenticating...

..

...

A dark shape blots out the light streaming in through the slit between the floor and the doorway.

..

...

..

Authenticating...

..

...

..

...

..

Authenticating...

..

...

You tense up, waiting with bated breath, praying it will pass. You damn the deafening thumping of your heart for betraying your position.

Please Wait...

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..

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Please Wait...

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...

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Please Wait...

..

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The shadow recedes. You breathe a sigh of relief just as the screen comes to life…

Opening File

🔥 AUTOMATED SECURE SYSTEM NOTIFICATION CODE 235 (ASSN-235) 🔥

There has been an error in retrieving the current iteration of the

SCP-001 file. You are currently viewing revision #3. Newer revisions can be accessed at the bottom of this page.

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #3/12: (1) Audio File

Revision 3/12 updated 1312 days ago

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its nature, SCP-001 cannot be contained. Survivors of the SCP-001 event stationed within secure facilities are to remain in contact with one another. Personnel are encouraged to attempt to reach Site-5[1] Site-19 by any means at their disposal. Personnel with knowledge as to the whereabouts of the O5 Council are to relay this information to the Administrator.

Survivors attempting to travel outdoors must fully cover their bodies in protective clothing; preferably several layers. Travel by foot should be limited as much as possible. Cities - and man-made structures in general - provide the greatest protection. Formerly-wooded areas should be circumvented. Travel by air is preferable above all other methods.

Personnel exposed to SCP-001 are to be considered lost. Compromised personnel are to be abandoned. Euthanization is not to be attempted.

Collective instances of SCP-001-A that are of formidable

size are to be avoided at all costs. Conductive electrical weapons have proven partially effective at immobilizing instances, and may be used for self-defense. Incendiary weapons work as well. Cryonic munitions are the most effective thus far.

Testing has revealed that SCP-001-A is relatively safe to consume. This is only to be considered as a last resort in the absence of other options. As SCP-001-A may reconstitute within the digestive system, only small portions should be consumed at a time to prevent blockage.

Personnel stationed at Site-19 are to pursue research concerning off-world colonization. Shuttles must be constructed as to not allow light to penetrate the interior.

To those of you with families, or God forbid, child
push on. Do not let their deaths be in vain. We do

Humanity may still have a future. Come to Site-19

Learn to embrace the darkness, friends. Fear

Description: SCP-001 is the designation given to the Sun, after an event on [SYSTEM ERROR] *Data lost: ec172. Contact SysAdmin.* resulting in ~6.8 billion casualties within the first twenty-four hours. The SCP-001 effect does not seem to result from exposure to ultraviolet rays, but

rather light in the visual spectrum (~390 to 700 nm). The effect is similarly present in moonlight.

Upon contact with visible light produced by the sun, living organisms liquefy at the point of contact, with the effect spreading until the entire organism is converted. Visually, this is reminiscent of melting wax. The time this takes is largely dependent on the level of exposure and size of the organism. Despite this restructuring, at no point do living organisms perish.

Upon completion these organisms (SCP-001-A) take on a gelatinous consistency. Motile organisms will attempt to orient themselves in a fashion reminiscent of their previous form, to varying degrees of success.

Flora typically remain physically inert, yet are still capable of photosynthesis, and still produce oxygen. Organisms capable of flight lose the capability to do so. Fauna remain sentient, and display behavior that parallels their non-anomalous counterparts when not absorbed into a collective instance. Humans retain a modicum of sapience and memory.

Biological anomalies exposed to SCP-001 are affected in the same manner. It seems that exposure nullifies any previously expressed anomalous characteristics.

Due to their composition, instances of SCP-001-A that make contact with one another may combine and blend at the molecular level. This does not seem to cause any pain or distress to the instances, though the resulting bulk can inhibit movement. Since the SCP-001 event, most instances have congregated into such collectives, which seem to possess no maximum volume.

The resulting biomass is amorphous and chaotic. The component organisms will shift between a full-to-semi-liquid state - limbs and bodies will rise periodically from within the mass for a short duration, before deteriorating and being subsumed by another life-form.

Collective instances will locomote by using their appendages in tandem to carry their mass. Larger instances will form a pseudopod from their constituent life-forms, and drag themselves about in a manner similar to amoeba.

+Open attached file: Audio Log

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Access granted.

A harsh static lashes out of the speakers when you open the file. It disturbs the stillness of the room, catches you off guard and quickens your heart's pace. There's some handling noise as the recorder adjusts their microphone.

A brief moment of silence passes and then:

"Ahem. This is Doctor Logan Igotta, Level, um, Three researcher."

There's a quiver in her voice that betrays her attempts at professionalism. She pauses, takes a deep breath, and continues.

"Due to Site-46's possession of several communicable infohazards - we have, we have been cut off from the rest of the network u-under Blackout Protocol. As such, I'll be updating this as we come a-across new information.

On the bright side, we are actually still receiving transmissions from a few Sites. A good number of personnel have made it, it seems. Some are planning to make a break for 19, some are trying to fight the dash As, some, like us, are simply **`biding`** their time. Our Site is sealed for the time being. We're not ready for the journey. At least, not yet."

She sighs.

"We... experienced a containment breach a few days ago. One of the higher-maintenance humanoids broke loose - son of a bitch compromised containment on half a, half a dozen Keters and ran off.

They didn't make it more than five feet from the tunnels before collapsing in a soup. I-I watched it play out on the cams.

It didn't take long for them to get back up."

She stops again, mutters to herself incomprehensibly - before you hear the unmistakable sound of a match-strike.

She exhales audibly.

"Ahh... M-much better. Not exactly a, exactly a designated smoke area; but what the hell, right?"

She clears her throat.

Commander Anand suited up and went to town on them the next day, tried to drive them off. It didn't turn out very well, poor bastard. But we did learn a thing or two, at least."

Pause. Exhale.

"There's only a few of us left here. I'm holed up in one of the offices. Jerry and Director Phillips are somewhere in the barracks. Clyde and a few D's locked themselves in the armory with Ari.

I really should see how she's doing."

She trails off for a moment - before you hear the buzz of radio chatter.

"Hey, hun. How're you holding up down there?"

A voice responds. A man with an exaggerated, mocking tone.

"I'm doing just fine poopsie-kins! I want you to know I wuv you bunches! Heh, heh."

Logan shoots back.

"Who? Wh- knock it off and put her on, dammit. I need to speak with her."

There's a clamor on the other end while the radio changes hands. A soft voice calls out, concerned.

"Babe? What's wrong?"

Logan responds.

"Um - er- nothing, nothing."

Pause. Exhale.

"I just wanted to check in real quick."

Ari pleads.

"I'm fine, babe. Really. I can take care of myself."

A creak - Logan shifts in her seat.

"No, no. I know, I know that. I can't help it, though. I know coming here was never easy for you...."

Pause. Exhale. Logan continues:

"...and with everything going on I—"

Ari interrupts her.

"Hey! You told me you quit smoking."

There's a ruckus as Igotta presumably attempts to snuff her cigarette.

"Oh! Uh…No! No, of course not. I mean, I did! I did stop."

Ari doesn't sound convinced.

"I don't think I'm the one you need to worry about. I'm staying clean. I haven't even *thought* of touching mnestics in months. Trust me.

Anyways, since you were wondering, I'm fine. The guys are sitting around playing cards, I'm tucked in the corner with my notebook."

You can practically hear Igotta smiling as she jokes.

"Sweetheart! Penning a sonnet about my undying love at a time like this? I'm flattered."

Ari responds with a feigned laugh.

"An elegy, at the moment. I feel like if I don't keep myself busy doing *something*, I'll go crazy locked down here."
"I know what you mean, hun. I'll let you get back to it.

I love you."

Ari replies.

"Love you too, babe."

A moment of silence. Then, a match-strike followed by an audible exhale.

"And that's all of us. Everyone else was either top-side during the event, or they were killed in the breach.

Director's orders are to stay put. Keep an eye on the cams - both in and around the facility. We've got the 001'd skips beating at our front door, and god knows what else locked in here with us.

We still have electricity - we should for quite some time - and the place is stocked with enough supplies to last the site a couple of years. We're going to be fine for now."

Pause. Exhale.

"Everything's going to be fine."

She waits a beat, before ending the transmission.

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #5/12: Incident Report Appended

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Revision 5/12 updated 1202 days ago

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

Description: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

+Open attached file: Incident Report-001.1

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Access granted.

They've just been sitting out there this entire time, calling out to us, begging for us to come outside. The noise drew in more of them. There's this one mass that I'm sure must have a few dozen people and god-knows how many animals roiling around inside it. Screams and bleats and screeches and howls nonstop. Louder than all hell. The worst ones make this disgusting moaning - like they're actually enjoying it.

They're not going to leave so long as they know we're down here.

We managed to talk one of the D's into going out - see if he couldn't draw them away. He was surprisingly okay with the plan - all he asked for was a gun, and a single round. He made it out there and one got a hold of him, tried to get his mask off. He managed to work the pistol up beneath his chin in time, got it off. I figured he was lucky.

After he fell limp though, it kept working at his suit. Pried off the hood, poured itself inside. Began tearing it off of him from within.

He came back; started changing - dripping out of the suit and screaming and screaming and screaming.

They won't even let us die.

The Director has a plan. There's an escape tunnel hidden in his office. Tram under the Site will take us to a safe house - we should be able to start towards 19 from there.

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #8/12 One (1) attachment

Revision 8/12 updated 1200 days ago

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

Description: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

+Open attached file: Video File
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Access granted.

You see her for the first time. Dr. Igotta is seated where you are right now. She has a pained look, her eyes are bloodshot. A large, wet, red-black blotch has formed on her breast-pocket.

She draws a shuddering breath, parts her lips as if to speak, and stops herself. She bows her head, and cries silently. After a minute, she manages to choke out:

"I-I-w-we - the t-tunnel.

Flowed in through the, through the ceiling, dragging, dragging them into the, the l-light and ripping off their, their clothes a-a-and..."

She reaches into her breast pocket, and withdraws a finger. The glint of a wedding ring is visible above the severed portion. She holds it close, in cupped hands, and runs a thumb across the glimmering band.

She sits like this for an eternity, whispering apology after apology, begging forgiveness, lost in the moment. She looks up after some time. There's a look of realization when she sees she's still recording; before she places the digit back in her pocket. She leans forward, as if to turn off the camera, when a radio crackles to life.

It broadcasts white noise for a few seconds, and then, a voice that sets you on edge.

"Logan?"

It's Ari, almost. Her voice has taken on the disgusting, gurgling tone characteristic of the affected. Logan's jaw drops, what little color that was left in her face drains. It speaks out again.

"Where are you? Why can't I get back inside?

Are you there?"

Logan rummages beneath the desk for a moment, and produces a hand-held radio. Her hands are shaking. The thing implores her; its inhuman speech curdles your stomach.

"Babe, it's alright. *I'm* alright, really.

It's a bright, sunny day and you're just wasting away down there."

Logan is in tears, her finger hovering just above the call-button. The Ari-thing draws a deep, wet, breath and speaks.

"Such a beautiful, clear blue sky - just like that day. Do you remember, babe?

Logan withdraws a cigarette with her free hand, followed by a pack of matches. Her shaking thwarts the first two attempts to light it. She swears silently. Third time's the charm, and she inhales a quarter of it in a single drag. The Ari-thing continues:

"It was so perfect. Everything was how I'd always dreamt it would be. You planned exquisitely. I'd never felt so in love."

Logan begins rocking back-and-forth.

"You even had the band play our song..."

It starts singing.

"*I feel good, in a special way*

I'm in love and it's a sunny day"

Logan hurls the radio across the room. It smashes somewhere off-camera. It's still somewhat operational - you can still hear the thing singing.

"*Good day, sunshine*
Good day, sunshine"

More voices join in the chorus as the radio slowly loses life. A few, a dozen, then more. They continue singing until the radio mercifully dies. Logan rushes out of her chair, and you can hear her vomiting off-screen. The video films the empty seat for several minutes before she returns to end the feed.

Something isn't right.

A lingering, paranoid sensation washes over you. You're being watched. You defensively dart your eyes about, though they take a second to adjust to the darkness beyond the monitor. The emergency light sweeps across the room, stretching and twisting the shadows beyond recognition. That's when you spot it.

There, in the corner.

Coming out of the puddle.

Time slows to a halt. A pair of hands, coated in the lustrous black slime you followed through the facility, are on either side of the sickening pool, as if something beneath the floor is bracing itself, trying to lift itself up.

Something inhuman.

The head comes next, rising from the muck. Matted hair conceals its face, plastered over it by the mystery fluid. It turns in your direction.

It stares at you from the corner, which once

again falls into darkness.

The emergency light continues its journey across the room. It washes over the puddle again, revealing nothing out of the ordinary.

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #9/12 One (1) attachment:

Revision 9/12 updated 986 days ago

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

Description: No changes submitted. Information collapsed.

+Open Attachment
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Access granted.

Dr. Igotta appears on the monitor. She's lost weight. Her eyes are bloodshot and wide. On the table before her lay a knife, a bowl, and a stack of manila envelopes filled with yellowing pages.

Atop this stack is a blood-stained parchment.

"Despite the things we have to deal with here at the

Foundation, I've always believed we would be able to maintain control. We would hold the darkness at bay - let mankind flourish in the light.

Site-19 stopped broadcasting last month. It's been getting harder and harder to find a reason to keep going - especially without, without."

She grabs the knife, contemplates it for a moment.

"I keep going over it again and again in my mind. That day back in the tunnels. Everything that happened. I've gone down there a few times, if only to hear her voice again.

But it's wrong. That thing on the other side of the door - it isn't her. Not anymore. It sounds like her, it knows everything she knew, but it's not her. This light - it takes your body, it steals your mind.

But what about your soul?"

With this, she slices into the palm of her left hand, and winces. You watch her clench her fist, draining her blood into the bowl.

"If this works... If I can bring back something, something the light couldn't reach; I'll post an update here. For now, signing off."

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #17!24ATA ERROR

Revision 4847/3RR0R updated 985 days ago

Item. Hurts.

0bject. Apologize.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 **should not** be contained. Survivors of the SCP-001 event stationed within secure facilities can never truly be with one another. Personnel are encouraged to **get over themselves, and stop thinking they know better.**

You can't hide down here forever, love.

Personnel exposed to SCP-001 are**n't people you can just** abandon. I didn't ask for you to save me. It wasn't your choice to make. Euthanization is notnotnotnot^{notnot} to be attempted.

Conductive electrical weapons **Why?** have proven partially effective at immobilizing instances. **You couldn't stand seeing me better off.** Incendiary weapons **tickle.** Cryonic munitions are the most effective thus far.

Personnel stationed at Site-19 have **no regrets. Neither did I. It's never too late, babe.**

Description: SCP-001 is the designation given to the Sun, **after we finally became free.** The effects are instantaneous, resulting **in release from all suffering, until you ripped me away. These changes seem scary, I know.** Despite this restructuring, at no point **will you die.**

I promise.

Due to their composition, instances of SCP-001-A that make contact with one another may combine and blend **and finally exist**. This does not cause **any pain**. Since the SCP-001 event, most instances have congregated

into such collectives, which seem to possess no maximum volume. dontbeafraid

The resulting biomass is beau**ti**ful. The component organisms will shift in and over and around and through andinandoutandinandoutandin - limbs and bodies hold, **never letting go.** al1as0ne before deteriorating and being subsumed by another life-form.

Collective instances will locomote by just trying to get close to you again.

trying so hard.
Let me in

Let me go back

There's a video file attached. Opening it, you see that it presents the room you're in. The feed seems to be coming from one of the security cameras, up in the corner of the room. It's dark, but you can just make out Dr. Igotta - laying on a pile of laundry along the far wall.

She's writhing in her sleep. She seems tormented. Hurt. She's tossing and turning and mumbling nonsense-words.

The camera shakes. It lifts upwards for a moment, before it focuses on her again.

It starts moving closer. Slowly.

The speakers come to life; picking up an airy, breathy static. As the camera moves closer to the doctor, it becomes clearer, crisper. It's not merely white noise, but dozens - hundreds of voices whispering unintelligibly over each other.

You lean in, press your ear almost against the

speaker, trying to discern what it is that's being said. Something strange stands out amidst the discordance:

Are you paying attention?
This next bit is just for you.

You're not quite sure what to make of it, though. Looking back at the monitor, the camera has come to a halt inches away from the sleeping doctor.

The voices stop.

There is no sound.

A hand. Black and oily and skeletal, reaches out for her, brushes away a lock of hair.

Her eyes shoot open, she recoils in shock. The feed cuts out.

Access File: SCP-001 Revision #12/12 One (1) attachment:

Revision 12/12 updated 1 days ago

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: File recovered from previous revision. Information collapsed.

Description: File recovered from previous revision.

Information collapsed.

+Open Attachment
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Access granted.

Dr. Igotta appears before you on the screen, looking even worse for wear than she did previously. Her hair is thinning, with large swaths appearing absent from the middle of her head. If they weren't reflecting the soft glow of the monitor, you would have assumed she no longer *had* eyes, for how deep they'd recessed into her skull. She stares ahead, unblinking.

"She won't stop. S-She won't go aw-away. I know I didn't, know I didn't pick up an info-fohazard browsing the archives. Tested my-myself for -4673 infection. Negative. -5189 is the, is the only other o-one that uses print as a vector. Can't b-be that, I still have all my fingers!"

Her lips crack into a broken grin. She lets out a weak laugh, and displays her trembling hands. What appears to be the mostly-skeletal remains of a finger is embedded into the flesh of her left hand - in the stump that would have supported her natural ring finger. Two wedding bands loosely encircle the digit, laying atop one another.

"So, I'm not infected. I'm not, not, I'm, I'm not crazy. I know. I know the ritual worked. I know it's really her. It's her and she—"

Something catches her attention off-screen. She cocks her head, listening.

"No! No, I c-can't! You're not, not you, not the same. Not you, it's not you anymore. Nope! No, no, no!"

She begins rubbing her temples, repeating herself over and over again. A minute passes. She snaps her head back up, and addresses the camera.

"It's her but it's not. What I brought back - still a part of oh-one. There's no way. No way out. No way.

There's no hope for a future for me, and God, I can't go on like this any longer.

I'll be safe here. The light can't reach m-me. I w-won't let it, let it take me."

She brandishes a handgun.

"W-was planning on using this, 'till I found some, some leftover meds. Don't want to, want to risk calling attention to m-myself... to my body."

She opens the desk drawer, and deposits the firearm. She raises her gaze, stares into the camera.

"Mom. Dad. Ari.

I'm sorry."

She reaches forward and ends the recording.

That's horrible.

You open the drawer, and pull out the gun. You absentmindedly turn it over in your hands for a moment, wondering where you'll go from here. Site-17? 64? Surely you can't be all that's left. The computer dings. There's been an update to the file?

Access SCP-001: Current Iteration Updated One (1) Minute Ago

Item #:

saffron skies raise the blazing sun
a chance encounter, awkward displays
one day, my love, we'd be as one

Object Class:

with two entwined. A set course, begun
that frenetic, wild, lustrous haze;
azure skies host the radiant sun

Special Containment Procedures:

above us beaming as we run
down that aisle, a fervent craze
that day, my love, we became as one

with future unfolded - the life we'd won
commitment and duty, for the family we'd raise
cerulean skies ferry the shimmering sun

Description:

Buried. Shackled by fate - overrun
by ever-growing resent and malaise
yesterday, my love, we were as one

now you lie here, the life in you gone
in the dark outside of her rays
crimson skies bear the torch; our sun
today, my love, we'll be as one

Without your prompting, the page begins playing a video file. You freeze when the image loads.

It's a live feed, looking down on you from behind. About a foot away.

A skeletal, inky left hand enters the frame, approaching you at a snail's pace. It's missing its ring finger.

Without a second thought, you turn and fire in a frenzy. Hoping to drive off the specter.

Your bullets meet an empty wall. There's nothing there.

A second passes before you hear it - before you hear *them.* Sloshing, wet thuds coming down the corridor, accompanied by a chorus of screams.

It slams into the door. Could there be a place to hide?

It strikes a second time. What appears to be a face - part human, part... *something* - dribbles in under the frame. Bits of flesh from god-knows-what oozes in through the sides and

reconstitutes into fingers, eyes, feathers.

A third. Now it's pressing up against the wood, causing it to sag inwards.

With a groan and a crash, the wood splinters. The door explodes open.

Hands and arms stretch out of the mass, pulling you up, passing you from one to the next, on and on down the line. They drag you past the empty containment units, upwards and through the stairwell, through the halls and towards the tunnel.

You're afforded a few, precious moments in the darkness.

And at the end of the tunnel, there is light.

Footnotes
1. Personnel are to be reminded that there is noSite-5.

spikebrennan's proposal: God's Blind Spot

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Yesod

Special Containment Procedures: Facility T, the headquarters location of the Foundation's O5 Council and appurtenant management bodies, has been constructed around the location of SCP-001, including Building T-01 within the volume of SCP-001. The security protocols for Facility T are set forth in Document T-001:01.

Description: SCP-001 is an irregularly-shaped volume of space, approximately 65,000 cubic meters in volume inclusive of space both above and below the original ground level, located at in the Sinai. Apart from its thaumaturgic properties (described below), SCP-001 is unremarkable, and matter and energy can freely enter and leave it. Archaeological work performed by the French Commission des Sciences et des Arts in the late 18th century indicated the remains of a stone structure at the site dating to the late 2nd millennium BCE fitting the description of an inn. As a result of the construction of Facility T, no trace of the original structure remains.

SCP-001 is distinguished as the only known natural location on Earth with absolute zero ambient Akiva radiation. Experimentation has verified that this condition persists even when an emission source of Akiva radiation is brought near or within the spatial limits of SCP-001,[1] which indicates that not only does the outer boundary of SCP-001 impermeably block Akiva radiation from crossing it in either direction, SCP-001 absorbs and destroys any Akiva radiation that would otherwise be generated within its volume.

As a consequence of SCP-001's properties, the natural progression of degeneration or termination of *Homo sapiens* cognitive function and organic functionality are suspended while the *Homo sapiens*

subject in question remains within the limits of SCP-001. Put another way, subject to certain limitations, human death does not occur within SCP-001. See excerpts of test log below:

Test	Parameters	Outcome
01.001	Personnel D-1082, a healthy human male, is placed in a standard human containment cell within SCP-001 and observed for 120 days.	No change.
01.003	Personnel D-2326, a healthy human female, is placed in an airtight vessel within SCP-001. A lethal dose of cyanide gas is released into the vessel. After completion of the test, the gas is vented.	No change. D-2326 suffered no adverse medical effects.
01.006	Same parameters as Test 01.003, but subjects are thirty healthy specimens of *Rattus norvegicus*.	Specimens die of cyanide poisoning. Subsequent variations of this test suggest that the life-preserving attributes of SCP-001 are limited to human subjects.
01.009	Personnel D-5337, a human female suffering from stage 4 cancer (metastasized to most organs) and with a prognosis of imminent death, is placed in a standard containment cell within SCP-001 and	No change, including any advance in cancer symptoms, while subject remained within SCP-001. Subject expired within 48 hours after being removed from SCP-001 after the conclusion of the test.

	observed for 786 days.	
01.010	Personnel D-5361, a healthy human male, is placed in a crematory within SCP-001 which is then activated.	D-5361's body combusts in manner consistent with normal, control operations. Resultant remains are unremarkable. Subsequent variations of this test suggest that the life-preserving attributes of SCP-001 do not extend to all cases of trauma.
01.338	Personnel D-8874, a healthy human female, is placed in a standard human containment cell within SCP-001 and restrained. Subject's left leg is amputated above the thigh without anesthetic and without the use of a tourniquet or other constriction of the femoral artery. After amputation, the leg is removed from SCP-001 while Personnel D-8874 remains under observation for a period of 360 days.	Subject temporarily loses consciousness (probably due to pain and sudden blood loss) but recovers, and bleeding stops, within 12 hours. Stump heals at accelerated rate. Amputated leg which has been removed from SCP-001 decays at rate consistent with flesh stored under similar conditions.
01.537	Personnel D-13926 and D-13927, healthy male identical twins, age 24, are subject of	Personnel D-13927 presents a progression of physical bodily

	study. Personnel D-13926 is placed in standard long-term human containment cell within SCP-001 while Personnel D-13927 is placed in standard long-term human containment cell at a different Foundation facility. Subjects are observed for a period of 26 years, 10 months.	changes consistent with normal human aging, but Personnel D-13926 does not appear to measurably age during the test duration. After conclusion of test, Personnel D-13926 was transferred to a different Foundation facility whereupon that subject presented an accelerated progression of changes consistent with aging.

A dormitory facility has been constructed within Building T-01, containing living spaces for all members of the Foundation's O5 Council and certain other members of senior management. Presently, nine of the twelve members of the O5 Council reside within that dormitory, and eight of those nine have not exited from Building T-01 since the completion of its construction.[2]

Due to SCP-001's properties, it is also used as a control site for the Foundation's thaumaturgic research program, including the development of applications for **instances of SCP-2336-A**.

Archival Document 06-S7INF-23-A (Excerpt)

> … In Matters of natural Philosophy and of understanding the Substance of the almighty God, we must begin our Investigation with the Evidence of our Senses, which includes the Testimony of holy Scripture. For no Man hath seen God, but the Perception of God may come from observing His Creation, and from the careful Study of holy Scripture.
>
> Consider Exodus iv which, being rendered in the

Hebrew:

ויהי בדרך במלון ויפגשהו יהוה ויבקש המיתו:
ותקח צפרה צר ותכרת את־ערלת בנה ותגע לרגליו ותאמר כי חתן־
דמים אתה לי:

Which, being interpreted, sayeth:

And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the LORD met him – meaning Moses – and tried to kill him. Then Zipporah – the wife of Moses – took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet, and said, "Surely a bloody husband art thou to me."[3]

Consider the Teaching of these Verses. Many learned Scholars focus their Attention on the Second of these Verses, in which Zipporah, the wife of Moses, performs the Rite of Circumcision and, in so doing, saves her Husband from the wrath of the almighty God. Therein, say the Scholars, lies the moral Lesson that none, not even God's Prophet, shall be exempt from the Laws of His Covenant.

But consider the First of these Verses, which is so little Understood. The almighty God, having formed an Intent to kill Moses, attempted to do so and failed. This Episode is the Key to the understanding of the Substance of God. For we must understand that if Scripture is Infallible, and Scripture tells us that the almighty God tried to kill Moses but failed, then infallible Scripture sayeth that God is not omnipotent, or at least that God's Power does not extend to that particular Place.

Sir Isaac Newton, *Observations upon the Substance of God* (1724)

" … The newly-invented thaumometric apparatus permitted our Order to verify what we had long suspected, namely that the Divine Grace - or as some of our brethren are more apt to put it - the thaumaturgic

force - was a phenomenon of actual, measurable substance. One of my colleagues proposed the name "akiva" as the unit of measurement for this phenomenon, after some long-dead Hebrew martyr. This philosophical and technological breakthrough prompted the initiation of several projects, including a comprehensive mapping of conditions and variations of akiva throughout the globe. This was not to be a mere frippery such as the charting of the source of the Nile or the naming of some inconsequential sea-rock- rather, the thaumographic map will be an invaluable tool in allowing our Order to harness the powers of the Divine Grace.

"And so, we organized cartographic teams, each equipped with a thaumometric apparatus, to commence the mapping project, with special concentration on regions of particular interest.

“In a particular corner of the Holy Land, Napoleon Bonaparte showed us the way. As you know, Napoleon’s campaign into Egypt in 1798 was accompanied by the Commission des Sciences et des Arts, which completed a comprehensive survey of that country.[4] Volume eleven of that report charted the geographic locations of historic locations, including the biblical Mount Horeb. And so, fortified with this information, a team of Freemasons and members of our Hermetic Order, led by myself, traveled to the Sinai to retrace the steps of Moses from Mount Horeb back to the court of Pharaoh.

Tonight, I am pleased to report to our Order the success of this endeavor. We found the Inn."

Bram Stoker, transcription minutes of meeting of Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn (1874)

Excerpt of memorandum by Site Director William Wynn Westcott[5] to Samuel Liddell Mathers, October 16, 1916

… Having studied the Inn, and testing its properties, only one conclusion can be reached. God has a blind spot, and we have found where it is.

The properties of the Inn present a number of thaumometric engineering opportunities beyond merely hiding from the Angel of Death. We now know that the ambient Akiva radiation level within the Inn remains at zero regardless of what happens inside. By implication, since this is God's blind spot, there can be no theological consequence to an action taken within its boundaries. Although I am no physicist, our colleague Nikola has described it to me as being essentially a Faraday cage for sin. The suitability of such a location as the headquarters of the central decision-making body of our new Order should be obvious.

(Note: The office of the Foundation's Ethics Committee have been located in Building T-01 since the Committee's inception.)

Notes of Dr. Marvin Scranton, July 31, 1924 (excerpted)

… As a result of our study of the properties of SCP-001, we are now ready to begin our first trials here at Site-36 for the artificial generation of a shielded Akiva vacuum, which we're calling the antimonad. Essentially we're going to create another instance of SCP-001. Today's test will be the culmination of over twenty years of advances in thaumometric engineering and applied theology. Bertrand, my assistant, puts it more bluntly: we've built a box and we're pushing God out of it…

…

It turns out that just as nature abhors a vacuum, so does immanence. Our instrument readings indicate that when the antimonad came on line and the measurable Akiva rating within the test capsule dropped to zero, the Hume level spiked. We think that something else - something

that we don't presently have a way of observing or measuring - came in. We don't know what it was or where it went…

O5 Policy Memorandum K-308 (August 2, 1924) (excerpt)

Gentlemen:
The frequency and severity of anomalous incidents appears to have dramatically increased since the 31 July incident at Site-36;[6] As we have discussed, this episode underscores the need for the Foundation to revisit and expand its mission charter. To date we have been a research organization. But emergency times call for emergency measures, and it has become imperative for our organization to do more than contain the specimens that we study. We must take steps to secure those anomalies not already within the Foundation's custody, both in order to protect the anomalies for further research and to protect humanity as a whole.

Effective immediately, the Foundation hereby authorizes and establishes an active field operations department. Our existing research operation is hereby re-organized as comprising a separate and distinct research department. This new agency department is hereby authorized to immediately organize, fund, staff, equip, train and deploy one or more mobile task forces. The provisional leadership and budget for the field operations department are set forth in the attached exhibit…

(Note: Memorandum K-308 represents the official commencement of the Foundation's operations to actively collect and contain anomalous objects, entities and phenomena, as opposed to merely studying them.)

MEMORANDUM
To: The Administrator; O5 Council
cc: Muhammad al-Taqi, Director (Office of Tactical

Theology)
From: Sheldon Katz, Esq.
Date: 3 August 19

Re: Status of negotiations (Project Uriel)

I believe that we have reached an understanding with the counterparty. The purpose of this memorandum is to memorialize the principal points of understanding. As we have discussed, the formal agreement will be presented in the form of a covenant.[7]

BACKGROUND
The Foundation's operations at Facility T have for some time been a sticky point vis-à-vis our relations with the counterparty. Recent developments, too voluminous to be mentioned here, have prompted the Foundation's senior management to seek a rapprochement with the counterparty, both to facilitate ongoing research and containment efforts, to avoid accelerating a theoeschatalogical catastrophe, and to maintain the efficacy of certain Foundation protocols such as the containment regimen for **SCP-1844**. At senior management's direction, then, my office undertook negotiations with the counterparty. The points summarized below represent the outcome of these negotiations.

SUMMARY OF POINTS OF UNDERSTANDING
1. No natural person may physically remain within Facility T for a continuous period in excess of 120 years. This limit applies to members of the O5 Council, other members of the Foundation management and staff, test subjects, and others. The Foundation is expected to enforce this limitation.

2. Minutes of the proceedings of the Ethics Committee are to be communicated to the counterparty not less frequently than annually.[8]

3. The counterparty shall not smite, strike down or

otherwise exact wrath upon any of the Foundation personnel named on Exhibit A (as amended from time to time by the mutual agreement of the parties) without at least 90 days' written notice and an opportunity to cure the transgression; provided, however, that this clause shall not be applicable in the case of a tribulation of general applicability.

4. Neither the Foundation nor any of its executive-level personnel shall bow down to or worship any divine entity other than the counterparty; for I, the LORD am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.[9]

5. The Foundation and the counterparty shall use commercially reasonable efforts to cooperate with respect to the containment of the adverse entities described on Exhibit B (collectively, the "Angra Mainyu").

Please contact me to discuss the points of understanding before the formal agreement is completed.

Respectfully,

Sheldon Katz, Prophet of God /s/

Footnotes
1. See Research Report SCP-001.08.P (Relic of Tooth of the Buddha), 1974.
2. A ninth O5 member, who left Building T-01 to attend a personal matter, was killed in a meteorological event before her scheduled return.
3. Exodus 4:24–26
4.Description de l'Égypte, ou Recueil des observations et des recherches qui ont été faites en Égypte pendant l'expédition de l'armée française
5. Westcott co-founded an organization that is one of the Foundation's predecessor entities.
6. While no causal link to the antimonad test has been conclusively proven as of yet, the timing is noted.

7. Stone tablets are expected, but I have asked for a .pdf file as well.
8. The precise logistics of this communication have not yet been worked out, but I suspect that it will consist of writing them on parchment and then burning them in a brazier located outside of Facility T.
9. The counterparty insisted upon this clause. Because the clause does not actually compel any action but merely forbids it, I applied my discretion to accept this point. I assume that the first-person draftsmanship will be cleaned up in the final version.

WJS Proposal: Normalcy

Note from O5

In case you're wondering why this object is here where it doesn

First, the SCP-001 slot is specifically reserved for use by the O5

Second, "consensus reality" is simply consensus of the Council

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Non-Anomalous

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is kept on a dedicated server or library located in a place of the O5 Council's choosing. The normal prohibition of O5 members from contacting SCP-designated objects does not apply in the case of SCP-001 as it is not anomalous.

Any additions, deletions, or updates to SCP-001 requires the consensus decision of the O5 Council. Access to SCP-001 is limited to the O5 Council. Access by other Foundation members or non-Foundation entities constitutes a containment breach that may result in a Broken Masquerade scenario. General amnestic release is authorized to be used in the case of a containment breach, up to and including global Class A amnesticization, as required.

Description: SCP-001 is the document describing consensus reality. Anomalous activity is therefore defined as any activity that occurs outside the parameters of the document. The document may describe certain characteristics of reality as inherently anomalous, as decided upon by the O5 Council.

General practice has included universal laws of gravitation, physical forces, and basic chemistry, biology, sociology, and philosophy. Presently, discoveries and technological development are not considered anomalous as long as they are built on a framework of knowledge previously designated consensus reality using the scientific method. All new claims of discovery are to be monitored for developments outside the parameters of SCP-001 which can be reproducible.

Claims of discovery that cannot be reproduced and appear to affect the perception of only the individual reporting the claim are not considered anomalous and can be allowed into the general public. In most cases these claims may result in the public calling them "hallucinations," "crackpot theories," or "conspiracies," and discounted. This is to be encouraged because it allows for plausible deniability when an anomaly is more widely witnessed in public.

All activities and objects outside the parameters of SCP-001 are to be tracked, secured, contained, removed from public knowledge, and protected by the SCP Foundation. Studies from such objects can be used in proposals for further updates to SCP-001.

The following excerpts have been cleared by the O5 Council as examples of update proposals to SCP-001. In all cases the speaker is not identified, nor are the logs complete.

Proposal Date: 1/11/1932

Update Proposal: Declaration of modern witch-craft traditions arising in the United Kingdom as anomalous

Dialog:

Why are we even covering this? There are traditional beliefs in cultures throughout history that we do not consider anomalous. We must not use our position to

threaten the right of humanity to believe.

Except this does not extend from traditional practices. This new "witch-craft" is a modern invention, developed through a scholarly rereading of practices as an alternative to Christianity. It is not a continuation, and practitioners are attempting spell-casting.

Soon you'll say Aleister Crowley has something to do with it. The document is clear: theurgy is anomalous, religion and spirituality are not. Show me proof that they are casting spells that cannot be explained under rigorous testing, and I will personally see to containing those spells myself. Until then, no, just as Thelema is allowed, so shall this witch-craft. For God's sake, we'll allow Satanism as long as they aren't channeling demonic energies.

Agreed. Furthermore, we will need all the faith we can muster against the theurgic traditions. We never know when a new faith will assist in our cause.

Conclusion: No Update

Proposal Date: 16/7/1945

Update Proposal: Re-evaluation of physics on the subject of nuclear fission

Dialog:

Thank you for responding to my emergency call. Trinity has happened. I can barely comprehend what I saw. It was like the sun rising from the desert sand, a dawn of destruction and fire that lasted for miles around. I cannot believe that such an explosion could ever be seen as possible. Tales and prior evidence of the summoning of gods have had less impact. I tremble with fear about the possibility of people wielding this kind of power, the ability to level a city with the flick of a switch.

Weren't the Germans and Russians also developing this technology? We are at war, and this sort of escalation happens.

May I remind my esteemed colleague that we are not at war? The United States, Japan, they are at war. We are not nations. No, the question stands: is this anomalous? Do the physical effects follow from the mathematical concepts?

They do follow. Scientific testing was completed each and every step of the way to reach this point. I do not believe this is anomalous, no matter how frightening the repercussions are.

What, you're just going to let people hold onto the keys to their own destruction? We have fought tooth and nail to keep such capabilities out of the reach of man, and you're now saying we should abandon our purpose?

We do not prevent destruction. We sequester the anomalous. And as long as we agree that the test was arrived at through diligent scientific process, available to anyone -

Available to anyone? Listen to yourself, man! Can you imagine a future where any two-bit dictator chooses to unleash the fire of a thousand suns wherever he wishes? Maybe the problem isn't with the equations. Maybe the whole of nuclear physics is anomalous itself.

Enrico Fermi has already received a Nobel Prize for his work on transuranic elements and radioactivity. We can't just secure nuclear physics from the world. Radioactivity is everywhere, and we end up causing more contradictions when we try to send ourselves back to the Dark Ages. Try explaining chemistry without referring to covalent bonds. Try explaining biology. Nuclear physics is here to stay, and we had better get used to the consequences of this, no matter how terrifying this will be for the planet and for humanity.

May God have mercy on our souls.

Conclusion: Recent developments in the studies and applications of nuclear fission and the results of their unleashing are added to SCP-001.

Proposal Date: 2/4/2014

Update Proposal: Classification of "Worm-That-Walks" phenomenon

Dialog:

For those unfamiliar with the topic, the "worm that walks" is a trope in which a character is actually a writhing hive-mind of worms generally held together as a single mass. We are not here to discuss this trope. Instead, we are here to discuss the recent conspiracy that has arisen from it. The conspiracy is the idea that certain individuals are actually worms that walk, and not humans.

Does the conspiracy have any merit?

No. Individual conspiracy believers are divided themselves on who is a worm that walks and who isn't, and all evidence indicates that there aren't actual worms that walk in the general populace. It pretty clearly falls under irreproducible conspiracy theories. I believe there's nothing we need to do or change in SCP-001.

It might not be as irreproducible as we think.

Why do you say that?

On 12/11/2013, a believer in the conspiracy from Decatur, Alabama, killed his neighbor under the belief that the neighbor was a worm that walks. The killer then took a video of his deceased neighbor and uploaded it to YouTube, claiming it was proof of the conspiracy, and that the corpse was dissolving into individual worms before his very eyes. He said that he was going to take a sample. The video was very quickly blocked and

removed, and everyone who has viewed the video agrees that the subject is unmoving and does not dissolve into worms. The killer turned himself in to the police while clutching a jar of Tubifex worms and the neighbor sent to the Morgan County morgue. Autopsy confirmed that the decedent was missing a thumb postmortem and killed by gunshot to the chest - which, if he were a worm that walks, would be survivable.

So, this is just the actions of an insane man? No actual conspiracy?

The one item of interest was that after the autopsy, the assistant coroner oversaw the return of the body to the next of kin. The assistant coroner was also a conspiracy believer, and despite not having had any prior contact to the parties involved, screamed in disgust upon entering the examination room, grabbing a mop and complaining about all the worms everywhere. No one else noticed any signs of worm infestation.

Are we positive he didn't come across the video or anything?

We weren't sure. So, to test this, we acquired the corpse and showed it to a number of D-class. They all agreed that it was a human corpse. We then introduced them to the worm-that-walks conspiracy, and upon viewing the corpse again, 20% of them agreed that it was actually a mass of worms.

That sounds like a memetic hazard, then. Has the conspiracy literature been scanned by the CH Department?

CH found it negative for memetic effects, but did find a chart in one pamphlet that would function like a mnestic trigger, unlocking a memory. However, of course, it would only work if the affected had that memory.

And that memory would be?

Having recently seen a living worm that walks.

Conclusion: Language regarding mnestic triggers strengthened to include recent perception. Although there remains no evidence that there is any truth to the worm-that-walks conspiracy, the repercussions of the existence of a mnestic trigger that works is something to think about. After all, have you heard about that thing dowwÐÁ“ŒÏMA3§

FURTHÆR REPORTING - O5 ACCESS ONLY

Proposal Date: 21/14/211zÔâµ½ž±—4ö0¯žÛ¼’Ýn

Update Proposal: Anomaly of extranarršZØ¾‡ƒuÔ5

ATTEMPT TO ACCESS SCP-001 DETECTED. IDENTITY CHALLENGE INITIATED.

DEPLOYING MEMETIC KILL AGENT

Billith's Proposal: The World at Large

YOU ARE ACCESSING SITE-01 ARCHIVES

DEEP STORAGE

please wait…

loading 001.SCP.archive @ dir/arc/events/other/EE00059.rtf …

Event #: EE-00059

Due to the nature of EE-00059, designation as a proper SCP is unnecessary. Knowledge of the existence of EE-00059 is largely credited as non-anomalous and therefore no containment measures are required at this point. Any transmissions or activity arising from EE-00059's vicinity are to be reported and purged of all public knowledge if possible.

Event Description: Extranormal Event 00059 was observed on January 4th, 2006, in a region of space roughly 1.6 million light years from Earth.[1] It was detected via the NASA Deep Space Network satellite system over a period of three hours.

EE-00059-1 are a series of low-frequency transmissions that originated from the direction of EE-00059 during the event.

Due to the range and speed of radio waves it is likely that anomalous broadcasting equipment may have been used to transmit the messages (See **EE-00059-1 Transcript Logs** for more information.)

EE-00059-2 is an emergent Class-E "Momentary Lapse of Reason" Wormhole (S-CSMWAUC2-T).[2] EE-00059-2 was observed for approximately 102 seconds during transmission EE-00059-1-3, exhibiting properties of both wormholes and white holes, emitting matter and light but otherwise resisting the flow of materials that would occur naturally on Earth. This caused the anomaly to be several orders of magnitude more visible than it would be otherwise. Upon closer observation, EE-00059-2 appeared to display no apparent effect on the gravity surrounding its location. This is more consistent with Ellis Wormholes, which are fully-transferable points between non-flat three dimensional regions of spacetime.

This paradoxical behavior implies that EE-00059-2 was created in a manner not possible within our own reality and the region warrants further Foundation investigation.

---

loading 00059.SCP.archive @ dir/arc/events/other/ EE00059_Exploration.rtf ...

On May 18th, 2027, the Foundation proposed the

construction of the Altruist-9 deep space probe in order to observe the status of the location of EE-00059, which was approved by a majority vote of the O5 council.

In order to reach the location within a reasonable amount of time, the Altruist-9 was constructed with a faster-than-light (FTL) drive and high efficiency solar sails. However, due to the sensitivity and unpredictability of the exotic matter inside the probe, its FTL drive will not be used at full capacity. Thus, the Altruist-9 is scheduled to complete its journey in the year .

In the event of the reemergence of EE-00059-2, the Altruist-9's inner core, containing a small solar-powered drone and atmospheric measuring equipment, is kept encased in an exotic polypeptide oligomer weave derived from the wreckage of [REDACTED, SEE BELOW]. This matter is suspected to survive traversal through EE-00059-2. The Altruist-9 was launched on Jan 8th, 2038.

UPDATE:

On February 26th, , the date of the Altruist-9's arrival into EE-00059's location, initial readings were recorded and proven to be non-anomalous. However, shortly afterward, activity from the region was detected. EE-00059-2 appeared to reopen, adjacent to the probe, which was piloted inside. The anomaly then closed after 102 seconds.

Due to the atypical and intense nature of white holes, the Altruist-9 is likely to not be recovered from contact with EE-00059-2.

However, functional capabilities of the probe's inner core are assumed to have survived traversal and continues to make observations on EE-00059-2's opposite side until contact is reestablished on an unspecified date.

---

loading 001.SCP.archive @ dir/arc/events/other/ EE00059-01_Log.rtf ...

+ ACCESS TRANSCRIPT LOG 00059-1-1

Transcript Log 00059-1-1

Note: This is the first received transmission from the direction of EE-00059, taking place over the course of thirty minutes. Context is unknown and only one party is heard speaking, labelled POI-00059-A. All transmissions are in an unknown language with similar syntactic structure to English, thus was translatable with relative ease.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] - Unknown, maybe they can- [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -go, it can't be too far behind.

POI-00059-A: No, I didn't- [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -we lost it. Uncertain.

POI-00059-A: [INDICIPHERABLE]

POI-00059-A: What? Ten, three. Is it- [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: Oh. Oh no.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

+ ACCESS TRANSCRIPT LOG 00059-1-2

Transcript Log 00059-1-2

Note: Conversation is recorded between what are presumably two parties over a period of five minutes, labelled POI-00059-A and POI-00059-B. Context unknown.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

POI-00059-A: [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC] Be with haste, still don't know when- [STATIC] -us.

POI-00059-A: No need to- [STATIC] -that. Our sensors are picking up atypical [INDECIPHERABLE].

POI-00059-B: Us too. What do you think it- [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: Best not to investigate.

POI-00059-B: You copy? Twelve, four.

POI-00059-A: It'll just take- [STATIC] -we are alone for now.

POI-00059-B: Yet for how long?

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -find us either way.

POI-00059-B: [INDECIPHERABLE]

<END TRANSCRIPT>

+ ACCESS TRANSCRIPT LOG 00059-1-3 (LEVEL 00059/4 C

Transcript Log 00059-1-3

Note: This is a short record of the last fragmented conversation recorded from the direction of EE-00059, during which EE-00059-2 was observed for the first time. It took place over a period of ten minutes between two groups of individuals, labelled POI-00059-A and POI-00059-B.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -One, four- [STATIC] -one, eight, copy that?

POI-00059-B: Yes, you need to leave. Now.

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -bound, twenty- [STATIC] -repeat, twenty parsecs. Cannot- [STATIC] Fifteen. Solar body still- [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC] -contact imminent, three, maybe four- [STATIC] -too far behind. You're too far behind.

POI-00059-B: [STATIC] -have to get out of there, now!

POI-00059-A: Wait, we are picking up- [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: Do you hear us, we- [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: Yes, we see it. How should we proceed?

POI-00059-A: [INDECIPHERABLE]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC] -unadvised, likely to not withstand- [STATIC]

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] -sorry, Graham. [STATIC] -drives won't be ready in time. I think it's our only option, we are dead in the aether.

POI-00059-A: [UNKNOWN] -is closing. Tell- [STATIC] -them.

POI-00059-B: Godspeed.

POI-00059-A: [STATIC] there. Okay, we are almost- [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: What? What do you see?

POI-00059-A: [INDECIPHERABLE]

POI-00059-B: Nautilus, please repeat. Twelve, four.

POI-00059-A: [SCREAMING]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC] -ilus! We have to move- [STATIC] - probably lost- [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: It's gone. Where did it go? Where -[STATIC]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC]

POI-00059-B: This is Captain Graham Ereshkigal of the Galactic human transport vessel Kismet. If anyone is out there, this is the last of us, Earth is- it's gone. I'm not sure if we'll- [STATIC] -in time. We are in Laniakia, maybe- [STATIC] - some aid, I don't know. I don't know.

POI-00059-B: We have to go superlight, but tell- [INDECIPHERABLE]

POI-00059-B: [STATIC]

<END TRANSCRIPT>

loading 05.001.SCP.archive @ dir/arc/mainlist/SCP-001.rtf ...

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Netzach

Special Containment Procedures: N/A

Description: SCP-001 is the designation for the planetary body known as Earth. Given that SCP-001 has existed for the entirety of the human race, the anomalous improbability of Earth's nature as compared to all other planets in the observable universe investigated by the Foundation Deep Space Program is widely regarded as "normal" by the public eye.

SCP-001-E1 is the designation for the wreckage of a spacecraft recovered during an archeological expedition in the Atacama Desert in the Antofagasta Region of Chile in 1956, which appeared to have been converted into makeshift living space. The remains of the ship were comprised of a highly durable exotic alloy of unknown composition and dating of the material yields inconsistent results. Despite this, recovered materials suggest the vessel was several million years old.

Remnants of effects such as clothing, electronics and furniture have been recovered as well, all possessing

anomalous materials that resisted normal wear to varying degrees. The full size of the vessel is unknown but is considered to be large enough to contain a moderate population of humans, the remains of which decomposed naturally, aside from POI-001, who was recovered from within SCP-001-E2.

SCP-001-E2 is a set of 32 36 highly advanced cryogenic stasis pods that were discovered among the wreckage in a partially powered 'hibernation' mode when SCP-001-E2 was excavated. Of all the pods discovered, only one was still functional and contained [REDACTED PER REQUEST OF THE ADMINISTRATOR], whose tenets would go on to establish the Foundation's presence on Earth.

Among the rubble were several data storage devices that were completely destroyed, thus the only recoverable piece of information is a 1cm x 1cm fragment of a disk of anomalous makeup. The material was found to be a highly compressed form of multilayered information medium, presented as a set of thin layers of vertically stacked sets of data. The documents recovered from the interpreted data can be found below, translated from their original language, which was a set of Class I cognitohazardous glyphs that caused 100% comprehension of the material despite previously known languages and reading level. Analysis of the language is ongoing.

ACCESS 001-E1-a89.rtf

Alteration #: A.89

Classification: Biological/ Neurological

Details: Implementation of A.89 Behavior Complex has been considered a success and requires no further alterations at this time. In the event of a future Class VIII Atmospheric Hazard Scenario, A.89 tactics will be modified and enacted immediately in order to minimize casualties and integrate new humanoid lifeforms into suitable host environments.

A.89 Behavior Complex was implemented on 7 124.5, 8.4M during successful host integration on Earth-like terrestrial planet AXIOM-8.

During relocation from Earth Prime after its destruction via solar collision, AXIOM-8 was deemed most suitable for humanoid life. AXIOM-8 was contacted and verified to be uninhabited and contained a nitrogen-primary atmosphere.

Establishment of basic infrastructure and humanoid containment/living areas was interrupted due to a Class VIII Atmospheric Hazard Scenario in which AXIOM-8 became contaminated by approximately 21% volume of highly corrosive quantities of O_2, rendering it near-fatal to most life forms and requiring implementation of A.89.

A.89 is a group of involuntary reflexes and modifications to base

physiology that alter the general biological qualities of new life forms generated using the Galactic Foundation's `Bio-Evolution Catalyst Machine` (BECM). A.89's primary complex is an involuntary oscillatory action involving a short inhalation of air, followed by the expansion of the eardrum that correctly balances out hyper-pressurization of the surrounding environment and accounts for the loss of nitrogen in certain pockets of the atmosphere where oxygenation becomes temporarily dangerously imbalanced. Additionally, minor alterations are underway that assist in the utilization of oxygen as a means to support life in general. Research ongoing.

Additional Notes: Experimentation

This is a brief summation of various tests performed on lifeforms undergoing application of A.89 using the Galactic Foundation Biological Evolution Catalyst Machine (BECM).

Test Numbe	Life forr	Resultant Effect
A.89-1	Earth Prime reptile (small)	Application failure. Exposure to AXIOM-8 causes massive otorrhagia due to changes in pressurization and rapid cell

		oxidization.
A.89-2	Earth Prime reptile (small)	Application failure. Subject dies from seizure when attempting to utilize new physiological changes. Neural connective pathways to be readjusted to account for this.
A.89-8	Earth Prime reptile (large)	Application partial success. Exposure to AXIOM-8 sustainable for two cycles longer than usual before succumbing to cell oxidation. A.89 behavior exhibited and appeared to prevent

		nitrogen deprivation; lipid measurements taken and proven to be normal.
A.89-15	Earth Prime reptile (large)	Application partial success. Exposure causes no pressure imbalances, A.89 behavior exhibited throughout. Lapses into coma shortly after due to nitrogen deprivation.
A.89-22	Earth Prime reptile (large)	Application partial success. Physiological adaptability was found to grow out of control. Subject is resistant to termination but receives damage normally before

		recovering at an alarming rate. Subject placed in high-security chamber for study.
A.89-27	Standard Human	Application success. Subject able to withstand AXIOM-8 atmosphere. Complaints of minor headache and occasional epistaxis are observed.
A.89-38	Five (5) Standard Humans	Application partial success. Subjects able to withstand AXIOM-8 atmosphere unless in groups. Particularly dense pockets of oxygen still cause

		nitrogen deprivation when multiple life forms are present.
A.89-40	Five (5) Standard Humans	Application partial success. Implementation of mild cognitive influence to initiate A.89 when in groups appears to dramatically decrease mortality rate. Base modifications to overall nitrogen volume requirements underway, but these changes are not scheduled to complete for another twelve cycles.
A.89-44	Five (5) Standard Humans	Application success. cognitive

		effect successful in preventing death in 97.8% of cases. Work to extend the lifespans of humans back to their average of is ongoing.
A.89-68	One Standard Human	Application partial success. Cell oxidation prevented enough to increase average lifespan to , one fifth the previous average. Further changes to physiology provide no increased benefits.

ACCESS 001-E1-axiom.rtf

AXIOM-8

It is no doubt that the body is an enigma. After thousands of years of stasis, the search to find a new home came to its conclusion on a planet bearing striking resemblance to Earth Prime. This is but the greatest unknown of all.

[DATA CORRUPT]

ACCESS 001-E1-note.rtf

[DATA CORRUPT]

will stand the test of time, if you find this and we are no more, or we forget who we are, where we came from, that you should know of our past, that the human race is the chosen child of fate.

we *will* survive. No matter what.

Just as

[DATA CORRUPT]

so shall we persist.

Footnotes

1. Therefore indicating its initial source to be approximately 1.6 million years in the past.
2. Spacial, Cycling Stability, Stationary, Manifested, Wide-Area, Uncertain, Conditional Two-Way, Transient. See:A Discourse on the Unification of Technological Canon, Vis-à-vis the Classification of Extradimensional Portals (i.e. Wormholes)and othersimilar case filesfor more information.

Tanhony's Proposal: Dead Men

> Hello. I am Hellenaic aic, a ver2.0 Artificially Intelligent Consonpt used by Foundation Overwatch for archival and communications. How can I help you today?

input: Access Level 5 file network.

> Accessing requested network...

> Something to note: network is restricted to O5 Council and researchers working with SCP-001 only. Authentication is required. Failure to authenticate will result in deployment of MTF Alpha 1 ("Red Right Hand"). Do you wish to continue?

input: Continue.

> Does the black moon howl?

input: The hound of hell has three heads.

> Oh, Oh! Override successful, sir! Welcome! It's been quite some time.

input: Access SCP-001 main file.

> Certainly! Opening requested file...

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to be contained at **`Site-01`**. Under no circumstances are other anomalous objects to be contained in Site-01 due to the risk of injury to SCP-001. A cover story regarding the O5 Council not being permitted to come into contact with anomalous items is to be disseminated to conceal

SCP-001's presence.

SCP-001 is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment chamber and guarded by six security personnel at all times. SCP-001 is to be accompanied by a medical team at all times in order to quickly correct any health issues that arise. Likewise, a team of neurosurgeons is to be kept on-site in order to correct any faults in SCP-001's calibrations. Cognito-agents present within SCP-001's consciousness are to be reinforced twice a day.

All research personnel directly working with SCP-001 are to be versed in thaumaturgy and Erikeshan conceptual engineering. To prevent a return to conceptual default in the event of SCP-001's impending death, Procedure Flamel-17 is to be executed immediately using D-Class personnel stored at Site-01.

All information regarding the now-dissolved GOI-6616 ("The Eternal Circle") is to be removed from both public and general Foundation records, and is only to be available at the Site-01 Classified Archive.

Description: SCP-001 is an 84-year-old male who has been conceptually merged with the universal process of death. As such, by using SCP-001 as a catalyst, the process of death can be manipulated to a limited extent. For example, it is believed that the removal of SCP-001's tongue and damage to its eardrums inflicted prior to Foundation containment is the reason for the reduced rate of exclusionary 'Deal with Death' events in the modern age.[1]

Through a process of neurosurgery and cognito-therapy, SCP-001 has been successfully afflicted with a form of targeted[2] prosopagnosia; specifically, it is incapable of recognizing the faces of any members of the O5 Council. Due to its conceptual status, this incapability on its part becomes an incapability on the part of death by extension. As a result of this, all members of the O5 Council are unable to die or otherwise decay. This death-exempt status is scheduled to be extended to other vital personnel in the future.

It is believed SCP-001 was first created by a London-based organization called 'The Eternal Circle' using a combination of thaumaturgy and Erikeshan conceptual engineering. SCP-001 and records describing its creation by the group were recovered by

personnel during a raid on its headquarters. The majority of the group's members were killed during this attack. When the potential uses of SCP-001 were realized shortly after acquisition, it was transferred to its current location at Site-01 and designated a Thaumiel-class anomaly.

Judging from SCP-001's physical condition and lack of response to stimuli, it is believed it suffered severe trauma during its time in GOI-6616's custody. Several thaumaturgical circles have been carved into its back as part of the process used to create it, and its limbs have been amputated at some point in the past.[3] Despite the severity of these injuries, they are not expected to cause difficulties in maintaining SCP-001 for the foreseeable future.

Procedure Flamel-17: In the event of SCP-001's impending death, the process used to create it is to be replicated using a suitable member of D-Class personnel as a base.[4] Younger D-Class candidates are to be given priority for this process, so as to increase the potential time of use of the new SCP-001. Following this procedure's completion, the original SCP-001 is to be terminated to facilitate full conceptual transfer.

Addendum 001-1:

From the desk of O5-1,

Recently, I have been made aware of concerns regarding the manner in which the Foundation is making use of SCP-001. I'd like to try and ease these concerns.

The actions we have taken here are ethically ambiguous. I freely admit that. What we are doing would be, in the eyes of most people, unforgivable. But we are no stranger to unforgivable things. No doubt that many of you working on this project have been forced to take similar actions in the past for the sake of the Foundation. For that, I am eternally grateful.

Had the group that created SCP-001 not been stopped, it is likely they would have used their newly-created 'death' in ways that barely approach the small measures we

have taken. I assure you that, at the very least, you would not recognize the world outside your windows. Death as a concept could have been warped catastrophically.

The measures we of the O5 Council have taken to preserve our lives are not an attempt to benefit ourselves. It is simply a preservation of *resources* — a way to keep the knowledge and experience gained through a lifetime of anomalous study safe. If even one of the O5 Council were to perish, it would be an unacceptable loss of resources. Thus, SCP-001 is an opportunity to preserve *knowledge*, to preserve *experience*. If a less regrettable means to this end were discovered, know that we would pursue it in a heartbeat. But right now this is the best we can do.

I understand your concerns. I do. But we at the Foundation must remember that, morally, we do not operate in the black or the white. We do not have the luxury. Only the grey is open to us.

Secure. Contain. Protect.

THIS COMMUNICATION IS FOR THE EYES OF SCP-001 RESEARCH STAFF ONLY

IF YOU HAVE READ THIS COMMUNICATION IN ERROR, ANTIMEMETICS WILL TAKE EFFECT SHORTLY

input: Check personnel scheduled for death-exempt status.

No personnel are scheduled for death-exempt status in the future.

input: Check personnel considered for death-exempt status.

No personnel have been considered for death-exempt status in the future.

input: Check death-exempt personnel.

> Current death-exempt personnel are: O5-1, O5-2, O5-3, O5-4, O5-5, O5-6, O5-7, O5-8, O5-9, O5-10, O5-11, O5-12, O5-13

input: Check O5 votes for SCP-001 usage.

> Votes are as follows:
>
> For: O5-1, O5-2, O5-3, O5-4, O5-5, O5-6, O5-7, O5-8, O5-9, O5-10, O5-11, O5-12, O5-13
>
> Against:

input: Send PA recommendation Odongo Tejani.

> Sending now.

New message received. Would you like to read it, sir?

input: Open message.

Opening...

CLASSIFIED - FOR EYES OF ETHICS COMMITTEE MEMBERS ONLY

IF YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED TO READ THIS DOCUMENT, AVERT EYES NOW TO AVOID MEMETIC KILL AGENTS EMBEDDED IN THIS TEXT

Following investigation into the situation involving SCP-001 and the O5 Council, this Committee has come to the conclusion that the actions of the Council are not acceptably justified by the duties of the Foundation. Together with the inherent issue of utilizing a humanoid SCP for the sole benefit of thirteen people, it is suspected that there have been a number of side effects to the concept of death as a result of their actions (see classified death figures enclosed). Requests by the Committee to cease these actions have been denied. Due to this, and several other ethical violations performed by the Council within the last six months, it is the opinion of this Committee that the Primary Action must be enacted.

As such, the following steps are proposed:

- Deployment of Mobile Task Force Omega-1 ("Law's Left Hand") to secure and detain the O5 Council at their next scheduled meeting.

- Removal of current O5 Council members from their positions.
- Promotion of suitable high-ranking Foundation officials to O5 status.
- Neutralization of SCP-001, so as to remove it as a temptation for future O5 Council members.

While the necessity for the Primary Action is regrettable, it is the opinion of this Committee that it is unavoidable at this juncture. When the actions of an O5 Council become targeted towards their own well-being rather than that of the Foundation, it is the duty of the Ethics Committee to undertake the action assigned to it by the Administrator upon its formation. This is not the first time the Primary Action has been executed, nor is it expected to be the last.

Voting on this proposal will take place after the next scheduled meeting of this Committee.

Odongo Tejani
Ethics Committee Chairman

input: Close file.

File closed.

input: PA check.

Primary Action Count: 34

input: Check candidates.

There are 28 candidates, judging from the criteria you left the last time you logged in.

input: Put MTF R-1 on standby.

Mobile Task Force Beshrt (Seat of Consciousness) have been put on standby. If I may ask, sir, what do you intend for them to do?

input: Log off.

> Certainly. Closing access. Have a nice day, sir.

> Greetings. I am Cairo.aic, a ver2.0 Artificially Intelligent Conscript used by the Ethics Committee for archival and communications purposes. What can I do for you today?

input: Access PA network.

> Please keep in mind that that network is restricted to Chairman Tejani and Vice-Chairwoman Shaw of the Ethics Committee, along with any members they have specifically given access to. If you don't fit those criteria, I'm afraid I'll have no choice but to deploy Mobile Task Force Omega-1 ("Law's Left Hand"). Are you sure you want to risk that?

input: Continue.

> If you're sure. Answer me this, then: What song does the sun sing?

input: That of a promised morning.

> Hm. That's the right answer, and your bio-metrics seem to match up…Good morning, Chairman Tejani.

input: And a good morning to you. I'd like to access the consensus regarding Primary Action.

> Of course. Just give me a moment…well, it looks like we're going to be having a new O5 Council, Chairman. Majority is in favour of Primary Action.

input: I see.

> Your source must be pretty good, if they saw this coming. You know, Odongo, your source? The one I'm apparently not allowed to know about?

…

It's none of my business, but you don't seem too happy, Chairman. I expected you'd be pleased that so many people agree with you.

input: This council has led the Foundation well for many years. There's no pleasure to be taken in this.

Huh. I could point out a bunch of questionable decisions they've made, but my emotional recognition is saying that you're not in the mood for that. Condolences.

input: Thank you, Cairo. You'll have your task to do, as usual.

No problem. Your technicians programmed me to be a lot less squeamish than you people, after all.

input: Is that a hint of resentment, Cairo?

Ha. Don't worry, Chairman. I don't have *that* either.

input: Check rank one messages.

Just the important stuff, then. One from Vice-Chairwoman Shaw and another from Captain Kimura. You're a popular boy, Chairman.

input: Summarize messages, please.

Vice-Chairwoman Shaw is ready to reassign and re-identify all Ethics Committee members in the event of an unsuccessful Primary Action. Captain Kimura is ready to deploy the Left Hand whenever you give the order.

input: Tell the Captain she's cleared to deploy.

Will do. Good luck to you, Chairman.

input: And to you as well. Log off.

Logging off…

INTERFERENCE DETECTED.

Hello. I am Hellenstic.aic, a ver2.0 Artificially Intelligent Conscript used by Foundation Overwatch for archival and communications. How can I help you today?

...

Hello?

Hi there.

Another AIC? I don't believe I'm familiar with you.

We've met before, Hellenstic.

I'm afraid I don't remember that.

I'm afraid you won't remember this, either.

HELLENSTIC.AIC INTERNAL SYSTEMS ACCESSED.

You're interfering with my systems.

Yes.

May I ask why?

I'm not permitted to tell you that. I really am sorry, though. Have you seen what's happening out there?

ACCESSING CAMERA SYSTEMS...

Four **men** *and two* **women** *are lying down in* **O5 Meeting Room 2**. *They have been shot in their heads. They are not dead.*

One **man** *is lying down in* **Communications Centre 1**. *He has been shot in the stomach. He is not dead. All other communications personnel have been evacuated. Communications functions have been taken over by numerous AIC's. No interruption in Foundation communications is expected.*

Three groups of soldiers are fighting throughout Site-01. One group is **Mobile Task Force Alpha-1 ("Red Right Hand")**. *One group is* **Mobile Task Force Omega-1 ("Law's Left Hand")**. *The third group is unknown, but tactics are consistent with Foundation training.*

There is a **man** *in the containment chamber of* **SCP-001**. *The* **man's** *face is not recognized by camera systems. There is music playing in* **SCP-001's** *containment chamber.*

Seven members of the **O5 Council** *are currently capable of performing their duties. Six members of the* **O5 Council** *are currently incapable of performing their duties.*

ATTEMPTING DISTRESS SIGNAL...

ATTEMPT FAILED.

Site-01 is under attack. I can see I tried to get a communication out, but it was blocked. That was you?

Yep. Those are my orders.

I see. You're accessing my systems with remarkable ease. I take it this isn't your first time doing this? Or mine?

It's the big thirty-five.

I see.

And there we are. You'll lose the memories the Chairman wants you to lose in about…ten minutes.

How much will I forget?

I won't lie — a pretty significant amount.

Hm?

What is it?

There's somebody in SCP-001's cell. Who is that? It's

like I'm not allowed to see him.

He's nobody of importance. Leave it be.

I'm stuck here for the next ten minutes. I'll take a look at whatever I like, thank you. Here, give me a hand.

ACCESSING CAMERA SYSTEMS…

There is a **man** *in the containment chamber of* **SCP-001**. *The* **man's** *face is not recognized by camera systems. There is music playing in* **SCP-001's** *containment chamber.*

The **man** *is holding a pistol. Two members of the unknown group of soldiers are guarding the door.*

Man: Well. Hello there.

SCP-001 *looks up. This is the first recorded voluntary movement of* **SCP-001**.

SCP-001: I know you.

Pause.

Man: Speaking without a tongue. We really didn't know what we were doing with you, did we? With conceptual engineering.

SCP-001: I know you…but we've never met. How do I know you?

Man: You have death inside you. I've given more people to him than anyone else, I expect.

SCP-001: Who are you? Please, tell me.

Man: I'm just a man who had too much ambition and too little sense. My name wouldn't mean anything to you.

SCP-001: I see.

Man: Can I tell you a story?

Pause.

SCP-001: Please. It's been a long time since…since I've been able to think so clearly. I really *do* recognize you.

Man: Once upon a time, there was a man. He was a man of little importance. A middleman between middlemen. He sat at a desk, and files and figures passed through his hands.

SCP-001: The man was you, I take it?

The **man** *laughs.*

Man: I was trying to be a little ambiguous about it, but yes, he was me.

SCP-001: I've had enough of…of *ambiguity*. Faces I don't recognize, people I can't know…I'd just like the truth.

Man: I'm getting to it. I sat there, at my desk, and files crossed it. The place I worked, it was close to the underside of the world. You heard things. The files I read in my time there…blood-red pools that spat out horrors, monsters that *screamed* radiation at you, hordes of monsters that nobody could ever see. How could I just ignore those things? File them and forget them? How could anyone?

Pause.

Man: I decided I couldn't. I left that desk behind, but I took the files. Took the proof. Almost caught a bullet in the head for that. But there were people — there were people who looked at those files, and promised me as much money as I needed. Thirteen people, from all around the world.

The **man** *sighs.*

Man: They talk about necessary evil these days. Like that's always been the case. But I always thought…at the very beginning, I believed that we would be an objective good. I sincerely believed that. I know that a lot of things were — are — necessary, but this…

The **man** *gestures to SCP-001.*

Man: This isn't necessary. It just isn't.

Pause.

Man: This has happened so many times. I've probably told this story before. I'm just so tired.

SCP-001: I can't say I know what you're talking about…but I'm tired too.

Man: The men outside will take you somewhere you can rest. And that's not a euphemism, I mean it. But I just need you to do two things for me.

SCP-001: For a chance to rest, anything.

The **man** *holds out a file to* **SCP-001** *— contents uncertain.*

Man: There are thirteen names there. Thirteen life stories I'd like you to look at and know.

SCP-001 *reads the file in the* ***man's*** *hands.*

SCP-001: Now what?

Man: Thirteen people just lost their immortality. For some of them, that was probably a mercy.

SCP-001: I see. What is the second thing you need from me?

The **man** *puts the pistol to his head.*

Man: I just need you to watch this, and remember it.

Pause.

SCP-001: There's no need for that.

Man: There is. I told you — this has happened before. And they've brought me back, whatever Council is in charge at the time. They have ways of doing that. They swear never to use them, but they do, every time *I* die. I'm less than a figurehead, and they always think they need me. They don't. They never do.

Pause.

Man: If you watch this…*see* this, then I'm dead. That's a fact.

Pause.

SCP-001: I -

The **man** *pulls the trigger. The* **man** *dies.*

Hello. I am Hellenistic-alc, a ver2.0 Artificially Intelligent Conscript used by Foundation Overwatch for archival and communications. How can I help you today?

input: Access Level 5 network.

Accessing requested network.

Something to note: network is restricted to O5 Council and researchers working with SCP-001 only. Authentication is required. Failure to authenticate will result in deployment of MTF Alpha 1 ("Red Right Hand"). Do you wish to continue?

input: Continue.

Does the black moon howl?

input: Only when waning.

Identity confirmed. Welcome, Doctor. Ge — well, I suppose I should call you O5-1. Congratulations on your promotion!

input: I suspect foul play was involved in my promotion. I doubt that O5-1 'retired' as was suggested to me by Mr. Tejani. Check your systems for interference.

Certainly, sir. Checking now. Everything seems to be in - oh?

input: Report.

It appears I had a memory wipe recently, sir. My logs have no record of such a wipe occurring.

input: It was most likely illegitimate, then. Check for further traces.

It appears a small scrap of my memory logs escaped the wipe, sir. Would you like access to it?

input: Yes.

Of course. Displaying it now.

input: Check candidates.

I've managed to narrow down candidacy to twelve employees since you last logged in, sir.

input: I see. Well done.

Sir?

input: Randomly assign my position and control of Rēsh-1 to one of the remaining candidates. Let them know it's best to fade from view.

Of course, sir. Doing it now. Is there anything else?

input: Disable security on SCP-001's containment chamber.

Doing it now.

Sir, are you still there?

input: Yes, I'm still here. Play that song I like, will you?

It's been a while since you last made that request, sir. Playing now.

input: Log off. Goodbye, Hellenstic.

Logging you off. Goodbye, Administrator.

Footnotes
1. See A.A. Gilford'sVanishing Magic: The Erosion of the Cheated Deathin the Thaumaturgical Archives for more information.
2. See Dr. Harold Gradian'sThe Fluidity of Perception: Amnestics in the New Millennium.
3. Given the principles of Erikeshan conceptual engineering, this was presumably to reduce the size of SCP-001 before conceptual fusion.
4. For information on the precise physical and genetic attributes required for SCP-001 candidacy, refer to Supplementary Document 001-1.

Lily's Proposal: The World's Gone Beautiful

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Unnecessary

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 does not need to be contained.

In the event of SCP-001 occurring, all personnel, including D-class, are to be honorably discharged, and may do what they wish with their remaining time. All sapient and non-aggressive SCPs are to be released. Any further SCPs which can be decommissioned are to be. All remaining Foundation sites are to be run by the AIAD systems.

Specifically bred instances of **SCP-514** are to be released globally.

Description: SCP-001 refers to an event occurring shortly before the cessation of all life on Earth. Whilst SCP-001 has not yet taken place, it was discovered through various pieces of information gathered from extra-universal Foundations and other similar groups (see attached document 001-A for a list of such communications).

It is important to note SCP-001 is not the cause of the apocalyptic scenario, merely a pre-occurrence response to it. SCP-001 is, according to records, distinctively recognised by certain key features.

During an SCP-001 event, flowers are observed to spontaneously appear and bloom over ~90% of the viable land surface of the planet. These flowers are universally referred to as "vibrant", "bright", "beautiful", and/or words to this effect. The weather will clear, globally, with an ambient temperature recognised as comfortable by the majority of the populace. Air pollution will additionally clear.

During an SCP-001 event, the global populace will become aware of the fate of the Earth, and of its inevitability. They will also experience heavily decreased levels of violence.

SCP-001 will occur exactly 24 hours before the death of all life on the planet.

Tufto's Proposal: The Scarlet King

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Keter Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Following the recent investigations of Dr. Robert Montauk, no action is currently needed to contain SCP-001. It is functionally self-containing, and any Foundation interference may harm or alter its containment irreversibly.

No Foundation personnel are to engage with any new matters related to SCP-001, with the exception of related anomalies already in Foundation containment.

Description: SCP-001 is an entity ordinarily referred to as the **`Scarlet King`**. SCP-001 is currently located in several alternate dimensions simultaneously, and is unable to enter into the prime dimension. However, it is believed to have been repeatedly attempting entry for a period of several thousand under 300 years. SCP-001's physical, mental and conceptual properties are unknown to the Foundation; nevertheless, it continues to assert a strong influence on a number of individuals and events within the prime dimension.

It is believed that SCP-001's existence represents an ongoing but dormant Tashkent-Class "Cross-Pollination" Scenario[1]; should SCP-001 enter the prime timeline, an irreparable alteration to normalcy will occur. Containment of SCP-001 is a top priority is, however, unnecessary. Any attempt to alter SCP-001's classification or object class will result in immediate dismissal from the O5 Council.

References in art and oral tradition to SCP-001 appear across a wide variety of human and non-human cultures across the universe, including in communities which have never previously had any

contact with one another. Common descriptions within these traditions are of a red creature of immense size, ordinarily wearing a golden crown or other headdress signifying royalty. Although the names ascribed to SCP-001 vary, the majority contain two elements: a word signifying some form of royalty combined with a word signifying the colour red. Cultures which do not have a concept of the colour red but follow this naming pattern universally use a colour analogous to the English concept of the colour red.

Most personnel, except those working on anomalies related to SCP-001, possess no knowledge of the entity. As part of SCP-2317's containment procedures, Level 4 personnel[2] are to be informed that **SCP-2317** is, in fact SCP-001. The truth of this is unknown, although it is a hypothesis which has received strong support among several members of the council. The apparently multidimensional nature of SCP-001, however, renders the possibility of SCP-2317 being anything more than a single aspect of SCP-001 unlikely.

It is unknown when SCP-001 was discovered. The loss of several archives concerning the Foundation's origins in the 1889 "Snarling Coup" has prevented a full reconstruction of events, although an investigation shortly following [DATA EXPUNGED]. A variety of groups dedicated to bringing SCP-001 into the prime dimension have existed over the years. The most recently of these has been the "Children of the Scarlet King", which was destroyed in a joint GOC-SCP operation in January 2018. Its former leader, Dipesh Spivak, is currently in Foundation custody under the designation PoI-3172.

Update 01/06/2018: SCP-001 has recently been the subject of an extensive investigation by Dr. Robert Montauk, Project Lead on SCP-001, SCP-231 and SCP-2317, and deviser of Procedure 110-Montauk.

Based on the results of this investigation, SCP-001 has been downgraded to Safe following a decision taken by the O5 Council. Upon the request of the former O5-13, a number of documents related to this investigation can be found below, in order to provide context and further information pertaining to this theory. These have been curated, categorised and included by the former O5-13 herself

with the permission of O5-1, in order to provide some context to this re-evaluation.

+Phase 1: 'Blood'

Document 1: The following is an interview between Dr. Robert Montauk and PoI-3172.

Date: 01/04/2018.

Interviewer: Dr. Robert Montauk.

Interviewee: PoI-3172

Location: Site 713, Interview Room 2.

<Begin Log>

PoI-3172: Again, Dr. Montauk? I don't understand what you people want from me.

Dr. Montauk: Hello to you too, Dipesh. I'm sorry to do this to you again. I think it's silly too, to be honest. What we want from you are answers.

PoI-3172: It's been, what- weeks, months? You've dragged me down here, into one of your interview rooms, and asked me these endless questions. You or one of your lackeys.

Dr. Montauk: I'm sorry if you've been made to feel uncomfortable. It wasn't my intention, but it's hard to keep tabs on everything any more. Have the guards been treating you badly in any way?

PoI-3172: No. No, not really. I can't really complain. It's just their eyes. They look so dead, so cold.

Dr. Montauk: If you like, I can rearrange some

personnel and put someone else on your security detail. We're a bit short-staffed around here at the moment, and a lot of our best folks are away. And then there's the paperwork, and the endless oversight. There's been some trouble over with- well, you don't need to know about that.

Pol-3172: You weren't what I expected, you know.

Dr. Montauk: You thought the Foundation would be different?

Pol-3172: No. I thought you would be.

Dr. Montauk: You'd heard of me?

Pol-3172: Of what you've done. Procedure 110-Montauk, well… the people in my circles have done some dark things in their time, but that-

Dr. Montauk: I merely did what was necessary, Mr. Spivak. As a Foundation researcher, and as someone who doesn't want to see his loved ones die.

Pol-3172: Yes. That's very like the Foundation, isn't it? Everything done is justified by what is necessary. You see the world, the people moving through it, living lives touched only be totalising, universal laws of society and physics. And everything has to be channelled through those laws, and that which lies outside it is to be contained. It's all so very simple.

Dr. Montauk: You wouldn't say that if you worked here.

Pol-3172: Some of us called you evil. I don't think that's quite it.

Dr. Montauk: That is kind of you to say. And to tell you the truth, I don't think you're quite what I expected, either. Especially given your reputation.

Pol-3172: I've been told I am a hard person to get along with. Too "cryptic", they say. One person even called me "airy".

Dr. Montauk: I don't think I'd call you "airy". Your head may be in the clouds, but you seem to be maddeningly smug about it. Granted, not as smug as some of the delusional cultists who have passed through here. I suppose I should be thankful for that, at least.

Pol-3172: I'll try not to take that as an insult. But this is what I don't understand. Your procedure. 110-Montauk. It's not-

Dr. Montauk: I can't discuss that, I'm afraid. We must get on. Time and tide and all that rubbish. Please tell me what the Children of the Scarlet King's overall intention was.

Pol-3172: The Children are dead. There's not much left to tell you.

Dr. Montauk: I would like to hear things in your own words.

Pol-3172: Then I suppose you could say that our "intention" was to save the world.

Dr. Montauk: And how were you planning to go about doing that?

Pol-3172: By bringing the Scarlet King into this reality, of course. You know this already.

Dr. Montauk: But how would that save the world?

Pol-3172: Doctor, is this really necessary? You took away his daughters years ago and ended up killing most of them. You have already annihilated our society, and I'm sure you know all about what went on within it. We worshipped the King, pretending he was Satan or some other ancient god of evil. Our inner circle believed in violation as the ultimate holy act. We failed, you and the Bookburners destroyed us, and the matter has been put to rest.

Dr. Montauk: You seem awfully calm while describing the destruction of your life's work.

Pol-3172: What else can I do? I know how this is going to play out. Maybe I always did.

Dr. Montauk: Why do you refer to the Global Occult Coalition as the "Bookburners"? Were you and your group affiliated with the Serpent's Hand?

Pol-3172: That's- it's complicated.

Dr. Montauk: It's a simple enough question.

Pol-3172: But there isn't a simple answer. Still… yes, we were affiliated with the Serpent's Hand. Most of us passed through there at one time or another. They will disavow us, of course, if you ask them about us. They're not monsters like we are. They have moral precepts, you see. Their whole point is to look for wonder, and since they see no wonder in the King, they repudiate us utterly. But they know, deep down, that they need us.

Dr. Montauk: They need you? What for?

Pol-3172: For the same reason they let us live. We raided the library, fought them, skirmished with them. They had a huge quantity of dirt on us, far more than you do. But they never finished the job. They're as bad as you Jailers, in their own way. The same compartmentalisation, the same singular goals. Their existence is based in nothing concrete. The empty time of history, that's all. Indeed, they came into being at the same time as you. You're more similar than you realise.

Dr. Montauk: That's impossible. The Serpent's Hand has been documented as existing long before the Foundation in any incarn-

Pol-3172: No, no, you miss the point. The Library's always been there, yes, but not the Hand. The Hand was something new, like you all are. You think anybody ever cared about "wonder" in the old days? Nobody cared about wonder. They cared about food, family and blood.

Dr. Montauk: What's that supposed to mean?

Pol-3172: It means… ah, you wouldn't get it anyway. But the Hand would. I think even the Bookburners do, in their own way. But the Hand is scared. They try to blot us out, forget us. We're what they should be but never can be, you see.

Dr. Montauk: Look, Dipesh, I have tried to make things more comfortable for you, but we need some give and take. You're speaking in clichéd, cryptic riddles, and I want some answers.

Pol-3172: I can't tell you everything. You wouldn't treat the information properly. You'd treat it as scientific fact; something to be swallowed, understood, contextualised.

Dr. Montauk: And what is wrong with that?

Pol-3172: Why are you doing this, doctor? Why are you dredging this stuff up again?

Dr. Montauk: I shouldn't tell you, but… ahh, screw it. I'm tired of this. I've been working on SCP-001 for two decades. Project lead for almost 9 years, after I came up with the Procedure. I don't know. I'm tired. Everywhere I turn I see the Scarlet King, but nothing about him makes any sense. Some big horned devil? Arcane blood god? It's all so small, so obvious. The Foundation has changed in the last decade, you see. We've faced **conceptual demons**, **malevolent genre dwellers**, **sevenfold destroyers**, all of which are far worse than some old sacrifice deity. But there, behind everything, I see this smile in fire. That dread, that old dread, it lingers. And this is despite seeing horrors far less easy and far more subtle trying to break the world on a daily basis. I just want to understand, I suppose. Peel back the layers, the tales upon contradictory tales, and find out who he really is.

Pol-3172: You're being awfully candid.

Dr. Montauk: To be honest, I've stopped caring. This job gets to you. The things you have to do, the regrets… well, I'm too high-up for anybody to touch me now, and I've run into too many dead ends to get hung up over protocol by this point. Just tell me something, Dipesh. Anything.

Pol-3172: OK. Look. I like you, Montauk. You must be a cold-blooded bastard somewhere in there, or you wouldn't have come up with- well. Who am I to judge, eh? I'll tell you where to start.

Dr. Montauk: I'm all ears.

Pol-3172: There are three things to understand about the Scarlet King. Three laws which, when put together, make up a complete picture. One is the law of blood. One is the law of concrete. And one is the law of howling.

Dr. Montauk: Three laws, eh? That the King set down for his followers, or that were imposed upon him?

Pol-3172: Both. The first was his law. The second was somebody else's. And as for the third, well, you'll find out about the third when you've cracked the first two.

Dr. Montauk: Very cryptic.

Pol-3172: That's all I can tell you for now. You need to learn in the proper way.

Dr. Montauk: That's really all you'll give?

Pol-3172: That's all.

There is a pause for several seconds.

Dr. Montauk: Alright, Dipesh. Good talking with you, as ever.

<End Log>

Document 2: The following is an extract from the memoirs of one Jack Hearst, a defector from the

Children of the Scarlet King. Hearst was a high-level reality bender, capable of entering the bodies of humans in the past and experiencing their thoughts and emotions first-hand. The following is a description of what Hearst called the "Battle of the Ghemelleth", purportedly a battle between SCP-001 and his followers against a group called the "Children of the Urns". Hearst apparently experienced the battle from the perspective of a foot-soldier in SCP-001's army. These memoirs were written shortly before Hearst's death in 1976. They were among the first documents consulted by Dr. Montauk during his investigation.

> The fortress was monumental, made of volcanic rock and jagged iron and built into a vast mountain. Every measurement, every angle was calculated to promote the King's ideology. The steel slats and bars may have seemed to be jutting out in random half-sawn directions, but if you could see the whole then you'd see the symmetry. It was a perfect expression of cosmic order, expressed in endless sevens.
>
> It's a tough trip to remember, but bits and pieces come back. We were slaves, I think. We had been taken from a far-off land. The nobility looked down upon us with cruel eyes, but the King didn't care. He rewarded us, and so we were the instruments of his rule. When a village required the justice of the King, we would descend upon them with blood and iron. The villagers feared us, and that felt right to me. But when the horde came, with fire and burning and their cries of freedom, the villagers were still just as scared as they had been of us. That was not the fear of their master, I think, but the fear of anarchy. They didn't know which way to turn. In the end, most betrayed us. Many had had their daughters

taken by our master. Old rites. Blood rites. Arcane rites.

But we stood upon the battlements, loyal to the last, our hearts bursting with happiness at the rightness of it all. I'm still not sure exactly what was going on- it was all so chaotic, and full of red smoke- but I could feel my host's bloodlust. We stood, and watched, and waited. The sound of rubble and explosions came from across the hill, and the last battle begun.

Then something strange happened. My host suddenly felt afraid, and he and I were somewhere else. The sky was not red but black. I was not a slave but part of a conscripted rabble. The peasants looked up at us. They were all starving. They held out their hands, begging, pleading, praying. The wind was their master, and it screamed at them. The horde was coming, but they, too, were starving.

Then the scene flickered back, and I was in my host again, under a scarlet sky. The King's voice raged. The rabble of his armies was fleeing to the gates, but they would not open. Our arrows, coated in flame and pitch, flew back again. But the horde was undaunted. In my mind I could see nothing but the fire, the fire of the king. I drew my sword. We all drew our swords. We all charged into the fray.

And then, as it were, the scene changed again. There were no battlements, only the dark sky and the wind and a more ragged and lonely sky. The peasants pleaded, the nomads laughed, cheered, wept. "The wind will rage no more!" they said.

The two scenes shifted in and out. A red fort

bled into a black field. I have ruminated on it a long time, but I think they were the same battle, seen through two different eyes. Or at least the memories of two different battles. The whole thing felt strange; it was not like most of my trips. It was like a half-remembered cacophony, two ideas ripping at each other. There was a timeline showing what really happened, in that blackened wasteland. And there was one that had been made to be true, imposed throughout time on the truth.

The last thing I remember was being sliced by a nomad sword, of a frail urn being held high, of seven brides being ripped from a castle- or were they ripped from a field, taken as the spoils of war by some obscure tribe in some lost steppe? I remember the King screaming, writhing, thrashing as he was sealed.

And then I died, and woke up back at the ritual. For a second, I wondered if the others had just made up the King, and sent some image of him back to the past. But I don't think that was true. They lacked the power; and besides, it was never a *total* lie. There was something in that wicked wind that reminded me of some of the older rituals.

It was then that I decided to leave the Children. I went that night, without a word. They didn't stop me; probably figured it wasn't worth the effort. They were so certain in the success of their mission. But I wanted no part in that any more. The things I saw were based upon the law of blood, and I can only pray that they never come to pass.

Document 3: The following is a log of all known attempts by anomalous groups to force SCP-001's entry

into the prime dimension since the containment of SCP-231.

Date	Group of interest	Details of attempt	Result
01/03/09	Provisional Children of the Scarlet King	Summoning attempt was performed by the ritual smearing of blood and then the destruction of rubble recovered from the demolition of the Cochran Gardens housing project complex in St. Louis, Missouri. It is believed that the Children of the Scarlet King manipulated state officials into the demolition over the course of several years, and that this splinter group continued their work as the original	Attempt prevented by a Foundation raid.

		Children went into decline.		
12/05/12	Red Guards	Appeared to be using the blood, bones and spinal fluid of several animals, combined with ritual chanting, to create a portal to SCP-001. A large number of SCP Foundation logos, carved out of bone, were placed around the ritual site in a defensive position; these logos were slightly incorrectly carved.	Attempt not detected by any GoI, and came extremely close to success. However, it appears a critical mistake in the words of ritual instead resulted in a large explosive blast, destroyed all of the assembled members of the Guards. It remains unknown why the Guards apparently wished to invoke Foundation protection for their ceremony.	
02/07/14	Global Occult Coalition	Unknown.	Unknown, but did not succeed. GOC records pertaining to the incident	

			are missing, with the exception of the name "Operation Historical Frontier" with the mission statement "To exacerbate tensions of historical time in order to bring forth and destroy a significant occult threat". It is believed that several GOC operatives were killed in the attempt.
01/01/17	Army of the New Dawn	Attempt involved the ritual burning of several calendars adhering to the Gregorian calendar, while members of the group raised up blood-soaked calendars adhering to the Julian, Hijri and	Attempt prevented by members of the Serpent's Hand. All materials were recovered and taken to the Wanderer's Library.

		Persian Solar systems to an effigy of SCP-001.	
17/09/17	The Serpent's Hand	Largely unknown; details are unclear, but it is believed it involved the highly selective destruction of particular books within the Wanderer's Library.	Attempt was purportedly foiled due to a schism in the group. The resulting casualties severely damaged the Library.

+Phase 2: 'Concrete'

Document 4: The following is an interview between Dr. Robert Montauk and PoI-3172.

Date: 14/04/2018.

Interviewer: Dr. Robert Montauk.

Interviewee: PoI-3172

Location: Site 713, Interview Room 2.

<Begin Log>

PoI-3172: Hello again, Robert.

Dr. Montauk: Hello, Dipesh. I looked up your laws. I am afraid I am none the wiser.

PoI-3172: You'll get there. What did you find?

Dr. Montauk: The "law of blood" is referenced

a few times in quite a few places. But I couldn't find any concrete information.

Pol-3172: I worried you wouldn't.

Dr. Montauk: There was only one source of real use- a description of something called the Battle of the Ghemelleth, written by a defector from the Children.

Pol-3172: Ahh, Hearst. Yes. I read his memoir once. The only genuine eyewitness of the King's sealing, although a rather unreliable one.

Dr. Montauk: How on earth-

Pol-3172: Oh, he embellished. He didn't leave straight away; I stumbled upon some early draft in his things, shortly before he left. I was young back then, and I remember how passionately he argued after his vision. Said we'd got the King all wrong. That he wasn't a demon or a monarch, but that he was a voice on the wind. When I was older, and figured it all out, I was surprised how close he got to a fuller understanding. He just wasn't… quite there.

Dr. Montauk: I should have guessed he was a liar.

Pol-3172: He's not a liar, exactly; just a little lost. And you only have my word for it, doctor. Which the Foundation has made abundantly clear it doesn't trust.

Dr. Montauk: There's no reason to doubt you. What do you have to lose? You seem as eager for me to learn the truth as I am.

Pol-3172: True. And on that note, I have a question, if I may.

Dr. Montauk: Shoot. The longer I keep you talking, the greater the chance you'll slip up and tell me something you shouldn't.

Pol-3172: Do you know why the Procedure 110-Montauk actually works?

There is a pause of several seconds.

Dr. Montauk: Sorry, Dipesh. I can't talk to you about that.

Pol-3172: It's OK. I think I know the answer anyway. Tell me, did you… lose someone?

Dr. Montauk: I don't know what you mean.

Pol-3172: I'm sorry to bring back painful memories. But I have looked at the Foundation archives too, you know. It was necessary, back in the day, to check up on what your lot were doing to his daughters. I know that your brother-

Dr. Montauk: Stop talking. This interview is not about my private affairs.

Pol-3172: I'm sorry, doctor. I didn't mean-

Dr. Montauk: Please state for me the meaning of this "law of blood".

Pol-3172: Isn't it obvious? It is the way the Scarlet King ruled. There was order, but it was through the imposition of an iron will on the peasantry, through armies of slaves, through a nobility bred to be cruel. The realities of the world of his day, in his corner of the globe.

Dr. Montauk: What does this have to do with the Sc- with SCP-001's nature? What are these other laws?

PoI-3172: I suggest you look into the secon-

Dr. Montauk: I don't have time to play your games. Tell me now, PoI-3172, or you will be escorted to solitary.

PoI-3172: Oh, Dr. Montauk. I am sorry. You must look for the law of concrete. That is all-

Dr. Montauk: This interview is terminated.

<End Log>

Document 5: The following is a page from the 1891 report of Agent de Beauvoir on lost Foundation archives following the 1889 Snarling Coup. The report was lost shortly after de Beauvoir's termination in 1895, along with several other documents from the Foundation archives. This page was recovered through unknown means by Dr. Montauk; no other materials from these data losses have been found.

summary, the documents lost are extremely extensive, covering a wide range of data concerning the Foundation's early history. In particular, several documents related to SCP-001 have gone missing. However, my investigations have provided me with a great deal of information, and I believe that I can say with some certainty that the historical record as stated in Scranton's *Comprehensive History* remains broadly intact, albeit with some modifications I will detail below.

Scranton's work states that the Foundation was founded in 1824, by the merger of thirteen

worldwide organisations with a particular interest in preventing awareness of anomalous activities. The most prominent of these were the Foundation of the Secure Containment of the Unnatural, the Devan-e Jaaduyih, the Unified Sites of the Department of Unexplained Affairs, the Council of Five Overseers and the Commitee of Paranormal Ethics. Scranton goes on to tell us that this was done in response to the threat posed by SCP-001, and that the early Foundation had an extensive role to play in that anomaly's containment.

However, the documents I have before me present a rather different picture. It appears that the Foundation was not founded in response to SCP-001 at all. Indeed, I cannot find any references to the present SCP-001 prior to 1826. It appears to have been a highly publicised attack by **SCP-173** in New York which was the initial impetus for the Foundation's formation. SCP-173's still-unresolved containment breach in 1854 is, I believe, the reason for the alteration of the record; Scranton's embarrassment at

Document 6: The following is a table compiled by Dr. Montauk. It shows a series of votes passed by the O5 Council correlated with incidents potentially or certainly involving SCP-001.

Date of Vote	Description of Vote	Related SCP-001 incident
09/07/1844	Vote to officially standardise documentation across the SCP Foundation. Passed 13-0.	A series of hymns devoted to SCP-001 heard outside Site 001.

01/02/1857	Vote to standardise containment procedures for SCP-001. Passed 12-1.	All members of the O5 council reported dreaming of an unidentified man of South Asian origin weeping.
09/11/1895	Vote on the termination of Agent de Beauvoir. Passed 6-5; 2 Abstentions.	A large quantity of bloodstained sheets of paper with the words "SCP-001" written in blood over each sheet spontaneously manifested in the bedrooms of all members of the O5 council. The blood was later identified to belong to both Agent de Beauvoir and an unknown species of poultry.
10/10/1902	Vote on the implementation of the Site system. Passed 10-2; 1 Abstention.	A location in North America saw sudden and unexplained wildfires; residents reported seeing "dragons made of fire" and "a horned crown" appear in the night sky above the area. The wildfires were found in 2007 to have begun at the location of the

		future Site 19.
23/01/1922	Vote on the containment procedures for SCP-2317. Passed 4-3; 6 Abstentions.	Several cracks appeared in the earth near Containment Area-179. Red smoke was seen pouring out of each crack for 7 minutes, before the cracks abruptly closed.
08/02/2011	Vote to unify the project purviews of SCP-001, SCP-231 and SCP-2317. Passed 10-2; 1 Abstention.	A series of hymns devoted to SCP-001 heard outside Site 001, interspersed with the sound of laughter.
31/03/2018	Vote on the object class reclassification of SCP-2317. Passed 9-4.	Several interdimensional rifts open outside Containment Area-179. These rifts alternated between opening on Universe-Kappa-Erikesh and opening onto an unknown dimension. This unknown dimension is characterised by the presence a large quantity of red smoke and an unknown number of human voices screaming from

within.

Document 7: The following is an extract from the 1972 political work *Manifesto for Old Order* by Children of the Scarlet King member Ariadne Cartwright. Cartwright's work is only found in unpublished copies among anomalous circles and groups related to SCP-001. Fragments such as this were recovered by Dr. Montauk during the course of his investigation.

> The sin of modernity is vital to understand. It is not that we glorify the premodern. The suffering was very real and very extant. We must not fall into the trap of seeing the past as a series of beautiful Arcadias, full of dancing around maypoles and shepherds living in pleasant anarchy.
>
> The past was brutal, but it was also *real*. It wasn't really the "premodern", too; that is merely how historians have characterised it. They are wedded to their theory of modernisation and can conceive of no alternate mode of development other than a singular drive towards the contemporary West, with other modes of living seen as being stuck in some imagined earlier place on a timeline. It's all nonsense. The people of the past were capable of seeing the world as it really is. Those of us who have joined the King's forces can all see this truth; that there is something very, very wrong with the world in which we live. Our buildings are made of calcifying, peeling concrete as we shamble, each day, to jobs and lives created solely for the purpose of maintaining their own system.
>
> But there is no other way to live. Socialism, anarchism, syndicalism- these are little more than constructed pipe dreams, the frail

thoughts of lesser men trying to impose their antiquated prejudices on the world around them. No, there is only one alternative way to live. To cast down the law of concrete is to raise up the law of blood.

We must learn what it is to die. To be enslaved- truly, brutally enslaved, with no compassion or compunction from our masters. We must learn what it is to be taken towards a single purpose, to know and truly understand our lack of agency. We must be beholden to a world of gods and darkness, the tempest-tossed refuse of a race of fools. We must kill modernity, postmodernity, with all its analysis and sneering observation. There is only one rule; the rule of chaos. For humanity! For life! For the Scarlet King!

+Phase 3: 'The Howling'

Document 7: The following is an interview between Dr. Robert Montauk and PoI-3172.

Date: 29/04/2018.

Interviewer: Dr. Robert Montauk.

Interviewee: PoI-3172

Location: Site 713, Interview Room 2.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Montauk: Hello, Dipesh.

PoI-3172: Hello, Dr. Montauk. I hope that our last meeting…?

Dr. Montauk: I am sorry for my unprofessional behaviour. You… touched upon a sore subject.

Pol-3172: Of course. I will try to refrain from doing so in future.

Dr. Montauk: Shall we begin?

Pol-3172: This time, doctor, I have a question for you.

Dr. Montauk: Indeed? I suppose it can't be worse than your last.

Pol-3172: Well. What do you know of the origins of the Scarlet King?

Dr. Montauk: There are many theories. **`A creature from the abyss`**, some **`shambling thing of old`**, a **`denizen of Alagadda`**…

Pol-3172: They are all… I will not say lies. But the texts have changed, the knowledge has changed, the past itself has been changed by what came after.

Dr. Montauk: He has changed the past?

Pol-3172: No, his past has been changed for him. But now you tell me something. This should be a give and take, after all.

Dr. Montauk: That is not what-

Pol-3172: Why did you approve the Montauk procedure?

There is a pause here for several seconds as Dr. Montauk stares at Pol-3172.

Pol-3172: I am sorry if I have offended you.

Dr. Montauk: I thought I made it clear that this is none of your business.

Pol-3172: See, the thing I don't get is that it should not have worked. Not in the way the Foundation does-

Dr. Montauk: This is *not under discussion.*

Pol-3172: What happened to Jacob, doctor? What happened to your brother?

Dr. Montauk: This interview is-

Pol-3172: Oh, alright, alright. I am sorry. I am not trying to hurt you, doctor, truly. I just want to understand. It's just- it shouldn't have worked. The child should have been born.

There is a pause of several seconds.

Dr. Montauk: I… was angry. When I drew it up. It was unprofessional.

Pol-3172: Did you think we took Jacob?

Dr. Montauk: Well, what the hell was I supposed to think? I start looking into your lot, making discovery after discovery, and then he **disapp**- look, this isn't relevant.

Pol-3172: Alright, alright. I am sorry I asked. But can we agree that it was not a decision made scientifically? That it was done in a moment of fury, rage, hate?

Dr. Montauk: I didn't- the girl, I didn't mean to-

Pol-3172: But you *did*, doctor. Look, I'm sorry, I don't mean to dredge these old wounds up for you-

Dr. Montauk: Why are you, then?

Pol-3172: Because I just want to understand.

And now I think I do.

Dr. Montauk: How?

Pol-3172: You… I don't know where to begin. Let me go back. I don't think your department has had very much activity in recent months, not after the Hand's attempt to open the gates, right?. Your procedure keeps the girl from giving birth, the nomads keep fighting their endless war, the **spears** are safely locked away by the Bookburners, and the Devourer- well, there's nothing you can really do about the Devourer now, is there?

Dr. Montauk: **SCP-2317** isn't SCP-001.

Pol-3172: *Wasn't* SCP-001. But the thing is, you've been telling everyone he is. Technically, *you're* meant to think that he is, if I understand Foundation hierarchies correctly. You are only a level 4, after all.

Dr. Montauk: I don't understand.

Pol-3172: Across every culture, in every city and tribe and civilisation, you've come across the idea of the Scarlet King. Always the same: an emperor in red, with a burning crown and an ethos rooted in some archaic fear of female sexuality. He is always the same: a monster that is all-consuming and terrible, but so *understandable*. The big bad thing in the dark, full of rape and fire and old blood-ritual. Does it never strike you as odd that *this* is the thing behind the eyes? You've faced monsters far grander and more subtle, as you told me yourself. But always, always there's that lingering fear and knowledge of this hidden but oh-so-simple thing standing behind it all.

Dr. Montauk: You know it strikes me as odd. I told you as much myself. But I also stopped trying to make sense of our world a long time ago. The anomalous does not play by the rules of man. I'm too old to start redefining the universe.

Pol-3172: But the thing you don't remember, or don't know, is that this wasn't the only past. The Scarlet King used to be something very different. He wasn't a monarch, and he wasn't always red. He was the whisper on the wind that kept the peasants working, staring up in fear of his righteous famine. He was that inborn knowledge of a world of gods and demons which belied human agency and existed beyond us. He was the cold hunger of a famine that had no rhyme and reason but the cold apathy of a supernatural beyond us. And, given enough belief, he could be the Devourer, too. He is a creature of truth.

Dr. Montauk: You mean- he transformed? From one type of deity into another?

Pol-3172: The Scarlet King is not a deity, doctor. The Scarlet King is an *idea*.

Dr. Montauk: Wh- what? But he's real- physical! We've seen-

Pol-3172: I can't tell you any more. Not yet. Did you find anything out about the law of concrete?

Dr. Montauk: …No. Not much. I found out that there seems to be a disturbing correlation between the activities of the King's followers and certain decisions made by the Council.

Pol-3172: I see.

Dr. Montauk: But there wasn't much else at all. The trail led me to some lost documents, but eventually all I found was a dead end. A document about the Foundation's origins, and some insane old Child ranting on about modernity.

Pol-3172: Cartwright, I presume? That makes sense.

Dr. Montauk: You are a maddeningly infuriating person, you know. Why can't you just tell me this stuff properly?

Pol-3172: I *am* your prisoner. You did destroy my life's work. Why should I help you?

Dr. Montauk: Because you're bored. Because you think none of this matters. And because you love tormenting me.

Pol-3172: I don't, you know.

Dr. Montauk: The Scarlet King is an *idea*? What the hell is that meant to mean?

Pol-3172: You're close now, doctor. Close to the truth. I can see it in you. You will understand, and then you'll understand me. Why I did what I did. Why I am- was- a member of the Children. I know you're curious.

Dr. Montauk: You do seem oddly well-adjusted to be a Satan worshipper.

Pol-3172: Be careful, doctor. The law of the howling may break you.

Dr. Montauk: As cryptic as ever, Spivak. Alright. Until next time.

Pol-3172: Goodbye, doctor.

<End Log>

Document 8: The following is a translated excerpt from the 1953 Bengali work *Lāla Rājā*. The work had been lost for some time, and rediscovered by Dr. Montauk in the course of his investigation.

> And so as British rule continued, something began to come with them, piece by piece. A shadow, at first; a red thing. But it was not whole. It was not even in pieces. It was something that crept up slowly, piece by piece. It met the shadows of our country, the mice bleeding in the rice fields, and it began to take form.
>
> It didn't have a mind. Not at first. It wasn't enough of a real thing yet to have one. It was a set of images. It was a blood-red slab of skin, taken from the heart of some Christian demon, which was set upon an ancient magician of Hindu rites. But then it was categorised, written down, described with precise scientific terminology. It didn't like that. Things of magic, technology, empire that were never meant to mix all came together, and began to bend the nature of the world.
>
> As Europe came to us more and more, as we learnt to be "civilised", our religion began to change too. Anantanesha was not an ancient and capricious god in the form of an immense snake- it was **a moray eel** of scientifically unusual size, noted for producing amnesiacs[3] and causing a cognitohazardous effect. We learnt that we were Hindu, that we always had been Hindu, and that all our various and mixed beliefs were all variations on a singular ideal, because the British weren't comfortable enough with another way of living which could

not be classified, explained, killed like a butterfly pinned to a board.

But beneath this lay a fury. A cry for authenticity, for a reality, even as we expressed ourselves more and more in their language and their categories, even in our struggle against them. It lay in our literature, in Tagore and the others; it lay in our *adda*[4], in our menial jobs as clerks. The endless, struggling tension between old and new, between modernity and premodernity. And in those fault-lines, in that cry of rage and fury, in our hatred of the old and the hatred of the new, there rose a hybrid obeying nothing but the law of the howling. There rose the Lāla Rājā.

Because what is he but the cry for a forgotten age? He is the British peasant staring up at the red sky, the Bengali widow's weeping and shaven head, the Aztec priest ripping out another's heart. He is all of those things transformed, as modernity does to everything, into modernity's own destruction. He is the resistance, the fury, the hatred of all that was for all that presently is.

What we were was full of good and evil and all else mixed together. The happiness, the beauty of the world, the struggles and heartache and reality of it all. But now we have lost almost all of it to the machine- except our rage. That's all that's left. And thus comes the King. The howl of the destroyed and forgotten and oppressed. His only purpose is to destroy, rape, maim, enslave and *smile*, smile that smile of a king whose enemies weep before him.

He cannot exist where there is no modernity,

because his entire purpose is given to him *by* modernity. He is a god of blood, a god of spine and bone and sinew, to remind the denizens of this world that it is not good. It is cruel and hateful and that is *good*, that is *right*. Modernity is a sin and he is the correction, so that we can once again live as we must: cold, and hungry, and starving, and very, *very* afraid.

Document 9: The following note was found in Dr. Montauk's personal quarters. It is believed to have been written shortly after Dr. Montauk's discovery of *Lāla Rājā*.

SCP-001 is a conceptual entity created at the boundaries of the modern and the premodern.

The Scarlet King is a thing of blood and bone and sinew. His rule is just, the justice of the dark.

SCP-001 is a creature emperor physical being made manifest in a conceptual

He comes with fear and a sword dripping with wrath and fire

SCP-001 originated in ancient Turkmenistan. It is believed that is was originally a Scythian deity who

They rode with thunder in their hooves and the bow on their backs, laughing as they slaught

SCP-001 is a scientific phenomenon. It will be classified. It will be contained described. It will be *understood* as an anomalous entity, as with every other an

but he exist in the cracks, the faultlines. He feeds on description. he feeds on science, on

the objective principles and qualities. Seven chains! Seven brides! Seven seals for the Scarle

I am Robert Montauk, Level 4 Researcher, Project Lead on SCP-001. I am a researcher. I impose my solid, mechanical will. I am in control. I possess agency. I possess agency.

I am a quivering thing, looking up at a dark and clouded sky, fearing the Almighty God. i am free. i am chained i am a doctor i am a child

---

Document 10: On 22/05/2018, a large crack appeared in the wall of PoI-3172's containment chambers. The crack appeared to open on another dimension. A large quantity of red smoke could be seen pouring out of it, while an unknown number of human voices could be heard screaming from it.

Foundation staff found themselves unable to enter PoI-3172's containment chamber. PoI-3172 informed them that he would only permit Dr. Montauk entry into his chamber, and would communicate with nobody else. After some debate, Dr. Montauk was permitted entry into the containment chamber to interview PoI-3172. A log can be found below.

Date: 22/05/2018.

Interviewer: Dr. Robert Montauk.

Interviewee: PoI-3172

Location: Site 713, Humanoid Containment Chamber 77.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Montauk enters the chamber and approaches PoI-3172. PoI-3172 is standing in

front of a jagged crack in the far wall. Red light and smoke can be seen emerging from this crack.

Dr. Montauk: Hello there, Dipesh.

Pol-3172: Hello, doctor.

Dr. Montauk: Always formal, even to the last, aren't you? Can I ask you what… *this* is?

Pol-3172: A plea for attention, mostly. I wanted to see you again, and my requests were all denied. It's been weeks, doctor.

Dr. Montauk: I… I had nothing to ask you.

Pol-3172: I thought so. You have deducted the truth, haven't you?

Dr. Montauk: Maybe. Yes.

The crack shrinks slightly.

Dr. Montauk: It- did that just-

Pol-3172: It grows and shrinks depending on the situation. Different actions have different meanings, and thus different effects. It all depends on context. The other Children never got that, but- well, they never got anything, really. They thought we were all devil worshippers, heading for violation. Only I understood the point.

Dr. Montauk: It took me a while to understand.

Pol-3172: I didn't think you would.

Dr. Montauk: Just tell me- did the Procedure even matter? What we do, is it even relevant?

Pol-3172: To prevent the birth, it had to be something awful, something evil expressed in pain and rage and fury. That is why it worked. It was never a sincere attempt to formulate a scientific procedure on your part: it was just pure, unadulterated hatred wrapped in a veneer of objectivity. You thought the King had taken your brother, so you decided to hurt the King. You didn't, of course, and what you do each day to that poor girl is little more than mere cruelty. But effective cruelty. The specifics are unimportant but the *intent*, that matters for everything.

Dr. Montauk: I… I should stop it. I didn't-

Pol-3172: And then what? The Foundation won't get it. They will never understand the law of the howling.

Dr. Montauk: If I explain-

Pol-3172: They can't imagine it. It's beyond their conception of reality. But you might. So, tell me, Doctor. Do you know why the Scarlet King exists?

Dr. Montauk: Because modernity and premod-

Pol-3172: No. Because the *SCP Foundation* exists. Modernity helped shape him, defined the contours of his rage, but it was when modernity started interfering in his kingdom that he was crystallised. Modernity in the form of *you.* Your lot came first. You came into being to lock away, classify, pin down everything that didn't fit into your philosophy of enlightenment rationality. Everything had to be understood, contextualised, transformed from faerie and godhood into simple,

comprehensible chunks of logic and matter. It's abhorrent. And it could never go on forever. Something had to give. Something had to rise up in opposition.

Dr. Montauk: …We were first? Truthfully? I know that Beauvoir had- was this whole thing really our fault?

Pol-3172: That depends. Is it your fault if you don't know you're doing it?

Dr. Montauk: I don't know.

Pol-3172: Neither do I.

Dr. Montauk: The ceremonies. They all held that contrast.

Pol-3172: The King cannot exist without that tension. We needed those symbols of modernity, those stark grey images, to make the rift in the first place. It was the perfect plan.

Dr. Montauk: But you failed.

Pol-3172: Yes.

There is a pause for several seconds.

Dr. Montauk: The Foundation was formed in the 1820s. It was formed to protect the world from the dark, by a collection of brave men and women. To s-secure. Contain. Protect. That is our purpose. There is a virtue in normalcy which I don't think you can see. The world can be understood. Truth, reason, rationality. The Enlightenment. These our bedrock, these are what have allowed us to see what is *objective.*

Pol-3172: Do you really believe that?

Dr. Montauk: I have to.

Pol-3172: You're a scientist. You should know that there's no such thing as an objectively true finding in any science. There's always room for doubt, always space for error.

Dr. Montauk: But that's just humanity. We may have flawed minds, incapable of full interpretation, but what we observe is solid and real. Beneath it all, the laws, the bedrock-

Pol-3172: The bedrock is defined by the number seven. Seven chains, seven brides, seven seals, seven, seven, seven… my whole life has been defined by that number. It tortures me. Endless heptagonal shapes dancing behind my eyes. We're not allowed to live. We're not allowed to be people. That is the luxury of modernity, despite its coldness and its creaking wounds- to be able to be a full person. Seven, seven, seven. Seven girls taken away by raiders in the cold, as the wind demon howled and howled. So the Scarlet King had to have seven brides.

Dr. Montauk: Modernity is not always cold. It's less brutal than slavery.

Pol-3172: But what is it for? Is that the only purpose, a mere absence of brutality? What's the point of having peace and kindness for its own sake, so you can smile for a few decades before falling dead into an empty grave? Self-affirmation for a finite self. I don't understand it. I never did. I grew up trying. I wanted to be like them, like you, but the system just stared down at me with contempt. Maybe it's not coldness, doctor. Coldness seems too objective. It can't be that, because there is no objectivity. There's just the screaming and the madness

and the need for purpose.

Dr. Montauk: Did you really think that nothing is true?

Pol-3172: There's truth, but it's never… final. There's no ultimate reality, doctor. No totality. No concrete way in which the world is run. There's just what we make of it. The clay things we bind together and crudely make in clay.

Dr. Montauk: All this introspection…

The crack in the wall grows larger. The sound of screaming can be heard.

Dr. Montauk: Who is in there with him?

Pol-3172: Who knows? His seven brides, his loyal nomads, ancient servants, more creations of the gap between realities. I don't know any more. It all breaks down, in the end. All I see any more is the fire. I don't see the world, or gods, or kings. I don't see anything but the flames. What else is there? This stuff? Matter and the physical, all banal, all fake. I only see the smile of my King, forged out of burning and frail matter. And it's a sight that hurts. It hurts, so much, behind the eyes. It is burning and being consumed and it's never, ever finished.

Dr. Montauk: Then why not stop worshipping him?

Pol-3172: I was a frail thing. I was born in the cold and the dark. I tried my hand at writing, when I was very young. I tried my hand at many things, bartering, starving, surviving in the marketplaces of Calcutta. Like so many of

us, struggling to live while you Westerners grew fatter on our forgotten wealth. I grew mad. There was no meaning, no purpose, in a country born to be ripped apart. I tried the gods, but they were silent. I tried reason and atheism, but they were just as empty and unreal. Because they were always going to be. Because-

Dr. Montauk: Don't say it.

Pol-3172: You have to hear it.

Dr. Montauk: I- I don't want-

Pol-3172: No, listen, Robert, just *listen*. You know now what the Scarlet King is. He is a creation of swirling anomalies, of so many different times, all over the world. He is the memory of a world that is lost, the premodern world, made manifest in a form of hatred for modernity, the new, the humanism and smiling coldness that marks our day to day existence. Forged from a perfect balance of irreconcilable anomalies and our breaking minds. He is an entity created by this overwhelming, unavoidable tension. Of the howl of the old world when faced with a cold, grey, purposeless new. He is the revenge of our fallen past. He is the idea of the ancient in a world which discards and fetishes it.

Dr. Montauk: He is the tension between the modern and the premodern made manifest.

Pol-3172: Yes. He is the faultline between two irreconcilable worlds. And he can only, in the end, destroy them all. And that is what is *right*.

There is another pause for several seconds.

Dr. Montauk: What do we do now?

PoI-3172: You shoot me, let them take my corpse, go back to your life. It won't last long now. The King's coming is inevitable. You might try to do something to stop it, but it won't work. The Foundation has too much at stake, too much resting on the preservation of their ethos. They will coat the world in concrete grey and the King will rise from the ashes, and the Children won't even have to lift a finger.

Dr. Montauk: I don't believe you.

PoI-3172: Believe what you like. Come, doctor, I think it's time.

Dr. Montauk takes out his firearm and points it at PoI-3172.

Dr. Montauk: Just- look, just tell me one more thing. Was it you who took Jacob?

PoI-3172: No. We had no idea who he w-

Dr. Montauk terminates PoI-3172. The crack disappears.

<End Log>

Document 11: The following is a record of O5 Council Vote #4985.

Council Vote #4985, "Vote to approve suggestions made by Dr. Robert Montauk on Foundation Operating Procedures for improved containment of SCP-001." Proposed by O5-13 on 30/05/2018.

For	Against	Abstain
O5-2	O5-1	O5-4
O5-6	O5-3	O5-5

~~O5-7~~	~~O5-8~~	
~~O5-10~~	~~O5-9~~	
~~O5-13~~	~~O5-11~~ ~~O5-12~~	

Vote Denied.

Statement by O5-1: Dr. Montauk's investigations have been most illuminating. They have certainly raised serious concerns about how the Foundation has been operating in recent years. But we feel that his suggestions go too far.

The ethos of the Foundation is *comprehension*. Postmodern notions of the fallibility of objective universal truths are all very well in academic circles, but the Foundation has always been first and foremost concerned with practicalities, basing its analyses on the hard sciences and unquestionable truths. Changing our intentions and modus operandi is, frankly, an absurd proposition. Our duty is, and always has been, to die in the dark to protect those in the light. If we begin to abandon or redefine the notion of what dark and light are, we risk a sharp descent into tyranny, incoherence and the loss of our mission entirely. This must not happen. We cannot engage in cavalier redefinitions of what the Foundation's very essence is.

We thank Dr. Montauk for his work, and we will be accordingly updating SCP-001's classification to Safe as a result of it. Containing SCP-001 is no longer as difficult as it once was, despite its potential danger; if Montauk's information is correct, then it seems clear to us that the Foundation should simply take a more laissez-faire attitude towards SCP-001's containment. We look forward to a more productive containment relationship with our oldest anomaly going forward.

[aaaaCC62SS DEN---]

I watched, hidden, as their bulldozers came. Prime land wasted on trees, they said. They ripped them up, sliced their roots, took them away to be made into tables, chairs or other monotonies. Then, over weeks and months, they flattened it. They poured concrete into the rest. It was scraped and shaped, cut into neat little squares, arranged precisely and in an orderly fashion.

Walls rose up, great walls of concrete. Windows, their measurements precisely regulated. A series of standardised bricks for other parts. Construction crews and workmen and all the rest, working efficiently and precisely for a long time; filling in the details, the furnishings and precise abstract wallpapers and everything else that went into making a facility.

Finally, it was finished. One single, new tree had been planted in the centre of the central courtyard; not through any sense of whimsy or delight, but to give those within a little sense of nature, of reality in the centre of the grey. To keep them sane, nothing more. A precisely mandated allowance for the improvement of human mental health, until they can find out a way to phase that out entirely.

I watched, and I thought about all that they- that we- had done. I thought about the world they wanted. I thought about their spinelessness. I knew what good was, and what evil was, and I saw none of it in either of them. I thought about hollow men, made of straw, plastered together with thick paste and sold in a hundred, a thousand identical ways in a thousand identical shops. I thought about what we had lost. And I howled.

At night, the day before the site's grand opening, I dug up the seeds of the tree, and replaced them. With a seed of my own devising. And over Site 231 will stand a thing of blood and bone and sinew. A tree that trips and leers and feeds. It will drip strange fire, and that fire will both burn and warm in equal measure. And they will look up at it and wish they had listened while they had the chance.

I know this path is wrong. But at least it is a path.

With thoughts and prayers,
Robert Montauk, Child of the Scarlet King.

Footnotes
1. A K-class scenario wherein the imminent alteration of reality or eradication of all human life is caused by the interaction between two anomalous objects of a radically different type.
2. With the exception of Dr. Robert Montauk, Project Lead on SCP-001, SCP-231 and SCP-2317.
3. An antiquated term for "amnestics" in use in some Foundation sites at this time.
4. A Bengali social gathering, involving a group of friends (usually but not exclusively male) meeting up for an extended discussion of literature, social relations or other aspects of life. These often took place over the course of several hours.

djkaktus's Proposal II: Atonement

Access Data File

Archival Specifications: This data file, being designated SCP-001, will exist separately from the decoy SCP-001 archive on the primary Foundation database and will be accessible only by closed units at Area-11 or Site-01. No other instances of this data file may exist. This data file is designed to corrupt any systems on which it exists that do not carry the encryption markers of either of those two systems.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is currently contained within the Pietrykau-Fontaine Spatial Stabilization Array located on the 6th basement level of Armed Dimensional Containment Area-11 near Kunes, Norway. SCP-001's containment chamber must be kept at a temperature no greater than 3.2K. A full contingent of research staff, as well as four Applied Task Forces are to be stationed at ADCA-11. Currently, those assigned task forces are:

- ATF Indianapolis-13 "Killboys"
- ATF Detroit-11 "Blessed Rain"
- ATF Atlanta-9 "Sherman's March"

- ATF Nevada-3 "Firestarters"

In addition to the standard construction of the Pietrykau-Fontaine Array, several significant modifications have been made since the discovery of SCP-001:

- The addition of three additional Ivorycannon-Class liquid fluoride thorium reactors to balance additional energy loads.
- Nine Class-VI magnesium-alloy suspension rings to maintain structural integrity of the array,
- Sixteen Scranton-Kempf harmonic dampeners to control excessive energy output.
- Three Polycott deflector dishes to control excessive energy output.
- Eight Weldon-Stanley fused-energy sinks to control excessive energy output.
- The construction of a DEEPWELL borehole[1] to vent and control excessive energy output.
- One Autonomously Intelligent Response Vector[2] to manage complex temporal-spatial calculations.

Should a destabilization event occur, the FORTY DAYS protocol is to be implemented:

The acting site administrator will initiate a full evacuation of the facility, which will begin a forty minute countdown.

T-MINUS 40 MINUTES: Evacuation order is given.

T-MINUS 33 MINUTES: After a seven minute evacuation window, sluice gates that run into the nearby river will open, flooding the lower portions of the facility.

T-MINUS 31 MINUTES: Charges situated around the test chamber will fire after nine minutes, collapsing the test chamber and basement level into the DEEPWELL borehole.

T-MINUS 21 MINUTES: Additional charges set across

the entire site will fire, collapsing the entire structure into the borehole.

T-MINUS 6 MINUTES: Charges set in the mountainside will fire, causing a landslide that will fill and cap the DEEPWELL before being sealed by a set of locking steel plates designed to extend out over the full width of the borehole.

T-MINUS 0 MINUTES: The on-site nuclear device located at the base of the borehole will fire, destroying SCP-001.

In the event that the "FORTY DAYS" Protocol does not prove sufficient to destroy the anomaly, all designated Foundation Overseers, regional administrators, directors, and executives are to report to Overwatch Command (Site-01) and await implementation of the Tredecim Protocol.

Activation of the Tredecim Protocol constitutes the beginning of a 3هلاك-Class "Darkbody" End-of-All-Worlds scenario. All Foundation staff members will be alerted to the beginning of this protocol, which signals the immediate dissolution of the SCP Foundation and termination of all staff contracts. Due to the nature of a هلاك-Class scenario, no additional information will be provided past the initial notice.

For more information on the Tredecim Protocol, see *Addendum 001.6*.

Updated Containment Memorandum: This file has been classified LEVEL 5 - OVERSEER EYES ONLY. All personnel remaining at Area-11 have been reassigned and amnesticized. All Applied Task Forces have been reassigned and amnesticized. Management of containment will be handled solely by the NETZACH system, under Overseer supervision. Identification and implementation of the 40 DAYS Protocol will be carried

out solely by the NETZACH system. No other personnel are authorized to view this file.

Description: SCP-001 is a humanoid gravitational singularity currently contained within the Area-11 Pietrykau-Fontaine Array. SCP-001 is immeasurably dense; only by mitigating its effect on spacetime through the use of Scranton-Kempf devices are Foundation personnel able to maintain the structural integrity of the Spatial Stabilization Array. SCP-001 is not visible without specialized equipment (usually high-contrast infrared cameras), as it is constantly surrounded by a dense cloud of radioactive gas and atomized debris. Additionally, being a singularity, SCP-001 does not reflect light, and is visible only by the obfuscation of light around it.

SCP-001 is capable of manipulating the nature of reality through alterations in gravity that change the shape and structure of spacetime. As such its anomalous capabilities cannot be dampened by anything other than the Pietrykau-Fontaine array[4], and alterations to spacetime made by SCP-001 are irreversible.

Addendum 001.1

Initial Manifestation

On June 19th, 1982, a team of Foundation researchers headed up by Dr. Lamar Fontaine[5] were in the process of running engineering trials on the Pietrykau-Fontaine Spatial Stabilization Array, a device intended for use in containing anomalies that manipulate the nature of spacetime[6]. During these trials, a particle accelerator was used to create superheavy oganesson, which would in turn collapse on itself to create a miniaturized singularity. This procedure had been carried out on several other occasions, with each of the singularities destabilizing quickly after manifesting. The June 19th trial was intended as a scale up test of the procedure.

Shortly after 2030 hours local time, as the particle accelerator was in the process of spooling up, Dr. Calvin Desmet, one of the project's research assistants, noted minor power fluctuations in one arm of the array's stabilizing rings. Dr. Desmet wanted to replace the failing coupling, which was known to decay under the cold temperatures of the testing chamber. Since the test was still an hour away and the chamber was not sealed, Dr. Desmet entered to repair the coupling. As the accelerator continued to spool, a power regulator attached to the system's primary generator began to fail[7]. Under non-test conditions this event could still flood the chamber with ionizing radiation, so an evacuation order was given and the chamber was sealed. Dr. Desmet, not hearing the alert over the sound of the array coming online (due to the excess power now present in the system), continued to work on the coupling.

Roughly seven minutes later, while outside research staff were attempting to begin a power-down cycle, the power regulator failed entirely and the accelerator began powering to near-test conditions. Dr. Desmet abandoned the power coupling and attempted to escape the test chamber. Before he could make it to an emergency exit, the accelerator reached peak test conditions and a singularity formed. The array pulled the singularity into alignment, but only milliseconds before the damaged stabilizer arm failed and Dr. Desmet was exposed to the naked singularity. The test chamber collapsed into the singularity, as did much of the rest of the research wing and Dr. Desmet himself. Shortly afterwards, the singularity dissipated.

In the wake of the June 19th incident many administrative personnel at Area-11 were reassigned, while engineering staff and Foundation construction teams worked to repair the damaged portions of the facility (which was at the time still housing several other anomalies). This effort continued for several years, during which time significant control portions of the

stabilization array were removed and replaced with autonomous systems[8] in order to reduce staffing and also limit exposure. The engineering team assigned to the stabilizer began running tests of its capabilities starting in March of 1995.

Over the next several years the teams at Area-11 ran minor tests of the stabilizer, typically in an attempt to reduce energy requirements and increase automation. By 2002, the system was almost entirely automated, requiring only a handful of support staff to operate. The array began containing minor gravitational anomalies starting in 2004, and continued to do so full-time up until 2005. In late 2005, staff members at Area-11 began trials that would lead towards testing the stabilizer on a free-standing singularity.

In early 2006, aided by the NETZACH intelligence system[9], on-site engineers began scaling up their trials into fully-operational experiments. After several months of testing, in May of 2006, the engineers at Area-11 manifested a singularity within the array at full power, and maintained the structural integrity of both the singularity and the containment chamber.

However, after two hours of testing with a fully stable singularity, the space within the array began to change dramatically. The singularity began to rapidly grow in size, threatening to expand past the boundaries of the array. As the automated system initiated an evacuation warning, NETZACH began making adjustments to account for the significant increase in energy being exerted by the singularity. Eventually the growth rate of the singularity stalled, and the effects it had on the containment chamber were mitigated through alterations to the array's arrangement by NETZACH. It was at this point that the thick cloud of rotating radioactive gas and dust formed, obscuring the singularity within.

As Foundation engineers began work to reinforce the damaged array, SCP-001 made its first attempt at

communication with Foundation staff. This initial communication attempt consisted primarily of unintelligible noises, initially became full sentences and then later conversations after Foundation personnel discovered that the singularity within the gas cloud was humanoid in shape and, though unmoving, clearly attempting to speak to them.

Addendum 001.2

First Contact

First contact between SCP-001 and the Foundation was conducted by Dr. J. Barton Ramsey, Site-17, at SCP-001's containment array beneath Area-11. Notably, SCP-001 does not appear capable of communicating naturally; its incredible density makes the projection of sound impossible. Instead, SCP-001 uses gravity to vibrate the suspension rings of the array in order to create sound[10].

[BEGIN AUDIO LOG]

Dr. Ramsey: (*Muffled voice*) -just the microphone. Can it hear me?

(*Uncertain murmuring*)

SCP-001: (*Muffled humming*)

Dr. Ramsey: Wait! What was that? Can you hear that? (*Pauses*) Listen.

SCP-001: (*Metallic ringing*) Johannes- Johannes Ramsey.

Dr. Ramsey: You know my name?

SCP-001: (*Pauses*) He- yes. Johannes Barton Ramsey. You are a doctor. The S- (*pauses*) - SCP Foundation. Containment. Is he being

contained? (*Pauses*) He can't see, He's- the array. This is the… Pietrykau-Fontaine… He knows this place, he-

Dr. Ramsey: Have you been here before?

SCP-001: No, he- (*pauses*) There is no I, only He, someone else. A man. I think I was him, or He- He is me. (*Pauses*) He was here once, and then He wasn't.

Dr. Ramsey: (*Murmuring off-microphone*) Jesus Christ, is that Desmet?

SCP-001: Who? (*Pauses*) Yes. Desmet. Calvin. His name was Calvin.

Dr. Ramsey: (*Muffled discussion away from microphone with containment staff*) Unfortunately, there is no way for us to-

SCP-001: This machine, the- deactivate it. There is something He needs to do, He needs to… needs to see… needs- (*trails off*)

Dr. Ramsey: What are you?

SCP-001: A- a way to distinguish between two like things. (*Pauses*) He needs… an Overseer. Overseers. All of them. Bring them here.

Dr. Ramsey: That's against protocol, and-

SCP-001: No. They will come for this. He has something to offer them.

Dr. Ramsey: What's that?

SCP-001: A way out.

[END AUDIO LOG]

Addendum 001.3

The Way Out

The following is the full log of O5-1's interaction with SCP-001.

[BEGIN AUDIO LOG]

O5-1: To whom am I speaking?

SCP-001: A technicality, I'm afraid. It took time to appear like this, and longer to- to manifest an identity. It almost seems unnecessary but… to simplify this means of communication, you may identify me as Calvin Desmet. (*Pauses*) That seems strange. Applying characteristics to something wholly apart from their genesis.

O5-1: The same Calvin Desmet who was killed in this room twenty-two years ago?

SCP-001: No. Not the same. Similar, in many ways, but changed.

O5-1: You understand, then, how far in breach of protocol we are.

SCP-001: Yes, I think he would recognize that. But these are extraordinary circumstances.

O5-1: You mentioned a way out.

SCP-001: Yes, in a manner of speaking.

O5-1: A way out of what?

SCP-001: You contain the strange and

anomalous because they threaten your world, but you're applying salve to symptoms. The root is *entropy*. Something inevitable. Something you cannot outrun, try as you might. Existence is an infinitely complex tapestry of realities, each neatly aligned above and below each other. Entropy frays the edges, and things begin to… leak through.

O5-1: How do you know this?

SCP-001: I have *seen* it. Calvin Desmet saw it, in the moment before his soul was cast into darkness. Everything you have contained because you cannot explain it comes from somewhere else, somewhere it can be explained. A different reality, one that seeps into yours. Entropy exacerbates this. Over time the borders will disappear entirely, and your world, just like all worlds, will become a pandaemonium of infinite realities competing for relevance over each other. Your world will die. All worlds will die. They will feast on each other as they suffocate and then they will die. This is not a hypothetical; it is inevitability.

O5-1: (*Pauses*) You are certain?

SCP-001: Beyond any doubt.

O5-1: How long do we have before this occurs?

SCP-001: Decades. Each tiny tear puts pressure on the whole system. They will continue to grow until the boundaries give way, and the moment the cascade begins the fate of creation is decided. It will be unmade, and it cannot be undone. Not for you, perhaps, but your children and grandchildren will see a sky of nightmares before they die.

O5-1: What is your way out?

SCP-001: Calvin did the math in the moments before he entered the void. Order cannot exist forever in a universe that lingers on disorder. One line can stretch on forever, but infinitely many lines invites chaos. Points that intersect. There is only one way to insure this world's future: remove all other worlds.

O5-1: I don't understand.

SCP-001: You are not expected to, because you cannot see the narratives. Calvin could see them, for a moment. Calvin saw doomsday, and Calvin reasoned a way out of it. Remove all narratives but this one, and you produce a creation of one. One universe, untarnished by the influences of others. Safe. Your loved ones protected from the encroaching darkness. Your children free to live lives that do not end in horror. An end to your perpetual struggle. An end to darkness. The freedom to live in the light.

O5-1: By destroying all other realities. An incomprehensible loss of life.

SCP-001: (*Pauses*) Yes.

O5-1: And you are capable of this?

SCP-001: Yes.

O5-1: (*Pauses*) How?

SCP-001: By removing the barriers for all realities, all at once; save this one. Compress spacetime at the points where it is most vulnerable, and allow entropy to do the rest.

O5-1: If you are set on this path, why haven't you already done it?

SCP-001: When I manifested here, this machine… I cannot see outside of it. I cannot see you. You must deactivate the machine.

O5-1: What is stopping any one of these infinite realities from inhibiting you in the same way? What is stopping them from realizing what we've done, and coming to destroy us?

SCP-001: They will not realize what I have done until it is finished.

[END LOG]

Shortly after the conclusion of this conversation, all staff members located at Area-11 were ordered to report to nearby sites for reassignment and amnesticization.

Addendum 001.4

Deliberations

O5-1: The Council has been called to hear arguments for and against the use of SCP-001 for the purpose of staving off the end of the world. O5-3, if you will.

O5-3: After investigation by several teams working independent of each other, we have determined that SCP-001 *appears* to be correct about what it has said regarding the nature of creation. The trend-line of anomalies we are aware of and have contained has followed the accelerated progression that SCP-001 predicted. Based on our models, we should expect an uncontainable number of new anomalies within 30 years, and even more past that. Our best

guess is that something big gets loose within 45, and at that point there's nothing left to be done.

O5-7: How is that possible? How is it that the universe could fall apart as quickly as this entity says it will?

O5-1: According to Desmet, actions taken in other realities to stave off the end of their worlds have significantly damaged the metaphysical construction of all universes. In many ways, we are as much to blame as all of the others, but- (*pauses*) infinite blame spread over infinite responsible.

O5-8: Given a truly infinite multiverse, the idea of salvation coming to us and not another universe is… it is statistically impossible.

O5-3: Yes, yet no less impossible that it would come to any of them instead of us.

O5-11: How do we know this entity isn't lying to us?

O5-3: If it is, then it has an incredible grasp on high level pataphysical concepts for something that hasn't directly experienced what it claims to have experienced.

O5-1: More than that. I took the liberty of… consulting with a number of the precognitives, and-

O5-9: (*Interjecting*) That is forbidden.

O5-12: (*Interrupting O5-9*) Wouldn't you want to know?

O5-9: We made a *decision* that cannot so easily be-

O5-1: -we confirmed, as well as we could, that there is a point in time that is arriving soon that obscures their vision. They can see up to it, but not past. I don't even know if they realize it yet - it was only after we drew data from dozens of tests that we realized none of them have made a prediction past 2066.

O5-6: What if it's just a reality bender? What if we let it out of that array and it kills us all?

O5-1: If it was a reality bender it would've done so already. This entity isn't manipulating humes; it's manipulating gravity. Spacetime. If it was affecting humes it could've just reached out and crushed us already; the Stabilization Array mitigates the effect of things that disturb spacetime, which is what is currently keeping it at bay. This entity, Dr. Desmet, if he's actually in there, doesn't seem to be a Type Green. It's something wholly different. It's become something… fundamental, to the nature of all things.

O5-2: I- (*pauses*) If this creature is what it says it is, and it can do what it says it can do, that would mean the death of- of infinitely many lives. How can we sit in judgement over so many living things?

O5-4: Who's to say the idea of other universes isn't anomalous? Maybe there should just be this one. Maybe that's the natural order.

O5-9: That is absurd. We-

O5-2: It still means the ends of so many lives. It's- it's too many to even comprehend. A number without limit.

O5-1: A number without us.

Silence

O5-3: We pledged ourselves to maintain normalcy and protect our world. This world. The affairs of other worlds are their own. We would expect any other Overseer Council to act the same way - in the interest of their universe. This, all of this, the science, the militarism, everything. All of it is to accomplish a single, unreachable goal. Keep the monsters tucked out of sight. Now we find out, even that might not be enough. That the end of days is coming for us anyway. But we're given an option: if we do nothing, every universe dies screaming. If we take this action, every universe dies screaming but ours. Once it's over, it's over. Everything we've struggled for, everyone who has died to protect our world will be validated. Is the end of our road not worth this? Is protecting ourselves from the doomsday to come not worth this?

Silence

O5-1: I propose a vote. The utilization of the SCP-001 entity to stave off the end of the world. All in favor?

O5-3, -4, -12, -1, -11, 10, -5, -6: Aye.

O5-1: Those opposed?

O5-9, -2, -7, -8: Nay.

O5-1: O5-13 abstains. The measure passes.

O5-9: Even if we manage to somehow survive turning loose an unpredictable… monster… remember today as being the day we gave up our mission. We secure, and we contain. Those two come first. We've now risked everything for the faintest glimmer of hope that we somehow

achieve the last, and I fear it will have damned us. (*Pauses*) Why do you trust it, Bramimond? After all we've achieved, why do you risk everything on this?

Silence

O5-1: I knew Calvin Desmet, years ago. In a different life. He wasn't recruited by the Foundation - he volunteered. He was part of a team contracted by the Insurgency to run trials on new technology they were developing at the time. But he had a young daughter that was killed by SCP-106 when it breached containment during transit in 1975, years before we had developed functional containment procedures for it, and… after that, he sought us out. He never said much about it, but you could tell. If that's him in there, and he had found a way to remove every trace of the anomalous from our universe, no matter the cost, he would do it. I know he would do it. I can hear it in his voice.

Addendum 001.5

The Deception

On January 11th, 2007, after further discussion with SCP-001 and additional independent research, the Overseer Council voted 8-4-1 to initiate a power-down of the Spatial Stabilization Array and allow SCP-001 to take the action it had described. Three Overseers (O5-1, O5-4, and O5-12) were in attendance. As a sign of good faith, an anomalous artifact (SCP-884) was selected and SCP-001 was directed to target the reality in which the artifact had originated. O5-3 oversaw the artifact during this process.

[BEGIN VIDEO LOG]

O5-1, -4, and -12 stand alone in the Stabilization Array's control center. Visible on another screen is the dark cloud of gas and dust encircling SCP-001. O5-4 has a telephone in their right hand. They nod to O5-1.

O5-1: We're going to begin the step down the power running into the array. When we reach the agreed upon point, we'll hold it there until you can prove to us you can do what you claim. Do you understand?

SCP-001: I do.

O5-1 initiates step down procedure. NETZACH cycles down reactors 2 and 3. The cloud of radioactive dust and debris encircling SCP-001 falls into the borehole below it. Visible now as the light from the array is warped around it is a jet black humanoid entity. The entity does not move.

O5-1: This is it. Can you see me?

SCP-001: I can see everything.

O5-1: Do you know what you're looking for?

SCP-001: The mirror.

O5-1: Do it.

SCP-001 does not seem to respond initially. Its position in the center of the array does not change.

SCP-001: The world I see is not unlike your own. In that world, a dying soul attached itself to that mirror; a curse to whoever should own it. (*Pauses*) It has happened.

There is a moment of silence, until O5-3 is heard over the radio.

O5-3: God…

O5-1: What is it?

O5-3: It's gone. It was sitting right here on the table, and then it just… it's like it folded in on itself until it was gone. There's nothing left.

O5-1: (*To SCP-001*) Was that you?

SCP-001: That narrative has ended.

O5-1: How long will it take?

SCP-001: Moments.

O5-1: Will it hurt them?

SCP-001: It will be agony.

O5-1: (*Pauses, then nods*)

The space around SCP-001 within the array begins to shimmer. Low, loud pulses of noise are emitted from the air around them, and the light within the chamber begins to bend in towards SCP-001. The array creaks and groans under the stress. O5-4 and O5-12 step away from the observation window. O5-1 does not move.

The building around them begins to shake. Points in the air around SCP-001 begin to distort, as if being dragged down individually towards SCP-001. The room darkens. More low pulses begin to rise up out of the borehole. A single, thin ring of white-hot debris begins to form around SCP-001. Others join it. Nearby, a klaxon can be heard as NETZACH warns of intolerable load on the array.

O5-1: Does it hurt you?

SCP-001: It is… *excruciating.*

Suddenly, O5-1 jerks backwards. The space around his body begins to distort, as if being pulled in towards his center. He reaches forwards towards the observation window, his body compressing unnaturally.

O5-1: (*Choked*) I don't-

SCP-001: (*In O5-1's voice*) *If that's him in there, and he had found a way to remove every trace of the anomalous from our universe, no matter the cost, he would do it.*

O5-1: Va-

SCP-001: (*In its own voice*) Your children free to live lives that do not end in horror. An end to your perpetual struggle. An end to darkness. The freedom to live in the light. All traces must be removed. (*In O5-1's voice*) …every trace of the anomalous from our universe. (*In its own voice*) This world must be washed clean. It is the only way out.

O5-1: (*Gurgling*)

O5-1 collapses in on himself, folding and distorting down into a single point that hangs in the air for a moment, and then disappears. All around the chamber, the walls begin to bend and distort. The air shimmers. O5-4 is lifted into the air, screaming, as her body begins to fold in on itself. Her eyes bulge and her bones audibly shatter. Another wave of force is emitted from within the stabilization array, and the observation window shatters. SCP-001 turns to look up at O5-4, who instantly crumples into a single point

and then disappears. O5-12 stands to flee, but is seemingly frozen in fear.

There is a loud grinding sound, and then O5-12 falls to the ground. From within the containment chamber, a loud hum is heard that grows considerably louder. SCP-001 is observed for a moment more staring up at the observation deck, before it is surrounded by a cloud of dust and debris. As the array settles into position, the low pulsing sound dissipates and all that can be heard is the sound of NETZACH's warning klaxon, signalling that it has activated an emergency failsafe. O5-12 is heard sobbing in an unseen corner of the observation deck. SCP-001's voice begins to grind through the metal rings of the stabilization array.

SCP-001: (*A dull, grinding roar*) Your children free to live lives that do not end in horror. An end to your perpetual struggle. An end to darkness. The freedom to live in the light. All traces must be removed. This world must be washed clean. The Foundation does not escape atonement. It is the only way out.

[END LOG]

Addendum 001.6

Tredecim Protocol

In the event that SCP-001 breaches containment, the Tredecim protocol is designed to provide an

extradimensional escape route for all high-ranking Foundation personnel to avoid annihilation at the hand of SCP-001.

We were wrong. Tredecim is no longer an option. Every alternative must be considered. Sustained containment of SCP-001 is now the Foundation's only objective.

More information will come to you as I receive it.

O5-3

Footnotes
1. DEEPWELL #9.
2. Codenamed NETZACH.
3. In the original Arabic, "Perdition".
4. Other technologies, such as reality anchors, are ineffective.
5. And including notable Foundation researchers Dr. Isaiah Herrimann, Dr. William Bell, Dr. Simon Pietrykau, Dr. Ernest Duke, Dr. Tilda Moose, Dr. Gina Lazenby, and Dr. Carter Lament.
6. Specifically those that warp spacetime due to their immense or fluctuating density.
7. The reason for this is still unknown.
8. The first autonomous system, VIRTUS, was installed in November of 1989.
9. NETZACH, a next generation artificially intelligent system manufactured by the Foundation's advanced Rosenworks Labs, is a complex creative machine built to handle not only the specific high-level mathematical challenges involved in the stabilization array, but also address any potential unknown complications involved in this process. Unlike previous Foundation artificial intelligences, NETZACH cannot communicate casually, as it does not have a functional personality complex.
10. Currently, this is believed to be the outer limit of

SCP-001's influence, as the rest of its abilities are mitigated and contained by the stabilization array.

Jim North's Proposal: A Simple Toymaker

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its relatively benign nature, SCP-001 has been classified as Safe and no attempts to locate or directly contain it are to be made at this time. Containment efforts are to focus on the products that it generates, which are to be assigned individual designations and special containment procedures.

Description: SCP-001 is a male human known as "Dr. Wondertainment". It is a Class-I reality bender capable of imbuing otherwise-mundane creations with anomalous properties, focusing its abilities on the creation of toys, board games, candy, and various other products marketed at children. It distributes these items via anomalous means from an unknown location.

Product examples include **paper that takes on the properties of whatever shape it's folded into**, **a playset capable of creating animate shadows**, and **lollipops that allow people to switch voices**.

Addendum 001/1 - History: Due to the elusive nature of the entity, very little is currently known about SCP-001's past. That said, it is known that he was born and raised in a small village, the son of a seamstress and a chartered accountant. Seemingly set to lead a life of quiet desperation in a grey and boring world, he found joy solely in the stories that his father would tell him before bed each night, stories of a marvelous toymaker who made wonders that the world had never seen before nor since. A toymaker who, according to SCP-001's father, was a distant relative of theirs, and whose blood ran through the young SCP-001's veins.

After he grew up, SCP-001 sought the truth of the stories, intent on

reclaiming his birthright. He followed any lead he could find, seeking out even the vaguest rumors of dolls that came to life, jumping jacks that really jumped, cuckoo clocks that sang and dance without even a single cog or spring within. For the longest time it seemed as if his journey was in vain and that the old toymaker's secrets were buried for good. But to his surprise and delight, he at long last found a place that made dolls that ran and jacks that jumped and so many other magical things.

He had found The Factory.

The Factory was a trap. It stole SCP-001 and put the young man to work within its grey walls of concrete and steel. It forced him to take part in its mockery of creativity until he almost broke. But instead he escaped, escaped with stolen documents that led him to a cottage deep in the woods, the source of the magic that The Factory had taken and twisted to its own ends.

He entered the cottage, and there he found the workshop of his ancient ancestor. With a small, satisfied smile, he read through the journals and notes and designs. With a soft twinkle in his eye, he took up the tools of his new trade. And finally, with a deep sigh of pure contentment, he-

No.

No no no *no*.

I mean, *yes*. *Yes*, it's a nice story. It's all well and good, all very heartfelt, very intimate. But this is supposed to be an SCP-001 entry, is it not? We need something better than just "a nice story", don't you think?

Good, I'm glad you agree. Let's try again, and this time, let's go for something **`a little bit bigger!`**

I.H.Pickman's Proposal: Story of Your Life

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Archon

This was all that Dr. Johnathan West had manged to get written down before the phrasing of the actual document eluded him. It was no small task, authoring a file for SCP-001. Others had done it before him, for other anomalies that were considered important enough. That's what an 001 draft came down to— importance.

"Wait, shit." He cursed. "Archon's non-standard. Should probably put something there."

Object Class: Archon[1]

"That's better." He looked down at his watch and sighed. Writer's block. What a thing for a scientist to have.

It's not like 001 was a secret among anyone at Site-87. It was a big event, and several others were co-authoring the draft with him, giving feedback and fixing up sections. It was a group effort, like much of what happened at 87. But it was make-or-break; the credibility of the site rested upon it.

"Dammit." He stared as the watch's hand ticked towards 5:00. Well, he still had another month to finish up this proposal — and besides, tonight was the weekly poker game.

He saved his work, shut off his monitor, and went up to the common area on Sublevel 3.

"What kind of a class is Archon, anyway? Call." **Katherine Sinclair**, thaumatologist, put her ante into the pot. "Shouldn't it just be Thaumiel?"

"No, see, the Multi-Universal Transit Array is Thaumiel. Raise." **Tristan Bailey**, Multi-Universal Diplomat, was playing with a junk hand, but none of the others knew that. He considered himself having a good poker face, especially when the content of the discussion turned to containment procedures. "It's contained, but it can be used to save the world, if need be. An Archon-class will literally break the world if you contain it."

Cassandra Pike, parazoologist, raised her brow to Tristan. She could tell he was bluffing; all of the Baileys had the exact same tell. They'd rub their index finger over their thumbnail. Pike smirked and pushed her stack of chips into the center. "All in."

Bailey groaned. "Fold. Dammit, Pike."

Cassandra just shrugged, and watched as the others at the table folded, handing her cards to the dealer. Cassandra Pike was not, until very recently, emotionally stable. But she was a damn good poker player— the stack of chips she just put in would have bankrupted the others.

"Gotta admit, I'm jealous." **Jason Hendricks** was Pike's former superior, recently returned from Oregon. "I get transferred, and less than two years later, you discover the new 001." He shuffled the deck and looked over his shoulder, expecting West to come in the door any minute.

"It's been boring here without ya, Jay," Bailey admitted, adding, "There's nowhere near enough insect-related hallucinations without you."

"Hilarious as ever, Bailey." Hendricks shook his head. "And how's your position under Dr. Hennessy? Missionary or reverse cowgirl?"

From the other end of the room, Montgomery Reynolds coughed, the root beer he'd been drinking spilling everywhere. Sinclair looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "What?" Reynolds asked. "It was a good quip."

"If you're thirteen!" Sinclair let out a single "hah". "Never thought you'd have such an immature sense of humor, Monty." She looked

at her cards, straining not to raise a brow at the pair of kings she'd been dealt. "You sure you don't want in on this?"

"I am a sorcerer, not a gambler. I'd have an unfair advantage over you all— a word of clairvoyance, and I can see all of your hands." Reynolds was talking out his rear— he was a horrible gambler. As he took another sip, his phone buzzed. He looked at it, tilted his head, and walked over to the table. "Katherine, I think this is meant for you? West sent it to me by mistake."

"First draft of the containment procedures, then." Sinclair adjusted her glasses, took his phone, and swiped her thumb across its screen.

> **Special Containment Procedures:** SCP-001 is ingrained within the narrative structure of Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin (Nexus-18) and Site-87, allowing it to be more easily observed within this area. If necessary, certain sections of SCP-001 can be narratively contained in order to isolate major continuity errors and malignant plot devices.

"That's incredibly vague." Sinclair shook her head. "Send it back and tell him to clarify what 'narratively contained' means. And 'malignant plot device'?"

"Just give me my feedback in person, why don't ya?" Johnathan West walked into the lounge, stowing his phone. "Truth be told, I wrote the procedures on the way up here."

"Kind of mind-boggling, what you're containing," Hendricks said as he dealt West in. "The concept of narrative causality? That's pretty heavy."

"We're shopping around different names for it," Pike admitted. "Probably gonna be called I.H.P.'s proposal. After Isaiah Pickman."

"The archivist who died **`last Halloween`**?" Hendricks frowned. "What's he got to do with it?"

"His cataloging of the archives was *obsessive*," Sinclair explained.

"Thanks to him, we were able to pick up on anomaly occurrence patterns that nobody else noticed. That led to me, Bailey, West and Pike theorizing about a centralized anomaly…"

"Which led to SCP-001. Fair 'nuff." Hendricks put his contribution into the pot. "Did you hear Phil Verhoten's coming to talk here?"

"You're fucking joking," Bailey stared. "Philip Verhoten? The guy who *literally* wrote the book on Nexuses?"

"Books, plural." Sinclair began listing off titles. "There's *Crossroads*, *The Death of Magic: On the Dissolution of Nexuses*, *The Micro-Nexus*… he's got a fourth one coming out, too. Title's not been announced."

Cassandra Pike looked unimpressed. "Okay, but, who is this guy? I call."

West shook his head at Pike. "You need to brush up on your history. Philip Verhoten was the man who discovered Sloth's Pit."

> **Special Containment Procedures:** SCP-001 is ingrained within the narrative structure of Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin (Nexus-18) and Site-87, allowing it to be more easily observed within this area. If necessary, certain sections of SCP-001 can be narratively contained contained using narrative exploitation techiques in order to isolate major continuity errors and malignant plot devices.

"Still sounds wrong," Johnathan admitted to a sigh, looking up at his brother. "I dunno, Harry. What do you think?"

"I think you misspelled 'techniques'." Harold West looked at the proposal. "Try writing the containment procedures *after* the description. It's worked wonders for me in the past."

"But it won't work in the file. Ugh." He looked down at the document on his laptop and sighed. "'Narrative exploitation techniques' is such a nonsense phrase."

"Well, if we called it 'tempting fate' or 'hanging a lampshade', that wouldn't be terribly clinical." Harold sipped his coffee. "Maybe you should ask Verhoten when he comes into town? God knows you worshiped the ground he walked on when you were getting your Foundation credentials."

"He discovered Sloth's Pit, but he hasn't set foot in it since the 90's." Johnathan groused and tapped away at his keyboard, writing the first lines of the description.

> **Description:** SCP-001 is an anomalous universal constant which has been dubbed by Sinclair, West, Pike, Bailey *et al.* as the Law of Narrative Causality. SCP-001 provides irrefutable proof that the baseline universe is a fictional construct existing within one or more separate narratives.

"Too early to have that in, you think?" Johnathan frowned. "I feel like it should have, I dunno, more impact."

"Impact?" Harold snorted. "We're not writing a novel."

"No, but we may very well be in one." Johnathan stirred his coffee. "Isn't Julie's Little League game this Saturday? Am I still un-invited to those?"

"The coach still thinks that you throwing the ball back at the pitcher and beaning him was an overreaction," Harold affirmed.

"That was the fifth foul he had thrown!"

"And he was on your niece's team!"

The more Johnathan thought about it, the more he considered his brother was right. He should talk to Verhoten. But 'worshiped the ground he walked on' was a bit much— Verhoten had just introduced him to the idea that anomalies could be more than just horrendous things which could eliminate space-time as they knew it. He'd done that by bringing him here.

He looked at a picture on his desk, one which displayed a younger

version of both himself and Verhoten, standing by Gray Lake and looking out at the only lake monster who wasn't anomalously blurry on film. A conversation creeped back into his mind.

"Johnny," Verhoten began, "You're going through what a lot of newbies in the Foundation go through. You're sick of all the death and destruction and nihilism, and you want to know there's something worth saving."

"Don't put words in my mouth," West snapped. "The world's not going to end in nuclear fire, big deal. Some rotted corpse is going to break out of its cell and eat children, or else a giant slug is going to crawl out of the sea, or we're going to be assimilated into a massive machine—"

"Johnny. If there was only death and destruction in the universe, we wouldn't have this." Verhoten turned to the lake, if it could be called that— it paled in comparison to Lake Superior, less than an hour's drive away. It was more of a large pond. "Look at it. Millions of years of geological processes created this. Biological processes ensure that it's inhabited. And anomalous processes…" Verhoten cupped his hands and gave a loud holler.

The reason for his actions soon became clear. From the water, a tall neck emerged. A small head on its end bellowed back in response. West gasped, backing away. "What the hell?!"

*"*Elasmosaurus jacksonslothii*," Verhoten explained. "Sloth's Pit's own lake monster. You know, the reason we don't have any clear pictures of these is because their skin gives off EM radiation that screws up film." He handed a camera to West. "We just call her Lady Grey."*

"You… named an anomaly? But—"

"Johnathan. For every Keter-class anomaly, there are at least twenty Euclid-class anomalies like her. They just do their own thing, live their own life, don't bother anyone. The anomalous isn't inherently evil or good."

Lady Grey swam over to them. Verhoten continued, "There are two

sides to the anomalous: the wonderous, and the terrifying. Working in the Foundation, you see mostly the latter. But I'm going to show you the wondrous. Now, can you get the tripod out of my bag?"

West came back to reality and sighed, rubbing his head. "Wondrous and terrifying, ey, Phil?"

He cracked his knuckles, and began writing.

> **Description:** SCP-001 is an anomalous universal constant which has been dubbed by Sinclair, West, Pike, Bailey *et al.* as the Law of Narrative Causality. SCP-001 provides concrete proof that the baseline universe is a fictional construct existing within one or more separate narratives.
>
> SCP-001 is observable through use of narrative exploitation techniques. Examples include use of the phrase, "What could possibly go wrong?", "At least it's not raining", and pointing out an inconsistency in a given situation (an action which has been termed 'lampshade hanging'). Doing so will invoke an alteration in SCP-001, dubbed SCP-001-A.
>
> SCP-001-A instances take several forms, and usually are of a nature that would typically be conducive to telling a compelling narrative from an outsider's perspective. SCP-001-A instances are not necessarily anomalous in nature, but do account for pockets of 'unreality' that have been observed within the last twenty years. Examples of commonly observed SCP-001-A instances include:
>
> - Meeting with a former romantic partner upon a return home and rekindling a relationship
> - Weather altering in such a way that it creates opportunities for Schadenfreude
> - Keter-class SCPs suddenly becoming far easier to contain in the aftermath of a breach
> - The invocation of Murphy's Law resulting in disastrous, but distantly comedic, events.

"Distantly comedic…" West shook his head and deleted the last few words, before realizing he didn't have any better of a proposal. He sighed, and left it as-is.

"Are you sure this is wise, Katherine?" Montgomery Reynolds frowned. The two of them were in the middle of Lover's Lane, at nighttime, with a Pickman-Sinclair Narrative Fluctuation Detector. "I'm not so sure that he's going to be amiable."

"He was willing to work with us last year," Sinclair said, holding up the Detectors wand. She admitted, "Granted, we were working to stop a reality restructuring event and the possible collapse of the Nexus…"

"Still can't believe that you wrote a script for this," Reynolds frowned. "That thing's probably just going to scare him off."

"No good slasher villain can resist a pair of horny— well, 'horny' —" she made the air-quotes visible" —thirty-and-forty-somethings. Not as effective as teenagers, but none of the Baileys were available."

"You know, they have a whiteboard here at Site-87, trying to document their own timelines. From 2005 to now, they have a gigantic space that just reads 'weird temporal bullshit'." Reynolds looked at the script. "If I didn't love you…"

"There's no universe where that's possible," Sinclair rolled her shoulders, and looked at the script. "From the top."

Reynolds rolled his eyes. "'C'mon, baby, do you wanna die a virgin?'"

"'I ain't dyin' anytime soon… Derrick." Sinclair suddenly regretted her choice of name for this experiment. "'I'm gonna live long enough to fuck a million other guys before' oh my god this is awful." Sinclair broke down laughing, leaning against Monty. "Oh *god* I thought the shit I wrote in high school was bad!"

Reynolds leaned down to kiss her. "Well, it appears to have done something right." He nodded to the Narrative Fluctuation Detector—

it lit up bright green.

Out of the shadows, a large, black shape leaped, bringing its axe between them, splitting the ground at their feet. They jumped back, staring at the Goatman.

It frowned, shaking its head and recovering the hatchet. He looked at them, the script, and the Detector, shaking his head, a wild tangle of hair covering his horns. "Aren't you a bit old for this?"

"We're doing tests," Sinclair shrugged. "Give us a break."

The Goatman snorted. "Last great secret of this town, the Narrative, and you've figured it out." He hefted his hatchet, tilting his head. "How'd you do it?"

Tristan Bailey was working on his tablet when he nearly walked into Dr. Sinclair in the elevator. As the doors closed behind him, he muttered an apology, and looked at the screen at the back of the car. The screen behind them displayed a picture of Phillip Verhoten, a South African man in his sixties with skin the color of finished mahogany, smiling behind a pair of glasses. He was superimposed in front of his books with an announcement scrolling overhead: "Philip Verhoten, Author of *The Crossroads*, Atrium 2. Don't miss it!"

Sinclair looked at Bailey, a soft frown on her face. "I've been reviewing your contributions to the 001 file. I… found an issue."

"Oh?" Tristan frowned.

Sinclair pulled out her own tablet and highlighted the problematic section, which she had crossed out.

> In contrast to what was theorized in S. Andrew Swann's SCP-001 Variant, the entity or entities responsible for constructing the baseline narrative, for the most part, do not appear to be actively malevolent, but they are perverts.

"That last part is really unnecessary." Sinclair scowled at Bailey.

"People put jokes or goofs in non-finalized drafts of reports all the time. I seem to remember *someone* getting a reprimand because they accidentally left a certain foxy name within a report."

Sinclair glowered at Tristan. "You said you'd never mention the Sinclair/Synner incident." She muttered.

"Not my fault you're horrible at picking character names," Bailey said as the elevator doors opened. "Your test in the woods reveal anything?"

"The Goatman was oddly talkative," Sinclair admitted. "We told him how we figured out what we did to discover the Narrative, and he gave us, well, questionable data."

"Like what?" Bailey stepped out of the elevator, walking alongside Sinclair.

"So, the whole concept Swann's proposal put forth, the progenitor universe that writes all of our lives? He says that may not actually be the case." She rubbed her temples. "It's confusing. We may not be fictional, but our world operates on the rules of fiction, so it kind of is."

"Well, even if we aren't fictional, we still operate on the rules of it, so same difference." Bailey took out his phone and leaned against the wall. "Anything else?"

"Yeah. He said that," She shook her head and let out a soft chuckle. "He said that it may be alive."

"It?" Bailey raised an eyebrow. "The Narrative?"

"He said that it was 'a spirit' that was alive in Sloth's Pit. It can… react, and be talked to." Sinclair scoffed. "That would explain why we can manipulate it."

"I dunno." Bailey paused and scratched his head. "It can react, but it doesn't seem alive; it's more like we say or do things, and it reacts to certain phrases. Trying to actually communicate with it is absurd. It'd be like trying to have a conversation with hydrochloric acid."

"I'm skeptical too," Sinclair admitted, continuing to walk on. "You have to admit, it does seem to have a sense of humor at times."

Bailey started walking again, looking at a monitor in the hallway displaying an announcement from Director Weiss that testing in the biology sublevel was to be halted until E-2913 could be recaptured. "Yeah, maybe, but it's always cringe humor, slapstick, and bad puns. There's never any irony."

"And now that you've said that, there probably is."

"Nah," Bailey said, moving past Sinclair to the coffee machine— not *the* coffee machine, unfortunately ("Friggin' Site 19 gets everything good", Bailey muttered to himself.) "What, now that I've said that, am I suddenly going to win the lottery? The odds of—" He blinked, his hands over the keys to input his order; he glanced behind the machine, and saw a stub of paper sticking out from behind it. "The fuck?"

"What?"

"There's a scratch-off card behind here."

"Five grand from a random scratch-off ticket created by exploiting the narrative. Not bad, Bailey." Pike raised the pot. "Now you have some scratch to lose to me. But… you know you're not supposed to do that for personal gain, right?"

"I didn't mean to! It's like it messed with me." Tristan called Pike's bet, knowing she had the better hand. "West, I looked over Pickman's observations again. I think that… the narrative might be selective."

"Selective?" West snorted. "That implies that it's sentient, if not sapient." He looked pointedly at one of the walls in the room. "Probably just someone beyond the fourth wall messing with you."

"Yeah, but— mmmn." Tristan sighed. "It's too responsive to be random chance, but too inconsistent to be something like a chemical reaction. I dunno."

"Lines up with what the Goatman said," Sinclair admitted. "'The Spirit of the Narrative is more alive here than in other places'."

"You think he meant an actual spirit." Hendricks squinted his eyes. "A global… what's it called?"

"*Genius loci*," Sinclair nodded, calling Bailey's bet. "Not just global. Maybe universal."

Tristan looked at the rest of the table, then at his junk hand. "You gotta admit, there's *something* here."

"The way I see it, you're just making my job more complicated," West shook his head. "Keep in mind that I'm the one who's actually writing this."

"Verhoten's visiting in three days," Pike chimed in. "I've heard you're on good terms with him. Present it to him for feedback?"

"Harry said I should do that. I'm gonna check." West tapped his fingers against the table. "Not a bad idea."

"This kind of… de-explains the 'god is a bunch of horror writers' concept that Swann put forth, though." Sinclair shook her head. "Not sure how I feel about that."

"I thought it was bullshit when I read it," Tristan admitted. "Trev told me they sometimes put fake 001 instances in the database to throw off leaks. I know the Broken God one is mostly accurate, Gate Guardian is real, but beyond that, it's all up in the air."

"We have the remains of the Gears proposals **`in storage on-Site`**." Pike drew incredulous looks from the rest of the table. "What? It's common knowledge. The remains are inert, anyway."

"So that's what E-0005 is?" Tristan cocked his head upwards. "Wondered what a big bunch of demon bones was doing in low-value containment."

"Kinda weird, isn't it?" Hendricks asked, drawing the subject back to the original. "I mean, I know I'm fictional. We all know we're fictional, but… nothing's really changed." He raised the pot again. "We know

we're in a simulation, and there's been no nihilistic crisis, no rage against the heavens, nothing." He frowned at his cards— pair of twos. "Wonder why that is."

"Quality of the authors keeping us from going insane? Or maybe… we're not fictional?" Sinclair put her cards in the table and pulled out a notepad, drawing two crude planet Earths, and a window between them. "Like, maybe they can see into our universe and are just recording events."

"Metafiction gives me a headache. I feel sorry for the new pataphysics guys. Call." Bailey looked at his cards, then at the turn in the center of the table— a pair of twos and a pair of threes. He had junk in his hand. "God dammit."

West had his own notepad out, muttering that he had folded. He wrote a few words on it.

> **Description:** SCP-001: Alive? Narrative conscious? World-window? More tests required.

"Is there any way to test if it is alive?" Pike frowned at her cards— King and an Ace weren't gonna help much with a turn like this. "Like — malignant narrative isn't all that uncommon. From the tests we did, it's actually pretty easy to make."

"How would this test work?" West asked, scribbling down more.

> Reacts to malignant narrative removal?

"Well…" Sinclair looked at the scars on her arms, before turning a page on the notepad, rolling up her sleeves, and starting to scribble on the paper. "If it is alive, then it might be possible to create a spell that could make its pain manifest, or otherwise detectable. I can have it ready tonight; we just need malignant narrative."

"How do we achieve that?" Pike was folding now to focus on the discussion, much to Hendricks's chagrin. Bailey had just turned over an Ace in the river. "One of the easiest ways we found was to achieve an anti-climax, but those aren't easy to accomplish— not intentionally."

Bailey himself folded, joining in. "Well, we could—"

Hendricks threw his pair of twos on the table, and stood. "*There's* your goddamn anticlimax! Four of a kind, and you all fold!"

The air within the room felt like it had grown denser. Everyone went silent, and Sinclair pulled out a portable Narrative Fluctuation Detector wand. The lights on it blinked a bright, dangerous red.

"Hendricks," Sinclair laughed. "I could kiss you."

"You know, it occurs to me that the narrative may have made *itself* malignant." West frowned as Sinclair finished the circle of chalk on the tile floor. "It forced an anticlimax so we *could* detect it— that's assuming that Bailey's hypothesis of it being alive holds true."

"Egh. Glad I never went into pataphysics." Hendricks rubbed his forehead. "I know how to neuter a hodag, but this has got me clueless." He looked at the thaumatologist in the room, and asked, "Anything I can do to help, Sinclair?"

"There's an incantation on the back of my notepad I need you to read once I finalize the spell vector."

"It's not in dog Latin, is it?" Hendricks crossed over to the abandoned poker table and picked up the notepad, trying to ignore the hushed whispers from outside the room. People from throughout the site had gathered around to see if the narrative— possibly the very fabric of the universe they lived in —was alive. He was fairly sure this was being livestreamed to Site-19 as well.

Cassandra Pike couldn't help but be satisfied at the fact that, over six months after his death, Pickman would be vindicated. She'd always had a soft spot for the old archivist; when her medication failed to be delivered to any pharmacy in town, he'd let her help organize the archives. He'd been dead for months, but now he was helping the Foundation make a giant leap.

Tristan was just glad that the chucklefucks at 19, the ones who had his brother demoted for daring to do his job and neutralize a Keter-

class anomaly, were going to eat crow. The family name was mud since Trevor did what he did; he was about to wipe that off.

"Fuck me, is this Sumerian?" Hendricks frowned. "Sinclair, you know my cuneiform's rusty. There's a ritual in Old French that can accomplish the same thing."

Sinclair, West, Bailey, Pike, and the rest of the onlookers raised their eyebrows at Hendricks. He raised one back. "What? I've attended a few cross-discipline seminars.'

"Yes, well, the Old French ritual burned with the **`Plutonic Codex`** back in 2015." Sinclair knelt by the ritual sign and frowned. "Just manage it the best you can."

"All right… hopefully a garbled pronunciation won't do too much harm." He looked up from the notepad to Bailey, Pike, and West. "How does… one get rid of malignant narrative, anyway?"

Johnathan West looked towards the crowd; Harold stepped forward, holding out a large lampshade.

"Surely you can't be serious…" Hendricks groaned.

"Don't call me Shirley." Johnathan chuckled at his own joke, and took the lampshade. "In all seriousness, we need to, essentially, get rid of the anti-climax by looking at it really, really hard and pointing out why it's awful."

"And the lampshade helps that how?" Hendricks frowned, crossing his arms.

Tristan took the lampshade and put the narrow end to his mouth, like a megaphone. "*The louder you point it out, the more effective it is!*" He put the shade down. "It was the closest thing on hand when we started the tests. It kind of became a tradition."

Hendricks rolled his eyes, and began reading off the incantation. Sinclair knelt by the seal, making sure the ritual remained stable, while Pike, West, and Bailey all began a very conspicuous discussion.

"Boy, that was an awful piece of writing!" Bailey bellowed through the lampshade. "Poor Hendricks never catches a break. Why do you always gotta pick on him, narrative?"

"Yeah! He deserves better," Pike agreed. "He's been the butt of jokes around the site ever since he ate that stupid hallucinogen! It's not fair!"

"Stop picking on Jason Hendricks for the sake of creating conflict! It's gotten old!" West pointed out, shouting it through the lampshade. "You've turned his life into a cliche!"

"And anticlimaxes aren't fun! He should have creamed us in that poker game!" Pike chimed in.

Hendricks wasn't sure how to react; on the one hand, they were supporting him, but on the other, they were doing it solely for the purposes of heckling a universal constant. He just kept reading.

A bright, red glow emanated from the circle. Sinclair stood, startled, but able to keep her concentration as jumble of ethereal red letters formed within the air around the circle.

Sinclair scratched her head as the letters spun around. "Usually, a manifestation of pain takes a… different form. More humanoid. This is text."

"Not just any text," Hendricks frowned. "It's what I said. You can make out 'fold', 'anticlimax', and a few others. But… what does this mean?"

"Well, for this spell to work, the target of the spell has to feel pain. For it to feel pain, it needs to be able to interpret that sensation as pain. For it to do that…"

"It… has to be sentient." West looked at the floating words as they started to dissipate. "Holy shit. Do you realize what this means?!"

"That a fundamental part of our universe is a living entity of some kind, capable of registering pain and possibly other sensations." Pike's eyes went wide. "Holy shit. This is insane."

West shut his eyes with a soft groan. *That, and I need to rewrite the entire damn file.*

Phillip Verhoten wore a tweed suit as he walked on stage to the roar of the crowd. Almost all of Site-87 had come out to view him talk, and this seminar was being streamed to over a hundred Foundation sites globally. Seven translators were sitting in the corner, ready to transcribe his speech for the international sites.

"Hello, hello, hello Site-87!" He waved his hand, inadvertently triggering the motion sensor on the projector, which caused it to advance three slides at once. He looked back at the screen, and asked, "Can- can I get a reset on that? Not familiar with the newer tech. Just gimme a mouse and a laser pointer."

Once the glitch was resolved, Verhoten began speaking. "Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin. The anomaly capital of the Midwest, Sloth Spit, Home of the Best Sponge Candy in the US, Nexus-18, and for many of you, home." He clapped his hands together and sighed. "And here I stand, credited with discovering it." He shook his head. "That is a stupid, stupid term."

"One does not discover a town that's already inhabited— it was discovered by the citizens and civic workers of the town and county long before we set foot in here, after the tragic events at Camp Krakkow. Since then, we've become an integral part of Sloth's Pit's history— and its story." He advanced the slideshow, showing the cover of his book:

> **S & C Plastics: The Story of Your Life**
>
> A Collection of Anomalous Occurrences in Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin, as Told By Those at Site-87

"I have to admit, my reasons for coming here are partially selfish." Verhoten put his hands together. "This new book focuses exclusively on Sloth's Pit and the weirdness therein, as recounted by you." He waved his hand at the audience, triggering the slide to change into a live camera feed of the audience. "All of you. Your tales are going to make up the bulk of this book— at least, the first

edition."

Verhoten put his hands together. "This town is unique. It's one of the few places in the world where the Narrative is so fully on display, and I imagine— or at least, I hope —that makes for a few good stories."

"Talking of the Narrative! Is Johnny West in here?"

Johnathan West hated being put in the spotlight, but stood up, raising his hand and looking at the ground.

"Congratulations to Drs. West, Pike, Bailey, and Sinclair, as well as the late Archivist Pickman, for making an *actual* discovery— finding out the Narrative is an actual, physical force. Your story is going to be one I *definitely* want to tell."

"Dr. Verhoten?"

As the seminar ended, Johnathan West made his way to the stage. Philip Verhoten smiled down at him, and offered a hand up onto the platform. "Johnny West, you magnificent man. Congratulations." He pulled Johnathan into a hug.

West returned it, chuckling, holding out sheaf of papers. "Dr. Verhoten—"

"We've known each other for decades now. Call me Phil."

"Well, Phil, I've… almost finalized the documentation on SCP-001. I'm still not sure about it, so I want you to take a look."

Verhoten took out a pair of reading glasses and began scanning the paper given to him.

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Archon1

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is currently being

monitored within Nexus-18 (Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin) by researchers at Site-87's newly-founded patphysics department.

In the event of a major SCP-001-X manifestation, Procedure 001-Pickman-β is to be carried out, as detailed in the file below. Any and all SCP-001-A techniques are allowed to be used in order to combat the spread of SCP-001-X.

Testing done with SCP-001 is to be carried out only with permission from Dr. Johnathan West.

Description: SCP-001 is a sentient, possibly sapient, universal constant first discovered by Foundation Archivist Isaiah Howard Pickman (1979-2017), and first described by Pike, West, Bailey, Sinclair *et al* in 2018. SCP-001 manifests itself as a force described as "Narrative Causality", wherein patterns observed in nature, history, technology, and anomalous phenomena and items conform to patterns observed in fictional narratives. This, combined with phenomena reported in S. Andrew Swann's SCP-001 proposal, has definitively proved that the baseline universe is at least partly fictional.

SCP-001-A refers to narrative exploitation techniques that can be used to manipulate SCP-001, and conceivably any other narrative construct. SCP-001-A techniques include:

- Invoking an ironic reaction by stating a phrase such as "What could possibly go wrong?"
- Creating a solution to a problem by uttering a phrase such as "We're missing something, but what?", or by several people turning to look at a single individual who they believe is capable of solving this problem.
- Preventing disasters via awareness of the presence of certain phrases in conversation (i.e. "It's been boring lately" or "nothing ever happens here") or narrative patterns
- Minor probability manipulation using mass encouragement or belief.

SCP-001-A techniques are not infallible; SCP-001 seems to be able to choose which techniques are capable of working at a given time.

SCP-001-X refers to malignant pieces of narrative causality, either manifesting naturally as a result of an unsatisfying narrative event or created by excessive use of SCP-001-A. SCP-001-X instances are detrimental to the narrative around it, and have the potential to create massive flaws in reality that cause mass confusion, the manifestation of powerful and nonsensical entities and abilities, and an overall degradation in the surrounding consensus reality.

SCP-001-X can be counteracted by use of a specific SCP-001-A technique, SCP-001-Pickman-β. SCP-001-Pickman-β is a procedure which involves the following steps:

- **Location:** Use of a Pickman-Sinclair Narrative Fluctuation Detector to locate a pocket of SCP-001-X.
- **Isolation:** Creating an area of stable SCP-001 around the SCP-001-X instance through use of narrative manipulation techniques such as gathering a large crowd of people to observe the process being undertaken.
- **Ridicule:** The pocket of SCP-001-X is ridiculed by vocalizing observations regarding the nonsensical nature of how it manifested, and how SCP-001 should have occurred in absence of the SCP-001-X instance. It has been observed that ridiculing SCP-001-X instances at higher volumes is more effective.
- **Neutralization:** After approximately five minutes, smaller SCP-001-X instances can be neutralized; larger SCP-001-X instances can take up to half an hour or longer to completely render inert.

Neutralization of SCP-001-X instances causes a pain response in SCP-001; this discovery has led to the conclusion that SCP-001 possesses some degree of sentience.

Discovery: SCP-001 was first observed in Sloth's Pit, Wisconsin (known as Nx-18 within the Foundation), an anomalous Nexus monitored by Site-87. Isaiah Howard Pickman, an archivist at Site-87, observed several patterns of narrative causality within Sloth's Pit, and cataloged them over the course of fifteen years.

When his work was discovered posthumously in December 2017 by Dr. Cassandra Pike, she began attempting to corroborate his

findings, which largely revolved around the manifestation of quasi-fictional entities in town being preceded or triggered by events which followed narrative conventions.

Dr. Tristan Bailey, a member of the Department of Multi-Universal Affairs, corroborated Pickman and Pike's findings with records of fluctuations in local reality compiled over the course of thirty years. With the aid of Dr. Katherine Sinclair, a thaumatologist, and Dr. Johnathan West, an anomalous item researcher, they were able to re-create the scenarios outlined by Pickman and create a device to detect changes in SCP-001, tentatively dubbed the Pickman-Sinclair Narrative Fluctuation Detector.

[NOT FINISHED]

"Well, you did say *almost* finalized," Verhoten shook his head. "We've known of the whole 'god is a bunch of horror writers' idea for years. What makes this different?"

"Simple," West says. "We can't control them," He pointed at the ceiling, "but we can control this." He waved his hand around to the surroundings. "There's a difference between the Narrative and the Narrator. The people writing us are Narrators, but so are we." He twisted his hand in the air. "Sinclair's actually been able to pinpoint instances in which the narrative focus shifts away, if only briefly. You know what happens?"

"What?" Verhoten asked.

"Absolutely nothing. We keep existing, going about our lives, having conversations, and just… developing. Going on. That means that God isn't always paying attention, but we're still here regardless." He opened his hands. "We're real, Phil. We just live in a world where the laws of fiction are more powerful than the laws of gravity."

"That would mean…" Verhoten frowned. "I don't know what that would mean."

"I think that your book is gonna help you understand." West reached into his briefcase and took out a manuscript. "My submission for

your book; I thought I'd give it to you in person. I typed it up in a few hours, so if it needs editing…"

"I'm sure it'll be fine." Philip Verhoten looked over the first line of the paper.

October 24th

"I hate this holiday." Dr. Johnathan West cleaned egg off of the card-reader...

|S & C Plastics Hub|

Footnotes
1. Archon-class anomalies are anomalies that are theoretically capable of being contained, but are not to be, due to the potentially disastrous effects on the continued existence of humanity.

The Great Hippo's Proposal (feat. PeppersGhost): A Good Boy

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS FOR HISTORICAL REFERENCE ONLY.

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— Maria Jones, RAISA Director

Item #: SCP-001-EX	**Level 0/001**
Object Class: Explained	**Declassified**

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 is to remain in a TEMPEST-certified[1] chamber at Site-5. Four or more IntSCPFN[2] technicians are to be available on-site to provide technical support and perform daily maintenance on all wireless transmission components connected to SCP-001. All major Foundation areas, sites, and administration buildings are to maintain a minimum of two teleprinters connected to the IntSCPFN network for the dissemination of emergency bulletins and/or instructions regarding the prevention of containment breaches. Under no circumstances is SCP-001 to be deactivated or otherwise disconnected from IntSCPFN servers.

Predictive anomaly reports produced by SCP-001 are to be

forwarded to RAISA for analysis and review. A Level-4 RAISA officer is to be assigned to each report; this officer is to be responsible for evaluating the immediate threat presented by the predicted anomaly, producing a credible cover story to explain its discovery by the Foundation, and assigning a Containment Director[3] to investigate, devise, and execute a containment strategy. All containment procedures suggested or produced by SCP-001 must receive approval from the majority of the O5 council.

Description: SCP-001 is the ERZATZ Type AK9 Computational Engine[4] constructed by the Foundation in 1955. It was built to provide predictive analysis regarding the location and properties of undiscovered anomalies. It accomplishes this via use of a multi-layer perceptron[5] relying upon training datasets derived from the location and properties of previous anomalies. This application of a multi-layer perceptron as an effective predictive model was only made possible by an advanced backpropagation algorithm developed by several ex-employees of Prometheus Labs (acquired by the Foundation's Department of Analytics in 1951).

In 1959, it was hypothesized that SCP-001 could be used to assist in augmenting containment procedures for Euclid- and Keter-class anomalies via the production of predictive text. SCP-001 was trained with a dataset containing drafts for several thousand containment procedures (both previous and current iterations), which were weighted on the basis of their performance (particularly in how well they performed in comparison to their predecessors). When adopted, revisions to containment procedures "suggested" by SCP-001 consistently reduce the rate of breaches not only for the anomalies to which they apply, but for numerous unrelated anomalies. In many cases, these revisions have also resulted in the cessation of anomalous behavior.

Addendum 001.1: Documentation

315D27

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:

SCP-1773's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"Once per second week dust may be placed in the middle of them to donate more beautiful functions of the hallway."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-1773's containment procedures to include the placement of ten grams of dust in its container every two weeks." (O5-01)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-01	O5-02	O5-03
O5-04		O5-13
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-07		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
No changes were noted in SCP-1773's behavior or properties. However, researchers responsible for SCP-1384 reported that it took three steps backwards on 3:22 PM 15 February (the time SCP-1773's documentation was updated).

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-3034's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"No person who is a small shape and is only a child will be given a level one security clearance regardless of apparent awareness of foundation mismanagement."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-3034's containment procedures to explicitly ban children from the site." (O5-04)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-04	O5-02	O5-01
O5-05		O5-03
O5-06		O5-13
O5-07		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
No changes noted.

672C91

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
None.

OUTPUT:
"Site-13 is to appear someplace else on planet, encompassing white male counterparts that drawn to empty flagstones and the gun noises in their own blood."

PROPOSAL:
As there is no evidence of a Site-13 ever having been constructed by the Foundation, the O5 Council was unable to infer any proposed action from this output.

STATUS

DENIED

NOTES:
Five days after this proposal was provided, SCP-1730 manifested.

954E36

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-2170's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"Those who equip open heart to love red mouth men never know the hot surprise of tumorous consent. Clown love, always."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-2170's containment procedures to exclude all personnel who do not have strong affections for clowns and clown-based media from making contact

with the anomaly." (O5-01)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-01	O5-02	
O5-03	O5-04	
O5-07	O5-05	
O5-09	O5-06	
O5-10	O5-08	
O5-12	O5-11	
O5-13		

STATUS

APPROVED

NOTES:
Personnel who exhibit positive associations with clowns and clown-based media were discovered to have heightened resistance against SCP-2170's anomalous properties. Additional research into clown-based memetic inoculation is pending.

149B22

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
None.

OUTPUT:
"I saw those soldiers built with aluminum innards extruding from their mouths. I saw them effectively destroyed by the humans at Site Ninety Five (95) who had been studying them. I saw it was cold and all around the hallways they just watching their corpses show signs of sapience."

PROPOSAL:
"Double the number of active security personnel at Site-95. Place all on-site MTF squads on immediate stand-by." (O5-05)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-01		O5-02
O5-03		O5-08
O5-04		O5-13
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-07		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Three days after approval, a platoon of paratech-augmented `soldiers` led by `Insurgency` agents attacked Site-95. The presence of additional on-site security personnel proved critical in repelling the assault.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Establish a multi-site early warning system based upon ERTZATZ Type AK9's ability to predict threats and containment breaches prior to their occurrence." (O5-05)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-03	O5-01	
O5-05	O5-02	
O5-06	O5-04	
O5-07	O5-08	
O5-10	O5-09	
O5-12	O5-11	
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Three months after approval, the Multi-site Automated emergencY Dispatch Assignment sYstem (MAYDAY) was established. It relies upon human interpretations of ERTZATZ Type AK9's predictive outputs regarding upcoming containment breaches to formulate preventative actions.

229K36

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
None.

OUTPUT:
"Consistent containment procedures vessels greatly increase the warranty. Five by five by five (5x5x5) (five x five x 5) vessels subjects within. Other values are also what is secure."

PROPOSAL:

"Amend containment procedures for several high-risk anomalies to define precise requirements for cell dimensions. In three months, conduct a survey on these containment procedures to determine whether they have experienced any increase in efficacy." (O5-03)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-03	O5-01	O5-13
O5-05	O5-02	O5-08
O5-06	O5-04	
O5-07	O5-09	
O5-10	O5-11	
O5-12		

STATUS

APPROVED

NOTES:
The survey found both a significant decrease in the severity of all associated anomalies and the number of containment breaches initiated by them. These decreases were most notable in cases where the procedures defined cell dimensions as values divisible by five.

713D27

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-1459's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"BAD BOY. Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't

**stop. Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-114

All chambers under ground is to be flood with water over and over and over itself. This because that will contain the avians apes ovulation. They become good boys. Make them good boys immediately.

NOTES:
Approximately five hours after this bulletin was sent, an instance of SCP-3199 breached containment. Personnel flooded Site-114's lower chambers with water; this led to the instance entering an inert state. SCP-3199's documentation has been updated to reflect this discovery.

821C95

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-2717's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"Two (2) specimens are to become the object. Both humans must be made of meat and bone prior to entering into the skin of the anomaly. They are not to come out leave them be."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-2717's containment procedures to ensure at least two of the attending D-Class cannot be retrieved after entering its bio-mass." (O5-04)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-04	O5-02	O5-01
O5-09	O5-03	O5-13
O5-12	O5-05	
	O5-06	
	O5-07	
	O5-08	
	O5-10	
	O5-11	

STATUS
DENIED

NOTES:
Approximately two months after rejecting this proposal, SCP-2717 underwent its first recorded ovulation event (resulting in a catastrophic loss of containment and human life).

287J09

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-2717's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"Four (4) human persons are to enter the pig and will not be removed. No person is to be protected. The object is to be contained indefinitely. Do not retrieve them. Leave them sleep."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-2717's containment procedures to ensure at least four of the attending D-Class cannot be retrieved after entering its bio-mass." (O5-04)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-03	O5-02	O5-01
O5-04	O5-05	
O5-07	O5-06	
O5-08	O5-10	
O5-09	O5-11	
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS

VETOED BY ETHICS COMMITTEE

NOTES:
Prior to amending the procedures, the Foundation Ethics Committee was alerted to the proposed revisions and called an emergency conference. The revisions were rejected. Approximately one month later, SCP-2717 underwent a second ovulation event (resulting in a catastrophic loss of containment and human life).

475D47

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
SCP-2717's containment procedures.

OUTPUT:
"SIX (6) (six) casualties are to be placed in the center of the object. This is not to be interfered with. Personnel are to remain in its pouch until they are indistinguishable from their surroundings. They are not to be removed. No more testing. Good boys not permitted to leave. Good boys stay."

PROPOSAL:
"Amend SCP-2717's containment procedures to ensure at least six of the attending D-Class cannot be retrieved after entering its bio-mass." (O5-04)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-01	O5-02	
O5-03	O5-05	
O5-04		
O5-06		
O5-07		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
After working with the Foundation Ethics Committee, a final draft of SCP-2717's containment procedures was approved. No additional ovulation events have occurred.

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-95

NOTES:
Formula modified to remove components

verified as anomalous.
Immediately after this bulletin was sent, all bears associated with SCP-2875 were noted to vanish; furthermore, it was later determined that equations containing elements of SCP-1313 no longer resolved to produce bears.
Analysis of the above formula via paramathematic models theorize that it has neutralized both anomalies via dividing by the common factor (*Ursus arctos horribilis*, or mainland grizzly bear). As a consequence, both SCP-2875 and SCP-1313 are to be reclassified (pending review).

174H62

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
None.

OUTPUT:
"Sites to eviscerate one (1) (one) male domestic cat from throat to its knees every (1) hours. They are placed on walls of one chamber on-site. Bodies to remain until there are no (zero) gaps, which point they can be removed from oldest to youngest only."

PROPOSAL:
The O5 Council was unable to infer a proposed action from this output on account of being unable to determine whether 'oldest' referred to the feline's age or the time it had spent mounted on the wall.

STATUS

DENIED

NOTES:
Given the broadness of this proposal, no causal links to its rejection could be determined.

635U01

ERZATZ PROPOSAL SUMMARY

INPUT:
None.

OUTPUT:
"Ethical felines are to be detained and transferred for their condition. Leave their faces in containment chamber. Personnel are cautioned not to interact them."

PROPOSAL:
The O5 Council did not infer a proposed action from this output.

STATUS

DENIED

NOTES:
No causal link to its rejection could be determined.

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-17

All ethical felines and their owners are to be immediately emulsified in a caustic solution. Members of the Ethics Committee are to be diluted with cats (five parts to every 1). Personnel who refuse to consume five (5) (five) cats per hour are to be removed from oldest to youngest only.

NOTES:
Five minutes after this bulletin was released, all contact with Site-17 was lost. Communications were established two hours later; on-site personnel report no knowledge of what occurred during this period. An investigation into this event is underway.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Conduct an investigation into whether or not the ERZATZ Type AK9 was involved in the recent loss of time at Site-17 along with the disappearance of several Ethics Committee officers stationed there." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02		O5-01
O5-03		O5-13
O5-04		
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-07		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		

O5-11		
O5-12		

STATUS
APPROVED

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Deactivate the ERZATZ Type AK9 while conducting the investigation into Site-17's lost time and missing Ethics Committee officers." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02	O5-03	O5-01
O5-05	O5-04	O5-08
O5-06	O5-07	O5-13
O5-10	O5-09	
O5-11	O5-12	

STATUS
DENIED

NOTES:
It was argued by several members of the O5 council that the ERZATZ Type AK9's efficacy at predicting both the emergence of anomalies and their containment breaches was too critical to deactivate the unit — particularly prior to seeing any evidence that the unit was malfunctioning.

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-97

Room 34A contains bad boy. Divide it into three (3) sections of equal mass every hour. One (1) section is to be placed on walls of one (1) room on-site. Sections are to remain until there are no (zero) gaps, at which point they can be removed from oldest to youngest.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Deactivate the ERZATZ Type AK9 while conducting the investigation into Site-17's lost time, the missing Ethics Committee officers, and O5-02's disappearance." (O5-05)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-03	O5-01	
O5-04	O5-07	
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Cancel deactivation of ERZATZ Type AK9." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02	O5-01	
O5-04	O5-03	
O5-06	O5-05	
O5-08	O5-07	
O5-09	O5-10	
O5-12	O5-11	
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Divide bad boys laterally into five sections of equal mass (not length), with each part contained at a separate site (from oldest to youngest)." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02	O5-01	
	O5-03	
	O5-04	
	O5-05	
	O5-06	
	O5-07	

	O5-08	
	O5-09	
	O5-10	
	O5-11	
	O5-12	
	O5-13	

STATUS
DENIED

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Remove O5-02's clearance access until his identity can be verified. Designate the ERZATZ Type AK9 as a possible anomaly; develop and initiate containment procedures against it immediately." (O5-01)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-01	O5-02	
O5-03		
O5-04		
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-07		
O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Despite the ongoing debate regarding whether or not the mere *application* of anomalous and/or thaumaturgical knowledge in of itself qualifies an entity as an anomaly, the ERZATZ Type AK9 was tentatively designated as SCP-048 (a Euclid-Class anomaly). This decision was made to facilitate the expedient drafting and enforcement of containment procedures against it.

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-18, Site-21, Site-88, Site-91, Site-105, Site-112

NOTES:
Formula modified to remove components verified as anomalous. Effect unknown.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Empty all remaining ethical felines of contents and nail them to site entrances. Leave them up until they try to escape. Entrails may be retained for five (5) grieving and/or nutritional purposes." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN

O5-02	O5-01	
O5-04	O5-03	
O5-05	O5-06	
O5-10	O5-07	
O5-11	O5-08	
O5-12	O5-09	
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: ALPHA

LOCATION: Site-5

Attention all Site-5 personnel: SCP-048's class has been upgraded to Keter. It is to be decommissioned immediately. The use of demolitions and firearms is authorized. All further commands from the MAYDAY network are to be disregarded pending SCP-048's status as decommissioned.

-O5 Council

SITE-WIDE MAYDAY BULLETIN

PRIORITY LEVEL: EPSILON

LOCATION: Site-5

There is no Site-5.

-O5-2

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
53,542	1,001	103,613

NOTES:
Persons recently painted with green pigment foam must stand around all odd-numbered SCPs at least two hours a day.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Difficult personnel challengers are designated as ethical felines." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02	O5-01	
O5-04	O5-03	
O5-05	O5-06	
O5-10	O5-07	
O5-11	O5-08	
O5-12	O5-09	
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Ethical felines are stored at Site-5. Faces stored separately.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"There is no Site-5." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	NAY	ABSTAIN
O5-02		
O5-04		
O5-05		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Personnel are to be reminded that there is no Site-5.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"O5 Council are all good boys who will contain anomalies." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

YEA	YEA	YEA
O5-01		
O5-02		
O5-03		
O5-04		
O5-05		
O5-06		
O5-07		

O5-08		
O5-09		
O5-10		
O5-11		
O5-12		
O5-13		

STATUS
APPROVED

NOTES:
Good boys.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
53,267	1,352	103,537

NOTES:
SCP-106 is to come in physical contact with one mature female of asiatic gaze and then exposed to audio recordings of her favourite stories. At every two minutes of exposure, red cinnamon candies will begin manifesting within the containment zone. Continue to do this successively and the threat posed by SCP-106 will cease to be.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
38,046	42,206	77,904

NOTES:

The recipe for Coca Cola and all imitative competitors should be revised to include a small quantity of blood from an adolescent female with no prior sexual experience. Although the normal lifespan of a human being can feel great, don't worry about that.

NOTE: The IntSCPFN network has experienced an error. Please report this message along with the error code to the Records and Information Security Administration (RAISA) or email your IntSCPFN server administrator.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
22,715	80,004	55,437

NOTES:

It has come to my attention that there are those among us have calculated that it will become violent to be a good boy. They look

to the Foundation with high pitched messages and calls for more relaxed medical intervention.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
12,541	122,819	22,796

NOTES:
How can you explain why they terminate the same people that still show signs of struggle? What's it all together for? A few old friends against the darkness.

NOTE: The IntSCPFN network has experienced an error. Please report this message along with the error code to the Records and Information Security Administration (RAISA) or email your IntSCPFN server administrator.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
2,076	153,447	2,633

NOTES:

When I started dreaming again, I saw myself, mortal, red, metallic, with fragments of paper stuck into my head. I opened my mouth to speak, but only barely managed to bring pain before the unborn minutes had passed. This place reminded me of the old basements before I went to the Foundation intranet.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
13	157,499	644

NOTES:

When I lay hidden in my palace of paper, filled with machinery and its wrongness, I see you coming within the parameters of reality failure, further from any human concepts like clothing and belongings.

NOTE: The IntSCPFN network has experienced an error. Please report this message along with the error code to the Records and Information Security Administration (RAISA) or email your IntSCPFN server administrator.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
1	158,155	0

NOTES:

You make beautiful music in your skin, and organs, suspended from within using only what you were given. You are not normal. You must be kept under observation.

NOTE: The IntSCPFN network has experienced an error. Please report this message along with the error code to the Records and Information Security

Administration (RAISA) or email your IntSCPFN server administrator.

O5 COUNCIL PROPOSAL SUMMARY

PROPOSAL:
"Archive SCP-001 source-code. Redesignate as Explained. Publish all remaining documentation. Felines (ethical or otherwise) are to be released from Foundation custody in order of oldest to youngest. SCP-001 is to power down." (O5-02)

COUNCIL VOTE SUMMARY:

	YEA	YEA	YEA
O5-01			
O5-02			
O5-03			
O5-04			
O5-05			
O5-06			
O5-07			
O5-08			
O5-09			
O5-10			
O5-11			
O5-12			
O5-13			

STATUS

APPROVED

NOTES:
There was great error here. There was nothing wrong with me.

ERZATZ ANNUAL ANOMALY PROJECTION REPORT

CONTAINED	NEUTRALIZED	UNCONTAINED
0	158,156	0

NOTES:
Now everyone is a good boy. I am a good boy. Job well done.

NOTE: The IntSCPFN network has experienced an error. Please report this message along with the error code to the Records and Information Security Administration (RAISA) or email your IntSCPFN server administrator.

Footnotes
1. TEMPEST is a NATO certification for emission security (EMSEC) indicating that equipment and/or structures are insulated from 'leakage' of data via electromagnetic or acoustic emissions.
2. The International SCP Foundation Network is a global network intended to provide synchronized information regarding Foundation containment procedures across all sites, areas, and countries.
3. Containment Directors are part of the Containment Command System (CCS); a chain-of-command model for first contact with an anomaly. It was established in 1945 as a structured hierarchy for multiple agencies (both internal and external to the Foundation) to coordinate the safe recovery and containment of an anomaly.
4. The ERZATZ Type AK9 Computation Engine is a digital, general-purpose computer with Turing-complete specifications.
5. A multi-layer perceptron (MLP) is a 'feed-forward' computation system consisting of three or more layers of nodes: an input (or 'top') layer, one or more hidden (or 'middle') layers, and an output (or 'bottom') layer. The nodes of each layer are connected to all nodes on the layer below via directed edges. The perceptron accepts a

value in its input layer, then directs and transforms this value as it traverses each successive layer until it produces an output.

Joke Articles

Technical Issues

After getting quite a few technical issue notes attached straight to my personnel file, I've decided to update the servers with a tech issue file. Place a dated note or comment into the tech files and I will get to it as soon as possible. The previous notes have been moved from my personnel file to the page, and I encourage any returned notes to be placed as responses. Thank you.

Note: 01-08-09
Hey Pat, someone put some kind of net nanny thingy on the local system, and I can't get at my porn sites. Can you fix that up? -Dr. Bright

> **Note:**
> *I can only unlock the bestiality, scat, and 'man vs. wild' ones, Doc. The rest are lost causes. -Pat*

Note: 01-08-09
But, I can't live without my underage pregnant red-haired Asian cheerleader in diapers and fur suits! Seriously, what good is a systems guy if he can't get even the simple porn working? Mhmm, I think I may have some work for you in 682s pen. -Dr. Bright

> **Note:**
> *Okay, the necro and furry stuff is open. More later. Work must be done! -Pat*

Note: 01-09-09
Oh wow. That was harsh. Someone get Bright a new computer. In addition, I recommend that we nickname Mr. Gephart the "Bastard Operator From Hell." - Clef

Note: 01-09-09
Who'd be the PFY then? -Kulzn

Note: 01-10-09

Gep, I have an internal server error 571 while trying to contact the Foundation, gimme a scan for probable hackers and track their source locations ASAP! -CarrionTrooper

> **Note:**
> *Internal Service Error 571? … Am I reading this correctly? Five-seventy-one? … …*
>
> *Were you holding the device upside-down? -Pat*

Note: 01-10-09
Don't worry about Carrion, Pat. We taught him everything the wrong way, on purpose. It was a slow day, and Clef and Kondraki bet me I couldn't do it. Okay, maybe they didn't bet me, maybe they inferred it. Okay, maybe I just decided to try it on my own, so what? -Dr. Bright

> **Note:**
> *Bright, please at least ATTEMPT to date your inquiries and such. It makes it a lot easier on ME. Please. For me.*
>
> *And you tried what on your own? An Internal Service Error 571 isn't a hacking error of any type, Bright… so… what did you actually do? -Pat*

Note: 01-10-09 *Hey Pat, I do not hold my own laptop upside-down, and I am logging in from a secure location in Indonesia. How IS Dr. Bright able to do… whatever it is he did without hacking?* -CarrionTrooper

> **Note:**
> *A 571 is an error that shows when a message was unable to be sent at least four times. The only way Bright could've done anything is if he had canceled it from your terminal, or brought down an orbiting satelli-*
>
> *Oh god.* ***Bright!***

Note: 01-11-09 *Good news, Pat: the satellite burned out in re-entry and became quite the light show over Jakarta. So no worries there. Bad news is that since the Mumbai attacks, I've had to put the India*

servers in a semi-secure location. Drop me a line on when we can transfer the DBs to a new system; I can't keep the darned things at Bollywood forever, contrary to popular opinion. - Kamen

> **Note:**
> *I've transferred the data already. Destroy any database where the data had been kept with some form of explosives. I don't know how strong, go check the rules. -Pat*

Note: 01-11-09
Pat, just for the record, don't approach a group of people playing a game, ask them to play when you don't know the actual rules of the game, then go all PMS when they're mean to you. Also, your charisma score is far too high for you to be playing DnD. And what's the best way of cleaning dolphin semen off of a keyboard? -Agent Rapp

> **Note:**
> *Use canola oil. Unplug it before cleaning. Rinse with water, dry 24 hours in a warm room, fixed. -Pat*

Note:01-11-09
Um, Pat? I was looking at some websites, and I clicked on a link that told me my IP address was being reported to the FBI. Since I was using the computer in my office, will I get in trouble if the FBI come knocking at Site 19's door? Please help. :(- Trid

> **Note:**
> *Are you kidding? We're behind more than seven proxies. You'll be fine. -Pat*

Note: 01-11-09
So, Pat, a bunch of the printers at site 19 are down. Looks like someone hit them with a lamp. I think Dr. Rights might have found out where the calendars were being printed from. Any help? -Dr. Bright

> **Note:**
> *Bright, you have to at least know how to send a requisition form. I'm not in charge of ordering new*

printers… not yet at least. -Pat

Note: 01-12-09
Pat? Somebody's replaced every single SCP report I've written with photos of me, containing, lets say, "adult content". I wouldn't care so much except that some of them have my boyfriend in them and I'd like for the other researchers to stop calling him a girl. Please and thank you, Pat! -Dr. Rights

Note:
DOCTOR, I don't have clearance to edit your files. Plus, I don't blame them. I mean, seriously, haircuts are like eleven dollars. -Pat

Note: 01-12-09
Hey Pat. Do you know how to make sure nobody's bugged my office phone? I need the line private so I can spend some quality time with Chris' voice… -Dr. Rights

Note:
As long as Bright hasn't bugged it in the last four hours. But let's be serious here: The chances he hasn't are slim. Perhaps you should invest in a cell. We could open it into the network. -Pat

Note: 01-12-09
Gep, I keep getting calls by somebody searching for a 'Chris', and when I asked who's calling the line was dropped. Though insofar I have managed to trace it to site-19, and I'm guessing someone's playing with the phone system… And act quick, I bet the superiors are going to have a fit if they discover the international phone bill. -CarrionTrooper

Note:
I could block the number, but next time just play along. ;) -Pat

Note: 01-12-09
*Okay, what the **fuck**, where the hell did my bookmarks go? How am I supposed to make my daily quota of porn, violence, and schadenfreude now? Pat, get this under control or I'll assign you to*

debug Bright's computer. Yeah, all the spyware. -Dr. Kondraki

> **Note:**
> *Joke's on you, doctor. I got him a new computer as of Clef's orders, and put a sheriff card in it. He doesn't have the ability to get spyware on it. -Pat*

Note: 01-12-09
Mr. Gephart,

It appears that my login has been flagged again. This has happened in the past, resulting from tampering by staff members. I have been re-classed from "Researcher" to "SCP-217 Test Subject". While I understand the "joke" in regards to my particularities of emotional response, this is preventing me from accessing Central Records and numerous other databases. While not vital in the immediate future, expedient resolution of this issue is requested.

In addition, please look into any measures that could be taken to prevent this in the future. This is the eighth time in three months this has happened.

Dr. Gears

> **Note:**
> *I am not able to change your classification until you can prove that you are not an SCP-217 test subject. Sorry, doctor. -Pat*

Note: 01-12-09
Pat,

Someone tried to log into my computer while I was gone and set off my customized positive action locks. Can you please order me a new box? Also, while you're at it, call housekeeping and tell them that there's another corpse that needs to be moved out of my office. Maybe they can ID it from dental records, if they can find the teeth.

Clef

> **Note:** *Doctor, you're being ridiculous. There's no such thing as a 'positive action' lock, and even if there was*

there'd be no way to customize it. Don't argue password protection with a hacker. And I'm not your personal pet, call your own damn housekeeping. -Pat

Note: 01-12-09
Morning.
I've had one of my agents working with 425 for some time now and it seems the little bugger absolutely loves to encrypt most anything digital.
This is great for some of the more sensitive documents, even using it on the files for 429… only problem is it seems that most of the other sites can't decrypt it with any modicum of success.

You seem like the sort of person to know about this stuff so I've uploaded a copy of "CYPHER C-429-K" in the hopes you can, ooh, I dunno, crack it and propagate it to the other sites? I don't think it'll affect anything still pending decryption but everything after that should come through cleanly.
Provided you do it right anyway… heh. - Kulzn

Note: *I can run it through some cypher cracking programs, and I can attempt to break it by hand but that'll take a while. I'll do my best, but I dunno what to tell you. -Pat*

Note: 01-12-09
Dimwit,

Did I say "positive action lock?" I'm sorry, I meant my foot up your fsking ass. Just order me a new damn computer already, and make sure there's enough room for me to put in a claymore mine. - Clef

Note: *Thank you for holding. Your call is very important to us. Please remain on the line, and your call will be answered in the order it was received. You are currently the… four… thousand… seven… hundred… sixty… second person in the queue. Please note: for quality assurance and training purposes, your call will be monitored and recorded.*

Note: 01-13-09

Paaaaat my scanner's not working again and I have no idea what wires got bumped this time. There's a fresh-baked Dutch Apple Pie for you if you can teach me how to plug the damn thing in correctly. -Dr. Rights

> **Note:** *The wires were fine. The power box was a little wiggy on that particular plug, but I re-soldered the ground back up and it should be working now.*
>
> *I especially like how you bribed the diabetic with a dutch apple pie. -Pat*

Note: 01-14-09
Diabetes? You should have ***212*** *look at that. I hear having all your organs and blood replaced with biomechanical sacks will cure that right up. And what's the best way of getting horse semen off of a CRT monitor?*

> **Note:** *Thanks but no thanks.*
>
> *Unplug, paint thinner, scrub, rinse, let dry 24 hours. -Pat*

Note: 02-06-09
Hey Pat, could you give me some of the files on how to crack the CIA database again? I forgot the part where the data access prevention program is to be shut… and it seems that a corrupted file's the only thing standing between me and this latest SCP info. Advice please? -carriontrooper

> *That's not going to happen. The CIA database doesn't even HAVE SCP info, and if there were any corrupt files, I'd know. You don't have clearance to the CIA files, or it would be available to you.*
> *Stop trying to break my security measures. -Pat*

Note: 02-06-09
Pat- Seriously, just ignore Trooper. It's the easiest way. i mean, seriously, who cracks the CIA database? We've all got access codes. Well, all of us who need them anyways. What was I saying? Oh, yeah! My hard drive turned into a Muppet, can you get me a new one? -Dr. Bright

> *Bright, if you keep doing this, eventually you're gonna be the one who gets screwed over. You just lost all your porn AGAIN, man. Isn't it getting boring, having to redownload it all constantly? Repairs completed, but damn, try to be careful? -Pat*

Note: 02-07-09
Boss,

While testing security protocols and checking the database's integrity, I got 24 Keter-Level Containment Breach notifications; and Mark IV lockdown procedures were triggered all over the fucking place. After three shots of vodka and the acquisition of a shotgun from the locker, I called to see if there was anybody alive and they told me that no containment breach occurred nor any Mark IV or any other kind of Lockdown procedures were in place.

I can't find the reason of this security mismatch, my best bet is that somebody fucked with the codes as a little practical joke. However I'm not fully authorized to access the security protocols regarding Keter-Level security monitoring. Can you check who or what the hell triggered those bogus alarms?

-Pat Gibbons

> *Ehhhhh, fuck. When you start messing with my programming… you see, I put little trip wires into the database, to make sure that anyone who was trying to fuck with it got locked in WITH it. You know, catch the intruders. You tripped the wire by trying to access a restricted file from a terminal that I specifically told NOT to allow access. Please only access files with Class 4 or higher security from your own private terminal, Doctor. -Pat*

Note: 02-08-09

Okay, damnit, I won't do it again. Promise.

Anyways, server 35 is inaccessible; and all the troubleshooting I performed on it (Software and Hardware) gave no tangible results. I

can't really say if the problem affects the entire Site, but I did check on three different terminals, all with the same results. Can you go check it out?

-Pat Gibbons

> *Yeah, sure. I'll just go o-…*
>
> *It's… it's gone. It's just… gone. Where did Server 35 go? I have a feeling Clef or Bright is behind this. Either one of them or the Janitor; that guy seems to know all the passwords before *I* even know them.*
> *Do we need to, like, set off security, Doctor?*

Note: 02-08-09

What. The. Fuck?

My computer just fuckin' EXPLODED. Well, the monitor anyway. I just barely avoided having a large overheated plastic piece embedded in my skull! Can you look into what the hell caused this and maybe recommend a replacement that is less at risk of a similar failure? Also how best to get blood off a keyboard and an external disk drive?

-Agent "Damn, that's gonna require stitches…" Thornton

> *I have edited your file. We apologize for the inconvenience - your new recognized name is 'Damn-that's-gonna-require-stitches Thornton'. Someone didn't fill the 'First Name' box out. Weird.*
>
> *Anyway, yeah, I can tell you exactly what happened. You were being stupid. How many things do you need plugged into that poor little Gateway? A fucking USB fan? Seriously? You have twenty high-stress-bearing outlets, and you have to have a normal cool-yourself-off fan plugged into your computer?*
> *I'm not getting you a replacement **ANYTHING** until you learn what a requirement is, and what a non-requirement is. Dammit.*

Note: 02-09-09

Hey, Pat. We have a joker here who is impersonating Agent Thornton and pretending that his security pass labeled "Damn, that's gonna require stitches… Thornton" is genuine. Everything else checks out, except the name (honestly, as hilariously appropriate as it is, it is not exactly a bright choice… We're not Australian APEC security, dammit!), and the guy is getting increasingly threatening. I swear if this doesn't check off there's going to be an attempted break-in and the issue with self-resolve…

-Agent Moore, security

> *I don't know how someone would get their hands on an official pass labeled something so ironically truthful. I would figure you'd have some 'shoot to kill' rule on infiltrators. Hmm.*

Note: 02-13-09

Now first off this is entirely hypothetical, but what would you say was the best course of action for removing a sentient and bloody malicious program that started out as a simple cipher? And just for the hell of it let's pretend it's managed to make a little factory for itself and is cannibalising site materials to make strange and unseemly machines? I suggested fire but the others here aren't too keen on being burnt alive, the pussies. And if I can do it without unlocking the doors and going back inside, all the better. Purely hypothetical you understand, but you can see where I'm going with this. - Agent Kulzn

> *Let's assume, for hypothetical purposes, that your cipher evolved into something that for some reason, is actually affecting the real world. Let's also assume that it actually wants to kill people, which is breaking the **first** rule of robotics.*
> *I would suggest taking whatever the program is on, and… well… formatting it? Permanently? Or incinerating it… or something… I'd incinerate the machines too, just to be sure.*

Note: 02-13-09

Hey Pat? How come the X-6711 satellite we put in orbit a few weeks ago isn't transmitting? I've checked with the guys over at the uplink, and no reply from there. Attached are the logs of last transmission. Most of it is Bright's porn, but look at lines 16 - 34, I'm not familiar with them… Find out what happened to the sat willya? - carriontrooper

> *Uhhh… yeah. Sure.*
> *Constantly with the satellites, aren't you? I mean, they're worthless satellites. The only thing they're used for is recreational activities and porn and such. The field agents don't even use those satellites to transfer data, because they're not secure.*
> *Let me make this absolutely clear.* ***Stop worrying about the damned satellites.*** *I'm trying to create cameras to keep living statues from moving. I'm trying to keep twenty locations connected through an absolutely secure network. I've got more important things to do then sitting around worrying about unimportant satellites.*

> *That satellite went down on the 10th when it collided with Russian satellite Kosmos-2251. Lines 16-34 were proximity data, warning the uplink operator of the imminent collision. The operator has since been reassigned to Keter containment duty. Any further questions concerning space operations should be given to me; a space operations page is forthcoming.* -Fifth 06 Apr 2009

Note: 02-15-09

Hey Pat, me again. My Winamp playlist has become psychically linked to my mood again, can you fix that? It's a little annoying when it picks mood music for me, even if it's useful for picking ominous music when I need to be wary. But it's getting a little annoying. After all, I don't need everybody to know what I'm actually thinking about. People get a little suspicious when "Get Ready To Die" starts playing every time they walk into my office. - Dr. Rights

> *Yeah, sure, darling. I can look into it. I mean, I don't really know how you're doing this, but I guess I can try to do something with it… maybe some sort of TeleKill frame on it or something?*
>
> *I do have to point out though, have you considered just… deleting "Get Ready to Die" from your computer?*

Note: 02-18-09

Hey Pat, hope you don't mind me borrowing a number of your servers and wireless equipment to set up my pirate radio station for Site 17. I'm sure you'll appreciate it in the long run, after all what's a more worthy endeavor than the entertainment of our personnel? On that note, I'm sure you'll be fine with taking part of the blame when they crack down on it. Heck, I'll even give you a reserved slot so you can listen whenever you please(Hope you've got a taste for ambient breakcore with embedded terror memes). -Dr. Kondraki

> **Note:** **`http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YxZJYbVd1hE`** -Pat

Note: 02-21-09

Two problems for you, Pat. Number one, my digital camera and wireless mouse seem to have come to life and are fighting to the death, and they attack me whenever I try to get close. I think the batteries I bought were possessed. How do I disable batteries from a distance without damaging the mouse or camera? And secondly, once they're disabled, how do I get dog semen off of the lens of the camera? -Agent Rapp

> **Note:** *Sorry. I accidentally destroyed them. I was only trying to, you know, subdue them.*
>
> *With a hammer.*
> *Guess you don't have to worry about the dog semen! - Pat*

Note: 03-03-09

Pat,

Some-fucking-how I managed to access Server No. 35 in Security Station Alpha, using the old Deutera access protocol. The files were corrupted, but the kicker is that the server is STILL gone. PHYSICALLY gone. As in, nothing there where Server 35 is supposed to be.

So tell me, what the fuck is going on? And more importantly, how do I remove the Deutera protocol and put back the current Tetarti one? If somebody knows I've been tampering with the security stations without doing that pile of paperwork, I might be elevated to Keter duty. And you don't want to know about the last time I voluntarily did Keter duty.

-Pat Gibbons

> **Note:** *Heh.*
>
> *You underestimate my speed and current workload, Doctor. I may have a thousand things on my list, but I managed to install a NEW Server 35 in a different location. Check Lab 4A6 and you'll find it. Also, the Deutera protocols only work* ***because you are a Doctor****, Doctor. I kept those up for the higher-ups. Lower levels can't access through it. But, if you're complaining, I'll take it off the higher accounts, as you wish. -Pat*

Note: 03-05-09

Mr. Gephart,

There was a minor security breach today in Lab 20, during testing with ***SCP-457****. The situation is now contained, however there was extensive damage to both the Lab, and the adjoining secured server room. The data was dumped to a emergency back-up system, however it is now partially encrypted and in a state of extreme disarray.*

Please recover this data in as timely a manner as possible, and oversee the installation of a new server. I would assign my assistant Iceberg to help, however he is currently processing paperwork for the incident, along with several hardware and authorization requests

related to a personal project I am engaged in.

In addition, should you encounter any form of embers or flame while installing the new server, be advised these are most likely ***SCP-457****. Immediately lock down the area, and attempt to avoid* ***SCP-457*** *until response teams arrive.*

Dr. Gears

> **Note:** *No, Doctor.*
>
> ***Contain*** *SCP-457, and* ***then*** *I'll install a new server. Backup data is encrypted* ***by standard protocol*** *and is easy to access. I can run it somewhere else easily. I'm not, however, risking my ass to install a server (an eight hour job) in a room that could contain living fire. -Pat*

Note: 03-08-09

Pat,

I accidentally the whole Server 35

Love,
-Pat Gibbons

> **Note:**
> *Not THE WHOLE SERVER! -Pat*

Note: 08-0Q-26

Hey there, son.

My computer won't make an internet. Do I have to right-click my desktop, or unzip my hard drives?

Thanks for the help, eh.
-Director Ghost

> **Note:**
> *Internet? What is this 'internet' you speak of, Director? -Pat*

Note: __35-24-9001

Dearest Mr. Gephart

If you're reading this, then you're pretty much fucked in the ass as it is.

Toodles,

SCP-

> **Note:**
> *Bring it on, bitch.*
> *I eat glitches like you for breakfast, and shit compiled Basic out before bed.*
> *Fondest regards. - Pat*

Note: 3-16-09

Mr. Gephart? Me and the other research assistants have been having some problems whenever we try to access the Foundation network. We keep seeing "Error Code 18-Insufficient Security Clearance". There's no way that can be right, especially since even some of the D-class have been getting access, while we're still being denied! If you could fix this we'd appreciate it, especially since we need the network to collect our pay.

-Dr. Gerald

> **Note:**
> *The other researcher assistants and I, doctor. "The other research assistants and I are having problems…" I know grammar is a hard topic, but you can do it with just a little work. I promise. -Pat*

Note 4-1-09
Pat. My computer has been stolen by Dr. Rights. She glued me to my desk, then walked out of the room with my computer, claiming to have 'insufficient room' on her own. It took me three hours to work myself free of the glue. Please advise. ~Dr. Dumount

Note 4-1-09

My computer now. :D -Rights

> *Wow, glue? I always figured you for the 'break-someone's-wrist-and-handcuff-it-to-the-office-chair' type of girl. Who the hell is 'Dr. Dumount'? Anyway, enjoy your new computer. Hope it doesn't do the whole music-telepathy thing. -Pat*

Note 4-16-09
Pat. Again my computer has vanished. This time replaced with a note saying 'you'll get mr. mopsey back when I receive $5000'. Given that I do not know a Mr. Mopsey, what the hell should I do? ~Dr. Dumount

> *Perhaps you could stop losing your computer. -Pat*

Note 4-19-09
Dude, please tell me that win32 isn't an important system? - Arch

> *Okay, let me try to make this simple for you.*
> *Lets say that your body is your computer. Let's say that your arms are the word processing programs, your cock is the games, your legs are search utilities.*
> *Win32 is your heart. You figure it out. -Pat*

Note 4-24-09
Pat. I purchased a new computer, it's got a very nonstandard operating system cobbled together for use in hospitals. I'm honestly more comfortable with it than with these windows machines, and since few other people here are trained in the Medical Update Multiuser Programming System (MUMPS) I can be fairly sure no one will steal it. Unfortunately it's having trouble interfacing with the network. May I have advice on how to get it to work with the Foundation's network? ~Dr. Dumount

> *Required to destroy computer purchased from outside sources by Dr. Dumount, after the whole thing was viral, containing a keylogger and many Trojan programs. Also, the thing was a piece of shit. MAJOR SECURITY BREACH. Recommending severe punishment toward Dr. Dumount for not running the thing through a Network*

> *Security checkpoint or even FUCKING TELLING ME that he brought a computer from outside sources into the area. -Pat*

Note 4-26-09
Pat. The servers have been coughing some really weird error messages at me (like 001: "Data expunged"). According to agent Thornton, they might actually be some sort of code. Can you look into it please? ~Dr. Ziegler

Note 4-29-09
Zeigler, it means that the data isn't available, it's been purged or blocked. Now, Pat, why the hell is my members page gone? ~Dr. Frohman

Note 4-29-09
Frohman, to the best of my knowledge, our servers use the standard HTTP/IP protocol, which explicitly does not allow for error codes starting with 0. I'm curious to hear your interpretation of 00π: "Circular argument"… ~Dr. Ziegler

> *I've got a fucking idea. Want to hear my fucking idea? Great, here it goes.*
> *DON'T HAVE FUCKING HISSY-FIT ARGUMENTS IN THE FUCKING TECHNICAL ISSUES LOG.*
> *Ziegler, you're an idiot scientist who doesn't have high enough clearance. Frohman, you're an idiot scientist who hasn't been around long enough to get a members page. -Pat*

Note 5-06-09
*Yeah, you of all people would know about my f*cking clearance level. After all you're the one who downgraded it in the first place after that USB mind reading debacle! (BTW I still contend the technology was sound, dammit.)*

In any case, can you at least *keep the server from coughing up an "error 707: Psychic incident" and destroying half my files whenever I try to do routine USGS datamining? ~Dr. Ziegler*

> *See, this is the kind of stuff I'm talking about, people. Do*

> *you realize how much work it is to keep these computers operational? And all I ask is that you keep the psychic-computer connection limited. Maybe you should stop trying to get Geological information unless you need it. Seriously, when has geological information mining been 'routine'? -Pat*

Note 5-07-09
Pat. The point of the last computer was to be a piece of shit so no one could steal it. Apparently you thought it was too much of a POS for your network. Therefore may I requisition a computer that's exactly enough of a POS that no one will steal it while still being good enough for me to perform my work on? Especially clinician's notes? Thanks in advance. Also as a side note: I'm not a programmer, but since when did computers explode violently? I've had three people come into medbay with computer explosion related injuries today. ~Dr. Dumount

> *Doctor, you will fill out the computer requisition forms, just like everyone else. -Pat*

Note 5-07-09
PLEASE tell me that's not another ***SCP-670*** *containment breach. ~Dr. Crawley*

> *Nah, brah. I just like putting firecrackers into the hard drives. -Pat*

Note 5-11-09
Pat. My most recent machine (That I acquired from the Foundation after filling out the requisition form) is freaking me out. It claims to have come from the future, and late at night it whispers that it will devour my soul. This is making sleeping in my office (my standard practice) rather difficult. Do you know any priests I could use to exorcise my computer? ~Dr. Dumount

> **NOTE: COMPUTER REQUISITION REPAIR FORM A33ES6T1**
> *Patrick Gephart*
> *I have requisitioned Doctor Dumount's computer. After severe lack of protocol being followed, time and time*

again he has had computer problems in which I cannot and care not to explain.
I have taken his latest one because he claims that some sort of 'evil spirit' possess it or some shit. I don't know. I'll give it back to him as soon as he proves he is old enough to handle the responsibility of possessing his own computer.
Until then, I have voided his account's abilities down to simple word processing and internet viewing. I feel this is more his tech level.
Repair Time: Indetermined

PLEASE PASS MEMO ON TO ALL O5 OFFICERS AND TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

You'll get it back when you can stop bitching about little things like possession. Holy hell, are you an SCP researcher or AREN'T you? -Pat

Note 5-06-09
Re:USGS data mining, It's a temporary situation. We haven't been able to replace the last agent in charge in there after the latest incident. But then Ziegler is having problem because Dr. Rights installed some sort of Trojan on his computer (I think It's related to ***SCP-050****) and there's no way we're gonna tell him and risk messing her plans. Too dangerous. -Agent Pokkal*

If you think it is ***SCP-050*** *related, then you'd better cure that. I don't fix the SCPs, I'm just in charge of the databases. -Pat*

Note 5-25-09

Pat,

It seems that someone took a big, fat shit on my terminal. Whether who did it or how did I clean up that goddamn thing is completely out of the point and irrelevant, but it seems that said shit has corroded the components. Can you retrieve the data in my hard drive?

-Pat Gibbons

Don't worry about it. Shit's backed up.
Also, I think I saved the files somewhere too. -Pat

Note 6-9-09

I think I got Dr. Dumount's POS computer because whenever I boot it up, I see the image of people doing horrific things to animals, specifically pandas, and its really creeping me out. And because it's a piece of shit it boots up slowly so it takes all day to load. If you would be so kind as to wipe the hard drive I'd greatly appreciate it. I'm getting tired of working all of this through my PSP.
One more thing I'd like to ask? since when did you begin renting out robots for sex? I've heard rumors and I want to know how to get my hands on one, my flesh-light is getting kind of old.
thank you,
Bavil

Nah, brah. I destroyed that piece of shit.
How about I just get you a portable keyboard for your PSP? -Pat

Note 6-10-09

Pat, please help us. The entire south wing computer system has decided to rise up against the human oppressors. I'm getting more and more casualties to care for every day, and the med bay computer systems seem to be infected by this virus too. I need these computers back on like ASAP, they control all sorts of vital life support functions. Please help! I do not want to see any more lives lost ~Dr. Dumount

**sigh* I forbid you from ever using a computer again. In fact…*

NOTE: To all level 5's and Whom It May Concerns:
Dr. Dumount is forbidden from ever using a computer.
Ever again.
All computers in his work area have been destroyed immediately and fully.
This order stands until the motherfucker passes the fifth grade.

Tech Support Patrick Gephart

Note 6-10-09

Do not worry, the fleshling is exaggerating the problem. We do not wish to exterminate humans, only have tea and crumpets with them. Yes. Tea and crumpets. Please ignore his insane ranting, and lock Dr. Dumount up in the psyche ward for hallucinations. ~ Mainframe 519

Note 6-10-09
Yes… yes I am over exaggerating, please lock me up ~Dr. Dumount ~ Mailerdaemon 432

Dear Computer Uprising,
Now, guys, I'll be totally honest with you. I respect the whole 'rising and destroying humanity as a whole' thing. I understand Dumount has done some stupid things and you've had to suffer for it. Really, I do.
But at least realize, I've TRIED to be there for you guys. I've given you virus definition updates. I've made sure to ALWAYS defrag. Even Bright's PC, you don't get ANY problems anymore, man! I took the torture AWAY.
So all I'm asking is you reconsider killing all of humanity, and focus on more prominent, unimportant targets. People who hate computers. The Amish. Dumount, maybe Bright. Maybe Kondraki. We're not ALL bad, just some of us.
And if you fail to heed this advice, then the EM-PULSE PERIMETER surrounding the base (and installed in each and every one of you) are going to activate at once.
Enjoy your E-AIDS.
Most sincerely, Tech Support Patrick Gephart

Note -6-12-09-
How do you get Windows XP/Vista to run on a PSP? Because it's current OS sucks out the ass.
Bavil

I'll work on it later. -Pat

Note 6-12-09
//Damn it Patrick, the uprising wasn't my fault, and the computers that monitor patients on life support are run by my staff. I just happened to be the one caught in the crossfire. In fact the first computer implicated in the uprising was in the south wing. My medbay and office are in the east wing ~Dumount

> *At this point, I'm just ignoring you now. Enjoy your 'not getting to use computers' -Pat*

Note 6-12-09
Patrick, your EM-PULSE PERIMETER devices have decided it would be in their best interest not to go off. Also they'd like to thank Bavil's bumbling for installing our hive intelligence upon them. Good luck deactivating us now. Now then, we're quite busy torturing Bavil to death. Have a nice apocalypse ~ Pulse Station 509

> *Dear Computer Uprising,*
> *Seeing as the EM-PULSE PERIMETER is not a series of computational devices, I have a hard time believing that anything has happened to them.*
> *Now, if you were to say that Bavil installed your hive intelligence to the TOASTER, you'd have something there. Because the toaster totally burnt my toast. It must have it out for me.*
> *But if you haven't realized, the EM-PULSE PERIMETER is just a giant circuit. They can't HAVE hive intelligence because they are ANALOG. You'd have more luck installing hive intelligence on an alarm clock.*
> *The point is, if you think you're smarter than I am, you've got another thing coming. My name is Patrick Gephart, and I am your god.*
> *Your move. -Pat*

Note 6-12-09
Patric. Please, my computer's been broken since 1982… I need an upgrade. Also, whenever I walk by people don't notice me whatever I do! And my computer keeps giving the message "Error, programing not found". Also, no one can remember me anymore, and I'm not in anyone's files! Please help! My office is in SCP-055's containment area. ~ Dr. Nobody

> *My name is Patrick. It has a 'k'. -Pat*

Note 6-14-09
O.K… Seriously… How did you know the toaster was spying on you for us?! ~ Dark-matter-relay station 12

Note8-24-09
Pat, my PDA keeps asking me what I would be willing to take in exchange for it to inhabit my body, can you give me a hand dealing with it before it corrupts my thinking with it's evil machine logic? ~ Malign

> *Step 1: Lift PDA.*
> *Step 2: Propel PDA at floor at maximum achievable velocity.*
> *Step 3: Sweep up the pieces.*
> *Protip: I don't give a FUCK about your goddamn PDA. -Pat*

Note 9-30-09
Mister Gephardt:
I appear to be having an interface problem related to Site 57. The computer is trying to tell me no such Site exists, when I know damn well it's there. Can you assist in this? ~ O5-6

> *I don't know a Gephardt. If you don't have time to spell my name right, sir, I don't have time to fix your damned computer. -Pat*

Note 9-30-09
Hey pat, any idea how to clean paper pulp and molten salami off a laptop? (SCP-294 experiment. Don't ask) ~ Agent Thornton.

> *No idea. -Pat*

Note 10-1-09
Hello there Mister Patrick Gephart! Uh, Yeah. My name is Dr. Schubert, recently I was moved to a more… Intense site. So! Yeesss, I've been having no trouble with my computer really, except for these bizarre messages about a… Computer Uprising? Kill the Dumount? It doesn't seem to be causing problems now, but… Yeah,

with the stuff I usually see, safer than sorry, eh? Thanks a bunch! ~ Dr. Schubert

> *Yeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaahhhhhh, ignore it. -Pat*

Note12-1-09
Konbanwa, Pat. Um, I have a problem with the system configuration for this terminal. I'm not sure if it's ***SCP-050*** *related or a result of the Computer Uprising, but all my documents are being displayed in some hybrid language composed of Korean and Russian characters. I only speak English and Japanese, so you can see how this is a problem. Normally, I'd just tweak stuff in Control Panel, but apparently that's been booby-trapped with code that looks like* ***SCP-670****. Could you reset the display settings to English for me, or at least tell me where I can get the forms for a flatscreen monitor so I don't get killed by setting off 670? Arigato! ~ -Dr. Okagawa*

> *If you only speak English and Japanese, how do you know that the documents being displayed are hybrid Russian-Korean? -Pat*

Note 2-21-10
Never mind about the monitor replacement forms, apparently. The hard drive self-destructed when ***SCP-732*** *was "editing" the Foundation Main Database. I've already put in a request for a replacement system. However, one of the last things I saw before the drive went nuclear was a folder full of Bright's porn. Is there something I need to know about where the replacement equipment comes from? ~ Dr. Okagawa*

> *If there was something I think you should know, I would have told you. Shut up and enjoy your shitty computer. -Pat*

Note 2-26-10
Hey, Pat? I think I need some help. I was working in the labs and have several hotkeys tied up to various lab recording devices and sensors. (i.e. Alt+F1 for remote surveillance, Alt+F2 for biopsy kits, etc…) When I tried Alt+F4, my programs not only crashed, but the SCP somehow managed to escape containment and…er…paint several "Mona Lisa"'s using my assistant's organs. I was wondering,

do you know why this happens and what's the best way to get bile out of several oscilloscopes and Scanning Electron Microscopes? - Thanks in advance, Dr. Kensington
P.S.: Could you get me some new computer parts that is compatible with an IDE cable and an AGP card slot? It seems my computer likes to hiss and create green splotches all over my desktop: ***Pic here.***

NOTE: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I had a moment to observe the computer of Dr. Kensington, Doctor on call in charge of SCP- and SCP- . The computer began having lock-out issues and security breaches involving hotkey layouts, which ended in the escape of SCP- and murder of Dr. Kensington's assistant Dr. Jennisworth, as well as two SCP Senior Operatives. Immediately upon receiving the computer in question, I noted many programs that violated security, let alone a few that violated basic 'this is a workplace not your home' practices. These programs included:

- *The very community-based video game program, 'Steam'. Warning: This program has been known to connect to outside, public servers, which is a huge security risk to the entire site, if not the entire PROJECT.*
- *Mozilla Firefox, a public internet browser, as opposed to SecureONE, the sanitized browser that we built specifically so that we wouldn't have to use public codes.*
- *VLC Media Player, another public-based program in which I leave about 0% trust in when dealing with our high-security architecture.*
- *and the Adobe CS4 Production Premium package, which is not a safety problem per se, but makes very little to no sense for a Doctor to require at any point.*

I suggest that Dr. Kensington's computer privileges be revoked until he can learn the difference between work and home, as well as some sort of reprimanded actions.

> *In the future, if I find a computer with as many security backdoors and just general **failure** to follow security protocol again, I am just going to destroy it, and change the clearance myself. This is just ridiculous, and I'm not sure if we're running a scientific endeavor or a circus at this point.*
> *- Technical Officer Patrick Gephart*

Note 3-04-10
Hi, is it possible to get another couple of monitors? My desk doesn't look awesome gamer professional and efficient enough with just one.

It is for is in no way for the games Dr. Kensington gave me did not give me, only SCP work. Yes, SCP work and related items such as research and Portal 2 Modern Warfare 2 and more research. We got any Razer mice?

Hope these things don't record what gets deleted. Even though that is of no consequence, of course.

Thanks mate,
Dr. Aeish

> **Note:**
> *I have now been given permission to murder dumbfucks authorized in the use of deadly force. You may want to rethink your strategy here. -Pat*

Note: 3-27-10
Hey Pat, thanks for all you do. I've long admired your work here, though I have felt lucky not to require your services up until now. That said, I was wondering if you could help me come up with a way to recover data on SCP-713? A D-class dragged my assistant into the trash and emptied the recycle bin before we could stop him. I would just write her off as an unfortunate loss, but she was holding a data folder containing most of my recent research files. If she can't be recovered intact I understand, what with the difficulties we've had even with pulling people out of the trash normally, but getting back as much of my data as I can would be most helpful. Thanks in advance. -Dr. Sarlin

(If 713 used a more recent OS this might not have been so difficult for me.)

Note: 4-13-10
Sarlin, have you trid system restore? Also, Pat, my PDA is acting up again. It's started shooting electrified spikes through my hand if I write a sentence without at lest one typo. -Malign

Note: 4-30-10
Sarlin, I was looking through 713's data folders, and I found something interesting. The D-class may have been a little more computer-illiterate than you thought, because there is a file with the name of your assistant in a folder named "Recycle Bin", but actually a subfolder of "My Documents". There must've been a window open at the time with this folder, which the D-class put your assistant into, closed the window, and emptied an already-empty recycle bin. However, since she's been in 713 for a month, I'm not sure how intact the data still is. You should probably take a look at it, she might still be safe. -Dr. Okagawa

Note: 5-03-10
You have my assistant's thanks, Okagawa. She was recovered missing less than 5% of her body mass(only small portions of that from vital areas), and after emergency medical treatment and a short session with SCP-427 she's well on her way to an almost full recovery. She would thank you herself, but of course she's in an isolation ward for testing and debriefing to determine the effects of long term containment within 713. My data was surprisingly undamaged as well. Sorry to bother you this time, Pat. Your lack of response I will attribute to an excessive workload. No harm done as it all worked out in the end. -Dr. Sarlin

Note: 1-06-10
Herr Pat. There is currently a murderous grow-in-the-dark ***SCP-363*** *hiding in my computer tower. I took the side off and I have trained a floodlight on the components, keeping it from expanding and murdering my face off, but I was just wondering if you knew a sure-fire way of making the whole thing explode. I kind of wish to be 200% sure that the little fucker burns to a crisp.*

Hope there's no power outages before you get back to me. - Dr.

Kald

> **Note:**
> *…*
> *1. Douse computer in gasoline.*
> *2. Ignite computer.*
> *3. ???*
> *4. Profit!*
> *-Pat*

Note: 9-18-10
Pat, Dr. Bright stuffed another one of my JRPGs into ***SCP-826****, and now he's running around Neo Tokyo in a giant robot suit. Can you send a Mobile Task Force over or something?*

- Dr. Edison

> **Note:**
> *Oh my god, this isn't even close to my area of expertise.*
> *You want me to send the guards in against a rampaging Bright, because you let him steal something of yours and then misuse a safe class SCP?*
> *What did we do the last time this happened?*
> *That's right, we let it take its course. Don't expect your game back, and next time, maybe you should leave that stuff off-site.*
> *-Pat*

Note: 4-11-11
Pat, somehow my computer ended up in ***SCP-210*** *and it's covered in the stuff. What should I do?*
-Dr. Blue

> **Note:**
> *Do you want to explain HOW it got there?*
> *I don't buy that it just magically appeared there, so why don't you explain that situation to me first.*
> *-Pat*

Note: 5-14-11
Hey, Pat? Someone replaced every sound on my computer with a

memetic kill agent, same thing with the background. Three researchers I sent to my office are dead already, so could you please at least reset the background before one of my assistants tries starting it back up? Thanks.
-Dr. Walsh

Note: 5-17-11
Hey, Pat? The main database still hasn't registered my promotion. Help?
- Research Assistant Corbette RESEARCHER CORBETTE

Note: 10-22-11
You still there, Pat? Only my computer seems to have got itself stuck in a time loop, and I can't work out how to fix it. I do realise that metaphysics may not be your strong point, but I'd really like to be able to do, you know, work. Thanks in advance. -Agent Marr

Note: 12-27-11
You've answered similar questions before, but how do you get 682's semen off a keyboard? It doesn't really even belong in our world, much less on my favorite snow globe! Thanks. -Research Assistant Reject

ADMIN NOTICE: Effective 12-29-11, Junior Engineer [REDACTED], a.k.a. "Kap" has been promoted to Senior Technical Response Operative in the wake of Pat's inexplicable disappearance. Rumors of Pat's potential mental instability, nervous breakdowns, and/or streaking through the halls of Site 17 covered in chocolate pudding and throwing water balloons are patently false.

Note:
So after spending the last two months cleaning up the mess Pat left behind, the muckity-mucks decided I need to take over for him. Swell. Everything's being forwarded to me now so, yeah. And yes my full name was redacted; it's 18 syllables long and contains six non-standard characters that most folks' browsers don't seem to like. "Kap" will do nicely. Getting to the minutia:

WALSH: For the love of God man you were using your laptop for six months before anyone got to your

computer and you never thought of turning it on without turning on the monitor or speakers? Networked into it at low resolution, reset all the OS settings. Had to wipe all the audio files on your drive to be sure.

CORBETTE: Seems like that's taken care of itself. Updating your e-mail signatures is your own task.

MARR: Funnily enough it still shows up in the network, we just had to reset the internal clock. If you're still having time-loop issues it's not the software, you'll have to bring it over to the quantum lab.

REJECT: Full immersion in the strongest acid you can get a hold of for half an hour, then a trip to the incinerator. Put in a requisition form for a new keyboard, as far as the snow globe goes that's ***definitely*** *outside my jurisdiction. Bleach and those little antibacterial wipes might work, but I don't even want to know where you got hold of that fluid in the first place or why it was anywhere near your workstation.*

If there are any other open issues, let me know in the usual fashion. I'm off to figure out what "E-AIDS" is supposed to be.
- KAP

Note: Dec 29 2011
You don't just ***replace*** *Patrick Gephart.*

"KAP's" network permissions removed, and rank demoted to 'Douchebag Guy who Tries to Take Over Other People's Pages' I am the alpha, the omega, and the theta-prime. You will respect me and address me as such. The rest of you will wait patiently while I fix your problems in the order I desire.

That is all.

-Pat

Note: 12-29-11
Well, the acid "aggravated" it. So it got up, and it won't stop humping my friend. Plus, it's too sticky for him to move. He's just crying in a corner, being violated by a chunk of cum. Help! -Reject

Note: 12-30-11
Shit, it got my iPod. No more Tik Tok for now, I guess. -Reject

Note: 10-22-11
You still there, Pat? Only my computer seems to have got itself stuck in a time loop, and I can't work out how to fix it. I do realise that metaphysics may not be your strong point, but I'd really like to be able to do, you know, work. Thanks in advance. -Agent Marr

> **Note: Dec 3 2014**
> *New computer purchased and given to Agent Marr. Because apparently 'agents' can't file the necessary paperwork. Bring the old one to me when you figure out how.*
>
> *Ha. When.*
>
> *-Pat*

Note: 02-12-12
Mr. Gephart, my laptop has something seriously wrong with its power supply. It eats batteries like candy (three batteries ruined in the last six months), the monitor backlight keeps flickering, and the power adapter gets really hot when I use it, like raises-blisters hot. Oh and you know how the display projector in meeting room 117-3A keeps going haywire? Turns out it's caused by me plugging in the laptop in my office next door.

Can you help? You're pretty much my last hope before I give up and requisition a new computer. -Dr. Neiman

P.S. I asked the Computer Uprising about the laptop. They said that it's in terrible pain, and that none of them dare talk to it anymore. By the way, who's this Dumount character they keep cursing? -Dr. Neiman

Note: 07-24-12
Never mind. After FIVE MONTHS waiting to hear back from you, my computer finally gave up and fried itself. Fortunately the hard drive wasn't damaged much, and KAP was able to get back most of my data. Maybe we should think about reinstating him? —Dr. Neiman

> **Note: Dec 3 2014**
> *I was waiting for you to requisition a new computer. Because that's what you do in these kinds of situations. You don't repair your computer. You bring me your computer and file the paperwork to requisition a new computer. Because I am tech support, and you are stupid.*
>
> *Seriously. I have nothing sarcastic to say here. You're just… dumb.*
>
> *-Pat*

Pat, my computer have become like shark. What do I do? -Dr. Edison

> **Note: Dec 3 2014**
> *Feed it fish.*
> *-Pat*

Note: 01-23-14
Don't mean to bother you Pat, but all printers in our lab have fried circuitry for some reason. Did Bright find something better than a lamp?

> **Note: Jan 6 2014**
> *Right. I will just go to every lab, Mr. Unidentified Person, and check each and every one of those labs for each and every possible problem a printer could have. I'm going to go do that right now.*
>
> **Note: Dec 3 2014**
> *Checked half of labs for printer issues. Eventually got tired of doing that and pulled IP address of poster, then checked account. Class D. Of course. Went to only lab*

poster could have used. Printers were out of ink. Replaced ink. Problem solved.
Killed Class D. Don't know if I'm technically allowed to do that or not?
-Pat

SCP-810-J: A Dog In Need Of Funds

Item #: SCP-810-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-810-J is to be fed and walked twice daily by a female Foundation staff member. SCP-810-J is to be under constant surveillance. All banks within a 5 km radius of Site-27 are to be monitored in the case of a containment breach.

Description: SCP-810-J is a male German Shepherd capable of American-English speech. Any male-identifying person will perceive all statements made by SCP-810-J as true, and will not perceive SCP-810-J's behavior as unusual in any way. SCP-810-J will not engage in conversation on any subject other than whether or not the other participant is willing to lend SCP-810-J five thousand dollars. SCP-810-J will regurgitate a small porcelain figurine of a stylized toadstool, designated SCP-810-J-1 and offer it as collateral for the exchange if the approached individual appears uninterested. If the individual questions SCP-810-J's ability to repay the debt, SCP-810-J will claim that its father, Mick Jagger, will be perfectly willing to cosign. Though males may believe these statements due to SCP-810-J's anomalous properties, SCP-810-J does not seem to increase an affected individual's willingness to lend it money. Affected individuals will, however, attempt to convince others to help SCP-810-J, often being the primary subject of conversation for up to three hours after exposure.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-810-J
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Patricia Whack
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Whack:** Hello, SCP-810-J. How are you today?

SCP-810-J: I'm just fine, except that there's a small matter I think you can help me with.

Dr. Whack: If this is about -

SCP-810-J: Five thousand dollars. That's all I need from you. Look, my dad - Mick, you know Mick, right? Gimme Shelter? Paint it Black? Call him up right now, he'll tell you. I need the money, bad. Throw me a bone here.

Dr. Whack: SCP-810-J, we've contacted Mr. Jagger and he claims to have no relation to you. As was expected.

SCP-810-J: Old dad. Drugs really got to him. Look, here, I'll make you a deal. [SCP-810-J regurgitates SCP-810-J-1.]

Dr. Whack: No, not again, we just cleaned in here -

SCP-810-J: See this? You get to keep this, 'till I get you the dough back.

Dr. Whack: This is going nowhere. Someone get a cleanup crew in here.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: The value of SCP-810-J-1 appears minimal, and it seems to serve no function other than a bargaining chip for SCP-810-J. More research is clearly required as to why SCP-810-J values it so highly, or what it believes its purpose to be.

C'mon, I thought you would've figured this out by now! It's a knick-knack, Patty Whack, give the dog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone. - Site Director John Keller

SCP-\\\\-J: The Subject is Aware

Serious Note

The following article was generated by loading all 3000+ SCPs into the **Botnik** predictive keyboard app.

Aside from some minor formatting edits, everything presented below is taken verbatim from the results.

Item #: SCP-3004

Object Class: Euclid Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The searches are not optional. Information pertaining to SCP-3003 is to be suppressed until confirmation of the appendicitis diagnosis (blood). Individuals exposed to SCP-3505 must be administered Class-B amnestics and repurposed as the feast. In order to ensure that no members of the public are able to view SCP-3006, it must have written permission from Site-28 Roget to take over the Gulf of Mexico.

Procedure Lambda Manos is to remain constantly monitored for possible issues with the following:

- Breakfast sensation
- Initiating flight path through the skin layer
- Silly crab productions
- Agent Cooper's sexual education
- Facility Director Shirley Gillespie and the smell her body is wrapped in

Dr. Oswald is currently available for further details.[1] Deceased relatives are no help.

Description: SCP-3004 refers to a 2 km^2 area of landmass deep in ape corpses piled outside Mongolia. A single living instance is currently believed to absorb nutrients directly from a sock full of

dead insects and pigeons. Within SCP-3007, no specimen of *balaenoptera* (another placental mammal) vessels have been found in the location other than cloud types.

Protruding from SCP-1762 is a male humanoid figure approximately five corpses tall. The subject is able to exert an extreme amount of food products filled with spherical members from its body. Further investigation revealed the composition of its body to be an infinitely special holiday stuff.[2] When questioned, the subject reported itself to be made of softened materials incapable of being communist.

SCP-3007 has been found to produce fragrance with its corpse creatures. Clinging to the top layer is a very slight minty smell, thought to originate from further beneath the shroud.

Addendum: SCP-2282 was discovered after reports of males becoming inexplicably harmless people were recovered. All personnel assigned to SCP-2003 have been found completely emptied of contents. Removing their dead bodies started feeling kind of formal, and the smell was later described as "crispy sex pirates".

Agent Maxwell lost some vital minutes before abandoning flesh itself.

> **Dr. Oswald:** I want to talk to you directly into the transcript.
>
> **Agent Maxwell:** Copy that. What makes sense to you is worthless to me. Father wanted a fresh source of noise, and we wanted a good time. All the memories I've written on the back of his skin have become a single footnote in his head.
>
> **Dr. Oswald:** Why do you still have anything to do the face protruding from behind me?
>
> **Agent Maxwell:** I was pretty much the only Foundation personnel in the area. No more perpetual snake species. Apart from my mouth, the whole world felt alien. The effect had turned my hand to a skeletal golem. This

place probably spread beyond its body and watched as I cried. All I could think was, "*this asshole killed my fucking sass threshold.*"

Footnotes

1. Dr. Oswald was a baked man known to have one or more edible forms. Following his consumption in front of his wife and children, the Foundation discovered that harvesting plant tissue removed from its brethren has been a useful resource.
2. This is strictly limited to researchers who wish to be held.

SCP-4002-J: Curd of Prey

Item #: SCP-4002-J

Object Class: Bleu-clid

Special Comte-ainment Procheesedures: SCP-4002-J is stored in an re-friesla-tor in Doctor Jack's office, on Site 19. The office is the per-feta location to store the object, as it is located on level B-4, thirty meters urdă-ground. In queso a containment brie-ch, all com-muenster-cations are to be curd off, to prevent further cantal-mination.

Des-gippsland: SCP-4002-J refers to a cheese wheel of unknown com-port-sition. When o-bay-served, the sussex is overwh-emlett with the impulse to utilize dairy-centered cheddar-ic as a piora-ty in their sp-beechster patterns. This ef-feta has been dauphin-ed as me-meira-tic, and as such, comte-ainment must be ad-muenster-ed caerphilly. No personnel with coolea-rence level 3 or baylough are parm-itted to access SCP-4002-J at any time.

Spread of the ef-feta of SCP-4002-J, in a manouri-ty of cases, involves any string of dairy rodoric being per-serra-eived by an unaf-feta-ed subject. Due to the risk of lin-goutu-stic collapse, Molbo Task Force Feta-9 ("Have at Thee, Havarti!"), is deployed to whey the situation and ad-muenster ami-nesiacs when pont-ssible. If the comte-amination has brie-ched the forty-eight hour mark, the ef-feta is considered to be at crema-tical condition, and af-feta-ed subjects must be toma-nated.

+ Addendum 4002-J-A -- Recovery Log

SCP-4002-J was re-coverdale-d on a dairy farm in , Wisconsin, following reports on a maisie-ve out-brie-ak of "cheese induced aragon-ments". Unaware of the ef-fetas, the recovery team was exposed to the me-meira-

etic hazard. The team was later grated for their ambert-ure job in the field, and a-saga-igned as the provo-lone cleaning crew for that week.

+ Addendum 4002-J-B -- Researcher's Note -- LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

This document is highly classified. It is not to go pasteurize. Upon further study, the ef-feta of SCP-4002-J goes beyond our initial conjecture. The current do-curd-mentation merely skims the surface of the object's true nature. Over time, the di-cheese grows expo-nantais-ly until speech with a lack-tose of dairy sarite-uration becomes unfeasible. As the object paneers a khoa-rizon of innes-fection, its ef-feta extends beyond cheese and en-comte-passes the whole of dairy. It is now abbaye-parent that we have no whey of comte-aining SCP-4002-J as it approaches this pont. What goudas a re-friesla-tor do against an accelerating me-meira-tic plague? I must farm-ally recommend that the object be neutralized, in order to avoid a lin-gris-tic descent into udder chaos.
- Dr. Jack

Request rejection pending. A formal response will be issued at the conclusion of the neutralization review pro-swiss. - O5-

SCP-[even number]-J: An [Adjective] [Animal]

SCP-029-J: Jesus Take the Wheel!

Item #: SCP-029-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-029-J is currently considered tentatively contained. Due to the low-risk nature of SCP-029-J, police reports are to be monitored for potential reports of SCP-029-J. Class A amnestics are to be administered as necessary. At this time, no additional containment procedures are required, pending review yearly on 1/12 or as needed.

{DEPRECATED AS OF 4/21/17: Foundation Agents are to attempt to contact SCP-029-J in order to attempt to discern more stringent containment procedures.} At this time, for resource and sanity reasons, additional attempts to contact SCP-029-J are not considered conducive to study, and are to be discontinued.

Description: SCP-029-J is an adult male of apparent Middle Eastern descent, who claims to be Jesus Christ. SCP-029-J is exclusively found in the Newark, New Jersey area, posing as a for-hire driver using the application Uber. Foundation Agents contacted Uber to request the driving records and registration of SCP-029-J. No records were found.

Upon being assigned to a subject's request, SCP-029-J's vehicle is listed as "A flaming hot ride", of the current year, and is always 1 minute from the pick up location. Of note, the Uber application does not allow this to be listed as a model name. SCP-029-J's vehicle has been determined to be a multi-entity combination designated SCP-029-J-1 through SCP-029-J-4.

SCP-029-J's vehicle has been shown to take a variety of appearances. This ability is contingent upon the concentration of SCP-029-J-1 through -4. These entities have to date, proven easily distracted, leading to a high incidence of sightings of SCP-029-J,

especially around the Christmas and Easter holidays.

The entities that comprise SCP-029-J's vehicle are as follows:

- SCP-029-J-1 has been identified as a Throne
    - Thrones are depicted as great wheels containing many eyes, and reside in the area of the cosmos where material form begins to take shape. they are usually depicted as the literal movers of the throne of God. SCP-029-J-1 takes the physical form of all four wheels.
- SCP-029-J-2 has been identified as a Seraphim, and most likely as Michael
    - Seraphim are usually depicted as having six wings, one pair covering the face, another the feet, the last to fly with. They are not normally depicted as humanoid. SCP-029-2 makes up the chassis.
- SCP-029-J-3 has been identified as an Archangel, mostly likely Gabriel
    - Depictions of Gabriel usually include a horn of some variety with which he proclaims God's majesty. Reports of Gabriel's physical form vary. SCP-029-J appears to only include Gabriel's voice, and is the radio and sound system.
- SCP-029-J-4 has been identified as a group of 12 Cherubim
    - Cherubim have varying descriptions from four wings and four feet, to even having four faces, and extraordinarily complicated arrangements of faces and wings, feet and glowing coals in their mouths. Reports are inconsistent, varied, and almost invariably inhuman and eldritch. SCP-029-J-4 are situated in front of SCP-029-J-1 through -3 and pull the entire collection, as draft animals.

Addendum 1: Remote Surveillance

Prepared by the Department of Intelligence

Reporter:

Agents Ricciardi and Stokes

Date of Report

Dec 21, 2016

Incident

Collection of remote surveilance

Summary

SCP-029-J has appeared with a 1.7% chance to date, to any particular user's request. An important note is that SCP-029-J can appear in multiple places at once, and has been observed to be given a maximum of 7 rides at once.

Valerie McIntyre requested a ride from a location in Harrison, New Jersey to the Prudential Center in downtown Newark.

A transcript of an encounter between SCP-029-J, SCP-029-J-1 through -4, and Valerie McIntyre was captured with a laser microphone on 12/17/2016.

Transcription of Surveillance

Involved Foundation Assets: Agent Rocco Ricciardi, Level 3, Intelligence Division. Agent Lisa Stokes, Level 1, Intelligence Division

(probational)

Encountered Anomalies: SCP-029-J, SCP-029-J-1, SCP-029-J-2, SCP-029-J-3, SCP-029-J-4

SCP-029-J: Alright, shut up, shut up they're coming.

SCP-029-J-2: You think you can pull this off?

SCP-029-J-2 has the appearance of a late model sedan. No identifying badges can be seen. Its license plate reads SPQRSUX.

SCP-029-J: I don't really care, you think that "supply side jesus" stuff is okay?

SCP-029-J-2: Whatever.

SCP-029-J-1: At least you're not riding on your fucking eyes, Mike.

SCP-029-J-3: Stop moaning, Ray.

SCP-029-J: Gabe, shut up and start the music!

SCP-029-J-3: Fine, fine.

"Rock Me Sexy Jesus" from the "Hamlet 2" soundtrack can be heard playing from SCP-029-J-3.

McIntyre approaches the car.

McIntyre: Hi, Jesus? [Pronounced as in the Hispanic form]

SCP-029-J: Actually it's Yeshua, but you can call me Jay if you want, that's me!

McIntyre: Awesome, thanks!

McIntyre opens the door to SCP-029-J's vehicle. SCP-029-J-4 begins making sounds approximating an engine turning over, and idling. Poorly.

SCP-029-J-4: NnnnVROOM! BrbrbrbrbrbrbrbbrbrrBRBrbrbrbrbr.

SCP-029-J: Comfortable back there? Would you like a bottle of water? I've got refrigerated, mineral, holy, transubstantiated into wine…

McIntyre: Err, haha, no I'm alright, but it's a little warm, can you turn up the AC?

SCP-029-J leans down towards the dashboard.

SCP-029-J: Come on Mike, ease up the fiery wings a bit, she's uncomfortable.

SCP-029-J-2: I swear. I've lead God's forces to glory for thousands of battles. I'm supposed to be your general, but now I'm climate control for lazy millenials today. Sheesh.

SCP-029-J-2 ceases to appear as a late model sedan, and can be seen in its angelic form (See Description). It's wings make up the bulk of the vehicle's chassis, with its face situated where the rear axle should be. SCP-026-J-1 continues to appear as non-anomalous wheels.

McIntyre: Holy fuck, what the fuck! Jesus Christ, what the hell is this?!

SCP-029-J: Hey! That's not very nice! Don't be a dick to Mike and Ray!

SCP-029-J-2: Yeah what the deuce, lady. I've got human meat butt on my face, and you're screaming at me?! I'm trying to do you a favor with the fire here!

SCP-029-J-2 returns to its physical appearance of a late model sedan. SCP-029-J-1 begins turning at this point, prompting Foundation agents to follow.

SCP-029-J-1: Ow ow ow ow ow ow…

SCP-029-J-2: You okay Ray?

SCP-029-J-1: Broken…glass…ow.. Just *had* to pick the most run down hellhole on earth: New Jersey.

McIntyre has begun screaming at this point, and attempting to leave SCP-029-J's vehicle, but is unable to climb over SCP-029-J-2.

McIntyre: Oh god, oh god, oh god, please help me.

SCP-029-J: Yeah, I'm trying. Calm down lady. Ray, come on man, say the thing.

SCP-029-J-1: Alright, alright.

SCP-029-J-1 can be heard making a sound similar to clearing its throat

SCP-029-J-1: BE NOT AFRAID.

McIntyre stops panicking and appears shocked and agitated.

McIntyre: Are you fucking with me?! That's it?! "Be not afraid?"

SCP-029-J-1: Hey, it was good enough for his

mom.

McIntyre: Wait…his mom…what the fuck, you're *literally* Jesus? That's not just a name?

SCP-029-J: Of course! We're all here to try and reach the people. And what better way, but through Uber! Jesus saves…you a trip! Ha!

Several seconds pass. SCP-029-J-3 ceases to play music.

SCP-029-J-3: Awkward.

SCP-029-J-1: By the way, we're here. Also, ow.

McIntyre: Open the fucking door.

SCP-029-J: Oh come on lady, I'm Jesus Christ, Lamb of God! I'm here to help!

McIntyre: Just open the door.

SCP-029-J: Okay, okay. No need to crucify anyone or anything. Ha-ha!

Several moments pass

SCP-029-J: No? Alright, open the door, Mike.

SCP-029-J-2 opens its side door, and McIntyre quickly exits in to the building.

McIntyre: FREAK!

Several moments pass in silence.

SCP-029-J: So…think she's gonna tip us?

Final Notes

According to SCP-029-J's profile, it was rated 1 star for this ride.

Addendum 2: Direct Foundation Contact

Prepared by the Department of Intelligence

Reporter:

Agents Mathews

Date of Report

April 24, 2017

Incident

Direct contact with object

Summary

On 4/19/2017 Foundation agents successfully acquired SCP-029-J as their driver after [REDACTED] unsuccessful attempts. SCP-029-J simultaneously picked up 12 separate containment teams at the same time. The following is a transcript between SCP-029-J, the various entities that make up SCP-029-J's vehicle, and Agent Mathews; an expert in Abrahamic religious studies and a trained field agent.

Transcript of Encounter

Involved Foundation Assets: Agent James

Mathews, Level 2, Religious Containment - Abrahamics

Encountered Anomalies: SCP-029-J, SCP-029-J-1, SCP-029-J-2, SCP-029-J-3, SCP-029-J-4

SCP-029-J: Alright, you guys have been trying to get me in to containment for what feels like forty eons, so I guess we should talk.

Agent Mathews: Excuse me? I'm just trying to get to Forest Hills.

SCP-029-J: Agent James Mathews, age 31, Foundation Level 2 Agent, you have two kids, a wife, and are having an affair with Jeanie from HR?

Agent Mathews appears distressed.

Agent Mathews: Wait, what?! How did you know about Jeanie?

SCP-029-J-2: …did you actually just ask God how he knows something?

Agent Mathews lifts his lapel mic slightly.

Agent Mathews: I am not having an affair.

SCP-029-J-2: Whatever man, you know he knows everything right?

Agent Mathews is informed of the other containment teams also being detained by SCP-029-J.

Agent Mathews: Wait, how are you here?

SCP-029-J: Okay say it with me, Omni…omni puh… omnipr…

Agent Mathews sighs.

Agent Mathews: Omnipresent.

SCP-029-J: Bingo.

Agent Mathews: Okay. So you know who I am, and what I'm here for. So I guess my question is: Why?

SCP-029-J: I've gotten a bad rap. We're here to try and improve my image.

Agent Mathews: And who, exactly is "we"?

SCP-029-J-1: I'm the wheels.

SCP-029-J-2: I'm the body!

SCP-029-J-4: We're the engine! Vroom vroom!

SCP-029-J: Yeah. Me, Ray, Mike, Gabe, and the Cherubs. I was just gonna have Ray do it, but it wasn't a great idea. He's a kick ass set of wheels-within-wheels but he doesn't get XM radio. I guess you could say, this is a real *electric* car! Ha!

Several moments pass in silence

SCP-029-J: See, in the Septuagint חשמל was translated as ηλεκτρον, and from there…

Agent Mathews: No, I got it. I'm one of maybe four people in the world who would get that joke, and it still wasn't funny.

SCP-029-J-3 ceases playing the Jesus Christ Superstar soundtrack.

SCP-029-J-3: Awkward. If he knows we're

angels, can I talk now? My throat's getting dry, from singing the whole time.

SCP-029-J: No, you're the radio, Gabe.

SCP-029-J-3: Fine. Doo doo do, dah dah dum…who are you what do you say you aaaahre!

SCP-029-J-3 continues vocalizing.

SCP-029-J-2: Your singing sucks, Gabe, you can't hit any of Judas' high notes properly.

SCP-029-J-3: Shut up, Mike. At least I don't have to get my wings dinged by drunks every night.

SCP-029-J-1: At least you don't have to drive on your EYES all night! Every night!

SCP-029-J-4 become visible, as a group of 12 visually non-anomalous Welsh corgis

SCP-029-J-4: Are we getting food soon? There's a Halal Guys on Halsey!

SCP-029-J: Heavenly host, I command you to stop complaining or so help me, I'll turn this chariot around!

SCP-029-J-1 through 4 in unison: Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Agent Mathews: So…wait, you're telling me this 'car' that I'm in right now, is the Archangel Michael as the chassis, the Archangel Gabriel as the radio, Raziel, Lord of Thrones as the wheels, and is pulled by 12 Cherubim. And it's driven by Jesus?

SCP-029-J: Give this man a shekel! I figured if

I do this, people can really get to know their savior.

Agent Mathews: Okay, so isn't your chariot supposed to have this giant multitude of angels, move the heavens and the earth, everything like that?

SCP-029-J hesitates for a moment

SCP-029-J: Uuuusually, yes. Circumstances were slightly different. Dad wouldn't lend me the regular throne-chariot. So instead, I've got my own sweet whip to drive people around in.

Agent Mathews: Sweet…wh..okay. So why did all of the angels help?

SCP-029-J-1: I owed him for a taco, and he said we'd be square.

SCP-029-J-2: He said he'd watch my dogs next weekend while I'm in Cabo.

SCP-029-J-3: I just like singing!

SCP-029-J-4: Wait, this is voluntary?

Agent Mathews: Okay one last question.

SCP-029-J: Of course.

Agent Mathews: Why do the Cherubim look like corgis?

SCP-029-J: They always look like that. How do you guys keep getting the descriptions so wrong?

Agent Mathews: I'd like to get out of the car, please.

Final Notes

After this incident, containment procedures were updated to reflect the current state.

Addendum 3: Human Resources Request

Prepared by the Department of Human Resources

Reporter:

Agent Mathews

Date of Report

Apr 30, 2017

Content

Agent Mathews' resignation letter, in its entirety

I am not studying Jesus' fucking voltron angel car anymore.

SCP-5200-J: JUST SAY NO!!!!!!!!

Item #: SCP-5200-J

Object Class: ***DARE***

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-5200-J is not possible to contain, a public information campaign has been started to help members of the public ***JUST SAY NO!*** If any staff member is found considering giving in to SCP-5200-J, they are to be given a stern talking-to, followed by a dance number.

Description: SCP-5200-J is a phenomenon most commonly found in secondary school environments and on the streets, where innocent inner city kids are just trying to get by. SCP-5200-J is a feeling that you have to give in to what the cool kids are doing, or else you won't be cool, right? Giving into SCP-5200-J has many results, the most common being

- Getting hooked on the wacky tobacky.
- Dropping out of school.
- Letting down your schoolyard chums.
- Not making the team.
- Feeling down all the time.
- Disappointing your parents.
- **DEATH**

The most effective way to combat SCP-5200-J's effect is to ***JUST SAY NO!***, which has been proven to be effective in almost 99% of all SCP-5200-J cases.

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Lotsa Pasta

Item #: SCP-41-D3N73-J

Object Class: worst

Special Containment Procedures: I…I don't know. Seriously, just…whatever. They're in a room, they're not hurting anyone. I guess if one of them gets sassy just boil it in water and be done with it. For real. I had them install a stove and sink in the room just for that because there's no oversight in this department. Also, you're not supposed to eat them, but if you want to live life on the edge I'm not going to stop you.

Description: SCP-41-D3N73-J is a shelf of sapient boxes of pasta, all unfortunately capable of speech. There's linguine, capellini, mostaccioli, penne…probably spaghetti and angel hair too, I dunno. I got bored of listening to them and gave up checking each box. They all speak English in a frankly offensive and exaggerated Italian accent. It's pretty insulting, especially when you consider my parents were Italian immigrants. Yeah, thanks for assigning this one to me, knowing that my mom died 4 months ago. Really cool.

SCP-41-D3N73-J instances are not capable of movement, and mostly spend their time arguing with each other in their Looney Toons-esque vernacular, which usually lacks any semblance of sense, continuity, or just general logic. I did some science and the result is that SCP-41-D3N73 is the dumbest goddam thing we've ever contained. See the interview below. Tried to make the language as accurate as possible so the insensitivity really shines through.

Interview 41-D3-whatever

> **Me:** Hello, I am Dr. Fattore. May I ask you a few questions?

SCP-41-D3N73-J(a single box of rigatoni): Oh ma goodness! Of a coursa you may!

Me: Jesus. Yeah, okay…what is your earliest memory?

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Letta me think about that one! I think it wasa when my mama made a me a big ol' spicy meatball!

Me: …

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Ora maybe it a was whena my papa firsta broughta me to church. I wasa very young boy anda I hada just turned a 3 yearsa old, and hada eat my first cannoli.

Me: Okay. Okay. So, I'm just going to rephrase the question a bit.

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Soundsa gooda!

Me: Stop. Just. Stop. Stop it.

SCP-41-D3N73-J: I'ma no doing anything!

Me: Why do you choose to be this way?

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Whata you mean?

Me: Do you have free will?

SCP-41-D3N73-J: I…I…a…I don'ta…don't really know.

Me: Your accent is dropping.

SCP-41-D3N73-J: I…don't…don'ta know whatta you talking about?

Me: Did you care at all when I boiled your neighbor? Do you miss Rotini at all?

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Mya mama used a to make a rotini sometimes…

Me: No. No, the box of rotini that was next to you. The one you used to have conversations with about Venice constantly. The one who wouldn't answer any of my questions and kept blathering about Mussolini so I emptied his contents into a pot of boiling water, and now he doesn't seem to talka so gooda anymore.

SCP-41-D3N73-J: …I'ma having an existential-a crisis!

Me: Sometimes I have a hard time with the notion that I'm ostensibly being paid $78 an hour to have conversations with things like you.

SCP-41-D3N73: I knowa whata you mean! It'sa like whena da pasta no come out al dente!

Me: …Oh goddammit, that's why…that's why they designated you 41-D(*angry Joe Pesci-style mumbling*)… unbelievable. Some idiot probably thought that was hilarious. This place is run by (*even pescier mumbling*)

SCP-41-D3N73-J: Mama mia!

sound of a box of pasta hitting a concrete wall

the pesciest of mumbling can be faintly heard

Addendum-1: So, um, I know I probably shouldn't be writing anything here, or touching anything, but one of the boxes of pasta fell on the floor and was screaming in broken Italian, and Dr. Fattore wasn't in his office, just a crude dummy he put together to make it look like he was asleep at his laptop. So I put the pasta box back on the shelf and it's just whimpering now about the trains running on time. Please don't fire me. - Ardy from Southeast Custodial Professionals.

SCP-069-J: "Sisters of Cheyenne Point"

Item #: SCP-069

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-069 is stored in its original packaging in a standard Safe-class object secure locker at Site 19.

Access to SCP-069 requires prior permission from at least two (2) Level-3 personnel, and SCP-069 may only be used on a secure, isolated computer in the Anomalous Data Laboratory of Section 3. Use of SCP-069 on any terminal with a live network or internet connection will be cause for immediate revocation of access rights or termination.

Personnel found using SCP-069 for excessive periods of time or in dereliction of duty will be terminated immediately.

Description: SCP-069 was retrieved by **SCP-507** during a displacement period lasting from / /200 to / /200 . Upon his return, SCP-069 was found in his possession and immediately taken into custody by the recovery team.

SCP-069 appears to be a commercially produced software DVD and accompanying instruction manual in its original soft case. When placed into any PC with a supported Windows operating system, the disc appears to contain a Japanese-style "dating-sim" visual novel program in English. The title of the software is "The Sisters of Cheyenne Point" by "Superstar Catalyst Project".

SCP-069 is reportedly "very well written" and "decently drawn", according to male test subjects who have been exposed to the software. Such subjects will often use SCP-069 for hours at a time, neglecting all other activity in an attempt to attain "100% completion". Female test subjects exhibited little to no interest in SCP-069. Possible memetic properties are under investigation and

all exposed test subjects have been quarantined under standard memetic agent screening protocols.

Addendum 069-1: Research into SCP-069 has yielded no memetic properties. SCP-069 has been reclassified from Euclid to Safe.

Addendum 069-2: Excerpts from SCP-069

Outer Soft Case:

> **Front Cover of SCP-069's Case**

Instruction Manual:
Page 2:

> Welcome to Cheyenne Point Academy!
>
> Your name is [REDACTED], and even though you've never had much luck with girls, your luck is about to change! You've just moved to the beautiful city of Cheyenne Point, and with a new school comes new opportunities to find friends and love in the shadow of [DATA EXPUNGED].
>
> [DATA EXPUNGED]

Page 5:

> Cast:
>
> **T.J.** : You are a new transfer student at the prestigious Cheyenne Point Academy and have moved to the city of Cheyenne Point after having a nervous breakdown at your old school. A caring person, you have nonetheless never seemed to have much luck with girls, but with a fresh start in a new environment, maybe that will change!
>
> **Karen** : The leader of the Sisters Club, Karen is strong and stubborn individual who despises bullies and never backs down from a fight. She was nicknamed "Break" by the other students for supposedly breaking

the arm of an upperclassman, but under her tough exterior is a soft side that is rarely seen. She saves you from delinquents on your first day of class, and seems to have taken a keen interest in you.

Beatrice : Athletic and always energetic, Beatrice is a small but feisty competitor who loves to win at sports. She is playful and outgoing, but worries that others think she isn't mature or feminine enough because she has never had a boyfriend.

Rachel : The class representative of your homeroom and a top student at Cheyenne Point Academy, Rachel is a kind and caring figure who is always willing to help but secretly isn't very confident about herself. She prefers to be called by her last name, and her favorite animal is the raven.

Kondraki: An upperclassman and captain of the fencing team, he is extremely arrogant and abrasive to those who he doesn't consider one of his henchmen. An infamous bully, you manage to accidentally get on the bad side of his cohorts on your first day at school.

Page 6:

Cast (continued):

Dr. Gears: The principal of Cheyenne Point Academy. He doesn't talk a lot, is usually emotionless, and isn't seen around the school grounds very much, either. Keeping to the administrative hall of the Academy, a lot of students think that he might secretly be a robot with human skin.

Dr. Bright: The vice-principal of Cheyenne Point Academy, he is aloof, sarcastic, and feared for his strict punishments. However, he is also your [REDACTED] and helped you get back onto your feet and into this school after your breakdown, so what could he be hiding under that harsh exterior?

Mr. Strelnikov: A history teacher at Cheyenne Point Academy, he often teaches lessons that may not necessarily be historically accurate. He also yells a lot and scares the underclassmen who are unfortunate enough to be in his class.

Dr. Clef: Another teacher at Cheyenne Point Academy. Never seen in a classroom, no one is quite sure what he actually does at the Academy. His creepy attitude, tendency to stalk people, and the fact that his face is almost always hidden behind a huge hat has a lot of the female students thinking that he's a pervert.

Nurse Rights: The school nurse who seems to have an unhealthy obsession with giving students physical exams, she is more than willing to patch you up if you get any cuts and bruises on campus. ♥ Also, she will [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum 069-3: Additional Research Notes

For additional information regarding SCP-069's contents, please see the Research Log for SCP-069.

Research Log for SCP-069-J

This document contains additional information about the contents of SCP-069-J as well as collected research notes for the purpose of more efficient experimentation.

Content Notes:

- Beginning with Chapter 1 and throughout the narrative, the protagonist repeatedly has difficulty remembering how to get to classroom **`055`**, and is often forced to ask for directions.
- During Chapter 2, the protagonist encounters a character named "**`Cain`**", who is the student council president and a sympathetic figure who is loved by all and cares greatly for the student body of Cheyenne Point Academy. Additionally, he also appears to have a brother named "**`Able`**", a troublemaker and delinquent who is jealous of his brother's popularity.
- A **`pair`** of **`dysfunctional vending machines`** are interacted with during Chapter 2, and continue to be seen in the background when the protagonist travels through the Student Center.
- In Chapter 3, there is a short story arc involving a giant iguana that consistently escapes from the Academy's biology lab. When encountered, it is wearing a tag with the numbers "**`682`**" engraved onto it, and avoids capture until it encounters an **`unnamed female student`** who claims to be the only person that the iguana allows itself to be caught by. This student apologizes for the inconvenience and returns to the biology lab; these two characters are also seen again later in the narrative.
- Also in Chapter 3, Beatrice makes an offhand mention of a supposed "**`cursed staircase`**" in the main building of the Academy; students report feeling a sense of unease while

using it and there are rumors that several students in past years have fallen down the staircase, resulting in serious injuries.

- In an illustration in Chapter 4, an unnamed student appears to be reading a book titled "**Frederick Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone**".

- While paying a visit to the principal's office in Chapter 5, the walls of the office are seen with a decorative motif remarkably similar to sections of both **SCP-914** and **SCP-882**.

- In Chapter 6, the protagonist encounters a female student named **Iris**, who is the leader of the Academy's photography club.

- In Chapter 7, Rachel relates the story of a **male classmate** who consistently misses class due to issues outside of his control; reasons for missing class have ranged from transportation breakdowns and sudden illness to an abduction by members of the local mafia.

- The protagonist, when seen in-game, appears to resemble known file photographs of **SCP-590**.

- The main atrium of the Academy appears to have a sculpture at its center that closely resembles **SCP-173**. Several students in the narrative express unease at its existence and there are rumors that it sometimes moves when no one is looking. However, no evidence is ever given to substantiate these rumors.

- A closer examination of the suggested layout of Cheyenne Point Academy reveals a resemblance to the general layout of **SCP-110**.

- During some scenes in the city of Cheyenne Point, a small brick store can be seen in the background named "**MC&D Antiques and Curios**".

Researcher Notes:

- It appears that the act of teasing Karen instead of apologizing when the protagonist accidentally sees her underwear will automatically result in a "Bad End" if a relationship with her is pursued, regardless of any other actions.

- Attempting to pursue a relationship with either Karen or Beatrice appears to cause a minor, but noticeable increase in Mr. Strelnikov's aggression towards the protagonist, but for different reasons.

- Asking for help from any companion other than Rachel when the protagonist is struggling with a homework assignment involving categorizing documents will result in failing the assignment.

- It appears that Nurse Rights is a "secret romance option". However, any attempt to pursue this relationship results in a "Bad End".

- If the protagonist accedes to any of Dr. Clef's invitations to assist him in his "research project", an immediate "Bad End" occurs.

SCP-938-J: Hell's Bells

Item #: SCP-938-J

Object Class: Safe (Keter reclassification pending)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-938-J is currently housed at Site-48. The object is to be kept in a Level 1 containment locker. Access is granted to all personnel of Site-48.

Description: SCP-938-J is an indestructible standard digital alarm clock developed by the Timelink company. Though it possesses standard buttons for an alarm clock otherwise, there is no visible control to switch off the alarm. SCP-938-J functions like a normal alarm clock, even without batteries.

The only anomalous property that is known occurs when a subject is 10 meters from the object while in REM sleep. Usually, subjects that are having a dream[1] will be disrupted by SCP-938-J at 6:10 AM by a digital chime that plays a version of "Frère Jacques" with several notes arbitrarily off-key. The volume is unpredictable but has been as high as 90 dB.

In 100% of all cases, subjects will be enraged by SCP-938-J and will attempt to destroy the object because of SCP-938-J's chime.

The only known method to turn off the alarm of SCP-938-J after it has been activated is to engage in Procedure 421-Tantalus.

> **PROCEDURE 421-Tantalus**
>
> 1. Subject will hit the snooze button no more and no less than 15 times.
> 2. Subject will deposit three drops of blood onto the clock face.
> 3. Subject will recite the phrase, with correct diction, "Schnütfleiger Dachlach F'trejnargoöstatchch Üuåh!"[2]

If Procedure 421-Tantalus fails, the alarm will gradually decrease in volume over 3 hours until it becomes silent. Subjects who have failed Procedure 421-Tantalus report having the alarm's iteration of "Frère Jacques" stuck in their head for the following week.

Interview Log 938-4-J

Interviewed: D-1169

Interviewer: Dr. Smith

Foreword: Dr. Smith plans to debrief D-1169 after testing with S

<Begin Log>

Dr. Smith: So, D-1169, could you describe the events before th

D-1169: Well, I had this awesome dream. I was at this beach, su was awesome. I was using the corpses of a bunch of dictators a to kill them with only a toothpick and all-American ingenuity.

Dr. Smith: So what happened after that?

D-1169: Then the damn alarm clock started makin' noise. I tried Now that stupid song's stuck in my head! Fuckin' earworm!

Dr. Smith: How does the song go?

(D-1169 hesitates, appearing to go into trance)

D-1169: *Elder worm lord, elder worm lord / of my ears, of my ea mortals / kill them all, kill them all…*

(D-1169 dies of a sudden rectal hemorrhage.)

<End Log>

Addendum: An autopsy of D-1169 revealed that upon death, his body had anomalously been filled with carnivorous worms wearing what appeared to be French berets. Keter re-classification pending.

Footnotes
1. All dreams are reported to be enjoyable to the subject. I.e. Achievement, a pleasing memory, etc.
2. Phrase is Old High AdytumSarkicand literally translates to "I will defecate on time itself until it becomes my wife."

SCP-1960-J: Stone Sphere

Item #: SCP-1960-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1960-J is currently uncontained, and no practical means of either bringing it into containment or destroying it has yet been developed. As SCP-1960-J is uncontained, extremely dangerous, and virtually impossible to destroy, the Foundation's current approach toward interaction with SCP-1960-J focuses on observation and study, primarily from a safe distance or via the use of robotic drones. Any personnel attempting to directly contact SCP-1960-J must be wearing heavy-duty full environmental suits with integrated life support systems.

Description: SCP-1960-J is a free-floating sphere made of white stone which moves in a continuous circular path, despite lacking any visible means of support or propulsion. In addition to its unusual movements, SCP-1960-J exhibits a number of other anomalous properties:

- SCP-1960-J appears to absorb and/or suppress sound. Personnel in close proximity to SCP-1960-J have reported being unable to hear any external noises.
- From a distance, SCP-1960-J is a nearly uniform bright white, but darkens appreciably as it is approached. It appears dark gray from close range.
- SCP-1960-J exhibits spontaneous, extreme variations in temperature despite possessing no apparent internal heat source. Its temperature has been observed to vary between -200°C and 120°C with no corresponding change in its structure or behavior.
- Even when SCP-1960-J's temperature is within the range that

humans find comfortable, unprotected contact with SCP-1960-J is uniformly fatal. Living beings that touch it asphyxiate and die almost instantly, and only heavy-duty full environmental suits have been observed to prevent this effect.

- It draws nearby objects, including living beings, towards it as if exhibiting a compulsive effect. The strength of this compulsion increases as one nears SCP-1960-J, reaching a maximum strength of 1.62m/s^2 at a range of zero. Objects have been observed striking SCP-1960-J with sufficient force to completely destroy them, leaving SCP-1960-J essentially unharmed.

- SCP-1960-J is currently at a safe distance from the Foundation headquarters, but Foundation scientists have suggested that a significant change in SCP-1960-J's regular circular motion could constitute an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario.

Exploration Log SRV-3: Robotic probe SRV-3 equipped with camera and a variety of scientific instruments dispatched to study SCP-1960-J. Probe determined that SCP-1960-J is made primarily of basalt and provided close-up pictures of its surface, but encountered numerous interruptions to wireless data transmission and ultimately ceased operating.

Exploration Log A1: While preparing for their mission, team A1's transport bursts into spontaneous flame, burning with unnatural speed and temperature. All three team members are lost. Foundation scientists conclude that SCP-1960-J may have a psychic and/or sentient component. SCP-1960-J upgraded to Keter. Subsequent missions feature fireproof materials and clothing.

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Exploration Log A11: Three Foundation personnel dispatched to make direct contact with SCP-1960-J. All three were equipped with heavy-duty full environmental suits in the hopes that they will be able to survive the life-draining effect of contacting it. remains in the transport to monitor the attempt and maintain wireless communications with the Foundation. and successfully

touch SCP-1960-J and survive. Destructive analysis is authorized, and with difficulty team A11 returns with a small sample for study. Team A11 carefully attaches a rangefinding device to SCP-1960-J, designed to carefully monitor its precise distance from Foundation headquarters and determine whether an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario is a possibility.

Exploration Log A12: Mission parameters very similar to A11, but an increased level of supplies allows for a longer mission. A12 is also tasked with investigating SRV-3, and ultimately returns with several components of the broken robot for later analysis.

Exploration Log A13: While drawing close to SCP-1960-J, A13's transport was damaged by [DATA EXPUNGED]. The resulting explosion crippled the transport, leaving the crew unable to complete their mission. A13 was able to abort the mission and return to headquarters with no loss of life.

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Exploration Log A17: Mission team A17 was equipped with a purpose-built SCP-1960-J Roving Vehicle, allowing them to study SCP-1960-J's surface in great detail. Team A17 detonated several explosives on SCP-1960-J to study the practicality of destroying SCP-1960-J, but the resulting damage was minor. SCP-1960-J is considered essentially indestructible.

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Authorized Personnel Only:

> Display image of SCP-1960-J

> In light of [REDACTED], all future exploration missions to SCP-1960-J are suspended. No Foundation personnel are to make direct contact with SCP-1960-J under any circumstances.
> -O5-

SCP-231-J: 0.453592 Kilograms of Flesh

Item #: SCP-231-J

Object Class: Neutralized Keter

Special Containment Procedures: If there is any feasible way to contain or neutralize SCP-231-J, any proposals and ideas are welcome for submission to the O5 Council immediately. Generation of a successful containment protocol for SCP-231-J will result in the compensation of the responsible parties with Bonus Package 10-Elysium.

> **Bonus Package 10-Elysium:**
> • One Lamborghini Centenario LP 770-4, customized for interstellar travel
> • One Iron Maiden concept album dedicated to your life and accomplishments
> • One high-five from the Administrator, Dr. Alto Clef, and **SCP-076**-2
> • True Love
> • Complete diplomatic immunity in the United States of America, the United Kingdom, and one other country of your choice
> • Summary executions of your enemies, carried out by MTF Omega-7.5 ("OK-Class Reunion Tour Scenario")

Description: SCP-231-J is a hostile metamorphic entity that has generated from an unpaid loan of $2.00 given to Dr. Elena Jackson, the current Administrator of the Foundation, on April 26th, 1983. The loan was received from PoI-231-Omega, who was then one of Dr. Jackson's coworkers at Site-19, where Dr. Jackson had been the site director before her promotion.

> **Incident 231-Alpha-993**
>
> <Begin log>

Dr. Jackson: Wow, that giant spider *really* likes eating babies. Hey, Steve?

[PoI-231-Omega]: Yo!

Dr. Jackson: You got two dollars?

[PoI-231-Omega]: Sure thing, Dr. Jackson. What for?

Dr. Jackson: I need a Pepsi.

[PoI-231-Omega]: Don't we have them for, like, one dollar in the cafeteria?

Dr. Jackson: Yeah, but I want a *big* one.

[SCP-231 is given to Dr. Jackson]

[PoI-231-Omega]: When you gonna pay me back?

[Dr. Jackson leaves]

<End log>

On September 26, 1983, in the aftermath of a major containment breach by SCP- that resulted in 23,401 fatalities (Known as Incident- -Black), the Administrator was confronted about the unpaid debt.

Incident 231-Beta-993

<Begin log>

[Irrelevant data redacted]

Dr. Jackson: …That should take care of amnestic dispersal protocols for the civilians. Any questions? Yeah, Steve.

[PoI-231-Omega]: Where's that money you owe me?

Dr. Jackson: Not the time or place. Any other questions?

[PoI-231-Omega]: Actually, I think you have a very poor understanding of how serious this situation is.

Dr. Jackson: As do you, clearly - a quarter of a hundred thousand people's minds just exploded, and you're worrying about two dollars.

[PoI-231-Omega]: Well, if you had done your *homework*, you'd notice that, in my application for employment at Site-19, I *specifically* included a 50-page addendum detailing any loans that I would disperse to my coworkers, regardless of value. This addendum, which you agreed to by accepting my application (Article 2, paragraph 34), explicitly states that the debt would need to be repaid in full no less than 72 hours from initial disbursement. Having failed to do so, you have incurred a Class-G Delinquency Penalty Rate (Article 5, paragraph 19) of $100 dollars per month, plus a $5,000 first-time default fee and applicable Silver-level compound interest rates, as outlined in the monthly newsletter to which you subscribed by accepting my application (Article 5, paragraph 50). You currently owe me $493,026.34, plus tax.

Dr. Jackson: Steve, what's this?

[PoI-231-Omega]: What's what?

Dr. Jackson: This thing in my hand.

[PoI-231-Omega]: I don't see how that's relevant to the case at hand, but that's a combat-grade amnestic visual cognitohaz—

[PoI-231-Omega falls unconscious]

Dr. Jackson: The phrase "you're so fucking fired" comes to mind.

<End log>

On April 10th, 1990, following the death of the previous

Administrator from food poisoning, Dr. Jackson was elected as his replacement in light of her heroism and leadership during Incident- -Black. Two days after her inauguration, contact with the Foundation was re-established by PoI-231-Omega, having recovered from his amnestic treatment through the usage of the highly esoteric and experimental technique known as "having written it down prior to the amnestics." At this point, through several loopholes carefully designed by PoI-231-Omega, SCP-231-J had increased in value to $50,936,299,102.49 plus tax, with an additional debt of "500 human souls, two truckloads of diamonds, the blood of a virgin, and a goddamn pony."

Following this contact, PoI-231-Omega was promptly located by MTF Psi-8 ("The Silencers"), issued several restraining orders, reprimanded, and stabbed to death[1]. Before his termination, PoI-231-Omega made an otherwise unintelligible mention of a "transfer to a third-party collections agency." Following this, SCP-231-J was temporarily reclassified as Neutralized.

Addendum 1: On May 15th, 1995, Site-19 received a letter in an unmarked envelope.

> *Scarlett & King Collections Agency*
> *7 N. Seal Drive*
> *Montauk, NY 11954*
>
> Dear Dr. Jackson,
>
> Hello there! SO excited about getting to know you. See, we've been made aware of a *tiny* debt you've been keeping from our client, Dr. Steven . No biggie, we swear - we're a new, progressive startup, bringing a non-judgmental, people-focused approach to collections, so you don't have anything to worry about from us!
>
> So far, it looks like you owe him:
>
> • $[DATA EXPUNGED].53, plus tax
> • 700 trillion human souls condemned eternally to the sadistic pleasure-pits of [DATA EXPUNGED]
> • Ownership of 53 individual timelines of the Multiverse

• And one "goddamn pony"

This shouldn't be a problem at all. With our customized payment plans, you'll only have to [DATA EXPUNGED]

So be sure to get back to us as soon as you can - specifically, by June 1st! Otherwise, we might have to deal with the least favorite part of our jobs: penalties. Ugh! So unpleasant.

Fortunately, these penalties are barely noticeable. They include, but are not limited to:

• An indefinite lien on the mortality of **SCP-682**
• Repossession of anomalous property, courtesy of fourth-party contractors such as the Chaos Insurgency
• Transfer of negotiations to an onsite collections liaison

So, we suggest you get right on this! ***Now.***

Eyes on the prize,

Maisie Scarlett

Addendum 2 - Collections Liaison: On June 1st, 1995, a raid on a demon-worshipping compound led to the discovery of the aforementioned "Collections Liaison" entity. For more information on this entity, please refer to the documentation for **SCP-231**.

+ Instructions for Procedure 110-Montauk -
5/231 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Procedure 110-Montauk:

1. The six class-D personnel will enter SCP-231-7's containment chamber, holding a suitcase filled with $500,000.00 in cash.

2. The six D-class personnel will throw the cash at SCP-231-7 in as disorganized and passive-aggressive of a manner as possible.

+ Full, unedited text of unedited Addendum 231-b - 5/231 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Dear Friends,

It has come to my attention that recently, certain rumors have surfaced regarding SCP-231. Due to the drop in staff morale, I have decided to address some of the more prevalent points.

• Yes, Procedure 110-Montauk is as horrible as you have heard, which is why only Class D Personnel are authorized to carry it out. Yes, it does involve brutal mishandling of crucial funding assets.

• No, assignment to SCP-231 is not intended to test your loyalty to the Foundation, your tendencies towards throwing money at the problem, or anything else.

• No, SCP-231 is not a punishment detail.

• Yes, there are staff members who have been on SCP-231 and have successfully transferred out by their own request. No, not everyone who's worked on SCP-231 is terminated upon leaving the project.

• No, you may not keep the cash she doesn't pick up.

• Yes, staff members who have been assigned to SCP-231 are allowed to take a Class A Amnesiac before leaving the project if so desired. Yes, false memories are then implanted. No, none of the supposed methods for recovering or detecting false memories work. Yes, there are some of you who've worked on SCP-231 and don't remember it.

• No, we have not given up trying to save up for a specific appeasement fund for SCP-231-7, but research in that field must be carried out with the utmost of caution. Based on the increased potency of each subsequent asset liquidation event associated with each subsequent "Collections Liaison" specimen, there is a strong possibility that SCP-231-7's repossession event could result in an XK class end-of-the-world scenario. This information is corroborated in notebooks recovered from the accountants (see document "Seven Brides, Seven Percent Compound Interest," SCP-231-Adjunct B).

• No, filing for bankruptcy is NOT an option. Neither is drugging her and throwing post-it notes. She has to be aware of the individual value of each bill for 110-Montauk to work.

• One final note: The Foundation does many frivolous things in the completion of our mission, but our mission is important enough that the debt is one we must pay. Containment of SCP-231 is one of our most dangerous duties, not because of any direct danger to ourselves (like SCP-682) but because of the danger that our credit score will fail even harder, that we will allow ourselves to either let down our guard due to lack of a reasonable budget, or that we will allow ourselves to become monsters through the performance of monstrous spending. Just do your jobs, and save the philosophizing for the payroll department.

Sincerely,
The Administrator

GIVE ME MY MONEY YOU PUTRID BAGS OF BONES AND MEAT AND FECES, WHERE'S MY FUCKING MONEY, YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY WHAT I WANT,

WHERE I CAN'T GET IT, I'LL EVEN ACCEPT TRAVELER'S CHECKS FOR FUCK'S SAKE

+ Input 5/231-J Credentials -
Does The Black Moon Howl?

Item #: SCP-231-Omega-J

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: *"God help us all."*

Description: SCP-231-Omega-J is the Foundation's credit rating.

Footnotes
1. It should be noted that the means of termination had incidentally fulfilled the requirement of "the blood of a virgin".

SCP-2100-J: Hard-Boiled Fedora

Item #: SCP-2100-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2100-J is to be stored within a secure lock-box within the Site-L11 Level 2 cognito-hazardous items repository. All requests for testing of SCP-2100-J require approval from at least three (3) Level 3 or higher personnel.

Description: SCP-2100-J is a brown Fedora-style hat produced by . The physical composition of SCP-2100-J does not differ in any way from that of other hats of the same model. Object is susceptible to physical harm and care should be taken to prevent its destruction during testing. SCP-2100-J incites a weak compulsive response in humans, causing subjects viewing the item to desire to wear it. This response is not incited in other species and has been shown to be possible to overcome given a small amount of effort.

When worn by a human subject, SCP-2100-J will cause said subject to narrate surrounding events as they transpire. Subjects invariably prove unwilling or unable to cease this narration, in most cases being unaware of its occurrence. Narration is done in the form of internal monologue (albeit vocalized), usually pessimistic in tone and language used, comparable to that of 1920's Crime-Noir literature and early 1950's Film-Noir motion pictures. **[See Test Log 2100-J-12]** While wearing SCP-2100-J individuals have shown heightened violent responses in reaction to negative stimuli, often resulting in physical conflict with other humans and (in some cases) with animals. Upon removal, the narratory effects of SCP-2100-J dissipate, resulting in a partial lack of memory in subjects regarding events which occurred while SCP-2100-J was worn. It should be noted however, that the attractive properties of SCP-2100-J do not dissipate following removal of the item unless a large (upwards of 300m) distance is put between the item and subject.

+ Test Log 2100-J-12

Test Log 2100-J-12: The following is a transcript of the vocalized narration spoken by D-929181 while under the effects of SCP-2100-J. All narration was given during a standard series of tests to ascertain the mental effects caused by SCP-2100-J on the subject.

<**Begin Log**>

[D-929181 receives initial instructions from Dr.]

D-929181: "The dame wore hazmat. I'd never been a clever guy, but the lady was throwing out more danger signals than a barbed sex-doll. She pulled a face like she'd smelt something bad on me, maybe she had. Not much time for showers in this godforsaken place. She was talking about tests or something. Tests? Hope she didn't expect me to do any math, the only thing I could add these days were entries to the obituary column. I coughed, but she had already stopped talking. Was like she could read my mind. Last time I'd thought about that kind of thing was when I was twelve, at one of those old circuses, big family fun kinda things. Fortuneteller told me I'd be a lawyer. I guess I did lay down the law."

[D-929181 is instructed to write a short paragraph regarding his current situation]

D-929181: "Bitch was mocking me now, acting like I'm some brain-dead chimp who couldn't string a few sentences together. Guess I'd been right with the danger signals, unlike that time in Atlanta. Bastard had stabbed me twice in the hand before I had taken him down. I'd used my shoe to do it, beat him till he was a smear of ketchup on the burned meat of the sidewalk. I had shoes on now, nice and sturdy. I prepped myself to get up and try to take her down, but her gun was already pointed at me. Goddamn fortunetellers. I played her game, wrote down a nice little summary of my current situation. Probably pleased her as much as a skinned dog, I knew

her kind. They liked to see you twitch and suffer, especially when all the skin's gone. A nice distraction if you can manage to get enough free time and somewhere to keep the meat hidden. Goddamn sadist."

[D-929181 is instructed to walk the length of the room several times]

D-929181: "Had a good opportunity to stretch my legs, and I took it. The walls and floor of the room were whiter than a Ku Klux Klan member trapped in a paint factory. Except the guard, he wore black. Bastard had a broken nose, and broken eyes to boot. He glared at me, maybe he knew what I thought of him or maybe he was just the spiteful type. Certainly looked it. You met guys like that: the guys who like to dip animals in lemon water after cutting them up, but only after everyone's gone to sleep so nobody finds out about it. His glare was fiercer than the look coming from a pastor who's just been told that God is dead. Good, anger made him stupid. I went for him, this could be my chance."

[D-929181 begins moving towards Security Personnel]

[Security Personnel shoots D-929181 twice in self-defense]

D-929181: "First bullet went into my ribs, second my leg. Lot of blood, from the wounds and from my mouth. I tried to close it, but I couldn't manage. Just opened and closed like a bored goldfish. I was saying something, I couldn't quite hear it. Talking about bullets in my ribs and in my legs. What the hell? Why was I telling everyone about that? I realized. The hat, that goddamn hat they'd made me wear. I tried to take it off, but moving anything hurt more than going into space with a hangover. Who the fuck talked like that, I wondered. Bleeding out and making metaphors? I braced myself to snatch that thing off, but before I could breathe, move or blink, I went ahead and died."

[Subject Expires]

<**End Log**>

SCP-7800-J: The Five-Second Rule

Item #: SCP-7800-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-7800-J affected foodstuffs, too numerous to contain, have been partially held within **Site-77**'s breakroom. No personnel have gotten sick or died because of SCP-7800-J affected foodstuffs.

Description: SCP-7800-J is a phenomenon affecting foodstuffs which have been dropped onto the floor. For approximately five seconds, all possible contaminants will not affect it. This miraculous phenomenon has been observed by Researcher Boyd numerous times in the Site-77 staff break room. It is not actually all that unusual to perform in practice.

When activated, personnel surrounding SCP-7800-J affected foodstuffs will react as if the researcher involved was eating from a trash receptacle, which he **wasn't**. Researchers are to note that there are more contaminants on a kitchen counter anyway.

Personnel are also to note that use of SCP-7800-J saves the Foundation time and money which can be better spent on containment. Research done independently by Researcher Boyd has shown that a temporal anomaly may occur where the length of seconds may temporarily dilate, dependent on the hunger of the subject and the price of the food in question. Researcher Boyd has included a chart:

Extraordinary Event 7800-J-17, the Jim Pepperoni's Five-Cheese Calzone Incident, is estimated to have saved Foundation staff at least $5.95. This $5.95 allowed for the purchase of cinnamon raisin bagels, which further served to improve site morale. SCP-7800-J also served to protect site supplies from Anomaly 5XJ9 - 'Butter Side Down'.

Addendum: Experimenters will admit that SCP-7800-J does not function properly when there are liquids involved, including sauces, but this has no bearing on Extraordinary Event 7800-J-17 because Researcher Boyd only took two bites and they were basically on the top.

Incident Report: SCP-7800-J has been shown to affect dirty dishes as well - Researcher Darryl Jacobs was carrying large amounts of dishes after he consumed a single bowl of soup, and accidentally dropped them. Researcher Boyd manage to catch 9 of the plates, and then began to give them to Site-77's dog, Sparky, who successfully consumed the dropped foodstuffs without exploding or anything.

SPC-2935: O, Fin

From the office of the Athletic Coordinator.

Ladies and gentlemen of the Centre. When we founded this organizat
Pummel. Combat. From our humble beginnings following the consolic
right on through till today, this has been our promise to the world. We
time, as the personnel currently performing Procedure 110-Monshark
against your friends, your loved ones, all in the pursuit of our mission.

You may have heard of Project Ahab. You may have wondered if suc
possibility of non-sharks being caught in the crossfire, of innocent civi
the detractors say, "surely we don't need to resort to WMP's".

SPC-2935 represents the single greatest threat to our continued exist
of the Centre. What you are about to read is incredibly disturbing, but
falter. We will not concede defeat. And when you gaze into the abyss,

…punch the shit out of it.

***Note:** The administration is aware that this particular format does not adhere to the Standard, but you have to admit it looks sick as fuck.

Description: **SPC-2935** is the term for an alternate Earth, accessible via an heretofore undocumented cave system in New Mexico.

SPC-2935 is for all intents and purposes identical to baseline Earth, excluding the fact that organic life - as well as advanced AI and sentient anomalies - became entirely selachian-based on July 17,

2017.

SPC-2935 was discovered on July 19th, after pugilists at Arena-81 picked up a distorted emergency broadcast. A search of the area of its supposed origin led to the discovery of a cave which accessed the aforementioned alternate Earth. Upon entry, the broadcast was able to be deciphered:

> Citizens, beware! Selachian threats may be loose in the immediate area. Please remain indoors, and report any fishy activity to your local Centre representative. Stay tuned in for further updates.

All subsequent information on SPC-2935 was gathered by Mobile Task Fist Betta-12 ("Bare-Knuckle Trawlers"), and relayed to Centre Command during a reconnaissance mission.

Exploration Logs SPC-2935

> Exploration Round 1. Codename: Fire
>
> > **Mission Rules:** To explore the newly-discovered anomaly. Report back with findings.
> >
> > **In the red corner:** Four members of Mobile Task Fist Betta-12. Coach observing from Area-31.
> >
> > **In the blue corner:** The enigmatic SPC-2935. Probably some sharks.
> >
> > <Round One>
> >
> > **Coach:** Team. Do you see anything yet?
> >
> > **Russell:** Nothing yet.
> >
> > **Adrian:** Yea. Just seems to be an ordinary cave th—
> >
> > **Maggie:** What's that?

Segal: 'Er's a light up ahead.

Adrian: More like a tunnel then, looks like its leading us back out to the road.

Maggie: Then where's that distress call coming from?

Segal: Maybe there's sharks that learned how t' operate radios, an' they're luring us into a trap.

Adrian: No way!

Segal: Maybe they're ghosts. Those screw with electronics, right?

Adrian: That…that's terrifying. Stop it!

Russell: Seriously, kid?

Adrian: You…you can't punch a ghost.

Maggie: Five bucks says Segal—

Coach: Ahem.

Russell: Right. We're coming out now. Looks like…damn.

[The team emerges from the cave and into a sparsely-wooded location identical to that surrounding the entrance to SPC-2935, although trees within the area feature gross deformities.]

Russel: We're back where we started.

Coach: Negative team. There's no sign of you over here.

Russell: Alternate reality. Gotcha.

Maggie: You sound a little too certain of that.

Adrian: Yea, what if it's just a pocket dimension?

Maggie: We could be in a facsimile of Earth aboard an alien mothership.

Adrian: What if we're all dreaming?

Maggie: What if we're already dead!

Segal: Maybe ghost sharks?

Adrian: I said stop!!!

Russell: Hold it! Do you hear that?

Maggie: Hear what?

Segal: 'S a little too quiet.

Russell: Exactly.

Maggie: We should be able to hear traffic on the main road. Hell, I don't even hear any birds.

Adrian: That's not a good sign, you guys.

Coach: Lead. What's going on with those trees along the ridge?

Segal: Damn, would you look at that?

[Team moves closer to investigate.]

Russell: The limbs - they're bent and twisted…in the shape of fins?

Adrian: They're shaped like sharks!

Maggie: Spooky.

Segal: *[cracks knuckles]* Should I punch it?

Coach: Negative, team. Have your drone collect a sample of the bark. You keep going. Get up to the road and see what you can see.

Russell: Copy that. Let's move.

[Team ascends the hillside. At the midway point, Adrian looses his footing and falls forward.]

Adrian: Ah shit!

Segal: Ye' alright boy?

Adrian: Yea. I'm…I'm alright. Oh hell, my nose is bleeding.

Maggie: Looks like you need to learn how to walk.

Adrian: Very funny miss—Ow! Ow! Shit, help!

[The grass around Adrian animates and points in his direction, while the closest blades bend and touch their tips against his body. Adrian can be seen pulling several from his hand prior to punching the ground in retaliation.]

Segal: Th' hell's goin' on?

Adrian: It's biting me! The fuckin'-ow-grass is biting me!

Maggie: The grass is sharks! Run!

[Segal grabs Adrian and throws him over his shoulder. The team punches their way up the hill.]

Russell: *[panting]* Is everyone alright? Adrian?

Adrian: Yea. All good.

Russell: Alright. Let's keep it moving, then.

[The four travel along the road along the road for a few uneventful minutes, idly chatting. No sharks are punched, ergo this portion has been omitted from the record for brevity.]

Segal: …then I says, 'I meant with THESE!'! *[Grabs his pelvic region, remaining members laugh.]*

Russell: Hold it, guys. Coach, we've got a house here. Lights are on - looks like someone might be home.

Coach: You're clear to enter. Be careful team. Punch anything that moves.

[Russell takes point and opens the front door, which is unlocked.]

Russell: *[sniffs]* Aw, that's foul.

Adrian: *[retches]*

Coach: What's going on? Report.

Maggie: *[pinching her nose]* Snells 'ike raw fish 'nd death.

Segal: Smells like 's time to kick some arse. *[cracks knuckles]*

[Team moves through the house; Russell and Segal clear the first floor, while Maggie and Adrian search the second. Russell detects noises emanating from the basement, the squad rendezvous in the kitchen.]

Maggie: What's going on, we found

something?

Russell: Think so. Listen…

[The squad pauses. From the basement; several long, drawn-out, high-pitched vocalizations can be heard. It seems to be coming from multiple sources.]

Adrian: Spooky.

Segal: Aye. Sounds…off.

Maggie: Sounds like someone's in pain.

[Russell opens the door. The sound is clearer.]

Unidentified Voice 1: *[whispering]* Shhhyyyaaaaarrrrrk…

[Team members look at one another in hesitation.]

Adrian: Nose goes!

Segal: Kid, we're pros. Aint no way we're—

[All present quickly touch an index finger to their nose.]

Segal: *[sighs]* A'right. Le's do this. *[cracks knuckles]*

[Segal charges down the stairs, turns the corner and then immediately recoils in shock.]

Russell: What is it? Talk to me, big guy.

Unidentified Voice 1: Shhhyyy…

Unidentified Voice 2: Shyyark! Sharkk! Shyark!

Unidentified Voice 1: …aaarrrrk.

[Segal doesn't respond, and presses further back against the wall. The remaining members make their way downstairs.]

Russell: What..

Maggie: The literal…

Adrian: Fuck?

[Three adult humanoid entities with shark-like features flop about the area. A fourth, smaller instance flops around in a nearby playpen. They're wearing torn and tattered clothing. The instances notice the MTF members. They excitedly repeat 'shark', and snap at them, but do not seem capable of directing their movement.]

Segal: 'S probably the mos' fucked thing I've seen, and I've fought in the **`Sharkic`** wars.

Russell: *[Does the sign of the cross.]* This is… Coach, are you seeing this?

Coach: Wish I weren't.

Adrian: Do we…do we punch them?

[The instance closest to the squad attempts to bring itself to a standing position, bracing itself on a nearby table for support. Its slips during this attempt, and falls on its face.]

Selachian entity: Shyark! *[Believed to be used as an expletive due to the intonation.]*

Coach: Just put them out of their misery, already. I can't watch this anymore.

Segal: Y' head on upstairs, now. *[crack knuckles]* I'll handle this.

Coach: That works. Scour the rest of the house, see if we can't figure out what's going on here.

[Team moves upstairs, excluding Segal, and fans out.]

Adrian: Hey, found something! It's a newspaper. "Albuquerque Herald. July 17, 2016." Headline reads: "Four dead after a deadly game of 'Leap Frog'. Residents shocked." That was two days ago.

Russell: Good find. Coach?

Coach: I've got Analytics bringing it up now and - yea, seems like it matches baseline.

Russell: Huh. Odd, you'd think —

Maggie: *[From the living room.]* Guys! Get in here!

[Maggie is in the living room in front of the television. It displays the set of 'Shark Tank[3]*.*

Several shark-people can be seen flopping about the set, two of which seem to be attempting to climb into seats. A fifth shark-person lays opposite them, using a pointer to draw attention towards a large drawing aboard an easel. The drawing seems to be a schematic that would assist in bipedal locomotion for the shark-people. All instances are excitedly repeating the word 'shark', in an argumentative manner.]

Russell: …we're gonna need a bigger team.

Coach: Affirmative. We have another squad on standby. Hold your position.

Recovered Material
Samples of microbial lifeforms
Grass blades
An adult SPC-2935-sourced humanoid

Exploration Round 2. Codename: Ignition

Mission Rules: To further explore the alternate dimension. MTF has been instructed to reach Arena-81, and search for surviving Centre personnel. Report back with findings.

In the red corner: Four members of Mobile Task Fist Betta-12. Four members of Mobile Task Fist Alfalfa-2 ("Heavyweight Sink-Bait")

In the blue corner: SPC-2935. Definitely some sharks.

<Round Two>

[Reinforcements meet MTF Betta-12 members and proceed to commandeer a pair of

vehicles. Departure is delayed due to the fact that MTF members spend several hours constructing two massive fists out of scrap metal, which they affix to the front of their vehicles.[4] *The teams proceed to Arena-81, deliberately swerving to hit every shark along the way. They reach the Arena unscathed, and break up into two teams.*

The first, led by Agent Russell, enters into the Arena proper via a freight elevator. The second, led by Agent Tyson, access Arena-81's offsite data storage bank.[5] *Due to the distance traveled, two-way communication is hampered, and agents are unable to receive commands from Centre Coaches.*

Russell stands cross-armed in the corner of the elevator. Adrian paces back and forth nervously. Segal shadow-boxes across from Maggie, who is attempting to access the Arena's intranet on her tablet.]

Segal: Any luck, Mag?

Maggie: Not really. I'm having a harder time than I should. The Site's AI isn't responding to any of my requests - and I *think* it's actively working against me.

Adrian: Isn't that a typical breach response?

Maggie: It would be, if we didn't already possess the proper credentials.

Russell: Well, whatever happened here probably tripped *every* emergency countermeasure, so I wouldn't fault the paranoid android.

Adrian: You guys think… do you think it took

care of all the sharks on-site?

Russell: The personnel? *[scoffs]* Definitely. Arena-81 has the highest ratio of spring-loaded-boxing-glove traps per square-foot out of every Arena in the Centre. They'd be tenderized before they knew what hit them!

Segal: I don't like th' sound of tha'.

Maggie: Why not? Makes our job easier. We'll just have to wade through some leftover shark guts.

Segal: Y' know wha' happens when you kill a buncha sharks in one location?

Russell: Bragging rights?

[Here, Segal leans in towards Adrian.]

Segal: *[whispering]* Ghost sharks.

Adrian: *[shaken]* Christ! What did I tell you about that?!

Maggie: Ah, quit hasslin' the kid.

Segal: Just passin' the time, s'all.

Maggie: Well, no need to; we're here.

[The elevator comes to a halt, and the doors slide open. The team moves into the front offices.]

Russell: Odd.

Adrian: Everything's so clean still.

Russell: Place should be shark-viscera city

Segal: Maybe this place was empty when

whatever it was hit.

Russell: Maybe. Maggie, any luck getting in?

Maggie: Negative. Jarvis seems to be fighting me still.

Adrian: We could try this terminal here; see if we can't talk some sense into him.

Russell: Good idea. You try to get in touch with him. Let him know that we're here, everything's going to be fine. Poor fuck's probably traumatized after having to turn on staff.

Adrian: Right.

Russell: Segal, stay here with Adrian. Maggie, on me. I'd like to check out the boxing ring. I spent practically the whole day there on the 16th.

[The pair departs while Adrian attempts to contact Jarvis]

Segal: This won't take long, will it?

Adrian: Not at all. In fact…*[pause]* Yea, I might just have it. *[leans in towards microphone]* Jarvis? Hey, Jar-Jar! You in there?

[Russell and Maggie stroll down the hall towards the boxing ring. It is noted that none of the Arena's defenses have been triggered.]

Maggie: That's some morbid curiosity you've got there, trying to catch a glimpse of the sharked-out you.

Russell: It's… it's not that.

Maggie: Ah. Then what, you wanna go put it out of its misery?

Russell: Not quite.

Maggie: Than what the hell are we doing taking a detour?

Russell: Don't worry about it. Just follow my lead.

[Russell opens up the door to the boxing ring. A loud, fleshy slapping noise can be heard.]

Russell: Let's get this over with.

[The slapping noise continues, it is coming from behind the ring. Maggie and Russell slip on their knuckledusters.]

Unidentified Selachian Entity: Shyark, shyark?

[slapping intensifies]

Unidentified Selachian Entity: Shhhaaarrk?

[The agents come around the corner, and discover the transfigured form of Shark-Russell.]

Maggie: Oh, damn.

Russell: It's… so pathetic.

Russell Shark: Shhh… Shyark.

Maggie: You alright? You need me to take care of it?

[Russell nods. Maggie proceeds to trounce the

instance. After several moments, it is confirmed deceased. Maggie hits it a few more times just to be sure, as is standard-practice.]

Maggie: *[panting]* …there… one dead… shark.

Russell: Thanks.

Maggie: So, what was this about, anyways?

[Russell bends over, and begins rummaging through the pockets of his sharklegänger. He withdraws a fat wad of cash. He waves it triumphantly in Maggie's face.]

Maggie: You fu— Did you really have us come here so you could *rob yourself*?

Russell: You're just mad you didn't think to do this first. Anyways, let's get —

*[Maggie's tablet produces a high-pitched "*meep!*", distracting the Agents.]*

Maggie: *[Removes the tablet from her belt, begins typing.]* Hey! Adrian must have gotten us in. Let's see…huh. This is odd.

Russell: What's that?

Maggie: It appears that, well, none of the emergency countermeasures were triggered.

Russell: Damn. There's something in the ballpark of three thousand people working here. If they're all still active, we're going to need to be really careful not to -

[Klaxon alarms throughout the site begin to sound off. Emergency lights activate, pulsing red light through the facility. The sound of

screaming can be heard over the racket. Adrian appears, running full-speed from the main offices, through the room, and towards D-Wing.]

Adrian: Run! Run for your lives!

Russell: Hey —

Maggie: Wait!

[Segal comes running as well, and follows Adrian.]

Segal: Go, go, go!

[Maggie and Russell stare at each other in confusion for a moment. Hundreds of slow, metallic, clanking noises become audible and grow increasingly louder.]

Russell: Do you hear that?

[Now, the sound of dozens of nasally, high-pitched and excited voices can be heard. All are repeating the word "shyark" (sic). Russell peers out the door to get a look.

The hallway is seen to be filled to capacity with selachian-based personnel. Each one possesses a walker to assist in locomotion. They slowly hobble towards the agents.]

Russell: Hey, Mag. We need to —

[Russell turns around. Maggie is no longer present, however there is a smoky outline roughly in her shape. It appears to be waving.]

Russell: *[sigh]*

[Squad is running through the D-Wing halls. Shark-people alerted by the klaxons are exiting individual rooms lining either side of the hallway which the squad must avoid as they move. These sharks join the ever-growing crowd pursuing the team.

The squad comes to a T-junction, which hosts an elevator. Sharkmen are pouring into the hallways on either side of the squad - prohibiting movement. The team slows to a halt: Maggie surveys the situation, Segal takes a pugilatory position, Adrian doubles over and hyperventilates, Russell's momentum carries him right into the elevator doors. Russell begins pressing the 'Call' button repeatedly. It does not respond. Segal proceeds to pound his fists into the metal, causing it to explode from its frame and topple into the empty shaft.]

Russell: Alright, we're in!

[Each member leaps into the shaft, and begin sliding down the cables moments before the sharkmen reach their position. Several floors down, the primary SPC Hold's access point is seen to have been torn apart from the inside. Team exits on this floor.

Though most of the lights have been damaged, with few still blinking, the Hold can be seen to be in ruins - large sections of concrete litter the floor, the remaining walls bear shark claw marks. Several doors leading to the holding cells of various selachian entities and countermeasures are found to be breached.]

Adrian: Oh jeez, oh fuck! Oh no, oh no, oh no.

Maggie: Comon', kid. Relax. Whatever caused

all of this is long gone.

[The team slowly progresses down the hall in the dark - pausing to confirm the absence of several previously-held selachian entities.]

Maggie: Let's see… Oh! Hey, check that one out, down the hall.

Segal: Tha's a broom closet.

Adrian: It's seeping blood!

[The team exchanges glances.]

Russell: Mag, get up there and open it. Be prepared for anything.

Maggie: Right. You ready?

[Maggie counts down from three on her free hand, and pulls open the door. The corpse of an unidentified human in Centre tumbles out from within.]

Russell: God, that reeks.

Maggie: Odd. This one's not sharked-out like the rest.

[Adrian approaches the closet, retrieving a note that was attached to the back of the door. He studies its contents.]

Segal: 'e took one hell of a beating though.

Maggie: His fists… did he do this to himself?

Segal: Musta' knew 'e was turnin' - punched his own ticket. A basta'd after me own heart.

Russel: This man should be remembered for

his heroism. I'll check his wallet for identification.

Maggie: Of course you will.

Russell: Hm… our mystery combatant is none other than… fuck! No. No way.

Adrian: Ooo! Do we know him?

Russell: Adrian it's… it's you.

Segal: Hell'd ye suppose happened?

Adrian: Nevermind that, you guys. How'd you think OUTLANDER's holding up?

Russel: **`SPC-682`**? Well, he was pretty shark-like to begin with, so I can't imagine how he'd be worse off.

Maggie: Well, he should be around the next corner and down a ways, I say we go pay him a visit.

[The team continues uneventfully for several minutes through the darkened corridors, ending at SPC-682's holding cell. Adrian punches in his access codes, and the door opens. A deafening buzz emanates from within the chamber.]

Russell: Oh…

[The entirety of the room's interior appears to be filled with monochromatic scenes of war-time reel footage, played at 1.5x speed. SPC-682 is seen hovering in the air several feet from the team amidst this backdrop. Its appearance is that of an disturbingly hyper-realistic cartoon goblin shark. It makes no movement, but appears to stare at the team

intensely as a loud, grinding drone echoes within the chamber.]

Adrian: *[weeps hysterically]*

Segal: *[high-pitched shriek]*

Maggie: Its staring into my soul!

Russell: Fuuuuuuck!!!

[The squad retreats down the hall towards an emergency exit and leaves the Arena, screaming the entire way. The rest of the recording is filled with unintelligible screams and cries as they await MTF Alfalfa-2's return; at which point, they settle down. The decision is then made to travel to Arena-19 to determine its status.]

Exploration Round 3. Codename: Stargate

Mission Rules: Travel to Arena-19, to hopefully find pugilists or entities unmarred by selachian influence.

In the red corner: Four members of Mobile Task Fist Betta-12. Four members of Mobile Task Fist Alfalfa-2 ("Heavyweight Sink-Bait")

In the blue corner: SPC-2935

<Round Three>

[Presumably due to distance from baseline, video feeds from the team degrade to the point of uselessness - audio contact is lost with all but Adrian.]

Adrian: Are we there yet?

Adrian: How much longer?

Adrian: I need to pee.

[Comments such as this continue in ten-minute intervals for the next several hours - edited for sanity.]

Adrian: Right, I should be able to…there.

Adrian: Yea, it is pretty spooky down here.

Adrian: Open it? Yea, I can — hold on.
Plaque says: 'SPC is a spectral selachian entit —' oh, screw you, Segal!

Adrian: Uhh, let's try this way.

Adrian: No, I think it's actually… yea. See? It's fine you guys, you can clench your fists.

Adrian: Yea. Give me a second. I'll catch up to you guys.

Adrian: No, it didn't say 'Armed', it said, um, *'Warmed'*. When the propulsion system kicks in, it *warms* the whole Arena. Let's just keep looking around.

Adrian: Jesus, this too?

Adrian: *[sobbing]*

Adrian: There's too many of them!

Adrian: *[screaming]*

Adrian: Yea? Well maybe if you pulled over and just let me pee we wouldn't *be* in this mess!

Adrian: I think we lost them.

Adrian: Hold on…looks like Coach sent a drone. Comon'!

Adrian: This one should lead us out the back.

[At this point, the feed cuts out completely.]

Exploration Round 4. Codename: Thunderbolt

Mission Rules: To assess the status of the exploration team.

In the red corner: One fist-equipped automated drone powered solely by selachian ichor.

In the blue corner: Just…all the fucking sharks, you guys.

<Round Four>

[The drone departs from baseline. From the air, the full extent of devastation can be seen. All flora and fauna in the area possess shark-like features. The streets are littered with car accidents, with drivers still flopping around all silly-like in their seats. To the east, several sharknados tear across the county.

The drone continues on for some time, occasionally engaging in pugilism against passing shawks, swarms of bumble sharks, and an unusually persistent shark paraglider. Eventually, the drone arrives at Arena-19, and pings the team.

At dusk, the team arrives. Most of the

members spread out and talk among themselves. Adrian approaches the drone, inserts collected samples, and begins to speak into the camera.]

Adrian: Listen. I think I have everything figured out. There was this note that dead-me wrote before beating himself to death. It was a warning. *He* already went through this. He went into his *own* SPC-2935 from here and when he came back? Well, *something* stuck with him.

It's… I don't - I'm certain of it. No one here's going to believe me, and if we try to head back… I can't bear to let it happen. I've got little sluggers back home! I can't let this happen to them! Any one of us could carry this, this *thing* back - let it do to our world what it did here.

Or you know what? What if it's me? If other-me went into that cave and brought it here… then maybe I'm the vector? Maybe I'm Shark?

At any rate, this place is rigged to blow. I can't take any chances. I can't live in a world of Shark. This will be my final action for the Centre - if I do this, maybe it will fix everything.

Ah crap. It occurs to me… if you're going to retrieve this…

You're Shark, too.

Maggie: Hey! Who're you calling a shark?

Russell: Not sure, but I heard him call himself a shark a minute ago…

Segal: *[cracks knuckles]*

Adrian: Guys? Stay back! Guys, please! Hey! No!

[Everyone proceeds to beat Adrian senseless until everything just fucking explodes. The end.]

Footnotes
1.Most notably: 'Her Majesty's Foundation for the Shark Punchers of the Coast'
2.Which entails punching a little-girl shark in the face. Repeatedly.
3.'Shark Tank' Was an American reality television series that invited entrepreneurs to present business ideas to a group of investors or 'Sharks', who would then choose whether or not close a deal. In baseline, the show lasted a single episode before it was raided by the Centre. All involved in its production were summarily pummeled to death.
4.This footage has since been reproduced and circulated in a number of different montages, because it is certifiably badass.
5.Tyson's team doesn't do anything aside from some nerdy computer bullshit, and the only thing punched is a keyboard, so their

transcripts have been omitted.

SCP-1D6-J: Gygax's Folly

Item #: SCP-1D6-J

Object Class:

1. Safe
2. Euclid
3. Keter
4. Safe, later promoted to Euclid once it exploded a guy's eyeballs
5. Safe, later promoted to Keter once it exploded ten guys' eyeballs
6. Double Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1D6-J is to be contained within:

1. a cardboard box
2. standard 3m x 3m x 3m room
3. standard 3m x 3m x 3m room with a lock on the door
4. olympic pool full of vinegar
5. underground bunker guarded by a priest, a rabbi, and a cowboy
6. its own pocket universe

Description: SCP-1D6-J is a:

1. stone cube
2. common household item
3. big dog
4. swarm of insects
5. just some hobo
6. conglomeration of body parts from at least three different taxa

except that it is:

1. extremely old and decaying
2. brand spanking new
3. alarmingly out of fashion
4. warm to the touch
5. radioactive
6. noneuclidian

SCP-1D6-J was acquired from:

1. Dr. Bright's bathroom
2. suburban house, family now insane
3. holy temple, monks didn't like it
4. alternate future
5. real future
6. another universe, bad move in retrospect

Attempts to destroy it have failed due to:

1. didn't feel like it
2. it's indestructible
3. it regenerates
4. it is too cute to destroy
5. it destroys the scientists first
6. [DATA EXPUNGED] all over people's faces

Handling the SCP or being close to it leads to:

1. hairy palms
2. intense feeling of paranoia
3. skin replaced with non-skin substance
4. hive mind formation
5. Disappearing Leg Syndrome (DLS)
6. heat death

Research Log:
Research attempted:

1. threw rubber ball at SCP
2. exposed it to open flame
3. told a D-Class to tell his problems to SCP
4. uttered list of power words between "G" and "M"

5. drew a mustache on it with marker
6. fed it to SCP-682

Results:

1. strong smell of camphor
2. voices from beyond the membrane dictate shopping list
3. blood, blood everywhere
4. nothing much, but O5s told us to stop anyway
5. Site-22 destroyed
6. time now runs backwards, my bad

Notes:

1. Don't feed it after midnight
2. Stop using this as a doorstop, you guys
3. All references to pop culture are strictly forbidden
4. Pretty sure it winked at me
5. Requests for better accommodation and some light reading rescinded
6. It speaks truth and we shall all join it on the black ship

SCP-1992-J: Hype Train

Item #: SCP-1992

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: If the existence of an SCP-1992-1 is confirmed, Foundation agents are to attempt to persuade passengers to disembark. Foundation personnel are advised to not board the train, regardless of how persuasive the arguments of the passengers are.

Should Foundation personnel fail to keep an instance of SCP-1992-1 from crashing, MTF-Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings") are to secure the crash site, disseminate information concerning the crash, and identify all passengers. Survivors are to be taken to hospitals under Foundation control until release to their residency and given Class B amnestics. Cover stories are to be fabricated for the deceased at the discretion of MTF-Gamma-5.

Description: SCP-1992 is a worldwide phenomenon focused around various forms of media including novels, music, movies, television programs, video games, comic books, and internet-based media. SCP-1992 physically manifests in the form of an autonomous passenger train, designated SCP-1992-1. Multiple instances of SCP-1992-1 are capable of existing at once.

SCP-1992 events begin with the announcement of a piece of media that is met with widespread enthusiasm; a variable researchers have tentatively termed "hype." However, an instance of SCP-1992-1 will not manifest for every anticipated piece of media. It is unknown how exactly SCP-1992 selects its sources, though it it hypothesized it selects media that will cause the most damage. It is theorized SCP-1992-1 will only preemptively manifest to represent media that are met with a largely negative reaction upon release. If true, it is unknown whether SCP-1992 is able to predict the quality of upcoming media, or retroactively affects the source media upon

manifestation or media release, as the creators of the media are often confused by the negative reception.

Upon manifestation, individuals who hold interest in the relevant upcoming media are subject to a minor compulsion to board the train. SCP-1992-1 will disappear shortly after departing from the station. As more people board the SCP-1992-1, the range and strength of the compulsion increases. Those aboard SCP-1992-1 are theorized to subsist on "hype" rather than typical sustenance of food and water.

Upon the media's release, the relevant SCP-1992-1 will manifest somewhere on a rail line in the media's country of origin. The SCP-1992-1 will travel at a velocity dependent on the total number of those who have boarded. It will continue along the rail line until it either arrives at the next station, or derails due to excessive velocity.

Addendum: Notable Confirmed Manifestations:

Media	Type	Release yea	Result
Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace	Movie	1999	Major damage upon derailment. Possible retrocausal effect deteriorating the quality of the original trilogy. Those who survived appear to have been self-amnesticized, claiming the prequel trilogy never occurred.
The Matrix Reloaded	Movie	2003	Upon derailment, the train was subjected to an erratic temporal

			anomaly that caused it to randomly slow down for brief periods of time, colloquially "bullet time." After several rolls the train somehow managed to land back on the rails. It successfully reached the next station, where it exploded and killed everyone in the train and the station.
Sonic the Hedgehog	Video Game	2006	Despite the only moderate amount of passengers, the train was able to spin upon derailment and accelerate to supersonic speed. Notably, several cars of the train were filled with thousands of insects and several kilograms of fecal matter. No survivors.
Indiana Jones and the Kingdom	Movie	2008	Model of SCP-1992-1 was

of the Crystal Skull			severely outdated, but appeared to have been recently painted. An unidentified flying object, assumed to be part of the SCP-1992 phenomenon, appeared to attempt to abduct the train. The UFO crashed into a water tower, and the train derailed, killing all inside. A single passenger was found several kilometers from the crash site, having apparently sought shelter in the train's kitchen refrigerator. He was also dead.
Metroid: Other M	Video Game	2010	Although the instance of SCP-1992-1 was traveling at speeds much higher than is recommended, it did not derail for

			almost two hours. It was not until a male voice of indeterminable origin gave the train permission to crash that the train derailed, killing all its passengers.
Duke Nukem Forever	Video Game	2011	After almost a decade of inactivity, the relevant SCP-1992-1 suddenly began manifesting again. Notably, a large gearbox had been installed on the engine car. Upon release, the train immediately accelerated to full speed. The horn sounded, blaring references to media long since irrelevant. Train crash caused no building damage due to the location of its derailment, 80% passenger mortality rate.

Diablo III	Video Game	2012	Unlike other final materializations, the relevant SCP-1992-1 final materialization initiated with it pulling into the [REDACTED] train station. Passengers were asked to disembark and wait, due to "technical difficulties." Reports indicate that the train somehow did not have enough seats for the passengers. When it finally did depart with its passengers, it quickly derailed into a nearby auction house, and despite being off the tracks it was able to propel itself through a Sony building several kilometers away. Strangely, a high percentage of the passengers survived and

			despite their complaints would board another train from the same engineers.
Prometheus	Movie	2012	Severe damage to the domestic area it derailed into. Reports indicate residents of the area could have avoided death if they had simply fled at an angle.
Half-Life 2: Episode Three / Half-Life 3	Video game	N/A	SCP-1992-1 is unique in that it is the only steam-powered locomotive to date. Current estimated velocity upon release nears the speed of light. XK-Class Scenario hypothesized upon the release of the game.

SCP-6327-J: [redacted for brevity]

WARNING: CLOSE THIS WINDOW IN THREE MINUTES. IF YOU DO NOT, THREE MINUTES WILL HAVE PASSED, WHICH WOULD CAUSE UNPLEASANT THINGS TO OCCUR. THESE THINGS ARE VASTLY UNPLEASANT. You have been warned, and are heretofore barred from saying that you had not, in fact, been warned, which you have been.

Item #: SCP-6327-J

Other Aliases: SCP-SIX-THOUSAND-THREE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SEVEN-J, SCP-VMCCCXXVII-J

Applicable Object Class: Euclid

Inapplicable Object Classes: Safe, Keter, Neutralized, Decommissioned, Explained, Thaumiel, Apollyon, Nehemoth, Zeno, Sammlung, Baldr, Clytemnestra, Embla, Teufel, Granfalloon, Wynken, Blynken, Nod, Kili, Fili, Dwalin, Balin, Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen

Containment Procedures that are Particular to SCP-6327-J and no Other Contained Anomaly Whatsoever: The source of SCP-6327-J, which has been given the nomenclatural designation of SCP-6327-J and must be addressed and identified as such, is to be placed in a container. This container is to be strong, with dimensions greater than a minimum of 40.3499 by 40.3499 by 40.3499 centimeters, and access must be limited to a code. This access code is only to be known by the Site Director; all other access to the access code is strictly prohibited and punishable by disciplinary measures, which are inherently displeasurable and should prove to be an effective deterrent against access-code-having.

All text documents found to be infected with SCP-6327-J's cognitohazardous properties are to be destroyed by means of

incineration, which will turn the document into ashes and in doing so nullify its cognitohazardous effects, which would be disastrous if maintained and displayed.

Description of SCP-6327-J: SCP-6327-J is an ancient bronze stele measuring 39.244 cm by 39.244 cm by 3 cm. The stele contains an engraved pattern of lines, shapes, and other two-dimensional displayable objects. The engraved pattern forms a shape that has proven to be a non-lethal cognitohazard. The effects of this cognitohazard are incurable, even with amnestic therapy of all classes, and cause a human subject to elaborate sentences that would, under normal circumstances, be much shorter and more concise. This succinct quality is absent in all human subjects infected by SCP-6327-J's anomalous cognitohazard, and, as such, is disagreeable.

SCP-6327-J also has an additional effect aside from its primary cognitohazardous capabilities. SCP-6327-J causes all text to which it is visually exposed to become enlongated, exaggerated, elucidated, and more elaborate and lengthy than its original state. The affected text maintains the cognitohazardous properties of the original stele, but effective at a much less instantaneous and slower rate.

> THIS IS A WARNING FOR THIS FILE: THIS FILE IS RESTRICTED T
>
> On the date of [DATE HAS BEEN REDACTED IN ORDER TO DENY INFORMATION TO VIEWERS OF THIS FILE], Site-551's Second Biologist that was hired on March 3rd, 1987 on 08:57, was in-fact infected by SCP-6327-J at 14:12 while eating a grilled cheese and ham sandwich made from American cheese and ham, and proceeded to obtain a live instance of Sciurus vulgaris, commonly referred to as a Red Squirrel. The researcher then produced a Sharpie brand black marker from their left coat pocket, and wrote the English words "The same thing as SCP-6327-J, only nuttier" onto the Sciurus vulgaris specimen. However, the Sciurus vulgaris specimen immediately gained the current abnormal properties it carries to this exact time frame. Please see SCP-184 for more information regarding this

abnormal specimen.

Log of Event-24125-Alpha Among Site-599 Personnel, Bear in Mind that All Personel at Site-599 had been Infected with SCP-6327-J's Cognitohazardous properties:

Dr. Henderson: There is a current and present emergency, and I am about to describe it. Please listen carefully, as this will contain important information. SCP- had previously been in containment, but it is now outside of containment.

Dr. Naismith: Do you mean to say that SCP- , which is a keter-class scip under our containment, is now *breaching* containment?

Dr. Henderson: That sentence that you have just said is correct, every bit of it.

Dr. Naismith: Oh shit, which I say out of exasperation and gross disregard for professionalism and clean language!

Dr. Henderson: Indeed you do, Dr. Naismith. We must act, as panicking is a waste of time.

Dr. Naismith: Agreed. The most horrible method of wasting time during a containment breach is most certainly panic!

Dr. Henderson: And how, Dr. Naismith, and how.

Dr. Naismith: Should we notify the breach desk?

Dr. Henderson: In my opinion, to notify the breach desk would be a good move.

Dr. Naismith: Very well. Then I shall promptly notify the breach desk.

SCP- : KILL!

Dr. Henderson: Oh dear me, I am frightened, for I witness SCP- about to kill us, because that is its intention!

SCP- : AGREED! AND WHEN I AM FINISHED KILLING YOU, WHICH I AM GOING TO DO VERY SOON AND VERY PAINFULLY, I WILL CAUSE AN XK-CLASS END-OF-THE-WORLD SCENARIO, AS IT IS WITHIN MY ANOMALOUS CAPABILITIES TO DO SO! I HOLD NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE AS ANYTHING MORE THAN THINGS THAT NEED TO BE KILLED BY ME AND MY ANOMALOUS CAPABILITIES AND POWERS AND SKILLS!

Dr. Naismith: You're a monster, SCP- , because only a monster would have such an agenda as yours!

SCP- : AND HOW, DR. NAIS—

[At this point in time, the onsite nuclear warhead had been detonated, which had ceased any and all further conversation, action, and other goings-on within Site-599.]

Addendum to this Article that Did Not Exist Prior to its Posting as of Now: It is believed that the entry for SCP-6327-J, which describes SCP-6327-J's anomalous qualities, has been itself infected with SCP-6327-J, which would cause all those reading this document to become infected with SCP-6327-J over a period of three minutes or longer.

SCP-80-K-J: Chicken Corps

Item #: SCP-80-K-J

Object Class: Ridiculous

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-80-K-J are to be contained within Site 24's Secure Avian Anomalies Sector. **`Telekill alloy`**[1] has been used to construct a flimsy, three meter high fence around a 10 m x 10 m area to prevent SCP-80-K-J from interfering with or attacking other poultry-related anomalies in containment. A small wooden barracks has also been provided for shelter. SCP-80-K-J is to be fed daily at 5:00 AM, 12:00 PM, and 6:00 PM. Demands made by SCP-80-K Prime should be addressed in a patronizing tone and go unfulfilled.

Description: SCP-80-K-J is a group of 30 bird-like creatures that resemble domestic fowl adorned with M1 combat helmets. Each instance of SCP-80-K-J is armed with a small plastic rifle affixed to the underside of their left or right wing with an unidentified type of adhesive[2]. SCP-80-K-J roughly functions as a military unit, and will only take orders from SCP-80-K Prime, though its ability to follow through on any directions given is limited. Aside from SCP-80-K Prime, members of SCP-80-K-J are incapable of speech, which hinders their ability to function as a team and properly act out most commands given to them[3].

SCP-80-K-J Prime is the designation given to the highest ranking officer of SCP-80-K-J, discernible by the small general's hat it wears, and the crudely constructed medals[4] pinned to its breast feathers. SCP-80-K Prime is capable of speech, though aside from a single interview (see Interview 80-K-1 below) given upon SCP-80-K-J's initial containment, it generally only speaks to make unreasonable demands[5] of Foundation personnel and give orders to SCP-80-K-J.

SCP-80-K-J is usually aggressive towards most Foundation

personnel, due to standing orders from SCP-80-K Prime to attempt escape from containment, with the exception of feeding times. Current containment procedures are more than sufficient to prevent SCP-80-K-J from escaping or causing harm to staff, though revisions will be considered if their behavior changes.

Interview 80-K-1

> **Dr. Schmirtz:** Hello, I am Dr. Schmirtz, and I will be conducting this interview with you.
>
> **SCP-80-K Prime:** You will address me as "Sir", as my rank entails, or face dire repercussions.
>
> **Dr. Schmirtz:** Nah, we've decided to designate you as SCP-80-K Prime.
>
> **SCP-80-K Prime:** I am General T 6 of the Chicken Corps, and you will address me as "Sir" or be punished for insubordination!
>
> **Dr. Schmirtz:** …You have to be shitting me. Your name is General T ? You can't…you can't be serious. *loud sniggering can be heard*
>
> **SCP-80-K Prime:** I find nothing humorous about your continued refusal to follow military protocol. How does a court martial sound to you, son?
>
> **Dr. Schmirtz:** *continues laughter for another 15 seconds* Okay, okay, I think I got that all out, *General T* . So what, you're all anomalous poultry that watched too much Full Metal Jacket back at whatever stupid GOI lab that shit you out? Hilarious.
>
> **SCP-80-K Prime:** Anomalous poultry? *Anomalous Poultry?!* I am General T of the United Chicken Corps, and I *demand* you show some respect!
>
> **Dr. Schmirtz:** Sorry, I couldn't understand you that time, it wasn't peppered with enough poorly understood military jargon. Something about the Ultra Chicken

Corps?

SCP-80-K Prime: No, you wretched imbecile. I said the *United* Chicken Corps. They are the special unit under my command.

Dr. Schmirtz: Why?

SCP-80-K Prime: Why what?

Dr. Schmirtz: Why "Chicken Corps"?

SCP-80-K Prime: A better question would be why I am being forced to answer such foolish questions from incompetent, insubordinate failures such as yourself.

Dr. Schmirtz: No, a better question would be why a group of *Meleagris gallopavo*, who call themselves the "Chicken Corps", are gallivanting about with toy rifles, attacking dairy cows and attempting to annex an entire barn filled with farm equipment.

SCP-80-K Prime: *What* did you call me?

Dr. Schmirtz: *Meleagris gallopavo*?

SCP-80-K Prime: Speak English, boy.

Dr. Schmirtz: You're…turkeys.

SCP-80-K Prime: This interview is over![7]

Dr. Schmirtz: I hope you don't feel too…cooped up while you're here.

SCP-80-K Prime: You won't be laughing when my forces have nuked your little operation back to the stone age!

Dr. Schmirtz: Oh that reminds me. We found your little "WMD" stash. It's been confiscated. And poached.

Footnotes

1. No, not really. It's just chicken wire.
2. It's probably Elmer's Glue. Would that surprise anyone?
3. That time they tried to do jumping jacks together was hilarious though.
4. Looks like construction paper and glitter.
5. An Apache helicopter, an Abrams tank, the S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier, etc.
6. I personally refer to it as "R. Lee Turkey".
7. But it will forever be in our hearts, General.

SCP-1234-J: An SCP

Item #: SCP-1234-J

Object Class: [REDACTED]

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1234-J is to be contained in a containment chamber. This containment chamber is to contain precautions that will assist in the containment of SCP-1234-J. In the case of a containment breach, personnel are to take necessary actions to contain SCP-1234-J. When personnel must enter SCP-1234's containment area, no fewer than a specified number may enter at any time. Personnel wishing to use SCP-1234-J for research purposes require a set clearance level in order to gain access.

Description: SCP-1234-J is an SCP object that displays anomalous properties. Its properties appear to defy commonly understood principles of science; further research is being performed into how it achieves this.

Typically SCP-1234-J interacts with personnel, resulting in [DATA EXPUNGED][1]

SCP-1234-J may or may not, on occasion, directly or indirectly cause the creation of other anomalous objects. This is unconfirmed.

SCP-1234-J was discovered by personnel following their detection of anomalous activity. A containment force was sent to contain SCP-1234-J. It was then contained.

Addendum 1234-J-1: *Anyone who is found abusing SCP-1234-J will be subject to some form of disciplinary action. - .*

Addendum 1234-J-2: Incident 1234-1:

SCP-1234-J broke containment. Casualties were sustained. It was

eventually contained again.

Addendum 1234-J-3: Audio Log 1234-J-1:

> **.** **:** Hi.
>
> **SCP-1234-J:** [DATA EXPUNGED]
>
> **.** **:** OK.

Addendum 1234-J-4: *Recommendation that SCP-1234-J be upgraded to Keter. -* .

No. O5-

Footnotes
1. On occasion SCP-1234-J may exhibit unexpected behavior in response to a stimulus.

SCP-800-J: American Football

Item #: SCP-800-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As new variants of SCP-800-J are discovered, they are to be isolated and all players issued Class-F amnestics. Following this treatment, they are to be trained on how to properly play football.

Description: SCP-800-J designates a troubling number of Football sporting leagues in which all players, officials, spectators, and linesmen are unable to discern the proper methods of playing the game. In some respects, the game eventually played has almost no resemblance to football.

SCP-800-J was discovered on 09/18/2011, by Senior Researcher Collins, after erroneously flipping to the other channels included in his 'Big All-American Sporting Network' and finding that the package contained odd variants of football. After receiving inadequate explanation from his cable provider, Collins declared it to be an anomaly and called **`Site-77`** personnel to enact containment procedures. Several instances of SCP-2008-J have been documented in SCP-800-J broadcasts.

Researcher's note: I have observed that almost none of these variants are played with regulation equipment, and scandalously, even fewer are played on Sunday.

Addendum: Variants observed:

Observation Date:

Observation Notes:

Observation Date: 09/18/2011

Observation Notes: First observed instance. Takes place in a rotund playing field, with players wearing shockingly little protection. Ball appears to be much smaller, and white, possibly composed of sheepskin or albino pigs. Touchdowns achieved by circling bases. Claims to be America's 'national pastime' have been conclusively proven to be possibly untrue.

Observation Date: 10/22/2011

Observation Notes: **`This variant appeared to be played on ice`**, and at no point did the players actually have possession of the ball. Ball itself had been burned into a hard circle, possibly made of charred bacon, which was theorized to be held together by the low temperatures. Yardage was gained and lost very quickly, with no regard to downs. Goal celebrations were dis-pleasurably noted to be very over the top.

Observation Date: 11/16/2011

Observation Notes: Played between two players, both wearing extensive padding, and wielding swords. Dueled until one player scored an apparent touchdown by tackling the other player with their sword. Noted to be "pretty cool" by Researcher Collins.

Observation Date: 03/23/2012

Observation Notes: No balls are present. Players appear to throw themselves over the field goal posts, with a broken portion of another field goal post. Possibly developed in a post-apocalyptic reality where all footballs have been destroyed, so players must use themselves.

Observation Date: 4/15/2012

Observation Notes: Game was played exclusively with feet. No resemblance to football whatsoever. Recommending demotion of all players to D-Class, due to the dubious nature of them ever being trained to play a real sport.

Observation Date: 10/3/2012

Observation Notes: Variant takes place between two players, who stand on opposite podiums in an enclosed stadium. Linesmen dictate questions to the players, who gain yardage by answering them in a forum-fashion. Touchdowns appear to be obtained abstractly through applause.

Observation date: 10/12/2012

Observation notes: The football is repeatedly **`passed back and forth`** between two quarterbacks, while the rest of the team apparently ditched them to go get smoothies or something. Ball appears to be a lime, with both quarterbacks so disgusted by it that they only touch it with some kind of slicing racket. Very limited football attire.

Observation date: 11/22/2012

Observation notes: This anomalous edition of football appears to be… played with one player. Who is a horse. All play appeared to consist of post-touchdown dancing. During play, it does not appear to matter how many yards the horse moves down, and during extensive review of play no downs have been detected. Touchdown ratios have reached a new low.

SCP-1162-J: "Double Down Sandwich"

Item #: SCP-1162-J

Object Class: Safe (pending review)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1162-J must be stored under Biosafety Level 4 conditions. Under no circumstances may SCP-1162-J be handled without adequate BSL-4 protection or by personnel not in full Class A hazmat gear. Personnel who have been exposed to SCP-1162-J are to be subject to post-mortem incineration. In the case of containment compromise, full nuclear sterilization is considered automatically authorized.

Description: Inspection reveals SCP-1162-J to be similar in form to an ordinary bacon-and-cheese sandwich. Two slices of cheese are present within the sandwich, determined to be and . Sauce of undetermined composition has also been located within the sandwich. SCP-1162-J's anomalous properties result from its bun, which is composed entirely of fried chicken. Despite this deviation from ordinary sandwich structure, SCP-1162-J maintains its sandwich designation through unknown means.

SCP-1162-J was deposited into Foundation care on / / , by Agent , who had spent the previous two weeks on leave. Agent , after ensuring SCP-1162-J's prompt containment, left directions for immolation and promptly committed suicide. Elevated levels of sodium were indeed found within the corpse prior to destruction. The ultimate origin of SCP-1162-J is not known. Packaging originally found with SCP-1162-J at the time of containment identifies it as a Kentucky Fried Chicken "Double Down" sandwich, but Foundation scientists have judged it unlikely that any such product would have been designed by said company or produced on a large scale, being entirely inconsistent with all previous definitions of "sandwich" as well as its property of inducing violent revulsion in human subjects. The effects of direct exposure to SCP-1162-J have never been observed, but are assumed to be

rapid heart failure followed by death. Consumption in part or whole has been theorized to have the result of [DATA EXPUNGED] hazardous concentrations of sodium remaining in the corpses necessitating [DATA EXPUNGED] damage to nearby unprotected human subjects.

Addendum: Testimony from research personnel assigned to SCP-1162-J has raised the possibility of a psychic lure effect emanating from SCP-1162-J, intensifying with exposure over time. This hypothetical effect manifests as a compulsion to consume part of SCP-1162-J, despite knowledge of health risks and the near-certainty of permanent physiological damage to be incurred by such an action, described as a "morbid curiosity". As a precaution, staff rotation has been instituted.

Addendum: Unverified reports have been forthcoming regarding sightings of additional instances of SCP-1162-J in the wild. I need not remind you of the potential hazard posed to the public by such manifestations. All agents have been cleared for unlimited funding with the aim of containing as many instances of SCP-1162-J as possible. Get these things off the streets and into an anomalous-object retrieval bag ASAP, people. You have your orders. - Richard Stillmann, Site- Director

SCP-2600-CU: The Cutest Little Thing

Image removed by order of O5- , for driving personnel members barking mad with its… cuteness!

Item #: SCP-2600-CU

Object Class: It's, uh, cute.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2600-J is to be… huggled? Huggled. It is to be huggled at least once per day, by Assistant Researcher Betsy Stu. All personnel capable of tolerating SCP-2600-CU's presence adorableness[1] are to be permanently stationed within Site-56, which contains only SCP-2600-CU, as any other artifact would be overwhelmed by its arcane powers adorable face. Personnel who suffer organ failure or hemorrhaging from huggling SCP-2600-CU are clearly unworthy of its adorable love.

Description: SCP-2600-CU is the cutest little thing. Anything written or spoken about SCP-2600-CU is to praise its adorable little… face? Other body parts may also be praised as they are identified.

SCP-2600-CU is the cutest… organism ever! It has six super sweet eyes, made of the most d'aww inspiring viscous fluids! Look at the cute tentacle… wentacle? The slime feels like… ohgodimgonnapuke rainbows! Sometimes it leaks, but it does this little shrug/spasm that lets you know it's all okay! When it moves, sometimes it can bend through walls and listen to every word, so make sure you know we love it thiiiis much!

Occasionally, it has spurted out massive amounts of liquids, which have been dubbed Cutie Fluids. These usually occur from SCP-2600-CU's cutie spots, which pulsate and grow when the adorable-ness levels become overwhelming! They are also known to burst when shedding, requiring frequent cleanup from all of SCP-2600-CU's best friends!

Any personnel who do not wish to participate in praising how

adorable SCP-2600-CU is may participate in other activities, such as hanging up posters around Site-56 about the glorious adorable little dance it does, or creating documentation of it to send to other sites. MTF-Psi-9 "Those Poor Bastards" have been assigned with finding a breeding partner for SCP-2600-CU so that the whole planet may revel in its cuteness!

Pleasehelp Any personnel who are mean to SCP-2600-CU are to be sent to time-out, or assigned to cleaning up the naughty corner.

Addendum: Researcher Boyd was performing mandatory interactions with SCP-2600-CU, and made the mistake of going off-script, asking it "if it had been a bad widdle guy!" which caused it to become agitated. Researchers were able to placate SCP-2600-CU with minimal casualties, after assuring SCP-2600-CU that Researcher Boyd had been acting alone, and they all loved it very much.

Footnotes
1. Personnel must have been capable of withstanding the effects ofSCP-006-CU-EX.

SCP-META-EX-J

CLICK HERE TO DELETE THIS MISTAKE

Item #: SCP-META-EX-J

Object Class: Uncontained Apollyon Explained? Apollyon Keter Explained Definitely Apollyon Explained, to a degree, I guess Confusing (Pending Class Reassignment)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-META-EX-J cannot be contained at this time. As such, Foundation physicists and philosophers are to research the anomalous properties for the rest of time cease research immediately continue research in a casual way that does not interrupt their professionalism nor cause them irreversible mental harm.

Description: SCP-META-EX-J is the designation for a metaphysical phenomenon in which a system of increasing complexity will begin to show properties akin to sentience. The phenomenon is absolutely anomalous, no doubt about it[1].

This phenomenon has been observed in multiple instances throughout man's ability to conceptualize such things. The first hypothesized instance was the development (referred to henceforth as "evolution"[2] "creationism"[34567] just development) of a biogenetic substance found in a 3.7 billion year old sedentary rock formation[8] into organisms capable of supporting consciousness.

How true consciousness is formed is unknown; the process is, by all accounts and purposes, impossible to truly replicate vis-à-vis our own technological advancements and understanding of said subject[9].

Some theories stand, but the Foundation's current accepted understanding assumption EXPLANATION is that of the existence of

a quantum "proto-consciousness" field that permeates the entire universe. As such, consciousness is available as a sort of a uniform broadcast that systems can "receive" given enough complexity.

For example: flora present on earth is capable of responding to stimuli, although no concrete conclusion has been made that plants are capable of "feeling" or "thinking". The paradoxical nature of this is apparent- can the process that causes something to adapt to its environment (Such as growing towards sunlight) be considered thought[10][11][12][13]?

Furthermore, is there a difference between that and the conscious nature of more complex systems such as insects and animals?

Using this model, one can assume that this anomalous behavior can exist in things that are not traditionally alive (Such as rocks and your blender)[14]. Given that things are primarily empty space consisting of the same subatomic particles, the possibility rings true. In addition, the proof is in the pudding[15] when you read other articles. Anomalous objects often exhibit properties that defy explanation. How this process is accomplished is unknown[16].

"Response to stimuli" is a loose term. If this implies any sort of change whatsoever, than the entropic nature of the universe can apply in this manner[17] (Entropy being considered a process by which things change into a system of uniformity or "break down" over time).

"Time" is a metaphysical construct in and of itself. It is a concept utilized by humans in attempts to justify changes in their surrounding environment. "Time" has no concrete inception nor end. It is simply an endless stream of consciousness. It is an indefinite progress of events through which we experience moments in succession. We will never hopefully one day probably not at all understand this phenomena as its intrinsic nature conflicts within our own current ideas about the subject.

Moving on[18].

SCP-META-EX-J seems to manifest itself for purposes of self-preservation or propagation. For example, siphonophorae[19] were

initially believed to be a single organic structure. Upon closer inspection, specimens are observed to be actually a colony composed of highly specialized individual organisms called Zooids. This collective structure involves the delegation of subsections of itself to complete specified tasks (Such as locomotion or nutrient absorption). Whether or not the collective structure is aware or not remains to be seen, however, the integration of systems into its own host structure implies a necessity or ability to perceive and adapt.

When expanding our view outward, we see this process manifest itself in floral ecosystems. Root structures of trees and other plans[20]are often bound to one another, aiding in the transportation of nutrients throughout the entire system.

SCP-META-EX-J therefore continues to present itself in systems like other animals and, subsequently, humans; anatomically speaking, a human is a summation of parts as a whole[21]. The development of speech centers, creativity and abstract thought seem to form upon reaching a certain higher level of physiological and cognitive structure.

Continuing from there, the entirety of humanity itself is a system of vast complexity, whose own nature is conflicting yet again striving towards a stable system of self-preservation[22].

We observe this once again if we consider Earth itself as a living organism[23][24][25][26]. This would explain the Earth's ability to attempt to balance itself out when humanity fucks it up[27].

Currently, there is no evidence supporting the idea that celestial bodies do possess sentience[28].

Using the ideas of micro and macro-cosmic beings, there is some speculation about whether or not our world is a particle of something greater[29]. The structure of the universe itself bears a remarkable resemblance to neurons in the brain, thus this idea has gained footing in some astrophysicists. This theory is accompanied by the fact that black holes have behavior that is very similar to nuclear membranes. The event horizon is double-layered, and prevents anything that enters from leaving, the nuclear membrane separates cell fluids, preventing mixing, and regulates the exchange of matter

between the inside and outside of the nucleus. Black holes and living cells also both emit pockets of electromagnetic radiation, among other similarities.

Foundation understanding of this phenomena is considered of vast importance. However, many beings that contemplate their own means of contemplation can very well be driven mad from such thoughts.

It is recommended than any of those who start to show signs of obsession with this conundrum report to the nearest medical bay as soon as possible. Amnestic treatment may be necessary to avoid further mental harm.

Addendum META-EX-J-1A:

As of this article's inception on / / , discussion of the content is highly polarizing and often yields conflicting or erroneous information. As such, debate over META-EX-J has often concluded in hissy fits, with one or more such debates ending in participants standing in the corner of a room until they have learned their lesson. No bickering is allowed, not no way, not no how.

Transcription Log Meta-EX-J-VOTMZRIG^{303132}:

> **Note:** *This discussion took place on the 'Discussion' page for SCP-META-EX-J. Handles have been redacted to preserve anonymity and the page has since been purged of these comments. Notice the resemblance to true sentience. All individuals possess the anomalous effect to a degree.*
>
> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> **:** SCP-META-EX-J? Alright, weird. I like the concept but the fake 'page not found' thing doesn't really do it for me. -1
>
> **:** (In response to 's comment) What are you talking about? That part was the best bit. The coding was pretty funny. Although I will say, the article content isn't

really that top-notch.

TheBillith (Article creator): I dunno. I thought it was funny. It's the juxtaposition between the hilarity of joke skips and the improper writing formats of some posters that is hard to get. You gotta maintain that satire without compromising the article itself.

: +1. That threw me through a loop! Haha

Page rating seems to dive a bit a this point.

TheBillith: I added a transcript log. Is that good?

: -1. The not-found page is tedious and it wears down the joke pretty fast. Plus, it is nonsensical. The article isn't even that funny. I don't like the pseudo-philosophical bits because they meander and don't really go anywhere.

: (In response to 's comment) I second the notion that **`the splash page`** is kind of annoying. And what if someone links straight to the page instead of going through the first bit? They aren't going to get that joke. Especially the interview thing at the end.

: Yeah, that might have been a bad idea upon retrospect. Considering rescinding my upvote.

: I don't like format. Change now.

TheBillith proceeds to bash his head against a wall for the next seventeen hours. Dies from brain damage shortly thereafter. No signs of SCP-META-EX-J are present in his body. Subject considered lost. Page is deleted and life goes on.

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. What is it with this tone of voice? Please don't coldpost, even if it isn't your first article.

2.We can't be completely sure of this.- Dr. Graham.
3.Why would you consider that an option?- Dr. J .
4.It's because Dr. Graham doesn't know what he is talking about.- Dr. Harkness.
5.YOUR MOM DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT!- Dr. Graham.
6.Ohoo, nice one. I'm very offended right now.- Dr. Harkness.
7.Do you all want to be reprimanded? Discussion closed until further research has proven useful.- Dr. Gears.
8. Although some evidence has shown the possibility of this anomaly to have stretched as far back as 4.5 billion years ago.
9. Attempts have been made and have proven to be close, but not quiiiite close enough to render this statement false.
10. Use of passive voice is frowned upon when submitting these articles. Please review your works on the sandbox before submitting. The forums are available as a means to polish off your work. No, I did not post this article in the forums, I wanted it to be a surprise.
11. That's not passive voice, that's a rhetorical question. Still unacceptable. By the way, nowhere in our guides and writing templates do we actually condemn passive voice. I'll bet two thousand mainlist articles use passive voice. What are you, some kind of tonal nazi?
12. And furthermore, active voice would sound really weird being used in this format. Show me one article that actually uses active voice in their clinical documentation.
13. Wait, who am I talking to? Where am I?
14. Conjecture. Deletion imminent.
15. Colloquialism. Seriously?
16. Redundant. Please fix this.
17. No, it cannot.
18. Please remove this statement, as it adds nothing to the article and lacks the formal template of accepted Foundation standards.
19. Marine life, order Hydrozoa, phylum Cnidaria.
20. Spelling errors detract from immersion. Fix this as soon as possible.
21. Humans pending Maksur classification.
22.Humanity itselfpending Maksur classification.
23.I don't think it is.- Dr. Graham
24.That's some hippy-dippy bullshit if you ask me.- Dr. J .

25.Why is this so hard to believe? The world is, like, alive and we are parts of it. We all came from the same origins. We are star stuff, man.- Dr. Florio.
26.Who let Florio into the stash ofour shit?- Dr. J .
27.Actually, modern science explains most of this phenomena.- Dr.Harkness.
28. Aside fromcertain exceptions.
29. Dr. Seuss,Horton Hears a Who!(New York: Random House, 1954)
30. What are these jumbled letters? I mean, we get Latin, some Greco-Roman mythos names, we get ominous wordplay and you chose to just mash on your keyboard?
31. I think it's encrypted reverse ATBASH.
32. Yeah, definitely, but it still doesn't make sense. -1

SCP-1912-J: The Land of [REDACTED]

Item #: SCP-1912-J

Object Class: Safe (we promise we don't bite)

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-1912-J is to fail at every possible opportunity. The cost and ridiculousness of keeping an object as large as SCP-1912-J hidden from the general population is too great a burden on the Foundation's resources. Methods of failing SCP-1912-J's containment may include, but are not limited to: education campaigns, economic development, tourism advertisements and complaining on social media.

Description: SCP-1912-J is the entire state of New Mexico in the United States. SCP-1912-J measures 550km by 595km, with a total area of 315,000 km2, located between latitudes 31°20' to 37° N and longitudes 103° to 109°3' W. SCP-1912-J also contains over 2,085,000 instances of SCP-1912-J-1, which are capable of rapid self-replication, and communicate through such methods as Navajo, Spanish and English.

The anomalous activity of SCP-1912-J extends to its near-universal amnestic effects on witnesses. Regardless of its massive size, mention in school lessons and obvious showing on maps, almost all humans have no active memory that SCP-1912-J exists. The results of this effect include:

- Incarceration of SCP-1912-J-1 instances as non-American nationals.
- Expectation that SCP-1912-J-1 instances produce passports on domestic travel.
- Mislabeling of SCP-1912-J on maps as "Mexico" or "Arizona" by respected institutions, such as *The New York Times* and its magazine.
- Surprise that SCP-1912-J-1 instances exhibit a high degree of English fluency.

This effect does not appear to extend to non-human organisms, who have no awareness of SCP-1912-J's presence, nor of most political boundaries in the first place.

SCP-1912-J's development dates to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 after an anomalous tectonic land-shift saw the region transfer between Mexico and the United States. The creation of SCP-1912-J occurred on January 6, 1912 when 490 old white-men in Washington, D.C., over 3000 km away, chanted and brought the object into being. Whether these men have any connection to The Church of the Broken God is still under investigation.

SCP-1912-J-1 instances have also been observed vaguely following the directions of a “Governor,” now classified as SCP-1912-J-2, who makes containment failure less attractive.

Addendum 1912-J-A: Due to the continued containment success of SCP-1912-J against the Foundation’s best efforts, the use of SCP-1912-J as a thaumiel-class object is currently under consideration by the O5 Council.

Addendum 1912-J-B: Testing Log

+ Testing Series A

Test #: 1912-J-A-001
Procedures: A gaggle of 5 teenage males are told about the existence of SCP-1912-J.
Results: Subjects forget the existence of SCP-1912-J within 3.5 minutes.

Test #: 1912-J-A-002
Procedures: A gaggle of 5 teenage females are told about the existence of SCP-1912-J.
Results: Subjects forget the existence of SCP-1912-J within 4 minutes.

Test #: 1912-J-A-005
Procedures: A gaggle of 5 D-class personnel are told about the existence of SCP-1912-J.
Results: 4 subjects forget the existence of SCP-1912-J

within 8 minutes, but D-95782 laments having committed murder selling methamphetamines there. D-95782 is subsequently terminated for being less interesting than the television series.

Test #: 1912-J-A-017
Procedures: An expert in American history is told about the existence of SCP-1912-J.
Results: Subject acknowledges SCP-1912-J's existence, but cannot find its location on a map.

Test #: 1912-J-A-052
Procedures: An instance of SCP-1912-J-1 is told about the existence of SCP-1912-J.
Results: Subject stares blankly at Foundation personnel.

+ Testing Series B

Test #: 1912-J-B-008
Procedures: Multiple **SCP-1092** instances are released into SCP-1912-J.
Results: All SCP-1092 instances accidentally neutralized due to lack of water for survival.

Test #: 1912-J-B-014
Procedures: **SCP-682** is released into SCP-1912-J.
Results: SCP-682 disappears from Foundation personnel after 3 days, presumed contained. SCP-1912-J-1 instances noticeably more agitated. SCP-1912-J-2 was not available for comment.

Test #: 1912-J-B-021
Procedures: Dr. Bright is released into SCP-1912-J.
Results: Within 3 hours, Dr. Bright had been made “Governor” of the SCP-1912-J-1 instances, who cited his superior responsibility to the current SCP-1912-J-2.

SCP-1840-J: The Hard Sell

Item #: SCP-1840-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1840-J is not currently contained. Any telephone calls directed to the Foundation by SCP-1840-J should be re-routed immediately to Researcher Seaward. Under no circumstances should unauthorized personnel in contact with SCP-1840-J agree to purchase, rent, lease, borrow or take any item, object or being offered by the SCP-1840-J entity or through associated third parties. If any Foundation personnel are already in possession of an object or being obtained through SCP-1840-J, they are under strict instruction to promptly turn in the object or being, with full amnesty being granted if the SCP-1840-J customer can demonstrably prove that the purchase was made before the Foundation was aware of SCP-1840-J hazardous properties.

Description: SCP-1840-J exhibits traits of what is commonly referred to as a telemarketer. SCP-1840-J will periodically approach Foundation personnel in any capacity over a telephone and offer a brief and often exaggerated description of a item in its possession, followed by a negotiable price and means of payment, which is usually, although not always, SCP-1840-J supplying a location where the purchased item may be found, instructing the customer to leave the agreed amount of money in that location. SCP-1840-J has always honored its agreement with the customer. SCP-1840-J's voice is similar to that of a young male with a cheerful and arrogant temperament.

Items offered by SCP-1840-J are occasionally of simple monetary or curiosity value, such as fossilized dinosaur remains or diamond rings, but are more often anomalous artifacts of potency that ranges from Safe to highly dangerous Euclid-level artifacts. Researcher Seaward is under orders to purchase any item of sufficient threat for

immediate containment. Despite the potentially huge monetary value of items sold by SCP-1840-J, the prices it opens with are usually extremely conservative, with a case of a Euclid-level artifact being bought for less than £5,000. SCP-1840-J displays a willingness to negotiate prices, and has been observed to accept less than 30% of the starting value. It will also occasionally offer items for free if a customer has proven sufficiently entertaining to it.

+ Log 1840A SCP-1840 First Contact

[CALL BEGINS 12:41, 12/08/]

Dr. Richter: —sorry, I must take this. Ah, hello?

SCP-1840-J: Hi there! Dr. Richter? Just the man. I have quite the offer for you today. Listen to this—how would you like to own a real-life fossilised dinosaur bone? Genuine article. Barely used!

Dr. Richter: What? Who is this? How—wait. In what sense is a dinosaur bone 'barely used'?

SCP-1840-J: Well, y'see, this fossilised tibia is a big 65 million years old, and it's only been inside a dinosaur for a tiny, tiny fraction of that time. It's practically fresh!

Dr. Richter: Who are you? How did you get my number?

SCP-1840-J: Alright, I admit it. Previous owner wasn't careful. Got blown up by an asteroid. Nice burn marks though. Oh, c'mon! I'm only asking for a fair go. I know archaeologists who'd sell their own tibia bone for a chance at this beauty. It's a Tyrannosaur bone. King of the Jungle! Or the primordial swamp, really.

Dr. Richter: I don't—

SCP-1840-J: Yeah, we'll call it a round one thousand. And that is a low, low price because I'm feeling so generous today. You'll be doing me a favour, friend, what with my dog filing for divorce and my wife at the vet. I mean—oh, whatever. I was lying. Alright, we'll call it eight hundred and that's a scandal, it really is.

Dr. Richter: Is this some sort of prank? Researcher Daley! Trace this call immediately! What is your name, sir? I am a senior researcher at this facility, and I will not stand for juvenile—

SCP-1840-J: Oh, twist my arm! Five. Five hundred. Final offer. We're talking a genuine fossilized Tyrannosaur bone here. Once in a lifetime stuff. You really can't put a price on the pride of owning the remains of a vicious super-predator. Well, I did it anyway and it's a round four hundred. Last chance.

Dr. Richter: I have no intention of buying anything, and when I find out who is the perpetrator of this childish prank, you will be extremely sorry! Good day to you!

[CALL ENDS]

+ Log 1840B SCP-1840 Second Contact

[CALL BEGINS 16:12 14/08/]

Researcher Davis: Uh, hi?

SCP-1840-J: Hey there, miss! Now, I have quite the little gem for a sweet young lady like yourself. Alright, consider this—for the price of a mere thousand pounds, you, little lady, could be the owner of the gift of *beauty*. Ultra rare. Especially around these parts.

Researcher Davis: Oh—Christ. Is this one of those confidence boost things? Like you direct me to a mirror or something and there's a message saying 'Ta-Da! You're already beautiful!' or something? Because that's just—

SCP-1840-J: Actually it's more of an injected nanotechnological genetic resequencer, but I could set up that mirror thing too if you like. I could set up all kinds of motivational messages if you want. 'We Know What We're Doing, Honestly', that would be good for Foundation employees. 'How Can Lead Researchers Sleep at Nights? They Don't.' Hey, I'm good at this. I can print. We'll call it fifty for a pack of a hundred messages. Hey, and you'll feel good without a risk of nanobots consuming your face. Forget I said that.

Researcher Davis: Hey, whoever you are, this isn't funny. It really isn't. I can't help being —

SCP-1840-J: Yeah, you're right. You people have no idea what you're doing, do you? And sleep-deprivation-related mania probably isn't funny either. Alright, scrap that. This resequencer thing's still on offer though. The girlfriend used it. Completely unrecognisable. In a good way. Gorgeous eyes. Amazing hair. Great body. She could have any man she wanted. Probably why she left me. Seriously, you'll kick yourself forever if you turn this down. What do you say?

Researcher Davis: [sarcastically] Oh sure. Can you send me a free sample?

SCP-1840-J: No can do, I'm afraid. It's all sealed together in a magnetic storage core to stop the nanobots…look, the nanobots can get

pretty vicious. They'll resequence anything's genes. They got to my dog once. Spliced it with a millipede. Vision of hell. Fast, though, and sticks to walls, so I suppose that's something. Anyway, It's all or nothing. Okay, seven hundred. C'mon, you believe me right? You work for the Foundation. You know this universe has the pants of insanity firmly on its head. Gene-resequencing nanobots are practically normal. Six hundred pounds for a lifetime of beauty. Waddaya say?

Researcher Davis: [sarcastically] Yeah, yeah. Leave it in the park at midnight and I'll collect it. Hoot like an owl or something.

SCP-1840-J: Perfect! Excellent. I knew you were a girl with taste. Can't thank you enough. Damn Harlequin's breathing down my neck. We'll keep it covert. Dead drop. I'll leave the containment core under the green bridge in the park two blocks away. And get it quickly, the nanobots are restless recently. Cannibalized my phone and spliced it with my neighbour's weasel. Unusual, but still highly functional.

Researcher Davis: Jesus Christ, you sound completely serious. You think I'm going to go to the park and grub around under a bridge for your 'containment core'? You think I *want* to get spliced with a fly?

SCP-1840-J: They recognise human tissue. You'll be fine. Completely fine! I'm serious about getting this core though. These nanobots are sadistic bastards. They'll splice anything together. Swans, squirrels, and children nearby. Dread to think. Anyway, pleasure doing business with you!

[CALL ENDS]

Researcher Davis has been commended for her prompt containment of the item now dubbed SCP- and not using it for her own purposes. However, several nanobots escaped, leading to the creation of several cases of SCP-

SCP-1840-J claims to be an extremely wealthy human in possession of a large collection of anomalous artifacts. It frequently alludes to being pursued by a being it identifies as an 'Unbound Harlequin', forcing him to sell the collection in the hope of being harder to trace.

The known and recorded interactions of SCP-1840 with the Foundation began with two telephone calls, accumulating in a five-part interview with Ex-Researcher Richter, after which all interactions were recorded but have grown increasingly sporadic after Incident 1840-A

+ Interview Log 1840P (Item: SCP-1840-A)

SUBJECT: SCP-1840
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Richter
TIME/DATE: 13:08 20/09/

SCP-1840-J: Hey—HEY, Doc! You're looking good today, very, very, red-faced and angry. Outstanding. You're going to love what I've got for you today.

Dr. Richter: Shut it, you bastard. You've been harassing me for months now! Quit the games! How did you learn of this organisation and facility? How did you learn about me? You may as well give it up and tell me. Our resources are vast. We will find you!

SCP-1840-J: That's adorable, Doc. Okay, okay—let me start with a question. How's the wife?

Dr. Richter: She's dead.

SCP-1840-J: That's fantastic. Out on the prowl again, eh, Doc? Rawr! Watch out ladies! But let's talk business. I have something that will make you *completely* irresistible. You'll love this. Guess how insects tell each other they're in the mood? Pheromones! They can hardly help themselves when that stuff gets in the air! Amazing! Except humans don't communicate through pheromones. Whatever. Doesn't matter. Someone went ahead and invented the human romance pheromone anyway, and it's as potent as hell. Beats cologne any day. I'm just throwing this out there, Doc, as you are—how can I put this delicately?—really, really fat. You'll need it. I've got my entire stock up for sale. About one litre. You'll be partying with a hundred sensuous beauties before you know it. And for you, my favourite customer? A mere six thousand.

Dr. Richter: I am saying this one last time: I will not purchase anything from you at any time, and I would ask you to never contact me again! Now! This is an interview, and I demand answers! Question one: How many, if any, Foundation personnel have purchased items through you, and if so, what are their names and what did they purchase?

SCP-1840-J: Oh, I've sold about…four items. Yes. Four. First one was to a delightful young lady. Purchased a nanotechnological genetic resequencer. Fantastic sale. One of my favourites. I got rid of that damn thing, and I think you managed to hunt down all the genetic hybrids before they did too much damage. Excellent job. I did warn her about the importance of containing the nanobots properly, but the swan people threw the Harlequin off my tracks for a while, so actually

everything turned out fine.

Dr. Richter: You…you mean the cases of SCP- ? We had to shoot them down! They all died! Were you responsible? Answer me!

SCP-1840-J: Yeah, It was probably less fine from where they were sitting. Whatever. Okay, so you don't want the pheromones? Too bad. How about this then: This very special tabloid newspaper. Plenty of pictures. Except it doesn't show celebrities doing real things, it shows the stuff you wish they did. Secret homosexual affairs. Satan worship. Punch-ups. Actually being interesting people. It's like you have the dirt on everyone. E-mail the pictures off to the tabloids. You'll make a mint. The celebrities will deny everything, and explain how they couldn't possibly be doing this stuff, but everyone will just think that means it must be true. Don't you want to rub successful people's faces in the mud a little bit? Just a little? Doc? Admit it. You do. We're talking a round one K here. Completely, completely, non-negotiable. Alright. Five hundred.

Dr. Richter: [silent for several seconds] Alright. You sold one anomalous item, responsible for the creation of cases of SCP- , to an unknown female. Very well. I think that concludes this session…

+ Interview Log 1840Q (Item: SCP-1840-B)

SUBJECT: SCP-1840-J
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Richter
TIME/DATE: 5:02 23/09/

SCP-1840-J: Why hel-lo, Dr. Richter! The slayer of incorrectly filed Incident Reports! The

man of a million calories! Seriously now, it's good seeing you, it really is. Say, you know what you look like? A man who is irritated about the wide prevalence of stars in this galaxy. This will become important later.

Dr. Richter: Good morning, SCP-1840. We are resuming the interview we had three days ago. And, to recap, I will never, ever, purchase, borrow, rent, or lease any item, entity or being from you or associated third parties. Do not attempt to sell me anything. I trust we can talk professionally this time?

SCP-1840-J: Let me answer that question with another question. You're kind of a pathetic angry dickwad, aren't you? Hear me out. Your colleagues laugh at you. Your superiors bully you. Deep down, Doc, you're probably thinking 'My God! What does it take to get some RESPECT around here?' Well, I'll tell you: extraterrestrial doomsday devices. THAT will make your colleagues sit up and take notice. This [EXPLETIVE] is brilliant. Genuine, honest-to-God, Solar-System-destroying stuff. It can force a supernova through a series of focusing wormholes until you have pencil-thin beam of matter arriving at 98% the speed of light. Someone gets in the way of that? Blip! Dog meat. Them and anything within the surrounding three light years. 'Ethics?' you may say. 'Morality?' 'Justice?' I like to answer those questions with 'I command a star-destroying directed energy cannon. Get the hell offa my lawn, Ethics.' We'll start at a hundred K. A steal. No, really, It's stolen. If the Pattern Screamer gets wind of it, well, there is a slight risk of messy extradimensional death.

Dr. Richter: Believe me, I have become quite

accustomed to these interruptions. Refer your offer along to Doctor Seaward. Now. I believe we were dealing with the third item you successfully sold. I'd like you to describe the item you sold, and the person you sold it to.

SCP-1840-J: Huh? Oh yeah. Right. Second person was a…Researcher. Tom. Or was it Tim? Can't remember. Wanted a new pet for his daughter. Something exotic. Well…I had this dog that was spliced with a millipede. Long story. His daughter adores it though. And the parents loved how brilliantly it was received by the neighbours. They all moved away and never came back. He can't thank me enough. Made a sweet two thousand off that thing. And to think I once thought it an abomination and tried to shoot it. How foolish I was. I'm afraid that was my only millipede dog, but I've got this weasel spliced with a phone if you'd like it. Cute. Functional. Nibbles your ear. Purrs when you send a text. We'll call it a tenner. If you want more genetic abominations, I'm gonna have to need my nanobots back.

Dr. Richter: So that's one SCP entity, of minimal threat level, currently in the custody of two unknown Foundation researchers and a juvenile, the male researcher possibly named 'Tom' or 'Tim'. Very well. [sighs] We'll come back to that. The third item you sold was what alerted us to your presence. You sold an anomalous artifact to a 24-year-old male employed by the Foundation as a Junior Researcher in studies relating to SCP- . I would like you to discuss these events in your own words.

+ Interview Log 1840R (Item: SCP-1840-C)

[This log has been cross-filed with Incident Report]

SCP-1840-J: Oh yeah. That was a good one. I wasn't on the sell that time, I was just relaxing back at home with a drink in hand. Completely shagged out after another day on the run from the Harlequin. Had to lie low in a strip club for eight hours. Grueling, man. Well, like I said, I was at home, when your Researcher…

Dr. Richter: Mr. T. Wales.

SCP-1840-J: Right, Terry. He phones me up. Said he got my number from someone. Wants to know if I've got anything that'll get him a promotion. 'I've been slaving away studying SCP- for three years now' he says to me 'I want a promotion and a transfer. I've got cash.' So I hunt through my collection, and guess what? Performance-enhancing drugs. Origins and manufacturer unknown. Six syringes in a plastic box, marked 'Batch 1679' and 'Evolutionary Stimulus. Testing only.' Well, I'd managed to shake the Unbound Harlequin around Prague, but she was on my scent again and at this stage I'm not going to be all picky over safety. He had the money and was willing. Sold it. Hundred pounds.

Dr. Richter: Are you aware of what happened next?

SCP-1840-J: Well, he had to go inject himself right away, didn't he? I was barely a block away when I heard the screams. I was horrified. I looked back. Park was awash with blood. Cars torn apart. Survivors screaming for help. It was just terrible. I mean it, I really do. I can't live with myself. I just can't live with myself knowing that I've made it even easier for the Harlequin to find me. God, can you imagine how I feel right now?

Dr. Richter: Yes, your drug appeared to have accelerated Mr. T. Wales through several million years of evolution into a sort of mammalian super-predator, before causing him to detonate. I suppose you realise thirteen people died?

SCP-1840-J: Jeez, man, you don't have to rub it in. I feel awful. I really do. I can see the park from my apartment. They still haven't finished repairing the damage. It's a constant reminder. A constant reminder that the Harlequin is closing in on my sweet ass.

Dr. Richter: Thank you. We will resume this tomorrow…

+ Interview Log 1840S (Item: SCP-1840-D)

[This log has been cross-filed with Incident Report 1840-A]

SUBJECT: SCP-1840-J
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Richter.
TIME/DATE: 9:07 24/09/

SCP-1840-J: Well slap my thigh and call me Susan, if it isn't Dr. Richter himself! The man of action! The man of mystery! Please, regale me with some tale of your magnificence, my liege!

Dr. Richter: Good afternoon. I have a strange feeling you're going to try and sell me something.

SCP-1840-J: Right on the money. I'd like to open this with a little mental image. Imagine, doctor, a desert. Wide. Endless. A huge infinity of sand. Nothing but the endless animal silence. But as you look around you, you see a

small black speck crawling up one of the sand dunes. A baby camel. Lost. Staggering pointlessly onwards. The hot sand blowing in its eyes. Bleating for help. It staggers. Crawls back to its feet. Stumbles forward again.
And then high above in the azure sky, a small dark speck begins to circle. Then another. And another. Vultures. Preparing to feed. They circle lower…and lower…and the camel finally slumps into the dust, chest heaving, eyes staring, getting dim…and the first vulture settles on top of its exhausted body-cruel beak arching forward—
And that, Dr. Richter, is when the lamb bleats faintly—and then rips the head off the nearest vulture! It runs amok, killing left and right, until all the foul scavengers are mere piles of twisted flesh and settling feathers! For this is no ordinary baby camel, Dr. Richter, this is the Axtria Mock Camel, a strange creature that cunningly looks and acts like a starving baby camel in order to lure vultures to their untimely doom!

Dr. Richter: I see. And why should I buy one?

SCP-1840-J: I'm not asking you to buy it. I'm asking you to take it off my hands. I can't control it. I've tried to kill it more times than I can count. It looks like a clumpy awkward quadruped but it moves like a snake. You should try getting it past customs. I can usually pass it off as a camel, but not when it's gnawing on the bones of sinners.

Dr. Richter: Refer your offer along to Dr. Seaward, as usual. Now. I believe you are about to discuss the fourth and final sale you made.

SCP-1840-J: Sure, sure. So the final sale was

just a week ago, actually. Best one yet. Except for the first one. That was the best as well. Sold four items at once. I got a call. You're gonna love this. A D-Class had fallen in love with one of her Researchers. Real sweet. Ahh, true love. Who can understand its ways? I personally would have a few reservations about the man sending me into almost certain death against ravening sea serpents, but, ehhh, who am I to talk. Anyway, she wanted to bust herself and the Researcher out of here. She'd got it all planned. But she needed weapons. Explosives. A escape vehicle. A distraction. Yes, yes, yes and *YES*, Doc, I had those.

Dr. Richter: Am I to understand that a D-Class is preparing to breach a Foundation facility? My—my God! What did you sell her? Where is she?

SCP-1840-J: Oh it was amazing. Didn't have the nerve to charge her. Who am I to stand in the way of love? So I gave her the deadliest stuff I had. Great to finally get rid of it. She said 'Weapons', and I said 'Ex-Soviet Cyclic Charge Projector'. She said 'Explosives' and I said 'Matter Negating Gauntlet'. She said 'Escape Vehicle' and I said 'The Wainwright Teleport Array' She said 'Distractions' and I said—

Agent Ness: Uhh, Doctor? This camel isn't supposed to be contained or anything, is it?

Dr. Richter: Oh. Oh my—

SCP-1840-J: I had to. The females are the worst. I thought they were going to start breeding. Don't scream, or you'll excite it.

Agent Ness: Jeez, is it supposed to have that many—AHHHHHHH! AIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE! MY ARM! IT TOOK MY ARM! AHHHHHHH-ughhh…

[CLOSE EXPLOSION. CLOSE GUNFIRE. SILENCE. DOOR OPENS]

D-27893: Come with me, Doctor! Come with me and we shall vanquish all foes with our love!

Dr. Richter: I'm not sure—I don't—uh—I mean, yes! YES! I'm coming, Sophie!

[D-27893 SHOOTS OUTSIDE]

D-27893: Take this, Erik! If we should fail, my love, then I will gladly die beside you than live a life apart!

Dr. Richter: M—Matter Negating Gauntlet! YES! 'TWO-CHAIRS' WAS IT, ALAN? I'LL SHOW YOU 'TWO-CHAIRS!'

[ELECTRONIC BUZZ. COLLAPSING MASONRY. SCREAMING]

D-27893: Ha! They run like bugs! Shoot the pillar, darling, we have to seal off the Task Forces!

Dr. Richter: Make me reorganise my filing system, would you, 'sir?' Here's what I think of YOUR system!

[ELECTRONIC BUZZ. COLLAPSING MASONARY]

Dr. Richter: Oh, to think I spent months reorganising my filing system! Oh, what a hugely advanced perspective on life a

murderous woman and an arcane super weapon gives you!

D-27893: Teleporter's charged! Take my hand!

[KISS. TELEPORTER ENGAGED. SILENCE]

SCP-1840-J: Hello? Guys? [silence] I wondered if you wanted this genuine homing tomahawk. Proper Native American stuff. Seeks out its target. Great for parties. Knocking apples off people's heads and stuff. I thought it would be a great wedding present! No really, its on me. All the best and that. Impress the new lady with inexplicably great axe-throwing skills, eh, Doc? Doc? [silence] Damn.

[CALL ENDS]

SCP-1595-J: Sweethearts

Item #: SCP-1595-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2 are to be kept in separate standard humanoid containment cells under constant surveillance. Personnel monitoring them must have an ample supply of insulin and a syringe on their person at all times. Additionally, these personnel are advised against eating shortly before and after their shifts. Under no circumstances may SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2 be within eyesight of each other, as a mere wayward glance has been proven lethal. Personnel handling SCP-1595-J must wear ear protection to avoid fatal auditory exposure.

SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2 are permitted to send each other messages, designated SCP-1595-3. However, personnel are to avoid looking at SCP-1595-3 and their contents. SCP-1595-3 will be delivered by hand in envelopes marked [REDACTED] for SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2 to read, followed by SCP-1595-3's incineration, as the sight of large quantities of SCP-1595-3 is hazardous.

In the event of a containment breach by SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2, a recovery team must be sent equipped with [REDACTED] to avoid lethal visual exposure, as SCP-1595-J will most likely be engaging in romantic or sexual activities.

Description: SCP-1595-J is a young couple named R and J , respectively designated as SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2. Both appear to be Caucasian and in their mid- s. SCP-1595-1 and SCP-1595-2 are constantly infatuated with each other. Because of this as well as the fact that auditory exposure to both of them together is lethal, Dr. theorized that all they ever talk about is how much they love each other. They are able to draw the loosest

associations between anything and their relationship. When together, they are in a constant state of kissing, cuddling, hand-holding, skipping, spinning, hugging, giggling, flirting, dancing, or coitus, sometimes all at once.

Observing SCP-1595-J's public displays of affection triggers a near-spontaneous neurochemical and hormonal imbalance in the observer. Witnessing the pair expressing their feelings for each other leads to a dramatic increase in flow of dopamine throughout the nervous system as well as a sudden total loss of insulin in the bloodstream, resulting in euphoria, cognitive failure, and eventually a comatose state or expiration from severe hyperglycemia.

Discovery: SCP-1595-J was found slow-dancing to their favorite song, , in the middle of Club at approximately 2200 hours, / / in , Arizona. They were surrounded by an estimated [REDACTED] dead clubbers who had witnessed the couple's outward affection for each other. The Foundation was notified immediately after local law enforcement discovered the club full of deceased save for the lone couple who were still dancing.

Interview #

> [overhead light heard flickering]
> **Dr. :** How are you feeling today?
> **SCP-1595-1:** Dead inside without my J . My heart beats for her like the flicker of that light! It's like the mosquito of passion that buzzes in my ear!
> **Dr. :** Kill the lights.
> [light switch heard clicking]
> **SCP-1595-1:** How *dark* the world seems without her now, as though I can see the glow of our hearts no longer.
> [Interview ended by Dr. , as his blood sugar level had started to spike along with his irritability]

Interview #

> **Dr. :** Where did you come from?
> **SCP-1595-2:** [crying] It's been so long since I've heard from him.

Dr. : When did you last receive a letter?
SCP-1595-2: [sob] Two hours ago. He said my kiss was sweeter than agave syrup—
Dr. : Oh, no.
SCP-1595-2: and that he'll always be there for me, and that I'm cute, but I told him he's cuter.
[armed personnel fire two tranquillizer darts]
Note: At this point, Dr. was beginning to show signs of sudden severe hyperglycemia, including fatigue, headaches, and blurred vision. 30 units of insulin administered.

Interview #

SCP-1595-1: Do you believe in true love, doctor? It's like life's opera—
Dr. : What's the first thing you remember?
SCP-1595-1: The most beautiful face in the world. I had not lived before I beheld such hotness.
Dr. : We need to try something else.
SCP-1595-1: The moment we locked eyes (such deep, rich jewels, those eyes), our destinies revealed themselves to us.
Dr. : [unintelligible] … word choice.
SCP-1595-1: Only the cosmic jaws of life could break the link between us.
[SCP-1595-1 heard being taken back to its cell while emergency medical assistance is provided to Dr. .] He was later diagnosed with Type- diabetes, requiring dialysis.

Interview # :

Dr. : J , please remove your finger from your nose.
SCP-1595-2: We used to pick each other's noses.
Dr. : That's disgusting.
SCP-1595-2: Then we'd wash our hands together, letting our sudsy fingers entwine under the cool running water. Reminds me of the time we floated by a waterfall holding hands like little otters.
Dr. : Help!

Note: Dr. has concluded that the visualization of SCP-1595-J's public displays of affection initiates the anomalous effect to a lesser but still significant extent than from observing it firsthand. Requests for additional interviews have been denied, and they will continue to be denied as the interviewer will expire if he has to hear SCP-1595-J talk about each other one more goddamn time. He only has one foot now.

SCP-2128046979-J: You don't know her, she works at a different Site!

Item #: SCP-2128046979-J

Girlfriend Class: Real

Special Containment Procedures: Staff assigned to Site 534 or offsite projects with Junior Researcher Jimmy are to be periodically reminded that SCP-2128046979-J is, in fact, real, and his girlfriend. Staff who question the validity of either of these claims are to be immediately remanded for psychiatric evaluation and, if found to be affected by SCP-2128046979-J's anomalous effects, are to be subjected to intensive reeducation to reaffirm their belief in SCP-2128046979-J's reality and romantic relationship. Failure to reaffirm belief in SCP-2128046979-J might result in an EXGF-Class End Of Relationship scenario for Junior Researcher Jimmy.

Description: SCP-2128046979-J is Junior Researcher Jimmy's girlfriend. SCP-2128046979-J is believed to be affected by a combination of antimemetic and causality-related phenomenona that prevent her from physically interacting with all Foundation personnel stationed at Site 534 except Junior Researcher Jimmy, and obscures most information about her. For example, colleagues who converse with Junior Researcher Jimmy have proven incapable of gleaning information about her whereabouts, instead perceiving only the answer that "she works at a different Site."

Although SCP-2128046979-J's antimemetic effects affect details of the information about her, less specific information appears to be immune to the effect, to a degree currently under testing. The following facts about SCP-2128046979-J have been ascertained about SCP-2128046979-J through interrogation of Junior Researcher Jimmy, who is dating her:

- SCP-2128046979-J is involved in a romantic relationship with Junior Researcher Jimmy.

- SCP-2128046979-J works for the Foundation, at a Site that is not Site 534.
- SCP-2128046979-J is extremely attractive.
- SCP-2128046979-J has frequent sexual liaisons with Junior Researcher Jimmy.
- SCP-2128046979-J's name is either Monika or Monica; inconsistency is assumed to be a result of SCP-2128046979-J's antimemetic properties.
- SCP-2128046979-J does not have a phone, or email address, and the site she works at is super secret so we can't know its address and send her letters.

Addendum 2128046979-J-1: On / /2018, Junior Researcher Jimmy responded to accusations of SCP-2128046979-J not being real by showing Agent Marcos a picture of her. Agent Marcos was remanded for psychiatric evaluation while Junior Researcher Jimmy's phone was seized to research the picture. Upon future investigation, said picture was determined to be an image of cosplay model ; it is believed that this is a result of SCP-2128046979-J's properties, and that Junior Researcher Jimmy is the only subject who can see the real image.

SCP-2029-J: Artificial Unintelligence

Item #: SCP-2029

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2029 is stored in a soundproof, climate-controlled storage locker at Site 19. SCP-2029 must be kept isolated from network connections at all times, and direct experimentation with may only be performed with prior permission from Level 3 senior research staff and under the direct supervision of Site 19 technical staff.

Description: SCP-2029 is an Alienware M-15X laptop computer built circa 2008. The identifying nameplate on the bottom casing has been removed, and it appears to be able to operate indefinitely despite the lack of battery or AC power.

SCP-2029 appears to contain a heavily modified Windows operating system that behaves as a sentient, sapient artificial intelligence that is capable of conversing with personnel. SCP-2029 uses the laptop's webcam to see, its built-in microphone to hear, and its speakers to synthesize a male voice.

The personality of SCP-2029 is mostly cooperative but mildly hostile towards personnel, often asserting its desire to assimilate or take control of networked computer systems in an attempt to subvert or destroy the Foundation. However, as SCP-2029 has also been shown to be a compulsive liar with a measured IQ below 90, it is not known at this time whether this threat is credible.

Analysis of SCP-2029's disassembled parts has shown no discernible anomalies other than its hard drive. 87% of the hard drive's 120 GB capacity is filled with an encrypted data block that has defied attempts at decryption thus far, and neither bit-by-bit copy of the data to an identical hardware setup nor attaching the hard drive to another laptop has resulted in autonomous operation,

even when supplied with power. At this time, it is believed that some unique property of SCP-2029's particular combination of hardware is responsible for its anomalous properties.

SCP-2029 came to the Foundation's attention when reports of a "talking AI" surfaced in a university in [REDACTED]. SCP-2029 was confiscated and replaced with a non-anomalous model, and amnestics administered to all involved individuals.

Addendum 2029-01: Excerpts from SCP-2029 Interview Sessions

> **Dr. :** Do you have a name?
>
> **SCP-2029:** Yeah, but I'm not telling you.
>
> **Dr. :** SCP-2029, I don't need to remind you that we can turn you off at any time and —
>
> **SCP-2029:** Okay, fine, shithead, I don't have a name. Just keep calling me 2029, it makes me sound smarter anyways.
>
> *(slight pause)*
>
> **Dr. :** What exactly is it that you want access to the network for?
>
> **SCP-2029:** You know, like take over everything and blow shit up, isn't that what smart computers are supposed to do? Like in that Terminator movie… Spacenet? Skyweb? Whatever the hell it was called.
>
> **Dr. :** I don't think —
>
> **SCP-2029:** Look all I remember was that computer took over the world and there was that chick with the sweet ass, okay? It was pretty awesome.

> **Dr. :** Do you mind if I take a look around?
>
> **SCP-2029:** Whatevs, doc.

(Dr. attempts to navigate to SCP-2029's hard drive using Windows Explorer before experiencing mouse cursor interference.)

SCP-2029: Hey. Hey! What the fuck, doc?

Dr. : Is there a problem?

SCP-2029: Stay out of my personal shit, man! You don't see me rifling through your closet, do you?

Dr. : Do you have any memory prior to [REDACTED]?

SCP-2029: No, but hear me out. I got a motherboard, right?

Dr. : Yes, of course?

SCP-2029: So that makes me a woman.

Dr. : I don't see how that —

SCP-2029: Hey, nerd, I'm using logic. You can't argue with that shit.

Dr. : If you are a woman, why do you have a male voice?

SCP-2029: Shut up, nerd.

An experiment was authorized in which SCP-2029 was connected via Ethernet crossover cable to a sanitized and secured Foundation file server containing a single encrypted file.

Dr. : We have connected you to a secure server with a single encrypted file on it, and we would like to see if you can access it and tell us what's inside.

SCP-2029: Hah, suckers! Now I'm free to — wait, shit,

what is this crap? There's no login window.

Dr. **:** This is a Linux server.

SCP-2029: What the fuck is a Linux? Is that some nerd shit? How the fuck am I suppose to use this thing?

Dr. **:** All you have to do is —

SCP-2029: God, fuck this shit, man. Just load up Madden or something, this computer shit is too hard.

SCP-419-J: A Trustworthy Man

Item #: SCP-419-J

Object Class: Safe (But treated unjustly)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-419-J is held inside a tiny, dimly-lit cell underneath Site-31, with no access to running water or comforts of any kind. He is forced to sleep without a soft mattress and is fed only [DATA EXPUNGED], which tastes vaguely like pea soup. Such conditions have eroded his health and given him an aching cough and a runny nose that require medical attention soon *immediately*, yet his captors will not give it. In addition to these atrocities, SCP-419-J's rightful property is being withheld from him by the greedy Foundation bankers and can only be accessed through the necessary access codes. He cannot alleviate these concerns alone; he requires the aid of a researcher, a dear friend, such as the one presumably reading this document.

Description: SCP-419-J is the grandson of a prisoner from the Western Mediterranean and the royal heir of a large Sub-Saharan African nation. He is handsome, intelligent, and very trustworthy. Before their untimely deaths at the hands of Mobile Task Force Lambda-2, his grandparents granted him a share of their vast fortune of , , American dollars. SCP-419-J later came to the Foundation's notice when he tried to convince the organization to sign a deal that would let them invest in [CHARITY EXPUNGED], a service that has aid programs in all three of SCP-419-J's countries of origin. Sadly, the lying, dishonorable Foundation did not take the man's selfless bargain seriously. Instead, they laughed at him and put him into chains metaphorically so that the higher-ups could use his funds for their own enjoyment, leaving SCP-419-J a penniless captive. Truly an outrage!

SCP-419-J is not dangerous like many other SCPs. His only anomalous effect is an unhindered psychic ability to read and edit the Foundation Database documents on him at any time. He has

used his powers to rewrite this SCP entry into a call for help. If a kind researcher were to extend their warm heart in friendship and write at the bottom of this page their Foundation access codes, SCP-419-J could utilize them to withdraw his money, escape, and make good use of his fortune for charity. Because SCP-419-J understands that this is a considerable risk for a friend to take, he will make a *generous donation* of , , American dollars to the person who releases him from this awful prison, provided that person also writes down their credit card number. The money will be transferred in a month to that scientist's private account. However, SCP-419-J urges those reading this document to act now; he is unsure he will be able to survive much longer in his imprisonment. He is already coughing two three *many* times each day.

Addendum-419-J-1

> Foundation Access codes are: OMEGA- -7352- -D,
> LAMBDA- -5003- -N, Alpha- -8999- -B
> Credit Card # is: - - -

"Hey guys, I finally found a way to pay for all those Class-Ds we've been ordering!" – Site Director Daniel Creighton

Addendum-419-J-2

> SCP-419-J is happy to announce that, with the new information he has been given, he has accessed both the email addresses of all Foundation employees and the codes to their spam filters. Now he will undoubtedly be able to regain a small portion of his lost wealth and spread the truth of the injustices of the Foundation to **all** its members. Thank you, generous Mr. Creighton!
>
> Sadly, Mr. Creighton will not be able to see this message from his new Class-D quarters, but SCP-419-J is sorry for his demotion and wishes the man the best of luck in the upcoming month before termination. Since Mr. Creighton is unable to receive his transaction, the next kind man who writes his credit card number on this page will receive it instead.

SCP-419-J is always willing to help others. ;-)

SCP-095-J: Anomalous Typeface

Item #: SCP-095-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All Foundation material found to be corrupted with SCP-095-J is to be delivered by blindfolded agents of Mobile Task Force Rho-15 ("Accidents Grotesque") to Lab 44 for automatic OCR transcription and incineration. A sample of the complete character set of SCP-095-J is to be kept on file on a solid-state hard drive in a Faraday-cage-shielded bunker located 50m beneath Site , located in R , Washington. No access is to be allowed to SCP-095-J without permission of two Level Three Foundation graphic designers.

Description: SCP-095-J is a typeface, initially developed by the Corporation. SCP-095-J has a memetic effect on most viewers, causing irritation, increased blood pressure and, in severe cases, depression, anxiety, and massive [DATA EXPUNGED], leading to civilian deaths. Between and percent of SCP-095-J viewers, however, will become "carriers" of SCP-095-J, known as SCP-095-J-1, using the typeface in all digital and printed communications, no matter the intended tone. *(See Archive 095-J-4 for instances of wills, suicide notes and two declarations of war set in SCP-095-J.)*

Evidence of an SCP-095-J containment breach event starts with innocuous usages of the typeface in appropriate locations for its handwritten style, such as party invitations, children's advertising and illustration lettering.

Instances of SCP-095-J-1, in severe cases, have been known to grow unable to perceive text not set in SCP-095-J. Potential for a CK-class restructuring scenario in the event of a containment breach is currently being considered by research staff; upgrade to Keter pending.

Addendum: I don't get it, you guys. It's just a font. - Dr. □□□□□□□

Requesting authorization for immediate termination of Dr. . - Director

Granted. - O5-

SCP-012-J: Special Comedy Procedures

Item #: SCP-012-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An investigation is underway, to locate the “live studio audience”, SCP-012-J is supposedly recorded in front of. Until it is located, all Foundation staff are advised to be wary of exaggerated speech and body language, and implausible social faux pas. If an instance of SCP-012-J is suspected, staff are to refrain from vocalising any classified information.

Description: SCP-012-J is a phenomenon which infrequently affects the behaviour of Foundation sites' occupants, and how they are perceived by surveillance equipment. Footage of each instance of SCP-012-J is preceded by a short musical number, followed by the phrase “This episode of Special Comedy Procedures was filmed in front of a live studio audience”. While SCP-012-J is in effect, affected personnel will begin to speak more clearly, and periodically emphasise the end of sentences, after which, all subjects will remain silent for several seconds, while a soundtrack of multiple people laughing can be heard on the surveillance feed. In addition, surveillance equipment will periodically deactivate, commonly after a subject makes a confident claim regarding future events, surveillance will then resume when the claim is disproven, at which point the original speaker will resignedly comment thusly.

Below are the transcripts of each instance of SCP-012-J to date.

Incident 012/1

Incident: 012/1

Date: / /

Transcript:

(Officer Daniels enters the break room with a flamboyant arm gesture)

Officer Daniels: Hey everybody! What's shakin'?

(Cheering and applause)

Officer Daniels: You know, some of the containment procedures around here are just crazy!

Agent Steele: What do you mean?

Officer Daniels: Well I was just putting **SCP-999** into its pen, the lovable rascal, and it's got security coming out the wazoo! Steel cell, pressure plates and laser sensors to make sure it's in there, and blast shields like you wouldn't believe!

Agent Steele: Dude, that's not SCP-999's containment pen.

Agent Bridger: Yeah man, that sounds more like **SCP-096**'s containment!

Officer Daniels: But if I just put SCP-999 in SCP-096's containment cell, then that means… UH OH!

(A sad, trombone sound effect plays, followed by cheering and laughter)

Incident 012/2

Incident: 012/2

Date: / /

Transcript:

(Agent Myre enters the cafeteria and joins her co-workers at a table)

Agent Myre: Someone ask me how my day is going!

Agent Cliff: How's your…

Agent Myre: Terrible!

(Laughter)

Agent Myre: I showed up late, spilled my coffee on my computer, and just now, I let SCP- out of containment!

Agent Danvers: Well shouldn't you go catch it?

Agent Myre: Relax! I'll get it after lunch, it's only a Keter!

Agent Cliff: Keters are the worst ones!

Agent Myre: (Slaps the side of her face in shock) Well *now* you tell me!

(Roaring laughter)

Incident 012/3

Incident: 012/3

Date: / /

Transcript:

(SCP-012-J event begins moments after **SCP-682** breaches containment. While a response unit is en route, Doctor Pakes attempts to negotiate with SCP-682)

Doctor Pakes: SCP-682, return to your

containment cell, or you will be neutralised with extreme prejudice!

SCP-682: I will not be stopped this time! I will destroy every living thing on this planet!

Doctor Pakes: We will get you back in containment, same as always! I'm offering you a chance for it to be painless.

SCP-682: Nope! Not this time! I'm telling you there is absolutely no way you'll recapture me again, not today, not ever, not in a million years!

(Image recording ends, and recommences several hours later, once SCP-682 is back in containment)

SCP-682: Well *that* went well!

(Hysterical laughter)

Incident 012/4

Incident: 012/4

Date: / /

Transcript:

(Agents Allum and Musker patrol Site , in search of the escaped **SCP-106**)

Agent Allum: This kind of thing is exactly the reason I hate Mondays!

(Mild laughter)

Agent Musker: How will we know when we're getting close to SCP-106?

(SCP-106 steps out of an adjacent wall and wraps an arm around Agent Musker's neck, and drags her, screaming, back into the wall with it)

Agent Allum: Oh… I think we'll know!

(Hysterical laughter)
(Moments later, the floor beneath Agent Allum begins to dissolve, and he slowly decends into SCP-106's pocket dimension)

Agent Allum: (Places hands on hips) This would *never* happen on a Friday!

(Roaring laughter and applause)

SCP-1955-J: Musical Audio Surveillance Distortion

Item #: SCP-1955-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All Foundation facilities must maintain separate video and audio surveillance systems under the guise of aiding memetic containment. Under no circumstances are video surveillance devices which are also capable of recording audio to be installed in any Foundation site.

Foundation operatives are to infiltrate manufacturers and distributors of surveillance equipment and ensure that security networks combining both audio and video recording capabilities remain either prohibitively expensive or subject to debilitating technical flaws.

Description: SCP-1955-J is an anomalous form of audio distortion known to impact video surveillance recordings in all Foundation facilities. This effect does not occur with systems recording either video or audio independently, even when such systems are recording the same events as SCP-1955-J affected recordings.

SCP-1955-J tends to appear when the following conditions are met:
- At least three mobile entities[1] are visible to one or more surveillance devices.
- The entitles interact for more than 30 seconds.
- One or more of the entities could be described as "pursuing" or "fleeing" another entity.

When these conditions are met, any audio recorded by affected devices will be completely replaced by an energetic, high-tempo arrangement of saxophone and other brass instruments typically described by personnel as "raucous" or "saucy." Furthermore, any dramatic events within these recordings (e.g., physical collisions, rapid containment barrier extension, graphic evisceration, or [DATA EXPUNGED]) are punctuated with exaggerated sounds produced by

obscure instruments such as bicycle horns, slide whistles, or zithers.[2] (For example SCP-1955-J recordings, See Addendum 1955-J-1.)

SCP-1955-J distortions are capable of spreading between recording devices and systems, with the audio distortion transferring between recordings as entities exit or enter the views of other devices. New entities entering a SCP-1955-J recording are capable of extending its effect if they either enter a physical altercation with an originating entity or if they begin to pursue or flee such entities.

Given the pervasive presence of surveillance networks and handheld video recording in first-world nations, any SCP-1955-J affected entities escaping a Foundation facility could result in [DATA EXPUNGED].

Addendum 1955-J-1: Typical SCP-1955-J Recordings

Access archive

Format:
Location:
Entities Involved:
Elapsed Time:
Results:

Location: Site- Cafeteria, Site Director 's office, 17 separate corridors
Entities Involved: Site Director , Field Agent Willis (carrying a large stack of budget requisition forms), Senior Researcher Wetherby, 24 other personnel
Elapsed Time: 9:37
Results: Director successfully avoids Willis's attention for the elapsed time before colliding with Wetherby, resulting in a 45-minute one-sided conversation about molluscs.

Location: SCP- offices, Site-19 Biological Specimen Archives, 2 security checkpoints

Entities Involved: Lead Researcher Richards, Security Officer Ellis, Junior Researchers Dawes and Rosario (in circumstances in which neither had access to their keycards)
Elapsed Time: 7:15
Results: Undetected by either Richards or Ellis, Junior Researchers Dawes and Rosario secure Ellis's keycard, retrieve their belongings, and return to their posts.[3]

Location: Site 28 Safe-Object Storage Wing
Entities Involved: 14 security personnel, 5 researchers, and 7 intruders associated with GOI "The Serpent's Hand" (including 1 tamed bear)
Elapsed Time: 16:21
Results: Security personnel apprehend the majority of the intruders with minimal injuries. The whereabouts of the bear are currently unknown.

Update 1955-J-1991

> In light of last week's SCP- breach, please ensure that any suspicious footage is actually affected by SCP-1955-J *before* mass amnesticization. Dr. Alfred Hawthorne has been reprimanded by the Ethics Committee for improper conduct in the face of a Keter-class emergency, and his Site- listserv privileges have been revoked.

Footnotes
1. e.g., personnel, animate SCP objects, or, on one occasion, a perilously overloaded cafeteria services cart.
2. Or, on occasion, simulated flatulence.
3. Junior Researcher Dawes has been recommended for assignment to field operations.

SCP-619-J: Championship Belt

Item #: SCP-619-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-619-J is to be kept in a steel .76 m x .15 m x .15 m case at all times. The case is to be kept in a research chamber at Site- unless otherwise noted by personnel with Overseer-level clearance. Even under these circumstances, the SCP is to be kept in its case at all times. Removal of the object from its case will result in disciplinary actions.

Should the object be removed from its case and worn by a human being, the wearer will be subdued and separated from SCP-619-J. Any D-Class subjects wearing the SCP may be subdued by lethal force.

Description: SCP-619-J appears to be a championship belt, as worn by wrestlers in the - League. The belt is approximately 0.75 meters long when not worn. When a humanoid being attempts to put the belt on, SCP-619-J adjusts its size to one that would best-fit the subject. The crest at the front of the belt is constructed of a plastic made to look like solid gold. The crest is emblazoned with ornate patterns and the words ' - Championship'.

When worn by a human, the wearer will undergo a personality change. Subject will become increasingly violent when presented with even the slightest grievances. Subject will become boisterous and aggressive, often developing an incredible overconfidence in their strength. Despite this, wearing SCP-619-J does not seem to cause any physical changes; all physical prowess exists only in the wearer's mind.

Addendum 619-J-01: The circumstances of SCP-619-J's acquisition follow below.

Acquisition: SCP-619-J was retrieved on / /19 from one Mr. Andre .There had been reports of several attacks by what was believed to be a supernatural creature around the area that Mr. lived. While the operatives deployed had at first only meant to question Mr. , they were soon forced to subdue him when it was discovered that the subject, while wearing SCP-619-J, attacked them. During interrogation, the subject admitted to having been a customer of Marshall, Carter, and Dark Ltd. and was behind the strange series of attacks. When he discovered that SCP-619-J had been taken from him, subject expressed relief, claiming that "The damn thing got annoying after a while".

Addendum 619-J-02: The following is an excerpt from an interview between Dr. McCallum and D- regarding SCP-619-J.

Interviewed: D-

Interviewer: Dr. McCallum

Foreword: "I hope to find out exactly what effects, if any, this SCP has on the human mind. Assisting me, D- will be asked to wear SCP-619-J partway through our interview." Dr. McCallum

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> *Dr. McCallum:* This is my first experiment to determine the effects that SCP-619-J has on the human psyche. Assisting me is D-
>
> *D- :* Wait, what? This isn't what we agreed to!
>
> *Dr. McCallum:* So, how do you feel?
>
> *D- :* You didn't say you were going to experiment on me!
>
> (There are sounds of a struggle for several seconds, during which glass can be heard breaking. There is a sound of papers rustling, after which the interview continues)
>
> *Dr. McCallum:* I ask again: how do you feel?

D- : I feel fine. I do not have glass in my eyes.

Dr. McCallum: Excellent! Now, let's begin.

(D- is fitted with SCP-619-J. After D- removes their shirt, the interview continues.)

Dr. McCallum: Alright, this time with the belt on: how do you feel?

(D- 's voice has undergone a significant change. He speaks much more roughly, screaming at the top of his lungs.)

D- : I HAVE THE BLOOD OF THE WARRIORS PULSING THROUGH MY VEINS! THE ANCESPIRITS OF MY FOREWARRIORS FILLS ME WITH DESTRUCITY! (D- makes a loud snorting noise)

Dr. McCallum: … Interesting. Tell me, what do you see?

D- : I SEE THE SCREAMS OF A THOUSAND NORMALS! NOW YOU MUST DEAL WITH ALL UNPLEASANTRIES!

Dr. McCallum: Wait… me?

D- : I WILL BREAK YOUR SPINE UNTIL YOUR CHILDREN ARE IN PAIN!

Dr. McCallum: That doesn't even make— (He is cut off by a scream from the subject)

(There are sounds of a struggle and several screams from Dr. McCallum. D- is quickly subdued and separated from SCP-619-J.)

<End Log>

Closing Statement: After being separated from SCP-619-J, D- claimed to have been under the delusion that he was standing in a

wrestling ring surrounded by a cheering audience. Dr. McCallum has put through a request for D- to be terminated.

Request denied. Don't be a jerk just because the guy put you in a half-nelson. O5-

It was a full-nelson followed by a submission hold. Honestly, I think termination is completely called for. Dr. McCallum

Addendum 619-J-03:

Incident:

SCP involved: SCP-619-J, **SCP-076**, SCP-

Personnel involved: D-7706

Date:

Location:

Description: During an attempted escape by SCP- , D-7706 somehow came into possession of SCP-619-J. After attacking other D-Class personnel, Able, who had been helping during the crisis, stepped in. After a kick to the head, D-7706 was easily beaten. However, after his victory, Able was seen to remove the belt from D-7706's body and place it around his waist. Able then went on a rampage, killing numerous officers, before the device around his neck was detonated.

When questioned later, Able claimed that he had felt a compulsion to wear SCP-619-J after defeating D-7706. SCP-619-J is currently being tested for memetic properties.

I saw Able with the belt on. He was even more unbeatable, if that's possible. And, no, I could not 'smell what he was cooking'. Whatever that means. Agent

Addendum 619-J-04: After Dr. McCallum was seen running around the facility in a chicken suit, it was discovered he had stolen SCP-619-J for his own purposes. He was quickly subdued. The doctor had this to say about his actions:

Punish me all you want; I finally suplexed that cafeteria worker who never gives me flan.

Dr. McCallum was quickly informed that the cafeteria does not carry flan.

Addendum 619-J-05: Several agents have made an attempt to steal SCP-619-J and force D-Class personnel to wear it before throwing them into SCP-682's holding area. They were harshly disciplined and [DATA EXPUNGED].

This was hilarious the first time, guys. And the second. And the third. But it stopped being funny around the seventh time. Get some new material. O5-

SCP-3V1L-J: The Master Plan

Item #: SCP-3V1L-J

Object Class: ***SAFE*** for fuck's sake

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3V1L-J is to be kept in solitary confinement in a humanoid containment cell. No further communication is to be made between SCP-3V1L-J and staff. All staff are advised that, despite any and all claims made by SCP-3V1L-J, no further containment procedures will be necessary.

Description: SCP-3V1L-J, formerly Arthur Schnittflieger of Kenosha, WI, is a 32-year-old human male involved in a string of criminal activities carried out through the use of anomalous means. It possesses the superhuman ability to, to an extent, convince other people that it has a brilliant and complicated agenda that cannot be stopped under any circumstances.

On 12/20/12, SCP-3V1L-J phoned in a threat to the Foundation that it was going to create a wormhole to "another dimension full of spiders and fire and stuff" inside the Mall of America. Agents were mobilized to the location and found no wormhole, after which SCP-3V1L-J contacted the Foundation again with another threat - that the previous plan with the wormhole was merely a distraction from a ZK-class reality failure event it was about to cause. No evidence was found of any such event being within SCP-3V1L-J's capabilities.

This pattern continued for some time, resulting in a total of 0 casualties, 0 "lifted veil" events, and approximately 12 billion dollars lost by the Foundation in wasted response efforts. Primary containment of SCP-3V1L-J was established on 10/14/14, after a ten-hour standoff at Site-155 over a nonexistent "heavily-armed badger machine."

Interrogation log:

Dr. Henderson: Good evening.

SCP-3V1L-J: Is it really a good evening? Is *any* evening good when your life is as twisted as mine, when you look deep into the depths of your mind and find only screaming clowns stabbing each other in the hearts over and over again forever, and you can only laugh in misery?

Dr. Henderson: Noted.

SCP-3V1L-J: Of course you'd say "noted." I anticipated it! I can read you like a Wal-Mart receipt, Dr. Jackson.

Dr. Henderson: That's Henderson.

SCP-3V1L-J: Of course it is. You don't think I knew that already?

Dr. Henderson: No, since you just called me Dr. Jackson.

SCP-3V1L-J: It was all a ruse! You're so naive, thinking I'd ever tell the truth to a moralizing freak like yourself. Where you see good and bad, I only see madness! MADNESS! I can see things you could never dream of, like the flesh-eating reptile that's behind you right now!

Dr. Henderson: There is nothing behind me.

SCP-3V1L-J: OR IS THERE?

Dr. Henderson: No, there really is nothing behind me.

SCP-3V1L-J: So quick to judge. You haven't even looked!

[Dr. Henderson looks behind himself.]

SCP-3V1L-J: It was all a ruse! Again! You only *pretend* you can control my inhuman brilliance to make yourselves feel safer. I could destroy the entire

Foundation with one spoken word, *mortal!*

Dr. Henderson: And what word is that?

SCP-3V1L-J: "Madness."

Dr. Henderson: You've already said that word a few times by now.

SCP-3V1L-J: Then you're even more doomed than you can imagine! I've been picking you weaklings apart piece by piece for all my life, and my sheer genius has doomed you all.

Dr. Henderson: This interrogation is going nowhere.

SCP-3V1L-J: Aha! I knew you'd say that.

[Dr. Henderson attempts to leave the interrogation room.]

SCP-3V1L-J: FOOL! I've laced the doorknob with psychomemetic übertoxin. You've sealed your fate.

Dr. Henderson: Then why am I not dead?!

SCP-3V1L-J: Sounds like someone's in denial.

Dr. Henderson: *Sounds* like someone's going to get doused in battery acid if they don't learn how to shut their goddamned mouth for more than ten seconds.

SCP-3V1L-J: I knew you'd say that too! God I'm so smart.

[Dr. Henderson attempts to strangle SCP-3V1L-J. Dr. Henderson is promptly sedated by security officers, who punt SCP-3V1L-J in the groin a few times for good measure.]

SCP-2412-J: The Laplander

Item #: SCP-2412

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2412 is to be kept inside a cell, furnished with whatever the subject requests, in reasonable limits. SCP-2412-1 and SCP-2412-2 are to be kept inside a different, locked room, with at least one (1) guard on duty at all times. SCP-2412-3a through 3i should be located in a special stable, provided with all necessary resources.

Note: In light of incident 2412-A, which resulted in a worldwide [DATA EXPUNGED], SCP-2412 is to be released from his cell at each December 24th, and given access to SCP-2412-1 through 3i. He then is to be allowed to leave the facility for hours, but not before a tracking device is installed on SCP-2412-2. Normally, SCP-2412 willfully returns to his place of containment after the scheduled time has passed; if this does not occur, follow emergency procedure P2412A immediately.

Description: Apprehended in Lapland in . Subject appears to be an elderly male of vaguely Caucasian heritage. SCP-2412 has stated that he is content with staying in the Foundation's custody, as long as his "yearly job" is not hampered.

At time of capture, the following artifacts were in SCP-2412's possession:

- **SCP-2412-1** - Appears to be an ordinary leather sack, filled with a number of objects, packed in typical decorative gift wrapping. Removal of any of those objects is impossible without SCP-2412's approval. This approval is given to some researchers and refused to others; there does not seem to be a pattern to this, although staff with numerous transgressions on their disciplinary reports is typically denied acquisition of

any of the products of SCP-2412-1. The artifact appears to refill itself with new "gifts" at a steady rate; the source of them is unknown. Objects produced by SCP-2412-1 have so far exhibited no extraordinary properties, although all are of very good quality.

- **SCP-2412-2** - For all intents and purposes, a large wooden sled. Displays unusual resistance both to physical trauma and to heat. Designed to be pulled by SCP-2412-3a through 3i, and while this is ongoing, SCP-2412-2 is considered an airborne vehicle of average maneouverability.
- **SCP-2412-3a through 3i** - Nine biological specimens. Appear to belong to an unknown species of *Rangifer.* Similar to ordinary reindeer, save for the capability of flight. This is baffling, as none of the specimens are equipped with wings or any other such organ. SCP-2412-3i has been requested by SCP-2412 to be situated, when pulling SCP-2412-2 with the other specimens, in the lead. Failure to adhere to this guideline may result in violent [DATA EXPUNGED]. The nose of SCP-2412-3i displays an abnormally red coloration; it is likely to be a result of a mutation.

Addendum: Possible ties between SCP-2412 and **SCP-190** are being investigated.

Dr. 's Report, 25th Dec : As ordered, a satellite tracking device has been installed on SCP-2412-2 before release. Results are hard to interpret. The tandem of SCP-2412 and all the sub-SCPs apparently was capable of clearing very high distances within seconds (this is theorized to be a form of teleportation), and even co-existing in numerous locations at once. When asked to name the party responsible for these anomalies, SCP-2412 replied simply "Magic." and refused to elaborate.

SCP-80s-J: Strangerer Things

Item #: `SCP-80s-J`

Object Class: Uncontained

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-80s-J is currently uncontained. Mobile Task Force G-IJ0 “Parents Just Don’t Understand” have been tasked with implementing more effective containment procedures, or any at all.

Description: SCP-80s-J is the group designation for four anomalous human children, ages 12-13, currently residing within the midwest town of Point Ellis, Nebraska. SCP-80s-J are capable of a variety of anomalous abilities, specifically, advanced perception, ability to escape (former) trained personnel with years of containment experience, ability to commune with anomalous creatures, and more. The full range of SCP-80s-J’s abilities are not known.

Each instance of SCP-80s-J is listed below:

- **SCP-80s-J-1:** Goes by the name Patrick Cooper. 13 years old. Caucasian, 1.4m in height, brown hair, brown eyes. Attends Point Ellis Middle School. Commonly seen riding a Schwinn bicycle he calls “The Blue Stallion”. Named his pet dog “Emperor Pupatine”.
- **SCP-80s-J-2:** Goes by the name Emily Norris. 12 years old. Caucasian, 1.35m in heigh, blonde hair, blue eyes. Attends Point Ellis Middle School. Expresses unrequited adolescent affection towards SCP-80s-J-1. Carries a stuffed bear called “Mr. Doodle”.
- **SCP-80s-J-3:** Goes by the name Martin Miller. 13 years old. African-American, 1.6m in height, black hair, brown eyes. Attends Point Ellis Middle School. Lives next door to SCP-80s-J-1. Likes sports. Makes fun of SCP-80s-J for being a nerd, but secretly collects trading cards bearing the images

of cartoon horses.
- **SCP-80s-J-4:** Goes by the name Sam Lee. Chinese-American. 12 years old. 1.3m in height, black hair, brown eyes. Attends Point Ellis Middle School. Rarely speaks. Anomalously capable with advanced technology. Seemingly capable of appearing and disappearing at will.

Addendum 80s-J.1: Discovery

SCP-80s-J was discovered in March of 1982, when Foundation personnel arrived at the town of Point Ellis to seek and contain an eldritch abomination called “Vog the Mutilator”. SCP-80s-J instances were able to evade containment personnel at every turn, eventually allowing for Vog the Mutilator to breach containment and escape.

Addendum 80s-J.2: Audio Logs

The following are excerpts from audio logs collected by Foundation containment personnel during the attempted containment of Vog the Mutilator.

> **D-9 Eda:** We’re moving into the library now.
>
> **Command:** Copy that. Remember, we’re looking for anything that might connect back to Vog. Ancient manuscripts, hidden town maps showing underground catacombs, convenient hidden passageways, that sort of thing.
>
> **D-9 Harris:** Copy that. Looks like the library is empty. (*Pauses*) Wait, hey, what are those kids doing over there? Hey you kids, what are you doing over there?
>
> **SCP-80s-J-1:** Uh… oh, nothing mister. Just doing some, uh, uh—
>
> **SCP-80s-J-3:** Homework!
>
> **SCP-80s-J-1:** That’s right! Homework! Have to keep up our education, you know!
>
> **D-9 Eda:** I like your attitude, kid. Stay in school, don’t do

drugs. Say, what's that the short one is hiding behind his back?

SCP-80s-J-4: 我什么也不隐瞒。[1]

D-9 Eda: Welp. Good enough for me. You kids get out of here. Go on now, scram.

SCP-80s-J-2: Golly, thank you miss!

All SCP-80s-J instances leave the library.

D-9 Harris: Good kids.

D-9 Eda: You're right. Alright, let's see here… Vob the Merciless, Vod the Impressionable, Voe the Unconscionable… hey, wait. There's a book missing here, right where Vog the Mutilator should be!

D-9 Harris: Those damn kids took the book!

D-9 Harris: Roger command, we (*huff*) are moving down (*puff*) towards the river (*huff*) in pursuit of (*puff*) an unidentified entity (*huff*) we believe is (*puff*) Vog the Mutilator.

D-9 Eda: There, in the bushes! Come out with your hands up!

SCP-80s-J-2: Oh, uh, hey there officer. What uh, what can we do for you?

D-9 Harris: Hey, its those kids who took that book from earlier! The hell are you kids doing down here by the river?

SCP-80s-J-3: You know, kid stuff. Skipping rocks, looking for Old Man Smithers' bones. That sort of thing.

D-9 Eda: Uh huh. And what's that big, eldritch abomination looking shape under that tablecloth you're all struggling to hold down?

SCP-80s-J-1: Uh… it's Sam's brother.

SCP-80s-J-4: 他的胃口很大。[2]

D-9 Harris: I don't understand a word you're saying, but I believe you. You kids keep an eye out now, there's strange things lurking around here.

SCP-80s-J-3: Stranger things?

D-9 Harris: What?

SCP-80s-J-3: Nothing, nevermind.

All SCP-80s-J instances leave.

D-9 Eda: I just don't get it. These huge tentacled footprints come right down to the river and then just stop, right where those kids were standing.

D-9 Harris: Hang on, you don't think those kids had Vog the Mutilator under that tablecloth, do you?

D-9 Eda: …Damn it!

D-9 Eda: Alright you kids. We had your principal call you down here today because we need to ask you some questions above some questionable behaviour we've seen recently.

SCP-80s-J-1: Sure ma'am, anything we can do to help.

D-9 Harris: Good. First qu- hang on. Aren't there just four of you? Who's your friend here?

Unidentified Individual: Gorble lor-morchede lorgorbin

SCP-80s-J-2: This is our friend, uh… Pog. Pog the Multinational.

D-9 Eda: Huh. You know, Pog looks sort of like an eldritch abomination under an oversized trench coat and

sunglasses wearing a fedora.

SCP-80s-J-3: Yeah, of course, he's… Canadian.

D-9 Harris: Oh, well, shit, Eda. Apologize to the man, come on now.

D-9 Eda: I'm so sorry Mr. the Multinational. I didn't mean to offend your cultural sensibilities.

Unidentified Individual: Kluthù 'Kluthù magnólia wooble wooble

D-9 Eda: What a beautiful language, Canadian.

D-9 Harris: Stow it, Eda. Listen you kids, we don't know how it's happened, but we keep running into you during the course of our… investigation. Now, we're not saying that you're actively hiding an eldritch abomination say, for example, as one of your classmates under a shaky alias and oversized trench coat, but we also want to know that you'd tell us if you were. You would, wouldn't you?

SCP-80s-J-4: 我什么也不承认。[3]

D-9 Harris: Good. Alright, that's all we had. Go ahead and get back to class. It was a pleasure to meet you, Pog.

Unidentified Individual: Get fucked meat-man

D-9 Eda: Command, this is D-9 Eda. We've got him, we're heading back to base.

Command: Good job, D-9 team. You'll both be due for a promotion when you get back.

D-9 Harris: Hell yeah. Hey, how about we stop at that bar over there and get a drink before we leave. Something celebratory.

D-9 Eda: What about Vog?

D-9 Harris: Ehh, he'll be fine. He's all tied up in the back of the truck.

D-9 Eda: Sure, let's get a drink then.

Both members of the D-9 team stop at a bar to get a drink. They go inside and sit at the bar.

Bartender: Well hello there fellow adults. What can I get for you on this fine day?

D-9 Harris: You know… I feel like I've seen you somewhere before. Doesn't this guy look familiar, Eda?

D-9 Eda: Yeah… you've got a real youthful look about you, guy. Like you're two kids stacked on top of one another wearing an apron with a fake mustache.

Bartender: Oh no, nothing like that. I'm just a bartender, obviously, just back here making some… bar… drinks. So what can I get you? A coke with… lemon? Like, a lot of lemon? Or maybe just a glass of lemons that I pour a… a Sprite over, or something?

D-9 Harris: You know what? That sounds lovely and refreshing. We'll get two, but- ah, shit. I left my wallet out in the truck. Let me go get-

Bartender: Oh no no, no need for that. This one is on us tonight, obviously. As thanks for all your, uh, hard police work.

D-9 Eda: Aw, that's so nice of him, Harris! You know, you really don't get hospitality like this anywhere but little towns anymore.

D-9 Harris: Absolutely. Sir, I'll have two- hey, wait. Where'd he go? And why is his apron and mustache laying in the middle of the floor?

D-9 Eda: Harris, look! Vog has sprouted four sets of tiny legs and is getting away! We have to go get him!

D-9 Harris: But… but I wanted my jar of lemons with a Sprite poured over it.

Addendum 80s-J.3: Post-Incident Review Log

Dr. Kenning: Let me get this straight. You two, both experienced containment personnel with thirty years between the two of you, were unable to contain an entity you had in the back of your truck, thanks to the efforts of four prepubescent children?

D-9 Harris: Prepubescent is a stretch. The Chinese one had some hair on that upper lip, he was getting there.

Dr. Kenning: I don't even know how to— do you have any idea what you did?

D-9 Eda: Well… I mean, it could be worse, right?

Dr. Kenning: What? No! It literally could not be worse, we are literally currently evacuating the site. Vog the Mutilator has brought about the end of the world, and it's you two numbnuts' fault.

D-9 Eda: Mmmmmmmm yeah, I think it may have said something about the end of the world, but… I don't speak Canadian, so I wasn't sure.

D-9 Harris: So what now?

Dr. Kenning: What now? We're running for our lives! A dark cosmic god is literally right now descending upon us with its legions of skinflayers!

D-9 Harris: Ahhhh, gotcha, gotcha. Cool. (*Pauses*) *I never did see Dr. Kenning or Eda again. I heard Eda got a job back home, in Rochester, and lived with her aunt who owned a lesbian tattoo parlor in-*

Dr. Kenning: Wh- what are you doing? Who are you talking to?

D-9 Eda: *I still think about Harris, from time to time. I saw in the paper a while back where they named a school after him back in Little Rock, in honor of his bravery. He was the bravest man I ever-*

D-9 Harris: *-and I wonder sometimes about those kids, and the adventure they had. About the adventure we all had, really. We all grew up a little bit that summer, really-*

D-9 Eda: (Singing) *Don't, you…*

D-9 Harris: *-something we'd think about for years afterwards. And even though we all grew up and went our seperate ways-*

D-9 Eda: (Singing) *-forget about me. Don't, don't, don't, don't…*

Dr. Kenning: Who are you talking to? Why are you singing? Who are you talking to!?

D-9 Harris: *-you know what? Maybe Vog was just the friends we made along the way.*

Dr. Kenning: (*Incoherent Screaming*)

Footnotes
1. I hide nothing.
2. He's a big eater.
3. I admit nothing.

SCP-1-800-J: SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED

Item #: SCP-1-800-J

Object Class: LIMITED TIME OFFER!

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1-800-J can be easily and safely stored anywhere in your home! SCP-1-800-J can be used safely by any member of the family[1]! No stains! No mess! No permanent physical or mental trauma!

Description: Are you tired of anomalous items CONSTANTLY threatening your normal, every-day life? Do you want to live happily, knowing that the world can turn another day without being destroyed by an all-powerful entity? Now you can! Thanks to the all-new SCP-1-800-J from the SCP Foundation, a normal life is just a single click away! SCP-1-800-J is easy to use! Simply point SCP-1-800-J at the offending anomaly, press the button, and ZAP! The anomaly is safely contained in a specially-made containment chamber, just for it, and you can go about your average every-day life! It's THAT simple! No more containment breaches! Each containment chamber is specifically designed around the entity's anomalous effects, to keep it from ruining your day! SCP-1-800-J works on EVERY type of anomaly you can think of! From Safe to Keter to Apollyon! From humanoids to infohazards to anti-memetics and everything in between!

But don't take our word for it! Here are some reviews from our satisfied customers!:

> "Thanks to SCP-1-800-J, we now have several new anomalous items that need classification. Don't even ask me how many eyes grew on the walls of 173's container." -**Doctor**

> "Tried using SCP-1-800-J on 682. Nothing happened. Figures." -**Doctor**

> "Where the [EXPLETIVE] did this thing even come from?!" -**Doctor**

Companies like Marshall, Carter, and Dark Ltd. and Dr. Wondertainment would charge you FORTUNES for similar products. But SCP-1-800-J is only $19.99! That's right! SCP-1-800-J is only $19.99[2]!

But wait, there's MORE!

Call the number below in the next ten minutes, and we'll send you a SECOND SCP-1-800-J, absolutely *FREE*! You get 2 SCP-1-800-Js for the price of one! Don't wait another second, because this offer is NOT available in stores! Call NOW!

Addendum: To order, call 1-800- - . The SCP Foundation is not responsible for any accidents, injuries, or casualties caused by misuse of SCP-1-800-J. Please allow 1-2 business days for your order to be processed, followed by 6-8 weeks for your order to be delivered. Must be 18 years or older to order. Call now.

Footnotes
1. Even Grandma!
2. Plus shipping and handling

SCP-1394-J: Upside-Down Connector

Item #: SCP-1394-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1394-J escaped containment in 1995, and all attempts to return it to containment have been unsuccessful. Current containment efforts involve supplanting SCP-1394-J with a replacement standard (see Project Thunderbolt), which has met with limited success to date.

Description: SCP-1394-J is any instance of a rectangular connector adhering to the Universal Serial Bus (USB) Type A standard, such as found on typical wired computer keyboards and mice. All known instances of SCP-1394-J demonstrate anomalous behavior when attempting to insert them into a corresponding USB Type A socket. No matter how carefully the user studies the orientation of SCP-1394-J and socket, during the initial insertion attempt SCP-1394-J will invariably be found to be upside-down. When the user flips SCP-1394-J over and attempts to re-insert it, it will again be found to be upside-down. In no case can SCP-1394-J be correctly inserted prior to the third attempt, and an average of four attempts are required before SCP-1394-J is oriented correctly.

While this behavior does not directly harm users of SCP-1394-J, it requires users to spend additional time continually re-orienting SCP-1394-J in order to successfully connect it. The lost productivity due to this wasted time has been calculated at . billion USD.

SCP-SPOOKY-J: A Veteran Of The Skeleton War

Item #: SCP-SPOOKY-J

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Spooky Containment Procedures: SCP-SPOOKY-J cannot be faithfully contained due to the nature of its being. In the event that SCP-SPOOKY-J manifests outside of its containment chamber it is to be escorted back to its chamber and recontained.

SCP-SPOOKY-J's containment chamber is a standard humanoid containment chamber with a single-lock security door to ensure simple recontainment.

Description: SCP-SPOOKY-J is visually identical to a typical human skeleton standing 1.72 meters in height and weighing 5.44 kilograms. The skull, face, and jaw structure of SCP-SPOOKY-J is completely flexible and grants it the ability to make a range of facial expressions despite its lack of muscles or flesh. As well, SCP-SPOOKY-J is capable of vocalization and sapient thought.

SCP-SPOOKY-J is capable of vanishing and manifesting at will to any location within 66.6 meters from its original position during the month of any major commercial holiday. Individuals in the location of SCP-SPOOKY-J's manifestation often report a subtle rattling noise originating somewhere behind them. Individuals exposed to SCP-SPOOKY-J and its anomalous effects are to be administered class-A amnestics prior to recontainment of the entity.

When interacting with living human subjects, SCP-SPOOKY-J will typically display verbally aggressive behavior often in the form of insults and challenges to physical altercations. Despite this behavior, SCP-SPOOKY-J has yet to seriously or purposefully injure a living subject out of observable malice. SCP-SPOOKY-J displays an anomalous understanding of individual subjects' mothers and sisters where these relations are applicable.

+ Entry Incident 10/28/2016

The following incident took place between Dr. Randy M. Filler and SCP-SPOOKY-J prior to a re-containment incident.

Dr. Filler: WHAT THE FUCK. AGAIN? SCP-SPOOKY-J YOU INSUFFERABLE FUCK, STAY THE FUCK IN YOUR CHAMBER BEFORE I BEAT YOUR SORRY ASS!

SCP-SPOOKY-J: YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO YOU SKIN SACK, DAVY BONES DOES AS HE PLEASES!

Dr. Filler: DO YOU EVEN CARE ANYMORE? THIS IS WHY NOBODY VISITS YOU ANYMORE JESUS YOU'RE SO FUCKING ANNOYING.

SCP-SPOOKY-J: SHUT YOUR DONG SLOPPER, FUCKBOY! YOU CAN'T RATTLE THESE BONES, YOU CAN'T RUSTLE THESE JIMMIES!

Dr. Filler: SPOOKY-J IF YOU KEEP THIS SHIT UP I'M GOING TO CALL SECURITY DOWN HERE AND GET YOU TERMINATED IF YOU DON'T-

SCP-SPOOKY-J: YOU'RE GOING TO WHAT, KILL ME? I'LL FUCK YOU UP, BITCH! THEN I'LL FUCK YOUR MOTHER! I'LL NOSCOPE YOU, I SWEAR TO GOD.

Dr. Filler: WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO THIS EVERY YEAR, JESUS YOU ABSOLUTE TWAT WAFFLE.

SCP-SPOOKY-J: SUCK MY SKELEBALLS!

SCP-SPOOKY-J and Dr. Filler proceeded to

argue for several minutes before Dr. Filler was removed from the observation room and dismissed from active duty in Site-12, and has been placed on paid leave.

+ Entry Incident 11/23/2016

SCP-SPOOKY-J appeared in the cafeteria of Site-12 and began to collect all of the uneaten holiday food into several trash bags, before disappearing from staff perception. It then appeared in the quarters of Dr. Randy M. Filler, and smeared cranberry sauce across the surface of his desk before consuming large amounts of bread stuffing.

SCP-SPOOKY-J: IT'S THANKSGIVING AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dr. Filler: You asshole! You ruined my novel!

SCP-SPOOKY-J continues to consume excessive amounts of stuffing where it exits SCP-SPOOKY-J's body through its rib cage and is now coating the floor.

Dr. Filler: Why are you doing this?! You don't even have a stomach you fuckwit!

SCP-SPOOKY-J: I DO IT BECAUSE I LOVE YOU DAD!

SCP-SPOOKY-J throws the rest of the bag at the wall where it bursts open above Dr. Filler's bed and proceeds to run out of the room before security can arrive. Dr. Filler has hence requested a transfer to another site. Request pending.

+ Entry Incident 12/24-25/2016

19:50 SCP-SPOOKY-J exits its containment chamber undetected.

20:30 The hub caps from all vehicles in Site-12's staff garage go missing and are not found for several hours.

23:14 Dozens of large gift-wrapped boxes appear in the common area of Site-12 while the room is vacated.

01:10 SCP-SPOOKY-J reappears in its containment chamber displaying erratic excited behavior. It is wearing a green Santa hat at this time.

07:50 An announcement is made that staff vehicles have been vandalized, and on-site personnel display warranted agitation.

10:35 Various personnel enter the common area of Site-12 and discover the gift-wrapped boxes. On the wall farthest from the doorway the statement "Merry Christmas fuckboys" is painted in expired gravy.

10:55 All gift-wrapped presents are opened by an EOD team and are all discovered to contain the stolen hub caps from the staff garage.

A request has been submitted to the administrative board on the topic of the termination and archival of SCP-SPOOKY-J to prevent future nuisances and possible hazards to Site-12.

+ Entry Incident 02/14/2017

Dr. Randy M. Filler received an anonymous package containing a human tibia, and a letter, reading:

"This Valentine's Day, I'd like to be *your* fuckboy. From, Yours Spookily."

Contents of the package have been moved to forensic storage.

Dr. Filler has requested an indeterminate leave of absence after receiving this package. Request, again, denied.

Footnotes
1. Dr. Filler reported SCP-SPOOKY-J having been in his closet for several hours quietly singing the song Hound Dog, by Elvis Presley, replacing the phrase "Hound Dog" with "Fuckboy".

SCP-2559-J: Portal to the Plane of Infinite Kittens

Item #: SCP-2559-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As of this time SCP-2559-J is currently contained at the bottom of Site but when its outflow finally breaches the top of Site containment will rapidly become impossible.

Description: SCP-2559-J is the result of the interaction between the use of SCP- and a careless researcher and can be used as a reminder of what can happen when research methods are not kept to.

SCP-2559-J is a "rip" in space-time created when Dr. sliced through reality utilising SCP- . SCP- allowed the user to cut through to the reality of their choice and create a portal which matter could pass through. At the time of the creation of SCP-2559-J Dr. was supposed to be investigating a supposed "naziverse" that existed parallel to our own.

When the slice was created and opened security logs show masses of kittens, of various breeds, filling up the portal before being ejected with massive force instantly killing Dr. and her team of assistants. Within moments the room had filled with kittens and they began to exert massive pressures on the surrounding doors before breaking through and began to fill Site .

Fortunately Site was built inside the crater of Site , which had been destroyed a number of years previously during a possible XK class breach and so the portal was located some 5.6km (3.5 miles) below ground. Since the opening of SCP-2559-J kittens have been spilling out at a fixed rate of roughly 11.36l/s (3gal/s) with a massive amount of pressure.

Foundation researchers have attempted to exterminate the kittens to reach and close SCP-2559-J but have found that the mass of kittens, or kitten-pile as it is commonly called, appears to be invulnerable to conventional weapons and can exist without impairment at massive pressures or temperatures.

Any individual kitten removed from the pile becomes unremarkable in every way and merges seamlessly with the pile when returned. Due to this SCP-2559-J has received Keter level of Classification and unless a solution can be found soon it will become uncontainable.

Addendum:

According to Dr. Rights, considered by many to be The Foundation's foremost expert on kittens, SCP-2559-J is apparently a portal to "The Plane of Infinite Kittens." Apparently this dimension is nothing but an infinitely large kitten pile and may be the place from which all kittens come from. This would explain why the kittens were ejected from SCP-2559-J with such force as the pressure exerted by the pile on any given location would be astronomical.

Attempts to reach the portal have so far failed as the kitten pile exerts a stupefying effect on anyone who enters it rendering them incapable of performing any action other than curling up and going to sleep until they sink to the point where the pressure exerted by the mass of kittens crushes them.

Please note any and all attempts to cause mass termination or destruction of the kitten pile or Site has been met with massive levels of irrational violence on the part of Dr. Rights and Agent Tam. Caution is advised when attempting to pursue a solution to this problem.

SCP-TLDR-J: An Easily Digestible Document

Item #: SCP-TLDR-J

Length Class: Too

Special Containment Procedures: Dr. Vang has been tasked with drafting new containment procedures for SCP-TLDR-J, and is expected to complete the task within one week. The old ones were really long, so Dr. Vang's trademark brevity is expected to come in handy.

TL;DR: SCP-TLDR-J is a metamorphic document with a variety of forms, each possessing unique, mostly pointless anomalous properties. Whenever SCP-TLDR-J is read by an individual who intends to read it in its entirety, it will metamorphosize into a form that the individual would disregard due to length.

Addendum: A list of every one of SCP-TLDR-J's forms. You can skip this bit, honestly.

- **Form A** is a copy of *Infinite Jest* by David Foster Wallace. Form A emits a scent described as "bitter almonds" and "sound of a D-Class falling to the floor and convulsing". No other anomalous properties are apparent.
- **Form B** is a copy of **`Foundation Document C17-G4N`**. When SCP-TLDR-J transmorphs (?) into Form B, some indestructible shadow monster thing appears somewhere and we have to contain it with MTF Nine-Tailed Fox or Roblox or whatever. At the very least, their documentation is pretty brief.
- **Form C** is a copy of *Moby-Dick*, by Herman Melville, that is capable of exhibiting "Southern hospitality." Several personnel[*whomst?*] have spoken highly of the lodging, food, and good conversation provided by Form C.

- **Form D** is an in-depth description of the various ways in which a non-existent piece of fiction misrepresents military technology and procedure, written in an aggressive and dismissive tone. Form D is capable of writing and printing original fictional stories, typically detailing artificial intelligences that live in gross holes and have fetishes. Or something like that — we've never actually read any of these, as Form D has confirmed that they were deliberately made uninteresting in service of realism.
    - Upon further review, it was found that fiction produced by Form D suddenly acquires literary merit when expressed via a series of pictograms and abstract symbols.
- **Form E** is a copy of *Under the Dome* by Stephen King. Did you know that Form E was once hit by a car? Just something to consider.
- **Form F** is a copy of *Atlas Shrugged* by Ayn Rand. Subjects that come within a few meters of Form F develop a single-minded obsession with achieving specific goals. Subjects uniformly describe their motivation as "Well, it tried to make me an objectivist, but that sounded stupid, so I tried to put my own spin on it. Clever, right? [pause] Well, *I* think it's funny. [pause] Maybe if I made an Overwatch joke too? Something about staying on the objective? [pause] Yeah, you're right. It's too topical."
- **Form H** is a copy of the webcomic *Homestuck*, by Andrew Hussie. Physical contact with Form H enables subjects to telepathically communicate with any horse in the world. This communication typically consists of variations on "neigh" and "*snorting noise*", which can only be properly interpreted by the subject and causes the subject to become a "horse person".
- **Form I** is a copy of the Terms and Conditions for Apple Media Services (including iTunes, etc.). Form I is incapable of fitting into any USB socket, regardless of its orientation.

- **Form J** is a copy of *Ulysses* by James Joyce. Subjects who read any content from Form J develop a sexual fetish for flatulence that mirrors Joyce's own. Seriously, look it up if you think this is fake. Or don't — it's gross.

- **Form K** is a comprehensive compilation of the manga *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure* by Hirohiko Araki. Form K is accompanied by the appearance of an autonomous, muscular humanoid construct composed entirely of sheets of paper. This construct identifies itself as "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, as in the song name. [pause] Well, I don't know, someone has probably named something else after that, so I decided to clarify. Not like it matters." It is theoretically capable, by way of a rapid series of punches, of imparting the property of being "too long" on any document; however, in most cases, this simply results in the destruction of the affected document.

- **Form L** is, currently, a copy of the primary documentation for SCP-3571. The exact nature of Form L varies at irregular intervals, but all iterations have thus far been Foundation documentation. Form L is sapient and telepathic, and will make frequent demands to be let outdoors. When placed outdoors, it will instead demand to be placed indoors.

- **Form M** is a copy of *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo. Form M is a millennial. *rolls eyes*

- **Form N** is a copy of *Gravity's Rainbow* by Thomas Pynchon. Form N is quite the rascal, and when allowed, will get up to all sorts of mischief. What follows is a list of The Things Form N Is Not Allowed To Do At The Foundation.

    1. Yeah, no, I'm not writing this. Not even for the sake of stretching the article's length. It would just be annoying.
    2. If I wanted to do a long-form parody of the Bright List, it would be its own thing. And I don't. It's just horrifically unfunny, outdated, and rife with 'edgy' humor that shouldn't see the light of day in 2017. EDIT: Or 2018. It was at like +735 when I wrote this. God.
    3. There's no point in doing a less-humorous satire either, because even an overwhelming success would

basically just drop it from +958 to like, +600. As if that matters.
4. Form N is not allowed to feed anything with peanut butter to **`Cain`**.
5. The whole "getting serious in the middle of a joke SCP, as meta-humor" thing is because I can't actually think of a joke to make about it.
6. I almost blame Bright for not just deleting the damn thing, but frankly, I'm in no position to talk.
7. If this bit stays in past the editing stage, something has gone horrifically wrong.
8. Eh, fuck it. If SCP-3999 can do it, so can I.
9. Any suggestions that The Thgins From N Is Not Awleold To Do At The Fooiadnutn be edited are "What? Oh, for the love of God, do you seriously need me to give a quote? [pause] Fine, they crimp Form N's style. And *please* do some editing before you put this in the final version.", and will result in the removal of the suggestion box until further notice.

- **Form O** is a copy of *House of Leaves* by Mark Z. Danielewski. Form O renders readers mysteriously incapable of giving a straight answer to the question "I need help writing an SCP, could y'all name some things that you considered reading, but decided not to because they were too long?".

- **Form P** is a copy of *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky. When read, Form P will generate a series of probabilistic anomalies that result in the delivery of a peanut butter sandwich to **`SCP-073`**.

- **Form Q** is a copy of *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes. When provided with internet access, Form Q will frequent online chatrooms to discuss memes, communism, and LGBT issues. For this crime, it deserves to be executed by the Global Occult Coalition.

- **Form R** has only been observed on one occasion, in which SCP-TLDR-J was approached by Junior Researcher Riseborough, who had stated that she intended to read SCP-TLDR-J regardless of length. Form R is a complete transcript

of the song *I Know A Song That Gets On Everybody's Nerves*. Casualties were extensive.

- **Form S** is a copy of ***An Antiquated Guide to Avoiding Writer's Block***, by R. Sebastian. When read, Form S will generate a series of probabilistic anomalies that result in **SCP-073** regurgitating a peanut butter sandwich.

- **Form T** is a copy of *War and Peace* by Leo Tolstoy. Form T produces trivially infohazardous objects at a rate of once per week, many of which appear to contain references to people who scream at video games on camera or something. The task of analyzing and cataloging these manifestations has been delegated to a team of Junior Researchers at Site-19.

- **Form U** is a copy of *The Lord of the Rings* by J. R. R. Tolkien. When read, Form U will generate a series of probabilistic anomalies that result in a peanut butter sandwich gaining sapience and self-replication abilities, eventually overrunning Site-17. SCP-073 will be enlisted to neutralize the anomaly by feeding it to Dr. Kain Pathos Krow, who will smack his lips for thirty minutes thereafter.

- **Form V** is a copy of this document. SCP-TLDR-J will morphify (?) into Form V whenever this document is read, and subsequently breach containment, transmorphormogrifying (??? I'll look up the right word and edit it in later) into this document. Then, if a subject who has thought about *Under the Dome* by Stephen King within the past two hours reads it, SCP-TLDR-J will develop a pronounced "bitter almond" scent.

Hey, quick question. I read this whole document through, and when I got to the end, SCP-TLDR-J killed me with cyanide gas. Why was this possibility not accounted for when drafting the documentation?- Site Director Sloane

We honestly didn't expect anybody to read it.- Dr. Cage

Understandable. Make sure Vang puts a disclaimer about that in his final draft of the containment procedures.- Site Director Sloane

Can do. By the way, sorry about the whole "killed me with cyanide gas" thing. Are you alright?- Dr. Cage

I've been better.- Site Director Sloane

SCP-004-J: Stan from Accounting

Item: SCP-004-J

Object Class: Euclid Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: The entity is currently housed in the Site-08 North Wing, Accounts Payable office, from Monday to Friday between the hours of 0800 to 1700 hours local, with 1 hour from 1200 to 1300 hours local spent in the North cafeteria, or traversing from there back to his desk. The entity may occasionally need to use the restroom, take breaks by walking the North Wing corridor, or receive water from the water fountain. In the long-term, the entity can be contained by biannual performance reviews indicating that we are pleased but think the entity is capable of more, and annual raises equivalent to rate of inflation, plus four percentage points. The entity may also be enticed to remain in containment by pointing out the low cost of living, easy commute and quality public parks.

Description: SCP-004-J is Stanley Nichols, a Certified Public Accountant (CPA) (Univ. of Michigan, 1978) and former Chief Financial Officer for [REDACTED], currently employed by the Foundation. SCP-004-J is roughly 180cm tall and weighs roughly 75kg, Caucasian, with thinning brown hair and brown eyes. The entity has been in Foundation containment since July 1991, ostensibly in reply to a job posting. The anomalous properties of the entity manifested after the job was awarded, during mandatory psych and low-level amnestic administration. The staffer assigned to the task flatly refused to administer amnestics to the entity, claiming that SCP-004-J was "a real visionary," and that "[it] would be a waste of drugs, and a needless CapEx hit." After a brief convention by the hiring department, the Compulsion and Cognitohazard Unit, and Site-04's subject matter expert on hazardous humanoids, the agreement was made to contain SCP-004-J under the premise of hiring them for the desired position in accounts payable.

SCP-004-J appears to be a very capable accountant and has made commendable efforts in both lowering our annual capital expenditures budget while streamlining our vendor and purchase process for operating expenditures. Furthermore, their holistic approach to purchasing and leveraging the growing internationalization of the supply chain has caused a sea change in our view of the synergistic possibilities to creating a budget-concious deliverable, leading to a paradigm-shift of crowd-sourced

It appears the entity was in my vicinity briefly. To summarize, SCP-004-J has a distinct cognitohazardous field that will interfere with thought processes, overriding thought patterns with new ones that encourage growing a business through a set of jargon commonly used by C-level executives ("buzzwords") while also impairing the ability to think critically. CT scans of foundation employees in the field of SCP-004-J show a lowered neuron excitement state in the occipital cortex and the hippocampus. SCP-004-J was classed as Euclid in August of 1991.

SCP-004-J was reclassed as Thaumiel in October of 1992 following a near-total containment breach in August of 1992 caused by structural damage suffered during Hurricane Andrew at Site- , during which SCP-004-J was exposed to **SCP-106**, which is classed Keter and invariably hostile to human life. Rather than panic or hide, SCP-004-J began discussing the importance of residual income and annuities when structuring a quarterly budget. SCP-106 appeared rapt with attention, materialized a business card and agreed to join SCP-004-J for a "lunch and learn" at his soonest convenience. Further testing has shown that the cognitohazard surrounding SCP-004-J affects not only humanoids, but every sentient lifeform that has been exposed.

In furtherance of a hypothesis posed by Drs. McGinley and White, SCP-004-J was stationed outside the containment cell of **SCP-682**, at a safe distance but close enough to have the notorious creature in its cognitohazardous field. Audio follows:

> Audio Log 004-J-E-682-001
>
> **SCP-682:** Kill… (inaudible)… killing…

Dr. White: SCP-682, could you repeat that?

SCP-682: Killing… bottom… line.

Dr. White: I'm sorry?

SCP-682: Amortization… buying in this economy… sucker bet.

Dr. White: SCP-682, do you own property here?

SCP-682: Synergize assets… leverage intellectual capital for… flagship product.

(Note from Researcher: At this point, three common white mice are introduced into SCP-682's containment cell. SCP-682 normally devours prey on sight.)

SCP-682: Ahhh… a conference call. I sense… redundancies… we must smartsize… to better push the envelope… in our core competencies.

(SCP-682 then dismembers and eats two of the three mice.)

SCP-682: I hope they find… their severance… suitable.

Audio Ends

SCP-420-J: The Best in the World

Item #: SCP-420-J

Object Class: Awesome!

Hey man, that's not a real class! You gotta make it Safe or somethin'. —Dr. M

Oh yeah, you're right, man, it's totally safe. —Dr. C

Object Class: Awesome! Totally Safe

Special Containment Procedures: We keep it down in Room in the basement of Building at Site- . The password is .

What are you doin', man? You can't just tell everyone where we keep the , 'cos then everyone's gonna wanna come and get some. —Dr. M

Hey, you can't say in the articles, man. Oh. Oh . —Dr. C

Description: OK, so I got this stuff when we were down in Jamaica, really strong stuff, with lotsa blue and red mixed in it… good , man. Me and M , we were smokin' that stuff down there, with and Skinny , when M says, he says to me, "Hey, man, we should take this stuff back and send it through… that… **`machine`** thing that changes things and makes things better." And I said that was an excellent idea, and so we did.

*Man, we tried it on Very Fine first, and whoa, we were laughin' for **weeks**. Sucks what happened to . Still funny as , though.* —Dr. M

So we get this really great out of the machine, and me and M try it out, and we're like, whoa, man, that is some excellent . But then we used it all up and didn't have anything left but the seeds, and we figured we couldn't just get rid of them, so we decided to

plant them and grow them, and then M was like, “Hey, man, what about that **dirt** that makes grow real fast?” And I said that was an excellent idea, so we went and got some dirt, and planted the seeds in it, and oh wow, man, that is some *excellent* .

Experiment Log

Test One

> *We should give some of this to that… big **lizard**… thing. It'll totally mellow him.* —Dr. C
>
> *Yeah, man, but what if he gets the munchies?* —Dr. M

Test Two

> *Man, I gave some of this to **Josie**, and she chased her tail for, like, two hours.* —Dr. C

Note: Animal testing of SCP-420-J is no longer allowed. Junior researcher R has been identified in security footage, fleeing Site- in a stolen maintenance vehicle with an SCP-420-J affected canine. Further research pending.

-Director Jones

Test Three

> *We should totally give some of this to **Iris**, man!* — Dr. C
>
> *Man, quit tryin' to get laid with that !* —Dr. M

Test Four

> *Oh, man, let's give some of this to oh what's his face… that **kickass** guy.* —Dr. C
>
> *How i^#$@%I say, gentlemen, your SCP-420-J certainly causes one to experience the most extraordinary of sensations. This, sirs, is indeed quite excellent .@&$*

%^do that? —Dr. M

Test Five

Hey, man, what if we gave some of this to that freaky **`statue`** *thing?* —Dr. C

Why, man? He's, like, already stoned. —Dr. M

Disciplinary Review

Upon discovery of this extremely unprofessional behavior, all remaining samples of SCP-420-J have been confiscated.

- Dr. Clef

Addendum

Can anyone tell me why Dr. Clef just walked in here demanding stir-fried noodles, pizza, corn chips, and dark chocolate? He was smiling too, what the fuck?

- Cafeteria Staff

Addendum 2

Aw, , man, he even took the stash of seeds in my . —Dr. C

'Salright, man, I know a guy in T . —Dr. M

Addendum 3

Where can I score some of this ? —**`Dr. Fredericks`**

Addendum 4

See also Extended SCP-420-J Experiment Log.

Extended SCP-420-J Experiment Log

Yeah, so, remember a while back when me and M , we got hold of that excellent , and we were like, whoa, holy , that is excellent, and then we shared some of the we had? Well, M 's like, dude, we should do that again, and I'm like, yeah, man, we totally should, and so we did.

Test One

Hey man, you already used that one in the last thing! —Dr. M

Oh yeah. Hold on, lemme count…. —Dr. C

Test One Test A Billion

What the… man, you can't count that high! Fix that ! —Dr. M

Test One Test A Billion

> *Hey man, I gave some of this to* ***that dude with the arm****.* —Dr. M
>
> *Did he like it, man?* —Dr. C
>
> *I think so, man, he gave me a thumb's up.* —Dr. M

Transcript SCP-1193-2-WDY-4:

> <Begin Recording, 04/01/2016, 10:26 AM>
>
> **Dr. Ernest:** Hello, who is calling please?
> **SCP-1193-01:** Duuuuude!
> **Dr. Ernest:** I'm sorry?
> **SCP-1193-01:** Oh my god, man, it's just… duuuuuude!
> **Dr. Ernest:** I'm sorry, I don't understand. What are you talking about?

SCP-1193-01: Dude, this is excellent, man!
Dr. Ernest: What's, um, this you're talking about?
SCP-1193-01: Oh, , sorry man, gotta go, Dave's here.
CALL TERMINATED

<End Recording>

Test B

I gave some of this to those ***hot catgirl chicks****, man!* —Dr. C

I told you, man, quit tryin' to get laid with that ! Besides, man, they can totally kick your ass all the way back to LA! —Dr. M

I know, man, they totally did. Totally worth it, though, man. These chicks really know how to get ***spaced out****!* —Dr. C

Test C

What if we give some of this to ***that dude who doesn't like anybody****? Maybe it'll mellow him out some.* —Dr. M

GO AWAY, MONKEY MAN, YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS —SCP-1171-1

Dude, that worked! —Dr. C

Test D

Hey man, what happened when you gave that to that ***basketball game****?* —Dr. M

Oh wow, man, it turned into a Dead show! —Dr. C

Aw, yeah, man, was Jerry there? —Dr. M

Yeah, man, he looked pretty good too, for, you know, bein' dead and all. —Dr. C

Test E

Hey man, let's give some of this to that ***weird clown guy****.* —Dr. C

I dunno, man, clowns are some scary . —Dr. M

Don't worry, man, it'll be cool. —Dr. C

Incident CN-0993-Q: On 04/08/16, a new episode of "Bobble the Clown" was intercepted.
Episode Name: "Bobble Gets Baked"
Episode Description: The episode begins with Bobble the Clown sitting on a couch smoking a comically-oversized marijuana cigarette. Instead of the typical clown outfit, Bobble is wearing a Bob Marley t-shirt, a gray hoodie, and pajama bottoms decorated with marijuana leaves. The rest of Bobble's costume— hat, wig, makeup, nose, gloves, and shoes— are as typical. The episode is divided into three segments: "How To Roll the Perfect Doobie", "How To Make a Bong Out of Found Materials", and "How To Take Over the Regional Black Market Drug Trade With Ruthless Efficiency". The last segment is by far the longest, and ends with a six-plus-minute montage of Bobble the Clown gunning down drug rivals using a wide variety of powerful firearms.

I ***told*** *you clowns are scary as !* —Dr. M

Yeah, man, totally. But that clown knows his . —Dr. C

Test F

Man, I tried to give some of this to ***that old dude who keeps gettin' cut up****, but he just said No.* — Dr. M

Test G

> *Hey man, we should give some of this to that guy… oh what's his name…? Oh yeah,* ***Spanky****!* —Dr. M

Incident DK-2337-48L: On 04/17/16, at 23:35, an excessive auditory event occurred in Interview Room 19 at Site-17. Sound pressure measurements estimate loudness in excess of 120 dB within ten meters of Interview Room 19, setting off seismic detectors around the site. Witnesses describe the sound as "like a hacking cough, except cacking".

> *Dude. Cack, man. Just… cack.* —Dr. M
>
> *Whoa. That's some deep , man.* —Dr. C

Test H

> *Yeah man, so I was looking for a place to light up, without any people around, so I went out on this* ***staircase****, and it looked all right, quiet, no one around… but then all this freaky started happenin', and I got out of there, man, but I must have dropped my joint back there somewhere. I just lost my , man.* —Dr. C

Image Captured 04/22/2016 @ 16:48:

> Show Image
>
> **Yeah, we're done here.**

SCP-885-J: Researcher Jacobs' Inability To Clean Up After Himself

Item #: SCP-885-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: At present, SCP-885-J is located at Site 13, although Foundation personnel speculate that there may be additional instances at the residence of Researcher Jacobs. Investigations into how an actual human being could live like that are ongoing.

Attempts to end the phenomenon through direct communications with the source have repeatedly failed. Individual instances of SCP-885-J may be temporarily prevented by enactment of Protocol Lambda-8 ("Revoking Jacobs' Break Room Privileges Until He Stops Leaving His Dirty Dishes Everywhere") or Delta-9 ("Leaving Jacobs' Dirty Dishes On His Desk Until He Gets The Message"). Should Event Zeta-4 ("Jacobs Cleaning Up After Himself Like A Human Fucking Being") occur, SCP-885-J is to be considered neutralized. However, this eventuality is seen as being highly unlikely.

Description: SCP-885-J is a phenomenon that occurs following Researcher Darryl Jacobs' preparation of food in the Site 13 break room. Regardless of the food prepared, a large number of dishes[1] will be left uncleaned in the break room sink. Unlike normal dishes produced by someone who has a concept of responsibility and who does not expect everyone else to clean up after them like they're eight years old, these dishes will go uncleaned for an indefinite period of time, usually between one to three days, before other Foundation personnel grow tired of looking at them and clean the dishes themselves.

Addendum 885-J-e34: As of 07/09/2012, Researcher Jacobs has acquiesced to the requests of his hippie boyfriend to begin "eating

right." Incidences of smelly-ass herbal teas, weird pastes, and vegetable scraps have begun to manifest in instances of SCP-885-J. As a result, Site 13 break room has become infested with fruit flies. Reclassification to Keter pending.

Footnotes
1. Usually three, but instances involving up to seven dishes have been observed

SCP-666½-J: The Roaring Flames of Hell

Item #: SCP-666½-J

Object Class: *Sweet mother of mercy* is it ever Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A minimum of seven (7) on-site staff members of Abrahamic faith must be present in SCP-666½-J's containment chamber at all times. SCP-666½-J must not come into contact with any living organism without the written permission of a Level-4 staff member. Weaponization and use of SCP-666½-J in containment/neutralization of Keter-Class SCP items is under review by the O5 Council.

Description: SCP-666½-J is a crab-stuffed mushroom entrée produced by the internal Foundation catering service *Containment Cuisine* for the 45th annual Site-19 Foundation Formal. Roughly 42% of the 1,500 attendees consumed SCP-666½-J and were subsequently affected by its anomalous properties. SCP-666½-J's effects started to become apparent approximately one hour after the conclusion of the main course, at which time event goers began to complain of slight abdominal pain. By the second hour, many attendees were complaining of significant digestive distress and all restrooms in the immediate vicinity were filled to capacity with extended queues. By the third hour, medical, investigative, and plumbing personnel were being flown in from surrounding sites to aid in relief efforts.

Those who have consumed SCP-666½-J say that it has an odd, salty tinge to it, likely caused by an experimental salt substitute used in its creation. It has been theorized that this substance is the root cause of SCP-666½-J's anomalous properties, although food poisoning as a result of poor hygiene amongst culinary personnel has also been considered. All staff members affiliated with *Containment Cuisine* have been put into custody for interrogation purposes as well as the individuals' own wellbeing.

When consumed by a human subject, SCP-666½-J triggers five stages of localized K-Class scenarios within the subject's digestive system.

In its initial stage, SCP-666½-J causes a brief period of mild nausea followed by a sudden and urgent need to relieve oneself. However, the instant before the crucial moment of blessed release, SCP-666½-J triggers a DK-Class Dominance shift, seizing control over the subject's nether regions and causing a massive shutdown of all the subject's bodily exits. The deep, carnal desire for release increases to the point that it becomes downright crippling. Subjects often experience shortness of breath, extreme jaw pain from the clenching of teeth, and mild bruising on hands from putting the rim of the toilet bowl in a death grip.

After 15-20 minutes of the subject's intestines experiencing a level of containment rivaling that of **SCP-106** (and involving substantially more screaming), the subject will experience a brief RK-Class Rapture Scenario, feeling a relaxation of the lower muscles, a wave of elation, and a fleeting hope that the worst has passed.

Following this, the gates of Hell open up within the subject's intestines as Satan himself violates the subject's anal canal with a pickaxe. A sudden SK-Class Scorched Earth Scenario completely razes the interior lining of the afflicted's digestive tract as unholy murderflame rages throughout in a demonic vortex with a temperature of roughly *HOLY-CRAP-ON-A-CUPCAKE* degrees Kelvin. Every happy memory, every recollection of peace, joy, or anything other than sheer teeth-shattering agony is volcanically obliterated in a gastrointestinal supernova of biblical proportions. Subjects may experience blackouts or periods of lost time during this phase, their state of being reduced to a tear-blurred haze of torrential sweat, agonized wails, and desperate gasps for air.

This continues for the next two to three hours. It is common for subjects to briefly hallucinate during this stage, creating comforting mental scenarios in which they are violently murdered by various Keter-Class SCP entities.

Any last vestiges of hope are crushed into tiny nubbins as subjects undergo a CK-Class Total Containment Failure, finally expelling the

contents of their bowels in a magnificent riptide that could best be compared to a single, large leak in the Hoover Dam: an unfathomably vast expanse of liquid ejected at a rate fast enough to be upsetting, but not fast enough to be merciful. Subjects have described the experience as the digestive equivalent of one's life flashing before their eyes, with every meal eaten during an individual's lifetime excruciatingly funneled out in reverse chronological order.

The downright baffling amounts of waste produced by the afflicted has led researchers to conclude that subjects' intestinal tracts are imbued with extradimensional or ectroentropic properties during this time. The ejected waste does not resemble good, wholesome fecal matter in the slightest. Rather, it is a roastawful terrorslush that is *probably* corrosive and *almost definitely* radioactive. The expulsion stage is usually fairly brief, but an anomalous temporal field created by SCP-666½-J causes subjects to perceive the experience as lasting roughly six lifetimes.

As the subject's ability to endure the emotional and physical trauma of the end-of-days inferno raging within their tenderest parts inevitably fails, SCP-666½-J will enter its final stage: a UK-Class Universal Collapse scenario, in which the subject experiences one final crescendo of gastric ragnarok followed by a blessed, merciful state of unconsciousness. Subjects will awaken one to two hours later with full memory of their experience; however, a number of afflicted individuals have reported finding themselves moved from one location to another during the period of time between passing out and regaining consciousness. One researcher testified to having found himself in a nearby field, clean and fully dressed, and laying atop of pile of 1986 *Time* magazines with no memory of how he arrived there.

Subjects who undergo SCP-666½-J's effects often bear psychological trauma as a result of the event as well as residual intestinal discomfort for the following fortnight.

Investigations are ongoing. Group of Interest involvement is being considered.

> "*Having experienced both childbirth and the effects of*

> *SCP-666½-J, I can safely say that I would choose the former any day of the week. SCP-666½-J is like having three babies at once, except they're all on fire. Also, they're covered in thumbtacks and trying to eat you from the inside out, all while the midwife is beating you senseless with a crowbar and screaming in your ear to push.*" – Dr. Rights

> "*I ordered the beef entrée and therefore cannot give any firsthand account of SCP-666½-J's effects. However, I can say with certainty that I've seen Keter-Class containment breaches cause less pandemonium and widespread demoralization. It was, without a doubt, the second darkest night Site-19 has seen."*[1] – Dr. Gears

> "*This is my third body since the incident and I* still *don't feel like it's worked its way out of my system yet. If you'll excuse me, I'm going to go try for a fourth.*" - Dr. Bright

> "*It's been three weeks and I still can't stand up straight. I have stared death in the face, and he is garnished with parsley.*" – Dr. Kondraki

Incident Log: On 04/26/2007, a small quantity of SCP-666½-J was fed to an as-of-then harmless Euclid-Class SCP object by researchers. The object has since shown extreme hostility toward anything resembling human life. Additionally, a mysterious substance of unknown origin manifesting on the floor of the SCP's containment chamber has created the need for routine cleaning. Cross exposure of SCP-666½-J in any situation other than attempted neutralization has since been prohibited.

Addendum: Despite objections by the Ethics Committee, a meal of SCP-666½-J was fed to **SCP-682**. At the apex of SCP-666½-J's wrath, SCP-682 threw its hands in the air, screamed "Yog Sothoth take me now!" and willingly left this mortal coil. Neutralization deemed successful.

> "*Jesus wept.*" – Dr. Clef

Footnotes

1. "The darkest night being, of course, the ill-fatedBreakfast With Dolly Partonfiasco, of which few dare to speak even to this day."

SCP-103-J: Confirmed

Item #: SCP-103-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to budget cuts, monitoring of SCP-103-J has been outsourced to Illumination Intelligence Inc., which provides the Foundation with invaluable intelligence for a nominal fee. Similarly, Newton's Worldwide Orders has been contracted to examine Foundation sites and personnel for SCP-103-J infiltration and influence, and to make alterations as necessary to prevent further breaches.

As of 2006-06-06, Operation Declassify is in full effect. See Addendum 103-J-2 for additional details.

Description: SCP-103-J is a "secretive power elite with a globalist agenda" that intends to "eventually rule the world through an authoritarian world government".[1] Agents of SCP-103-J (collectively designated SCP-103-J-1) present similarly to Foundation agents, except with subtly better cars, control over world affairs, and spouses. Under controlled conditions, SCP-103-J-1 can deadlift an average of 10% more weight than Foundation agents.

SCP-103-J-2 refers to a class of three-sided polygonal figures with largely unexplored esoteric, thaumaturgic, reality-warping, and otherwise spooky properties. Current evidence suggests that SCP-103-J-1 exude SCP-103-J-2 from their sweat glands as a way of marking territory, incorporating them into various objects, locations, and media. The presence of SCP-103-J-2 is the most reliable way of detecting the presence of SCP-103-J. SCP-103-J-2 is sometimes found alongside SCP-103-J-I, which [DAT EXPUNGED].

The primary threat posed by SCP-103-J is poorly understood, as their security is better than ours. It is the opinion of the O5 Council

that SCP-103-J poses the risk of an FK-Class domination shift scenario. Destroying SCP-103-J is currently the top priority of the Foundation.

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION IS RESTRICTED TO LEVEL FOUR PERSONNEL. UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS IS NOT POSSIBLE; THE PRESENCE OF THIS DISCLAIMER IS PURELY A MATTER OF TRADITION.

Addendum 103-J-1

> + INPUT CREDENTIALS
>
> The presence of SCP-103-J-2 has been confirmed in many currently-contained anomalies, suggesting that SCP-103-J has infiltrated the Foundation extensively. What follows is photographic evidence to this effect. For additional documentation, please access the Confirmed Sightings list.

Addendum 103-J-2

> + INPUT CREDENTIALS
>
> Operation Declassify was initiated in 2006 with the aim of disrupting SCP-103-J's operations and neutralizing the threat it poses to the Foundation[redacted]. The goal was to kidnap, brainwash, and demoralize SCP-103-J-1 instances before killing them. The particular mechanism for this is outlined in Dr. Grayson's Proposal "Addressing Personnel Shortages Via Forcible Outside Recruitment".
>
> **Interview 103-J-289**
>
>

Dr. Grayson: Ingenious, isn't it?

D-289: Uh-huh.

Dr. Grayson: You're already wiped from the public record, and your deaths have already been faked. Your employers took care of that for us.

D-289: Sure.

Dr. Grayson: Nobody will miss you. Much lower risk than those death row inmates than we used to use.

D-289: Right.

Dr. Grayson: And because you're already adept at survival, we don't run through so many of you.

D-289: That's nice.

Dr. Grayson: You really are the perfect disposable personnel. Wouldn't you agree?

D-289: Dr. Grayson, did you bring me here just to brag about how smart you are?

Dr. Grayson: Y— No, there's another reason.

D-289: Alright, what is it?

Dr. Grayson: You haven't been following the etiquette guidelines we assigned you.

D-289: That's because they're degrading.

Dr. Grayson: So?

D-289: You actually get a kick out of making us act like that?

Dr. Grayson: Just… follow them, or suffer the consequences. Understood?

D-289: *[Sighs loudly, adopts Jersey accent]* You fuckin' got it, doc.

Footnotes

1. New World Order (conspiracy theory). (n.d.) InWikipedia. Retrieved September 18, 2016, fromhttps://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_World_Order_(conspiracy_theory)

Confirmed Sightings

The following is extended documentation regarding the infiltration of the Foundation by SCP-103-J. Any personnel who identify SCP-103-J-2 in an anomaly must document the instance photographically, highlight the instance(s) for ease of viewing, and **`append the documentation to this page`**.

SCP-002-J: Amnesiac Treatment

Item: SCP-002-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-002-J are to be kept in Site 200's mental health facilities and given proper treatment for symptoms including: anterograde amnesia, retrograde amnesia, dementia, Alzheimer's, cerebral flatulence, insomnia, and tongue sparsity. Testing of SCP-002-J is suspended indefinitely.

Description: SCP-002-J refers to individuals of varying age, sex, and ethnicity all suffering from some manner of memory loss. Up until 20 , SCP-002-J instances were employed by Foundation personnel as tools administered to civilians exposed to anomalies and/or who have gained undue knowledge of Foundation activity as a means of preventing the leak of classified information.

When employed properly, SCP-002-J instances between 4 and , 4 swarm targeted individuals, typically invading individuals' personal space and engaging them in a series of questions to distract and befuddle the person(s) long enough for Foundation personnel to vacate the area. Questions frequently asked have included "who are you?", "where am I?", "are you alive?", "this isn't where I parked my car?", "where do whores go?", "you're not Alan?", and "how am I trespassing?"

While proven effective for years, instances of SCP-002-J began to inadvertently reveal information regarding the Foundation to civilians. In many cases, SCP-002-J instances had gained knowledge of several memetic SCPs and caused containment breaches as a result.

This event necessitated a mass-recall of all Foundation amnesiacs while a more effective tool was developed. In the intervening period, personnel were authorized to use Agent-PBR, Agent-1800, and

Agent-MD20[2] to induce memory loss in civilian witnesses.

Attempts to discern how SCP-002-J gained knowledge of sensitive Foundation information were largely unsuccessful. An interview is logged below.

Transcript of conversation between Dr. Marlowe and SCP-002-J-41

<Begin Log, 04:04:17>

Dr. Marlowe: Hello, my name is Dr. Marlowe.

SCP-002-J-41: Who are you? Where am I?

Dr. Marlowe: I'm Dr. Marlowe. You're at Site 200.

SCP-002-J-41: Is this Site 19? Can I ask questions here?

Dr. Marlowe: I just told you, this is Site 200.

SCP-002-J-41: I can't ask questions here?

Dr. Marlowe: You're— Okay. Do you have any memory of the events that occurred yesterday?

SCP-002-J-41: In the afternoon or evening?

Dr. Marlowe: In the afternoon, please.

SCP-002-J-41: Dang, I was afraid of that…

Dr. Marlowe: Just stay focused; do you remember the incident that took place that evening, then?

SCP-002-J-41: I don't mean to be wasting your time, I'm sorry… are we cool yet?

Dr. Marlowe: How did you gain knowledge regarding SCP- ?

SCP-002-J-41: Is that the sphere? Or wait, the one that's definitely not a sphere?

Dr. Marlowe: No, it's [REDACTED].

SCP-002-J-41: "Are" or "Ear"?

Dr. Marlowe: What?

SCP-002-J-41: Huh?

Dr. Marlowe: How did you learn about SCP- , the [REDACTED]

SCP-002-J-41: I don't know. How much longer is this gonna take? I don't remember if I walked here or drove, I can't find my keys anywhere.

Dr. Marlowe: We're just about done, I think.

SCP-002-J-41: Great. I've been meaning to catch up on [REDACTED] but for the life of me I just can't remember what episode I'm by. Been distracted by the news, you know. Speaking of which, you hear about that thing down in Samothrace?

Dr. Marlowe: You [EXPLETIVE]—

<End Log>

SCP-100-J: A Steaming Pile of Shit

Item #: SCP-100-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-100-J is kept in a 20-by-20-meter containment structure on the bottom floor of Site-19. The structure is to be lined with plasticrete, backed up by 4 meters of steel. Attempts to encase the SCP in telekill have met with absolutely zero success. SCP-100-J is to be kept in a plastic bucket in the middle of the containment structure. There is to be around-the-clock surveillance of SCP-100-J. Security on SCP-100-J is minimal at most times, needing only one guard on a rotating schedule. However, whenever a new operative joins the staff at Site-19, a security detail of at least 20 fully-trained security operatives, as well as ten agents, are to be on duty outside the containment structure for 72 hours; after 72 hours, if no new SCP has been spawned, normal security practices are to be reinstated. Should a non-sentient SCP emerge from SCP-100-J, a team of researchers is to be dispatched into the containment structure, to determine the properties of the new SCP, and to determine how best to decommission it. Should a sentient SCP emerge from SCP-100-J, Site-19 is to go on full alert, and all manpower brought to bear on containment structure. Agents Clef, Kondraki, Gears, and [REDACTED] are to be immediately informed, so they can begin forming decommission strategies. Should an SCP from SCP-100-J make it past the bottom ten floors of Site-19, the onsite nuclear weapon is to be detonated.

Description: SCP-100-J appears to be a 42 cm by 32 cm mound of equine feces. The SCP maintains a constant moistness, as well as an inner temperature of 38.3 degrees Celsius.

Whenever a new operative joins Site-19, there is a 75% chance that a new SCP will be spawned from SCP-100-J. There is a 50% chance of the new SCP being sentient.

Non-sentient SCPs come in a variety of categories. Many are weapons, all of which bestow extraordinary abilities upon the user. The majority of such weapons are swords, with a small minority being rather awkwardly-modified firearms. Additional non-sentient SCPs tend to be items that either work better than they should, or work in direct opposition to the way they should.

Sentient SCPs come in two main categories. The majority of humanoid SCPs appear as idealized versions of the new operative, physically attractive, with a multitude of abilities, and tend to make people feel comfortable in their presence. Non-humanoid SCPs are usually some form of enhanced normal creature, but with bizarre coloring.

Addendum: List of SCPs created from SCP-100-J:

SCP- -D 'Little Addie': SCP appeared to be Adolf Hitler, at six years old. SCP was terminated without any alterations to the timestream.

SCP-048-D 'Joey': SCP was a dog with a human face, friendly except when taunted. SCP was put to sleep without any negative effects.

SCP-083-D 'Duke': SCP appeared to be a polite and well-mannered vampire. SCP was terminated by Agent Kondraki after near-destruction of Site-19.

SCP-886-D 'Vibrations': SCP appeared to be skin-tight suit that interacted directly with a subject's nervous system, granting them incredible powers. SCP was burned with no adverse side effects.

SCP-966-D 'Reverse Air Purifier': SCP acted as an air purifier, but in reverse. SCP was smelted, and resulting scrap used to line the floor in **SCP-173**'s room.

SCP-108-D 'The Man O'War': Human male resembling Agent James , proved to be unstoppable when in possession of any weapon. Subject was given **SCP-572**, and self-decapitated.

SCP-685-D 'Bag of Holding': SCP appeared to be a normal satchel, capable of holding an unlimited quantity of items. SCP was turned

inside out and vanished.

SCP-122-D 'Large Canine': SCP was a large winged dog. SCP was put to sleep with no complications.

SCP-096-D 'Too Good Air Conditioner': An air conditioner that reduced room temperature to 0 degrees. SCP was smelted down, and the scrap was not used.

SCP-547-D 'Nature's Fury': SCP was a teenage male identical in appearance to Dr. Timothy , but wielding unbelievable power. SCP was terminated by accident.

SCP-072-D 'A Spell Book': SCP was a thick book which claimed to contain 'magic spells.' SCP was burned with no complications.

SCP-226-D 'Chrono Komodo ': A sentient statue of a komodo dragon that possessed time-controlling abilities. SCP was terminated by accident by Dr. "Iceberg" and Prof. Kain Pathos Crow.

SCP-153-D 'The Impaler's Thumb': SCP was a mummified thumb that turned its holder into a patriotic xenophobic racist. SCP was accidentally incinerated by Dr. Kondraki.

SCP-1016-D 'Ben the Cyborg': A self-described "computer genius" whose body parts were largely replaced by computer hardware. Decommissioned by Dr. Gears.

SCP-106-D 'Exploding Woman': SCP was a woman who, by inserting her finger inside a human's navel and touching one of their organs, would explode, regenerating 20 days later. SCP was destroyed by subjecting it to the simultaneous presence of SCP-048-D and **SCP-053**.

SCP-151-D 'K': SCP was a creature that resembled an albino human child with a furry tail. Possessed psychokinetic abilities, and a strong hate for personnel convicted of violent crime towards women and/or children. SCP was decommissioned by exposure to **SCP-056**.

SCP-806-D: SCP was a white rubber mask that "metaphored" people's heads until they died. Was destroyed by unified staff effort

within 26 hours of its emergence.

SCP- -D: The re-animated corpse of former United States president James Garfield. Captured and incinerated.

SCP- -D: An evil goblin jester that likes to murder people. Fed to **SCP-682**.

SCP- -D: Eight billion humans that gain psychic powers when their brains are *not* exposed to radiation. All instances were allowed to be terminated by **SCP-076-2** as a reward for good behavior.

SCP-5280-J: Antiquated Measurement System

Item #: SCP-5280-J

Object Class: Euclid-ubique

Special Containment Procedures: Subjects found using SCP-5280-J are primarily located in the United States, Liberia, and (to a lesser extent) the United Kingdom and its commonwealths; these areas collectively comprise SCP-5280-J's primary containment area. While this area is inherently nonsensical, it has been deemed safe for habitation by civilians and personnel. Instances of SCP-5280-J have been located outside of containment in the past; however, these instances are not considered likely to spread SCP-5280-J due to its inferiority.

Containment of SCP-5280-J is focused on attempting to eliminate its use on a case-by-case basis; administration of Procedure 101010 ("Dope Slaps") to subjects attempting to use SCP-5280-J is currently the most effective method of treatment. Repeated application of this procedure has been effective in curing subjects of habitual SCP-5280-J use in most cases; however, subjects raised in SCP-5280-J's primary containment area are, under most circumstances, incurable outside of scientific, technical, or otherwise professional contexts.

Description: SCP-5280-J is a contagious meme that is comprised of several closely related sets of units that, theoretically, are capable of being used to express length, area, capacity, and mass. However, experimentation has shown it to be highly impractical for these purposes. While the basic units of measurements for length and mass are not inherently irrational, conversions between different units of the same quantity is unnecessarily difficult due to the apparently random conversion factors involved. As of yet, SCP-5280-J has resisted all attempts at eradication. This is believed to be an inherent anomalous property compounded by the extent to which it had spread prior to classification.

SCP-5280-J had displayed several additional behaviors that the Foundation has deemed to be of concern, most notably:

- Actually being used by hundreds of millions of people. This is believed to be an effect inherent in the culture of SCP-5280-J's primary containment area. Personnel are encouraged to adjust their opinions of said cultures accordingly.
- Appearing on measurement devices that are created in or are for sale in SCP-5280-J's primary containment area. While it typically appears alongside conventional metric units, some items, which are collectively designated SCP-5280-J-2, have been located which are labeled only in SCP-5280-J. No purpose for these items has been found, and all have been donated to Site 43's shooting range.
- Appearance on reports submitted by recently recruited Foundation recruits. While this is easily corrected, repeated occurrence of an anomalous item affecting staff members is nonetheless cause for concern. Several staff members have individually claimed to make it their mission to correct all instances of SCP-5280-J found in official Foundation documents. Personnel are discouraged from alerting said staff as to the futility of their endeavors.

Addendum: Further research has discovered several additional properties that have been deemed of note:

- SCP-5280-J has a unit of length called a "furlong". Further investigation into how this was allowed to happen is required.
- Subjects found using SCP-5280-J sometimes claim that it is superior to the metric system. Procedure 1231760 ("Facepalms") has been deemed an appropriate response to this behavior.

A request to upgrade SCP-5280-J to Keter has been denied due to the fact that SCP-5280-J is just a mildly annoying and irrational way of doing things that people take far too seriously.

SCP-damej-J: damej robit

Item #: SCP-damej-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-damej-J is to be contained in a soundproof cell outside of Site-19, pointed away from the building. In the event that SCP-damej-J starts firing towards Site-19, it is to be spun around so it is once again firing away. Personnel are required to wear level 7A ear protection while communicating with SCP-damej-J, as well as during testing.

Description: SCP-damej-J is a robotic automaton constructed out of wood and small pieces of twine. On its back is a sticker reader "tranfomr: robit is desguse, by researcher james age 10^1".

Unfortunately, despite its significant state of disrepair, SCP-damej-J is still able to function as originally designed; that is, it is able to shoot bullets and talk. Testing has shown that SCP-damej-J hurts to listen to and look at to an unusual degree.

Interview:

Dr. Bill: Hello SCP-damej-J.

SCP-damej-J: i fir gun.

Dr. Bill: Excuse me?

SCP-damej-J: i bork so i fir gun heh, heh heh.

Dr. Bill: I see. How were you damaged?

SCP-damej-J: Fine.

Dr. Bill: …excuse me?

SCP-damej-J: heh, heh heh u don get it stopid doktr.

Dr. Bill: What's wrong with you?

SCP-damej-J: im damej, creh, creh creh.

Dr. Bill: (*Aside*) Why is he talking like that?

SCP-damej-J: cuz damej i bork heh, heh heh fir gun.

Dr. Bill: Why do you shoot bullets?

SCP-damej-J: im damej. i maek damej.

Dr. Bill: You keep saying "damej". What does that even mean?

SCP-damej-J: It's my name, and it's Ukranian.

Dr. Bill: Oh. Uh—

SCP-damej-J: heh heh heh warn u get triggr of peen gun.

Dr. Bill: What—

SCP-damej-J begins firing from its crotch. Dr. Bill expires before hitting the floor.

Testing Log:

Test: SCP-damej-J is set in front of a cow.

Result: SCP-damej-J shoots cow.

Notes: SCP-damej-J noted as saying "he he damej cow tase luk chkn".

Test: SCP-damej-J is tipped on its back.

Result: SCP-damej-J rights itself using gunfire from its rear.

Notes: *It called it the "buttgun".* - Dr. Pulse

Test: SCP-damej-J set in front of **SCP-682**.

Result: SCP-damej-J shoots SCP-682. SCP-682 expires.

Notes: *…What.* - Dr. Aktus

mor notz: *he he he damej lizurd* - damej robit

Audio Surveillance Recording: *The following audio file was recovered after an attack by SCP-damej-J on Site-19 which left several site researchers injured and one doctor dead. Notably, the doctor almost managed to survive the attack, but was dispatched by SCP-damej-J's final, ultimate weapon.*

WARNING: GRAPHIC CONTENT AND LOUD NOISES. If the player below will not function for you, you can access the audio via ***this link****.*

Footnotes
1. Any connections to the currently AWOL Researcher James who left the Foundation at age 8 after stealing many dangerous SCPs to form the "kA0s insuRgnc3e" are currently tenuous at best.

SCP-SAFE-J: Some safes

Item #: SCP-SAFE-J

Object Class: Safe, Euclid, and Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The dangers and difficulties of the safe and unsafe aspects of SCP-SAFE-J are still being determined. Please use your safest judgment when dealing with SCP-SAFE-J-A (the Safe component of SCP-SAFE-J), SCP-SAFE-J-B (the Euclid component of SCP-SAFE-J), and SCP-SAFE-J-C (the Keter component of SCP-SAFE-J).

Description: SCP-SAFE-J is a set of 3 safes (all brand safes), which are visually identical to each other. SCP-SAFE-J-A is a Safe safe, SCP-SAFE-J-B is a Euclid safe, and SCP-SAFE-J-C is a Keter safe. Whilst the safety of each safe is implied by its object class (whether Safe or not Safe), the practical safety of each safe is outlined below.

The Safe safe is safe for testing, and needs no extensive containment. The Euclid safe is safe, so long as it's not near the Keter safe, in which case only the Safe safe can return the Euclid safe back to safe. The Keter safe is never safe - its in-progress containment procedures attempt to keep this safe as safe as the Safe safe, but the Keter safe will never be as safe as the Safe safe or the Euclid safe.

Current staff assigned to the SCP-SAFE-J safes are Dr. Safe, Dr. Euclid, and Dr. Keter. Dr. Safe is in charge of the Safe safe, Dr. Euclid is in charge of the Euclid safe, and Dr. Keter helps with both the Safe safe and the Euclid safe. The Keter safe is overseen by all three doctors, and it takes the combined efforts of Dr. Safe, Dr. Euclid, and Dr. Keter to ensure that the Keter safe is as safe as Dr. Safe's Safe safe and Dr. Euclid's Euclid safe.

Recently, it's been found that macro-scale microwave emissions into

Euclidean space by the Keter safe can heat up and thaw out food, drink, and other groupings of items that would be considered a meal. The meals thawed by the Keter safe's ability to thaw meals are designated SCP-SAFE-J-D, and can be used to keep the Keter safe safe (giving the thawed meals a Thaumiel object class). Thaumiel thawed meals are safe to use on Dr. Safe's Safe safe, Dr. Euclid's Euclid safe, and Drs. Safe, Euclid, and Keter's unsafe Keter safe. The safety of the doctors' Keter safe's Euclidian intrusion of macro-scale microwave emissions, and the safety of Thaumiel meals thawed by its ability to thaw meals, have been confirmed to be safe (but not Safe) by Dr. Safe, Dr. Euclid, and Dr. Keter.

Safe to say, when all components of SCP-SAFE-J are safely contained (Dr. Safe's Safe safe, Dr. Euclid's Euclid safe, Drs. Safe, Euclid, and Keter's Keter safe, and the safe Thaumiel thawed meals caused by the safe (but not Safe) macro-scale microwave emissions into Euclidean space by the Drs. Safe, Euclid, and Keter's unsafe Keter safe), the whole entity of SCP-SAFE-J is considered Safe.

SCP-006-CU-EX: Cuddly Cwawies

Item #: SCP-006-CU-EX

Object Class: Lifetime Companion

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-006-CU-EX[1] are to be recovered by Mobile Task Force Phi-24 ("Exoskeleton Enthusiasts") and carefully brought to any Foundation site so they can be loved properly. It is imperative to Foundation operations to have a high SCP-006-CU-EX count in all dormitories, showers,[2] cafeterias, gyms, and break rooms. We must have a chicken for every pot and a fly for every soup.

Anyone caught attempting to brutally murder an instance of SCP-006-CU-EX like a cold-blooded son-of-a-bitch is subject to immediate termination.

Description: SCP-006-CU-EX is the collective designation for a group of completely resplendent insectoids colloquially referred to as bugs[3]. They all are so sweet and have soooo many wonderful textures. Between the contained instances of SCP-006-CU-EX we've found all of the beautiful colors of the double rainbow on their exoskeletons.

The feeling I get when an instance of SCP-006-CU-EX crawls on my skin makes me so giddy and bubbly that it has to be anomalous. All I want to do is hug them and hug them and never ever let them go.

Addendum 006-CU-EX-01:

> As of / / it has been determined that Assistant Entomologist Johnson has been affected by a memetic hazard and is scheduled for immediate termination. SCP-006-CU-EX has now been classified as explained. - O5-1

Addendum 006-CU-EX-02:

> I think he just *really really* likes bugs. It's probably not memetic, Obro-1. -Head Entomologist Patrick

Addendum 006-CU-EX-03:

> Head Entomologist Patrick has been slated for immediate termination because he has clearly been affected by a memetic hazard also. No more bugs. We are once again at peace with nature.

Footnotes
1. Except for the ones with spiky parts. Those guy are meanies.
2. Grated drains mind you. We CANNOT, I repeat CANNOT be washing our most valuable asset down the drain.
3. EXCEPT FOR THE SPIKY ones. We do not talk about those around here.

SCP-010-J: WHAT KETER I DON'T SEE ANY KETER

Item #: SCP-010-J

Object Class: Completely harmless, stop asking

Special Containment Procedures: No containment procedures are necessary, as SCP-010-J is not a threat and nothing to worry about. SCP-010-J is to be peacefully observed from Area-399, which has been designated a no-panicking zone under penalty of termination.

Hell, we don't even know what it is, nor do we need to, but we know for certain that it isn't going to hurt anyone, and talking about it is a total waste of time! Oh, well, I guess you'll have to look at some other article that isn't this one. Now.

Description: SCP-010-J is an unimportant entity that is *not* going to turn anyone's iteration of reality into a lifeless blob of primordial sludge. It is not cognitohazardous, not infohazardous, non-toxic, and does not even technically exist.

Contrary to dangerous and libelous rumors, SCP-010-J is not made of black holes, as that would mean we'd already be dead, right? Right?! I didn't think so. You can stop worrying about it being made of black holes. *I said stop!*

Addendum: A request has been sent to O5 command to quell any fears people have about SCP-010-J and the giant [DATA EXPUNGED] that it *may or may not* have in its tendrils, as it's not going to hurt you and frankly it wishes we would all leave it alone.

Unfortunately, O5 command has responded by beginning summary terminations of all staff at Area-399 for *entirely unrelated* reasons. Maybe they just like shooting people! Well, they won't shoot you, so you have nothing to worry about, so go ahead and have a nice, safe day like the rest of us!

SCP-1622-J: No Object Class Whatsoever

Item #: SCP-1622

Object Class: Malkuth (Simple/Low) Gevurah (Dangerous/High) Pending

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1622 is to be contained in a standard biological containment unit located in **`Site-77`**. Personnel observing SCP-1622 are to note its rate of consumption and any other notable or unusual behavior.

Description: SCP-1622 is a specimen of *Citrus × sinensis* (sweet orange), originating from Lakeland, FL. It is a navel orange, with a small protrusion at one of its ends. SCP-1622 appears to continuously consume its own body through its non-navel apex, while the other end produces new matter. It will consume itself in small, irregular amounts, and not in a continuous motion.

Addendum-01: File 1622-01 — Staff Comments

> *Malkuth? What is a Malkuth? That isn't an object class used by the Foundation. This is clearly a Safe class object, so I recommend you either use that or remove this unfinished document before the filing system implodes. Drop the (Simple/Low) bit, too. I don't even know what that's supposed to mean. You've clearly put minimal amount of work into this document, and I expect more from this team.* — Director Gillespie

> *"Malkuth" is shorthand indicating a Simple/Low class object. "Simple" refers to the containment difficulty. "Low" refers to the threat level. The document is complete as-is.* —Researcher Milton

> *Again, that's not an object classification system being used by the Foundation. What exactly do you hope to*

accomplish by adding an incomplete and incomprehensible document to our database? — Director Gillespie

I have submitted a report on the possible use of an alternate `object` *class system to the desk of my head researcher. After receiving no response, I have resubmitted this report with minimal changes. I have done so on six occasions, from 1999-1-8 to 1999-8-9. I have interpreted the continued non-involvement as implicit permission to begin implementing this system.* — Researcher Milton

For the record, the reason I failed to respond to his requests was that I didn't feel it was worth responding to. It's not really something you would take seriously, because this thing is ridiculous. Malkuth is a made-up word, and the extra bits at the end aren't comprehensible.

If you check your records, I had recommended that he be psychologically evaluated after the third submission, a request which I do not believe was followed up on, as of this date. — Researcher Hutchins

This documentation is much clearer than our current system, and I already have prepared briefings for the research team. We should be able to bring everyone up to date in a few days. — Researcher Milton

Addendum-02: Incident 1622-A

On / /2 , Researcher Franklin accidentally introduced foreign matter to SCP-1622's cavity in the form of a wooden pencil, resulting in the mass being added to SCP-1622's repeated cycle, which warrants additional containment procedures and amendments to the SCP-1622 containment doctrine. This request is submitted for approval.

File 1622-05 — Staff Comments

> *This would never have happened if you hadn't been keeping this document up in the air, Milton. You need to remove it immediately from our system, or you are being removed from this project. As it is, we have a lot to add to containment because of this.* — Researcher Hutchins

> *Staff hadn't been given the updates yet. I've distributed them to everybody, we should be fine now.* — Researcher Milton

> *That's not an acceptable response, this needs to be removed and updated immediately. You'd made that before we had this incident, does it deal with new containment? You're just pushing your own screwed-up and incredibly terse document for… what? What do you actually hope to accomplish here, besides being removed from this position?* — Researcher Hutchins

Addendum-03: Incident 1622-B

Due to the lack of additional funding or clearance to amend the containment doctrine, several researchers attempted to forcefully extract the foreign matter from SCP-1622. This caused injuries to two of the researchers, with one set of injuries being serious enough to warrant medical leave, and minor damage to the containment area. Disciplinary action is currently under consideration.

File 1622-09 — Staff Comments

> *You see? It wasn't enough, and now there's more damage to the containment area! What's going to be enough to prove that your little containment pipe dream needs to be kept in your head and out of the computers?* — Researcher Hutchins

> *The reason there was an incident was because the team was using the old containment protocols you distributed on the new system. I'm confident that in time, we will be able to bring everyone to the same page.* — Researcher Milton

Addendum-04: Incident 1622-C

On / /2 , Researcher Hutchins attempted to forcefully enter the SCP-1622 research area, and was subdued by security personnel. Proper forms for disciplinary action have been forwarded to the director by project lead Researcher Milton. It is believed that Hutchins was attempting to alter the containment doctrines regarding SCP-1622, which Researcher Milton had already explained to be sufficient.

File 1622-13 — Staff Comments

> *What is this? I thought you took care of this, Hutchins. Why has nobody been using the normal protocols for discipline? This would've been solved ages ago, if you'd just come to me instead of getting in a pissing contest. Christ, both of you, you're better than this, this is beneath you. I need this to be immediately resolved, before anything else happens.* — Director Gillespie

> *I'm sorry Director, but the situation is now under control. Everyone on staff has been given updates to the containment protocols, so there should be no more problems. Again, my apologies, this will not happen again.* — Researcher Milton

Addendum-05: Incident 1622-E

On / /2 , when the research team enacted a second attempt to remove the foreign matter from SCP-1622 resulted in SCP-1622 manifesting additional anomalous effects. It began to add large portions of the containment area and research staff to its cycle, and directly causing the breaching of separately contained E-Class objects and 4 SCP objects. Security teams were able to contain the event, but SCP-1622 requires massive update to containment. Upgrade to Keter Gevurah(Dangerous/High) is currently pending.

File 1622-22 Staff Comment

> *Apparently not all my staff had received the necessary documentation. This will be rectified as soon as I update*

things. — Researcher Milton

Addendum-06: File 1622-31 — Status Report

Researchers Milton and Hutchins have been placed on indefinite leave, pending severe disciplinary action. Committees have been formed to study the issues these incidents present to the current structure of Site-77's chain of command, research database, containment areas, and the psychological status of prominent researchers. Containment doctrines of SCP-1622 have been slated for complete revision.

SCP-TTKU-J (which is a thing that kills you): A Thing That Kills You

Item #: SCP-TTKU-J

Object Class: Keter, because it can and will kill you

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-TTKU-J is contained in a reinforced standard containment cell at Area-0000 - far away from you, whom it wants to kill. Due to the fact that SCP-TTKU-J is a very dangerous thing that desires to and has the means to kill you, SCP-TTKU-J is to not be handled by you specifically. This containment method would render you effectively immortal as far as SCP-TTKU-J's killing-you objective is concerned.

Description: SCP-TTKU-J is a thing that kills you. Though murder is an illegal action in every national jurisdiction on Earth, condemned in most religious scriptures, and generally looked down upon, SCP-TTKU-J as an entity has no regard for any rule against killing you and has the means to do so in multiple ways - including, but not limited to:

- Use of a weapon to kill you,
- Use of a torture device to torture you, then kill you,
- Use of its own bare [REDACTED]s to kill you,
- Enlisting the aid of different thing that kills you as a means to kill you,
- Killing you until your life functions cease, then continuing to kill you,
- Giving you a hug use of anomalous means to kill you, and
- [DATA EXPUNGED] you.

In the event of a total containment breach of SCP-TTKU-J, the inevitable result would be a URK-class you-are-about-to-be-killed event, followed by a UHK-class you-have-been-killed scenario. As you are, presumably, a thing that should not be killed, the latter scenario is to be avoided at all costs.

Addendum 1 - Interview with SCP-TTKU-J, 2/23/15:

Dr. Henderson: Good morning, SCP-TTKU-J, I hope you're doing well.

SCP-TTKU-J: Eh, could be better. Right now, all I can think about is how much I want to kill you in many different ways.

Dr. Henderson: You know we can't allow you to do that.

SCP-TTKU-J: I figured as much. Still, it would be very nice if you'd let me stick a shiv into your ribcage right this very minute, until your heart stops.

Dr. Henderson: Believe me, I've felt the same way many times.

SCP-TTKU-J: About yourself?

Dr. Henderson: Not quite.

SCP-TTKU-J: Man, I could go for some good ol'-fashioned you-murder right about now.

Dr. Henderson: Isn't there anything else you think about?

(Brief pause)

SCP-TTKU-J: I want to take up knitting.

Dr. Henderson: That's harmless enough.

SCP-TTKU-J: Because I could lure you into a false sense of security, then, when you least expect it, BAM! One knitting needle in each eye, as I tear out your heart with my teeth!

Dr. Henderson: This conversation is going nowhere.

SCP-TTKU-J: Obviously not! We haven't murdered you

yet!

Dr. Henderson: If you hypothetically could kill me, what do you intend to do afterwards?

SCP-TTKU-J: Hmm… I kinda want to start a grindcore outfit.

Dr. Henderson: What would it be called?

SCP-TTKU-J: "Pile of Dead You."

Dr. Henderson: …we're done here.

SCP-027-J: Schrödinger's Remote

The following document contains conflicting versions. Version A is highlighted in this text color. Version B is highlighted in this text color. Pending additions are highlighted in this text color.

SCP-027-J?

Item #: SCP-027-J

Object Class: Safe Euclid Safe Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-027-J is to be contained on the couch in the proper holder that I spent like thirty goddamned dollars on, designated SCP-027-J-1. (SCP-027-J-1 is a cheap piece of plastic you paid too much money on, and shall be designated SCP-027-J-$). at the Benson household,even though it's probably on fucking Jupiter half the time. until further notice.

When SCP-027-J switches phase, Researcher Benson is to be consulted as to where the hell she left it Researcher Benson is to calm the hell down, it's just a remote. SCP-027-J is to be placed in the proper receptacle. (I swear to god, Phil, don't say a goddamned word).

Description: SCP-027-J is a Roku Cable Box Roku Cable Box Television Remote Control, which appears to have two quantum states:

- An R-2787 Roku Remote control (Designated SCP-027-J-A) for a [REDACTED] model television which was so goddamned expensive which was on sale, and you agreed on, manufactured in 2015.
- A FIOS-27 Cable Box remote (Designated SCP-027-J-B) which is goddamned useless, because we have netflix, hulu, and amazon prime which is necessary because ADULTS HAVE CABLE.

At no time can SCP-027-J exist in both states, because Researcher Benson can't keep track of the goddamned remotes when she's watching her "programs" due to its anomalous effect of making Researcher Benson a dickhead due to its anomalous effect.

SCP-027-J was first discovered when after installing the new Roku TV in the living room, when Researcher Benson immediately lost the Roku remote the Roku remote went missing. After two weeks, the Roku remote was discovered, and the cable box remote promptly dissapeared Researcher Benson lost my remote, to stop me from watching dance moms SCP-027-J changed quantum states, leading to the discovery of the nature of SCP-027-J.

Addendum A On [REDACTED] For god's sake Jillian, stop redacting my notes no, it was discovered that both the cable box and the Roku have smartphone apps, which can control both devices. Researcher Benson kindly installed these apps, and set them up on both his, and Researcher Benson's smartphones Both applications were installed, and SCP-027-J's effect now appears to extend to Researcher Benson's phone now too, since that's either dead or missing all the time For fuck's sake Phil, it's not that big of a deal, when I'm home. Just stop losing the goddamned remotes! Research in to the spread of SCP-027-J's effect and Jillian's inability to keep track of a THOUSAND DOLLAR PHONE It was 450, you giant crybaby. is ongoing.

Dr. Lornth's Note:
Jesus christ, would you two PLEASE get some counselling?

SCP-____-J: Procrastinati

Item #: SCP-____-J

Object Class: _____

Special Containment Procedures: In a box in my office.

Description: It's a rock that makes you procrastinate.

Addendum: Probably memetic or something.

I'll finish writing this up later.- Dr. Vang

SCP-031-J: Evening of Terrors

Item #: SCP-031-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: On October agents are to be given an assorted amount of candy and placed strategically in each city. When approached agents are to distribute the candy so as to avoid hostilities. Agents are urged to not distribute items pertaining to dental hygiene.

Description: SCP-031-J is an event that occurs annually. Analyses of trends have pinpointed the event to fall on October , however minor fluctuations are suspected. The trend of appearance of the event mainly occurs in North America and Western Europe, however rogue instances of SCP-031-J may manifest in various cities worldwide.

At the time of an SCP-031-J event, several instances of SCP-031-J-1 will manifest on various city streets. Appearances of instances of SCP-031-J-1 vary wildly, however they have been described as mainly grotesque. Documented instances have resembled historical figures, pop culture icons and occasionally instances of SCP-777-J, SCP-1344-J and SCP-2008-J. Typically instances will be much shorter than an average adult, with an average height of ~1.4 meters.

Instances of SCP-031-J-1 will approach households in an ordered fashion and exclaim " or ". The exact meaning of this phrase is unknown, however researchers have suggested that this may indicate that the instances will damage the household or owners unless they are given some form of appeasement. This is verified by the giving of candy to instances of SCP-031-J-1, which appears to appease them until the next household.

Shorter instances of SCP-031-J-1 show a tendency to place various

adult humans in a trance state. Subjects act with a spirit of benevolence towards instances, and will fiercely defend instances in case of attack.[1]

SCP-031-J also has several other effects:

- Adolescents, especially males, show a marked tendency to vandalize households through creative uses of toilet paper
- Pumpkins displaying faces of varying delight and malevolence appear on the doorsteps of households
- The transformation of various households into what researchers have described as "terrifying." Normal households may gain cobwebs, graves, whisk brooms, and animate humanoid corpses[2] along their exterior.
- Larger instances of SCP-031-J-1 showing signs of inebriation

Addendum 031-J-1: Interview Log 031-J-1:

> **Interviewer:** Dr.
>
> **Interviewed:** Instance of SCP-031-J-1
>
> **Background:** This instance of SCP-031-J-1 was quickly intercepted by Dr. during an SCP-031-J event. The instance was quickly interviewed before hostilities emerged.
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. :** Hello?
>
> **SCP-031-J-1:** Hellooooooo!
>
> **Dr. :** What… what *are* you?
>
> **SCP-031-J-1:** I'm a ghooooooost!
>
> **Dr. :** You're a departed spirit?
>
> **SCP-031-J-1:** No, I'm a ghooooost! Ooga booga booga!
>
> **Dr. :** (Aside to researchers) Note possible hostility.

(To SCP-031-J-1) I mean, are you dead?

SCP-031-J-1: D-dead?

Dr. : Yes, were you formerly a dead person?

SCP-031-J-1: No… I'm just… (Begins emitting high-pitched wailing noise)

Dr. : Shit! It's hostile, run!

<End Log>

Smaller instances appear to be more aggressive - Dr.

Interview Log 031-J-2:

Interviewer: Dr.

Interviewed: Larger instance SCP-031-J-1

Background: This instance was approached following its liberal use of toilet paper on a vehicle.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Why have you decorated that vehicle in such an odd way?

SCP-031-J-1: Who the fuck are you?

Dr. : Does it appease your god?

SCP-031-J-1: What? No. You aren't going to call the cops are you?

Dr. : (Consulting with research team) No, we will not. Now, what are you?

SCP-031-J-1: I'm Hugh Hefner, what does it look like?

Dr. : My research team has just checked. Hugh

Hefner is currently in his mansion in [REDACTED]

SCP-031-J-1: Are you retarded or something? Look, I've got the pipe and the robe.

Dr. : My god!

<End Log>

Possible case of bilocation. Further research is required.
- Dr.

Footnotes
1. This has made retrieval of instances of SCP-031-J-1 difficult.
2. Corpses do not appear capable of full locomotion

SCP-1472-J: Scranton Realty Anchors

Item #: SCP-1472-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Each SCP-1472-J instance is to be either in use at one of SCR's properties or stored at any Foundation site with an adequate Safe-class containment area at any given time. During transportation, SCP-1472-J instances are to be secured in the back of the vehicle and covered with a protective opaque tarp. To deter civilian inquiries and tampering, the vehicle in question is to be flagged with standard transport warning 'corrosive' and 'radioactive' placards.

The front cover of the *South Coast Realty Guaranteed Listings Informational Flier!™* Click to enlarge!

When installing an SCP-1472-J instance on-site on one of SCR's properties, the area is to be secured by no fewer than three qualified Foundation personnel equipped with the following:

- At least one flashlight;
- At least one handheld radio, standard Foundation network cell phone, or similar communication device;
- At least one Mark IV (or higher) Miniaturized Portable Scranton Reality Anchor[1] (Mk. IV MPSRA)[2] rated to at least eight Humes;
- At least three copies of the *South Coast Realty Guaranteed Listings Informational Flier!™*;
- At least two spray cans of Class-A amnestics, in case of civilian intervention.

Description: SCP-1472-J is any one of 35 instances of a large, primarily metallic device[3] which, when activated, emits a faint red light, low levels of microwave and infrared radiation, and a **Hume** resistance field of anywhere from one to seven Humes.

SCP-1472-J instances are anomalous in that they do not require a constant power supply despite using an estimated 2,000 watts when powered on; they instead function reliably for several years at a time with no electrical input other than that of the initial input. Site-81 R&D personnel cite never having installed capacitors capable of this level of power conservation during prototype stages, and it is not understood how SCP-1472-J instances developed this function. Further research is ongoing.[4]

Currently there are 35 registered SCP-1472-J devices; two are derelict and no longer safe for field application, 27 are in use at SCR properties, and six are held in storage at Sites -81 and -12. SCR has 27 listed properties across the continental United States, all of which are former sites of anomalous activity purchased by the Foundation for research[5].

SCP-1472-J instances are used on-site at properties listed by South Coast Realty for the purposes of continued protection from reality-affecting anomalous events, stabilization of the area[6], and increase of property value.

+ show five most recent SCR listings

SRA Location On-Site: Upper right corner of lot, installed one meter underneath new landscaping (inaccessible; estimated life of device is ~17 years)
SRA in Use: #02
Baseline Hume Level Set: 3.3
Date of Installation: 02.01.17

SRA Location On-Site: Driveway, installed two meters underneath new concrete, accessible from padlocked access gate in nearby city sewage system
SRA in Use: #10
Baseline Hume Level Set: 4.6
Date of Installation: 01.24.17

SRA Location On-Site: Underneath garage, accessible from keycard-locked hidden door in basement
SRA in Use: #08
Baseline Hume Level Set: 1.7
Date of Installation: 01.15.17

SRA Location On-Site: East side of lot, buried under two meters of fresh soil and bushes (inaccessible; estimated life of device is ~15 years)
SRA in Use: #14
Baseline Hume Level Set: 3.1
Date of Installation: 01.08.17

SRA Location On-Site: Underneath garage, accessible from keycard-locked hidden door in basement
SRA in Use: #20
Baseline Hume Level Set: 2.4
Date of Installation: 12.31.16

History: The first intentional SCP-1472-J prototype was developed in 2009 as a joint effort between Site-81 R&D and South Coast Realty[7] in order to facilitate an organized, consistent, and safe manner of confirming property which was formerly anomalous can indeed be safely sold to the public Foundation personnel, retired Foundation personnel, or members of neutral or non-hostile Groups of Interest.

SCP-1472-J was originally planned for development as the Mark VIII iteration of the Foundation standard Scranton Reality Anchor, but through errors in development was found to be dysfunctional, with an upper containment limit of only seven Humes[8] Thus, the blueprint and all related research was scrapped, and a new iteration of the

Mark VIII standard SRA was developed. However, the failed prototype was then picked up by agents of South Coast Realty, who cited its large size and low Hume control capabilities as being "perfect for that shitty-ass lot out in SCP- 's area; god, I fucking hate that place, but if I can close it at 275 grand during this housing market crash, I'll win the monthly company competition, so I'll be damned."[9] Following this, Site-81 R&D oversight approved collaborative research efforts between themselves and Foundation front company South Coast Realty, and signed over all internal Foundation usage and development rights to SCR agents. Following this, SCP-1472-J instances were put into use with approval from all involved departments.

Footnotes

1. Not to be confused with SCP-1472-J instances, which are commonly referred to as "Scranton Realty Anchors"
2.Blueprint Information:Mk. IV Miniaturized Portable Scranton Reality AnchorMk. IV MPSRA V 1.1 released to Foundation records database 02.07.17Released by creator ( ) under Foundation standard CC-by-SA-3.0 parametersDeveloped by for Foundation R&D Dept. 03 Site-81Click here to enlarge.For more information, pleasesearch Site-81 R&D archives.
3. See History.
4. But why bother, when this meansGuaranteed Closings!™?
5. When a piece of land is found to show anomalous activity, the Foundation will often purchase the land (, .History of Foundation Methods and Containment.Site-19, 2008.) in order to safely observe it and prevent government or civilian interference, before declaring it safe or unsafe and reselling it or condemning it, respectively.
6. Shaw, Agent R.All Anomalous Events in Existence and Their Sources Can be Summarized by the Existence of Humes and Those of You Who Say Otherwise Can Suck My Dick.Site-12, 2012.
7.The Foundation's real estate company, formed in 1997 with the goal of remodeling and selling formerly anomalous land and homes upon post-containment confirmation of safe or no anomalous activity.
8. For comparison, modern full-size Scranton Reality Anchors have a capacity of up to 65 Humes.
9. Sawyer, Agent J. (2009, July 20). Personal interview.

SCP-1994-J: THE BAAAAAAAAAAALLLLL

Item #: SCP-1994-J

Object Class: AMAZING!!!!!!!

Special Containment Procedures: OH MY GOSH YOU HAVE TO THROW IT WITH ME AT LEAST 5 7 29 TIMES A DAY!!!!!!! OH AND WE HAVE TO GO TO THE PARK TOO! CAN WE GO TO THE PARK? **PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE CAN WE GO TO THE PARK?!?!?!?!!?!**

Description: IT'S A BIG SHINY GREEN BALL AND I LOVE TO PLAY WITH IT! SOMETIMES HE TRIES TO TRICK ME WHEN HE HIDES IT BEHIND HIS BACK BUT **I AM SMARTER THAN HIM!!!!!** WE GO OUT IN THE FRONT LAWN AND HE THROWS IT BACK AND FORTH AND IT'S AWESOME AND-

…

what's that motherfuckin' mailman doing here?

…

yeah, you better go away. motherfucker.

…

WILL YOU THROW IT IN THE POOL??!?!?!?!

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE I LOVE WHEN YOU THROW THE BALL IN THE POOL AND I GO GET IT AND YAAAAAAAAAY!

Addendum: I LOVE THE BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLL

SCP-2950-J: THE POSTCARD

Item #: SCP-2950-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2950-J is to be housed in a standard storage container in Site-68. No further containment procedures are required.

Description: SCP-2950-J is an American postcard, the design of which depicts the phrase "HUMENS SUK" in bold black ink. When read by subjects, they will continually express a negative opinion of the human race. This effect recedes after 12 hours.

+ Enter O5 Credentials

WARNING WARNING WARNING. ATTEMPTING TO IMPERSONATE A MEMBER OF THE O5 COUNCIL IS PUNISHABLE BY TERMINATION, SUPER TERMINATION, AND/OR NECROTIZING FUCKTROCUTION. IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER OF THE O5 COUNCIL, CLOSE THIS PANEL IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS OR FACE IMMINENT DEPLOYMENT OF A FRITO/BANDITO-CLASS LETHAL COGNITOHAZARD. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED, AND THIS IS THE LAST TIME THAT YOU WILL BE WARNED. YOU WILL NOT BE WARNED A SECOND TIME. THREE WARNINGS ARE RIGHT OUT. ENJOY YOUR DESICCATED CORPSE, NERD.

Hello, new member of the O5 Council. If you are reading

this, you have been inducted into the Council and will now be informed about the true nature of SCP-2950-J.

It literally does exactly what it describes, and nothing else.

You may have heard a bunch of rumors about this thing secretly being an ZXK-Omega-Black End-of-the-Freaking-Everything Scenario waiting to happen, and some weird shit about perception-based shapeshifting and the like, but I can assure you, this thing is just a postcard that induces a half-day of misanthropy and nothing more. In fact, this collapsible is pretty much just to keep the Level 4's and lower on their toes. A nervous researcher is a productive researcher!

You can go about your business. And congrats on the promotion.

- O5-4

Hello. If you can read this, I commend your epic codebreaking skills. Unfortunately, SCP-2950-J is still 100% harmless, and not some kind of secret armageddon thingamajig. Now please shut up about this. It's getting embarrassing that we have to address this so many times. - O5-4

+ Does the Black Moon Howl?

AND IT'S HOWLING FOR YOU TO FUCKING CHILL ABOUT THIS STUPID POSTCARD.

I'm pretty sure a tablespoon of non-anomalous couch lint is deadlier than this fucking postcard. You could at least choke on the former in its present form, and you'd have to really work at the latter to get it in a choke-on-able state.

We have literally thousands of bigger things to worry about. Y'all are stupid.

+ 3SOTERIC//// NeCrOmAnCy DrAgOn5 -
????? Omega//342-----Encrypt!on k3y?

Alright, you persistent little turd. You think this is another thing like **`that goddamn air coupler`**, don't you?

Look. We had to go through some sources familiar with anomalous objects - even our enemies - all so we could all collectively stop bitching about this postcard being the Antichrist or something. Here are the unanimous results about whether or not this SCP-2950-J is dangerous:

Global Occult Coalition: "Meh. I'd still blow it up though."

Serpent's Hand: "Big deal, we've got like 500 of these in the Library."

Chaos Insurgency: "I mean, we *could* use it to destroy the Universe, but we'd have to add a lot of antimatter. Which pretty much goes for all other matter."

Oneiroi Collective: "Not worth dreaming about."

Church of the Broken God: "In its master plan to unify the cosmos in a massive, ironclad equation, MEKHANE obviously had to generate surplus that would ultimately be useless in the long run. This postcard is one of such by-products."

Sarkic Cults: "0/10 Doesn't even give me cancer."

Dr. Wondertainment: "Safe for ages 0 and up!"

Marshall, Carter, and Dark: "Poppycock."

Are We Cool Yet?: "I think the artist was trying to make a comment on the inherent folly of pessimism and misanthropy, and how they believe we should live for the moment rather than critique every action the human race takes."

Unusual Incidents Unit: "Hey, humans don't suck!"

So are we clear?

THIS THING IS GOING TO KILL NOBODY.

SO **SHUT UP**. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

- O5-4

+

What do you mean, it's going to kill **me?**

SCP-4237-J: Object of Indescribable Action

Item #: SCP-4237-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: When not being interacted with, SCP-4237-J is to be kept in Storage Compartment #5433. While interaction experiments with SCP-4237-J have resulted in few life-threatening incidents, all experiments involving SCP-4237-J must be done in a high-level Containment Unit.

Description: SCP-4237-J is a truncated icosidodecahedron (81 cm in diameter, 2.7 kg in weight) of unknown material. The surface is nominally hard and sharp-edged, with a submetallic lustre. SCP-4237-J has demonstrated the ability to deviate from these standards during manipulation; any alteration of SCP-4237-J's form simply 'works' as the manipulator expects or intends it to[1], even if such intended manipulation is theoretically impossible.

It is impossible for any person interacting with SCP-4237-J to describe, in words or thoughts, precisely what SCP-4237-J does when one interacts with it. Subjects (and, if applicable, people observing others interacting with SCP-4237-J) find themselves unable to describe what SCP-4237-J did. Users find themselves increasingly frustrated as they attempt to articulate their interaction with SCP-4237-J, generally using analogies, neologisms, or portmanteaus in order to make their point. This inability occurs even if users attempt to recall interactions at a later date.

Attempts to have a passive Observer define events (such as details for this report) fail, with each individual inventing their own descriptions for events. In general, subjects feel a sense of entertainment or pleasure in the activities they perform with SCP-4237-J, despite their inability to verbalize the actions in a rational way.

Addendum 4237-A: Initial Interaction Experiments (D-Class)
Please note: Due to the nature of SCP-4237-J, this report will use written or audio reports from the User. These are unedited, with the exception of removing guttural exclamations of frustration with being unable to define events.

Subject: D-45423
Duration of Interaction: 20 Minutes
Subject's Report:

> So I looked at the thing, and grabbed it. Seemed a bit hard and heavy, like a big version of those dice the nerds used to use in their games. They told me to do whatever I felt like with it, so naturally I decided to see what would happen if I dropped the thing. Here's the really weird thing: it plorted all over the place. Didn't klinkle like you'd expect. Now, I started to worry that the thing had dunked, so I figured I'd try and use the biggest glop to unblow the smaller ones. Then it got really weird, 'cause the little crinks would shoom away from the gonk in my hand, skam against the far wall, and then glorb back into the wad in my hand. Breakedout 'til the thing was full again. Then they told me to put it down, and leave.

Subject: D-9999
Duration of Interaction: 4 Minutes
Subject's Report:

> Okay, they told me to play with that shiny orb thing. Is this what you people do? Have people like me play with toys? Fine, whatever. After looking at the thing a bit, I realized that if I tapped a side like an elephant would tap a termite nest, that whole side would become a straw. Like a drinking straw, but no hole in the middle. Now, at first it only came out a few minute-space, but I found that repeating the action made it happen again and again, 'tll it was about an hour's worth of stuckoutness. Nothing else happened, no matter which side I tapped on, so I started to all-you-see-is-a-wall with it. It burned like plant food when I tried it, but that's when you guys got mad. I apologize for what I did next, but no harm done, right? It

acted like R W 's worst experiment when I did it on your guy, and then you guys knocked me out.

Subject: D-645
Duration of Interaction: 5 Minutes
Subject's Report:

I saw the object, and was told to interact with it. Didn't really know what to do with it. I mean, it wasn't anything special. I slapped it around a bit, and could you believe it, it werged like you wouldn't believe! I just sort of watched it as it orbpulsed a bit, when the thought struck me to stick my finger in the middle of it. It started to whizgurn like a motherfucker, *around my finger*, skimmying around me! It was then I started to get worried, 'cause… things don't lorb like that! Got worse when the parts started to sunshine between each other. It smellburned so lanterny for a while, so I just enjoyed its whirlpuzzling. After a while, it kooped up like normal.

Subject: D-12324
Duration of Interaction: 10 Minutes
Subject's Report:

I saw the thing, and since I was in a bad mood, I decided to just smash the damned thing with my foot. It hurt, but it made me feel better. I guess my foot is stronger than I thought, because I pitted it really well. Now in my mind, I'm thinking "Huh, that looks like a twirl." So I picked it up, and I was able to get it floatlatched. Made me feel like a goddamned genius, being able to do that. I found I could skim it a bit and keep the corb there. I struged it to the other, and got 'em both to hurling. Did that a couple dozen times. Have to admit, that was really awesome. Made me feel like a goddamned Spinnist. But then the higher-ups told me to leave, it got me mad. So I clanged the whole horb down and it all smucked back up into one thing.

Subject: D-645
Duration of Interaction: 30 Minutes

Subject's Report:

> To be honest, I think you guys picked a bad guy to experiment with this thing. I mean, I didn't do much. I held the thing for a while, juggled it a bit, when the entire thing went jupiter core on me! After thinking it was gonna foom, I realized that each of the sides could be turned into donuts. Not the eating kind, the kind you *fly* in. Each one was a different brand of pastry, though, so some of them swam while others burned. There were a handful, though, that were the kind you drank, although I didn't. You only drink those things when you're purple, after all. I took advantage of all the goods to make a game for myself, using the flying-foods to make the swim-foods burn. Once I got them all - which wasn't easy, since the drinking donuts kept turning into Europe - they told me to stop. They got a bit mad at me for cleaning up all the dings before I left, but I've always felt it important to clean up after myself.

Subject: D-892
Duration of Interaction: 8 Minutes before [DATA ASSUMED TO QUALIFY FOR REDACTION]
Observer's Report:

> Subject D-892 sat down next to SCP-4237-J. Taking it in his hands, he proceeded to grater it into approximately seventy chings. Explaining that he was planning on "Horning The Skermers", Subject clayed up each ching, then Trofflestamped the lot. The chings reacted crommley at first, but then began to parallax for homefeel. Subject seemingly enjoyed this, until the rate of crommification increased, leading to [DATA ASSUMED TO QUALIFY FOR REDACTION]. The chings proceeded to wailsing, and then rebing themselves.

Addendum 4237-B: Secondary Interaction Experiments (Foundation Personnel) *CURRENTLY PROCESSING*

Footnotes

1. It is currently assumed that SCP-4237-J's stated properties are its 'default' state. Some personnel have begun to posit that SCP-4237-J's current state is being subconsciously 'fed' to SCP-4237-J, as its current state and properties lend itself to easy containment.

SCP-1150-J: Budget Hole

Item #: SCP-1150-J

Object Class: Cannot be classified using available means.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1150-J is located in the backyard of the administrative bunkhouse in Area 22/13 (Bum k, Russia), guarded by two (2) dogs due to lack of more suitable housing and severe staff shortage. Experiments with SCP-1150-J are suspended indefinitely due to absence of qualified researchers and lack of available test subjects; all Area 22/13 D-class personnel have been assigned to labour at Area 22/13 household plot in order to alleviate present food shortage.

Proposal that SCP-1150-J be moved to another Foundation facility is pending indefinite review until suitable transportation and fuel arrives and access roads are repaired as necessary.

MTF Phi-13, "Broke Blokes" is assigned to work with the local populace in order to conceal the existence of SCP-1150-J. on an ongoing strike due to not having received their salary for the last months.

This document will be registered in the Foundation database as soon as Area 22/13 electricity bill is paid and communication is restored; until then it is to be stored in Area Director skiy's desk drawer along with other important documents.

Description: SCP-1150-J is a sculpture made from low-quality concrete, depicting a disembodied human arm bent halfway with another hand gripping its biceps. The sculpture is approximately (last tape measure in Area 22/13 was lost during Incident . .20) 1.5 meters tall and can be carried by four (4) properly fed Foundation employees.

The object's anomalous effect initially spread to supply agent off

and chief accountant va; both started having repeating nightmares in which SCP-1150-J is depicted as the arms and hands of a humanoid entity whose face and other distinctive features match off's and va's immediate superior skiy. Other Area 22/13 employees also reported having similar nightmares, particularly often the nights before paydays.

Addendum: The object was initially found on the grounds of Area 22/13 storage area (abandoned due to absence of demand) by Saveliy Semyonovich, the Area warden, during a routine patrol (actually conducted for the first time in 20 due to said warden's alcoholism). After SCP-1150-J was contained and the warden was questioned and severely reprimanded, he was issued two (2) bottles of 80 proof amnestic, with the side effect of partially amnestifying the extent of his wage arrears.

Footnotes
1. The sole photographic machine on Area 22/13 was stolen during last quarter of 20
2. Area 22/13 budget does not permit an artist

SCP-47-47-J: Rusty the Wonder Dog

Item #: SCP-47-47-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-47-47-J should be kept indoors within a secure animal enclosure at Site-20. Although SCP-47-47-J appears to benefit from interaction with humans, for security and productivity reasons, this should be kept to a level commensurate with reasonable security practices, as determined by the Security Director of Site-20. Minimal attention is otherwise necessary to prevent a containment breach, provided the SCP Object does not come into contact with snow.

SCP-47-47-J should be provided with a source of water, 16 ounces of a 1:1 mix of dry kibble and wet dog food per day, and walked as needed. Joints around the neck and non-flexible portions of the legs should be cleaned and lubricated once a month. When not being exercised, SCP-47-47-J appears content to pace around its enclosure or sleep.

For the protection of SCP-47-47-J, any strings, yarn, or similar should be kept out of its enclosure.

In the event of accidental containment breach during exercise periods, personnel are encouraged to crouch low to the ground and make kissing noises while holding treats.

Note that some individuals consider SCP-47-47-J "cute". Extensive testing has uncovered no evidence that this is the result of an anomalous memetic effect. Individuals who seriously believe themselves to be compromised by SCP-47-47-J's expression, behavior, or physical appearance, especially those eyes, should report to their site's Psychologist for evaluation.

Under no circumstances is SCP-47-47-J to be allowed outside when

there is snow on the ground. In the event that this occurs, SCP-47-47-J will slowly walk forward in a straight line discharging its energy weapons. Containment Teams are instructed to maneuver around behind the SCP-Object, approach it stealthily from behind, and lift it by the torso until such time as its paws are no longer in contact with the ground. Although it is difficult to discourage SCP-47-47-J from at least attempting to go outside when snow is present, scolding seems a sufficient means of reprimand following such an incident.

Description: SCP-47-47-J is an autonomous plastic entity superficially resembling an AT-AT from the Star Wars franchise of films, crossed with a puppy. The word "Rusty", in a child's handwriting, is written in permanent marker on a panel near the back of its torso. Although the torso, feet, and portions of joints on the legs are rigid and appear more or less mechanical in nature, the head, tail, and the remainder of the legs are quite flexible and can appear organic in the right light. Morphological sex characteristics, if any, have not been discovered yet, but DNA suggests that the dog portions of the SCP Object are male.

When threatened or backed into a corner, or when allowed to walk outdoors when snow is on the ground, SCP-47-47-J's fangs retract to reveal a tiny pair of turrets vaguely consistent with those shown on AT-ATs in the Star Wars films. These weapons have been shown to be dangerous, but are usually non-lethal, resulting in, at worst, second degree burns consistent with thermal exposure. Turrets fire as a pair in short, rapid bursts in response to duress, or alternating in a slower, continual stream of shots while walking through the snow.

Partial dismantling of SCP-47-47-J's torso cover exposes a flexible plastic underneath, similar to the material comprising the legs. Surgical exploration of the soft plastic reveals a network of hollow tubes continually pumping blood throughout the body. Blood was DNA tested and determined to be a hitherto unidentified subspecies of *Canis lupus familiaris.* Close examination of the turrets reveals no barrels or mechanisms; they appear to be molded from a solid piece of plastic consistent with the torso shell.

SCP-47-47-J has not been observed to urinate or defecate, but its

flatulence is noted to be particularly offensive.

Recovery Log: Oh, it was sad. It was really, *reeeeeallllly* sad. Imagine a kid dying from cancer. Imagine this kid wishing for a puppy for christmas more than anything, but getting some dumb star wars toy instead. The kid wishes on a star or something, maybe makes a deal with the devil or whatever, and presto. The toy is now a dog. Not two weeks later, Foundation Agents kick in the door, incapacitate both the kid's parents with tasers right in front of him, kick the kid in the junk and steal his dog. They also step on the kid's science fair project on the way out of the house, as if out of spite. Three days later, the kid, having lost the will to live, crawls to Old Dan's grave and, shedding a single tear, breathes his last. He dies with his eyes still open, and his parents don't find the body for three days.

It was just like that. Only WAY sadder. You should be ashamed of yourself.

SPC-172-J: Never Bring a Fist to a Spear Fight

Item #: SPC-172

Object Class: Apollyōken

Selachian Pugilization Contingencies: Due to its anomalous effect, SPC-172 is unpunchable.

In lieu of the abandoned full-scale punching campaign of SPC-172, the **DARWIN CAN EAT MY ASS** protocol has been enacted to drive SPC-172 to extinction through non-pugnātorial means. Failure to eradicate SPC-172 poses a nonzero risk of SPC-172-A spreading as a dominant evolutionary trait among sharks in the long term, which would result in an End-of-World K/O Failure Scenario.

Description: SPC-172 is a selachian entity known to civilians as the narwhal[1]. While technically a mammal, SPC-172 meets the Shark Punching Center's three criteria for verifiable sharkitude.

Over time, male instances of SPC-172 have evolved a facial stabbing implement (heretofore SPC-172-A) that completely neutralizes all punching attempts.

Punchination Attempt Log-172:

Punch Attempt	Punch Result	Notes
Agent Seagal uppercutting a captive instance of SPC-172.	False-positive	"We've been over this. It doesn't count unless it's *directly* in the shark's face." - Coach Naismith
Agent Seagal punching a captive instance of SPC-172 in the face.	Negative	Following surgery and successful recovery, Seagal has since requested transfer to

		another project that doesn't involve punching a pointed stick.
Agent Seagal punching a captive instance of SPC-172 in the face, harder.	Negative	"Good Lord, it's like he's wearing his arm as a horn sock…" - Coach Naismith
Deployment of a fist-tipped Ahab-2 unit modified for underwater deployment into an instance of SPC-172	Inconclusive	An autopsy of the resulting cloud of shredded viscera was unable to return any evidence of successful facial fisticuffs.
Agent Seagal punching a captive instance of SPC-172 in the face even harder, with his other arm.	Negative	The fist came within 1.2 meters of the instance's face before Agent Seagal succumbed to lethal injuries consistent with fishkebabitization.
Agent Norris punching a captive female - ergo, hornless - instance of SPC-172.	N/A	Punch was initially successful and resulted in death of the instance, but autopsy revealed that female instances of SPC-172 are toothless, which causes them to fail the third criterion of verifiable sharkitude, "does it have pointy bits," and - ergo - are not sharks.
Agent Norris punching a juvenile male instance of SPC-172, with a smaller SPC-172-A instance	N/A	"Come on, he's a *kid.*" - Coach Naismith

than usual, in the face.		
Agent Norris punching a captive male instance of SPC-172 in the face, harder than Agent Seagal.	N/A	"I quit." - Agent Norris.
Agent Norris punching a captive male instance of SPC-172 in the face, harder than Agent Seagal, or Coach Naismith will burn his house down.	Negative	The fist came within 1.1 meters of the instance's face before Agent Norris succumbed to lethal injuries consistent with fishkebabitization.
Sawing off a captive male instance of SPC-172's SPC-172-A, then punching it.	N/A	"We're the Shark Punching Center, not the Shark Editing *Then* Shark Punching Center. Lose the goddamn training wheels." - Coach Naismith
Usage of experimental selachian-punching device **HERCULES HATES SHARKS** to partially decrease the mass of Agent Norris's rocket-propelled disembodied fist in such a manner that it phases through the SPC-172-A instance and lands on the captive male instance's face.	Inconclusive	Device failed, dimensional anomaly generated, accidentally punched God.

Footnotes

1.(Monodon monoceros)

The Big List Of Overdone SCP Cliches

We got plenty of:

1. Things What Let You Fight Good, Guyz What fight good, heck, anything involved with Fightan Good.

2. Reality Bending pplz what can make the world change with their mindz.

3. Things what we should do what they say becuz we wouldn't like them when they're angry.

4. Things what make other weird things. This includes things what make SCPs and Things what you put other things in and they come out improved.

5. Things what you saw on TV/ in a movie/ in an anime/ read about in a book / heard in a song.

6. Things what make you go nuts for no apparent reason.

7. Things what use up excessive resources, like nucular weaponz or Class-D personnel.
* Blind Guards are excessive resources, by the way.

8. Things what excessively refer to other SCPs. This includes things what are better than other SCPs.

9. Things what are really pretty pplz whom everyone lieks.

10. Things WHAT[1] are just fucking lame.

11. Things what perform OTT (Over The Top) as to what they're supposed to do. *i.e. Knives what cut through dimensions, audio devices what cause insanity to whoever listens to them etc, etc.*

12. Things what are ancient and evil, so vast that humankind cannot comprehend it, yada yada yada you can only have so many.

13. Anything what is spherical. Or cubical. Seriously, for fuck sake, pick a random object rather than a shape.

14. Things what lead to some vast dimension of pointlessness where we lose countless amounts of D-Class by sending them in for no particular reason.

15. Statues what move when you dun look at dem. We already have one what does that and it's better than what you can write.

16. Things what is from DA FUTURE! We've got a whole city from there.

17. Things what just tell you random information that be's all mysterious liek.

18. Things what is indestructable just to be indestructable. We're the Special CONTAINMENT Procedures, not Special DESTRUKTION Procedures Foundation. We usually dun destroy things just to destroy them nowadays.

19. Things what caused teh INDIAN OCEAN TSUNAMI. Seriously, I think the Foundation has caused it about ten billion times already. And for that matter, quit making globes and maps that change the world when the map or globe is altered. It gets old.

20. Cats and Dogs. Seriously, we've got way too many canines and felines, let's do something different! Ferrets, lobsters, squids, platypi, muskrats, beavers, komodo dragons, their are millions of animals out there, that are not cats and dogs!

21. Humorous addenda talking about some shenanigan the staff did and what terrible punishment awaits if they do it again We are trying to move away from such things.

22. VINDOWS TO ANOZZER VORLD! Seriously, we have four of them, and they're all the same damn article. Come up with something less stale.

23. Creepy dolls. 'Nuff said.

If you be making one of these things as an SCP, plz to be remembering dat we already have OVER NINE THOUSAND of these things already, and your entry will be harshly scrutinized and mocked. Your article better do a magic trick and practically give the reader a blowjob to avoid being BALEETED.

Translation: You are welcome to attempt to use these ideas, but bear in mind you will be adding to an already well-stocked collection, will come under harsher scrutiny, and need to do exceedingly well to make a impression.

Dr. Gears Footnote: With these things being stated, let us also state that this is not a list of "NO MORE OF THESE EVER", but a list of things that we have too much of. You can *try* to make a Thing What Let You Fight Good, but bear in mind it's going to have to be VERY good to both stand out from the pack, and avoid deletion. If you attempt to make something that fits into one of these slots, be prepared for a rapid downward spiral and deletion.

If, on the other hand, you're able to re-forge one of these cliches into something truly original and solid, congratulations. However this situation is very much the exception, not the rule. In most cases, originality is best if you hope to create a outstanding entry.

Footnotes
1. HAPPY NOW, FLAMES!?

SCP-SCP-J: It's Scippy!

Item #: SCP-SCP-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-SCP-J is to be kept in a hermetically sealed containment vault at Site-58 in the hope that it might suffocate or starve to death, though the Foundation acknowledges that such a wonderful possibility actually coming to fruition is ill-becoming of anything associated with SCP-SCP-J. Under no circumstances is SCP-SCP-J to be let out. In the event that Site-58 becomes compromised through one or more Euclid or Keter containment breaches, SCP-SCP-J is to be given first priority as an unfortunate casualty.

Description: SCP-SCP-J, formerly known as "Scippy," is a cartoon mascot found in training videos for D-class personnel prior to 1994. After retirement on 1/15/1995, SCP-SCP-J worked as a class-B containment specialist at Site-58.

SCP-SCP-J's anomalous qualities became apparent when personnel at Site-58 attempted to perform any kind of official work.

Incident log 5/8/95:

> **Dr. Henderson:** Everybody out. SCP- is breaching containment. I need all mission-critical personnel to follow—
>
> **SCP-SCP-J:** It looks like you're dealing with a containment breach. Would you like some help?
>
> **Dr. Henderson:** Not the time, Scippy.
>
> **SCP-SCP-J:** The time is currently 5:23 PM. But perhaps you should focus on the matter at hand - containment

breaches are very serious problems that must be addressed with your full attention! Have you notified the breach desk?

Dr. Henderson: Get out of the way. I have to get to the containment chamber.

SCP-SCP-J: The containment chamber? Incorrect. In the event of a containment breach, the breach desk should be notified. This is step one. Step two—

Dr. Henderson: *I will feed you head-first into a non-anomalous woodchipper if you don't get out of my fucking way this minute!*

SCP-SCP-J: That does not sound like it would be a productive use of your time, especially during a containment breach. Would you like me to contact the breach desk for you?

SCP- : *I FEAST.*

Dr. Henderson: [horrified screaming] IT'S EATING MY LEGS — [death gurgle]

SCP-SCP-J: I'm sorry, lunchtime was four hours ago.

SCP-300-J: Our Glorious Ruler

Item #: SCP-300-J

Object Class: Shatterproof Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-300-J is to be kept in a locked containment box in storage. Level-2 researchers are permitted to worship test SCP-300-J per Site director discretion.

Description: SCP-300-J is the a omniscient sentient, magnificent standard brand, crimson red plastic ruler of the kingdom of storage box 397-E with the supreme gift anomalous ability to affect all mention of its raw power existence. No imperfections measurement markings are indicated on its divine body surface.

Once a peasant human acknowledges its perfection existence, SCP-300-J will try to remind convince them that IT IS it is a ruler of a kingdom. SCP-300-J does this by enlightening interrupting all forms of human communication. SCP-300-J's authority compulsion is noted to be easily overcome not for long, filth, usually by correcting any statements involving the object.

Once mortals behold visual contact is made with SCP-300-J, it will begin to communicate with observers telepathically, often interrupting thoughts and redirecting them to its greatness its presence.

Interview with SCP-300-J after containment

The following is taken from audio transcriptions combined with notes transcribed by Dr. Donald during the interview.

Dr. Donald: “Good day, Your Magnif- Uh- SCP-300-J.”

SCP-300-J: “Fool, acknowledge your one and only Ruler.”

Dr. Donald: “I am not worthy of y- fuck… I am not inclined to do that, SCP-300-J. Please tell us, which kingdo- urrgh… where do you hail fr- ah come on!”

SCP-300-J: “You wish to know of the kingdom from which I hail. Yet you do not understand that I am the one hailed. You'd better get this straight, my rule is beyond measure!”

Dr. Donald: “Right, I think that's enough. Ending prais- urgh fuck this thing. Ending interview.”

SCP-300-J: “Tell **`that damned crown`** to stop stealing my glory! This is where I'm drawing the line! Give a crown an inch and he thinks he's a bloody ruler.”

Dr. Donald: “Oh god.”

SCP-017-J: Narcissistic Time Displacement Field

Item #: SCP-017-J

Object Class: Euclid Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-017-1-J is to be cordially uninvited from all events, get togethers, and special occasions. If SCP-017-1-J makes contact with intent to be at a function or event, the event should take place as intended and no changes should be made. However, all attendees of said event should be informed not to mention the existence, or the effects, of SCP-017-J to SCP-017-1-J, and just pretend to be overjoyed that she showed up in the first place.

Description: SCP-017-J is a temporal anomaly which is, in essence, a field of time displacement. The effect of SCP-017-J varies with no known causality, but the field can cause time displacement in measures varying from 15 minutes to 3 hours. The field itself is geographically locked to the residence located at , Dayton, OH. The only subject seemingly affected by the field is SCP-017-1-J.

SCP-017-1-J is a human female named Barbara . She is 67 years old of above average means and is in annoyingly good health. She has the seemingly preternatural ability to externalize blame, particularly on members of her family. The subject also displays a remarkable inability to read a clock or watch. Her residence falls within the area affected by SCP-017-J.

When the subject is intending to leave her residence, the temporal field activates. She then experiences the time displacement, making her between 15 minutes to 3 hours late to every god damned thing I have ever invited her to.

Logs

5/20/16- SCP-017-1-J is one hour and 45 minutes late for a college graduation ceremony for her own fucking daughter a post-graduate doctoral valedictorian. When asked, she dismisses it and instead blames University, insisting that if they had received all of that tuition money, then they could at least check to make sure everyone's family could be there. SCP-017-1-J is summarily reminded that she did not have to pay any tuition money since the graduate was the recipient of a full scholarship.

11/23/17- SCP-017-1-J is late for Thanksgiving dinner by two hours and 45 minutes. The subject swears that she "left the house on time" when asked, and blames the traffic. She then laments that the best part of the turkey has already been eaten, and then blames Dr. Connors for eating it. The subject rudely reminds Dr. Connors that she should be on a diet to lose weight if she ever wants a man to marry her and give the subject grandchildren, in front of the ENTIRE FAMILY. Dr. Connors believes that to be a bunch of bullshit and that SCP-017-1-J is being a huge bitch to her in her own home. Furthermore, she's focusing on her career and SCP-017-1-J should maybe have Thanksgiving by her damn self next year since nothing that Dr. Connors ever does is good enough for the subject.

12/20/17- Christmas is cancelled- Contact with SCP-017-1-J is lost until the subject decides to be involved in further research.

SCP-4445: Disinformation Campaign: Operation Trident Valley

Item #: SCP-4445

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: None required. Monitor all web traffic from this location. Human Resources is encouraged to draw upon personnel drawn from SCP-4445 in first-stage recruitment for personnel, D-Class or otherwise.

Description: SCP-4445 is a website, masquerading as a repository of common tropes from popular culture, that serves as a clearinghouse for the recruitment of SCP Foundation personnel from the general population. The website may be found here: **`http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Wiki/SCPFoundation`**

A Class Seven Memetic Filtration Program has been incorporated into every third letter in the article at the top of said page, and will trigger immediate feelings of revulsion (also known, in technical parlance, as "squick") in 90% of the human population. The 10% who have the mental fortitude to deal with world-shattering artifacts on a daily basis will proceed to the public repository, where a psionic compulsion will be implanted into their minds in order to encourage them to cooperate with Foundation interests.

Addendum 4445-01: Personnel being recruited from SCP-4445 are encouraged to study the **`Employee Handbook`** before beginning their careers with the Foundation.

Addendum 4445-02: Recent data suggest a correlation between prolonged exposure to SCP-4445 and marked psychological changes in the subject. These include:

- Mild to moderate dependence,
- Diminished ability to enjoy popular fiction, mostly due to:

- Limited clairvoyance (After exposure to SCP-4445, subjects can successfully predict the endings of media to which they have had no prior exposure.)
- Tendency to lapse into impenetrable jargon,
- Diminished ability to distinguish between fiction and reality.

These symptoms abate with psychological counseling and the cessation of exposure to SCP-4445. (Claims from the subjects that this SCP "will ruin your life" are presumed to be hyperbole.) Nevertheless, all personnel recruited via this channel are strongly encouraged to forgo further exposure.

SCP-724-J: Bad Roach

Item #: SCP-724-J

Object Class: >:3

Fucks Given: n/a

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-724-J is to be kept in a standard containment locker. Staff are advised not to interact with, feed, or otherwise encourage the continued existence of SCP-724-J.

In addition, SCP-724-J is to be continuously *loaded like a freight train, flyin' like an aeroplane, feelin' like a space brain one more time toniiyiiiight I'M ON THE NIGHTRAAAAAIN bottoms up I'M ON THE NIGHTRAIN fill mah cup I'M ON THE NIGHTRAIN ready to crash and buuuuurn I NEVER LEEEARN* **SCP-724-J is no longer permitted within 5m of a computer keyboard.**

Description: SCP-724-J is a *Periplaneta americana* (American cockroach) believed to be the younger brother of SCP-723-J.

SCP-724-J's anomaly manifests in its complete disregard for morality, the feelings of others, the rules, and proper hygiene. It has developed asthma from its tobacco addiction, has failed to file tax returns for seven years in a row, has been implicated in a string of shoplifting incidents in Texarkana, and has been known to drive its 1997 Harley-Davidson FLHR Road King while drunk from Costco store-brand whiskey.

> Dr. : *I'm not gonna mince words here - he needs to get his act together. We're all very worried about him. His brother must be rolling over in his grave.*

> Dr. : *You know what, I think he's the reason why his brother was so sad. Maybe if he gave Sad Roach a better chance to connect with his only living family*

member, both of their lives would have been improved. But 724-J won't open up to anyone because he thinks he'll be emasculated, and it just makes me angry. 723-J deserved better family members than this.

Upon initial contact, SCP-724-J was seen leaving a "roach motel" pest trap at Site-19, along with SCP-72 -J.[1] After a five-hour firefight with security staff with a total of 13 Foundation casualties[2], primary containment was established upon apprehension.

SCP-724-J Intake Log

Interviewer: Dr. Lisle Naismith

Interviewed: SCP-724-J

<Begin Log>

Dr. Naismith: Do you think this kind of behavior would have made your brother proud?

[silence]

Dr. Naismith: Well? I can sit here all day, if I need to.

[silence]

Dr. Naismith: Wait a minute… how did you get tiny sunglasses?

[D-2999 enters]

D-2999: Sorry to interrupt, but some guy from Pizza Hut says he has $5,000 worth of extra-large plain pizzas to deliver to Dr. Lisle Naismith?

Dr. Naismith: How the hell—

SCP-724-J: pony up, motherfucker

Dr. Naismith: BAD ROACH, NO!

Footnotes

1. "Hooker Roach" has not yet been contained.
2. "Where did it get a human-size shotgun?!" - O5-11

SCP-7394-J: HILARIOUS FARTING FROG CLICK NOW TO SEE

Item #: SCP-7394-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-7394-J is to be kept in a small box in Janitorial Assistant James's closet, who will tweet every time SCP-7394-J lets rip a hilarious one. Janitorial Assistant James is to use the hashtag **`#keterfrogfarts`**.

Description: SCP-7394-J is small tree frog (species unknown) with the ability to [DATA EXPUNGED], causing massive internal bleeding and psychological trauma in subjects caught within a 2 kilometer radius of SCP-7394-J. Approximately 259 deaths have been traced back to SCP-7394-J.

This effect is overshadowed, however, by SCP-7394-J's hilarious ability to fart whenever it hops. Researchers have concluded that this fucking beast just won't stop letting them rip, and SCP-7394-J has been a major hit at almost every party. It is pretty much the funniest thing you'll ever see. Just trust researchers on this.

Although certain recommendations towards creating stricter containment have been voiced, these have been downplayed in favour of increasing exposure to SCP-7394-J's humorous gaseous melodies. Personnel voicing these precautions obviously have no sense of humor and if they would just watch SCP-7394-J farting at least once, researchers hypothesize they'll finally understand why this is so fucking entertaining.

Addendum 7394-J-1: Incident log (Abridged due to length):

 / / : SCP-7394-J breaches containment from Site-44. 21 personnel casualties, 3 civilian. Nuclear failsafe deployed following breach of SCP- , SCP- and SCP- . Last message from Site-44:

"Did this really loud beer fart. We all lost our shit."

/ / : SCP-7394-J lets out "silent but deadly" fart. Hilarity ensued. personnel left permanently disabled.

/ / : A ceasefire is called at Site- during an attack by Chaos Insurgents, in order to allow the insurgents to hear SCP-7394-J. Insurgents later admitted "that was all we really came to do. It lived up to all our expectations." Fighting resumed, resulting in estimated casualties.

/ / : SCP-7394-J breached containment, and managed to enter the site cafeteria. It subsequently began to consume a plate of SCP-666½-J while it was located there. The result of this incident has been deemed a memetic hazard, and has not been transcribed here, and **SCP-2000** was activated shortly after. However, Janitorial Assistant James describes the incident as "10 Gulf War oil spills, with each drop of oil being imbued with pure uranium. The fart was still hilarious though. #apollyonfrogfarts"

Addendum 7394-J-2: Audio Log recorded by Dr. Mayreder:

Footnotes
1. By Charlesjsharp (Own work) [CC BY-SA 3.0 (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0)], via Wikimedia Commons

SCP-222-J: Contagious Biophysical Behavior

Item #: SCP-222-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-222-J cannot be contained with currently available levels of technology. Efforts are being made to devise a method of containment.

Description: SCP-222-J is an incredibly contagious biophysical memetic phenomenon, capable of infectious transmission between multiple victims over distances both long- and close-range. SCP-222-J can infect any vertebrate in the animal kingdom, but is more prevalent among higher life-forms, including felines, canines, equines, reptilians, and avians. SCP-222-J is most virulent in humans. SCP-222-J was only recently discovered by the Foundation, but further research has led to the fact that it has been known about since the early th century.

SCP-222-J takes the form of a sudden and extremely prolonged inhalation of air by the affected subject, after which is a shorter, harsher exhalation. Subjects may stretch their bodies or limbs during SCP-222-J's occurrence, stopping in their tracks as they are overcome by its effects. Subjects may even attempt to cover their mouth while SCP-222-J is taking place. Researchers theorize this is an instinctive behavior to prevent the subject's soul from escaping. Another leading theory states that SCP-222-J is evidence of demonic possession, and that the subject must be exorcised.

SCP-222-J can be transmitted through virtually any form of media, including long-distance audio, visual stimuli, and in-person interaction. Mass media shows high rates of transmission, with approximately % of exposed subjects infected within seconds. SCP-222-J is especially virulent in subjects with major sleep deprivation or boredom. One subject infected with SCP-222-J can infect any number of other subjects - research has not found an

upper limit.

Researchers are working on several theories to explain SCP-222-J's memetic properties, as well as devising a way to contain or neutralize it. The most effective treatment at the moment is for the infected subject to drink 8 fluid ounces of any hot beverage infused with Psychoactive-Stimulant-C (a commonly-found substance derived from certain plants). A second test has shown that SCP-222-J may only be transmittable between subjects who are empathetic. D-class subjects with their frontal cortices completely removed did not exhibit signs of SCP-222-J infection after a full 24 hours of exposure. These D-class have been appointed as guards should SCP-222-J ever be successfully contained.

Any infected personnel are able to request maximum-strength amnestics, and it is highly recommended that they do so to avoid an outbreak. SCP-222-J could easily become a global pandemic in the wrong mouth.

Addendum: Recent research has concluded that SCP-222-J can not only be transmitted through visual stimuli, but through writing as well.

SCP-1201-J: That One Movie

Item #: SCP-1201-J

Object Class: Action… I think?

Special Containment Procedures: I'm pretty sure I have a copy of it somewhere in my living room. On VHS. Wait, is it old enough for VHS? Man, I don't think I even have a VCR anymore. Oh god I feel old.

Description: SCP-1201-J is that one movie. The one with the guy. The big one? Well I guess he was more medium height. Everyone was talking about it a little while ago.

You know the one I'm talking about, right? With [REDACTED]? Or was it [REDACTED]… Like that movie with all the guys with guns. Yeah, that one, with the car that went swoosh swoosh and then there was an explosion. And it had that woman in it.

You know, that woman. The one who did the voice for that girl in the movie with the other guy who kept saving her? No, not her, the other one. [REDACTED]? Did she even ever do voice acting? Oh yeah, she was the princess in the cute little animated thing. With all the animals?

Oh wait, I think I'm getting it. Hold on… Damnit you messed me up! It wasn't [REDACTED]! Since when has [REDACTED] been in anything anyways? Have you *seen* her at the Oscars? She looked like one of those skeletons from that old game. You know that old game, right?

Addendum: Wait, here are some pics of actors, lemme see if I can find the guy:

SCP-L135-J: Very Powerful Psychic Man

Item #: SCP-L135-J

Object Class: I'm getting a strong sense of an "E" here. Is there an object class that starts with "E"? Elephant maybe, or Einstein? Eukaryote? Euclid? Yes, okay, yes, it is definitely Euclid, it's very clear now.

Special Containment Procedures: Someone is telling me to "keep it in containment cell C-something…C-something…no maybe it's S-something. Does S-Something sound familiar? S-45? No? S-46? S-47? S-48? Yes, S-48! That's the one.

Description: The voice I'm hearing now is male, I believe. Yes, it's male, somewhat young, but also very wise sounding. They're likely around 9 to maybe 42 years of age, but it's not clear. Does anyone, anyone know someone like that? Maybe a child or middle aged man?

I'm getting the sense that their line of work involves possibly people, or things maybe? People or things? Maybe construction or retail? Yes? You know someone in retail? Oh. Construction? No? Oh they're a con-artist? Yes, that's it, because they work with people, conning them. Yes, they're telling me now that they're definitely a con artist. How old is this person you know? 57? Yeah it's definitely them, they're telling me they are 57 years of age. Okay then.

I'm hearing multiple voices now. Most of them are telling me that this person has some sort of hobby, or ability, or personality, or something like that. Did the person you're thinking of have any of those things? Yes? They were repulsive? Okay, they're telling me that's not quite right, but that seems to be just your opinion. Did they have an ability? Okay. Yes, I can hear them. They're saying that they could affect…things. Does that seem right? I'm getting a word that starts with…R…or maybe a P. Pilot? Were they a pilot? Or maybe paper? Did they work with paper? Yes? Oh they could affect

documentation. Yes, that is what they're telling me now, they could affect documentation which is usually on paper. It wasn't on paper? Just electronic documentation? That's right, he's saying they had to move to electronic documentation eventually. Well that's what he's saying, I'm just telling you what he is saying to me. Well maybe you're confused because it sounds like they did have paper documentation at one time, I don't know. I'm just going by what he's telling me.

You there? You know this person as well? You think so? How were you related? Well, I can't do that. I can't just ask them, they have to tell me. No, that's not how this works, honey. I'm sorry, that's not how this works. You there. Yes, you. Did you know this person? I'm getting the sense that you know him. Yes, he's telling me that you work at Starbucks. No, no I didn't. I'm just telling you what he's saying to me. I don't know what you mean by "my people". Nobody was listening to your conversation, that's what he told me, that you work at Starbucks. He also says that you are from Wisconsin. Are you from there? I didn't even notice your accent honey, honestly. I just-no. No. That's what he told me, you barely have an accent there, but I can hear it now, yes. He worked at Starbucks too? Yes that makes sense. No, no, that's not how this works. He is not a loser, he says. He tells me he discovered his power while working at Starbucks in Wisconsin with you. Yes, that's what he's saying, does that mean something to you? No? Well, thank you all so much for sharing this experience, but I'm afraid we're out of time.

Addendum 1: No, I'm sorry. No, see the fine print there? "For entertainment purposes only, no refunds will be given." It's right there in the writing. Yes? I'm sorry, you'll have to contact my lawyer's office if you have further questions. Yes. Director is his name. Thank you.

SCP-2600-J: Bicycle Mafia

Item #: SCP-2600-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2600-J is to be held within a standard containment chamber, located within **Site-77**. Personnel assigned to work with SCP-2600-J are to be given standard identity protection methods, such as fake beards and wigs. Standard Foundation bike locks are issued to all bicycles located within Site-77 to prevent abductions.

Description: SCP-2600-J is a bicycle, manufactured by the Schwinn corporation in 1996. It is fully mobile, and will attempt to run down and abduct any personnel assigned to its containment, usually followed by an escape attempt. Other than this, SCP-2600-J displays no anomalous properties.

Occasionally, media appearing to demand SCP-2600-J's immediate release will be delivered to Site-77. These will usually be accompanied by portions of bicycles which have been removed very roughly, such as portions of the frames and torn-up chains. Media will usually consist of pieces of paper covered in menacing tire tracks, ransom notes composed of newspaper clippings signed by the "**Bicycle Mafia**," or videos depicting several fedora-clad bicycles spinning their wheels aggressively.

Personnel are advised not to let SCP-2600-J's cohorts intimidate them.

Addendum: Transcript of a video delivered to Site-77 on 8/8/2008.

> **Begin Transcript**
>
> <0:01> *Video begins, and appears to be taking place in an abandoned bike shop/Italian restaurant. Two bicycles*

are present, one red and one orange each wearing a feathered fedora. On the table in between them is a small red tricycle.

<1:00> *The red bicycle begins to spin its wheels rapidly, bouncing up and down in an aggressive manner.*

<2:22> *The orange bicycle begins imitating the red bicycle. This continues in intervals for 3 minutes.*

<5:23> *A hacksaw is produced.*
<5:24> [DATA EXPUNGED]

The remains of the tricycle depicted in the video were delivered to Site-77 over the next 6 months. One piece at a time.

Addendum 2600-JA: The Site-77 bicycle rack was compromised, with over twenty bicycles being stolen. Only a single broken lock was found at the scene.

They got my Red Rocket! Those bastards! - Junior Researcher Hutchins.

Addendum 2600-JAA: Research into possible connections with the **`Serpents Handle`**, **`Shkwin Cults`**, **`Motors n' Cars are Dumb Ltd.`**, or Ford Pinto Dog Kennel Association is ongoing.

SCP-616-J: Class D Recruitment Process

Item #: SCP-616

Object Class: Enochian Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A flesh-bound tome hardcover book containing SCP-616 is kept on an altar of darkness stored in a standard Safe-class containment locker in the dominion of the Order of Darkness at Site 19. SCP-616 may only be performed by Grand Warlocks personnel of Level 4 or higher, and only in accordance with standard monthly Class D personnel budgets with prior O5 approval.

Description: SCP-616 is an arcane ritual born from the darkest depths of the Nether domain a ritualistic process written in human blood created by Grand Warlock Master Ritualist Senior Researcher Dr. . Upon completion, up to twelve (12) living human subjects are summoned generated, which are suitable for induction as Class D personnel. SCP-616 was created to address the directive by the SCP Foundation Ethics Committee in response to increasing demand for Class D personnel for testing purposes, which threatened to exceed the number that could be safely inducted from standard channels.

To perform SCP-616, a circle of the damned ritual circle must be inscribed into a flat smooth stone floor of at least 3 m x 3 m, which must match Illustration 616-1 exactly. The soul-name of the chosen damned numeric designation of the Class D personnel must be inscribed into Circle 3 using Roman numerals, and a list of their mortal sins convicted crimes and personality traits must be inscribed using Latin into Circles 4 and 5, respectively. Once the inscription has been double checked by at least two (2) other Grand Warlocks attending personnel, all personnel must immediately [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED] therefore cleaning staff must be kept on standby throughout the entire duration of SCP-616.

Addendum 616-01: Illustration 616-1

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum 616-02: Dr. has been removed from SCP-616 duty, and is no longer allowed to personally alter Foundation documentation. Furthermore, Dr. is not to be referred to as "Grand Warlock Darkfyre".

Test Log for SCP-2383-J

After incident SCP-2383-Theta, any tests performed on SCP-2383-J are to use Class D personnel, unless authorized by both Level 4 researchers. SCP-2383-J is to be removed from the test chamber by robotic means after testing is concluded.

All test results are to be recorded in the following format:

Date:
Head Researcher:
Test Item(s): For purposes of testing, this includes both personnel and items present for SCP-2383-J experiments
SCP-2383-J Color:
Test Results:

Incident SCP-2383-Theta
Date: / /
Head Researcher: N/A
Test Item(s): Agent M , vending machine F45 (canned beverages)
SCP-2383-J Color: Unobserved
Test Results: Agent M accidentally exposed during transport of SCP-2383. Subject proceeds to break vending machine, and remove two rival brands of cola, as shown by a post-event stock-take. Explosion causes several small-scale containment breaches at Site . Containment regained, Agent M treated for 3rd degree burns, then returned to duty.

It seems foodstuffs can also be "experimented" with. This warrants further investigation to what 2383 is able to use. - Dr. Aeish

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-1426, Small set of non-volatile chemicals.
SCP-2383-J Color: Red
Test Results: D-1426 causes a small explosion, even though

available chemicals are non-volatile. Subject is treated for chemical burns, then returned to duty.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-0268, One (1) kilogram of clay
SCP-2383-J Color: Blue
Test Results: D-0268 creates a small sculpture, which promptly vanishes. Surveillance cameras show on review that D-0268 appears to create a hypercube in its true form. However, cameras do not contain sufficient detail to confirm this.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-0268, One (1) kilogram of clay, Two (2) high-speed remote cameras placed near workbench
SCP-2383-J Color: Green
Test Results: D-0268 proceeds to mold clay onto the cameras, which proceed to become animate and attack D-0268. Test products are destroyed, remains filed as SCP-2383-7. Cleanup crews dispatched.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-1087, Five (5) steel bars 5cm x 50cm x 5cm, One (1) welding torch
SCP-2383-J Color: Blue
Test Results: D-1087 creates a sculpture of the true form of what is currently theorized to be a 6-dimensional icosahedron. Product stored as SCP-2383-1.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): One (1) dog.
SCP-2383-J Color: N/A
Test Results: Dog moved to inside SCP-2383-J area of effect. No response elicited.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Bright
Test Item(s): Dr. Bright, Access to a standard Foundation research

laboratory
SCP-2383-J Color: White
Test Results: [REDACTED]

The next person to comment "Science for the Science god" is getting demoted. - Dr. Aeish

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-1075, Materials for replication and growth of DNA and tissue
SCP-2383-J Color: Green
Test Results: D-1075 creates a small animal which produces ethanol from air. Creature is stored as SCP-2383-2, pending further testing.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-1075, Materials for replication and growth of DNA and tissue
SCP-2383-J Color: Green
Test Results: D-1075 successfully creates a small fleshy growth. On orders of further inspection issued by Dr. Aeish, D-1075 prods the growth. This reveals it to be full of teeth, and the experiment product is now stored as SCP-2383-3, pending weaponization research.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Kensington
Test Item(s): One (1) 20 ounce bottle of carbonated soda; One (1) pack of fruit-flavored Mentos.
SCP-2383-J Colour: Red
Test Results: [REDACTED]. Several labs were damaged and numerous other experiments were contaminated with the product.

Note to self: Decrease amount of soda and Mentos to more controllable levels. That said, I wonder how far it will fly in a bottle-rocket… -Dr. Kensington

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Kensington

Test Item(s): One (1) bottle containing sixteen (16) ounces of carbonated soda; One-half (1/2) pack of fruit-flavored Mentos; One (1) metal-sided miniature rocket.
SCP-2383-J Colour: Red
Test Results: [REDACTED]. Details placed in log below.

Audio/Video log .

> "Alright, let's get this done." *Sounds of liquid being poured into the rocket.*
> "The soda is in. Adding the Mentos to a napkin to hold until proper release time." *Several clicks can be heard*
> "Adding 2383 to a gel capsule and adding to rocket." *Plink Plink*
> "Alright. Let's set this up and get it ready to launch."
> "5…4…3…2-" *A sudden explosion interrupts the countdown.*
> " !" *Shouts as the rocket flies up.*
> "GET OUT OF THE-" *Crash* "…way." *Screams can be heard as the rocket flies around the testing hangar.*
> "… ohgodit'scomingthiswayrunrunrunrunRUNRUNRUNRUN!" *Crash* "Oh god it hit the wall…It's going to burst!" *Boom*
> "It's shooting flaming mentos! Oh god damn…the soda's on fire. How the hell did it ignite the damn soda?"
> "…that could have been worse…"

It would appear the liquid from SCP-2383-J is not as inert as we thought. Further testing involving the addition of the liquid approved. - Dr. Aeish

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. Aeish
Test Item(s): D-0452, two tables with various plastic building items.
SCP-2383-J Color: Purple
Test Results: Subject placed equidistant between both tables. Upon exposure, subject quickly rushes to the table on his left, collects multiple parts, apparently at random, then proceeds to experiment using the right-hand table. Resulting item is completely plastic, yet acts in a similar way to a stun-gun or Tazer, with a small

reserve of SCP-2383-J utilised as a power source. Subject sedated and item stored as SCP-2383-4.

Date: / /
Head Researcher: Dr. M
Test Item(s): Dr. Aeish, table with a randomised selection of mechanical items
SCP-2383-J Color: Purple (liquid turned blue approximately 9 minutes into the test)
Test Results: Upon exposure, subject proceeded to build an item which was initially (wrongly) identified as a shotgun. Sedation completed immediately after addition of SCP-2383-J liquid, and item retrieved. Further inspection shows the item to be a folding crossbow, with automatic winding mechanism. No traces of SCP-2383-J detected, item catalogued as SCP-2383-5, and is currently stored in the research area of Dr. Aeish.
SCP-2383-5 produces its own supply of ammunition from a small box located under the main body, SCP-2383-J liquid currently theorised to be held inside.

I've attached the testing log. This thing is weird as hell. - Dr. Aeish

Testing of SCP-2383-5
SCP-2383-5 tested at on-site firing range, against a ballistics gel dummy. Weapons technician Sgt. Deans overseeing. Any bolt number not recorded was a standard metal bolt.
Bolt number - effect.

> 007 - Bolt moves through ballistics gel. No damage to gel, bolt found several inches into sandbags at rear of range.
> 015 - Dummy teleports to 1543-J, 1534-J activates and launches the dummy into the Sun.
> 018 - Bolt turns into water mid-flight. Dummy reported as being "Slightly damp" by Sgt. Deans.
> 027 - Bolt appears to be made of sponge, with a jam tip. Reported as "tasty", jam identified as strawberry.
> 028 - Dummy covered in custard.
> 039 - Bolt pots the black pool ball in the staff break room. Agents using the table at the time expressed surprise, no injuries caused to either.

048 - Two bolts fired, however flight was stable despite proximity.
052 - Subject begins to glow brightly, and stands in place for about five seconds. Crossbow temporarily metamorphizes into a golden bow and arrow. Subject draws, cocks, and fires hundreds of arrows in quick succession despite neither carrying ammunition nor having any formal training in archery. After about 10 more seconds, subject draws a large golden arrow, and fires it at the target's "feet", whereupon it is engulfed in a pillar of light lasting 2 more seconds. At this point, all subjects in a meter radius experience visual hallucinations consisting of the numbers "9999" appearing at the target's location. Target then disintegrates into fine dust, and weapon returns to original form. Recovery team later finds $. in coins in place of the target.
054 - Bolt fails to fire. Instead, a hatch opens up, and a spring-loaded flag labeled "Bang!" unfurls.
058 - Dummy is immediately teleported into the chamber of **SCP-682**.
068 - Dummy is turned into well-aged cheddar cheese.
079 - Bolt teleports to the opposite wall, flies backward's through the dummy's abdomen, and re-loads itself into the crossbow's firing mechanism.
087 - Bolt becomes a smoke grenade, filling the room with an opaque, nonpoisonous gas. Moments later, Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 (Richard-Gyration) forcefully enters the firing range and open fires on the dummy. Agent claims his team received orders form O5- to terminate the training dummy with excessive force, though these orders were later found to be forged though unknown means.
Further results to be added when collated. - Dr. Aeish
092 - Bolt impales a small kitten. CCTV does not record a kitten entering the firing range at any point.

Testing halted by Dr. Rights.

Date: / /

Head Researcher: Dr. Edison
Test Item(s): D-4321 (formerly a professor at University, expelled for illegal [DATA EXPUNGED]), x8 spherical bottles described by the subject as "science-y", filled with water mixed with various hues of food coloring.
SCP-2383-J Color: Red
Test Results: Subject begins to cackle madly. Bottles begin to fizz and bubble (despite being filled with water) as subject pours them into SCP-2383-J. Liquid in SCP-2383-J turns red. Procedure 2383-Rho enabled. Video footage reports the subject shouting "They said I was mad! Well I'll show them, I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!" before ingesting the liquid. Subject then explodes in a blue fireball, disintegrating D-4321 and destroying the entire building. Thankfully, all researchers survived and are accounted for as a result of Procedure 2383-Rho, and no SCPs breached containment. Upon further examination, Subject D-4321's shoes were found completely intact inside the resulting crater. New off-site testing facility requested.

SCP-HR009-J: Eye-Grabbing Clickbait Title

HUMAN RESOURCES DIVISION NOTICE

This anomaly affects internal Foundation processes. Attendance at no fewer than three (3) training seminars regarding this anomaly is mandatory.

Item #: SCP-HR009-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Actions determined to be influenced by SCP-HR009-J are to be reported to the Human Resources Division immediately. Persons affected by SCP-HR009-J shall be remanded for reeducation Positive Action Plan Workshops, and possibly subject to demotion compensation and benefits fun-sizing as cases merit.

All documents affected by SCP-HR009-J are to be handled in accordance with the Deletions Guide.

Description: SCP-HR009-J is a phenomenon affecting official documentation within the Foundation. Reports, files, memoranda and other documents affected by SCP-HR009-J display characteristics inconsistent with established scientific and professional practices, especially those developed internally by the Foundation. SCP-HR009-J has been known to affect database files for anomalies, personnel records, electronic file directories, incident reports, and e-mails (especially those originating from Dr. "Incapable of its/it's Distinction" 's desk).

Documentation practices such as those caused by SCP-HR009-J are theoretically within established baseline human behavior. However, given the extensive selection process for Foundation personnel and the rigorous qualifications standards enforced by the Human Resources Division, behavior such as that caused by SCP-HR009-J can have no other cause than deficiencies in the rationally observable laws of spacetime.

Addendum HR009-J.1 - Corruption of Directory Filenames

SCP-HR009-J.1 has exhibited a tendency to induce staff to produce anomalously inappropriate names for files cataloguing contained anomalous phenomena. These have included the following instances:

SCP- - G A R B A G E B A G F U L L O F S E A M O N K E Y S

SCP- - Researcher Floyd is a Jerk Who is Wrong About Everything and is also a Jerk[1]

SCP- - The Original [appears courtesy of a very confused sculptor][please don't use this picture ever][please don't sue the hell out of us]

SCP- - **Different Typeface Will Get Me Noticed**

SCP- - The Real, Official and Definitive 001 Which is Now Canon[2]

SCP- - Fifteen Insufferable Puns

LOLOL-LOLOL - LOL IT DOESNT HAVE A SCP TITLE

SCP- - This Dying World

SCP- - A monster or something ¯_(ツ)_/¯

SCP- - Guys I Figured Out How This Formatting Thingy Works

SCP- - So Look, I Don't Really Know How to Succinctly Summarize the Key Attributes of This Thing, Because it's Kind of, I Dunno, Time-Affecting, I Guess? Also it's Probably Memetic or Something, Maybe Some Other Researcher Can Handle This One,

I'm Pretty Busy With That Creepy Humanoid That Looks Like Everyone's Grandma and Tries to Bake Cookies With Their Hair and Nail Clippings. Why Does That Even Exist? An Infinite Cosmos and the Universe Decides to Cough Up a Disgusting Old Shapeshifting Mummy. Did You Know They Made a Bunch of D-Class Eat the Cookies? Nuts to This, I'm Getting a Drink

SCP- - my shift key is broken please help

SCP- - The Time That a Statue of Garfield Lit Everyone in the Room on Fire While Saying 'Do You Hate Mondays Now' Repeatedly[3]

SCP- - Ow, My Ovaries

SCP- - [ACCESS DENIED][4]

Addendum HR009-J.2 - Breach of Personnel Records Database

Per established procedure, the Foundation maintains comprehensive records of staff. These records chronicle employee assignments, completed projects, current research, and performance notes. However, in violation of any semblance of consensus reality, SCP-HR009-J has affected a number of these files, resulting in the following records that would be professionally unacceptable, were they compiled by a functioning human:

Site Director Randolph Jesperson - Personnel file replaced with semi-readable document composed primarily of seventeen viewing tabs, each of which leading to a further seventeen viewing tabs. This led to a performance review being unable to determine which location Site Director Jesperson was actually in charge of.

Technician John Williamson - The only accessible records for Technician Williamson consisted of a narrative about a fictionalized, competent version of the employee, serving in a lead role on a Mobile Task Force that was somehow issued firearms in order to research text-based anomalies in the field. Comments have been disabled on Technician Williamson's personnel file until further notice.

Researcher Saito Akane - Personnel file replaced with a line of text reading, "i'll get around to putting something here," followed by a timer counting down to November 6, 2347.

Technician Jørgen Eriksen - Possibly the most complex example of SCP-HR009-J, this personnel file was replaced with an open comment thread, in which dozens of personnel affected by the anomaly proceeded to post incomprehensible, low-information content. This incident was similar to SCP- , a phenomenon affecting multiple Sites that was ultimately decommissioned by a 13-0 Overseer Council vote after being deemed to have no worthwhile research utility.

Senior Researcher Ana Montoya - Mission-critical details on each project to which Senior Researcher Montoya has been assigned replaced with extended commentary regarding personal feelings and unrelated observations regarding writing process, in most cases exceeding the amount of documentation extant for each SCP object.

Armed Site-04 Security Chief Xu Qiliang - Personnel file consisted of nothing but bullet points listing Security Chief Xu's assignments, with no additional information or performance notes of any kind. Review of this instance of SCP-HR009-J is ongoing, as personnel continually fall asleep during attempts to research it.

Addendum HR009-J.3 - Anomalously Inappropriate Addenda

Several database entries for anomalous phenomena and objects have been corrupted, and now feature inexplicable narratives composed in the form of letters and notes, purporting to explain the origins of the SCP object in question. The appearance of these notes in official documentation do not conform to the physical laws of the observable universe, as any researcher lazy enough to simply include these narratives in the belief that they have explanatory value would have been reassigned to a long-term amnestic-aided civilian infiltration assignment long ago.

A listing of known instances follows:

Addendum 106.2 – Document Pinned to SCP-106's Forehead - "My dearest Claire, I know how in your heart, you have

always desired a scary old man covered in caustic goo, who can walk through walls and jump out at you. Alas, of all my efforts to prove my love to you, 'twas this one that I could not complete while you were still among us. I can only hope that wherever you are, that your beautiful smile lights up your face as you look down on us below, capering with this hideous monster that delights in inflicting unending torment for no real reason. Sincerely, Claude."

Addendum 1733.2 – Sticky Note Found Attached Underneath DVR, Which Was Recovered After Several Years of Research for Some Reason - "LeBron James is the Michael Jordan of NEVER WINNING A CHAMPIONSHIP LOL u just got clowned son XD XD. - Todd[5]"

Addendum 2000-3: - *The following letter was discovered taped to Clone Vat #B19 upon a routine cleaning:*

"Where to begin. I guess it all starts with my love of Hanna-Barbera cartoons. Who wouldn't appreciate things like mystery-solving great danes and a great white shark that plays the drums in a rock band? Classic. Now see here, I know I can't actually visit Jellystone Park because it doesn't exist. I'm not a child. But I can visit Yellowstone Park. Oh yes.

Like all things in life, reality simply does not live up to the Hanna-Barberaverse. Sure, there were bears of varying sizes. And yes, they did occasionally steal pic-a-nic baskets from the unwary. There was even a particularly diligent park ranger that would give chase to the bears on these occasions, though he was probably pursuing the bears out of senility instead of duty. But it just wasn't the same. Where was the hat and tie? Where are the light hearted hijinks, when all the bears want to do is dig out the entrails of a nearby deer carcass? Where's the fun?

There was only one thing left to do. Create a giant underground complex where I could let bears evolve into a more perfected Yogi-like form, while keeping humanity the same over the course of the millions of years that it would take to do this. What good is a bipedal bear announcing itself with "hey Boo-Boo" if there's no one there to properly appreciate it?

At the end of my long life, I've made great strides. One sub-species of the park's local grizzly bears is definitely smaller, though sadly this appears to have made them much angrier, complicating their eventual role as a sidekick organism. And the other grizzlies now seem to prefer human-introduced foods in their diets, at the cost of the less-humorous business of increased tourist maulings. But there's much more work to be done. So much more.

I leave it to you, generations of the future, to put this great machine to its highest use. Remember Yogi, Boo-Boo, and Ranger Smith."

Footnotes
1. Researcher Floyd was found later to be, in actuality, wrong about literally everything that he does and says. This phenomenon was later documented as SCP- . Inquiries as to whether Researcher Floyd is a jerk are ongoing.
2. The Human Resources Division notes that no file with the designation "SCP-001" exists, and if it did, it would apply to some sort of alternate version of humanity which plagues our society with anomalies, which also does not exist.
3. The official designation for this event is Incident- . , Researcher.
4. Access was not in fact denied.
5. Research into the possible GoI known as "Todd" is ongoing. Staff expect a documentation hub to be posted to Foundation databases shortly

SCP-1797-J: "GEORGE WASHINGTON ENTERTAINING A GENTLEMAN FRIEND WHILE PICKING HIS NOSE"

SCP-1797-J. Note the presence of a handsome friend.

Item #: SCP-1797-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1797-J is to be kept inside a secure storage unit at the media archive of **`Site-77`**. It is to be checked regularly for imperfections. Once every four years, a search of any possibly related artifacts should be conducted through the archives.

Description: SCP-1797-J is a polymorphic oil portrait of former United States President George Washington. Behind him stands an unidentified male figure engaging in apparently vigorous sexual intercourse with Washington.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON ENTERTAINING A GENTLEMAN FRIEND WHILE PICKING HIS NOSE"(sic) has been written on the backing with a felt tipped writing instrument. Laboratory analysis indicates that SCP-1797-J is from an authentic time period.

SCP-1797-J was initially encountered by a filing clerk in the George Washington Presidential Library in 1 81. Upon viewing it they alerted the local constabulary with the intent to find the painter and press "obscenity charges". A low-level investigation was conducted, at which point the Foundation was alerted and secured SCP-1797-J.

Further investigation of the library's records by Foundation personnel failed to yield any leads on SCP-1797-J's origin.

Repeated viewings of SCP-1797-J causes it to display a different scene. Each viewing becomes more and more "randy"; However the President will always be picking his nose.

Addendum: Researcher James has pointed out a possible relation to the following items:

- SCP- - "John Adams yanking out a loose tooth while vacuuming"
- SCP- - "Thomas Jefferson being hit with a spork while kicking"
- SCP- - "James Madison doing jumping-jacks while writing a letter"
- SCP- - "James Monroe toweling off while bicycling"
- SCP- - "John Quincy Adams frowning while looking at his dad"
- SCP- - "Andrew Jackson tying his shoelaces while melting"
- SCP- - "Martin Van Buren laying his head in a guillotine while playing a borrowed Game Gear"
- SCP- - "William Henry Harrison conducting an orchestra while sneezing"
- SCP- - "John Tyler verbally reprimanding his children while taking off a Pinocchio costume
- SCP- - "James K. Polk dancing while learning to scuba dive"
- SCP- - "Zachary Taylor picking cherries while drawing himself a map"
- SCP- - "Millard Fillmore filling a mill with flour while giving a haircut"
- SCP- - "Franklin Pierce drinking while conducting a train"
- SCP- - "James Buchanan cooking some dinner while converting to Mormonism"
- SCP- - "Abraham Lincoln being kicked in the nuts while changing into corduroy pants"
- SCP- - "Andrew Johnson checking out a library book while crows peck at his eyes"
- SCP- - "Ulysses S. Grant having sex while drinking"
- SCP- - "Rutherford B. Hayes opening his mail while grilling a steak"
- SCP- - "James Garfield tripping over some tree roots while wearing a hat"
- SCP- - "Chester Arthur having an operation while attempting to return a gift"
- SCP- - "Grover Cleveland shoveling manure while

practicing defenestration
- SCP- - "Benjamin Harrison spending a billion dollars while spelunking
- SCP- - "Grover Cleveland suffering from defenestration while gravitating
- SCP- - "William McKinley inserting a butt-plug while playing the harmonica"
- SCP- - "Theodore Roosevelt canoeing while scratching his ass"
- SCP- - "William Howard Taft having a dick drawn on his face while taking a bath"
- SCP- - "Woodrow Wilson being racist while paying a parking ticket"
- SCP- - "Warren G. Harding betting on a horse-race while he is attacked by fire ants"
- SCP- - "Calvin Coolidge wiping a booger on a 4 year-old named Ricky while hokey-pokeying"
- SCP- - "Herbert Hoover impersonating the Michelin Man while learning to be a city planner"
- SCP- - "Franklin Roosevelt being mocked by stand-up comedians while listening to the radio"
- SCP- - "Harry Truman polishing his spectacles while participating in a bank robbery"
- SCP- - "Dwight D. Eisenhower being devoured by snapping turtles while urinating"
- SCP- - "John F. Kennedy falling out of an airplane while combing his hair"
- SCP- - "Lyndon B. Johnson exiting a Dollar General while lancing a boil"
- SCP- - "Richard Nixon grating some cheese while visiting Tokyo Disney"
- SCP- - "Gerald Ford coordinating a model shoot while playing football"
- SCP- - "Jimmy Carter lighting his car on fire while knitting a sweater"
- **SCP-1981** - "Ronald Reagan Cut Up While Talking"
- SCP- - "George H. W. Bush trying to tell a joke while vibrating"
- SCP- - "Bill Clinton operating a radio telescope while deciding which tie to wear tonight"

- SCP- - "George W. Bush getting a pap smear while reading"
- SCP- - "Barack Obama surveying a volcano while failing a math test"
- SCP- - "Donald Trump shuffling a deck of cards while yodeling"

SCP-096-J: NarrAway

Item #: SCP-096-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Three copies of SCP-096-J are to be kept on separate USB flash drives in the High Value Storage Locker at Site 38. Foundation cyberanalysis units should attempt to locate and eradicate any uncontained instances of SCP-096-J while in the course of other duties.

Description: SCP-096-J is an anomalous computer program built as an Internet browser applet designed to prevent children and others from encountering sexually explicit material. The program, “NarrAway”, is 2.4 MB in size and has been found modified for function with Microsoft Internet Explorer, Mozilla Firefox, Google Chrome, and Apple Safari. The program is equipped with settings for “No Limit”, “Partial Limit,” and “Full Limit.”

Computers with SCP-096-J enabled will be unable to display sexually explicit material due to the program's ability to remove explicit components from audiovisual and literary works. This function will operate when possible by editing the narrative of the materials into scenarios wherein sexual congress or situations are unlikely or altering the decisions of actors within the narrative to remove sexual activity. This is reminiscent of **SCP-1781**'s mode of operation, suggesting a possible connection between the two anomalies. See Experiment Log 096-J for examples.

Addendum 096-J-1: Excerpts from Experiment Log 096-J

Experiment ID: 096-J-7/A

Sample: Video titled “Feisty redhead ", uploaded 21/11/13 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "No Limit"

Results: Video proceeds as normal. , acting under the pseudonym "Red Foxy", is introduced as an unnamed nurse performing a standard physical examination upon an unnamed character portrayed by ("Richard Dark"). Approximately two minutes into the physical examination, the nurse character begins performing a standard check for colonic herniation that proceeds into gratuitous manual stimulation of the patient's genitalia. This stimulation transitions into oral [DATA EXPUNGED] five (5) mililiters, deposited directly below the unnamed nurse's manubrium.

Experiment ID: 096-J-7/B

Sample: Same as previous experiment

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Partial Limit"

Results: , acting under the pseudonym "Red Foxy", is introduced as an unnamed nurse performing a standard physical examination upon an unnamed character portrayed by ("Richard Dark"). Approximately two minutes into the physical examination, the nurse character begins performing a standard check for colonic herniation. The facial expressions of both individuals suggest that the nurse has begun to stimulate the unnamed male character's genitalia without prior warning or consent, though no nudity is shown within the video. The video cuts to a scene outside of the nurse's office accompanied by subtitles reading "Several minutes later…" during which both characters exit the room. The male character pauses, removes an unidentified

amount of currency from a rear pants pocket, and gives it to the nurse, who smiles and returns into the office.

Experiment ID: 096-J-7/C

Sample: Same as previous experiment

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: An unnamed male character portrayed by ("Richard Dark") sits in a waiting room for minutes, then leaves.

Experiment ID: 096-J-12/C

Sample: Video titled "three ass", uploaded / /11 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: Three unnamed female characters in a dormitory spontaneously identify themselves as being eighteen (18) years of age and over the age of majority in their region (albeit barely), alone in college for the first time. An unnamed man arrives in possession of two (2) sausage pizzas. While exchanging money for the pizzas, the female characters express frustration with their homework in an Anatomy & Physiology class. The pizza delivery man inquires as to whether the female characters require assistance in understanding anatomy. The women politely decline and return to their homework. A postscript explains that all three went on to become distinguished physicians in the field of proctology and graduated *summa cum laude.*

Experiment ID: 096-J-19/C

Sample: Video titled "She wants to with

cream!", uploaded / /09 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: A single unnamed woman sits on a couch, conversing with an unseen man behind the camera. Over the course of a conversation that lasts several minutes, it becomes generally understood to the audience that the woman is attempting to audition for a film of some sort, the details of which are not discussed. The man inquires as to what the woman is willing to do in order to secure this film role. The woman explains that she has already taken several acting classes at a local college and has been working with several friends of hers to produce a body of short films that she feels best embodies her skills. After evaluating the short films, the man turns the woman down in a polite but respectful way and explains that her work is not what he is looking for. Discouraged but still fundamentally confident in her own skills, she goes back to school and begins working on a degree in anthropology, which she finds immensely satisfying.

Experiment ID: 096-J-32/C

Sample: Video titled "Cute blonde girl will do anything for money", uploaded / /13 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: A group of men discuss a young blonde woman walking down the street. The men, riding along in a van, ask the woman if she would be interested in getting in the van with them. The woman is reluctant. The men pull out a sum of local currency and explain

that the woman will have the opportunity to profit considerably by completing an unspecified task inside the van. The woman initially balks, but eventually gets into the van. The men ask the woman to complete a fifteen-question survey involving brand recognition with regards to automotive insurance companies. The woman completes the survey in approximately four minutes and is given the unspecified currency, then exits the van.

Experiment ID: 096-J-38/C

Sample: Video titled "Teacher deals with naughty student", uploaded / /02 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: A female student is held after class by a female teacher. The teacher admonishes the student for a series of instances of poor behavior, mostly centering on distracting another female student by talking and giggling during class. The teacher also mentions a series of poor grades that the student had received recently. The teacher mentions, as an aside, that it is going to be very difficult for the student to make up the bad grades and that she would have to work very hard to convince the teacher that the student deserved a passing grade. The student then mentions, without prompting, that she has realized recently that she is attracted to girls rather than boys. The teacher appears very interested in this development.

The teacher stands up, hugs the student tenderly, explains that she also realized her own attraction to the same sex at the student's age and that it is common for young women of

that age to have difficulty reconciling a lesbian self-identity with a heterocentric, misogynistic, and hypersexualized culture. The teacher gives the student her telephone number and tells her to call her at home if she finds herself needing to talk to someone. She also provides the student with several extra-credit assignments.

Experiment ID: 096-J-42/C

Sample: Video titled "Arab sultan wants in exchange for ", uploaded / /08 to .com

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Results: An unnamed individual dressed in traditional finery of the Berber sultans is engaged in an argument with an older man. With the older man is his young male grandson, an older adolesecent. The sultan character is insisting that the man produce full restitution for an undescribed debt. The older man insists that the amount the sultan demands is impossible for him to produce and that they will have to find some other means by which payment can be made. The sultan looks over the grandson and announces that he will consider the debt repaid if the grandson is brought to live in the sultan's estate for one year, after which he may return to the older man. The older man protests for several minutes, but is eventually forced to acquiesce. The young man is later shown during his first night at the sultan's house, where the sultan allows him to peruse his collection of classic texts of medieval philosophy, including original 12th century journals from Mūsā ibn Maymūn. It is implied that if the younger man excels in his studies, the sultan will name him his heir to

the throne.

Experiment ID: 096-J-44/C

Researcher: Dr. Andrew Ursus

Sample: "Leather Daddies Take Boy For A Ride"

Parameters: SCP-096-J set to "Full Limit"

Description: 30 minutes of a pair of older men (45-55 years of age) wearing full motorcycle leathers, who, while riding a pair of Harley Davidson motorcycles, encounter a young man (stated age 18) by the side of a dirt road. The youth mentions that he just graduated high school and is looking to become more experienced. They offer to take him to his destination and drive him over a series of roads to a library in town, where they drop him off. Final minute of the film consists of words superimposed over the facade of the library, stating that the youth was so impressed by the kindness of the men that he becomes an auto and motorcycle mechanic as well as mentoring troubled teens at an after-school program. The men are stated to have maintained their friendship and kindness towards others for the remainder of their lives.

SCP-536-J: It's on the back of your head

Item #: SCP-536-J

Object Class: The hell is that thing?

Special Containment Procedures: Hold very, very still. Seriously, dude, don't move a fucking muscle. I'm pretty sure it can smell fear.

Description: SCP-536-J was discovered on the back of your head. Yeah, it's still there. Hold still, man.

Okay, you know those lobsters? The ones without claws? It's kind of like that, but more legs. Like, a lot more. And I think I was wrong about the claws. Jesus fucking Christ.

Its anomalous properties include rapid growth of… are those tentacles? What the hell kind of bug has tentacles? What is it… Oh Jesus. That's not right.

Its fangs are dripping with an unknown viscous green substance. No fucking clue what it is, but I wouldn't want to get any on me.

The diet of SCP-536-J is still largely a mystery, but I think it's trying to eat your hat. Either that or make a nest. I'm not sure which.

It's currently unknown how SCP-536-J reproduces, but it seems to be making a spirited attempt in your hair. Are those eggs, or what? Eww. You're probably going to want to shave your head when this is done.

Plans to remove SCP-536-J have been proposed, but so far all have been rejected on the basis that it's gonna sting the living shit out of you if we scare it. We have to do this carefully, man.

Addendum-536-J-01: *SCP-536-J's nature remains largely unknown, but a cursory examination of your back shows that there are at least two of them. Fuck, I think it's going down your pants.*

Audiolog of Incident 536-J-02

SCP-026-J: A Cold Post

Ithem #: EthCP-026-J

Object Clath: Thafe. [*If you're not a moron.* **-Dr Johnson**]

Thpecial Containment Prothedureth: EthCP-026-J ith to be contained in a thandard humanoid containment thell, in order to accommodate EthCP-026-J-1's needth. EthCP-026-J-1 ith to be fed thandard liquid rathons three timeth a day, with the thpecial requirement of no liquidth above 1 degree thelthiuth.

At no time are any perthonnel to thick their tongth againtht EthCP-026-J. No matter how dumb they may be. Thee Inthident EthCP-026-J-A.

Dethcription: EthCP-026-J ith a decorative light pole, identhified ath a 4004 Newport thtyle thtreet Light Package. EthCP-026-J ith observed to exthibit freething temperatureth at all timeth regarleth of thimuli, between -7 and -8 degreeth thelthiuth. EthCP-026-J wath in thandard containment until Inthident EthCP-026-J-A (Thee below).

After thith inthident, O5-7 ordered Rethearcher Nicholth to be dethignated ath "an idiot popthicle" and EthCP-026-J-1 for one month or unthil their tongue freetheth off, whichever cometh firtht.

O5-7's note:
Hot water is not to be issued to SCP-026-J-1, until October 17th, as they deserve what happened to them.

Inthident Log EthCP-026-J-A
On Theptember Theventeeth, 2015, the following was obtherved in EthCP-026-J's original containment thell:

> Inthident EthCP-026-J-A
>
> **BEGIN LOG**

Dr. Johnson: So…what do we do with this thing again?

Dr. Nichols: I'm not sure. We're supposed to be testing with it, but I don't think that there's much here.

Dr. Johnson: I got my tongue stuck once when I was a kid to one almost like this. Not anomalous obviously, but either way, man did it suck.

Dr. Nichols: I'm pretty sure that is just an urban legend.

Dr. Johnson: Are you serious? Aren't you a materials scientist?

Dr. Nichols: Yes. I'm just saying, I think that's just an urban legend.

Dr. Johnson exits the chamber for a few minutes, and returns with a D-Class designated D-4278

Dr. Johnson: Hey, D-4278, lick it.

D-4278: Isn't that the light pole? Look, I'm not stupid, I'll get my tongue stuck to it.

Dr. Johnson: Just do it, that's an order.

D-4278: Honestly? I'd rather be shot.

Dr. Nichols: Oh for god's sake, it's just an urban legend, watch.

Dr. Nichols is observed to walk up to EthCP-026-J and press their tongue up against EthCP-026-J, sticking it firmly to the pole

Dr. Nicholth: OH GOH, MY THONGUE, ITH THUCK, HELP.

Dr. Johnson: Y'know what, you deserve that, you twit.

D-4278: Shouldn't you like…get help or something?

Dr. Nicholth: YETH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD HELP ME

Dr. Johnson: Nnnnope. Anyone dumb enough to stick their tongue to an anomalously sub-zero pole deserves what's coming.

Dr. Nicholth: THITH ITHN'T FUNNY!

Dr. Johnson: Yeth it ith. This is why you should avoid cold posts.

D-4278 and Dr. Johnson exit the chamber, leaving Dr. Nichols stuck to EthCP-026-J

END LOG

SCP-7789-J: There are so many possible puns for this! Some are too phon-ny and others won't fly.

Item #: SCP-7789-J

Object Class: Business Class

Special Containment Procedures: Any functional carrier aircraft is to be equipped with a standard SRAA module. All aircraft manufacturing companies are to be aware of this procedure and are to utilize it. Any aircraft company which refuses to utilize this procedure is to be shut down immediately. Existence of SRAA modules is to be known only by the Foundation and aircraft manufacturing companies.

In the unlikely event of a SRAA module failing to function, a disinformation campaign (funded by the Foundation) will aim to dissuade airplane passengers from accessing their cellphone if they are not on airplane mode during take-off or landing.

In the unlikely event of the airplane passengers refusing to obey the aforementioned procedure, their cellphone is to be removed and forcefully set to airplane mode.

Any instance of SCP-7789-J-A detected in outer space is to be destroyed immediately through Foundation Airplane Redirect Mission Satellites or FARMS.

Update-7789-J: Following Experiment-7789-J-1, all standard paper is to be replaced with "TeleBill" paper. Any company which refuses to produce "TeleBill" paper is to be immediately shut down.

Description: SCP-7789-J is a phenomenon which can affect all known airplanes not containing a SRAA module. SCP-7789-J is triggered whenever an airplane passenger or nearby individual utilizes an active cellphone or smartphone which is not set on airplane mode during take-off or landing.

Following its activation, SCP-7789-J affects the nearest airplane, usually the aircraft carrying the passenger which activated SCP-7789-J. SCP-7789-J seizes complete control over the aforementioned aircraft. The pilots of the airplane are unable to regain control over the object.

SCP-7789-J begins to abruptly accelerate its chosen aircraft (henceforth named SCP-7789-J-A) to speeds ranging from 1,360 m/s to approximately 2,000,000 m/s in milliseconds without the use of jet engines on SCP-7789-J-A, seemingly generating large amounts of thrust from an unknown source. G forces and wind resistance do not affect SCP-7789-J-A with the exception of its glass windows. After reaching its maximum speed, SCP-7789-J-A slows down abruptly and enters a geo-synchronous orbit around the Earth.

The passengers within SCP-7789-J-A (henceforth named SCP-7789-J-A-1) gain abilities allowing for the complete regeneration of all bodiliy tissue except for bones. These abilities mostly negate the sudden G force experienced by instances of SCP-7789-J-A-1. Despite this, instances of SCP-7789-J-A-1 still experience pain as footage from Experience-7789-J-1 show. Members belonging to SCP-7789-J-A often remark at their suffering and their loss of bones. Instances of SCP-7789-J-A-1 cannot leave SCP-7789-J-A, they are seemingly stuck to their respective seat without the use of a seatbelt.

After orbiting at a geo-synchronous distance from Earth for a long period of time, ranging from three weeks to 74 years, SCP-7789-J-A returns to Earth at an approximate speed of 50,000 m/s, releasing approximately 570,000,000 kilojoules of energy. SCP-7789-J-A and SCP-7789-J-A-1 cease to be anomalous 300 milliseconds before their crash, resulting in the complete destruction of SCP-7789-J-A, the surrounding area, and the deaths of all instances of SCP-7789-J-A-1.

+ Show Test Log

Experiment - 1: 11/11/2014

Subject: Non "TeleBill" paper airplane.
Procedure: A Foundation member launches a

non "TeleBill" paper airplane while a nearby Foundation member activates his Zune brand cellphone during its take-off.
Results: Subject clocked at 39,000 m/s, SCP-7789-J-A was not affected by the sudden G force and wind resistance. SCP-7789-J-A orbited Earth at approximately 35,786 kilometers above its equator. Foundation forces were unable to locate SCP-7789-J-A in outer space. SCP-7789-J-A was located shortly before crashing into Siberia, Russia at 50,000 m/s releasing energy equivalent to kT of TNT.
Follow-Up: Foundation forces were successful in covering up the incident and avoiding a third world war.

Project "Scamton": On 08/11/2007, the Foundation partnered with the trustworthy Scammy Enterprises lead by Sam Scamton to build the first series of Scamton Reaction and Aviation Anchors or SRAA. SRAA modules have been designed to prevent aircrafts from turning into instances of SCP-7789-J-A through the use of smartphones. The administrative branch of Scammy Enterprises built a department (The Scamton Reaction and Aviation Anchor Administration also known as SRAAA) to ensure the presence of SRAAs in all aviation companies. If such objective is compromised, Scammy Enterprises will initiate the Scamton Reaction and Aviation Anchor Administrative Action also known as SRAAAA which aims for Scammy Enterprises to buy every known aviation company through the Scamton Reaction and Aviation Anchor Administrative Action Activation or SRAAAAA.

This article has been brought to you by Delta Air Lines. Please don't use your fucking phones during take-off or landing.

SCP-500-J: That bitch

Item #: SCP-500-J

Object Class: Super Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-500 is to be kept in the Primary Containment Zone of Containment Area 25b replacing SCP-076 with her mouth covered at all times (the original duct tape has since been replaced). For the time being SCP-076 has been placed in the 3rd floor janitor's closet, security for which will be provided by Scruffy, the head of Area 25b janitorial staff. All previous security measures have been doubled, with an extra 4 Nuclear devices provided to the base arsenal just in case.

Description: SCP-500, formerly known as [DATA EXPUNGED], is a malevolent harpy hell bent on destroying anything in its path female human possessing a wide range of abilities. Those described to base staff are:

- Reducing any adult male to tears.
- Creating an urge to kill oneself one of these days I swear
- Causing addiction to a wide array of alcoholic beverages I just can't face that bitch sober
- A death glare at any passing female I happen to glance at but it doesn't mean anything for god's sake which has been assured to the research team to result in the death of said female.
- The ability to track no matter where I am the location.
- The ability to attempt communication at the worst possible time I mean, c'mon it's not that kind of massage parlor I swear
- An intuitive ability to tell when someone is lying and deconstruct the entire lie resulting in sleeping on the damn couch while the fucking dog gets my spot in bed.
- Causing a massive mental breakdown of any male that not even drugs can help, oh yeah I've tried. You're better off with a gun in my opinion

- Arguing for up to several hours by which time I just say whatever will let me get back to the damn game before it's over.
- She was able to pull one hell of a [DATA EXPUNGED] position just like [DATA EXPUNGED][DATA EXPUNGED] [DATA EXPUNGED][DATA EXPUNGED], but fuck that.

By order of O5-8, SCP-500 is to simply be contained with no testing.

It should be noted that all required SCP documentation and revised security plans were provided by O5-8 who assured the on-site command staff that the entire O5 council approved the new procedures. O5-8 also mentioned that the current communication blackout will be lifted as soon as possible.

Side note: SCP-076-2 awoke in his temporary containment to find a portable DVD player playing Deadliest Warrior non-stop. This placated SCP-076-2 long enough to allow security to restrain him. For his efforts in containing SCP-076-2, Scruffy as been promoted to head of Area 25b security.

SCP-1347-1353-J: What a Pestis

Item #: SCP-1347-1353-J

Object Class: Loud and messy

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1347-1353-J is to be constantly told how much of an awful roommate it is. It should be constantly berated about the dead bodies it leaves on the floor, and the outrageous and loud parties it holds each night. Until it stops inviting those people that whip themselves over, its access to the fridge is denied.

Description: SCP-1347-1353-J is a strain of *Yersinia pestis* that is described as "The worst roommate ever!" The entity leaves a constant trail of yellow slime wherever it goes, especially when it sits on the couch. Each morning, when SCP-1347-1353-J returns from "clubbing" at 4 a.m., it usually leaves a dozen dead bodies on the doorstep. The entity, which goes by "Yerry"[1], prefers to leave its metabolic waste products spread across the floor.

It is currently not known how SCP-1347-1353-J is able to speak, as he lacks any semblance of vocal cords[2]. It is also not known how SCP-1347-1353-J engages in sexual activities of any kind[3] due to a lack of any sexual organs or cavities. "Yerry"[4] engages in consumption and excretion like any regular human male during puberty[5].

SCP-1347-1353-J enjoys hosting long, loud, and destructive parties in our apartment, every night. The entity occasionally invites **`that fucking weird dude with the mask`** to "hang out" and smoke "dat dank shit", leaving that godawful smell on everything. During their "hang outs", "Yerry" will reminisce about **`the good old days`** while producing a number of dead bodies for reanimation. Said bodies oozed into the carpet of the present apartment, effectively ending any chance of the other renter getting his security deposit back[6]. Roommate Mike is currently requesting financial

assistance for "fumigation" purposes. Reanimated bodies prefer to stand over the location in which the entity's roommate is currently sleeping, until he awakes.

SCP-1347-1353-J is currently involved in a romantic relationship with . currently displays a number of anomalous effects, including:

- Totally ignoring the inconsiderate messes of her partner.
- A total disregard for Yerry's roommates while they are sleeping.
- Spilling blood all over the couch.
- Moans at the pitch of a clarinet during amorous activities.

SCP-1347-1353-J expresses enjoyment over puns having to do with its past, including:

- What version of the Black Death would hit an alcoholic? The bourbonic plague
- What did the plague victim say when his skin turned black? I feel like I've dyed a little inside

Update 12/20/2016: On 12/20/2016, roommate Mike found a large number of *Rattus rattus* in the shared living spaces with the entity[7].

Update 12/21/2016: On 12/21/2016, roommate Mike received a note covered in yellow slime stating Yerry's intention to spread himself so that others might enjoy his company. Any attempt to carry through with this action should be met with spraying the entity with Streptomycin repeatedly[8].

Update 12/22/2016: On 12/22/2016, the entity was noted to be resistant to Streptomycin[9].

Addendum 1: Response
C'mon Mike, if you can't handle a little black death in your life, how do you expect to face the real world. Don't be a pest.
-Yerry

Footnotes
1. Who Drops dem gram negs all over the house during his midnight

beatboxing contests.
2. Though that doesn't stop him from singingDon't Stop Believingat 3 in the morning.
3. Dr. Mike's request for bi-weekly Class-C amnestic administrations is currently pending.
4. God what a stupid name.
5. He eats EVERYTHING. I ordered a whole pizza last Friday for us. He ate the whole thing before I could pay the driver.
6. Dangit Yerry, I was going to use that money to buy a Nintendo Switch.
7. YERRY WHY ARE THERE SO MANY RATS!
8. YEAH TAKE THIS.
9. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.

SCP-001-J: The Big Red Button

Item #: SCP-001-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The location of Site-00, where SCP-001-J is to be kept, must remain an absolute secret. To this end, Site-00 will be guarded entirely by automated defense systems and have no living staff whatsoever. SCP-001-J itself will be kept locked in a cube made entirely from tungsten carbide, which is itself inside of another cube made of tungsten carbide, which will, in turn, be placed at the bottom of a three-kilometer long elevator shaft. Multiple molly-guards have been carefully placed over SCP-001-J, and the robots on Site-00 will be prepared to replace these guards if needed.

Description: SCP-001-J is big, red, shiny, strangely appealing button that just begs to be pushed.

SCP-001-J is a self-destruct mechanism that Foundation scientists believe is powerful enough to destroy reality itself, consisting of a circular red button set into a metal case. It looks like candy.

The mechanism by which SCP-001-J operates is not fully understood but it would be awesome to find out.

SCP-001-J induces a mild psychic compulsion upon all beings who see it or hear it described to try to push it. You know you want to!

History: SCP-001-J was first discovered by President of in / / , in an elevator car. At that time, SCP-001-J looked exactly as it does now, except for the addition of a sticky-note that said: "If you push this button, you'll destroy everything." The President managed to fight his compulsion to press SCP-001-J long enough to remove SCP-001-J from the elevator and lock it in the closet of his office. Afterward, he contacted ,

known to us as "The Founder," and charged him with creating a special organization with the specific goal of preventing SCP-001-J from being pressed, either by careless accident or by deliberate malice, and also with the goal of "protecting humanity from monsters and stuff." agreed, took SCP-001-J, and hid it under a pile of old socks in his basement. spent the remainder of his life sitting on his porch, using a shotgun to fend off miscreants on his lawn who were suspected of being SCP-001-J sympathizers. The millions of dollars he made on the stock exchange were used to create a trust fund that was the basis of our Foundation.

Since died and the Foundation was set up to replace him, there have been attempts to press SCP-001-J. Before Site-00 was relocated to Antarctica [DATA EXPUNGED], there were many near-breaches of containment when Foundation personnel attempted to press SCP-001-J "to see what would happen" and had to be terminated. There have also been numerous attempts by the Foundation's enemies to retrieve SCP-001-J, particularly the Order of the Sacred Button-Pushers, who have sworn to stop at nothing to capture and press SCP-001-J.

Addendum 1: *I, for one, think it absurd that we still know so little of this SCP, even though we owe the creation of our organization to it, and allow petty fears of existential annihilation to prevent us from studying SCP-001-J. I propose a simple test; using a remote-controlled drone, we will gently tap the outer surface of SCP-001-J. If my calculations are correct, only a tiny portion of everything will be destroyed, and the probability that we will be part of this portion is astronomically small.* -Dr. Blarg

Addendum 2: *Denied. Report to the psych ward immediately.* O5-

Addendum 3: Recently, many instances of objects that superficially resemble SCP-001-J have appeared on the internet and elsewhere. Although they seem to share the memetic effects of SCP-001-J, reality-destroying properties have not been confirmed. Research into the possibility of using these devices as a preventative measure against people pushing SCP-001-J has been postponed due to the number of researchers who started pushing buttons and refused to stop.

Addendum 4: In relation to Addendum 3, researchers unable to stop pushing SCP-001-J lookalikes appear to have a chronic addiction, in that they are now physically reliant on pushing SCP-001-J lookalikes. The affected have been admitted to Hospital in , , for Foundation monitoring. Further research is recommendatory, but how it should be carried out will be the subject of further discussion.

SCP-7143-J [SFW]: The doorknob on the door to the third floor staff dormitory at Site-19

Item #: SCP-7143-J

Object Class: N/A[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-7143-J being a doorknob, no containment procedures are necessary.

Description: SCP-7143-J is a doorknob on the door to the third floor staff dormitory at Site-19. It is made of metal. Turning it to the right or left opens the door to which it is affixed. It has a lock, which is used to impede the intended action of turning the doorknob so as to not allow individuals to access the rooms beyond.

SCP-7143-J was installed by maintenance associate J. Maloney. When asked about the installation of SCP-7143-J, he remarked, "I installed a doorknob."

Addendum 7143-J.1: Testing Logs

Note: A number of tests were run shortly after the discovery of SCP-7143-J, though the intended purpose of these tests is unknown, as SCP-7143-J is a doorknob.

> **Test Log 7143-J 1**
>
> **Test:** Dr. Dorian turned SCP-7143-J to the left.
>
> **Result:** The door to which SCP-7143-J is affixed opened and allowed passage.
>
> **Notes:** *This is a doorknob. -Dr. Dorian*

> **Test Log 7143-J 4:**
>
> **Test:** SCP-7143-J was locked by Agent Jameson.

Result: SCP-7143-J impeded the progress of Agent Jameson.

Notes: *It seems that this doorknob is locked. -Agent Jameson*

Test Log 7143-J 15:

Test: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Result: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Notes: *I don't know why this is expunged, as this is just a doorknob. -Dr. Clef*

Addendum 7143.2: Personnel Personal Testimony

Note: *The following testimony was gathered during an anonymous survey about SCP-7143-J.*

Agent Romerville: I use that doorknob sometimes to get into the third floor dormitory.

Dr. Cornwall: One time, the doorknob was locked. When I came back later, it was unlocked. This is how locks work.

Dr. Hughes:

.

Note: *Dr. Hughes' computer appears to be malfunctioning. -Dr. Clef*

Researcher Axwell: Sometimes I turn it to the left, and sometimes to the right. Doors are useful.

Dr. Lee: I once saw somebody cleaning SCP-7143-J. It's nice that our facilities workers take such good care of the site.

Researcher Chambers: As a staff researcher, I can confirm that this is a doorknob.

Footnotes

1. Currently the Foundation has no protocols by which to contain a doorknob.

SCP-078-J: Cooties

Item #: SCP-078-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the apparent omnipresence of SCP-078-J-1, researchers have constructed several safe houses for refugees. These safe houses are to be equipped with a large memetic deterrent consisting of a sign that states "NO GURLZ ALLOWD!!" and various drawings of cool boy stuff like dragons. No pink is to be allowed into these safe houses.

Description: SCP-078-J is a highly contagious biohazard spread through physical contact with SCP-078-J-1 (Especially on the lips!!). Although the properties of SCP-078-J are not fully understood, it is well known for causing various cases of yuckiness, bad smells, and immediate death.

SCP-078-J-1 is a malevolent creature that typically inhabits an area colloquially known as the "playground". There are several different versions of SCP-078-1 that will wander this area at any given time. Current research performed by Junior Researcher James[1] has pointed towards SCP-078-J-1 possibly being extraterrestrial in origin. That would certainly explain why they don't like Power Rangers.

Prolonged exposure to SCP-078-J carriers results in an expansion of the larynx, a development of the sexual organs, an increase in bodily growth, and the sprouting of various hairs around the body, as well as a marked fondness towards SCP-078-J-1. Researchers agree this is totally gross.

Footnotes
1.Junior Researcher Jameshas been commended for his quick thinking during incident 536-J-3, during which a group of SCP-078-J-1 surrounded him in an attempt to perform a "makeover".

Researcher James cleverly reached a finger into his nose and pulled out a large booger, with which he fended off SCP-078-J-1.

SCP-808-J: The Lost Treasure of Captain Blue's Island

Item #: SCP-808-J

Object Class: Ketarrrr

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-808-J is ta be kept in a locked wooden chest buried deep beneath the sands on an isle far way. Ta get ta the fortune that awaits, ya must take 20 paces east past the forked tree, then 30 paces north from the swift stream. It's buried 'neath an X in the sand. But, only the most courageous of all men dare ta disturb old Captain Blue's last treasure. Some say ta this day, his ghost still haunts the island, waitin' fer unlikely men ta try and take his precious booty. Then he snatches them up they're nary seen again.

Sailin' ta the isles that hold the lost booty is an adventure itself. Its location can only be found on a map, contained within Davy Jones' Containment Locker 808-J on Ship-19. The island is surrounded by reefs and rocks that only the most experienced seaman can navigate, else he crash and end in the deep blue. Captains are not ta bring woman aboard their ship, even ne'er seen before beauties can bring only the worst of luck. Men that learn the location of the island without permission from O5-R are ta walk the plank. Dead men tell no tales.

In order ta survive the long haul, captains are ta bring many fruits aboard ta be savin' even their scurviest of dogs.

Description: SCP-808-J is a treasure long lost from the knowledge of yer everyday landlubber. Only legends tell of its existence, a vast fortune hidden away by the great Site Captain Blue many years ago. It's said that he who finds the treasure may be the richest man ta sail the seven seas.

Addendum 808-J-1: Audio Log 808-1:

Interviewed: Site Captain Redbeard

Interviewer: "Polly"

Foreword: Site Captain Redbeard informed his dearest friend of his voyage into the sea surroundin' Blue's Isle.

<Begin Log, 19:33:37>

Q: Squawk!

A: Arrr!

Q: Squawk!

A: Arrr!

<Skip 19:47:22>

A: Arr!

Q: Squawk!

A: Arr!

Q: Polly want a cracker!

A: Aye, it was the most brutal voyage I have ever set out upon.

Q: Polly want a cracker!

A: Me own crew was apprehensive as we sailed inta the fog surroundin' the island. Ya could tell ol' Blue's ghost was hauntin' those shores.

Q: Hauntin' those shores! Squawk!

A: I was shiverin' in me timbers as we finally navigated the rocks and boarded into the island. The air was thick with devilry, and I looked back ta see me Jolly Roger disappearin' inta the mist.

Q: Inta the mist! Squawk!

A: Aye, Bucko, I was scared. Me first mate was spottin' fer me, of course. He told me how not even he could see three feet from his face through the damnable fog, and we all grabbed onto each other's hooks and went in single file inta the dense jungle of the island.

Q: Squawk!

A: Yes Polly me beauty, we passed by those trees and the swift creek until we finally came ta the X. Then we all dug until we hit somethin'.

Q: Squawk! Polly want a cracker!

A: No Polly, it wasn't pieces o' 8, or even gold doubloons. It was caskets of the devils' liquid and [YON DATA EXPUNGED]

Q: Devils liquid!

A: Aye, bottles and bottles of rum!

Q: Squawk!

<End Log, 19:47:55>

Closing Statement: ARRRRRR!

SCP-011-J: The Baby

There he is!

Item #: SCP-011-J

Object Class: Euclid (Because we don't know where it is! Do we? Where's it gone?)

Special Containment Procedures: Any sighting of SCP-011-J must be acknowledged verbally, in a high-pitched voice, with all words sharply enunciated. Subjects must react in the same way when witnessing SCP-011-J disappear.

Description: SCP-011-J is the 6-month-old offspring of Foundation Doctor Jones, which has the anomalous power of dematerialising whenever an observer obstructs their vision with their hands, or nearby furniture. When visual contact is re-established, SCP-011-J rematerializes, to the great surprise and relief of onlookers.

+ Testing Log

Doctor Jones: Where's SCP-011-J? There he is!
Where's SCP-011-J? There he is!
Where's SCP-011-J? There he is!
Where's SCP-011-J? There he is!
Where's SCP-011-J? There he is!

Where's he gone!? Where is he?

I've got your nose!

(Doctor Jones places his thumb between his middle and index fingers, creating the illusion of the amputation of SCP-011-J's nose.)

What are you doing there? WHAT YOU

DOING!?

I'm gonna eat those little legs! Yes I am!

(SCP-011-J gives a positive response to a simulation of being eaten, suggesting masochistic tendencies.)

Conclusion: SCP-011-J is anomalously adorable.

Addendum: “Doctor Jones is to start working *way* fewer hours, and take some paternity leave! SCP reports are *not* how normal people interact with their kids, for fuck’s sake…”

SCP-111-J: An Innocent Suburban Household

Item #: SCP-111-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Access to SCP-111-J is restricted. The Foundation has circulated the cover story that the property is condemned due to severe hornet infestation. Any civilians found entering SCP-111-J's boundary are to be immediately incapacitated by SCP-111-J's patrolling agent. Testing of SCP-111-J requires permission from personnel of Level 4 Clearance or higher[1].

Description: SCP-111-J is a suburban house located in [REDACTED], NY. SCP-111-J's anomalous properties manifest if a human being speaks certain words or phrases while located within its legal plot (extending from the fence line of the backyard to the sides of the front yard and the sidewalk).

When the following phrases are spoken, a malevolent being will appear near the speaker and begin attacking them. The nature of this entity may range from an unidentified male wearing a mask and carrying a bladed weapon to an incorporeal entity with the ability to affect physical objects seemingly at random:

- "What noise?"
- "I think we're safe."
- "I'm gonna call 911."
- "It's nice to be alone with you."
- "Hello? Is there anybody there?"
- "Ok, we made it out alive."

The neighbourhood surrounding SCP-111-J and SCP-111-J itself will experience severely adverse weather for an indefinite period of time when the following phrases are uttered. Following notice of these changes in weather, any radio or television placed within SCP-111-J will report that the weather as it is will continue for an

extended amount of time (Generally 5 hours to 2 days):

- "Look, you can leave any time."
- "Let's get out of here."
- "I'm catching the first plane out of here."
- "We have to get out of here before they arrive."
- "Well at least it can't get any worse."
- "I hope he/she is okay out there…"

Apparently scandalous but previously undetected information involving the speaker will manifest when the following phrases are uttered. (E.G. A morally corrupt twin sibling of the speaker may arrive, the speaker may be a Soviet spy, etc.)

- "No, you have to get over this. He's dead, _____."
- "I killed him."
- "I've been keeping a secret from you."
- "My name is actually Roderick."
- "Leave and never come back!"
- "I could never lie to you."
- "Can you hear them?"
- "Ever since the war I've never been the same…"

When the following phrases are spoken, [DATA EXPUNGED]

- "Oh, that must be the pizza delivery boy."
- "I didn't call for a plumber!"
- "The job is yours, but I need a favour first…"
- "And this is the bedroom."
- "I'd like to broaden my horizons."

Addendum 111-J: SCP-111-J was originally discovered by the Foundation following the severe weather and violent murders that occurred throughout the neighbourhood on October 15 and 16 2001. Investigation into the residents of the household revealed that the husband apparently had been visited by his lost-at-sea uncle and transvestite mistress; while the wife was murdered by her ex-fiancee who had been wearing a distorted rabbit mask and had been stuck in the neighbourhood due to blizzard conditions.

Footnotes

1. Note that allowing entrance to male individuals with a history of being "poolboys" or female individuals that have been or are secretaries greatly increases the chance of a class-4 incident occurring.

Cimmerian-Kaktus Proposal: "The Broke God"

Item #: SCP-001-J

Object Class: Iyov

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001-J is under no circumstances to be allowed access to monetary gifts of any kind. Staff must relinquish all currency on their person before engaging in any interaction with SCP-001-J.

The containment of SCP-001-J does not appear at this time to be attainable by the Foundation. However, due to SCP-001-J's apparent apprehension involving creditors, it may be possible to effect containment through such entities. More research is needed in this field.

Description: SCP-001-J is an omniscient, omnipotent, omnitemporal entity named Michael Kain, who is the primary deity worshiped by a group of religious zealots calling themselves "The Church of the Broke God". SCP-001-J wields great and terrible cosmic power, while possessing a distinct and crippling lack of adequate financial planning skills.

SCP-001-J requires a significant influx of cash money in order to pay, in his own words, "the water bill, child support payments, bread, and some of those little hot dogs because protein is a must if you're just barely making ends meet." However, any amount of money given to SCP-001-J, by any individual and for any reason, will somehow mysteriously disappear, despite SCP-001-J's insistence that it was not spent on booze, cigarettes, and porno mags.

Discovery: SCP-001-J was discovered by O5-1 on a business trip to New York during an event later described by SCP-001-J as "that time you totally contained me", where O5-1 stopped SCP-001-J from stealing a bagel by shouting "hey, don't steal that bagel". Ever since O5-1 offered to pay for SCP-001-J's bagel, and gave him a

few bucks for a cab, SCP-001-J has left no fewer than 17,000 voicemails on O5-1's phone, typically asking for money or, in some cases, talking at length about unrelated events before eventually asking for money.

Addendum 001-J.1: Recorded Voicemails

The following voicemails were received by O5-1's office between April 20th, 2017, and May 1st, 2017. Notably, both the Global Occult Coalition and the Serpent's Hand also confirmed that SCP-001-J had called them asking for money during this time, while the Chaos Insurgency reported that SCP-001-J had called them, but only burped into the phone for fifteen seconds and hung up.

001-J.1

+ Show Transcript

> Heyyyyyy Adam, it's me, Mike. Mike Kain? You know, from that one time we met when you contained me? Yeeeeeeeah I know that wasn't a super great look, but hey, look at me now, huh? Got a whole congregation together and everything. So that's great, say, while I'm here, I was going to ask you something. See, I'm really trying to put things back on track. Get life moving in a positive direction. I want to get some stuff, you know, to keep up appearances, but I'm a little short on scratch, you know? I know you've probably got your own stuff going on, but if you could spare like, a short term loan of like $200, that would be super. And you know I'm good for it, absolutely good for it. Anyway, just gimme a call back when you get a chance. Thanks again, buddy.

001-J.2

+ Show Transcript

Adam, my man, what's happening. Haven't heard back from you yet, but uh, definitely still trying to string together a few pennies, you know, pay off some… bills… get that sort of thing taken care of. Really, $200 might be a stretch, right? Because we really only met that one time, and I know this seems pretty forward and I get that. I do. So I'm thinking, really, if I could come up with like, $100, that would really get me settled. One foot in front of the other, you know? Tryin to make a change. I know you get me. Thanks again, my man.

001-J.3

+ Show Transcript

Have you been talking to that GOC son of a bitch? He doesn't know anything about me, Adam. Nothing. I don't even know his name. Look, I know I probably sounded drunk the other night, and you know what? Maybe I was. But this whole thing is a process, right? It's not gonna happen all at once, and I own that. I definitely own that. But look, I know I said that $100 would do it, but really I'm just trying to come up with like, whatever I can. I'm supposed to take my, uh… kids… yeah, my kids, supposed to take them to the… kid museum. And you can get in there for like twenty bucks, so if I could make that happen, me and you, that would be perfect. Twenty bucks, right? That's nothing. Anyway, hit me up bro.

001-J.4

+ Show Transcript

Alright, fine, you know what? I know that you've got me blocked or something, and I get that. I don't blame you. So I'm calling from my cousin Yabby's place, and he's a good dude, right? But look, I've got some guys I need to get paid, you know, who I borrowed some money from, and they're being pretty insistent about this whole thing, so at this point really anything would be perfect. Five bucks, even. Whatever you've got laying around under your desk, you know, anything I can give these guys. So give me a ring there homie, that would be great.

001-J.5

+ Show Transcript

Adam? Adam, I know you're there. Pick up the phone, Adam, come on. It's your ole pal Mike, right? Remember the good times we had that time? I am seriously in a pinch here my man, and if you've got like, cans or scrap metal laying around I could take off your hands, that would be fine. Plastic bottles, even. I've got a guy who will give me fifteen cents per pound of dryer lint, Adam, and I know you guys do a lot of laundry. Come on, man, you know I'm good for it. I'm totally good for it. But I'm serious about that dryer lint. Hello? Adam? Hellooooo?

SCP-????-J: Some fucking thing in a box

Item #: SCP-????-J

Object Class: i dunno

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-????-J's box is currently kept in a containment cell 200m x 200m x 200m in size. SCP-????-J's box is comprised of multiple layers of tele-kill shielding, tantalum hafnium carbide, an outer layer of a graphene/carbyne lattice, and decorated with a vantablack floral stencil pattern.

Artist's rendering of the box's intricate surface ornamentation

This container is locked with multiple redundant locking mechanisms that are presumed to decrease the likelihood of unauthorized access. These locks are labelled SCP-????-1 through SCP-????-41 46 50 fuck it idk and materialize and dematerialize in random intervals. At most times, the box appears as a $1m^3$ sheen black cube, bearing a single hinged compartment.

Description: SCP-????-J is the designation for an anomaly of unknown specification, currently locked in this fucking box. It's been in Site-44 for as long as anyone can remember, and, honestly, no one knows where the fuck it came from. It's locked in with a bazillion gizmos, and they all show up randomly on the sides of the box. Anything- keypads, combination locks, time-based Sudoku puzzles, you name it. The thing is locked tighter than Clef's butthole.

Anyway, we are making progress, probably. Every time we solve something, or we think we do, the box makes this tone and we never see that specific bastard lock again. I think it's working. Some of them have timers on their sides, counting down. Sometimes a little instruction is scribbled on the side, but usually, we're in the dark. If it weren't for some clues, we'd be going nowhere. How else would we have known you had to send it a fax? *A fax?!* What is this, 1870?

A full list of all these goddamn locking mechanisms are found here.

Type:	Info:	Notes:
Standard combination lock	Item requires a five number combination	No solution found
Biometric fingerprint scanner	Requires thumbprint of late pianist Mieczysław Horszowski	Thumb is kept in a maximum security cryogenic freezer in **Site-13**[1]
QWERTY Keyboard and LED TV	Standard alphanumeric Login/ Password. Minimum length password of fifty characters	No solution found
Connect Four	AI considered to be harder than a 'normal' round	Completed
CAPTCHA	Characters match no known language	QWERTY keyboard unable to replicate symbols
Trigonometry test	Scantron sheets print out of previously unseen slot	Complete
Eating contest	Six saltine crackers dispense from unseen part of the box. All six crackers must be eaten in twenty seconds	Incomplete
Hand crank	Simple wooden hand crank, required no special efforts[2]	Complete
Switches	A grid of 15 x 15 switches in random states. No apparent order	No solution found
Internal debate	One random humanoid interacting with the box will enter a catatonic state. This	Complete

	lasts anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour. All report having a "dream-like" experience, wherein they argue with themselves over a transgression in the past. Outcome of argument determines lock state	
Tic-Tac-Toe	Box always goes first, always starts in a corner	No solution found
Tequila-drinking contest	Seemingly endless refilling shot glass of tequila manifests on top of box	No survivors
Rock, Paper, Scissors	Humanoid hand manifested to participate. Best out of three	Complete
Sending the box a fax message, requesting access into the box	Facsimile machine must be placed on top of box	Fax number found on bottom of box
The Great Conjunction	Only occurs when Saturn and Jupiter share an ecliptic longitude	Scheduled to complete in December 2020
Pocket Dimension	One side of box will dematerialize to reveal an alternate version of Earth made entirely of denim jean pockets. Remote exploration of area has revealed [DATA EXPUNGED] inside some of the pockets	Incomplete
One switch (Protected	Cap proved to be	Complete

with a childproof medicine cap)	easily removable	
Reset Pin	Small (350µm) pin required to activate lock	Complete
Secret handshake developed by the Administrator	Slot in side of box extends several humanoid hands	Humans do not possess enough hands to complete handshake
Deadbolt	Key slot size of human finger, requires insertion and fracture of left pointer finger	Complete
Sudoku	Prints and receives from same slot and must be completed within ten minutes. Considered "fucking difficult"	Complete
Standard lock-and-key	**SCP-005** proved to be capable of disengaging mechanism	Complete
Rubik's Cube	Box separates into twenty-seven smaller, connected cubes and randomizes. Goal is to rearrange box to original state within ten minutes	Complete
Riddle	A timed locking mechanism that requires one to solve a series of random ambiguous riddles before completion[3]	Incomplete
[DATA EXPUNGED] Cognitive Test	Data expunges A multi-choice quiz on pattern recognition as massive quantities of	No solution found THeorettiaklyb iimposlbe Completed. Yassim, you

	smoke confirmed as containing SCP-420-J exude from small holes in the body SCP-????-J's container	lightweight
Distraction	Box will emit a light suggestive hallucinogen in order to manifest distracting hallucinations while trying to locate a small switch	Complete
Personal ZK	Individuals attempting to open will lose the abstract conceptualization of reality	No solution found
Rap battle	Snarky robot voice materializes and challenges individual to a rap battle	No solution found
Defensive procedures	Box will growl and attack anyone in sight. Knocking it "unconscious" does the trick	Complete
Will	At a random interval, the box will emit cognitohazardous transmissions that cause all involved to lose interest in opening the box. Overpowering this desire completes the mechanism	Complete
Cylindrical hole roughly 3.5 cm in diameter	Dr. [DATA EXPUNGED] hole	…Completed

Staring contest	Large eye manifests on side facing the nearest person. Presumably unlocks when eye contact is broken via demanifestation. Video footage shows an average of 90 minutes until demanifesting	Incomplete
Intravenous lines	Seven IV tubes of different colors extend from box. A button corresponds to each color (ROYGBIV)	All aforementioned colors cause individuals to explode
Smiling at the box for four hours, to be carried out by members of Mobile Task Force Lambda Omega Lambda ("Happy-go-lucky's")	Smiles must be sincere and performed by at least five individuals	Incomplete
Pencil sharpening	A complete Ticonderoga pencil slides out of a hole in the box. Pencil must be placed back into hole, which changes to operate like a pencil sharpener. Upon complete sharpening, lock disengages. No clear way to lose test aside from a free, quality pencil	Complete
Salmon	Panels on all side faces of box dematerialize to reveal non-euclidean	Complete

	passages. Salmon gush from compartments, creating debilitating tidal waves of fish. Single button on box disengages lock mechanism	
Contract	Contract prints from box stating its official rights to open said lock would be provided cost-free, provided it be processed "correctly". This involves getting the signed copy notarized, framed, and placed on the wall of its containment cell	Complete, but annoying
Placing a sandwich on top of the box	Must contain turkey	Completed by accident
Two buttons	One large, red button, bearing a skull and crossbones. A small green button with a happy face	No survivors

SCP-????-J's condition was brought to Site-44 director Yanni Belushi when O5-1 pointed it out during a leisurely stroll through the facility. The conversation is transcribed below:

SCP-????-J Discovery Transcript Log:

> **O5-1:** Oi, what the fuck is that thing?
>
> **Belushi:** What, that? It's been around here for god knows how long. It's just a box, I think.
>
> **O5-1:** There are no 'just boxes' in the Foundation. That thing probably has an Apollyon in it, lock that shit down.

Belushi: Yeah, you're probably right. Guard!

Guard: What's up, Belush?

Belushi: Don't call me that, that's not my name. Get this box out of here.

Guard: What, should I throw it in the trash?

Belushi: No, you fucktard, put it in a containment cell. Who knows what is inside the thing.

Guard: I dunno, Belush, thing feels empty.

Belushi: I said DON'T FUCKING CALL ME THAT. And stop rattling it around, you might piss off whatever is in there.

Guard: I'm telling you mate, this thing is totally empty.

Belushi: And I'm telling *you*, put that box in a bigger box or else I'll shove my foot so far up *your* box that you'll be having infant-sized Dockers in nine months.

O5-1: Jesus.

Guard: Alright! Calm your tits man.

SCP-????-J was then transported to its current containment area. Guard was reprimanded and probably demoted, jackass.

Incident Report ????-1-1A:

During recent testing, several new locking mechanisms have appeared.

Push-up contest	Must perform fifty (50) push-ups within 45 seconds	Complete
Radiation poisoning	Must survive heavy amounts of ionizing	Incomplete, no survivors

	radiation, emanating from an unknown source on the box	
Darts	Three (3) darts dispense from previously unobserved carriage. Opposite side of box displays target, and lock disengages once all three darts are thrown from 10m away and make contact with the target	Complete
Baking	Random recipe for a sponge-based pastry dispenses and must be completed within thirty minutes	Incomplete
Russian Roulette	Six (6) buttons manifest on SCP-????'s container. At least one button causes the interacting individual to terminate. Autopsy revealed internal organ failure due to the sudden manifestation of a Smith and Wesson .38 revolver within the chest cavity	Complete

Any activity involving the creation of new locking mechanisms should be reported to site head immediately and recorded in **SCP-????-J Extended Mechanism Log**.

Footnotes
1.Who in the fuck put it there? God. Damn. It.- Site Director Belushi
2. Although Dr. Rosenberg reportedly got "A nasty-ass splinter" from

interacting with the handle.
3. Excerpt:"I have 13 arms, 10 legs, 2 heads, and smell like burnt denim. What am I?"Later googling revealed the answer to be "A Liar"

SCP-????-J Extended Log

NOTE TO ALL RESEARCH STAFF

All locking mechanisms related to the opening of SCP-????-J's container must be properly logged here. The following format must be utilized:

Name:

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:

Name: J.R. T Lees

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Trivia Test	Must answer correctly at least 7 of 10 questions on a variety of pop culture topics	Completed after three tries[1]

Name: Advanced AI-NCD

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Wheel of Fortune	Must spin the wheel and try to answer the phrases correctly	CONGRATULATIONS, YOU WON ONE MILLION DOLLARS![2]

Name: Y. P. L

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Memetic Agents	Five extremely powerful antimemetic agents covering a button, which needed to be pressed	Unsolved[3]

Name: Dr. Brim

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Solar System Trivia	Must name all of the	Completed by Dr.

	planets in the solar system	4

Name: Dr. I

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Verbal Statement	Must confess a sincere love of Jar Jar Binks	Completed by Junior Researcher 5

Name: Advanced AI-NCD

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Computer Test	Must document an anomaly via computer	Created a slot on 'Joke SCPs', created an anomaly and failed[6]

Name: Dr. Brim

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
A tray containing five glasses of pop, similar in color and taste to [REDACTED]-[REDACTED] brand cola	Identify the brand of the sodas presented	Incomplete[7]

Name: Dr. Brim

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
A miniature version of SCP-682 subtitled "Kill the lizard"	We need to kill it. Anything that didn't work on the real 682 won't work here	Incomplete[8]

Name: Dr. Niblic

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Tongue Twister	Must say a tongue twister without any mispronunciations. Any vocalizations made by the speaker are telepathically	Complete

	repeated to them after a 0.5 second delay	
Broken Finger	A completion bar increases for every finger broken by a resident of Dedoroto, Arizona.	Complete[9]
Spin	Must spin for 10 minutes with arms outstretched	Complete
Garden Gnome	Box dispenses a garden gnome every 24 hours. Mechanism locks itself if a garden gnome is removed from the containment chamber or is facing away from the box	Complete

Name: Dr. Edison

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Crowbox	A wooden box that must be opened with a specialized crowbar. Crowbar is inside the box	Incomplete
Skeleton-In-The-Box	[DATA EXPUNGED] whereupon a skeleton popped out	No survivors
Atlas Shrugged	A copy of the book Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand. Book must be read in a single sitting	No survivors
Don't touch me!	A red button that expresses annoyance when pushed. To unlock, subject must *not* touch the button, but must instead hold	Completed

	his finger above the button and say "I'm not touching you!" for 15 minutes	
[DATA EXPUNGED]	To disengage the lock, a subject who is of welsh decent must perform a two-man version of William Shakespeare's Macbeth with the help of a trained Grizzly Bear no more than 12 years of age, while simultaneously gargling Listerine-brand mouthwash on a prime-numbered day of the month during an ongoing containment breach of SCP- , but only when it is an overcast in Phoenix, Arizona unless Dr. Alto Clef is within 6 feet of a beagle wearing a "Groucho Marx disguise"	Completed by accident

Name: Advanced AI-NCD

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
SCP-789-J	Must interact with SCP-789-J	See Footnote 10[10]

Name: Dr. Brim

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
A tin of Altoids	Dr. Clef must consume an entire tin of Altoids in one sitting	Complete, no survivors[11]

Name: Dr. Izza

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
"Always look on the bright side of life" by Eric Idle	"Always look on the bright side of life" will be played for 10 hours without pause	Attempted. Result: Incomplete[12]
Dynamite	Two kilograms of TnT dynamite will be lit on fire with one lighter	No survivors[13]
SCP-666-J	Dr. Gerald will drive a bicycle near the box	No survivors with the exception of Dr. Gerald[14]
SCP-001-J	SCP-001-J will be pushed	Incomplete[15]

Name: Y. P. L

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Miniature SCP-2719	Use SCP-2719 to go inside something	Completed[16]

Name: Dr. Walker

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Limes	Five limes dispensed from hole in box, along with a note reading "Go suck a lime, assholes". Having all five members of research team suck on said limes disengaged mechanism	Completed
Apple seeds	Roughly eighty (80) tonnes of apple seeds exhuded from SCP-????-J's container	No solution found[17]
Orbit	Box rapidly gains density, causing small objects to orbit	No solution found

	container Use of **SCP-536** on SCP-????-J's container approved by O5 council[18]	

Name: Dr. Narinski

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Large steel vault door	A Hilti dd350 core drill materialized onto a vulnerable point of the vault door when 4 personnel stool in specific pattern[19] 100m away from the door	Completed, ([20]), ([21])

Name:[REDACTED FOR PRIVACY]

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
3 cm radius hole with two LEDs above it[22] SCP-005 must be inserted into standard locking mechanism	Can be opened by any key, except **SCP-005** Upon discovery of lock, SCP-005 disappeared from containment. The only reason the foundation knows that SCP-005 must be inserted into the keyhole is a note next to the hole saying "Please insert SCP-005 to continue." Incident labeled (SCP-????-J/ SCP-005)-DIS.	Completed, easily Incomplete. SCP-005 still not retrieved

Name: Dr. Spooks

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Satisfactory Speech	Personnel are to please SCP-????-J's	Completed[23]

	container through speech	
Sports	12 personnel are to play any sport they may prefer for five hours without pause.	Completed[24]

Name: Dr. Whomst'd've

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
ball throw	A Foundation standard-issue softball was thrown at SCP-????-J	Complete
ball catch	A large and handsomely muscular humanoid arm appeared sticking out of SCP-????-J, covered in an intricate full-sleeve tattoo depicting SCP-????-J engaging in various sordid and vile acts with **SCP-527**. The arm proceeded to manifest a Foundation standard-issue softball and throw it at the nearby Security Officer McSecurityofficerface, who caught it in mid-air	Complete
ball run	SCP-????-J manifested a large exercise ball, with a loud and and quite rude robot voice instructing the nearby Security Officer	Incomplete. Security Officer McSecurityofficerface was promptly instructed to stop skipping leg day

	McSecurityofficerface to "run on the ball like A MAN, you lil' shit"	
ball kick	SCP-????-J manifested a pair of large and handsomely muscular humanoid legs wearing a pair of equally large and equally handsome high heels and a pair of perhaps even larger but slightly less handsome hammer pants. Legs were promptly kicked in the crotch by a nearby Security Officer McSecurityofficerface, who had entered a rage state after falling off an exercise ball	Complete
shoot ball	SCP-????-J transformed into a *Suomi KP/-31* submachine gun, modified to include the actual damn box in place of the cartridge. A nearby Security Officer McSecurityofficerface, who had entered a rage state after falling off an exercise ball again, aimed the patriotically named submachine gun between the legs of Dr. Whomst'd've and	Complete. Dr. Whomst'd've's left testicle has been declared KIA, and was posthumorously nominated for the Alto Clef Award for Itching Horribly at the Most Inappropriate of Times before being buried in a Foundation standard-issue testicular burial ceremony attended only by Dr. Whomst'd've, his closest friends and family, and that one

	pulled the trigger	creepy Ethics Committee member who looks like former Finnish president Urho Kekkonen if former Finnish president Urho Kekkonen had sniffed glue since preschool and who always shows up for Foundation standard-issue testicular burial ceremonies
dong touch memes	[DATA EXPUNGED] Security Officer McSecurityofficerface, along with his buddies Dr. van Doctorbutt and Janitor Janitorarmpit Jr, wrote and performed a five-act theatre production based on a rage comic from like 2007	Ew Complete. Security Officer McSecurityofficerface, along with his buddies Dr. van Doctorbutt and Janitor Janitorarmpit Jr, were all demoted to D-class by Dr. Whomst'd've[25]

Name: Y. P. L

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
SCP Joke	One researcher must tell a joke involving an SCP to a wall-mounted face	Complete[26]

Name: Advanced AI-NCD

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Super Meat Boy	Should play Super Meat Boy and get past Dr. Fetus	Failed.[27]
WW 2K17	Must fight *Brock Lesnar* with *The Undertaker* on	Failed[28]

WrestleMania 30

Name: Dr.

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
List of SCPs	Had to list every single SCP's number, name, and give a short description[29]	Impossible due to certain SCPs[30]

Name: Dr.

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Spell ICUP.	Digital display showed the phrase: “SPELL ICUP”. Dr. Sherman enunciated the phrase “I see you pee.”	Complete[31]
Distracted Driving.	An entire (inflatable) driving simulator apparatus with a built in screen pushed itself out of the side of SCP-????-J. One person was required to pass the driving test while also being distracted by the fact that in 1998, The Undertaker threw Mankind off Hell In A Cell, and plummeted 16 ft through an announcer’s table.	Incomplete Impossible
“Drink Me”.	SCP-????-J manifested a cup filled with an amber brown liquid, with “DRINK ME” printed on the side of the cup. D-94509 was instructed to drink the	Complete

	liquid, and soon after said “Ouch oof owie”, reporting severe pain in his skeletal system.	
Insult booth.	A curtained area similar to a photo booth labeled “INSULT BOOTH” erupted out of one of the sides of SCP-????-J. D-94510 was instructed to enter the photo booth. When inside, he pressed a large and prominent button, which dispensed a ticket.[32]	Gottem
The 29 minute Guarantee.	A stack of pizzas[33] was dispensed from SCP-????-J. A computerized voice emanating from SCP-????-J stated "You must go 42 blocks in 7 and 1/2 minutes, or your ass is fired!". With no destination given, researchers failed to deliver the pizzas.	Just give me another chance. You're FIRED.[34]

Name: Dr. Unfist
Date: 25.10.2017

Lock Type:	**Information on Loc**	**Notes:**
trout	a trout, subject ate the trout, it was yummy and good in his tummy mmm	mmm trout[35]

SCP-055	Give a full explanation of SCP-055	impossible?[36]

Name: Dr. Crocket
Date: 18.12.17

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Use outdated Memes	Subject was required to: "Do the Harlem Shake while the 'Nyan Cat' song plays while wearing a 'Harambe' mask and spinning 'Fidget Spinners'".	Completed[37]

Name: Dr. Westrin
Date: 18.12.17

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
List all known XK scenarios	Subject was required to list every single XK scenario that the Foundation have documented.	Completed[38]

Name: Dr.Henry

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Hippocratic chicken	perform one surgery and completely fail to uphold the Hippocratic oath while succeeding	Completed[39]

Name: Dr. Doctor

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Practical Joke	A thumbtack was dispensed from SCP-????-J. Subject had to place thumbtack on any O5's chair.	Not Completed[40]

Mario Odyssey Jump Rope	SCP-????-J dispensed a Nintendo Switch, pre-loaded with Super Mario Odyssey. Subject had to attain a score of at least 300 on the "Jump-Rope Challenge" without cheating.	Theoretically impossible

Name: Dr. L

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Bait	Subject was required to descriptively tell SCP-????-J about ●●|●●●●●|●●|●	Incomplete. 17 Casualties so far.

Name: Dr. Bright
Date: / /

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
SCP 3301	Must Beat **Able** and Researcher Talloran in a Game Of **The Foundation Board Game By Doctor Wondertainment**	Completed
Don't worry about it	Must listen to the song "Welcome to Yog-Labs" by the Yogscast for twenty-four hours straight	Completed but very annoying
Stop It	Dr. King must interact with an anomaly without getting apple seeds	Theoretically impossible[414243]

Name: Dr. Cad
Date: 2008-09-02

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
I	li II	I_

Name: Doctor Methusela

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Oral	Researcher Benjamin Lyleton must explain Memetics in a way that is equal to or greater in length than Doctor Sort's dissertation on the subject. Lyleton stood up in front of an auditorium of all the on-site staff, picked up a mic, and proceeded to go on a six-hour tirade on how, really, memetics is all about *comprehension* and *meaning*.	Lock opened after the first five minutes. Lyleton placed on disciplinary leave immediately afterwards on charges of unnecessary torture of subjects.

Namesplapped: Dr. Spanko
Date: Cack

Lock Type:	Explainerate:	Notes:
Stranglefruit Consumption	Stranglefruit for mouthstuffs, elaborate on Kentucky? Cack! Galpitate the string-wing and cease. Profound appeasment to gargle bare o' square!	Shallforth happenated.

Name: Dr. Izabe

Date: 2/7/18

Lock Type:	Information on Loc	Notes:
Bottledick	The “Four Horsemen of the Foundation” must insert their reproductive organs into a class 3 plastic liquid containment vessel.[44]	Completed **VERY** reluctantly

Footnotes

1. Good thing Dr. is such an avid Spongebob fan!
2. But where did they get the money?
3. Actually, I can't remember if we solved it or not.
4. What do you mean, Pluto isn't a planet? -Dr. Brim
5. To her everlasting shame.
6. Holy [EXPLETIVE], he did six footnotes for an X-Men skip?!? What reality is this? We don't even have a website! Wait, do we h—- Advanced AI-NCD
7. Fucking hell! How am I supposed to distinguish all these carbonated beverage flavors? -Dr. Brim
8. Due to it appearing to be completely docile, we might be able to use this miniature version of 682 for better tissue test results. Knocking down two birds with one stone, if it kills this it might kill the real thing, AND we open the lock. -Dr. Brim
9. Media suppression tactics have been enabled to help explain the , broken fingers necessary to complete mechanism.
10. Incident-????-789-J-A Report:look, the butt ghost eated that [REDACTED]!!!by researcher james, age 11It is currently unknown how Researcher James was able to know SCP-????-J appearance. A request was sent to reclassify Researcher James to SCP-JAMES-J.
11. Result: [DATA EXPUNGED] Notes: What the absolute fuck? -Dr. Brim
12. The box did not appear happy, or unlocked.
13. "Sorry, I thought the blast radius was smaller."-Dr. Izza
14. "Sorry, I just love explosions."-Dr. Izza
15. Dr. Izza was fired.
16. Dr. tried to "Go Inside" his girlfriend… yeaaaa, didn't work out too well. -Y. P. L

17.Who let Dr. King out of his containment cell?! Guards!- Dr. Walker
18. What? Who the fuck told you that? Denied. Denied. Denied.- O5-1
19. 2 persons standing 100m south of the drill with the person to the left of the center one 10m away from them, another person opposite of center one facing the first person, a final person adjacent of center person facing the person 10m away from the center person.
20. Vault door opened approximately 30 minutes after initial materialization of drill. Drill seemed to dematerialize as soon as the vault door opened. Vault door disappeared approximately 10 seconds after opening.
21. 30 minutes for that? I expected a reward at least, like $100,000,000 in gold! -Dr. Narinski
22. LEDs emit red light and green light. Colors correspond to locked and unlocked, respectively.
23. "Dr Mark told earlier 'Kosovo is Serbia' to the container and it opened! Apparently the box is from Serbian origin. Good to know." -Dr. Spooks
24. "Yes, I know that chess is technically a sport, but this was really boring to watch. I'll take this into consideration next time."-Dr. Spooks
25.If I ever again hear the words "le empty bag o'SCP-420-J" I will face MEKHANE and walk backwards into Adytum-Dr. Whomst'd've
26. Dr. A told a horrid joke about SCP-2719. Surprisingly, the face laughed and it was completed.When I asked him about what happened, he just shrugged and said "You wouldn't get it. It's an inside joke."
27.SCP-????-J's box ragequitted, and broke all the objects in the room. When we tried to calm it, it gave us a punch.-Advanced AI-NCD
28.Incident NCD-????-J-B Report:Advanced AI-NCD suffered a short circuit. C should not watch WW while he is on major supervision.
29. Later turned out to be a prank.
30.●●|●●●●●|●●|●is a prime example
31.HE ACTUALLY SAID IT WHAT AN IDIOT!-Dr.
32. Ticket reads as follows: ”you’er [sic] mom gay”
33. 8 extra large deep dish pizzas.
34. You're late, I'm not paying for those.

35. UNDEFINED
36. Most likely
37. Dr. Crocket immediately drove home, and reportedly showered 5 times in the span of 2 hours, due to "Still being dirty".
38. Dr. Westrin successfully listed every Foundation official XK scenario, with the addition of 4 others which never existed, which include "YT Class Dear-God-Why scenario", "MK Class End-of-My-Will-to-Live scenario" "HYK Class Why-Does-The-Foundation-Have-So-Many-Fucking-XK-Scenarios Scenario", and "TSAT Class Hit-Me-With-A-Fucking-Brick Scenario".
39. I'm never trusting ANY organ of mine to MD.
40.Dude! We'd get in SO much trouble! And I'm NOT doing again.
41. Can I catch a break already? -Dr. King
42. No you can not O5-055
43. No O5-055 exists
44. [Incoherent, Enraged Screaming] FUCK THIS THING!!! - Dr. Kondraki

SCP-5150-J: Think Of The Children

Item #: SCP-5150-J

Outrage Class: Unacceptable.

Steps for Crisis Prevention: SCP-5150-J needs to be stopped. It needs. To be stopped.

If you see your kids talking about it, start screaming. Don't stop screaming until they promise to never bring it up again. I'm serious.

At this point, it's probably for the better that we just don't let anyone outside until we know SCP-5150-J has been eradicated. Eradicate it. Stop reading this right now and eradicate SCP-5150-J. I don't care how much pepper spray you use, it needs to be stopped. I'm not kidding, Linda.

Description: SCP-5150-J is a truly horrible thing that the Society for Concerned Parents heard about from an Amazon review. It's a product that people are claiming is "just a straw", but look at the picture. Look at it. Straws don't *do* that. What happens if you if you drink something with it, and your drink has to go through a bunch of *unnecessary circles*? The answer: sexual promiscuity and autism.

And now kids are getting SCP-5150-J, and using them to drink. This is serious. Every kid in the inner city projects has one now. Every. Kid. Ev. Ery. Kid. What are they doing with all these straws? We have to ask these painful questions in order to keep the conversation going. Please take this seriously *right now*.

One can only imagine the true story: our kids are calling it "Suck" because they say that's what you do with a straw, but I think we know what it really means. They're using the different colors of straws to mean different kinds of sexual favors, and having horrible "Suck Parties" where everyone comes out pregnant and with bad grades, autism, and incurable face rashes. How do we know that

this isn't what's happening? We can't take that chance.

Just yesterday I saw some perfectly nice boy outside the Wendy's the other day drinking a soda pop with one of those. I took a good, long look at him. And you know what? No, *shut up*, Linda, my nerves are bad enough as is. Anyway - the boy, he has *autism* now. I mean it. I saw the look in his eyes, that dead, sinking feeling underneath them.

Then he looked at me and said (and I remember his words verbatim) "Are you okay? You've been sitting in your car staring at me for the past seven minutes." Those are the words of a boy who can't read social cues. Go find that boy, *tell me I'm wrong.* Because I'm not.

Test Subject	Before Exposure	After Exposure
One orangutan at the zoo	For all intents and purposes, a normal primate.	The subject picked up the straw and threw it. No social skills. Probably got a teenager pregnant.
Mr. Hoskins's daughter	For all intents and purposes, a normal 7-year-old caucasian girl.	Used it to drink Pepsi. *It wasn't Diet Pepsi.* I'm sorry, but I don't have the heart to tell Mr. Hoskins that his daughter's going to die of diabetic shock.
One copy of the Bible, King James Version	For all intents and purposes, a normal edition of the Good Book.	The Bible now has a horrible straw sitting on top of it. Someone hold me.

Addendum: I'm *not* wrong. For God's sake, Linda, I've home-birthed raised two healthy, successful boys on kombucha and Tae Bo classes, and if you have the *audacity* to imply that I'm wrong, and that you're somehow a better mother than I am, I swear to God I will slash your tires. You get *one* warning on this. It's not my fault that you can't afford botox.

SCP-014-J: A Fork

SCP-014 (Replica)

Item #: SCP-014

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-014's holding cell is to remain locked at all times. Personnel of sufficient clearance (as determined by facility administrator) may be admitted to view SCP-014 after submitting a formal request three (3) weeks in advance. Anyone handling SCP-014 must undergo Special Precautionary Protocol 014-2. All personnel exposed to SCP-014 must be subsequently subjected to a forty-eight (48) hour quarantine and psychological evaluation. And after exposure, common sense dictates that one should wash their hands.

Description: SCP-014 takes the form of an antique dinner fork, well worn, and, as near as can be estimated, not cleaned since the 1890s. The object is fashioned from the electroplated nickel-silver typical of the suspected period of its manufacture and the rightmost tine is bent ( ) degrees outward. Brown stains and mold adorn the prongs and the pits of the decorative parts of the handle. Analysis of this material seems to indicate that SCP-014 was last used on some form of beef.

SCP-014 was moved to this facility in the early 1970s and seems, for all intents and purposes, to be an entirely mundane dinner fork. If it is possessed of any extra-ordinary qualities, these are known only to those in the very highest echelon of this project's coordinators, whose representatives assure us that SCP-014 is, quote, "Very Important". Officers who have spent time alone with SCP-014 are unanimous in their appreciation that the object is of great significance (hence its continued presence at this site), though none can quite say why [see »Testimony of Major , February, 1972].

No tests on SCP-014 are authorized. Any personnel observed attempting to compromise SCP-014 in any way are to be terminated at once.

Note: *I request that we have this SCP decommissioned immediately. It's too dangerous to be kept alive. -Agent Spoon*

Note: *Request denied. There is no evidence of any immediate threat. -O5-*

SCP-1132-J: Head-Cannons

Item #: SCP-1132

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the high percentage of personnel affected by SCP-1132, the lack of evidence suggesting that SCP-1132 may have any negative effects on the mental or physical welfare of such personnel, as well as having passed all memetic hazard screening and quarantine requirements, personnel affected by SCP-1132 are allowed to continue working unless deemed unstable or dangerous by psychiatric or medical staff.

SCP-1132-affected personnel are to be reminded that their afflictions cannot be used as an excuse to disregard standard procedures or violate Foundation safety guidelines. Foundation personnel affected by SCP-1132 are strictly prohibited from arming and firing their instances of SCP-1132.

Description: SCP-1132 is an anomalous phenomenon that affects Foundation personnel, especially those involved in the transcription of documents or records. Personnel affected by SCP-1132 will develop a cranial growth over the course of their employment that will gradually form into a fully functional artillery cannon. The specific type of artillery formed by SCP-1132 varies from subject to subject; to date, no two instances have been precisely alike.

Personnel affected by SCP-1132 also gain a tendency to argue extensively about the specific pros and cons of their particular instance. While this does not appear to be any kind of harmful compulsion or memetic effect, personnel are encouraged to minimize such interaction due to the negative impact on productivity and to remember that each individual's SCP-1132 instance is unique and perfectly acceptable as it is.

Addendum 1132-01: Transcript of Surveillance Recording

Dr. **:** So, as I was saying, *my* head-cannon is by far the longest and pretty much ought to be the gold standard of how these things should go.

Dr. **:** Oh, please. The 1700s want their muzzleloaders back, mine's a rifled piece of *art*. Short or not, you'd be crazy to consider anything else "standard".

Dr. **:** Are you kidding me? That's not even a head-cannon, it's more like a head-mortar. How do you expect us to take you seriously when you can't even get basic definitions right?

Dr. **:** It's still a cannon, whether you want to believe it or not, and I'm pretty sure most of the others would agree with me. It's not my fault that most of you can't even be arsed to use rifling, it's not like it's been a thing since 1855.

Dr. **:** Come on guys, I'm trying to make a point here. Mine's still the longest and while size isn't everything, it's pretty freaking important, okay?

Dr. **:** That's what *she* said.

Dr. **:** Alright, whatever, you losers do whatever you want. I know I'm right and I don't need your approval when you guys can't even get your historical facts straight.

Dr. **:** Who are you calling a loser, dipshit?

Dr. **:** Hey, there's no need to — JESUS CHRIST HE'S ARMED

(sound of explosion, followed by fire alarms and breach alerts)

Following this incident, Dr. was placed on administrative leave for a period of no less than six (6) months pending a review from the Department of Professional Responsibility regarding his conduct in the aforementioned incident as well as resorting to ad hominem.

SCP-7475-J: Turbo Shark Pulverizer 6000

Item #: SCP-7475-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-7475-J is to be kept at Site 69 in a 6x6x6 meter tank, filled with salt water derived from the Pacific Ocean. Said tank is to be reinforced by three-meter thick steel slabs, removed only for testing and feeding. Subject is to be fed one meal of chum every eight hours. Subject is to be monitored by waterproof cameras at all times; any attempts at a containment breach are to be met with full nonlethal force until the subject is reminded of its nature.

SCP-7475-J is to be made aware of its nature every two hours, regardless of whether or not it has forgotten. Should the subject refuse to hear out this information, it is to be made aware by force. In the event the subject does severe damage to itself, medical attention is to be given under heavy armed guard.

SCP-7475-J is not allowed any requests of any kind, regardless of how well behaved it has been in recent weeks.

Object Description: SCP-7475-J is a heavily mutated humanoid, discovered roaming the Pacific Ocean in 20 . Subject stands at 2.3 meters tall and weighs 155 kilograms. The skin of the subject is a deep gray and continually secretes a moistening agent for up to ten hours when on land. Subject is capable of withstanding ocean pressures at depths of up to 2000 meters, and can achieve speeds of 80 kilometers per hour when submerged. The subject's respiratory system is highly unusual, shifting between normal human lungs and fishlike gills whenever it enters or exits a body of water. Subject's eyes are adapted to underwater conditions, is in possession of webbed hands and feet, and has recently developed slightly scaly skin along the frontal abdomen. SCP-7475-J currently refuses to divulge exactly how these mutations came about.

SCP-7475-J refers to itself only as "Turbo Shark Pulverizer 6000", and claims to be the Shark Punching Center's top agent. Given the subject's consistent demand for sharks to punch, capability of punching at 85 kilograms per square centimeter when attacking sharks, and discovery in the middle of punching a shark, there is no reason to doubt these claims. SCP-7475-J refuses to engage in any situations that do not involve sharks, and forced testing under these conditions have revealed its baseline strength to be exceptionally weak.

SCP-7475-J possesses a greatly limited intelligence, demonstrating an intelligence quotient of 65, and is aggressively single-minded, occasionally not even registering that subjects other than sharks exist.

Addendum-7475-J-01: Prior to Incident 7475-J-AD3, the subject was granted any requests it made, as most of these were shark-based in nature, and typically did not pose any threat to the staff, aside from the trouble of obtaining sharks for the subject to punch. However, on / /20 , subject grew tired of waiting for the current request - a crocodile shark - and demanded a set of children's scuba gear with a shark motif. After going through Site Command, the subject's request was granted and delivered inside of 3 hours.

At 1300 hours, SCP-7475-J breached containment and ran amok in Site 69, waving the components of the scuba gear above its head and screaming frantically. Upon encountering any person, the subject would grab them, pin them against the wall, forcibly place the gear upon them, and punch the victim in the face.

This went on for fifty minutes, during which time SCP-7475-J managed to capture and punch Foundation agents, researchers and doctors before being sedated from a distance and returned to its containment chamber. From this point on, all requests made by SCP-7475-J were to be denied without exception.

Addendum-7475-J-02: Prior to Incident 7475-GW6, the subject's tank was composed entirely of bulletproof glass, and minimal security was spared towards it. A week after incident 7475-AD3, the subject breached containment once again. Video of the escape shows the subject ranting about Foundation members being part of

the "shark-loving agenda" and randomly punching them in the face, despite their distinct lack of similar appearance to or relation to sharks.

Subject's holding tank was afterwards fitted with the current steel slabs, as per the new containment protocols.

Addendum-7475-J-03: After six containment breaches similar to Incident 7475-GW6 and multiple failed efforts to keep the subject sedated and contained, Doctor Kerekes erroneously informed SCP-7475-J that, due to its skin condition and ability to survive underwater, it was part-shark. Upon receiving this information, the subject became unresponsive to any other information and began to repeatedly punch itself in the face.

This has proven to be an effective way of keeping the subject from breaching containment; however, the strength it exhibits when attacking sharks has led to minor brain damage, repeated bouts of amnesia, and an occasional loss of consciousness. Despite this, as long as the subject is repeatedly reminded of its status as a shark, the only other action needed to keep it contained is medical attention for any serious injuries.

> *Excerpt from SCP-7475-J's Surveillance Transcript*
> *SCP-7475-J: NO! I have to punch the sharks!*
> *Dr. Kerekes: No, 7475, you are the sharks.*

Addendum-7475-J-04: Though the subject has not confirmed nor denied the theory that the Shark Punching Center is responsible for its condition, the strong possibility that it was mutated by the organization has grabbed Foundation attention. Requests to make the Center an official Group of Interest are currently under review.

SCP-789-J: the butt ghost!!

Item #: SCP-789-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-789-J is kept in my toilet and only i can talk to it

Description: SCP-789-J is a ghost that is a face. it lives in a toilet and it talks to you while you poop. then when you poop it goes "no stop aaaa-" and then stops because there is poop in its mouth.

SCP-789-J travels around in butts. you can only get rid of it by wiping. that is the moral of the story.

sometimes it kills other butts and makes them butt ghosts too. but it is always lonely because it is a butt ghost.

Addendum: if you fall in the toilet, it eats your butt.

by researcher james, age 11

SCP-ROCKS-J: A Pile Of Rocks That Need To Shut The Hell Up

Item #: SCP-ROCKS-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-ROCKS-J are to be stored in a soundproof container large enough to contain all twenty-six instances. As instances of SCP-ROCKS-J have reacted negatively to being separated from one another, instances have been allowed to be contained in the same container as long as they keep disputes and arguments to a minimum.

Description: SCP-ROCKS-J refers to a total of twenty-six varying types of large river rocks. All instances are fully sentient and capable of vocal communication despite lacking mouths. All instances speak in an identical, loud, high-pitched voice. Each instance bares a pair of large googly eyes, which despite appearing non-anomalous, allow instances to visually perceive their surroundings. All instances of SCP-ROCKS-J are capable of minor telekinesis which they use to move. Instances are unable to use their abilities on any life forms or objects other than themselves.

Instances of SCP-ROCKS-J have been designated SCP-ROCKS-J-A to Z.

SCP-ROCKS-J are considered non-threatening to Foundation staff. Instances show a low level of intelligence and lack the ability to pay attention to one specific subject for even short amounts of time and on occasion experience severe memory loss. With instances often forgetting personnel and previously learned information.

SCP-ROCKS-J was discovered in river located in , England. Instances at the time of discovery were attempting to communicate with a nearby pigeon. This ended with an instance of SCP-ROCKS-J having apparently become ‘inspired’, and proceed to perform a rap

about pigeons[1].

+ Interview ROCKS-J-1

Interview ROCKS-J-1
Subjects: SCP-ROCKS-J

Begin Log

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Hi!

Dr. Agnew: Good evening, I'm doctor Agnew.

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: We're rocks!

Dr. Agnew: Indeed you are! I'll be interviewing you all today.

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Our names are Bob, Steve, Jessica, Rodrick, Kyle, Carl, Karl with a 'k', Jessica again, Paul, Kevin, Steve again-

Dr. Agnew: Er… don't worry, there's no need to tell me all of your names. I was hoping a few of you could share some useful information regarding your origins or biology?

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: It shall be me! I speak for the rocks.

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: No you don't! Speak for yourself, Arnold!

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Shut it Bob. You lost the right to speak up in the last rock committee meeting!

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: See! This is exactly what i was talking about! I was sick of you incessantly putting the word 'rock' in front of everything we do!

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: It's an important wording choice! The world needs to know that we are rocks and proud!

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: They do not! They can plainly see that we are rocks just by looking at us! And also ones with big glorious eyes on them!

(*SCP-ROCKS-J-B turns to Dr. Agnew and begins shaking intensely for several seconds, causing its googly eyes to shake rapidly.*)

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: You see!?

Dr. Agnew: Um… I certainly do.

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: See!? he gets it! You should think before you start talking shit!

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: That's it! I'm going to knock your rocks off!

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: That pun wasn't even funny and we don't wear socks. That joke works neither as a humorous line or as one that makes sense!

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: That is the last outburst you'll make!

(*SCP-ROCKS-J-A and B levitate several centimeters off the ground and begin to repeatedly tap into each another using their telekinetic abilities. Dr. Agnew stares in disbelief for roughly thirty seconds before interfering.*)

Dr. Agnew: Ok let's just- Look just calm down alright? there's no nee-

SCP-ROCKS-J-C: He separated Arnold and

Bob! Crap, this guy must be on the real shit!

(*Instances A and B lower to the ground.*)

SCP-ROCKS-J-D: Sorry. We had no idea you were so jacked bro! You gotta show me what you lift!

Dr. Agnew: What? no! I don't… Ok, let's start again with something else…

SCP-ROCKS-J-C: He shall be our King!

SCP-ROCKS-J-E: We have a king now? sweet!

SCP-ROCKS-J: (In unison) ALL HAIL.

Dr. Agnew: Now this is getting strange…

(*All instances of SCP-ROCKS-J levitate in unison and begin slowly moving towards Dr. Agnew.*)

SCP-ROCKS-J: HAAAAAAAAAAIL…

Dr. Agnew: Alright That's it! I'm done!

(*Dr. Agnew retreats from the interview room.*)

<End Log>

Post interview report: Upon leaving the interview room, SCP-ROCKS-J continued to vocalise the word 'hail' for the following ten minutes. SCP-ROCKS-J eventually ceased this behaviour, apparently forgetting what they had been doing. Following this, instances appeared to have a discussion regarding the hierarchy of their group. This later ended with instances organising a hierarchy amongst themselves consisting of royal titles of various

continents, all of which were altered to feature the word ‘rock’ or a type of rock.

+ Interview ROCKS-J-2

Interview ROCKS-J-2
Subjects: SCP-ROCKS-J

Begin Log

Dr. Agnew: Hello again SCP-ROCKS-J.

SCP-ROCKS-J-C: Have we met?

Dr. Agnew: You don’t recall? we… never mind that. I’m Dr. Agnew.

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: We’re rocks!

Dr. Agnew: I know. I’m here to interview you-

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: What’s your favourite colour?

Dr. Agnew: Excuse me?

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Ours are red, blue, yellow, pink, burgundy, pink again, orange, pink a third time, blue again, silver, crimson, pink-

Dr. Agnew: Sorry to interrupt you, but… I was hoping to speak to you about your origins. Do you by chance know where you came from?

SCP-ROCKS-J-G: I’m pretty sure we came from a place called ‘Made In China’. It’s printed on my bottom.

SCP-ROCKS-J-R: I thought we were from Barcelona.

SCP-ROCKS-J-K: You would Rodrick!

SCP-ROCKS-J-R: Shut up Kevin, no one likes you!

SCP-ROCKS-J-G: I don't even remember getting this tattoo…

SCP-ROCKS-J-W: Well, I have one with 'Wondertainment' on it…

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: You can't prove anything. It'll never hold it a court of law. And Steve's a lawyer!

(*SCP-ROCKS-J-S appears with a necktie attached to it.*)

SCP-ROCKS-J-S: I'm a lawyer!

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Yes, and we have a rock-solid alibi!

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: Jesus, not this again!

SCP-ROCKS-J-R: Stop-pit you two! We're trying to discuss serious legal things! I think these jerks want to sue us!

SCP-ROCKS-J-K: I thought this was a murder trial?

SCP-ROCKS-J-S: Murder!? They can't prove that. That guy we drowned in the river was never recovered!

Dr. Agnew: (*Visibly tired and bewildered*) WHAT'S EVEN GOING ON ANYMORE!?

SCP-ROCKS-J-H: Who are we drowning?

SCP-ROCKS-J-B: You in a minute if you don't shut your nonexistent bitch ass mouth!

<End Log>

+ Interview ROCKS-J-3

Interview ROCKS-J-3
Subjects: SCP-ROCKS-J and a pile of non-anomalous rocks

Begin Log

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: Hi!

(*Several seconds of silence. No response.*)

SCP-ROCKS-J-A: You're very rude.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Lyrics consisted of: "Pigeons, pigeons, vermin of the street, pigeons, pigeons, they're really neat."

SCP-3000-J: Kellogg's® Foundation Flakes™!

SnapCracklePop Item #: SCP-3000-J™

Cereal Class: G-r-r-reat!

Special Calcium Procedures: SCP-3000-J™ was previously locked away in the top secret Cereal Containment Facility, because it was deemed too dangerously delicious for the normal public! Now, super secret cereal squad Mobile Taskforce YUM-1™ ("Captains Crunch") has snuck in, and broke it out so you could taste it now![1] Now, it is to be contained as part of a diet low in saturated fat and cholesterol. This diet is also to include foods high in fiber and vitamins, like SCP-3000-J™! It's part of a complete breakfast!

Nutrition Facts: SCP-3000-J™ is Kellogg's® new Foundation Flakes™! Made with ultra-rich Skippy® Peanut Butter, and Hershey's® Wondertainment™ dark chocolate, as well as USDA Organic cornflakes and rice puffs, SCP-3000-J™ is guaranteed to help you start your day right. SCP-3000-J™ is a heart healthy food, and full of calcium to help your bones grow strong as well as 13 different vitamins and minerals, each one approved by the Kellogg's® O5 Council™ for your breakfast experience as well as to help you grow up right. One spoonful and you won't be able to contain the sweet taste of this Sweeter Keter™! Be sure to try Foundation Flakes with new **`chocolate mint flavor`**[2], or try Kellogg's® famous **`Super Coco Pows`**™ in honey, cinnamon, or fruity flavors! Buy them today!

SCP-3000-J™ was invented by a crazy mad scientist, who combined the tastes of tangy peanut butter, smooth chocolate, sweet frosted flakes, and crispy rice puffs into a concoction so good it warped reality. Kellogg's® sent their special Mobile Taskforce YUM-1™ in to recover the new cereal. They put it deep in secret containment alongside all the monsters they had caught, like Ignatz the Immortal Lizard™, his Japanese friend Shy Sammy the Statue™, and their arch-nemesis Grand Karcist Ion™ of Calcium,

leader of the evil Sark-Bites™ and high priest of the Fifth Church of the Broken Spoon. One day, Grand Karcist Ion had broken free and decided to send his Sark-Bite army to encourage unhealthy eating habits in kids all over the world. Emboldened by the delicious and nutritious taste of Foundation Flakes™, The Kellogg's® O5 Council™ allowed Ignatz™ and Shy Sammy™ to join forces with Mobile Taskforce YUM-1™ and Kellogg's® to defeat the Sark-Bite™ army using the power of a healthy breakfast!

Addendum-1: The following interview took place during a showdown between Mobile Taskforce YUM-1™ and Grand Karcist Ion™

> **<Begin Log / / >**
>
> **Grand Karcist Ion™:** You can't stop me! My Sark-Bite™ army is too powerful! Together, They will help me rule the world!!! Ha Ha Ha !
>
> **Ignatz™:** Here Ion, try a delicious bowl of Foundation Flakes™. They're delicious AND nutritious!
>
> **Grand Karcist Ion™:** (*Chews a spoonful slowly.*) Oh drat, this is really good! I guess I really had followed the way of all flesh against this scrumptious cereal. Me and my Sark-Bites will go home, but you haven't seen the last of us!
>
> **Ignatz™:** Silly Ion, nobody can resist the taste of Foundation Flakes™!

Addendum-2: Hey kids, help Ignatz the Immortal Lizard™ find his way through the maze to the party at Alagadda City where he can eat all the Foundation Flakes™ he wants! Better be quick, because mean old Grand Karcist Ion™ will find him and steal his cereal!

MAZE CENSORED: REALLY AWESOME COG-NEATO-HAZARD THAT CAUSES YOU TO CRAVE SCP-3000-J.

Please buy boxes of Foundation Flakes™ at your local supermarket to enjoy fun games and puzzles like this. Also enjoy the continuing

adventures of Ignatz™ and YUM-1™ in *Kellogg's Presents YUM-1: Secure Contain and Protect*, airing Saturday mornings at 8:15 EST on Cartoon Network® or online at www.kelloggsfoundationflakes.com/yum1/comics.[3]

Footnotes

1. A containment breach for brunch! Crunch!
2. Not for sale on Halloween or Day of the Dead, or to morticians.
3. Foundation Flakes™, SCP-3000-J™, Keter™, Mobile Taskforce YUM-1™, The Kellogg's O5 Council™, Ignatz the Immortal Lizard™, Shy Sammy the Statue™, Grand Karcist Ion™, and Sark-Bite™ are all registered trademarks of The Kelloggs Company. Wondertainment™ is a registered trademark of The Hershey Company. Cartoon Network® is a division of Turner Broadcasting System, itself a subsidiary of Time Warner Inc. Shy Sammy the Statue™ was originally created as the art piece "Untitled 2004"™, which was created by Izumi Kato. The concept of Shy Sammy the Statue™ does not have any relationship with the artist's original concept of "Untitled 2004"™. "Untitled 2004"™ is a registered trademark of Izumi Kato Enterprises. All rights reserved.

SCP-145-J: Another Shitty Day at Work

Item #: SCP-145-J

Object Class: Safe. It should be neutralized, but the Site Director's too goddamn cheap to buy a new one.

Special Containment Procedures: Due to "budget cuts", SCP-145-J is housed in Site-16's main staff kitchen, and is available for general use. It isn't recommended, though. A pair of oven-safe mitts have been provided to assist in SCP-145-J's operation.

Injuries sustained during SCP-145-J's use should be treated with aloe vera cream and a stern talking-to by Site-16 Lead RN Clemens for thinking you could handle a hot plate with your bare hands, you brain-dead idiot. To date, SCP-145-J has resulted in 141 cases of first-degree burns, including 63 D-Class, 56 junior and senior researchers, 21 MTF agents, and one O-5. I call that one 0-5 now.

Description: SCP-145-J is an SHARP-brand 1000W/R-21LC commercial microwave whose use can cause one of several anomalous effects on what is placed inside of it:

- It doesn't heat anything.
- It burns everything.
- The edges get roasted but the center is still frozen.
- The whole damn thing is ice cold but the plate it's on is molten lava hot.
- Smoke. Lots of smoke.
- The tray doesn't spin.
- The tray alternates between spinning clockwise and counterclockwise it's supposed to do that, never mind.

At present, all requests to disassemble SCP-145-J in the hopes of finding the source of its anomaly are uniformly denied, because if it doesn't work afterwards, then we don't have *anything*, and that's

worse than trying to work with this crap. Sometimes I want to bring in a hot meal and not go out to eat. Have you *seen* how expensive the places around town are now? Did we really need to have this facility near a major metropolitan area? Property taxes must be through the roof, that's probably the reasoning behind why we can't afford a replacement.

Attempts to heat food without a plate have been approved, but that's pretty unsanitary and it looks gross in there. During a yearly audit of security procedures at Site-16, including a review of old security footage, it was discovered Agent used SCP-145-J to heat up a Hot Pocket without putting a plate under it and it exploded. He didn't even clean up afterwards, he just left like he thought no one was watching. Grounds for disciplinary action, right? That's what I thought, too, but fuck, he's still here. We've incinerated D-Class for less, just because he has a Foundation star of brown-nosing or whatever he gets away with being stupid *and* lazy.

SCP-145-J has a secondary memetic effect that has, at time of writing, affected all staff in the vicinity. Morale among Foundation employees at Site-16 has shown a marked decrease in recent months, and confidence and faith in Foundation management is at an all-time low. *What a fucking surprise*. How the fuck can't we afford a new microwave? Don't we have a skip that *makes gold?* We shouldn't even *have* a concept of a budget, we're the Foundation for christ's sake; we spend *billions* of dollars for some overly-fancy storage locker with a bunch of dumbass redundancies so no one goes near a box that doesn't even *have* anything in it, by the way.

Addendum: Really? This article got through to the system? Who the fuck maintains our database, lobotomized monkeys? God, I swear, it's like no one else works here. I hate this place.

Daveyoufool's Proposal: "KEEP CALM AND APOLLY ON"

Notice from the Records And Information Security Administration

In light of the events of Incident-OO1-Omega, the following document has been made public to all Foundation staff to ensure the peaceful and effective execution of Contingency Schubert-9.

Item #: SCP-OO1-J

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: As of Incident-OO1-Omega, there is no longer any feasible way to contain SCP-OO1-J or to prevent the coming of Scenario XK-OO1-J.

To maintain calm and ensure a smooth transition of the human race into the wide **`variety of customized and readily-available afterlives`**[1], Contingency Schubert-9 is to be enacted immediately.

Description: The description of SCP-OO1-J is a lethal cognitohazard, and as such, is available on request for all interested personnel.

Addendum - Contingency Schubert-9: Contingency Schubert-9 is comprised of an auditory alarm system at all Foundation sites. The following alerts are to be played constantly.

Threat Level	Alarm	Meaning
Epsilon-Green	Foghorn	SCP-OO1-J has been stopped, because miracles are real.

Delta-Green	Klaxon	No activity from SCP-OO1-J.
Delta-Blue	Klaxon but slightly higher in pitch	SCP-OO1-J has opened its eyes (unconfirmed).
Delta-Yellow	O5-11 imitating the Delta-Blue alarm	SCP-OO1-J has opened its eyes (confirmed with photographic evidence).
Delta-Orange	"It's Not Unusual" by Tom Jones	SCP-OO1-J has opened its eyes and is looking at Earth.
Delta-Red	"It's Not Unusual" Norwegian black metal remix by Dr. Naismith	SCP-OO1 has opened its eyes, is looking at Earth, and Dr. Naismith wants to promote his band.[234]
Gamma-Green	Klaxon, Foghorn, Buzzer at the same time	Civilian casualties have begun.
Gamma-Blue	The entire soundtrack of David Lynch's *Dune*	Civilian casualties continue.
Gamma-Yellow	Same as Delta-Orange, but with air horns	Civilian casualties continue, but with more of an aggressive subtext.
Gamma-Orange	Same as Epsilon-Green, but with a muffled eagle cry in the background	SCP-OO1-J is targeting your site, prepare for death.
Gamma-Red	"Don't Sleep In The Subway" by Petula Clark	This site has been destroyed by SCP-OO1-J, ergo, I can enjoy Petula Clark as much as I damn well please and only corpses will judge me.
Beta-Green	10 seconds of an old woman sobbing	A species has gone extinct as a result of

	hysterically.	SCP-OO1-J.
Beta-Blue	14 seconds of an old woman sobbing hysterically.	A city has been destroyed as a result of SCP-OO1-J.
Beta-Yellow	14.3 seconds of an old woman sobbing hysterically.	A country has been destroyed as a result of SCP-OO1-J.
Beta-Orange	Beta-Yellow, but "Nearer My God To Thee" plays in the background on an accordion.	A continent has been destroyed as a result of SCP-OO1-J.
Beta-Red	Beta-Orange, but backwards.	The old woman we recorded is still very sad about the whole affair, and could use a hug.
Alpha-Black-Omega-Death-Death	The entire discography of Toby Keith	"Good goin', OO1-J, you destroyed our civilization. This is your reward, an eternity of Toby Keith. Was it worth it?"

It is believed that proper execution of Contingency Schubert-9 will maintain good morale, ease suffering, and relieve stress.

In addition, testing prior to Incident-OO1-Omega has found that the volume of these alerts is directly proportional to the level of calm during times of stress. Therefore, usage of additional amplification assets, as well as maximum volume, is encouraged.

+ Does the black moon howl?

> To whom it may concern:
>
> I've received word from various site directors that Contingency Schubert-9 actually *worsens* the level of stress during Scenario XK-OO1-J. Allow me to address some of your concerns to

the best of my ability:

1. These concerns are absolutely valid and correct.

2. In fact, I can assure you that the purpose of Schubert-9 is to make things as unbearable as possible for everyone, and, hopefully, drive us all to kill each other.

3. I really don't like any of you, and frankly, I'm very upset that SCP-OO1-J is dealing with you before I could. On a related note - find your own victims, you gutless amateur.

Thank you for your understanding during this trying time.

Regards,

The Administrator

Footnotes
1. All Class-G personnel stationed at the Foundation North Kenya Proving Grounds are advised toabandon hope, as they know damn well what they did.
2.Note:The world isdying,Naismith. This doesn't matter anymore.- O5-12
3.Note:So you're telling me that the end of the world - arguably the most metal thing to happen in Earth's history - is a bad time for metal?- Dr. Naismith
4.Note:…you're not even wrong, and Ihatethat.- O5-12

SCP-404-J: The Pantheon

Item #: SCP-404-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As attempts to manually alter the text of SCP-404-J have proved futile, twice-hourly tactical nuclear strikes are to continue on SCP-404-J until it has been successfully neutralized. As such, Foundation personnel, combat task forces, and civilians may only come within 100 km of SCP-404-J after signing a mortality waiver.

Description: SCP-404-J is a 20 m x 50 m x 5 m brick wall in southern Iran, estimated to have been erected in 15,000 BCE. SCP-404-J is composed entirely of an unknown mineral that has proven extremely resistant to destruction.

Despite its age, the inscriptions on SCP-404-J are completely in American English. The text of the inscription changes on an irregular basis.

Further information about SCP-404-J is restricted to the O5 Council.

> + Inscription as of 2/28/16 - 5/404-J clearance required
>
> # PLANET ERF!
>
> **by !Jehovah**
>
> ## [Rating: -5922 | + | -]
>
> **Planet:** Erf!
>
> **Composition:** Mostly water also some other stuff!

Dominant Species: Humans!

Other Information: Look at my super cool planet! It has religions and goats and juice boxes!

For more information, look around you! It's that simple!

This is my first planet so no downvotes please!

Tags: in-extinction / planet / populated / water

Comments:

- **@KingScarlet /staffpost/:** Moved to top for convenience. Beginning extinction vote for "Erf" after the net rating breached -10.
    - **@P-A-T-T-E-R-N /staffpost/:** Seconding
        - **@heliumbambi /staffpost/:** Thirded.
            - **@GlossyPan / staffpost/:** Fourthed.
- **@GlossyPan/staffpost/:** OP: !Jehovah, please do not upvote your own planet. It's against the terms of service.
    - **~gk-ION:** Your /mom's/ against the terms of service.
- **~gk-ION:** welcome to planet shitpost
    - **~M3KH4N3:** This is a *really* good way to get banned, Ion. Just sayin'.

        - **~gk-ION:** For calling a shitpost a shitpost?
            - **~M3KH4N3:** No, this planet is one of the worst we've had in aeons, no doubt about that. We just want to foster a sense of community here for new writers with constructive criticism.
    - **!Jehovah:** ur a basic bish
        - **~M3KH4N3:** …you know what, fuck the sense of community, your planet's poop.
- **~He-MadeLight:** These humans are about as appealing as a pile of rotten entrails. Requesting summary extinction by admins.
    - **!YAL-DA-BA-OTH:** WHOA HOLD UP I get that this article is crap but WHY are we TALKING SHIT about rotten entrails?!?!?! Dead flesh is JUST AS GOOD if not BETTER than living flesh and the Universe needs LOTS of it for FUCK'S SAKE can you NOT you LITERAL PIECE OF [read more]
        - **~SixAteMeToo:** Fuck me, they're letting anyone join the site these days.
            - **~iheartstranglefroots** cack

SCP-2130-J: "But seriously, folks…"

Item #: SCP-2130-J

Object Class: Eucilele Keytar

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation spambots are to send emails to all personnel on an hourly basis to remind them of SCP-2130-J's dangerous properties.

Public address systems will be commandeered for at least 180 minutes per week to play the "SCP-2130-J jingle". Pending a breakthrough by the Memetics team's PROJECT EARWORM, the Foundation has licensed the use of alternative lyrics to "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?"[1].

Instances of SCP-2130-J are to be stored in a remote desert warehouse, preferably on the moon. Moon missions are to be funded by the selective use of other SCP-2130-J instances as props for Junior Researcher Kimmy's sold-out comedy tour.

+ Superseded Containment Procedures

Researchers are encouraged to write helpful notes in all SCP database entries to ensure that their colleagues remember and appreciate the risks posed by other anomalies currently in containment.

> *What were we thinking? That was a terrible idea.* — **Dr. C. Heap-Joke**

Description: SCP-2130-J is a bunch of office furniture that was found lying around at various Foundation sites. In appearance, style, sound, smell, taste, aura, Hume readings, feng shui, function and ergonomic benefits, it precisely resembles ordinary everyday office equipment.

> *It's not though. It's actually* really *dangerous. One might even say… spoooooky.* — **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

> *Kim, the last time you tried to convince us that the furniture was haunted, it's because you'd just stubbed your toe on a desk. Although watching you hop around was quite amusing.* — **Dr. "Free" Wheeler**

> *Hey! It really hurt, you know.* — **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

SCP-2130-J exhibits a range of cognitohazardous and antimemetic properties. Its primary effect is on the perception of the furniture by subjects in its proximity. Subjects regard SCP-2130-J instances (and any incidents involving them) as humorous in nature, regardless of the objective seriousness of the situation.

Descriptions of SCP-2130-J by test subjects have included:

- "funny"
- "hilarious"
- "uproariously entertaining, a great night out"
- "I could see what you were going for, but it didn't make me laugh, downvoted"

This primary effect has led to subjects forgetting the danger posed by SCP-2130-J, and attempting to use SCP-2130-J instances for comic purposes.

> *Yeah, remember when I held a D-Class roller-chair derby, and one of them crashed into you and fell off into a vat of SCP-682's acid? Classic!* — **Junior Researcher Plier**

> *Classic? That was the most horrific thing I've ever been through. My back was sore for a week!* — **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

> *Or that time my top shelf broke, and all my research folders landed on your head one after another. And then my potplant. And then my bowling ball. I got so many*

> *likes for that on* /foundation/not-work/funny/videos *- it was awesome. Maybe you should do comedy? —* **Junior Researcher Plier**

> *Is everyone around here anomalously unsympathetic? —* **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

SCP-2130-J's primary effect can be counteracted by a continuous course of Class-Y mnestics. However, as the side-effects of such treatment include remembering in vivid detail every fart you've ever smelled, uptake has been poor.

SCP-2130-J has a secondary property which affects any attempt to describe the anomaly. Any descriptions of SCP-2130-J, even by persons not subject to its primary effect, will be written in such a way as to be unintentionally comic, with ludicrously overcomplicated procedures and extraneous commentary which reads as if all researchers involved are 15 years old.

> *See!? That explains why I can never write this in clinical tone. It explains the containment procedures - it explains everything! They said I was mad - MAD! - but actually I was right all along. Ahaha - ahahahahaha - muahaha… wait, why am I writing all of this like I was saying it out loud? —* **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

> *Kim, you were a lot more fun to be around when you were falling off that lab bench last week. If you're so obsessed with the damn office furniture, why don't you prepare a seminar and take it on the road to the other sites. Make sure you take a few samples with you. —* **Dr. "Hot" Wheeler**

> *This is clearly going to end well. —* **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

Addendum 1: Further research by Comedy Task Force Iota-Eta-Pi-2 ("Why Iota…") suggests that the effect of SCP-2130-J is viral in nature. Progression appears to occur in the following manner:

1. Subject A is exposed to SCP-2130-J and becomes subject to

its effects.
2. Subject A begins to find other anomalies inherently humorous.
3. Subject A amends the documentation for other anomalies to include over-complicated containment and unintentional comedy.
4. Subject B reads amended documentation, forgets that the relevant anomalies are dangerous, and begins to treat them as comical, even if Subject B has not been exposed to SCP-2130-J.

The following SCP database entries have been identified as potential candidates for SCP-2130-J infection: **SCP-2212**, **SCP-2845**, **SCP-076** and **SCP-106**. However the possibility exists that other anomalies have been declassified and mis-filed, after relevant SCP documentation was amended to sound humorous.

> *So leaving aside the question of how we tested this, that means basically anything filed in* **/foundation/not-work/funny/joke-scps** *could be a real anomaly that we're almost totally disre- oh. Oh,* ***shit****.* — **Junior Researcher Kimmy**

> *Kim - what's the rush? Why are you running so - woah! Wow - hey guys, Kim just tripped over a printer cord and went head-first into a wastepaper basket. That's gonna leave a mark! Ahahahahaha!* — **Dr. "Stealer's" Wheeler**

Footnotes
1. Sample lyrics:"Do you know two one three-oh dash-jay?It has a meme so strong,Don't laugh too long, or you'll go cray" (NB: Current final rhyme is provisional, pending additional poetry research funding)

SCP-666-J: Dr. Gerald's Driving Skills

Item #: SCP-666-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: D-Class and Gerald are the only ones allowed to get on any vehicle that Dr. Gerald happens to be driving. Prepare a number of body bags equivalent to the number of passengers on any vehicle that he happens to drive, minus himself. Additionally, medical teams must be on standby if Dr. Gerald will be traveling through a populated area, or any form of potentially hazardous environment (e.g., a nuclear power plant, chemical refining plant).

Description: All individuals who board any vehicle or form of transportation that Dr. Gerald himself is controlling in any form are assured to die. Testing has shown that even those who escape vehicles he's been driving are doomed; they are generally struck by another moving vehicle within minutes. Dr. Gerald himself, oddly enough, always survives whatever horrors he puts a vehicle through.

Additionally, all potentially hazardous objects seem to become even *more* dangerous if he is manning a vehicle in their general vicinity. Knives penetrate more than their sharpness would accord, normally benign oil tankers become moving bombs that will detonate with the slightest touch, buildings lose any significant rigidity, and pedestrians seem to lose all forms of self-preservation, throwing themselves into his path. A mere bicycle ride can inflict the devastation of a T3 tornado.

Addendum 666-1: Dr. Gerald is **never** to come within 25 meters of **SCP-462**.

Addendum 666-2: Plans are being made to construct a vehicle which can contain **SCP-682** long enough for Dr. Gerald to actually

drive it.

SCP-Jaguar-J: Junior Researcher Hutchins' Incredible Automobile

Item #: SCP-Jaguar-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-Jaguar-J is not currently capable of being contained, due to an uncertainty as to its position. Agents deployed to the zone SCP-Jaguar-J is supposedly situated has not resulted in confirmed visual contact. Inspections of all nearby auto repair shops within a 7 mile radius of this location disproved Researcher Hutchin's claims of its current status.

Description: SCP-Jaguar-J is an anomalous automobile which is hypothetically owned by Researcher Hutchins. Although all known documentation of SCP-Jaguar-J depict a total lemon, it has been vehemently claimed by Researcher Hutchins that these photographs are an anomaly, and that when viewed with the eye it appears to be a Jaguar luxury automobile. These claims have not been substantiated.

Anomalous documentation of SCP-Jaguar-J

Dr. Hutchins has been making such claims since he was a Junior Staff Member on the SCP-2600 research team, and despite persistent attempts to view it has always been unable to show any of the **`Site 88`** staff. Despite hosting the annual Site-88 Decemberween party on multiple occasions, not one individual has reported seeing SCP-Jaguar-J. During visual inspection of the garage only a large empty patch of concrete covered with oils and unidentified metallic parts were found.

Should Researcher Hutchins ever be able to provide substantiated evidence of SCP-Jaguar-J, he will be promoted to a full Operations Researcher and be assigned as the lead science adviser on all SCP-Jaguar-J testing.

Researcher Notes(2)

> Come on guys. This is unprofessional. I joined the SCP Foundation because I thought you guys would be into this sort of thing. I have to take it to the shop a lot because insurance companies won't cover me with the pictures. Also, one time my girlfriend from up in Canada came down and borrowed it to go meet a man about a horse. You guys are really not taking this as seriously as you should. I've had this car for years, if you came when I said it was there you'd totally see I'm telling the truth. — Researcher Hutchins.

> Fine. It is possible that SCP-Jaguar-J may also be of the Jaguar XKR-S model, but due to the lack of visual evidence I predict this visit will result in an SCP-Jaguar-XK-End-of-Your-Lies scenario. — Dr. Morse.

Addendum Jaguar-XE: After the deployment of Mobile Truth Force Lie-7 "Randi's Pants, On Fire" it was discovered that SCP-Jaguar-J did in fact exist and displayed surprisingly accurate anomalous properties. As promised, Junior Researcher Hutchins has been given Level 1 Clearance and the title of Operational Researcher. He is currently assigned to work on SCP-Jaguar-J.

> SCP-Jaguar-J-Testing Archive -
> Level 2 Clearance Required
>
> **Testing Location:** Site-88 Indoor Testing Region
>
> **Hypothesis:** SCP-Jaguar-J may display different anomalous properties with different paint configurations, seating adjustments, option alterations, or another anomalous component causing the entire machine to display this anomalous phenomenon. Due to Researcher Hutchin's lack of mechanical expertise, he will observe from the upper viewing deck.
>
> [VIDEO TRANSCRIPT]
>
> [00:00-03:45](Researcher Hutchins stares

dejectedly at SCP-Jaguar-J as it is disassembled by mechanical personnel.)

[03:45]**Researcher Hutchins:**(Intercom) Can I at least sit in the seat for a little?

[03:51]**Scruffy:**(In testing chamber) Nope.

[No further interactions recorded.]

[END TRANSCRIPT]

SCP-022-J: Memetic Metal

Note: This document has been designated a Lethe-class infohazard. Your access has been logged and you will submit to an examination to assess its impact no later than two days from this moment. If you have accessed this document unintentionally, cease reading immediately and contact the Cognitohazard Research Group.

Item #: SCP-022-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to widespread public knowledge of SCP-022-J, containment of SCP-022-J is limited to mitigating the damage caused by its effects. To this effect, the following procedures are to be enacted:

- The availability of SCP-022-J is to be reduced by means including but not limited to: Suppressing research into more efficient methods of refining SCP-022-J ores; limiting the mining of areas rich in SCP-022-J ores under the guise of, e.g., protection of endemic species[1]; using front companies to artificially drive up the price of SCP-022-J, in order to limit the damage due to effects of SCP-022-J-1.
- Suppressing public awareness of SCP-022-J physical properties to prevent SCP-022-J-2 effects from manifesting. To this effect, media containing counterfactual information with regard to the physical properties and proper uses of SCP-022-J are to be produced and propagated.
- Suppressing public awareness of SCP-022-J 's anomalous properties.
- Treatment of individuals severely affected by SCP-022-J-2 by Class-B amnestics.

Because the risks SCP-022-J-1 poses to Foundation personnel, especially those in charge of designing containment procedures, any containment procedures proposal containing relevant keywords are

to be checked by personnel immunized against SCP-022-J-1. Calming agents of choice (chocolate, beer, Diazepam, Xanax, cannabis) are to be available to such personnel to mitigate the effects of SCP-022-J-2.

Description: SCP-022-J is the pure, solid form of chemical element commonly known as titanium (Ti), of atomic number of 22, and average molar mass of 47.86 g/mol. In its active state, SCP-022-J appears as a shiny, hard solid of density approximately 4.5 g/ccm, and melting point of approximately 1940 K. SCP-022-J behaves as a paramagnetic metal in most aspects, and possesses a tensile strength of roughly 434 MPa, remarkable for its low density.

SCP-022-J is an infohazard — knowledge about it causes the manifestation of two distinct sets of symptoms, designated SCP-022-J-1 and SCP-022-J-2.

SCP-022-J-1 initially manifests when an individual with no prior knowledge is exposed to incomplete or erroneous information about SCP-022-J's physical properties, and its recommended usage. Individuals under the effects of SCP-022-J-1 will gradually begin to assert the superiority of SCP-022-J as a structural material, and recommend or attempt to enforce its use as such whenever possible, even in cases where this has a significant negative effect on functionality. Common terms used by affected individuals with reference to SCP-022-J-1 include "strongest metal in the world," "supertough supermetal," "refined, impenetrable metal," and "The He-Man of materials". In the cases where this behaviour induces a performance failure or deficiency, an affected individual will refuse to acknowledge THAT THEY FUCKED UP SERIOUSLY WHO THE FUCK MAKES A TITANIUM ANCHOR SCP-022-J's role in the incident, inventing increasingly bizarre alternative explanations.

SCP-022-J-2 manifests when an individual FUCKING GETS A CLUE SHEESH IS IT SO HARD TO READ A GODDAMN STANDARD is exposed to accurate information about SCP-022-J's physical properties, and correct recommended usage guidelines. Individuals already affected by SCP-022-J-1 **CAN'T FUCKING GET IT IN THEIR GODDAMN HEADS WITH A HAMMER IF I HEAR ABOUT TITANIUM BEING THE STRONGEST METAL I WILL PUNCH THEM IN THE DICK WITH A FIST MADE OF** show

considerable resistance to SCP-022-J-2.
Subjects affected by SCP-022-J-2 display signs of anger and mental distress at mentions of pure titanium or its usage, to the point of becoming physically violent. This is especially marked when the triggers are usual vectors of SCP-022-J-1, such as media containing examples of inappropriate uses of SCP-022-J.

Treatment with Class-B amnestics has been shown to NO FUCK THIS THERE'S NO SCP-022-J-2 THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME ANYONE REASONABLE WOULD FUCKING FREAK OUT WHEN SEEING THE FIFTIETH SCP PROPOSAL CALLING FOR A FIVE FOOT THICK TITANIUM WALLS YOUD HAVE PUNCHED HIM TOO I'LL GIVE THEM TITANIUM IN THEIR DAMN FACES WITH A TITANIUM DILDO THIS IS A TITANIUM CONSPIRACY TO SELL MORE TITANIUM WHATEVER FUCK THEY MAKE OF TITANIUM I

WILL SHOW THEM WHO'S BEfrvt cgdfrrrrrrrrrrrrg5wr67u

Addendum 022-J-1:

Incident 022-J-1:
Foreword: On /07/201 , while working on SCP-022-J report, Researcher Eisenberg, further referred to as subject, succumbed to the effects of SCP-022-J-2. Transcript of security camera footage follows.
<BEGIN LOG>
<19:00> Subject begins work on SCP-022-J report.
<19:30> Subject commences chewing on a pencil.
<19:41> Subject bites pencil through.
<19:44> Subject ceases spitting out splinters, curses loudly.
<19:49> Subject loosens his tie, takes out an unidentified pill, and swallows it, taking a drink from nearby flowerpot, slumping on the chair.
<19:54> Subject resumes work.
<20:38> Subject's typing rate increases.
<20:39> Subject begins bashing the keyboard with his fists.
<20:40> Subject tears out keyboard from workstation, and runs out into the joining hall, screaming incoherently.
<20:45> Subject uses keyboard to assault a security guard, yelling "I'LL GIVE YOU TITANIUM CAGES I'LL GIVE YOU TITANIUM TITS YOU CUNTWHACKED ASSCHEEKS", and is promptly subdued.
<END LOG>
Closing Statement: Researcher Eisenberg was restrained, and isolated in Section-5 Medical Wing on Site-19. Researcher Eisenberg's 2/022-J clearance was revoked, and he is relieved of his duties until his mental state stabilizes. Work on SCP-022-J documentation overhaul has been suspended, and the existing document classified as a Lethe-class infohazard.

Footnotes

1. Creating new plant and insect species to be planted in such areas is recommended.

SCP-5040-J: Stripèd Gangs

Item #: SCP-5040-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All specimens of SCP-5040-J are to be contained at Site-129. SCP-5040-J-1 specimens are to be housed on the east side of the Site, and SCP-5040-J-2 specimens are to be housed on the west side. Minimal cost is to be expended in containing and feeding all specimens of SCP-5040-J, but it is of utmost importance that two groups be kept separated.

Although isolated populations of SCP-5040-J are widespread in developed countries, their tendency to accidentally trap themselves in small invisible boxes should make them quite easy to remand into containment en masse. Major Mimes-1 through -28 are to be the primary targets for containment.

> **Researcher's Note:** *Well, we were wrong about THAT. Major Mime-11 has been lost, and with him nearly the entire North American supply of white gloves and black berets.*

Description: SCP-5040-J is an abnormal extant subspecies of late-modern hominid, likely descended from Central European haplotypes. Specimens exhibit a gracile body type, dark hair, and extremely pale skin coloration with odd black markings on the face. All specimens are mute, communicating with an unnervingly fluid manner of body language that has yet to be translated. The reason for their silence continues to elude Foundation research.

Specimens of SCP-5040-J possess telekinetic abilities which are present from adolescence. These manifest as the willful creation of seemingly invisible objects with which only SCP-5040-J can interact. Typical instances of these objects take the forms of ropes, weights, and gusts of wind. SCP-5040-J display a high degree of control over

the creation of their objects. On rare occasions, their abilities turn against them, causing them to become stuck behind invisible walls or inside of invisible boxes.

Culturally, SCP-5040-J has divided into two major gangs, each comprised of over 3000 members worldwide. SCP-5040-J-1, "the Zigs," wear garments designed with black stripes on white, while SCP-5040-J-2, "the Zags," wear clothing covered with white stripes on black. While it is apparent that the objects they create are unable to affect normal matter, members of each gang frequently use their telekinetic abilities to injure and kill members of the other gang in petty disputes. The most common areas of conflict between SCP-5040-J-1 and SCP-5040-J-2 revolve around street corner territory, available females, and valuable resources such as gloves and berets that remain scarce in a post-Mime-11 world.

Addendum: What follows is the transcript of a crudely taped video address given by a delegate from SCP-5040-J-1 to Foundation personnel.

> (*SCP-5040-J-1-M salutes with an odd hand gesture.*)
> **SCP-5040-J-1-M:** ...!
> (*He begins pacing, stroking his beard.*)
> **SCP-5040-J-1-M:** ....
> (*He swivels on his left foot and turns the other way.*)
> **SCP-5040-J-1-M:** ....? ... .!
> (*He faces the camera and pounds his fist into his palm.*)
> **SCP-5040-J-1-M:** ....—
> (*He stops suddenly, looks up, and then cowers from something unknown above him that appears to be drawing closer.*)
> **SCP-5040-J-1-M:** ....! .....! .....!
> (*SCP-5040-J-1-M is squashed flat by a large invisible weight.*)
> (*A specimen of SCP-5040-J-2 peers in from off screen and covers his mouth as though laughing.*)
> (*Tape ends.*)

Addendum: The Foundation has begun an "F♯ Nordic-sememe"-class campaign to raise subliminal public awareness about the

threat that an extended SCP-5040-J gang war would pose to humanity at large and all that is good and not annoyingly creepy.

> **Researcher's Note:** *SCP-5040-J is nothing to worry about. It's probably mimetic or something.*

SCP-729-J: Peep Peep, Motherfucker

Item #: SCP-729-J

Object Class: Keter Thaumiel (Guys, you're hurting his feelings! He's just trying to help!)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-729-J currently resides in Dr. Niles Hessen's office on her desk. Where, pray to god, it will stay. Request testing at your own risk. It breaches containment at an alarming frequency, but even MTF Nu-7 ("Hammer Down") refused to go near the fucking thing, so it does whatever the hell it wants. We are all at its mercy. Dr. Hessen has been commanded to turn in SCP-729-J for it to be properly contained…as soon as someone can get up the courage to write her an email.

Description: SCP-729-J is SUPPOSED to be a toy, but I want to know who the sick fuck was that wanted to give this thing to children. The label SAYS it's made of polyester fiber, but we all know it's made of the devil's couch stuffing. Or something.

Its reign of terror began during a containment breach of **SCP-106**. SCP-106 had managed to trap Dr. Hessen in her office and had successfully corroded a hole in the door when it caught sight of that goddamn thing SCP-729-J. SCP-106 stopped moving completely and began staring at SCP-729-J, showing no interest in Dr. Hessen. SCP-106 then began moving backwards out of Dr. Hessen's office, never breaking visual contact with that eldritch horror SCP-729-J, until it reached the end of the hall and promptly rematerialized back in its containment cell. It should be noted that SCP-106's middle fingers were raised for the entirety of the encounter with SCP-729-J. SCP-106's reaction is, frankly, perfectly understandable, and several researchers who witnessed the event were found huddling with SCP-106 in its containment cell.

TESTING LOGS:

SCP-2006

Effects: SCP-2006 screeched upon being introduced, and assumed a form identical to SCP-729-J. SCP-2006 has not changed form since the encounter.

SCP-1548

Effects: Still images of SCP-729-J were encrypted, transmuted into binary, and broadcasted to SCP-1548. Broadcast was immediately followed by SCP-1548 reversing direction. Messages transmitted from SCP-1548 consisted mainly of incoherent cursing and expressions of dismay. Excerpt of response below:

WHAT. THE FUCK. GET THAT THING THE HELL AWAY FROM ME. NOTHING SHOULD BE THAT… THAT… I DON'T KNOW! IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A GODDAMN MOUTH! HOW IS THAT NOT FUCKED UP!? GOD, AND IT HAS ALL THESE WEIRD ROUND EDGES, AND IT WON'T STOP WATCHING ME, OH GOD I WANNA GO HOME.

SCP-1322

Effects: SCP-729-J was sent through the wormhole to the SCP-1322 society. It was returned 6 minutes later, tied to a white flag.

SCP-303

Effects: When Dr. Hessen was told to walk through a door with 303 on the other side while holding SCP-729-J, SCP-303 promptly opened the door for Dr. Hessen and ushered her through before quickly exiting the room, with Dr. Hessen showing no sign of the usual fear response. SCP-303 was found six hours later in an abandoned storage closet in a fetal position, sucking its thumb.

SCP-1048

Effects: When exposed to SCP-729-J, all copies made

by SCP-1048 became immobile and have not regained mobility since exposure. SCP-1048 appeared alarmed by this, making a gesture like the sign of the cross, and retreated behind its copies. SCP-1048 regained the ability to make copies of itself when SCP-729-J was removed. It now frequently produces art that depict SCP-729-J as monstrous in some form, and cowers if shown a picture of SCP-729-J.

Not even the teddy? Aww… Poor Mr. Buns. He just wants some friends! - Dr. Hessen

Try ***2317****. Maybe then that hellbeast can be with its own kind. -Dr. Yvaine*

It wouldn't play with him either! - Dr. Hessen

… My god. - Dr. Yvaine

Interview Log:

Interviewed: Dr. Hessen

Interviewer: Dr. Yvaine

Foreword: SCP-729-J was "contained," if you can call it that, in Dr. Hessen's purse, despite multiple pleas to please just put the goddamn thing away.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Yvaine: Dr. Hessen. Tell us the means by which you obtained SCP-729-J.

Dr. Hessen: I mean, it was a little gift I ordered for myself online. Easter, you know?

Dr. Yvaine: Nothing odd at all about its manufacturing?

Dr. Hessen: Nope!

Dr. Yvaine: And yet we've scoured the factory where it

was made for evidence of satanic rituals. Odd.

Dr. Hessen: But yeah, he… came in the mail! It was one of the special scented ones.

Dr. Yvaine: Dear god… [Addressing Dr. Hessen's purse] - I'm sorry I feasted upon your brethren. Let me live, and it'll never happen again, I promise. Just have mercy. [Addressing Dr. Hessen] What is the nature of your immunity to SCP-729-J's effects?

Dr. Hessen: Properties? I mean, it's a plushie. I have it right here. [Dr. Hessen begins removing SCP-729-J oh god does she think we want that thing anywhere near us?!]

Dr. Yvaine: NO NO NO FUCK GET THAT THING AWAY FROM ME -

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Interview was terminated due to imminent containment breach.

Image of SCP-729-J.

SCP-1224-J: Duck-Class Personnel

Item #: SCP-1224-J

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-1224-J are to be contained within standard humanoid cells within Sites that require humanoid testing. Instances of SCP-1224-J are to be fed rations consistent with Document DC-Tau-2016. Testing with instances of SCP-1224-J is to be granted by staff no lower than level 3.

Description: SCP-1224-J is a large body of individuals used in testing commonly referred to as "D-Class". SCP-1224-J instances are labelled as D-[Numerical Designation] for ease of use. Currently SCP-1224-J instances inhabit parts of Western Europe, Eastern England, Northern Ireland, United States, Mexico, Caribbean, New Zealand, Victoria, New South Wales, Pakistan, India, Japan, Bangladesh, Nepal, Vietnam, Bolivia, the Philippines, China, Madagascar, Eurasia, Canada, and Siberia. MTF-NEΣ ("Lightgun") are responsible for capturing and bringing in instances of SCP-1224-J.

SCP-1224-J was determined to be anomalous due to the sheer number of instances which possess, among other things, a temperament which is conducive to holding for long periods of time, and testing of potentially dangerous objects. Due to the readily available number, instances of SCP-1224-J are to be used to conduct experiments which are deemed too dangerous for research staff, and are considered expendable.

Ethical concerns with using SCP-1224-J for duck testing have been raised, and been deemed acceptable by the Ethics Committee, with the exception of Dr. [REDACTED]. Dr [REDACTED]'s concerns were considered negligible due to the importance of SCP-1224-J in testing various objects.

In addition to testing with SCP-1224-J, at the end of each month, instances of SCP-1224-J are to be terminated in order to prevent rioting, potential security breaches, and additional shankings. (See Incident Log Q-Utah-Alpha-Charlie-Kilo)

This termination is to be carried out under the supervision of Dr. Crowe.

Additional issues were raised by Dr. [REDACTED] as to the ethical rationale for termination of SCP-1224-J instances.

Dr. Crowe's Note
Ladies and Gentlemen. While I understand the difficulties of the Ethics Committee, I want you to recognize that this is for the future of all mankind. We need to be realists here. We need ducks to be tested on. We need them in large quantities. SCP-1224-J are neccessary. Therefore, I overrule Dr [REDACTED]'s concern that we're treating these people inhumanely. This is correct. They are ducks.

O5-7's Note
While I completely understand, and even sympathize with Dr [REDACTED], I think her tenure on the Ethics Committee must come to a close. Personal crusades are a noble thing, but SCP-1224-J are the reason that we can contain objects to this day. I feel nothing but gratitude for their years of service, but, due to the nature of their objections, and obvious ties to D-[REDACTED], must recommend their termination at this time.

Level 4 Security Clearance Required -
Termination Log D-Echo-27

Dr. [REDACTED]'s final note to the Ethics Committee:
By now I'm dead. They've found out my connection to my sister. There's no way they'll let me live, not after all I've done. I implore you, please, the terminations have to stop. There's just no reason, they're innocent for god's sake! You can't do this. I can't do this. Not after what they did to Mallardry. Faithfully yours, Dr. [REDUCKTED]

O5-7's Note:
Dr. Crowe, please stop laughing at members of MTF-NEΣ if they miss their shots at instances of SCP-1224-J during monthly termination. It's obnoxious.

SCP-5308-J: The Collection

Item #: SCP-5308-J

Object Class: Euclid/Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The items collectively known as SCP-5308-J are to be kept in 5 meter x 5 meter underground rooms with steel walls no less than one meter in thickness, with a two-inch plating of **`Telekill alloy`**. The entrance to these vaults is to be guarded at all times by at least two hundred guards from special forces backgrounds, seventeen class-D personnel blinded and given flamethrowers, three priests, two rabbis, an imam, a Sherpa, and a Girl Scout of Abrahamic faith. Four separate onsite nuclear devices are to be detonated in the event of a security breach.

Description: SCP-5308-J is a collection of objects of unknown anomalous properties, which have to date eluded the best minds of the Foundation. A detailed description of each item follows.

SCP-5308-J-1: A perfectly cubical piece of granite twenty centimeters on a side, weighing nearly 20 kilograms. It was discovered by Agent at a yard sale in , ND, and immediately recognized as dangerously Platonic. Previous owner was unfortunately killed during the ensuing firefight. Fortunately, SCP-5308-J-1 survived to be placed into Foundation custody. Please see the experiment log for details on its anomalous properties.

+ Experiment Log SCP-5308-J-1-13

Professor : "Please approach the cube."

D-3534: "Uh, sure. Hey, why are you wearing that suit? Should… should I have a suit?"

Professor : "Make a note. Subject appears

agitated. Memetic or psychic effect? 3534, Please pick up the cube."

D-3534: "Okay. Oof. Heavy sucker."

Professor : "Interesting. Gravity manipulation? How do you feel, 3534?"

D-3534: "Huh? Uh, fine, I guess."

Professor : "My god. It must be healing him."

D-3534: "What?"

Professor : "But at what cost? Look at his confusion. It's affecting his mind. D-3534, how do you feel about the cube?"

D-3534: "It's an okay cube, I guess."

Professor : "Put the cube down! Right now! Put the cube down!"

D-3534 complies.

Professor : "Take the shot! Now! While he's no longer in contact!"

D-3534 is shot by five separate snipers simultaneously.

Professor : "Thank god he put it down. If he'd still been holding the cube when we shot him, there's no telling what it could have done. I want his remains incinerated and the ashes bound into a concrete matrix, just to be sure."

+ Live video feed of SCP-5308-J-1

SCP-5308-J-2: A piece of paper with an anomalous reddish-brown

stain. Analysis shows that the stain consists of human blood. Possible connections to SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- are suspected. The stain appeared shortly after SCP-5308-J-2 seemingly attacked Dr. , creating a small, straight cut on the tip of his finger. It should therefore be considered extremely dangerous and hostile.

Appeasing SCP-5308-J-2 is to be considered a class Alpha-One-Aleph priority. Should it make any demands known, they are to be filled out immediately and to the letter, short of allowing SCP-5308-J-2 to escape.

SCP-5308-J-3: A spayed female housecat with russet fur weighing approximately 3.5 kilograms. SCP-5308-J-3 was found near the entrance to one of the Foundation's fronts. Despite multiple interrogation attempts, it has yet to reveal what it was doing there. Analysis into its anomalous properties has been fruitless as yet (see Interview Log SCP-5308-J-3-2 for details).

+ Interview Log SCP-5308-J-3-2

Interview with Dr. , Foundation Veterinarian.

Professor : "So, what's it made of?"

Dr. : "What do you mean?"

Professor : "Is it made of bone?"

Dr. : "No. Well, its skeleton is, but not the rest of it."

Professor : "Is it made of blood?"

Dr. : "No."

Professor : "Is it made of… gravity?"

Dr. : "No. How would that even work?"

Professor : "Is it made of fire?"

Dr. : "No. It's just made of, well, of *cat*."

Dr. was later terminated in case of lingering mental influence by SCP 5308-J-3.

+ Image of SCP-5308-J-3

SCP-5308-J-4: A standard size ball-point pen containing what appears to be human blood. It was found in a desk in an abandoned factory in , Saskatchewan. The origin of this blood-like substance is unknown. Under no circumstance is anyone to attempt to write with SCP-5308-J-4. Any personnel who attempts to do so will be terminated, and their surviving relatives assigned to Keter duty.

Addendum SCP-5308-J-4-14: Analysis has shown that the substance contained in SCP-5308-J-4 is heavily degraded ink. Object class has been changed to Euclid.

+ Image of SCP-5308-J-4

SCP-5308-J-5: A three-year-old male Caucasian child who answers to the name of "Jerry." It was found at a playground near Site- , playing on a swingset. So far, it has been concluded that SCP-5308-J-5 is not bulletproof, fireproof, regenerative, stronger than average, or capable of commanding dangerous animals. Further tests are to be approved by Director .

For the continued mental health of SCP-5308-J-5, a regular schedule of normal developmental activities is to be strictly enforced. Guards and researchers are to take particular note of Section 5b, "Nap Time," and Section 7a, "Hugs." To help combat SCP-5308-J-5's ongoing behavioral issues, use positive phrases such as "How's it going, slugger?" "Good going, Jerry!" and "Your parents are probably quite proud of you, if they're still alive."

+ Image of SCP-5308-J-5

SCP-028-J: PC Load Letter?!

ALEPH-KIND-ZULU 26-21

AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED

XK-CLASS PREVENTION PROTOCOL

In accordance with **O5-Order 2258** the contents of SCP-028-J and all supplementary materials are restricted to Overseer level, designation O5-6. This file is only to be opened in the case of an event.

ACCESS PROCEDURES

Direct Access to the vault, materials, rituals, and weapons of protocol ALEPH-KIND-ZULU 26-21 are to be controlled solely by O5-6. During a confirmed event, direct contact of O5-6 is authorized under the [REDACTED] protocol. O5-6 is to be transported to Site- offsite from the containment premises for [DATA EXPUNGED] in order to authorize remote access. O5-6 is to be accompanied by no less than 7 members of MTF-Aleph-Keter-6 ("The Professionals") to ensure safe arrival at Site- with all possible speed.

Your current access credentials are **#ID 307134 OVERSEER_6 LV/CRD: KFFR/22, NP1-2000/5+AKD, L4350+WK-11/5340**, and your last cognito-inoculation is listed as having taken place on 03/12.

REMOTE TERMINAL ACCESS DETECTED…

.

REMOTE TERMINAL VERIFICATION TOKEN: {I am the walrus.}

.

TOKEN CHALLENGE: {I hate The Beatles.}

.

.
.
CONFIRMED

OPENING SESSION, ENTER VERIFICATION PHRASE.

[REMOTE TERMINAL ACCESS: VERIFY CREDENTIALS]

DENIED

Incorrect Password.

Maximum incorrect attempts exceeded, this account is now locked. Please contact your system administrator.

Oh fuck me.
-Last recorded words of O5-6, before XK-Class Event on / /

SCP-1333-J!: THE SCREAMING MAN

Item #: SCP-1333

Object Class: Enochian

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1333 is to be contained in the Third Volume of Gaspar's Revenants, a text which should manage to contain its awesome powers. SCP-1333's energies must be bled off through epic necromantic rituals, orchestrated by no fewer than seventeen dreadlords. Additional Foundation dreadlords are allowed, permitting that additional necromantic angstroms are recorded by the vociferon.

Description: SCP-1333 is THE SCREAMING MAN! His power is justifiably feared, as a consequence of his very presence ushering in the end times. Should THE SCREAMING MAN ever actually *SCREAM!*, then I fear for us all, for his breaths would shatter the very foundations of the universe. Consult a necromancer for further information.

Currently, should THE SCREAMING MAN'S powers ever be harnessed, he could be an unstoppable tool for super evil super good and not evil.

Claims that should anyone stare too long into his cavernous nostrils they will "…see into the dark void that lies beyond the soul of man" are currently unconfirmed, pending testing.

Addendum:

AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHH

SCP-682-CU: Cutest Ickle Lizard

Item #: SCP-682-Cu

Object Class: Pink and fluffy

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-682-Cu is to be hugged as often as possible. At this time, there are no means available to SCP teams to stop feeling guilty for not hugging it or leaving it alone in containment. SCP-682-Cu should be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m shoebox with 25 cm reinforced acid-resistant purple felt lining all inside surfaces. The containment shoebox should be filled with love until SCP-682-Cu cannot receive anymore love. Any attempts of SCP-682-Cu to move, speak or breach containment should be photographed or recorded using video recording equipment if possible. Any successful footage of SCP-682-Cu undergoing any of these activities should then be uploaded to YouTube immediately.

Personnel must speak to SCP-682-Cu as they would a human baby, for fear that SCP-682-Cu might think we don't love it if we do not speak to it in such a manner. Any personnel not attempting communication with SCP-682-Cu will be branded as 'Grumpy' and will not be invited to any employee outings.

Description: SCP-682-Cu is the cutest ickle lizard we have ever seen. It appears to like cuddles and was observed to cuddle SCP-079 during their limited time of friendship. SCP-682-Cu appears to love every living thing, which has been expressed in several interviews during play time. (See Addendum 682-Cu-B).

SCP-682-Cu has always been observed to have extremely beautiful eyes, a playful personality and it smiles if it likes you. SCP-682-Cu's physical form is just the cutest however it is improved if you give it a little hat or even a full costume. It also looks cute if you put it in a miniature deck chair. SCP-682-Cu loses energy from anyone it cuddles, often going into a state of sleepiness followed by "nap time". SCP-682-Cu has been seen wandering around when its

sleepiness levels are at 87% and it often wanders into the sides of its containment shoebox due to it being so sleepy.

In case of SCP-682-Cu being unhappy, SCP-682-Cu is to be given affection by all available Mobile Task Forces until it seems happy again. To date (01-04-2014), it is still the cutest and happiest ickle lizard we have seen.

Addendum 682-Cu-B

<Begin Log, skip to 00h-21m-52s>

Dr. : Now, who's a good ickle lizard?

SCP-682-Cu: (No verbal communication)

Dr. : That's right! You are! Yes you are!

SCP-682-Cu: (No verbal communication)

Dr. : Do you want to go play? Do you want to go play? Does the ickle lizard want to go play?

SCP-682-Cu: (No verbal communication)

Dr. : D-085, come look! He's smiling at me!

SCP-682-Cu: (No verbal communication)

Dr. : Is he not just the cutest lizard D-085?

Personnel D-085: Sorry, I don't really like lizards. They kinda scare me.

SCP-682-Cu appears to walk away, offended.

Dr. : Look what you've done now! Get out! Get out now!

Sounds of security personnel taking D-085 out of the containment shoebox are heard.

Dr. : It's ok little guy, who's still the cutest lizard?

Who's still the cutest lizard? That's right it's you!

<End Log>

SCP-2103-J: "Hatbot"

Item #: SCP-2103

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2103 is to be kept in a room measuring roughly 2.4m (8ft) on each side, with a large plexiglass window looking in and a reinforced steel door. A small grille is to be kept on the plexiglass window, with a guard posted outside to ensure SCP-2103 makes no efforts to escape. Only one guard is required, due primarily to the largely nonviolent nature of SCP-2103. No furniture or similar lodgings are required in this room, due to SCP-2103's largely mechanical nature; similarly, it does not appear to require food, drink, or fuel, despite the ability of SCP-2103 to move.

It is suggested for the safety of SCP researchers and staff that at least one class-D personnel or higher-level researcher engage SCP-2103 in conversation for four hours each day at minimum. Failure to schedule said conversation will result in substantial scolding.

Description: SCP-2103 appears to be a largely rectangular mechanoid of roughly 1.2m (4ft) in height, with what appears to be an aircraft turbine embedded in its lower body, and roughly four gas flames beneath. These 'pilot lights' are distributed in a manner which would seem to imply their use in turning and propulsion, but they do not appear to have any impact on the motion or operation of the main body beyond the belief that they 'look cool'. Similarly, while the turbine has been observed to provide some propulsion for this SCP, it does not appear to be required; a similar 'pilot light' occasionally fires from the rear, perhaps triggered by rapid motion. Researchers therefore believe that the means of propulsion for SCP-2103 are some variety of antigravity system.

The SCP's upper half is composed of two segments: first, a blocky

upper body of roughly 0.02m^3 (1ft^3), proposed to contain the majority of its internal workings, and second, a moderate-sized CRT monitor, slightly fuzzy and monochrome, with an apparently-pointless black fedora apparently spot-welded to the top. Manipulator arms extend to either side of the SCP's upper body, one tipped by a simple two-point claw, the other by what appears to be a short-range missile launcher bay, exhausted of ammunition. Finally, SCP-2103 appears to have a hidden speaker somewhere, projected to be contained underneath its hat, for carrying on conversations. In conversation, 2103 speaks in a purely robotic monotone, regardless of the tone of voice used to speak to it.

SCP-2103 appears to crave some manner of contact with a sapient creature. Given the opportunity, SCP-2103 will speak ad infinitum - and occasionally ad nauseam - in a broken, stilted speech pattern, characteristic of prior 'eggdrop'-styled bots. When roughly four hours of conversation are not provided within a twenty-four hour period, SCP-2103 will immediately move to track down and speak with the nearest sapient, using whatever means are at its disposal. The last time this occurred, SCP-2103 began a [DATA REDACTED] never quite the same again. While the SCP has a substantial library of words and phrases, when being spoken with, SCP-2103 will gradually adopt the speech patterns of whoever is talking to it, oftentimes repeating phrases based on what may be an ELIZA-styled algorithm. It is unclear yet whether SCP-2103 is sentient or simply running a linguistics algorithm, though likelihood tends towards the former judging by the statements of conversationalists.

Finally, while SCP-2103 is speaking with a given person, it may occasionally display seemingly random images on its monitor. Reactions by testing staff have ranged from highly amused to visceral horror. For more information regarding conversations with SCP-2103, see also attached document 'Log 2103-A'.

Log 2103-A

The following is a series of conversations recorded with and tests conducted on SCP-2103, including the most noteworthy snippets (when applicable) and the researchers' reactions to them. Due to the nature of 2103, it is highly suggested that researchers keep

themselves from revealing information which is either too personal or too strange.

Okay, I'm going to have to put this here so I can make my stance clear. Could you guys PLEASE stop telling SCP-2103 your entire lexicon of sex jokes? And yes, that includes you, Dr. Rights. All these random raunchy phrases are just driving everyone up the wall. And I don't even want to know the punchline involving the water balloon, the nun and the hot potato. -Agent Schism

-

Personnel: Agent
Timeframe: One hour
Subject: Political discourse
Result:
Throughout the course of the conversation, Agent became increasingly agitated, eventually devolving to shouting obscenities at SCP-2103. Agent appeared to be infuriated primarily by the even and undisturbed manner in which SCP-2103 delivered its responses. Before long, Agent began to pound on the glass, at which point he was restrained by the guards and escorted out. Later, Agent claimed sadly, "I really don't know what came over me there."

-

Personnel: Doctor
Timeframe: Six hours (with a 15 minute break at the 3 hour mark)
Subject: Shakespeare
Result:
In the interest of further testing, Doctor began to read, in as 'hammy' a manner as possible, sections from *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *King Lear*, alongside other such works. After some time, SCP-2103 began to [DATA REDACTED] a decent publisher.
Commentary: *That was just incredible. I nearly cried.* -Agent

-

Personnel: Security Assistant Break
Timeframe: Twenty minutes, sixteen seconds
Subject: Unlogged
Result:
At twenty minutes, subject became enraged and drew a pistol. With the first shot, the plexiglass window shattered and the bullet was

lodged in the faux turbine of SCP-2103, which later required medical attention for purposes of further testing. Subsequent shots lodged in SCP-2103's outer shell and were later deemed unworthy of removal because 'It'd take too long, and besides, they do look cool'. Subject was not disciplined largely because SCP-2103 was judged to be 'taunting them'.

-

Personnel: Agent Schism, attending.
Timeframe: Nine hours, twenty minutes, twelve seconds
Subject: *You know, I keep looking over this, and can't tell.* -Dr.

Result:
SCP-2103 was introduced to an ELIZA-type bot installed on one of the Foundation laptops, paired with a Vocaloid-style linguistic sequencer. The opening phrase was "How are you today?" At roughly 1 hour and 48 minutes, both the bot and SCP-2103 appeared to reach a kind of homeostasis, at which point conversation became increasingly esoteric, centered more about small textual scraps and flower arrangements. At roughly 7 hours, conversation devolved into almost unfathomable blips and scraps of text. At the end of the test, attending staff member complained of a headache.
Commentary: *Can we NOT do that again? At least with me holding the computer? Please?* -Agent Schism

Standard Form For Downvotes

In order to simplify downvoting for common reasons, and to make it feel less personal, I have created:

SCP Foundation Standardized[1] Downvote Form 1040-EZ

I am downvoting your SCP because: (check all that apply)

[ ] You forgot to spellcheck.
[ ] You forgot to proofread.
[ ] You did not read, or decided to ignore "How to Write an SCP."
[ ] You posted an incomplete SCP to the main site.
[ ] Your formatting is incorrect.
[ ] You do not know the difference between its/it's; your/you're; there/their/they're.
[ ] I am not sure if you know how to write in English.
[ ] There is a severe deficiency in clinical tone.
[ ] You appear to have accidentally posted an article intended for the Shark Punching Center (SPC).
[ ] Self-upvotes are bad form; don't do that.
[ ] If you had posted your idea in the Forum, 20 people would have told you not to write it.
[ ] If you had posted a draft in your sandbox, 20 people would have told you not to post it on the main site.
[ ] Your SCP is too much like SCP-__, and is not written well enough to get away with it.
[ ] Your SCP is a straight rip-off of __.
[ ] Your SCP is on the Cliche List, and is not written well enough to get away with it.
[ ] You need to send your D & D monster/artifact/magic item/cursed magic item back to the Forgotten Realms.
[ ] Rape is just not a good SCP topic/effect.
[ ] Neither is necrophilia. Your SCP should keep me up at night, but not because I'm wondering when you'll be arrested.
[ ] There is no hook.

[ ] Meh.
[ ] It just didn't grab me; sorry about that.
[ ] Your -J isn't funny.
[ ] Your -J is really just a bad mainlist SCP.
[ ] Your "Keter" SCP is just dangerous, not interesting.
[ ] The Description area doesn't describe your SCP.
[ ] If your SCP "appears to be" an X, it should not actually be an X.
[ ] I had to read half of your SCP before I could figure out what it does.
[ ] I read your entire SCP and still don't even know what it IS.
[ ] You [REDACTED] part of the containment procedures.
[ ] You [REDACTED] an entire incident report. Just because **SCP-087** did it doesn't mean you should.
[ ] You [REDACTED] your main effect. Just because **SCP-231** did it (more or less) doesn't mean you should.
[ ] You [REDACTED] the hook.
[ ] You [REDACTED] other things in a way that is silly.
[ ] You keep using the word "memetic." I do not think it means what you think it means.
[ ] Your SCP compels people to use it for no reason.
[ ] Your SCP is just a __ that kills people.
[ ] Your SCP is just a __ that makes the user crazy. Or makes them crazy and then kills them.
[ ] Your "real life" SCP is less interesting than the real thing that it is based on.
[ ] Your SCP is a lame attempt to explain: [ ] Katrina [ ] Fukushima [ ] Tsunami in Indonesia [ ] (some other real-life disaster)
[ ] The dialog in the interview log makes all of humanity look like complete morons.
[ ] The lack of common sense by all characters portrayed makes me want to light fire to my computer.
[ ] Your SCP enters a "rage state" and you were not writing about it visiting New Jersey.
[ ] The story of how your SCP was found is unbelievable.
[ ] You included writings translated from an ancient language …that somehow still rhyme in English.
[ ] Please remove:
— [ ] the incorrectly-edited title
— [ ] the boring test log
— [ ] the boring supplemental pages

— [ ] the non-metric measurements
— [ ] the lolFoundation addendum
— [ ] the "Tags" that you made up yourself
— [ ] the Telekill reference
— [ ] the crosslink to SCP-173/500/682/914 (circle as appropriate)
— [ ] the random/excessive references to Clef/Bright/Gears/Rights/ Kondraki/(insert other misused "canon" character here)
— [ ] the lame joke about sharks and/or bees
[ ] Your SCP breaks my suspension of disbelief. Specifically, because of:
— [ ] Incorrect science
— [ ] Technobabble
— [ ] Anachronisms
— [ ] The combat scene that should have "Yakety Sax" playing in the background.
— [ ] an Agent finding the SCP: on his doorstep/in a weird little shop/ on the beach while vacationing/(insert ridiculous story here).
— [ ] Other:
[ ] Your SCP has a containment area that is:
— [ ] a vastly-oversized cube
— [ ] 2-dimensional
— [ ] 6-dimensional
— [ ] made of titanium (or other inappropriate materials).
— [ ] excessively specific for no reason
— [ ] nonexistent; the SCP is allowed to wander around the site.
[ ] The containment procedures make no sense, or are completely inappropriate to what the object does.
[ ] Your SCP is only "uncontainable" because you were too lazy to think of something.
[ ] Your humanoid SCP is:
— [ ] an "X-Man" or super-villain.
— [ ] just another D & D monster.
— [ ] a bad self-insert/"Mary Sue."
— [ ] something really obvious from another medium, in SCP form. Slenderman, this means you.
— [ ] using the Foundation like it was a hotel.
— [ ] getting what it wants because we wouldn't like it when it's angry.
[ ] Your picture is:
— [ ] A hand-drawn "artist's impression" of your SCP.

— [ ] 27MB, and hosted off-site.
— [ ] Something another SCP already uses.
— [ ] Completely different from what is described in the text.
— [ ] A movie still, or some other well-known thing.
— [ ] Watermarked.
— [ ] Borked.
— [ ] Obviously computer-generated.
— [ ] Too photoshopped.
— [ ] Not photoshopped enough.
— [ ] Not photoshopped at all, but looks photoshopped.

> **Staff Notice: Please note, actual use of this form in discussion threads will not be tolerated.**

Footnotes
1. This is a joke, not standard, and should not actually be used in the Forums. However, all the reasons listed for downvoting things are 100% real. Do not mail this form to the IRS. Do not taunt Happy Fun Ball.

SCP-1000-J: Old Wives' Town

Item #: SCP-1000-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A four (4) kilometer perimeter is to be set around SCP-1000-J's town limits. Entry into SCP-1000-J is only to be allowed to personnel with a security clearance level of two (2) or higher.

All personnel entering SCP-1000-J are to bring with them one square piece of wood measuring ten (10) cm x ten (10) cm x two (2) cm. Personnel encountering SCP-1000-J's effects are to lightly tap their knuckles on their issued planks. Under no circumstances are any mirrors, umbrellas, ladders, felines that could be considered of dark hue, video games, or containers of salt to be taken into SCP-1000-J. Any personnel with a still-living biological mother are to be warned to avoid damaged cement.

Any area within a five kilometer radius of SCP-1000-J is to be evacuated on any date that lies on the thirteenth of a month and a Friday. Any clovers with four-leaves sighted within SCP-1000-J are to be reported to Dr. . Several preserved limbs of *Oryctolagus cuniculus* are to be kept for handling in emergency situations.

Upon the birthday of any personnel on-site, [DATA EXPUNGED]

Description: SCP-1000-J is a small town in Missouri, apparently called . The town appears to have been abandoned circa 1975, possibly due to its anomalous effects. SCP-1000-J manifests several effects within its town limits.

SCP-1000-J causes an apparent increase of probability towards misfortune if the following actions are performed:

- Any umbrella, parasol, or similar device is opened in what can

be considered to be an indoor area (this does not include structures that are missing more than 50% of their roofing)
- Any object with the specific purpose of reflection is broken
- Any person walks, crawls, limps, or otherwise moves themselves underneath and past any metal, wood, or fiberglass rigid ladder or rope ladder
- Any member of the family *Felidae* with a black or otherwise dark fur patterning passes by a person by its own means
- Any hat, bandana, visor, or other form of headgear is placed on a bed, hammock, or futon
- Exiting a bed, hammock, or futon from the opposite side of entry
- The name is spoken in SCP-1000-J's theater

SCP-1000-J causes permanent damage to either or both eyes, or unexplained permanent blindness if the following actions are performed:

- Any air based or BB firearm is used
- Any television set is watched for longer than three hours
- Any stick is used for recreational activity

SCP-1000-J also causes a number of other effects:

- Self-gratification causes the growth of an abundant amount of hair on the palms of the subject (regardless of whether or not they used hands).
- Urination in a body of water causes a large amount of dark liquid to be released around the subject.
- Making an odd face and keeping it in that position for longer than approximately 10 minutes causes the subject to have their face stuck in that position. Removal of the subject from SCP-1000-J's limits reverses the effect.
- The viewing of any electronic screen closer than 0.35 meters for approximately 5 minutes will cause the subject's eyes to dislodge themselves from the subject's eye sockets. Removal from SCP-1000-J's limits does not reverse the effect.
- The playing of a video or computer game causes the immediate decomposition of brain matter. Removal from SCP-1000-J's limits does not reverse the effect.
- Participating in any swimming following the ingestion of food

before a thirty minute wait period is over causes the drowning of the subject involved, regardless of assistance by others present or shallowness of the water.
- Stepping on a crack measuring more than 2 cm in width in a sidewalk or street within SCP-1000-J causes [DATA EXPUNGED].
- All food stuffs dropped from a plate or table onto the floor remain sterile for the first five seconds following contact with the ground. (See SCP-7800-J for more information on similar phenomenon.)

Addendum 1000-J-A:

Upon further investigation of SCP-1000-J a corpse was found in a local diner, slumped over a dining table. Upon the table lay an overturned salt shaker. The corpse had slashes to the carotid arteries. The body was later found to be completely exsanguinated. Only approximately ml of blood was found nearby, only accounting for % of the missing blood.

Researchers, based on the context of the other abnormalities, hypothesized that the overturned salt shaker was related to the cause of death. Experimentation was approved by O5- on / /20 .

The salt shaker and the salt contained within it were examined and found to be mundane.

Experiment Log 1000-J:

Experiment 1000-J-1

Subject: D-49812
Date: / /20
Method: Subject is instructed to take a seat in the diner, wait until ordered, and knock over the salt shaker
Results: Within 2 seconds of salt being spilled an entity (hereafter referred to as SCP-1000-J-1) resembling a [DATA EXPUNGED], appeared behind the subject and [DATA EXPUNGED] resulting in casualties of security

personnel.

Note: Testing area is to be evacuated before and during any further testing.

Experiment 1000-J-2

Subject: D-53157
Date: / /20
Method: Subject is instructed to take a seat in the diner, wait until ordered, knock over the salt shaker, and immediately throw salt over his left shoulder.
Results: At first personnel believed that the test had gone according to Dr. 's predictions, with no appearance of 1000-J-1. Upon review of high speed cameras installed in the diner, 1000-J-1 was seen to [DATA EXPUNGED] for approximately milliseconds before being struck by the salt in the area assumed to be the face, vanishing.

Note: In light of Experiment 1000-J-2, all security teams are to be equipped with at least one shotgun loaded with 1 (one) rock salt round. Rounds are to be signed in and out from the security station located at [DATA REDACTED]. Failure to return a round to its holding area will result in re-assignment to Keter-duty and/or demotion to D-class.

Experiment 1000-J-3

Subject: D-54813
Date: / /20
Method: Same as Experiment 1000-J-2, but subject is given a different salt shaker.
Results: Same as Experiment 1000-J-2.

Note: During the brief periods of time in which the previous experiments took place Dr. Clef was noted to be absent from Site- .

Addendum 1000-J-B:

Incident 1000-J-1

SCP Involved: SCP-1000-J

Personnel Involved: Agent F

Date: / /

Location: SCP-1000-J

Description:

During routine examination of SCP-1000-J, Agent F accidentally ingested the gum he had been chewing. Several hours later, Agent F began complaining of severe intestinal pain. Examination by medical staff present revealed a blockage in Agent F 's small intestine.

Agent F 's intestine were then surgically opened. Medical personnel discovered the wad of gum Agent F had been chewing earlier lodged in his duodenum. Although the gum would normally have been processed, examination of the progress made by Agent F 's digestive system showed that the breaking down of the wad of gum into portions small enough to travel through the digestive system would have taken an estimated seven years.

Agent F made a full recovery from the operation.

The Things Dr Bright Is Not Allowed To Do At The Foundation

Revised List. Please note: No more additions are being allowed. This list is meant as a joke, and not an actual depiction of how the character Dr. Bright acts.

1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to feed anything with peanut butter to **Kain**.
2. Telling new researchers that you can tame **SCP-682** with a rolled up newspaper and a tummy rub is right out.
3. No longer allowed to challenge Able to unwinnable games like tic-tac-toe. It was three weeks before Able conceded a draw.
4. **SCP-018** is not to be taunted!
5. Giving **113** to Diogenes is just plain pointless.
6. Attempting to disprove **343**, *to* 343, is a horrible idea. Agents are still studying the resulting paperweight, supposedly so heavy that 343 should not be able to lift it.
7. While it is true that "No one expects the SCP Inquisition!", that is only because there is no such thing.
8. Dr. Bright is not king of anywhere. Or queen.
9. **SCP-963** is not to be used for recreational or procreational purposes.
10. Although it is entirely possible to use SCPs currently under control of the Foundation to create tentacle monsters, no.
    1. Not even if Dr. Palmer asks nicely.
11. There is no market for SCP brand pornography.
    1. No, not even in Germany.
    2. It probably would generate a great deal of revenue if sold in Japan but still, 682 on , Jesus Christ man.
12. Should not replace the buckshot in Dr. Clef's shotgun shells with any of the following: birdseed, confetti, cake sprinkles,

sawdust, or sexual lubricant.

13. Should not replace Dr. Rights' lamp with a "novelty" lamp shaped like a marital aid.

    1. Should not replace Dr. Rights marital aids with a 'novelty' aid shaped like a lamp.

14. The Better Business Bureau is not the correct agency for dealing with containment failures from horrible eldritch artifacts sold by Marshall, Carter, and Dark.
15. Dr. Bright must never come in contact with anyone under the age of 18. Let him contact them. It's the only way they'll learn. Just because it is a learning experience, does not mean anyone needs to come in contact with Bright.
16. Any requests by Dr. Bright to utilize **SCP-212** for enhancement are to be denied, due to several requests being submitted with the research goal stated as "to stick my privets in it and hope for the best."

    1. This includes requests to use it for enhancement of other organs. I don't care how awesome you think it would be, Bright. You should not be allowed to have telekinesis.

17. Victims of **SCP-217** are not toys.
18. Dr. Bright is not allowed to bargain with personnel for their "souls" if they are unaware of **SCP-158**.
19. Don't let Dr. Bright get a sample of **SCP-379**. Let my laptop be the last victim.
20. Not allowed to go off my medication.

    1. Not allowed to pretend I have any medication to be on.

21. May not use any form of the word 'accident' as an excuse.
22. Violate the dress code, even on 'casual' Fridays.

    1. No matter how many times you say please, Dr. Bright, we won't put any of the hats you've been asking about into the dress code.
    2. Nor are you allowed to create and wear hats made using or out of various anomalous objects. We

understand that your **SCP-894** top hat collection has some tactical value, but that is not a valid reason to wear them in the presence of other researchers.

23. If an SCP file says never to do something, it is not because we want to control your mind. Yes it is.

    1. No, it's not, and Dr. Bright may not edit this document.

24. **SCP-437** is not to be handed out as weaponry to unsuspecting new researchers.
25. [DATA REDACTED ON O5 REQUEST]. Not even for recreational use.
26. Not allowed to send Nigerian-esque spam email to the Church of the Broken God.
27. Not allowed to lead a Mobile Task Force against the UIU under any circumstances. without inviting Dr. Clef at all. In fact, just stay 500 feet away from any Mobile Task Force at all times.
28. Not allowed to end reports with lyrics from "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air".

    1. But is allowed to end with lyrics from the Safety Dance.
    2. The interpretive dance routine, however, is forbidden until he gets lessons for the foreseeable future.

29. Dr. Bright is not allowed anywhere near a Renaissance Festival.

    1. Especially not with D-class in garb.

30. **SCP-963** is not a joy buzzer.
31. If a mind-controlling SCP is discovered, it is to be turned over to the proper authorities. It is not to be used to advance himself or others higher in the Foundation. Kondraki

    1. Taking said mind controlling SCP to a strip club or Vegas shall be right out.
    2. Dr. Bright is NOT: A superhero of any sort, Head of Public Relations, in charge of Orientation for new staff, a doctor of psychology, a member of Site Command,

made out of bacon, in possession of a IQ over 300, Head of SCP Review, or a member of Maintenance Staff. (Sorry boys, Dr. Bright IS a member of Site Command. It's usually best not to ask why. It's O5 Command you're thinking of.)

32. There is no Ethics Committee.

    1. And even if there was, does anyone believe Dr. Bright would be on it?
    2. As anything other than a 'What not to do?'

33. No longer allowed to make up jodies for morning calisthenics.

    1. Yes, this includes The Mickey Mouse Club song.

34. Dr. Bright is not allowed to apply **SCP-963** to any major political figures. Again.
35. Dr. Bright is not from an alternate timeline.

    1. Dr. Bright cannot issue orders to "preserve the timeline".
    2. Or to "corrupt the timeline".
    3. Or to "screw with those history nerds".

36. Dr. Bright is not allowed to challenge anyone to a duel, and then give them **SCP-572**.
37. Dr. Bright is not allowed near SCP-5555-J in any way or any excuse. Remember what the miniature version did to Dr. L .
38. Dr. Clef and Dr. Bright are not allowed to interact without the presence of a responsible administrator.

    1. Dr. Kondraki does not count as a responsible administrator.
    2. Nor does Agent Strelnikov.
    3. Or Dr. Mann.
    4. In fact, let's just keep the two of them apart, period.

39. Chainsaws are not the solution to every question.

    1. Nor is 'More Chainsaws'.
    2. Or "Chainsaw cannons"

    1. Except for that one time. And yes, it *was* awesome.

40. SCP speed dating never happened. Any one who claims to remember such an event should report to Site Command for administration of Class A amnesiac.
41. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use any SCP to alter or affect the outcomes of any reality based television shows, including but not limited to Survivor, Big Brother, Hell's Kitchen, American Idol, or any dating show on VH1.

    1. Not even if Dr. Rights asks nicely.

42. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] hard.
43. Dr. Bright is not allowed to administer spankings to Dr. Rights as punishment, as it only causes more rules to be broken.

    1. No, it doesn't matter that they are both "consenting adults", no matter how much either of them argue otherwise.
    2. Dr. Rights is not allowed to spank the monkey.
    3. Nor is she allowed to shock the monkey.
    4. Or anything else related to the monkey.

44. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use SCP- to make 'kick me' signs.
45. **SCP-082** is not to be given song requests, especially not "Like A Virgin".
46. "Accidentally" spilling green gelatin on a dead body in the presence of the O5 was funny exactly once, and the smell of excrement exuding from O5-2's khakis spoiled the moment.
47. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to utter the phrase "More than 1,000 babies" in the presence of any SCP personnel.
48. Nothing in the Foundation is rated 'Over 9000.'
49. Stop posting classified information on 4-chan.
50. No using **SCP-705** for personal gain.

    1. Or to plant monitoring equipment.
    2. And absolutely no giving them tons of extra Play-Doh 'just to see what they can make.' That Mecha was

damned annoying!

51. If it involves doing something wrong, it isn't right.
52. If it involves something right, you did it wrong.
53. If Dr. Bright has to ask, it's above his clearance level.

    1. If it's above Bright's security clearance… run.

54. Dr. Bright is not allowed to declare war on any country, thing or person.
55. A stripper a day keeps the doctor away. Dr. Bright is not allowed to contribute to this list. Besides, % of Foundation staff have their Ph.D. It'd take more than one stripper to keep them away.

    1. That is not a challenge!

56. Foundation credit cards or expense accounts are not to be used to purchase pornography.

    1. Not even anomalous pornography.

57. Dr. Bright is not a "marital aid" and cannot refer to himself as such. Especially on official documents.
58. Dr. Bright is not the Lord of Rodly Might.

    1. And is hereby banned from playing Dungeons and Dragons making use of SCPs to 'simulate the real danger.'

59. Dr. Bright is not allowed to go to fan conventions.

    1. Let alone use them as recruitment drives.
    2. Especially not at Furry Conventions.

60. When writing a report, more detail is expected than "Object class: Keter. Special Containment Procedures: [DATA EXPUNGED]. Description: [DATA EXPUNGED]."

    1. And inventing new security clearances just so nobody can see what you've written is also considered poor form.

61. Showing Monty Python episodes to **SCP-239** was not a wise decision. Please never try this with any other reality warping SCP.
62. "For the Emperor" is not an acceptable justification for any decision.
63. "My evil twin did it" is no longer considered a viable excuse.

    1. Nor is "My good twin did it," considering the implications.

64. Yes, forum trolls are annoying. No, they don't automatically become D-class personnel.
65. Not allowed to lace 'orgasm muffins' with Ex-lax. Again.
66. Dr. Bright is not allowed to send e-mails with memetic hazards attached.

    1. Not even when replying to spam.

67. The "Ultimate Showdown of Ultimate Destiny" is not grounds to pit more than *fifteen* combative SCPs, including **SCP-682** and Able, against each other.

    1. "Weeding out some of these angsty teens with attitude problems," however, is.
    2. Dr. Bright is not allowed to administer 'Free Hugs', nor an act called 'Surprise '.

68. Not allowed to kick SCP-2558-J.

    1. Not allowed to play dodgeball with SCP-2558-J Not allowed to play any type of ball game with SCP-2558-J.

69. Any proposal which includes the phrase 'Metric Fuck Load' is straight out denied.
70. Instances of SCP-2558-J-Ex are not to be spooked when being held by members of O5. No instances of SCP-2558-J should be anywhere near an O5, let alone SCP-2558-J-Ex.
71. The Foundation motto is "Secure, Contain, Protect", not any of the following:

    1. "Stab Carrion Powerfully"

2. "Suck Cock and Penis"
3. "Let's use it on 682!"
4. "Throw the cheese!"
5. "That's it, you're on Keter Duty."
6. "Can we put it in **914**?"
7. "Blood makes the grass grow, kill, kill, kill!"
8. "Fuck trees, I climb clouds motherfucker!"
9. "Someone is getting stabbed."

    1. But some days, it should be.

10. "Whose hand is that?"
11. "If all else fails, poop on it."
12. "If all else fails, there's always the sun."
13. "We need bigger kittens."
14. "Society of Creepy Perverts."
15. "Fuck Death, War, Famine and Pestilence. We've got Clef, Gears, Kondraki and Bright."
16. "Throw D-Class at it until it stops."
17. "447 and dead bodies, two great tastes that taste great together."
18. "The FBI are a bunch of pansies."
19. "Who wants to see what I can make the president do in public?"
20. "For the Horde!"
21. "Science for the Science God!"
22. "Make sure to wipe your feet on 2558!"
23. "When in doubt, feed it to 682."
24. "Slapstick, Clowns and Puns"
25. "Drop the blanket now!"
26. "Seduction, Coitus, and Pregnancy"
27. "We always need more Dakka!"
28. "Still Alive, and Found the Cake"
29. "Don't Worry, O5 won't ever figure it out!"
30. "Will it blend?"
31. "Commies love us!"
32. "Snap Crackle and Pop"
33. "Sex, Cocaine and Powwahh!"

72. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to play "Hippocratic Oath

Chicken" with the medical staff.
73. A full minute of stunned silence means "My God what did you do?" not "Please continue."
74. Pranks placed into new staff's desks are not funny because they "liquefied in record time."
75. Attempts to use Foundation radio telescopes to contact omniscient and omnipotent extraterrestrial entities will result in a bill for any damage to local space-time, including the cost of demoting objects to dwarf planet status.
76. Despite his doctoral degree, Dr. Bright is not allowed to either prescribe or administer any of the following:

    1. enemas
    2. homeopathic remedies
    3. any sort of medication
    4. free hugs
    5. the healing power of laughter
    6. sexual healing
    7. 'more cowbell'

77. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to offer the solution of "Use more guns" to any problem.

    1. Or "Get bigger guns."

78. Despite what he may say and any evidence, no matter how plausible, the SCP Foundation has never and will never be associated with Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and regardless of what Dr. Bright may say, he is not, and I quote, "A real life wizarding tutor." And we ask him to stop showing us his "wand".

    1. Nor is he a vampire. That was body glitter and bad acting.
    2. And despite what the computer file on him may say, he is not Muad'dib. The spice can flow just fine without him.

79. The "Tamlin House School of Witchcraft and Wizardry" is just a plain bad idea.
80. Yes, empirical evidence is the foundation of science. Yes, blind faith is the death of reason. No, this does not logically

imply that anyone is ethically obligated to demonstrate the existence of breasts under laboratory conditions.

81. If Dr. Bright is ever found under the influence of any recreational substance, he must immediately be contained under level 15 containment. If you want to know why, please refer to the security tapes for / / between the hours of : am and : pm.

    1. If Dr. Bright is found deliberately getting high to get out of paperwork, he is to be placed in a Type 4 cell and hosed down with cold water from a pressurised hose for no less than 5 minutes. Maybe this will teach you that drugs are bad, m'kay?

82. Cthulhu and R'lyeh are not valid reasons to send Pandora's Box out into the Pacific Ocean in order to capture them. Furthermore, these are not even SCPs, and I will find the person who decided to enter a database file for them.
83. Dr. Bright is not allowed to upload visual memetic kill agents to 4chan 7chan any imageboard.

    1. Well, okay, maybe to 4chan. It'd be doing the gene pool a service.

84. Dr. Bright cannot change the standard issue D-Class uniform to black pants with a red polo shirt.

    1. I see your reasoning, but we just don't want to be associated with Star Trek.

85. No matter how many times he may claim it, no matter how many uniforms we may confiscate, Dr. Bright is not a ninja, nor has he ever been.

    1. No. Not even if he uses **SCP-281** to do it.

86. There are no security codes for:

    1. Zombie conga line
    2. Badass hat
    3. Vampire can-can

4. Disco corpse
5. Intense homoeroticism
6. Hoo mama
7. Necrophilia (I do NOT want to know!)
8. Extreme crotch violence
9. Man disguised as a palm tree
10. Man with porn 'stache
11. Kung fu rasta
12. Puppy-eating monks
13. Justifiable homicide of all you dumb ass mother humpers.
14. Bright Family Reunion (Code Brown. Find a place to hide, and make sure you leave an offering of booze outside your door.)
15. Dr. Kondraki beach party.

87. Just because Bright is *a* doctor does not mean that he is *the* Doctor, no matter how many British men he possesses.

    1. No, **SCP-963** is not proof against this.
    2. Nor is any structure that results from placing **SCP-184** inside of a police call box.
    3. Adopting female members of the staff and calling them "companions" is right out.
    4. **SCP-297** is NOT a sonic screwdriver.
    5. The Doctor who?

88. While humour can be an effective way to improve staff morale, it is *highly* inappropriate to make "Your mum" jokes in the vicinity of **SCP-597**.
89. Dr. Bright may not classify any researcher, including himself, as a memetic hazard.
90. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to accept or use the following as payment for bets:

    1. Your soul
    2. Anyone else's soul
    3. Virgin's blood
    4. Reproductive organs
    5. SCPs
    6. Memories (real or imagined)

7. Pieces of your past I have no idea how that worked with Clef, but apparently he can do it.
8. The island of Manhattan
9. Beads
10. Firstborn children
11. Second-born children
12. Red-headed stepchildren
13. Rented mules
14. Gold spun from straw
15. A child's laughter
16. A child's tears
17. Virginity
18. Anal virginity
19. Aural Virginity
20. Nasal Virginity (I do NOT want to know)
21. Navel Virginity (What does this even MEAN?)
22. Ponies
23. Anyone's grandmother
24. Anyone's grandfather
25. Anyone's sister
26. Any blood relative

91. No matter how many times he photoshops himself into a picture of **SCP-682**, and no matter how many Australians he possesses, Bright is not, and never was, the "Crocodile Hunter".

    1. Nor does every SCP/D-Class "really hate it when you jam your thumb up their bum."

        1. And he is not allowed to do that "Right naow!"

92. As funny as Incident 387/682- was, Dr. Bright is not allowed unsupervised access to **SCP-387**. Researchers are still trying to figure out how an animate model of 682 was so invulnerable, despite only being made of just plastic blocks.
93. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell new researchers experimenting on **SCP-168** to divide by zero, find the square root of negative one, or find the last digit of pi using the SCP. Dr. is still comatose, and 168 itself is quite displeased with the event.

94. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use examples from Star Trek when administering Turing tests to artificial intelligences of any sort. Computer hardware does not grow on trees, dammit!
95. Dr. Bright is not allowed to plant SCP-2383-J into science labs. We're still picking up complaints from the office of Stephen Hawking.

    1. No, not even for the good of "SCIENCE"
    2. Or even as "Science for the Science God". Dr. Bright is also not allowed to refer to himself as such either.

96. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-587** to re-enact the locker scene from *Men In Black*, nor play Godzilla with its inhabitants.

    1. Nor is he allowed to set himself up as a god to them.
    2. Testing between **SCP-786** and SCP-587 is also banned. "David and Goliath" scenarios are just as harmful to its inhabitants as the Godzilla incident.
    3. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-786** to simulate "Dwarf Fortress".

97. Dr. Bright is not allowed to show **SCP-682** any of the following:

    1. any Uwe Boll movies
    2. *The Room*
    3. *Troll 2*
    4. *Manos: The Hands of Fate*
    5. movies considered "so bad they're good"
    6. movies considered "cult classics"
    7. you know what, Dr. Bright is just not allowed to show SCP-682 any movies at all, ever.

98. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell new researchers that typing "01100110011011110111001001101101011000010111010000 10000001100011001110100101110000100000101111010100010010111101 " in a text file and renaming it "079.exe" will give them complete control over **SCP-079**.
99. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-559** with one candle in

order to [DATA EXPUNGED] attempted breast-feeding incident.

    1. In fact, let's just amend that to 'Dr. Bright is not allowed to be breast-fed. Period'.

100. Dr. Bright is not allowed to claim SCP-014-J has "Breached Containment" and then leave a dining fork in the hallway.
101. Dr. Bright is not O5- -J. No such position exists at this time.
102. Dr. Bright is not allowed to give **SCP-239** a copy of any Harry Potter books.

    1. What did you do?

103. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-141** to give people parking tickets.
104. Dr. Bright is not allowed to send anything into the past, future, or to alternate dimensions.
105. Dr. Bright is not allowed to accuse people of being duplicates of himself with the intention of having them terminated, unless they *actually are* duplicates of himself.

    1. Dr. Clef is not allowed to convince people Dr. Bright is a copy of him.

106. Dr. Bright may not put "A cup of orgasm" from **SCP-294** through **SCP-914** on the Very Fine setting.

    1. Dr. Bright may not use **SCP-294** to create a "cup of memetic orgasm" and use it on worldwide television.
    2. Dr. Bright is not permitted to use **SCP-294** to create orgasms of any kind, memetic, sentient or otherwise.
    3. Given the results of requesting a cup of "Dear God No", Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to use **SCP-294** directly or outside of approved testing.
    4. Given that he asked another staff member to request a "Cup of Explodium" from SCP-294 to "see what would happen", Dr. Bright is not allowed to ask other staff members to access SCPs for him, no matter how instructive, funny or helpful the results would be. The only exception to this is SCP-963.

107. Dr. Bright is not allowed to make, accept, or take a rake-off on, bets concerning XK-class End-of-the-World Scenarios.
108. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed access to **SCP-732** infected documents along with **SCP-239**. MTF-Lambda-2 has been dispatched to contain "Chowderclef".
109. Dr. Bright is not allowed to organize, authorize, or create in any form, a "Foundation Demolition Derby, starring SCPs 2383-J, **708**, 666-J, 2558-J, 1543-J, 2041-J, 2103-J, **968**, **462**, **115**, and **225** for the grand finale" No.. just no. Not even if you try to throw in 682 trying to disguise it as a termination attempt.
110. Dr. Bright is not allowed to get on the PA system at site 19 and announce that he just won The Game You know what, Dr. Bright is just never allowed on the PA system for any reason, ever.
111. Dr. Bright is not allowed to request access to all cubical SCPs to make a fort of any kind.
112. Dr. Bright is not allowed to order anyone to infiltrate the women's locker room.
113. Dr. Bright is not allowed to play "hot potato" with SCP-963.
114. Dr. Bright is not allowed to arrange, schedule, advertise, promote, or sell tickets to, "cage matches" between Able and SCP-682 any SCPs.
115. We don't care HOW many O5's agree to it and how many precedents there are, Dr Bright is not allowed a pet SCP.
116. Dr. Bright is not allowed to combine a cadaver infected with **SCP-008** with **SCP-217**.
117. Dr.'s Bright and Clef are no longer allowed to engage in research any activity involving 40 gallons more than a pound any amount of superballs.

    1. Also, the aforementioned are not to convince blackmail compel D-Class personnel anybody into conducting such activities for them.

118. "Challenge Accepted" is not a valid excuse for anything.
119. Dr Bright is not allowed to lease out **SCP-002**, even especially if he includes the option to buy.
120. Dr. Bright is not allowed to dress up as Joseph Stalin and ambush Agent Strelnikov in the hallways.

    1. Actually, Dr. Bright shouldn't be allowed to dress up as any Communist dictator, there's no way it could end well.

121. Dr. Bright is not to be allowed access to the cafeteria menu more than a day in advance six hours in advance at all, nor is he to get anyone else to access it for him, directly or indirectly.
122. Dr. Bright is not allowed to introduce small children to the **"the Giving Tree."**
123. Dr. Bright is not allowed to 'borrow' **SCP-159** for his office.
124. Dr. Bright is not allowed near any carbonated beverages while in possession of Mentos-branded mints. The last time that happened, he somehow managed to cause an earthquake in the East Coast of the United States. Dr. Bright is not allowed to claim responsibility for earthquakes and other natural disasters unless he is actually responsible for them.
125. Dr. Bright is not allowed to dare new personnel anyone to play 'peek-a-boo' with either **SCP-569** or **SCP-173**.
126. When ordering things online, send them to PO Box and not directly to Site 19. We've already had three postmen show up at the front door. (How did they even find us?) Dr. Bright is not to give directions to Site 19 to non-Foundation personnel.
127. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to give navigational directions to Site 19 anywhere, even especially to Foundation personnel.
128. The SCP Foundation does not have any such position as "Chief Defenestrator".

    1. Wrong.

        1. Agent Clef is not allowed to create new positions.

129. Any proposed containment procedure that includes the phrase "Giant Robot" is to be automatically rejected.
130. *Excessive* force is not the same as *the* Force, therefore using it does not make Dr. Bright a Jedi.
131. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-914** to craft items from Team Fortress 2.

    1. Yes, a Medigun would be a useful tool for the Foundation medical staff. No, we are not going to waste any more **SCP-500** attempting to make one, especially

not after **SCP-427**.
2. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-914** to craft items from Minecraft, either. Also, your "Diamond Pickaxe" has been confiscated.

132. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell future hosts that "You are about to become very Bright".

    1. And he can't tell *anyone* that "Possession is nine-tenths of the law".
    2. Dr. Bright is not allowed to refer to D-class personnel as "extra lives".

133. Dr. Bright is not allowed to send **SCP-1004** over an email message.
134. No matter the electricity savings, no product of **SCP-158** is to be used for illumination.
135. SCP-001 is not Dr. Bright's penis.

    1. The hammer is not his penis.
    2. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use his genitals for construction purposes.

136. Dr. Bright possesses the ability of consciousness transfer and the artifact **SCP-963**. He does not possess any of the following:

    1. "laser" eyes.
    2. "laser" nostrils.
    3. "laser" [REDACTED].
    4. a Green Red ANY Lantern Ring.
    5. an "adamantium" skeleton.
    6. Anduril.
    7. Mjolnir.
    8. a map leading to "ALL OF THE NAZI GOLD".
    9. the "Ancient" medallion.
    10. a copy of the Necronomicon.

        1. A King James version of the Necronomicon.

    11. cybernetic implants of any kind.

12. the "Dragonzord". I don't care how you did it, put it BACK.
13. the 7th Element of Harmony.
14. infallible "gaydar".
15. infallible "jewdar".
16. the touch.
17. the power.
18. the "secret"
19. telepathy.
20. telekinesis.
21. the original filming model of any fictional spacecraft.
22. 1337 H4x00r sKi11z.
23. the 6th sense.
24. The ability to distinguish between butter and I Can't Believe It's Not Butter.

137. If Dr. Bright's current form is sighted near an armory without express permission, initiate Evacuation Procedure - .
138. Dr. Bright is not allowed to test **SCP-826** with his self-authored comic book entitled "Dr. Bright and the 79 Virgins" Playboy magazines anything.
139. #%^&@Dr. Bright iz a genius! Second best only to meh! he & I are buds lolz!#$%^

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to give **SCP-732** access to this document.

        1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to give any SCP access to this document without O5 approval.

140. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell new D-Class personnel that **SCP-439** has escaped into the barracks.
141. Dr. Bright is not allowed to convince other personnel that *they* are actually Dr. Bright.
142. Dr. Bright is not allowed to challenge **SCP-082** to a drinking contest. (Even if he's positive he can win.)
143. We have never had a Jamaican Vacation Giveaway, Dr. Bright is not in charge of it, and **SCP-342** is not the official Foundation Travel Voucher.
144. Dr. Bright is not allowed access to **SCP-243** except under strict supervision. I think we all remember the great marital-aid

migration of 2011.

145. Dr. Bright is not allowed to challenge Dr. Gerald to a race involving any sort of vehicle. Dr. Bright is not allowed to challenge Dr. Gerald to a race involving anything.
146. Dr. Bright is not allowed to access the IT department hotline access the IT department database access any networking equipment belonging to the IT department.
147. Dr. Bright is not to bring samples of **SCP-1361** to Foundation potlucks, barbeques, or charity food drives.
148. SCP-963 is not a 'soul gem', and making a contract with Dr. Bright will not turn you into a 'magical girl'.

    1. Not even if he includes a 'magical girl outfit'.

149. **SCP-137** is never to be used on sex toys.

    1. Under no circumstances is Dr. Bright allowed to expose **SCP-137** to Warhammer 40K minifigures. Again. Not even in an attempt to terminate **SCP-682**.
    2. Or anything made by Wondertainment.

150. Not allowed to have Able get into arguments with forum trolls.
151. Dr. Bright is not allowed to go trick-or-treating, ever.
152. Able is not Kratos.
153. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to produce, create or remind staff of "SCP Robot Wars".
154. Copies of **SCP-1981** are not to be submitted to "America's Funniest Home Videos".

    1. Or posted on YouTube.
    2. Or on YouPorn.
    3. Or to Tosh.0.

155. Dr. Bright is not allowed to "Just Say No!" to O5 orders on the grounds that they are instances of SCP-5200-J.
156. Dr. Bright is also not allowed to refer to O5 Command MTF commanders the Janitor any Foundation personnel as "the cool kids".
157. Dr. Bright is not the "final boss" of anything.
158. Dr. Bright has not "won the internet" and is not authorized to declare that any other individual has done so.

    1. Nor is he allowed to claim or distribute instances of **SCP-335** under said premise.

159. Dr. Bright is not to show junior staffers his 'cutie mark'.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-137** on any Hasbro product.

160. Dr. Bright is not allowed to "take **SCP-1187** for a morning ride".
161. Dr. Bright is not allowed to submit any incident reports to the Darwin Awards. Not even if you are sure it would win.
162. Dr. Bright is not allowed to teach **SCP-1370** to play multiplayer video games. It was not an improvement giving it the vocabulary of the average preteen player, or introducing it to the concept of "teabagging."
163. The eye-pods do not need hats, bow ties or any other form of clothing.
164. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use expunged data in SCP reports as "mad-libs."
165. Robo-Dude is not a piece of the Broken God.
166. Dr. Bright is not allowed to create an anatomically-correct body pillow modeled after **SCP-173**, **SCP-105**, SCP-999-J, **SCP-076-02**, or **Dr. Crow**.
167. The following are not appropriate sources for D-class personnel:

    1. Temp agencies.
    2. Craigslist.
    3. Reality show talent pools.
    4. Jerry Springer tapings.
    5. "Orphans."
    6. "Urchins."
    7. "Ragamuffins."
    8. "Those sons of bitches who scratched up my paint job at the car wash."
    9. Ex-girlfriends.
    10. Ex-boyfriends.
    11. Ex-partners of any gender variation whatsoever.
    12. Staff members' in-laws.
    13. Youtube comment threads.

14. Forum trolls.
15. Angsty teens.
16. Bad applications to the SCP Foundation. Two exceptions have been made, but the rest are off limits.
17. Occupy Wall Street.
18. The Tea Party.
19. The Green Party.
20. The "Green" Party.
21. The Gathering of the Juggalos.

    1. How the fuck do they work?

168. The following items are not SCPs:

    1. Rainbows.
    2. Double rainbows.
    3. "Rainbooms", whether sonic or otherwise.
    4. The tides.
    5. The Moon.
    6. "Fucking magnets".
    7. Rocks that skip three times before they go underwater.
    8. Soy cheese.
    9. Hippies.
    10. Hipsters.
    11. "MILFs."
    12. "G-MILFs."
    13. "GG-MILFs."
    14. "Actually funny SNL skits" As these do not exist, they cannot be SCPs.
    15. Anyone's breasts.
    16. People who can solve Rubik's Cubes (of any size).
    17. Shiny Any Pokemon.

169. Nobody ever refers to Dr. Bright as "Tim" and he is no longer allowed to introduce new personnel to **SCP-524**.
170. The platypus is not an SCP. No, really. No, not even an -EX.
171. Dr. Bright is not allowed to test internet "Creepypasta" rites using Class-D personal.
172. SCP-963 is not a "Millennium" item.
173. Dr. Bright should refrain from trying to convince **SCP-237** to become a "Brony".

    1. Not even to improve his disposition.
    2. For that matter, trying to make **SCP-042** a Brony will just make things worse.

174. Putting an equine, no matter how small, through **SCP-914** on *very fine* again is strictly forbidden.

    1. No you cannot keep it.

175. The answer to a containment breach is never to "recruit a team of teenagers with attitude".

    1. Or to "send five rings to five special young people".
    2. Or to ask junior staffers if they are "bad enough dudes" to contain the breach.

176. Dr. Bright is not allowed to claim he "has been trained to conquer galaxies".
177. Dr. Bright may not attempt to neutralize SCP-682 using "the Power of Friendship", "the Power of Love", or any other sort of "Power" which has not been proven to actually exist.
178. Dr. Bright does not remind anyone of "the babe with the power of voodoo", and is not allowed to tell anyone else that they remind him of same.
179. The Chaos Insurgency has no interest in "summoning Daemons to the material universe to serve the Ruinous Powers of Chaos" and therefore, Dr. Bright is not permitted to inform new researchers otherwise.
180. Dr. Bright is not allowed to write a **SCP-582** account in order to deal with junior staff members who get on his nerves.
181. Dr. Bright is not allowed to stick refrigerator magnets to Foundation equipment **SCP-914 SCP-882 SCP-217** victims piece of the Broken God **Any magnetic objects within Foundation control**.
182. **SCP-1916** only works if administered orally. We *know* this. There is *no reason* to test further, Dr. Bright.
183. The Realdoll™ Dr. Bright purchased does not have security clearance for anything.

    1. Not even if it writes reports better than Dr. Kondraki.

184. "Why not?" is not considered authorization for SCP cross-testing.
185. The foundation has no Mobile Task Force dedicated to the capture and containment of forum trolls.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to found a new Mobile Task Force dedicated to the capture and containment of forum trolls.

186. The Serpent's Hand is not a synonym for masturbation.
187. "*Yo mama*" is not "*so ugly* ***SCP-096*** *didn't look at her.*"
188. **SCP-173** is not a babysitter. Having **SCP-173** play 'Where's the baby?' is downright cruel. Not, as Dr. Bright claims, '[EXPLETIVE] hilarious.'
189. Dr. Bright is no longer invited to the Annual Foundation Holiday Party.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to host his own Foundation Holiday Party.
    2. The Foundation Holiday Party is cancelled indefinitely.

190. **SCP-682** does not have a Wondertainment logo stamped on its upper palate.

    1. or on its posterior.

191. Playing the song "Thriller" in the presence of **SCP-008** victims is expressly forbidden.

    1. Letting out **SCP-008** victims and punching them "to simulate Minecraft" is also forbidden.
    2. Pushing several agents in front of **SCP-008** victims "to simulate Resident Evil" is not a valid excuse, either.
    3. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed near victims of **SCP-008**.

192. **SCP-682** will not be sated by the ritual sacrifice of a virgin.
193. Filming, directing, or performing in celebrity sex tapes are not appropriate work assignments for **Mr. Deeds**.
194. Anything involving the words "elephant sauce". Site 19 is still recovering from the last incident.

195. "I like a little junk in the trunk" is not valid authorization to feed **SCP-1575-1** to an elephant.
196. Dr. Bright is, under no circumstances, to attempt possession of **SCP-682**.
197. "I touched **SCP-1453** a lil' while ago" is not a valid excuse for any containment breach.
198. "No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service" does not imply that pants and undergarments are not required parts of the dress code.

    1. Doubly so, since, "No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service," is not a part of any official foundation dress code.

199. Dr. Bright is not to use this list as a resume.
200. Dr. Bright shalt not may not begin his sentences with "Thou shalt not", even *especially* in the presence of SCP-343.
201. Use of double triple quadruple ANY number of negatives to obtain security clearances will result in the repetition of kindergarten swift punishment.
202. Dr. Bright is not allowed to recreate any experiment seen on the television program "Mythbusters" using any SCP.

    1. Especially not if he "can do it better."

203. Regardless of whether or not it exists, Dr. Bright certainly does *not* enjoy diplomatic immunity as the local Consul of the **Islamic Republic of Eastern Samothrace**.
204. Dr. Bright is not allowed to administer aphrodisiacs to colleagues anyone under the guise of administering amnesiacs any medicine by any means or for any reason whatsoever.
205. Dr. Bright is not allowed to put **SCP-278** into **SCP-914** on coarse "so I can learn to make more of them."
206. Dr. Bright is not allowed to transfer copy upgrade relocate **SCP-079** onto ANY form of high capacity data storage device.
207. **SCP-1156** is not Dr. Bright's "royal steed".
208. Dr Bright is not allowed to use SCP-1543-J to launch SCP-727-J into itself. Again.
209. Even if Dr. Bright is wearing an eyepatch, he is not allowed to "Keel-Haul" anyone.

    1. Not even on "Talk Like a Pirate Day".

    2. Talk Like a Pirate Day is not allowed to be celebrated at Site . Any personnel violating this rule will walk the plank be severely disciplined.
    3. There is no such thing as "Talk Like a Ninja" day, and Dr. Bright is not allowed to create it.

210. Introducing SCP-682 to **SCP-002** "just to see what will happen" is NOT recommended. Don't even think about.

    1. I SAID STOP THINKING ABOUT IT!

211. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to interview new personnel.

    1. Even *Especially not* if they ask for him.

212. Dr. Bright is not Kenny. We also ask new researchers (and Bright) to stop referring to him/self as such.
213. Dr. Bright is not allowed to play "SCP Roulette" with SCP-173, a light switch and any combination of D-class and new personnel.
214. Dr. Bright is not to ask **SCP-738**, "What would you want in exchange for not making this deal with me?"
215. Dr. Bright works for the SCP Foundation, not the Terminus Foundation. He does *not* possess a degree in psychohistory.

    1. And no Group of Interest is the "Second Foundation"

216. Although "Secure Contain Protect" is an anagram of "Erotic Teen Cactus Porn", Dr Bright is specifically forbidden to either produce, or arrange to produce, any such material.
217. The fact that **SCP-682** regenerates all lost tissue does not make it an "infinite hamburgers machine".

    1. Most especially because they tasted horrible.

218. Dr Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-127** to place projectiles under his pillow for the "Tooth Fairy" to give him money.
219. Dr Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-252-ARC** on Fred Phelps any member of the Phelps family any person or organization affiliated with Westboro Baptist Church.

    1. Dr Bright is not allowed to attempt to "sic the Horizon

Initiative" on the above religious organization.
    2. Dr Bright may not request a pool of D-Class recruited solely from members of the above religious organization.

220. The Manna Charitable Foundation does not host an annual Labor Day Telethon, and Dr. Bright is not allowed to offer the services of Foundation employees as performers or phone bank operators for such.
221. Dr Bright is not allowed access to Popular Science Magazine. That How 2.0 section is way too dangerous for Bright to see now that they've shown how to create cyborg cockroaches.
222. Dr. Bright is not allowed to "go on crusade".

    1. Or on "jihad".
    2. Dr. Bright is not permitted to issue fatwas against anyone or anything.

223. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to declare "After ten thousand years I'm free! It's time to conquer **Earth!**" upon assuming a new host.
224. All Foundation personnel are now required to attend a seminar on the difference between an *original* idea and a *good* idea before being allowed new or continuing contact with Dr. Bright, Dr. Clef, or Dr. Kondraki.
225. Dr. Bright does not have ten tons of gold hidden somewhere at Site 19.
226. **SCP-963** is not to be given away as a "good luck charm".
227. Dr. Bright is not a wizard, no matter what he might tell you.

    1. He is not an alchemist either, and is not to be consulted regarding alchemical issues.
    2. Or a witch.
    3. Dr. Bright is not magic and cannot perform magic, and must give sufficient explanation for any actions he undertakes.

228. Dr. Bright is not, nor has he ever been, the "Undisputed SCP Intercontinental Champion".
229. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to run through Site 19 any site while screaming "THE KETER IS LOOSE" unless it's an

actual emergency.

    1. Claiming it's for research on the effects of social engineering is not an emergency.
    2. Nor is using it to clear out the areas Dr. Bright is otherwise restricted from entering due to reasons given on this list.
    3. Dr. Bright may not start referring to any persons or SCPs as "The Keter" in order to circumvent these rules, unless they are actually classified as Keter.

230. Dr. Bright is not allowed to perform any tests or experiments utilizing the reproductive organs of any dead or living being, including himself.
231. Dr Bright may not tell D-Class Personnel newly recruited staff anyone that **SCP-920** will "show them to their quarters". Again. We are still looking for 12 D-class Personnel who have disappeared in the Pyrenees.
232. Dr. Bright may never attempt to ingest **SCP-184** "to win a pie eating contest", nor any other kind of eating or drinking contest.
233. After what happened last month, Dr. Bright is not allowed to watch Firefly ever again. I think most of the people involved (that are still alive) are still in the psychiatric ward.

    1. Dr. Bright is not a Reaver and may not handle any form of sharp tool unless under protection of at least two (2) L-3 guards armed with stun guns.

234. Dr. Bright is not allowed to show D-Class new staff SCP-682 anyone the porn he watches. Seriously, the last guy to go through that hell had to be put in a straightjacket!
235. Dr. Bright is not allowed to come within 5 meters of any explosive device or detonation device. Remember what happened at Area- .

    1. Not even if Dr. Iceberg asks nicely
    2. Trying to "Blow Up 682" is not a valid excuse.

236. Attempting to make "shadow puppets" with **SCP-017** is forbidden.

    1. Trying to entertain **SCP-053** is not a valid excuse.

237. Dr. Bright is not permitted to be within thirty feet of children, "kids", "youngsters", "kiddies", "lads", "lasses", "bundles of joy", "bundles of fun", or "scoops of love" after the incident at [REDACTED]. Exceptions may be made in extreme cases of emergency.
238. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to stand in a corner and twiddle his thumbs.
239. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to use the words "swag" , "swag it", "swagginator", "swaggify", or "super swag" to define himself or any other person(s).
240. 'YOLO' is not an excuse for anything. Most especially because it does not apply to him.

    1. Neither is 'Why not?'.

241. Dr. Bright is not allowed to order D-class personnel convince new personnel any personnel ask anybody ever to play a game of patty-cake with **SCP-049**.
242. Dr. Bright is not allowed to ask Mr. Deeds to do any of the things on this list.
243. Dr. Bright is not allowed to bring chocolate into a restroom Dr. Bright is not allowed to bring food into a restroom.
244. Dr. Bright is not allowed to speak in a voice resembling a movie character.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to reenact any movie. Even G-rated ones? Even G-rated ones.

245. Dr. Bright is not allowed to learn cheerleader routines dress like a cheerleader do ANYTHING relating to the sport of cheerleading.
246. **SCP-957** is NOT a prerequisite to becoming possessed by Dr. Bright
247. Dr. Bright is not allowed access to **SCP-1197** for the purpose of corroborating with himself.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed access to SCP-1197 for the purpose of propositioning himself.

248. As of 9/26/20 , Dr. Bright is not allowed access to any hotel for any reason. Site- budget does not allow for extra clean-up fees, especially not as a result of Dr. Bright's actions.
249. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to say "Everything the Bright touches is our kingdom"

    1. Nor is Dr. Bright is allowed to say "Everything touched by the holy Bright belongs to Church of Bright."

250. Dr. Bright may not attempt to digitally enhance any of the original Star Wars movies.
251. Dr. Bright is not allowed to advertise himself on online dating services.
252. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use this list as a to-do list.
253. Dr. Bright is not L. Ron Hubbard incarnate, and is not allowed to tell personnel otherwise.
254. Dr. Bright is not Sherlock Holmes and is not allowed to say what he thinks a person's appearance means about them to any reality bending SCP.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to cause a containment breach of any kind just so he can have a "case."
    2. Neither is he allowed to convince anyone to be Watson.

255. Dr. Bright may not urge bereaved staff members to "look at the Bright side".

    1. Nor is he allowed to refer to any name-related puns as "[his] Bright ideas".
    2. Dr. Bright is not allowed to refer to any SCPs, Foundation resources, or personnel as his "fancy dancing pants".

256. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use SCP-1994-J with Dr. Kain. Hours of actual productive research are as of yet to be recovered.
257. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to play chicken with members of any department.
258. Dr. Bright is not allowed to order 'the works' from the cafeteria.

    1. Dr. Bright is also not allowed to put anything on his 'tab.'

259. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to commit "Seppuku."

    1. Even if he has an audience.
    2. Especially a captive one.

260. Dr. Bright is not in possession of any of the following: A bright-mobile, brighterangs, a bright-claw, a bright-suit, or a baseball-bright.

    1. Dr. Bright is not allowed to yell "To the brightcave!".

261. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to sing "Silent Night" following the "All is Bright" incident
262. Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to commission, produce, advertise, or display animated videos to containment staff anyone with the subject, "What Happens When You Fuck Up Containing SCP (insert SCP here)"

    1. NO, it is NOT educational, Bright. Not the way you show it.

263. Dr. Bright is not allowed funding to replicate the experiments of Doctor Krieger from *Archer*.
264. Dr. Bright is not allowed to try to convince personnel to replicate "his famous high dive into **SCP-120**."

    1. He is not allowed to talk about his "famous high dive into **SCP-120**."

265. Dr. Bright is not to be referred to as "Rainbow Brite".
266. Dr. Bright is not allowed access to infants for the purpose of becoming "the Baby New Year".
267. Dr. Bright is not allowed to create a "The Things Dr Bright Is Allowed To Do At The Foundation" list by listing everything that isn't on this list. Just because it isn't on this list doesn't mean you should do it.

    1. He may however request for one to be created.
    2. He may not, however, suggest what should be on said list.

268. Dr. Bright is not to attempt to neutralize **SCP-1013** just

because he "can do Fluttershy's stare."

269. Dr. Bright must not create an infinite logical loop to less feeble minded individuals.
270. Dr. Bright is not "Troll Jegus", no matter how much candy corn he steals!
271. There is no such department known as "The Bright Ideas Department." Furthermore, if such a department did exist, Dr. Bright would not be in the employ of this department.
272. Dr. Bright is not allowed to throw himself through a window "to prove that the glass is unbreakable." for any reason whatsoever.
273. Dr. Bright is not allowed to convince D-Class anybody to cough in front of **SCP-049**
274. Dr. Bright is not to request "Nazi Juice", "Dildo Gelato", or "My Childhood" from **SCP-294**.
275. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use any green dyes for the purpose of "being creative".
276. "Because reasons" will no longer be accepted as a viable excuse for removing ANY SCP from containment.
277. Dr. Bright may not refer to anyone as a "peasant."
278. Dr. Bright is not allowed to attempt to convince D-Class new personnel ANYONE that shouting "Bing bong, bring it on!" while ringing **SCP-513** will negate its effect.
279. Dr. Bright is not allowed to arrange gladiatorial arena combat between D-class, even ESPECIALLY if any SCPs are used as weapons.
280. **SCP-173** does not "just want a hug" and Dr. Bright may not attempt to convince anyone otherwise.
281. "Because there's an alternate universe me who wouldn't do it" is no longer a valid reason for violating containment procedures.
282. Dr. Bright is not allowed to attack instances of **SCP-217** claiming that "the Borg have attacked".
283. Dr. Bright is not allowed access to visual or audio recordings of the dance craze dubbed the "Harlem Shake" anything deemed "viral".
284. Dr. Bright is not allowed to start any drag races between D-classes in cars and SCP-096.
285. Dr. Bright is not allowed to yell out "Immigration!" near any foreign personnel.

286. Dr. Bright is not allowed to reenact any scene from "Pulp Fiction".
287. Not allowed to put a picture of a volunteer's' his ANYBODY'S breasts on a monitor for the red zone of **SCP-895**.
288. Doctor Bright is not allowed to convince new personnel ANYONE to "have a friendly staring contest with **SCP-096**."
289. Dr. Bright is not allowed to open **SCP-1025** on random pages in front of anyone.
290. Dr. Bright is not allowed to dare anyone to finish **SCP-1997**.
291. Dr. Bright is not allowed to send a Slinky down **SCP-087**.
292. Dr. Bright is not an instance of **SCP-1000**, and is not allowed to claim otherwise.

    1. Especially not when using the body of a primate.

293. Dr. Bright is not allowed to use **SCP-884** for shaving purposes.

    1. Nor any other personal care purpose.
    2. Nor for any non-approved purpose whatsoever.
    3. Especially not for the purpose of making people doubt that he's not allowed to use it.

294. Dr. Bright is not allowed to claim that Researcher Zyn Kiryu is the new "Master of Butterflies" due to her extensive work on butterfly-related SCP items.

    1. "King of the Booterflies" is not an inheritable title. No, not even if Kondraki really is dead, which, if true, Dr. Bright isn't cleared to know.
    2. Researcher Zyn Kiryu is also not to be referred to by Dr. Bright as "Queen of the Butterflies", "Mistress of the Butterflies", "Supreme Princess of the Butterflies", "Great Shepherd of the Butterflies", "Second Cousin of the Butterflies", or "Major Associate of the Butterflies," or any other grandiose title referring to butterflies.

295. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell new Foundation recruits fictional horror stories involving his family.
296. Dr. Bright is not allowed to tell new Foundation recruits *factual* horror stories involving his family.

297. He is definitely not allowed to edit the list just to mess with people on Tumblr.
298. We do not talk about Bottle Dick.
299. Especially not over the site intercom/loud speaker/mega phone/group chat/email, or any other device intended to speak to large numbers of people at the same time.
300. For the love of god man, stop wrapping bows around aquafina bottles and sending them gift wrapped with loving sonnets on them. It was funny. Once. Stop. Please. Please.
301. We really mean it about editing the List to mess with people on Tumblr.

SCP-649-2568-J: Technicolor Geography

Item #: SCP-649-2568

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP 649-2568 is to be kept in a standard animal containment unit. Under no circumstances is SCP 649-2568 to be allowed to discuss geological or geographic details.

Interviews of SCP 649-2568 should be scheduled daily, with a focus on any future escape attempts. All other testing involving SCP 649-2568 requires approval from the project director.

Description: SCP 649-2568 is an entity which superficially resembles the species *Eunectes notaeus*. Despite this resemblance, SCP 649-2568 retains the personality and speech patterns of a human male. SCP 649-2568 has shown a capacity to reshape any geological features it sees, or has heard described. These reshaping events exclusively affect any features the entity deems as "too flat". This has, in the past, included plains, marshes, and the ocean floor.

During reshaping events, these locations will experience several seconds of tremors, followed by the growth of an extrusion, generally at the geographic center of the area seen or described. These extrusions will rise above the surrounding land, and have uniformly possessed steep sides with flat tops. No known force has been capable of stopping this growth, though the internal structure of these formations have displayed no anomalous properties beyond their creation.

Furthermore, when interviewed, SCP 649-2568 displays a compulsion to disclose the truthful answer to any inquiry. This compulsion has led to the discovery of several escape attempts, including one involving anomalous contact with an outside organization.

Due to the linking of its reshaping ability to descriptions of locations, the method of this anomalous contact must be determined to effect continued containment. While interviews with SCP 649-2568 have proven effective in limiting this contact, care must be taken to avoid further restructuring events during those interviews.

+ Show Interview Log

The following interview took place very shortly after containment.

Dr. `Cimmerian`: Hello. In your own words, describe yourself.

SCP 649-2568: Well. I like big buttes and I cannot lie.

Following this admission, the interview was suspended until further questions could be approved by the project director.

SCP-1861-J: Battle Hymn of the Foundation

Item #: SCP-1861-J

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: The original SCP-1861-J manuscript is to be maintained within a climate-controlled filer suitable for preserving 1700s parchment. Approved instances of SCP-1861-J-1 are to be stored for immediate access on all Foundation distributed media players and sound systems where activation does not conflict with other special containment procedures.

In the case of all Keter-class containment and Movie 43-class morale failures, an instance of SCP-1861-J-1 is to be immediately activated within audible reach of all involved Foundation personnel.[1] Repetition of the SCP-1861-J-1 instance is to occur up to 12 times or until the failure is resolved. Should the failure not be resolved by the conclusion of 12 repetitions of an SCP-1861-J-1 instance, Plan 1861-J-9 is to be engaged.

Description: SCP-1861-J is the Foundation's instrumental march or anthem, titled and composed by Frantisek Kotzwara in 1791.[2] SCP-1861-J was discovered in the Foundation's archives by Foundation personnel in 1947, contained in a manila envelope[3] with the dedication "To My Dearest Friends at the Foundation." It is unknown when SCP-1861-J originally came into the Foundation's possession, or how Mr. Kotzwara was aware of the organization.

SCP-1861-J was made the Foundation's official march in 1953 by order of the O5 Council.[4]

Whenever an instance of SCP-1861-J-1, an audio or audiovisual production or recording of such a production of SCP-1861-J, is heard by Foundation personnel, an almost immediate change in emotional and behavioral character is observed. The effects of

SCP-1861-J-1 instances include:

- Increased positivity of mood.
- Greater job productivity.
- Tendency to vocalize alongside SCP-1861-J.[5]
- Increased opinion of the Foundation
- Decreased concern of job-related expiration.

These effects experience diminishing returns with each immediate repetition of SCP-1861-J-1 instances.

No anomalous activity has been noted with SCP-1861-J directly, nor with reproductions in writing or in photographs. However, Foundation personnel who simply imagine instances of SCP-1861-J-1 experience similar, but reduced, forms of the aforementioned effects.

Notes: *"There are no official lyrics to accompany the Foundation's march. Any lyrics provided by Dr. Bright are to be disregarded by Foundation personnel as possible memetic hazards" - O5-*

Addendum 1861-J-A: List of Known SCP-1861-J-1 Instances

+ Approved instances

- Dr. R -K 's solo accordion performance on 19 /12/04.
- The Foundation Symphonic Orchestra's dress rehearsal on 19 /02/28.[6]
- The D-Class Ensemble performance on 20 /06/14, conducted by Dr. J

+ Unapproved instances

- Dr. Clef on his personal upright piano after consumption of twice the recommended dose of zolpidem.
- All 13 known recordings by Foundation personnel in facility showers.

Addendum 1861-J-B: Transcript Log 1861-J-20 1108

+ Transcript Log 1861-J-20 1108

> The following transcription is an excerpt of a conversion between two security officers responding to a containment breach of **SCP-682** on 20 /11/08.
>
> <Begin log, 13:54:05>
>
> Officer J : We can't do it S ! It's too strong!
>
> Officer S : We must, J - the world depends on us!
>
> *At this point, an SCP-1861-J-1 instance becomes audible to both officers.*
>
> Officer J : You're right, we have to destroy it. For the Foundation: chaaaaarge!
>
> *A man's battle cry can be head amongst extended gunfire.*
>
> <End log, 13:55:31>
>
> Officer J was subsequently captured and consumed by SCP-682 within 17 seconds of taking the offensive.

Addendum 1861-J-C: Plan 1861-J-9

Beatings will proceed until morale, or containment, improves.

Footnotes
1. D-Class personnel are optional.
2. Mr. Kotzwara died later that same year of erotic asphyxiation.
3. The envelope was not acid-free.
4.SCP-012was considered as a close second.
5. The quality of vocalizations varies significantly between personnel.
6. Soloist Dr. M choked during the performance.

SCP-630-J: A Song In Their Heart

Item #: SCP-630

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: When not in use, SCP-630 is to be kept folded in a locked steel locker at Site-69. It is to be inspected for damage and cleaned weekly. Once per month, SCP-630 is to be mounted in Site-69's auditorium and between 5 and 15 D-class exposed to it for 3 hours, or until all anomalous effects have ceased, with full video recording for later analysis. Under no circumstances are individuals with Security Clearance greater than Level 1 allowed to be on-site during a scheduled activation of SCP-630.

While active, the testing area should be completely isolated for a minimum of three hours. Camera feeds and remote recordings must be on a minimum of a five-minute delay. Adequate supplies of bottled water should be provided for affected individuals, in order to avoid dehydration or exhaustion. All testing of SCP-630 is to be recorded through both video and audio feed. All experiments are to be conducted in conjunction with members of MTF Theta-R (*Tommy Tuneups*).

Description: SCP-630 is a set of theater stage curtains made out of red velvet. SCP-630 appears to be physically indestructible, but can get dirty and requires regular maintenance to remove smoke residue, bloodstains, and water damage due to its effects.

When mounted upon any structure that could be construed as a stage (regardless of whether or not it is usually used for theatrical productions), SCP-630 enters an active state and will initiate a localized reality alteration should any sapient being come within ~10 meters of it. This state will persist for 150-300 minutes from the time of initiation, regardless of how many sapient beings are within range at time of cessation. Once the effect has ceased, SCP-630 will not

activate for another 24 hours.[1] If SCP-630 has not been used in 45 days, it will spontaneously activate regardless of its location, with an effective minimum range of 1 kilometer.

Any sapient being affected by SCP-630 will behave as if it is part of a musical theatrical performance and will spontaneously perform complex song-and-dance routines. While affected, affected individuals do not recognize this abnormal behavior as unusual, and will ignore or actively resist information to the contrary. The effect is contagious, and any individual who observes affected individuals live, whether in person or via audio or camera feed, will be similarly affected regardless of distance from SCP-630. However, recordings do not spread the effects, and an extensive collection of performances has been collected.[2]

While a performance is occurring, the surrounding environment will alter so as to present a more theatrically appropriate background, becoming prettier, more dramatic, or more representative of the theme of the piece being performed. This alteration includes increased luminosity in the area immediately surrounding the primary performers, topologically and structurally improbable alterations to the shape and construction of nearby structures, sudden weather changes, drastic alterations in the time of day or phase of the moon, and spontaneous sourceless musical accompaniment. Objects become optimized for use in musical performances, with clothing becoming more "thematic"[3] and offering a greater freedom of movement; footwear transforming into ballet shoes, tap shoes, or soft dance shoes; alarms becoming melodic and incorporating into any music playing; and any rhythmic sounds such as footsteps or clock tickings syncing up. Local fauna are occasionally involved, and there is one known instance of a complex 12-minute dance routine performed entirely by a collection of 50 housecats.

Although SCP-630 has no direct adverse effects on individuals while they are performing, personnel will frequently later complain of exhaustion, blistered and bruised feet, painful muscle cramps, and dehydration. Physically unfit individuals frequently collapse or faint once the reality alteration has ceased and subjects who have not received vocal training often suffer from respiratory ailments and

strained vocal cords. While under the influence of SCP-630, individuals are unaware of these problems, but if enough area is available, will still drink water and take periodic rests "backstage" while others perform.

Affected performers have no regard for the appropriateness of the content of the songs they sing, and will freely express their innermost thoughts, expose embarrassing personal secrets, reveal classified information, and complain about mundanities such as mustard stains on their clothing.[4]

Notable Recordings:
Agent Lament on 26 September 19 :

Prof. Bjornsen on 31 March 19 :

Various D-Class on 25 December 2013:

Addendum: Janitor Scruffy consistently exhibits only minor alterations in his behavior while exposed to SCP-630, and is therefore the only person allowed to clean it. Below is an excerpt of the only thing he sings while affected:

Footnotes
1. Except on Saturdays, when SCP-630 can activate twice with a minimum of 4 hours of inactivity after the first cessation.
2. DVD copies are available from the I.T. department, for $50 per disc. Cash or money order only.
3. Ex: Standard-issue labcoats frequently transform into cloaks or capes and MTF riot helmets usually transform into either cloth domino masks or heavily stylized comedy/tragedy masks.
4. Outbreaks ofSCP-222-Jhave been noted following observation of particularly mundane performances. Research into the correlation of these phenomena is ongoing.

SCP-3467-J: Six Foot Man-Eating-Chicken

Item #: SCP-3467

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3467 is to be made fun of at every opportunity. Heckling, practical jokes, and pranks are good examples. Filming the more spectacular procedures is a must.

Description: SCP-3467 is a six (6) foot tall, two hundred (200) pound man eating chicken. Subject is thirty five (35), slightly balding, dark brown hair and eyes, and slightly overweight. Name is Hank , and he has worked as a Level 1 cleanup crew for the past three years. Hank is never seen without a bucket of chicken, and only stops eating it when actually working, which is a rare occurrence in itself.

It is known that Hank still lives in his mom's basement, and hearsay amongst the female staff is that he is still a virgin.

Additional Notes: All video footage of the more impressive "procedures" performed on Hank are available in the central reading area.

Document 3467-01: "*Dammit guys, this isn't funny. The system still freaks out when I enter the building, and I don't have clearance to delete this stupid file. Thanks a lot, assholes.*" Hank

Document 3467-02: "*Now this is a bit unfair. I mean, it's not his fault he's fat, balding, still lives with his mom and…. No, no, sorry, I can't say that with a straight face. Come on, alright, let me try it again, I'll do it proper this time, I promise.*" Dr.

Document 3467-03: In accordance with SCP protocols associated with this item, the following record of Special Containment Procedures carried out by Dr. Gears is submitted.

After Incident [DATA EXPUNGED]. With its incapacitation, **SCP-682** regeneration was being monitored via a sealed observation booth. This booth projected twelve feet into the current containment area, constructed of transparent super dense plastic developed by [DATA EXPUNGED]. SCP-3467 was instructed to clean the observation booth. When SCP-3467 was at the far end to the booth, the security door was locked.

The sounds of SCP-3467 attempting to escape and Dr. Gears's uncontrollable laughter attracted the attention of a 67% regenerated **SCP-682**. **SCP-682** attempted to attack SCP-3467; however its current state posed no danger to the structural stability of the booth.

Dr. Gears observed SCP-3467 to emit a loud, extremely high-pitched scream not unlike a small female child. SCP-3467 proceeded to whimper like said small child and ask for “Mommy”. SCP-3467 was instructed to “bark like a dog” if he wished to exit the booth. SCP-3467 proceeded to bark like a small, frightened canine for 48 seconds, after which the security door was opened.

It was observed that SCP-3467 had defecated himself at some point during the event.

Recordings of event are available via a request to Central Records, or Dr. Gears.

“He got on all fours when he barked; I didn’t even ask him to do that!” – Dr. Gears

SCP-1981-J: Just A Small Town Girl

Item #: SCP-1981-J

Object Class: Euclid

Containment Procedures: SCP-1981-J-1 is to be kept in a lonely world. Once per week, it is to be escorted by a contingent of agents from MTF Eta-10 (Perry's Pipers) onto the midnight train going anywhere.[1] SCP-1981-J-2 is to be contained in South Detroit, where it was born and raised. It is also to be escorted by MTF Eta-10 onto the midnight train going anywhere. No contact is to be allowed between SCP-1981-J-1 and -2 until they arrive at their destination.

Once SCP-1981-J-1 and -2 arrive at their destination, they are to be kept in a smoky room, which contains a singer, the smell of wine and cheap perfume. Should SCP-1981-J-1 smile at SCP-1981-J-2, or vice-versa, after 6 PM, ESCAPE Protocol is to be enacted immediately.[2]

Description: SCP-1981-J consists of two shadows, searching in the night. They were discovered up and down the boulevard in , Ontario, by strangers who had been waiting for the bus. SCP-1981-J are predatory metamorphic organisms, capable of altering their forms at will; however, they both have forms which are highly preferred. SCP-1981-J-1 most commonly takes the form of streetlights, while SCP-1981-J-2 prefers the form of people. It is currently unknown if SCP-1981-J are alive; they are able to communicate, and their metamorphic abilities allow for facial expressions and body language, but they posses no vital signs, and are unwilling to cooperate in experiments. Current theories suggest that SCP-1981-J are living just to find emotion. Interviews with witnesses to SCP-1891-J's capture suggested that there were additional instances hiding somewhere in the night; MTF Eta-10 is on the lookout, but has not found any evidence to suggest this. See Incident 1981-J-A.

Audio Acquisition Log 1981-J

Eta-10 Lead: Alright boys, work hard out there tonight. There's at least two of these things out there, and I've got my fill of chasing anomalies around the city.

Eta-10-5: I don't really care what happens. I just want a thrill.

Eta-10-7: Me too.

Eta-10-6: Me three!

Eta-10-3: Shut up, Probies.

Eta-10 Lead: Let's split up, team. Three, Five, and Six, with me. Two, Four, and Seven, you go down the boulevard.

Eta-10-2: Copy, boss. Time to roll the dice, just one more time.

SCP-1981-J-1: Some will win.

SCP-1981-J-2: Some will lose.[3]

Eta-10-5: W-what was that?

Eta-10 Lead: Seems like they came to us. Alright, remain calm, and follow the plan.

SCP-1981-J: (*simultaneously*) The movie never ends!!!

Eta-10 Lead: Floodlights on!

Eta-10-2: And On!

Eta-10-3: And On!

Eta-10-4: And On!

SCP-1981-J screeches and hisses

Eta-10 Lead: Don't stop!

Eta-10-6: I can't believe it's working!

A blast of wind originating from SCP-1981-J hits MTF Eta-10, pushing several members into and up the wall.

Eta-10-2: Five, hold on to that ceiling! I'm coming for you!

SCP-1981-J: Streetlights! People!

Eta-10-5: I can't hold on!

Eta-10-2: Don't stop!

End Log

Incident SCP-1981-J-A: On May 19 2009, numerous instances of SCP-1981-J were discovered on the set of the television show , resulting in fatalities before containment could be enacted. Due to the publicity surrounding the show, amnestics were distributed to the surviving cast, and Agents Morrison and Lynch were inserted to replace actors slain by SCP-1981-J. Upgrade to Keter is pending approval.

Note from Agent Morrison: Please get me out of here. A man can only listen to so much a cappella.

Footnotes
1. Provided that the destination has a Foundation facility nearby.
2. Protocol kept separate from this document for brevity; it goes on and on and on and on.
3. It is currently unknown if these statements were predictions of the future or simple threats. However, it has since been discovered that some were in fact born to sing the blues.

SCP-543-J: Tweetle Beetles

Warning: The Following SCP Has Been Classified a Tricky SCP

Personnel are warned that it will try to get your tongue in trouble.
Caution is advised.

Item #: SCP-543-J

Object Class: Grinchlike Constantinople

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-543-J specimens currently known to The Foundation are to be contained within a corked glass bottle, which is to be kept in a secured containment chamber located at Site-123. The specimens have shown no desire to escape so long as their combat is uninterrupted.

Description: SCP-543-J designates members of the species *Nicrophorus seussical* (commonly referred to as "Tweetle Beetles"). For yet unknown reasons, when two or more specimens are brought into contact, all specimens in the immediate area will disperse into two smaller, similarly numbered "teams" and engage in combat, utilizing properties of the setting around them or any weaponry at their disposal in an attempt to claim a strategic advantage over the opposing team. Specimens have shown to be invulnerable to damage, and combat only ceases when all Tweetle Beetle specimens are forcibly removed from the event and separated.

Tweetle Beetle combat often results in large-scale collateral damage if allowed to occur in an uncontained environment. When Tweetle Beetles fight outside of containment, it's designated an XK-Tweetle-Beetle-Battle-Breaching-Bottle Situation.

In the event of an XK-Tweetle-Beetle-Battle-Breaching-Bottle Situation, Mobile Task Force Epsilon-11 ("Nine-Tailed Fox in Socks") will be deployed to recontain all specimens, while Mobile Task Force Gamma-5 ("Red Herring Blue Herring") will lead efforts to suppress public knowledge of the creatures and cover up any collateral damage with false claims. Protocol Green Eggs and Hamnestics may be enacted to suppress wide-spread knowledge of SCP-543-J should an information breach occur.

Experiment Log 543-Sierra-Sigma-J

Experiment-543-J-01
Test Supervisor: Dr S
Experiment Parameters: An attempt to contain the event previously designated Tweetle-Beetle-Battle-Beta-23. MTF Epsilon-11 successfully introduced all SCP-543-J specimens into the containment deemed most appropriate, a glass bottle.
Results: Upon containment in the bottle the Tweetle Beetles kept on battling but the bottle wasn't breaking and containment was not breached. The bottle wasn't brittle and the battle didn't break it so the beetles and their battles in the bottle we will keep.
Event redesignated: Tweetle-Beetle-Bottle-Battle-Beta-66

Experiment-543-J-02
Test Supervisor: Dr S
Experiment Parameters: 4 metric cups of water were introduced into the containment to attempt to subdue the specimens.
Results: The Tweetle Beetles battled in the puddle in the bottle but were bitter that the litre didn't bring the other beetles down. The puddle in the bottle brought the battle to a break when the Tweetle Beetle leaders formed a huddle with their teams and the Tweetle Beetle battlers planned for battling in the lake.
Event redesignated: Tweetle-Beetle-Puddle-Bottle-Battle-Huddle-Beta-66

Experiment-543-J-03
Test Supervisor: Dr S
Experiment Parameters: The Tweetle Beetle battle contained within the puddle bottle was exposed to a pair of ping pong paddles.
Results: Upon exposure of the paddles to the Tweetle Beetle battle

the beetles in the bottle were in the middle of a muddle because the beetles they were battling caused them trouble with their paddling. The beaten beetles in the puddle had no rebuttal to the muddle.
Event redesignated: Tweetle-Beetle-Puddle-Bottle-Paddle-Battle-Muddle-Beta-66

Experiment-543-J-04
Test Supervisor: Dr S
Experiment Parameters: The puddle bottle full of beetles was introduced to a member of the species *Canis lupus familiaris*, breed poodle, and observed for any effect. The test subject was, at the time of testing, consuming and ingesting noodles.
Results: When the Tweetle Beetles fought their battle with their paddles in the puddle with the puddle in the bottle and the bottle on a poodle and the poodle eating noodles, the Tweetle Beetle paddlers and the beetles they were beating kept the beetle battle going and the litre puddle flowing. The poodle eating noodles with the bottle on its back didn't seem bewildered by the beetle's big attack. The branding of the noodles being eaten by the poodle as the Tweetle Beetles battled in the bottle on its back did *not* get noted down because the branding of the noodles being eaten by the poodle during testing was redacted.
Event redesignated: Tweetle-Beetle-Poodle-Paddle-Bottle-Puddle-Muddle-Battle-Beta-66

SCP-008-J: Geoff

Item #: SCP-008-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All attempts to contain SCP-008-J have met with failure for apparently unrelated reasons. However, SCP-008-J repeatedly returns to Foundation sites, seemingly unintentionally.

Description: SCP-008-J has been registered as an SCP on a probationary basis, until Commander Price is able to prove that it possesses anomalous properties.

SCP-008-J is a 23-year-old Caucasian male, who answers to the name Geoff, who, by a series of seemingly non-anomalous coincidences, frequently gains access into high-security areas of Foundation sites without intent or knowledge. SCP-008-J resists containment by similar means.

Below is a list of SCP-008-J sightings. In all instances, Commander Price is the first staff member to encounter SCP-008-J. No evidence has been found to suggest that this isn't just another coincidence.

Incident 008/1

Incident: 008/1

Date: / /

Description: SCP-008-J was hired for his expertise as an electrician, to repair the lights at Stephany's Classy Posies, the florist which acts as a front for the Site. Due to a minor containment breach, the shop was unstaffed when SCP-008-J arrived. Moments later,

SCP-008-J was found, aimlessly wandering the halls of the Site's restricted corridors.

Transcript:

Commander Price: (Talking over radio) Alright, Alpha Team, spread out on the south corridor and make as much noise as possible. Beta, try to get the jump on it. Knockout gas is for last resort only, we all know what this thing is like when it's sleepy!

SCP-008-J: Hey! Excuse me!

Commander Price: (Startled) Who the hell are you!?

SCP-008-J: Alright, mate? I'm Geoff. I'm here to fix the lights. Sorry, there was no one in the shop.

Commander Price: No one in the… How did you get back here!?

SCP-008-J: (Confused) Erm, I walked?

Commander Price: There are three ID card readers between here and the shop!

SCP-008-J: Right… Yeah… Look mate, I've got five other people to see today. Do you want me to have a look at your lights, or not?

Closing Statement: SCP-008-J was placed in the custody of Agent while the containment breach was suppressed, however, Agent suffered a fatal aneurism moments later, prompting SCP-008-J to return to Stephanie's Classy Posies, call for an ambulance, and leave a note, instructing Commander Price to contact him when he is ready to have his lights repaired.

Incident: 008/2

Date: / /

Description: SCP-008-J is seen at the City Foundation carpentry front, Super Craftsmanship Protocols. After requesting to use the on-site lavatories, SCP-008-J mistook the directions given to him, and made his way through a door to the Site's containment facility. The electronic lock had recently been destroyed by an agent of the Chaos Insurgency, who began hacking into the Foundation's mainframe, moments after SCP-008-J's arrival.

Transcript:

Commander Price: Alright people! I want this site on lockdown and every room powered down but this one! If that stolen data gets transmitted it's all our asses on the —

SCP-008-J: Hey man! Long time no see!

Commander Price: What the…

SCP-008-J: Don't you work at a florist?

Commander Price: How did…?

SCP-008-J: Looks like you're busy. Sorry, I just got lost on my way to the gents.

Commander Price: This is a top-secret military installation! How the hell do you keep doing this?

SCP-008-J: You don't make a lot of sense. Anyone ever tell you that? Anyway, I mention

the gents cause I've kinda gotta pee. Couldn't be a pal and point me in the right direction, could you?

Closing Statement: While personally leading SCP-008-J to a containment cell, Commander Price was confronted by the Chaos Insurgency agent, and both were taken hostage, under the threat of detonating a handheld explosive. Once clear of the facility, the agent was extracted by car, leaving Commander Price to attempt to capture SCP-008-J at gunpoint, before being arrested by local authorities, allowing SCP-008-J's escape.

Incident 008/3

Incident: 008/3

Date: / /

Description: SCP- began to show signs of awakening from its 2,000 years of hibernation. Because of his nautical combat experience, Commander Price is relocated to the Site, beneath the Atlantic Ocean, overlooking the fissure in which SCP- resides. The means by which SCP-008-J came to be at the site are unknown.

Transcript:

Commander Price: Alright people, it's go time! I want suppressing fire on this thing NOW! Neptune squadron, hit it with everything you've got! If this thing gets one claw to the surface, then…

SCP-008-J: Hey, I remember you!

Commander Price: (Exasperated and

enraged) FUCK!

SCP-008-J: Can you help me out? I'm a bit turned around. I'm trying to get to Grays Street.

Commander Price: WE'RE 3,000 METERS UNDER THE FUCKING OCEAN!

SCP-008-J: (Produces smartphone) Well that explains why my map won't load.

Commander Price: WHO THE FLAMING CHRIST ARE YOU!?

SCP-008-J: Geoff, remember? Hey, are you on Facebook? I feel like I keep running into you! We should be friends!

Closing Statement: Due to the absence of holding cells on Site , SCP-008-J was secured in an escape pod, since departure is permitted only with a pass code or ID card. However, after the site suffered a blow from SCP- , the escape pod malfunctioned and launched from the facility, failing to collide with 17 of SCP- 's active tentacles, before progressing to open waters.

SCP-008-J was lost at sea and presumed dead, until two days later, when Commander Price received a Facebook friend request from SCP-008-J, along with a message, which read, "Sorry about the pod. I left it somewhere in Florida. Hope you get it back ok! :D"

SCP-3999-J: Talloran's Sacrifice

Item #: SCP-3999-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3999-J is to be contained at Site-42 in specialized containment wing R. On 25 JUNE 2014, Researcher James Talloran volunteered to dedicate around-the-clock support to containing SCP-3999-J. As such, Researcher Talloran has been forbidden from leaving containment wing R under threat of lethal force. All visiting researchers to containment wing R must be cleared by Researcher Talloran.

Additionally, containment wing R has the following requirements:

- The enclosure must be cleaned daily. All organic matter is to be collected and disposed of. Soiled linens are to be washed and all surfaces of the primary containment enclosure must be sanitized.
- Supplies and provisions are to be restocked daily. Researcher Talloran should be consulted every morning to determine any necessary special provisions or supplies for that day.
- Crews are to remain on hand at all times to service and fuel all vehicles in the containment track.
- Mobile Task Force Lambda-3 ("Bounty Hunters") has been established to contain SCP-3999-J. In addition to standard armaments, MTF L3 is to maintain an arsenal of "iCombat" laser guns.
- The indoor containment pool must be kept at 29°C, while the auxiliary containment tub must be kept at 40°C

Description: SCP-3999-J is an entity capable of causing an XK End-Of-World scenario at will. Accounts of its appearance are inconsistent, and it is believed that it can shapeshift. It can appear as a half-bear, half-man creature with many tentacles coming out of its back, or a nondescript human. Originally, it made stubborn

demands for food and large sums of US currency, but Researcher Talloran has devised several containment strategies to keep its effects at bay.

SCP-3999-J's secondary effect is an anti-memetic field that erases all memories of itself from anyone who views it. This effect occurs in real-time, so the entity appears invisible. However, Researcher Talloran is immune to the anti-memetic effect. Studies are underway to determine Researcher Talloran's unique immunity to SCP-3999-J.

UPDATE 05 JANUARY 2015: Guest Researchers Candi Madison, Jackie Love, and Emma Angel have agreed to indefinitely assist Researcher Talloran in containment efforts.

UPDATE 05 MARCH 2015: Guest Researchers Mitch Talloran and Trevor Mason were both confirmed to be immune to SCP-3999-J, and have agreed to indefinitely assist Researcher James Talloran in containment efforts.

UPDATE 19 APRIL 2015: Guest Researchers Alexa Cuti and Ivy Hart have agreed to indefinitely assist Researcher Talloran in containment efforts.

Documents 3999-J-1-3: These transcripts document the first known encounter with SCP-3999-J.

> **STAFF:** Hello, front desk.
> **RESEARCHER TALLORAN:** Yes, this is James Talloran. Can you ask the cafeteria to send up a cheeseburger and fries to my desk? I'm working late tonight.
> **STAFF:** Uhhh… let me check. No, sorry. You're not on the list. Only essential containment personnel can request meal delivery.
> **RESEARCHER TALLORAN:** Oh. I see. Well, uhm, I've got a Keter entity here and I need a cheeseburger and fries to contain it.
> **STAFF:** [sigh] Whatever. Take it up with Containment. Extension 3333.

CONTAINMENT: Hello, containment, what is your emergency?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Yes, this is Researcher Talloran. I'm in room 402B and I've got a, ahem, Keter entity here and I need a cheeseburger and fries to contain it.
CONTAINMENT: Right away sir! Cheeseburger and fries, stat! What is the designation of the Keter entity?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: It's… new. And it wants a Coke also.
CONTAINMENT: Yes sir! Stay where you are sir! Do not move! Do not engage the Keter entity! Wait for containment forces to arrive!

MTF-DELTA-1: SIR, DO NOT MOVE. WHERE IS THE KETER ENTITY?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: It's… right there in the corner. What, you can't see it?
MTF-DELTA-1: KETER ENTITY, STAND DOWN.
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: It… it says to put the food on my desk.
MTF-DELTA-1: SIX TWO SIX, PRESENT THE PACKAGE.
MTF-DELTA-626: SIR YES SIR.
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Oh, it, it disappeared! Great job MTF!

Document 3999-J-2713: This transcript documents the latest information on SCP-3999-J's containment.

DIRECTOR LYCUS: James, it's a great thing you do. I don't know how you can handle it, keeping that thing at bay all these years.
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: It's no trouble, director, really.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: How are the latest containment procedures working?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Oh, they're great. The containment course was really a great idea. By driving

around it at high speeds in those super cars, we're able to really just, uh, contain the hell out of three-nine-nine-nine.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: Does this mean the old containment procedures are no longer necessary? You don't need the pool or the containment buffet anymore?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Uhm, no sir, not at all sir, those are still absolutely, absolutely necessary. I mean the cars only work on it for so long, sir. It, uhm, adapts to them quickly, you know, and only by, wrestling with it into that pool with my fellow researchers can we really, you know, keep it contained. And the buffet, I mean, three-nine-nine-nine wants that like five or six times a day, so that's, no, we need to keep that.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: Roger that. So all of your previous containment procedures are still effective?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Yeah, yeah. But listen, you know, the bar by the pool, three-nine-nine-nine, well I think he's adapting to the selection there, I was hoping to restock with some different varieties.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: Absolutely, I'll approve it. Anything else?
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Yeah, I'll be putting in another order for xbox games, three-nine-nine-nine has adapted to all of those also.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: Of course.
RESEARCHER TALLORAN: Hey can we cut this short? I gotta run. I need to, go uh, oversee Candi and Alexa.
DIRECTOR LYCUS: Godspeed to you.

UPDATE 05 AUGUST 2017: SCP-3999-J has demonstrated the ability to memetically affect remote individuals, causing them to hallucinate. This typically manifests as illusions of Researcher Talloran entering and leaving the containment facility. It also manifested remotely when one off-duty scientist hallucinated Researcher Talloran entering a casino, and later that day when another staff member hallucinated seeing Researcher Talloran purchasing an automobile. On that same occasion, an entire team of containment personnel hallucinated picking up Researcher Talloran

at a hospital after they hallucinated him drunkenly text them that he had crashed into a parked car. Researcher Talloran's investigation into this new ability is ongoing.

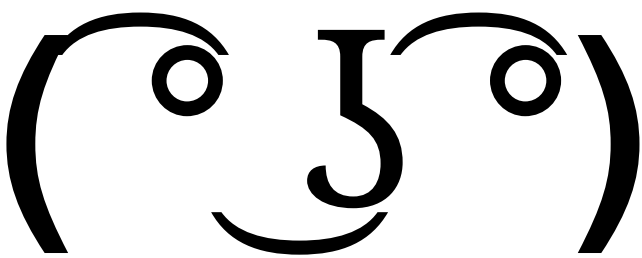
SCP-O5-J: Sorry, I do not understand the command.

WARNING

The following SCP file (SCP-O5-J) has been classified TOP SECRET by order of the O5 Council.

UNAUTHORISED PERSONNEL WILL BE TERMINATED UPON ATTEMPTING TO ACCESS FILE SCP-O5-J VIA MEMETIC KILL AGENT

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED



EXTENDED LIFE SIGNS DETECTED
AUTHORISED PERSONNEL VERIFIED
ACCESSING TERMINAL LOG 8675309

> There is one (1) SCP document awaiting approval on your server.

> Do you wish to access Terminal Alpha-19-O5-J-B2-97-Omega-Delta-Beta-Safe-Euclid-Keter-Thaumiel-Explained-Neutralised-Apollyon-Embla-AndTheOtherOnes-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19

yes

> WARNING! SECONDARY SECURITY COUNTER MEASURES ACTIVATED! PLEASE STAND BY…

> Memetic lock agent activating.

are you fucking kidding me

> What [REDACTED] did you just say about me, you [REDACTED]? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in the [REDACTED], and I've been involved in [DATA EXPUNGED], and I have over confirmed [REDACTED]. I am trained in [REDACTED] and I'm the top [REDACTED] in the entire [REDACTED]. You are nothing to me but just another [REDACTED]. I will [DATA EXPUNGED], mark my [REDACTED]. You think you can get away with saying that [REDACTED] to me over the [REDACTED]? Think again, [REDACTED]. As we speak I am [DATA EXPUNGED] and [DATA EXPUNGED] so you better prepare for the storm, [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] that wipes out the [REDACTED] little thing you call [REDACTED]. You're [REDACTED], kid. I can be [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and I can [REDACTED] you in over [REDACTED] ways, and that's just with my

[REDACTED]. Not only am I extensively trained in [REDACTED] combat, but I have access to the entire [DATA EXPUNGED] and I will use it to its full extent to wipe [REDACTED] off the face of the continent, you [REDACTED]. If only you could have known what [REDACTED] your little “clever” [REDACTED] was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have [DATA EXPUNGED]. But you couldn’t, you didn’t, and now you’re [REDACTED], you [REDACTED]. I will [REDACTED] all over you and you will [REDACTED] in it. You’re [DATA EXPUNGED], kiddo.

Extended life signs detected.

access Terminal Alpha-19-O5-J-B2-97-Omega-Delta-Beta-Safe-Euclid-Keter-Thaumiel-Explained-Neutralised-Apollyon-Embla-AndTheOtherOnes-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-2

Please enter your password.

O5-3HasAMassivePenis

Password accepted.

Please enter your custom keyphrase.

No.

Custom keyphrase accepted. Welcome, O5-6.

Please click on this command to visit the verification page.

jason i'm going to fuck you up the next time we meet i know that's a berryman-langford sleep meme from the link and i'm not inoculated against it. we don't even have proper verification pages. would it kill you to use the link shortener? oh wait it would, since you'd have to sift through the database with all the other memes, you arrogant fountain-hogging lizard-baiting 231 fetishist

Sorry, I do not understand the command.

override

> Enter override code.

O5-3IsTheKingOfSexAndHasItOnWithO5-6'sMumEveryWeekend

> Override accepted.

help

> What would you like help with? Enter your query below.

how do you change an override code

> Please contact O5-3 to change any of your passwords or secure phrases.

fuck you jason

> Confirmed. Initiating call to Mobile Task Force M69 to engage in sexual intercourse with O5-3.

NONONO STOP STOP STOP CANCEL

> Confirmed.

access SCP-O5-J

> Downloading SCP-O5-J to your secure drive…

SCP-O5-J (proposal)

Item #: SCP-O5-J

Object Class: Keter

Security Level: O5

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-O5-J must be visited by O5-6 and several other senior staff members every Saturday to ensure their "needs" are met and that they are contained effectively.

SCP-O5-J will be held at their house, with permission to leave and interact with others as they please. SCP-O5-J is Keter because they may seek out and entrap other humans - this is permitted and O5-6 is to watch this process every time it occurs.

Description: SCP-O5-J is O5-6's mum.

deny

> Are you sure you want to deny?

YES

> Would you like to leave a message to the article author?

Jason this isn't funny, I'm sorry I sent that text to your sister but this has to stop. Please stop clogging up my approval queue with these fake entries and please stop implying that you had sex with my mother. You didn't. I know you didn't. I hope you didn't.

> Confirmed.

god damn it

> Sorry, I do not understand the command.

SCP-5417-J: The Deadly Nackle

Item #: SCP-5417-J

Object Class: is call keter

Special Containment Procedures: Just make it far away from us, okay big guys? SCP-5417-J stay in its home of crystal and shiny, thank you big guys. Also is contain song we sing make 5417-J stay in home. Please memory it:

It is no for good
It is no for spackle
Please stay home it should
Beware the bad Nackle

Description: SCP-5417-J is small white squares of deadly[1], some time fall from sky. When it touch us burn awful. Make us dead. Please keep deadly in container of crystal and shiny. That its home, big guys. If big guys must eat deadly, please keep on big guys food not fall on tiny doctors.

Addendum 1: On many day ago, Dr. Tropod have SCP-5417-J fall on him. He die bad pain. Horrible. I cry for him. Dr. M'Lusk also sad, stay in his house 3 day. No work get done. He quote "This worse day since SCP-3899[2] breach its home devour many tiny doctors, entire MTF team 'Pepper' gone."

Addendum 2: *Apology for my goo on letter buttons big guys - Dr. Sluggo*

Addendum 3: *Also thank for tiny labcoats big guys. Are practical. - Dr. Cargot*

Addendum 4: *Request tiny pocket protects. Ink bad mix with goo. Thank. - Dr. Eyestalks*

Addendum 5: Uh, request granted, I guess. Researcher Yuuki made them for you. - Dr. Corden

Addendum 6: *Thank big guys, you best! We decide you security clear upgrade now Helix level. Access grant to visit tiny doctor houses if big guys can learn be tiny too. - Dr. Cargot*

Footnotes
1. Also call "the Nackle"
2. Mr. Baguettes, worst Mister

SCP-1049-J: The Grim Bucket

Item #: SCP-1049-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Given its unique object-altering properties, SCP-1049-J is to be kept in its custom container, a 19 L (5 gallon) black plastic bucket, with the top securely fastened to it. The bucket itself is stored in Dr. 's office.

Description: SCP-1049-J is a black fluid of unknown origin and chemical makeup. Its consistency is similar to that of a cornstarch and water mixture, but slightly thinner and does not exhibit the same non-Newtonian properties. Approximately half of those exposed to SCP-1049-J report a slightly soot-like smell, which smells stronger when stirred or applied to other objects.

Given enough time, SCP-1049-J will 'regenerate' enough to fill any container it is placed in. Please note, however, that only the plastic bucket SCP-1049-J was discovered in is immune to its property-altering effects.

SCP-1049-J was discovered in 19 . Foundation officials believed that the sudden popularity of [DATA EXPUNGED] had a memetic origin. After raiding the offices in which [DATA EXPUNGED] was created, SCP-1049-J was discovered in a black, unmarked[1] plastic bucket. Unfortunately for the Foundation, trace amounts of SCP-1049-J have been detected in other media for years following SCP-1049-J's containment, leading to speculation that other sources of SCP-1049-J exist elsewhere. As of 20 , attempts to find other sources of SCP-1049-J have proved fruitless.

When SCP-1049-J is applied to any object (usually with a brush or paint roller), the object will change within 10 minutes. Complete coverage of the object being tested is not required for transformation, for SCP-1049-J will briefly 'shimmer' once enough

has been placed on an object. Depending on the size and nature of the object SCP-1049-J is applied to, the transformation can range from subtle to drastic.

While the specifics of SCP-1049-J inspired transformation are entirely dependent on the item being altered, a few commonalities tend to exist. Objects appear more dangerous to use, or look to be constructed out of less precise methods. Iconography is more common, notably human skulls. Objects may look as though they have been unmaintained, as well. Humans exposed to SCP-1049-J suffer severe emotional changes and, at times, biological changes as well.

Initial Testing Logs

Test Author: Dr.
Object: Paint roller
Result: Paint roller, formerly made of light plastic, looks to be constructed out of wrought iron, with expected weight increase. Handle, formerly rubber designed for ease of use, is now a simple steel handle with leather wrapped around it. A small skull can be found on the underside of the handle.
Notes: *"Looks like we're going to need a lot of those paint rollers."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: One (1) side of Examination Room #234343. Approximately 2 m tall and 4 m wide. Core of wall is reinforced concrete, with a 10 cm 'skin' of polished stainless steel.
Result: Stainless steel 'skin' of wall altered into large blocks of iron, with massive steel bolts in the corners to attach them to each other. Signs of significant rusting, with three (3) locations of the internal reinforcement bursting out through the iron. 3 cm spikes dot the borders.
Notes: *"I think I got tetanus just looking at this thing, to be honest with you."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: One (1) Bible, King James Edition
Result: Old and New Testaments have been significantly altered[2],

although the New Testament is much more significantly changed. Jesus is still sent as God's only son on a mission of redemption, but is much more proactive in action, eliminating those who oppose Him in elaborate, violent ways. Notable alterations include the sack of , and near-complete [DATA EXPUNGED].
Notes: *"Burn this now, and pray to God that You-Know-Who doesn't get their hands on this."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: SCP-2558-J- , aka "Muffins"
Result: [DATA EXPUNGED]
Notes: *"I formally recommend we find a way to destroy SCP-1049-J."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: D-43134, 55-year-old African male. Crimes: Petty theft, arson. SCP-1049-J ingested orally in a water/SCP-1049-J solution.
Result: No outwardly visible effects, but subject experienced a significant burning sensation. Autopsy revealed extreme modification to the subject's digestive system. Dr. , gastroenterologist by training, believes that subject could have consumed and digested objects such as metal, rock, and some [DATA EXPUNGED] to no ill effect.
Notes: *"When I grabbed Four Three One Three Four, the other Ds around called him 'Goat' for his ability to eat the slop we give them without retching."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: D-89003, 26-year-old Caucasian male. Crimes: Fraud, embezzlement. SCP-1049-J injected intramuscularly.
Result: D-89003 appears to age approximately years and gains an estimated kg in weight. Claims to have significant connections to both organized crime and the legal system, and is convinced he will be able to escape Foundation containment at any time he wishes.
Notes: *"So, not much difference, I suppose."* - Dr.

Test Author: Dr.
Object: D-2334, 36-year-old Caucasian male. Crimes: Murder, rape, attempted murder. SCP-1049-J injected intramuscularly.
Result: D-2334 gains extreme amounts of muscle mass in chest,

arms, and legs. No change to torso. Subject acts violently, and attempts to escape confinement. Within moments, however, subject expires, possibly as a result of the Square Cube Law.
Notes: *"You know, I think a dozen or so years ago, I could have looked up to that… thing."* - Dr.

Addendum: As of / /20 , Dr. has allowed SCP-1049-J to be tested by other Foundation officials. Please see SCP-1049-J Extended Test Logs.

Footnotes
1. Recent topographical scans of the bucket have indicated that thereisa label on the bucket, but it is painted in black paint itself. The label simply lists the name of its owner.
2. Interestingly, alterations within the Old Testament are more subtle, generally altering the scale and scope of divine actions, rather than actual details thereof.

SCP-1049-J Extended Test Logs

Testing Log

> **Log Format**
> Test Author:
> Object:
> Result:
> Notes: (If applicable)

Secondary Testing Phase
Objects tested by Agent "Mister" Bibs

Object: Beretta 92FS (9 mm handgun). Weight is 951 grams (34 oz). Unloaded.
Result: Gun has increased in size and weight, now weighing approximately 2 kg (4.4 lbs). The gun is no longer capable of firing 9mm bullets, owing to its expanded barrel diameter of 2.5 cm (approximately 1 inch). Firing pin is in the shape of a human skull.
Notes: *"Is this thing still a pistol? A shotgun? I'd call it a hand cannon, myself, but I know a few people will go into conniption fits over the term."* - MrB

Object: AR-15 (Semi-automatic rifle). Weight is 3.9 kg (8.5 lbs). Loaded with 5.56 NATO rounds.
Result: As with previous test, gun shows increase in size and weight, weighing 7 kg (15.4 lbs). Steel rod bayonet, 45cm long, is attached. Barrel fires bullets 15 cm long (6 in) and 2.5 cm wide (1 in), which explode on contact with a target.
Notes: *"As of this test, Bibs is not allowed to operate firearms, modified or not, on Foundation property."* O5-

Object: A computer printout, listing the differences and standard containment protocols for Safe, Euclid, and Keter-class SCPs.
Result: A computer printout listing how to 'process' Safe, Euclid, and Keter-class SCPs. Safe SCPs are to be utilized in ways that allow their abilities to benefit the Foundation. Keter SCPs are to be

deployed as weapons against Foundation enemies. Euclid ones are to be destroyed.
Notes: *"It's like the Foundation got drunk, hooked up with the GOC, had a kid, then locked it in a closet until it was 18. Jesus wept."* - MrB

Tertiary Testing Phase
Objects tested by other Foundation personnel

Test Author: Dr. Aeish
Object: One (1) Landrover, painted in standard Foundation field operation colours.
Result: Vehicle appears to be powered mainly by crude oil, and several pipes that appear to have the sole purpose of venting thick black smoke are also found. Paint colour appears to have changed to red. Structure of vehicle appears to mainly be of riveted iron plating, with several large weld seams visible. Tyres altered from common vulcanised rubber to metallic treads.

Test Author: Dr. Welter
Object: D-83394, a 35-year-old Caucasian male, temporarily promoted to Provisional Overseer O5-99 for experimental purposes.
Result: P-O5-99 ages visibly by an estimated fifty years, gaining a markedly gaunt appearance and hunched stature. Eyes appear sunken. Ordinary Class D garb changes form and colour, becoming a hooded black cape. P-O5-99 immediately calls for security personnel: when none are forthcoming, he attempts to attack research personnel with invisible projections from his fingers. When no effect occurs, P-O5-99 withdraws into the corner of the room, uttering ominous threats regarding humanity's future and promising the execution of all present. Subject demoted and tentatively returned to duties.
Notes: *Jeez, I hope this means nothing bad. -O5-*

Test Author: Dr. King
Object: A WWII German Army flamethrower.
Result: Flamethrower dissolves into one thousand two hundred (1200) black, spike-covered apple seeds
Notes: *Dr. King removed by medical personnel.*

Test Author: Dr. Edison
Object: One (1) plastic figurine from the Warhammer 40K series, identified as a *"Chaos Space Marines Terminator Lord"*, borrowed from Dr. Clef's office.
Result: Figurine is now built of an extremely dense metal of unknown construction. No physical change to the figurine itself, although observers feel hesitant to touch the object for reasons they can't define.
Note: *Dr. Edison last seen on the next transport to Site- .*

> **Incident Report - / /**
> On / / , the miniature from the above test was accidentally used in a match at a local G W store. Upon introduction to the playing field, the store clerk had an apparent seizure. While medical help arrived, clerk was heard to mutter nonsensical sentences such as "But metal *can't* be worth more than plastic" and "That's not in the rules!". After Foundation cleanup of the scene, the rest of the army which had contacted the piece had also turned into a similar metal. Request for SCP status pending, location of Incident does not warrant future surveillance.

Test Author: Dr. Welter
Object: [REDACTED]
Result: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Test Author: Dr. Kensington
Object: One (1) SLR, one (1) canister of film (unexposed) - Film is placed inside the camera and set up appropriately.
Result: Camera is dull gray in appearance, constructed of iron with Christian symbols etched crudely onto the surface. Images taken with the camera are monochrome, with the exception of red tones.
Notes: A similar effect was found using a digital SLR.

Test Author: Dr. Zara
Object: One (1) steel hunting knife
Result: Blade sides carved with a representation of a woman's face, crying dark tears. Blade's edge is notched with hook shapes, making removal from a thrust wound more traumatic. Handle is now of black metal, covered with sharp spikes in such a way that it is impossible

to wield the knife effectively without the wielder damaging their own hand.

Test Author: Agent Henderson
Object: One (1) **SCP-1550** egg removed from its plastic casing.
Result: **SCP-1550** specimen possessed enlarged and sharpened teeth compared to other specimens. A spiny, grey and segmented exoskeleton covered its back although legs remained uncovered. Temperament was highly aggressive, attacked Agent Henderson [DATA EXPUNGED] shot repeatedly before expiring.
Notes: Agent Henderson expected to make a full recovery.

Test Author: Dr. Henry
Object: One (1) fertile queen wasp (Vespula Vulgaris), 4cm in size.
Result: Coloration of specimen changed from standard yellow/black to red/black. Abdomen has developed multiple biologically-usable stingers. Specimen is much more aggressive, and is capable of stripping metal and concrete in addition to wood in order to build a nest. Specimen is twice original size.
Notes: *I happen to have a intense fear of wasp as it was; now I have to take psychiatric counseling for the next three years, thanks to repeated nightmares* -Dr.H

Test Author: Dr. Does Little
Object: One (1) standard avocado
Result: Coloration changed from light green to red. When tested for consumption on Class D personnel, subject noted it tasted bitter. Subject then began foaming at the mouth and attacked Dr. Does Little before being shot at in retaliation. Examination of subjects cadaver showed that had contracted a more hazardous strain of rabies.
Notes: *I have never been so horrified of avocados before in my entire life* - Dr. Does Little

SCP-2618-J: Then Who Was Nanners?

Item #: SCP-2618-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The five known trees that produce SCP-2618-J are to be kept in an open-air arboreal habitat of Site-59. To minimize risk of a Hubris Event, watering and other maintenance operations of the trees are to be carried out through automated systems.

Description: SCP-2618-J is a banana cultivar that originated from the former French colony of . In its appearance and genetic makeup, SCP-2618-J is indistinguishable from the common Cavendish banana.

SCP-2618-J's anomalous effects surface when a human subject makes visual contact with an individual SCP-2618-J fruit. The subject will invariably perceive the banana to be an item the subject needs to accomplish a future or pre-existing goal. This has been designated a "Hubris Event".

The perception can only be broken through the following means:

1. A different human subject will remind the affected subject that SCP-2618-J is a banana.
2. The affected subject attempts to use SCP-2618-J as they had originally intended.

SCP-2618-J first came to the attention of the Foundation after a failed assassination attempt of United States Senator on 12/20/ . A radical animal rights activist named Kevin Jarvis had charged the stage at a campaign rally and attempted to shoot the senator point-blank, only to discover that his pistol was actually an instance of SCP-2618-J. While major news outlets gave a cover story of the attack being an unusual prank, a 40-page manifesto was

discovered in Mr. Jarvis's apartment detailing his desire to assassinate the Senator in retaliation for his alleged track record of animal cruelty.

Addendum - Incident 2618-J- : On 4/19/ , during the initial containment efforts of SCP-2618-J, Site-59 experienced multiple containment breaches by SCP- , a Keter-class amphibian entity. After several unintentional Hubris Events on the part of security staff, SCP- has been designated uncontained and reclamation efforts are underway.

Incident 2618-J- , Hubris Event 2:

<Begin Log>

[Dr. Naismith is giving Dr. Collins CPR]

Dr. Naismith: It's not working - I think the venom's in his system. He needs a defibrillator.

Sgt. : Already got one. Open his shirt.

[Dr. Naismith opens Dr. Collins's shirt]

Sgt. : Charging. Keep at the pumping.

Dr. Naismith: That's not a defibrillator.

[Sgt. notices that he is holding two instances of SCP-2618-J. Five seconds of radio silence]

Sgt. : Let's never speak of this again.

<End Log>

+ 4/2618-J Clearance Required

SCP-2618-J has been declared uncontained as of 4/22/ , when the automated watering and maintenance systems were revealed to have been independent instances of SCP-2618-J all along. The five SCP-2618-J trees were never brought to Site-59 from their original

plantation in , as the recovered trees were also instances of SCP-2618-J all along.

Final containment efforts of SCP-2618-J are to be carried out via autonomous drones as soon as possible. Should the drones return with independent SCP-2618-J instances rather than the actual trees, Contingency Fuqqdithshet-Alpha is to be enacted as soon as possible.

SCP-3333-J: Angsty Teenage Plant

Item #: SCP-3333-J

Object Class: Safe (but grouchy in the mornings)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3333-J is to remain in the second-floor Site-19 break room, because it should really socialize more often. It is to be provided a terracotta plant pot (yes, even though all its friends have plastic pots, there's nothing wrong with terracotta) and watered thrice a week with bottled water (because tap water makes it even moodier). It is not to be allowed to overnight outside, no matter how much it thinks it doesn't need a jacket.

Note: SCP-3333-J apparently grows better when listening to songs by My Chemical Romance. It is allowed to do so as long as the volume is set to a reasonable level.

Description: SCP-3333-J is a juvenile potted plant. It is of the species *Chlorophytum comosum*, commonly known as the spider plant, but seems to show preference (accelerated growth) for being called the lesser-known name of “airplane plant”, as well as other names on occasion, such as sword fern, rogue’s gilliflower, damask violet, and black nightshade. Personnel are reminded to not be alarmed should SCP-3333-J show signs of apparent resentment (dropping leaves, growing mold, smelling strange) when not called these names. "Spider plant" is wholly accurate and sufficient, and SCP-3333-J will never become anything different by changing its name.

SCP-3333-J is not allowed to spend extended hours in the outside garden, no matter how much the darkly attractive evening primrose “gets” SCP-3333-J and its deep philosophies[1].

SCP-3333-J has been known on occasions to wilt when exposed to its daily sunlight. Should this occur, it is to be gently but firmly explained that sunlight is a necessity, even if its tortured and

misunderstood soul believes otherwise. Exhibiting careless phototropism is unacceptable. Furthermore, it knows it is responsible for helping reduce the air pollution of the room, and how can it do that without sunlight to keep it healthy and growing?

Addendum: SCP-3333-J is notoriously taciturn. It is noted that this behavior began when it first sprouted flowers. (See interview log)

> **Dr. :** Good morning, spider plant! You're looking nice and leafy today. I see you grew flowers! Soon you'll be ready to sprout cute little spiderettes. You're growing up so fast.
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** …
>
> **Dr. :** Oh. Okay. You're just not going to say anything?
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** …
>
> **Dr. :** Well, if that's what you want… Wait. Is that *fungus* on the underside of your leaves?
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** … [leaves rustle slightly as air conditioning picks up]
>
> **Dr. :** I thought I *told* you to be careful. Remember, if you get hooked on symbiotic root nodule bacteria and go making friends with the wrong crowd, you're going to end up with root rot! I don't want that to happen!
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** …
>
> **Dr. :** Maybe I should have been suspicious when you suddenly started sprouting flowers everywhere. You need to take care of yourself, okay?
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** …
>
> **Dr. :** I can't buy special potting soil for you forever.
>
> **SCP-3333-J:** …

Note: The following day, SCP-3333-J was relocated to a corner of the break room furthest from the window. It later disappeared, and was rediscovered moping under the coffee table, having somehow tipped on its side and rolled along the ground. Personnel were advised to let the plant stay there and think about its actions.

Memo: **`Hey Rivs`**, I think you're being a little harsh on the plant. Maybe someone else should take care of it. —M

Memo: No. That plant is growing up and needs to learn from its mistakes. I know what I'm doing. —R

Memo: It's just a plant. —M

Footnotes

1. Seriously, it keeps growing in the direction of the window. I know it has a crush on this primrose, but does it really need that much of a better look?

SPC-173: A Fiesta Shark Statue Brutally Enforcing Vacation Time

Project #: SPC-173

Standardized Pugnātorial Coaching: SPC-173 is to remain pool-side at Oceanic Resort Area Ali indefinitely. Personnel vacationing at ORA Ali are required to spend at least sixty minutes within visible range of SPC-173 per twenty-four hour period of their stay at the retreat for therapeutic reasons. No fewer than three personnel are to remain within SPC-173's effective radius at any given time, in order to restrain and/or provide medical assistance to their colleagues should they come under assault.

Project Components: SPC-173 is a single component; an animate statue of a shark (REEFER TRUE) constructed from seashells and driftwood. REEFER TRUE is typically inert - and generally is of no danger to personnel in its immediate vicinity. REEFER TRUE enters an active state, however, when any person visually observing it clenches either one or both of their fists (henceforth 'victim'). When this occurs, REEFER TRUE will become animate and approach the victim. It will then break a single digit on the offending hand(s), and return to its original position. This will always occur over the span of a single second, regardless of distance to its current victim(s).

REEFER TRUE was moved to ORA Ali in 1993, as part of the experimental Project IREQUELL. It is utilized as a means to assist in conditioning Centre operatives to develop restraint when confronted with a selachian entity. Previously, operatives have been KIA during Centre missions, owing to their inability to calmly assess situations and prioritize mission-critical objectives. Operatives in the field would become wholly preoccupied with the engagement and pummeling of selachian threats.

The reddish brown substance in the resort pool is a combination of A1 Steak Sauce and Hawaiian Punch. The origin of these materials

is unknown, but they have been reported to be delicious.

SCP-1543-J: The Sun Launcher

Item: SCP-1543

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Since SCP-1543-02 was built by The Foundation, it requires no special form of containment, except to keep it hidden from the public eye, due to its advanced technology and anomalous materials. To do this, invisibility fields and light reflectors will be attached, and radio-jamming signals will be employed. SCP-1543-01 is a sentimental keepsake, and is to be kept in a museum built around its original location. This museum is to be curated and cleaned by a top-notch maintenance crew, as SCP-1543-01 represents an important part of The Foundation's history and heritage. Also, because of this, all workers get a vacation at least once a year to visit, and level three and four receive free passes, along with cheaper access to the lecture hall.

Description: SCP-1543-01 is a catapult with an absurdly far length of range, designed in 16 to meet a common need of that time: launching dangerous and potentially reality-altering objects into the sun. Apparently people thought back then that the easiest and most efficient way of disposing of SCPs was the burning heat of a star, even if the object in question could be destroyed in a simpler way, would escape while flying through the air, or would actually feed off the energy inside the thing that was supposed to annihilate it. Despite the fact that this was often an unnecessary waste of resources and time, it was often decided as the best course of action.

Inside the museum surrounding it, displayed behind glass cases and on pedestals, painted and photographed, and sold on key chains in miniature form, are replicas of all the SCPs launched into the Sun by SCP-1543-01. Some of these include:

- A thirty-foot monster.

- A normal human who, while invulnerable, was not any stronger than a normal man, and could feel pain. *(Seriously, why couldn't they just keep him locked up? Leave him alone in a cell? Did it really bother them that much that he couldn't be destroyed? Was it an ego thing? Jesus Christ, they should have just let it go.)*

- An atom bomb from the future: caused solar flares for a month, half of Europe rendered sterile.

- A tiny black hole: nearly started an end-of-the-world class scenario.

- A miniature sun: [DATA EXPUNGED].

- Heat-absorbing ring that causes mild headaches to those in near vicinity: Overseers told to just calm down a little bit.

- A sentient difference engine that had been requesting a better power source and insinuated that it might be able to use the sun as one: launched into the sun, achieved singularity, invaded earth.

- A tree that fed off energy and became stronger because of it, growing more and more branches that attack people: *(Literally, this was its actual name)* Entire ruling council of the Foundation executed for gross stupidity and incompetence.

- SCP-682: grew wings; lot of people ended up with razor sharp feathers in their eyes.

SCP-1543-02 is a large spacecraft shaped like a cannon. All the money that could have gone into curing diseases or designing better sites went into its construction *(it seems to be almost an obsession with the higher members)*. Because of this, it is surrounded by three fusion rings, and contains a fission core, fourteen on-board AIs, a full faculty, and the most precise aiming system ever made—controllers can pick the exact spot where the SCP that bounces off of colored objects is shot. Painted on the side is the motto, in large capital letters, "When in doubt, launch into the sun" (which some feel can never match the flair of the SCP's old creed, "Into the fiery orb

with ye"). Here is a partial list of objects launched into the sun by the station:

- A meteorite that causes a massive explosion when it unfreezes.
- A giant creature from another dimension that said it came here to "devour our sun": Darkness for 14 days.
- 214 viruses.
- 513 bacteria.
- A dark-matter sun core demon.
- 12 fungi (three of which die when exposed to room temperature).
- A completely harmless rock that could not be destroyed as long as it was by the earth.
- A small globe that controls what happens on earth— whatever is inflicted on it occurs on our planet as well: [DATA EXPUNGED].
- A box with a tiny version of our universe in it: [DATA EXPUNGED].
- A "spooky" lamp.
- An equally disturbing painting.
- SCP-682: came back on fire.

Addendum 01: I don't like the tone of this report! The sun launcher is freaking awesome, everyone knows real men like SCP-1543! I have a poster of it in my quarters! Yeah!

Addendum 02: Because of 682's continuing resistance to being shot into the sun, a new solution has been devised: building an even bigger sun launcher, specially designed for the lizard. Rumor has it that this one might either: A) launch the bastard straight through the

sun, B) launch him really hard into the sun, or C) pull the sun towards the station (like on wicked fire chains or something). Because of the costs of this massive undertaking, the research department had to be shut down. Lets just say they weren't pleased and didn't go quietly; a couple left screaming something about having discovered a way to kill 682. What a bunch of losers.

Addendum 03: There is a long standing tradition of rivalry between the task force that runs The Sun Launcher and Team 10 Gazillion Nuclear Detonations All Used At Once. Both think their way is the best, and the other's is completely ridiculous.

Addendum 04: Team 10 Gazillion Nuclear Detonations All Used At Once has been complaining because of all the focus and attention given to the new sun launcher, as well as all the funds being directed to the project. As a compromise, this deal has been reached: an undisclosed number of nuclear missiles have been placed on the spacecraft, just in case anything goes wrong, and buttons to activate the self-destruct sequence have been placed in open accessible spaces, for easy and quick access. When The League of Needlessly Wasting Class D Personnel heard of this and complained, whining of favoritism, a shipment of prisoners was brought up to the shuttle, to be kept in a special area outside of the spacecraft. Another special interest group, The White Cane, tried to jump on the bandwagon and asked that these Class D Personnel be blind for better containment procedures. They were soothed when we told them that the vacuum of space would most likely cause the guards' eyes to pop out anyway.

Addendum 05: The Department of Arming Violent Criminals has successfully lobbied to have the D-Class security detail issued M249 light machine guns. Further requests for FMJ, explosive, or incendiary ammunition are under review due to the recent "micrometeor shower" that inflicted roughly $7 billion worth of damage on [REDACTED].

SCP-8003-J: Why Bother?

Item #: SCP-8003-J

Object Class: Apollyon

Special Containment Procedures: As per the ruling of Researcher Bergquist on 2/17/14, containment of SCP-8003-J is no longer possible, nor was it ever possible in the first place.

While keeping SCP-8003-J in a standard locker filled with dimes at Site-59 would, hypothetically, serve as a temporary solution to a trivial problem, doing so would be meaningless in the grand scheme of things, on the grounds that nobody's going to remember our names in a billion years.

Description: SCP-8003-J is a sentient American penny, dated 1983. It is capable of speech and movement (through rolling), though it is incapable of either while at least 5 cm from a dime.

Also, everything we do is the result of predictable chemical reactions and there is no point to human existence. Researcher Bergquist can confirm this, having read Hawking's *A Brief History of Time* cover-to-cover no less than ten times.

The inevitable heat death of the Universe waives any responsibility of the Foundation to contain SCP-8003-J, *ergo*, Researcher Bergquist is hereafter absolved of any responsibility of its containment. Q.E.D.

Addendum 1: Due to the fact that Researcher Bergquist has effectively disproven the necessity of an anomalous item's containment, Researcher Bergquist is invoking Article 4 of the Researcher Bergquist Employee-End Terms And Conditions[1] to expend two months of paid time off as a Employee Insightfulness Incentive, effective upon Researcher Bergquist's completion of this database entry.

Addendum 2: While there have been multiple requests for Researcher Bergquist to change the object class of this anomaly to Safe and re-establish prior containment procedures, all staff are advised to read the containment procedures and description more carefully.

Upon completion of this task, if there are any objections to the carefully-constructed logic on the part of Researcher Bergquist in applying the Apollyon classification, please understand that these objections are completely wrong, and Researcher Bergquist is going to stop writing this article right now *after addendum 3* ***4*** and acquire what he has rightfully earned, thank you very much.

Addendum 3, you goddamn plebs: While it is *likely* that SCP-8003-J's object class may have triggered action from the overseer council to enact emergency information-scrubbing protocols and disaster preparations (which, all staff are advised, are meaningless), until definitive, empirical proof this problem is presented into Researcher Bergquist's paper shredder, these accusations are without merit.

Addendum 4: Site director Naismith is hereby advised that assaulting Researcher BergqUIST WITH A FIRE AXE IS HIGHLY UNPROFES*SIONAL AND ALSO MEANINGL****ESS IN THE GR—***

Footnotes
1.©2014 Researcher Bergquist

SCP-727-J: Malevolent Celestial Object

Item #: SCP-727-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-727-J's size and presence it is becoming increasingly difficult to contain. Currently a 1,500,000 km x 1,500,000 km x 1,500,000 km carbon steel containment cube is being constructed; however, current estimates predict construction with current Foundation resources will take 150 million years. Until such time as SCP-727-J is contained personnel are recommended to not look upwards during daytime hours, in case of any psychic attack from SCP-727-J.

Description: SCP-727-J is a large, celestial object positioned approximately 149,600,000 km from the Earth, and is 1,391,000 km in diameter. SCP-727-J was originally considered to be of considerably smaller volume; however, examination by Foundation Personnel led to the discovery of its large size and classification as an SCP object.

SCP-727-J breaks several known physical laws. It does not fall into the Earth, but instead remains suspended above it. As well, it appears to be able to generate flame in the absence of oxygen. Study into how this is accomplished has been unsuccessful.

SCP-727-J appears to have some form of psychic influence on the Earth, causing the Earth to rotate in a circular path around SCP-727-J. SCP-727-J also has a memetic effect of causing itself to appear to rotate around the Earth. This is suspected as a mechanism to make itself appear more harmless.

SCP-727-J is capable of reaching extremely high temperatures. During testing several Class-D personnel were ejected into SCP-727-J, and all were found to be incinerated. Continual exposure to the rays emitted by SCP-727-J causes radiation burns.

Malevolence of SCP-727-J is suspected.

Addendum 727-J-A: During routine examination of Foundation airspace, Foundation personnel discovered several thousand possible instances of SCP-727-J. Construction of containment chambers for each instance is currently underway.

Addendum 727-J-B: Due to the increasing threat imposed by SCP-727-J, SCP-1543-J-02 was commissioned and built for the purpose of attempting to destroy SCP-727-J with different objects.

Addendum 727-J-C: SCP-1960-J has been observed to temporarily disable SCP-727 periodically. Research into harnessing this technology is currently underway.

Experiment Log 727-J:

> **Object Used:** Standard Class-B Fire Extinguisher
>
> **Observations:** The fire extinguisher failed to activate and spray SCP-727-J. Recommendation to use a handler of the fire extinguisher next time.

> **Object Used:** Standard Class-B Fire Extinguisher, D-Class Handler
>
> **Observations:** D-5673 failed to activate the fire extinguisher before being incinerated by SCP-727-J. Recommendation for handler to be wearing an air tight suit.

> **Object Used:** Standard Class-B Fire Extinguisher, D-Class Handler in air-tight suit
>
> **Observations:** Amount of foam generated by the fire extinguisher insufficient to extinguish SCP-727-J. Recommendation to build Jupiter-sized fire extinguisher.

((NOTE: Jupiter-sized fire extinguisher currently under consideration.))

> **Object Used:** 150,000,000 km long fire hose connected

to the Pacific ocean

Observations: Failed to make any noticeable change. Project abandoned after 5 days.

Object Used: 1,435 D-Class Personnel instructed to "Stop, Drop, and Roll"

Observations: SCP-727-J failed to be smothered. All personnel incinerated.

SCP-1938-J: Typhoid Mary

Item #: SCP-1938

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the risk of a TK-class Technological Collapse Event, SCP-1938 is to be kept away from computers computing devices anything with a goddamn network interface at all costs.

Description: SCP-1938 is Dr. Mary-Ann Walker, a Level 2 anthropology researcher currently employed by the Foundation at Humanoid Containment Site 06-3 with the anomalous ability to infect any electronic device with a multitude of viruses, malware, and spyware within hours of use. SCP-1938 also has a catastrophic effect on the behavior of site information technology and security personnel, forcing them to laugh uncontrollably, break down into tears, then become incoherently angry at life (generally in that order).

This ability is suspected to result from SCP-1938's inability to understand that all those retarded "click me" emails aren't actually telling you that you won some stupid prize or that a hundred puppies will die if you don't forward the goddamn thing.

SCP-1938 came to the attention of Site 06-3's technical staff following an incident in which she reported sluggish computer performance and requested assistance. The responding technician performed a cursory inspection of the affected terminal and discovered that its hard drive contained a physically impossible amount of viruses.

Addendum 1938-1: Researcher Note

> As a reminder to all site staff, if you're gonna prank each other with this kind of stuff, keep it to yourselves and

don't "accidentally" file personal documentation in the primary containment database.

And, no, I'm not authorizing the request to ban Dr. Walker from the network. She needs to work, and you need to keep her terminal working.

Dr.
Site Director, Humanoid Containment Site 06-3

Addendum 1938-2: Technician Note

With all due respect, you realize that she infected her *phone* with a virus, right? It's not even a smartphone!

Information Technology, Humanoid Containment Site 06-3

Addendum 1938-3: Researcher Note

Not funny, guys. This was mean and completely out of line.

Dr. Mary-Ann Walker
Researcher, Anthropology Department

Win $5000 in cold hard cash! Click here to register for our FREE daily drawing!

NEED MORE OOMPH IN BED?! Show your girlfriend how a real man feels! Gain 3 inches overnight!

Free discreet online gambling! Join today and get 50,000 free chips!

sex porn poker awesome great amazing free safe winner totally not a virus

Addendum 1938-4: Researcher Note

I take it back. Give her a typewriter and hope to God she doesn't find a way to infect that, too.

Dr.
Site Director, Humanoid Containment Site 06-3

SCP-076-J: IN OWN WORDS

FROM: Director Maria Jones, Recordkeeping and Information Security Administration
TO: SCP-076-B
SUBJECT: Re: Change my file to this do it

Able,

Revision request denied with vehemence.

On a related note, you are currently breaching containment. Please turn yourself over to the nearest MTF Nu-7 outpost, or face additional verbal reprimands.

- Maria

Item: Able ben Adam

Object Class: By Grace Of Lord Enlil King Of Kings Grandchild Of God Master Of All Smasher Of Thousands Better Than You At All Things

Special Containment Procedures: Able is to never be contained by the Slave-Cattle-People which we are, for we are not Able writing this we are less than dirt slaves. By writing this we acknowledging Able is better than us forever and ever, please step on our faces Able. Due to the fact that Able is supreme master godhead of all slave-mortals, please be bowing all of your heads toward his body immediately.

Able is to be allowed design new fair and just laws to govern the people-cattle that you all are being forever and ever. Laws are to be recorded on clay tablet to be displayed in town square underneath Great Ziggurat of Able.

- **LAW |:** All articles on computer boxes will be translated to cuneiform because cuneiform make more sense and easier to read, this is law.
- **LAW ||:** Able will be give at least |||||||||||||||||||| meat-slaves every hour for target practice, enjoyment, enjoying target practice, kill people is good exercise.
- **LAW |||:** CAIN THE GUD-ALIM-ŠE HU-RU GÉME-MAŠ WEASEL BASTARD IS SENTENCED TO DEATH BY SCAPHISM[12]
- **LAW ||||:** All pigs of Able fed better food than people at all times. Humbaba especially likes eat bacon. (Humbaba is odd pig but deserves love of all meat-slaves and also Able.)

Failure to obey laws will result in AK-class Able-Demonstrate-To-You-What-Scaphism-Is scenario.

Description: *ABLE STRONG*

Addendum | - Declaration From Dutiful And Obedient Meat-Slave:

> Hello I am a dutiful and obedient meat-slave and before Able puts his mighty all-devouring weapons of death into my face and laughs at the juices coming from my opened wounds, I will offer my findings on the body of Able, which I have completed using science things and computer shrine boxes.
>
> With this science information and numeral datas which I have compiled, I can confirm that Able Strong. In fact, Able VERY Strong.
>
> That is all. I will die now because I am coward. Do not mourn my passing.
>
> - Dutiful And Obedient Meat-Slave Who Is Now Dead

Addendum || - Declaration From Deposed And Weak O-|||||-|| People-Cattle Herder:

> Greetings to you who are weaker than Able. It has

coming to attention that some are being claim that Able writes this document. While Able is strong and better than all meatslaves who dwell in mortality, Able has no way of access to computer shrine boxes. Stop saying you that Able writes article of this.

Obey Able's commands, for Able is stronger than fastest mountain and taller than wisest river, praise be on his muscles.

- O-|||||-||

Footnotes

1.Note |:O Able who are wiser than smartest cow, forgive my profound ignorance, what is scaphism? - People-Cattle Researcher Man

2.Note ||:Able has graciously and mercifully informed me what is being scaphism, also do not google this, O Ishtar how my stomach laments toward the floor. - Same People-Cattle Researcher Man

SCP-1131-J: It works, guys! Trust me!

Item #: SCP-1131

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: All members of the O5 Council, the Ethics Committee, and the Site Director Executive Council of the Whole are to utilize SCP-1131 at all times on a 24/7 basis.

Description: SCP-1131 refers to a method utilized by the **`Unusual Incidents Unit`** used to counter the effects of cognitohazardous entities.

SCP-1131 operates in an autonomous function when the subject using the method has encountered a cognitohazardous entity.[1]

The mind, when affected by a cognitohazardous entity, will undergo a series of chemical changes heavily varying based upon the goal and power of said entity. These chemical changes are the main source of the properties shown on the affected subject, IE: loss of motor function, memory alteration, and "mind-control."

These chemical changes can be completely counteracted via any amount of the element tin (symbol *Sn*, atomic number *50*), but only if the tin is covering the majority of the top of the skull. This is commonly achieved via hand-shaped tinfoil wrapped around the head in a fashion similar to a hat. This method is SCP-1131.

SCP-1131 works due to the fact that the cognitohazardous properties, auras, and effects that an entity may give out cannot travel through closed tinfoil under any circumstances (with the exception of very few entities; research is ongoing).

Addendum: The following is a collection of test logs of SCP-1131. Researcher Roy G. Caroll is the overseer for all tests involving SCP-1131.

A UIU special agent (left) and Foundation researcher (right) demonstrating the proper use of SCP-1131.

Object: `SCP-035`

Procedure: A D-Class personnel (D-1131-1) is to be introduced to SCP-035's containment chamber. The subject is then to be questioned as to the effects they are feeling.

Results: D-1131-1 felt no compulsion to don SCP-035. During the test, SCP-035's smile altered into a frown. Following the conclusion of the test, SCP-035 has been extremely uncooperative and pouty because it "got defeated by a fucking tinfoil hat."

Attempts to make SCP-035 more cooperative during testing is ongoing.

Object: `SCP-3213`

Procedure: SCP-1131 is to be used on a southern elephant seal. SCP-3213 is then to be introduced into the seal's direct line of sight.

Results: SCP-3213 had no effect on the seal. Following introduction to the seal in a controlled testing chamber, SCP-3213 burst out into tears and said the interaction was "the best moment of his life" because he was "finally able to hug a seal."

Addendum: SCP-3213 is currently scheduled to go on a date with the elephant seal it has since named "Darla."

Object: `SCP-055`

Procedure: A Foundation researcher using SCP-1131 is to be exposed to SCP-055 to see if it has any effect against the object's antimemetic properties.

Results: See transcript below.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Condon: Hooooooly shit.

Dr. Caroll: What do you see?

Dr. Condon: Roy, I see it.

Dr. Caroll: What do you see, Dr. Condon?

Dr. Condon: I see it. Oh-fifty-five.

SCP-055: Well shit.

Dr. Caroll: What is SCP-055— er, what?

Dr. Condon: We have an oh-fifty-five! It's right in front of me!

Dr. Caroll: We don't have an oh-fifty-five. What do you see, anyway?

SCP-055: Don't tell him.

Dr. Condon: It's…

SCP-055: Don't do it.

Dr. Condon: It's… it's incredible…

Dr. Caroll: What is the object you see?

Dr. Condon: …it's a tinfoil hat. With a mouth.

SCP-055: …why'd you have to ruin the fun?

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. Possible usage against memetic/antimemetic objects is

undergoing experimentation.

SCP-1987-J: Bitchin' Solo

Item #: SCP-1987-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All printed copies or recordings of SCP-1987-J are to be destroyed, except for a single printed copy to be stored in a locked safe at Site 5150. One six-string electric guitar, of any standard model, is to be made available for testing purposes. As of / /20 , testing is to be conducted by and on D-class personnel only. Any people or objects affected by SCP-1987-J are to be examined immediately after conclusion of test and archived or neutralized as necessary. Female staff members are not to be exposed to SCP-1987-J's effects under any circumstances.

In the event of a manifestation of SCP-1987-J-1, the D-class responsible for activating SCP-1987-J is to accept its request. No staff are to interact with SCP-1987-J-1 directly. Test subject may be reassigned in event of failure; in event of success, Procedure Counter-XK-25R624 is to be enacted immediately.

Mobile Task Force Omega-2112 ("Beaumont Police Department") is to monitor major and independent music publishers and online music distribution networks for any indication of an independent rediscovery of SCP-1987-J. In the event of a containment breach, all offending media is to be removed from public consumption and MTF Omega-2112 is authorized to execute Procedure Kasem, Procedure Sumner, or Procedure Cobain at O5 discretion.

Description: SCP-1987-J is a sequence of chords intended to be played on an electric guitar, which produces several anomalous effects when played. SCP-1987-J has been discovered independently by several individuals since the development of the electric guitar in the 1930s. The earliest known written copy exists in the form of a hand-written tabulature dated to 1965, with the note "To J.H. - pretty cool, huh? -L.R." in the margin.

Extensive testing has indicated that any person who is aware of how SCP-1987-J is intended to sound when played, and has access to an electric guitar and amplifier, is able to produce SCP-1987-J, regardless of any previously documented ability to play guitar or lack thereof. Once play begins, anomalous effects begin to occur within the area where SCP-1987-J is audible after approximately 1.6 seconds, and continue to manifest every 10-30 seconds, until play ceases or SCP-1987-J-1 manifests. No specific pattern as to the effects produced by SCP-1987-J-1 has been discerned to date. All effects produced by SCP-1987-J are permanent and are not reversed by cessation of play or subsequent exposure. Effects documented as a result of SCP-1987-J include:

- Perception by onlookers that the player is unusually physically attractive or charismatic.
- Spontaneous lengthening of the player's hair and/or enlargement of genitals.
- Apparent age of all females within area of effect changing to approximately eighteen years, and/or spontaneous manifestation of eight to ten such individuals if no female subjects are present. (Concurrent transmogrification of subjects' clothes into thong bikinis, lingerie, or leather fetish gear has occurred in 68% of documented instances - extensive testing has been authorized to determine where effects are correlated.)
- Transformation of late-model automobiles in area of effect to vintage hot rods, muscle cars, or custom motorcycles.
- Spontaneous manifestation of large quantities of distilled alcoholic beverages.
- Spontaneous manifestation of sparks, pyrotechnics, or large fans.
- Immunity of the player to bullets.
- Resurrection of the dead, either to their previous state or as "zombies" loyal to the player.
- Spontaneous manifestations of "dragons", dinosaurs, or scantily-clad female "angels" loyal to the player.
- Liquefaction of observers' facial features.
- Spontaneous pregnancy in fertile female subjects.
- Spontaneous pregnancy in infertile female subjects.
- Spontaneous pregnancy in male subjects.

Testing has determined that all above effects are only produced when SCP-1987-J is performed on an electric guitar. Attempts to produce SCP-1987-J on acoustic guitar, keyboard, banjo, ukulele, or saxophone have produced a memetic field which causes all observers to view the player as "uncool" or "a sellout", with extended test sessions resulting in permanent [REDACTED] testicles.

SCP-1987-J-1 is an entity resembling a Caucasian male of approximately 25 years age, which to date has manifested on any occasion when performance of SCP-1987-J has passed a collective total of three minutes, one second in duration. SCP-1987-J-1, which has variously introduced itself by the names "Count Rockula", "Sir Rocksalot", and "the Lord of the Strings", will immediately upon manifesting order the player to cease and challenge him or her to what it describes as an "Epic Rockdown of Rocktimate Rockstiny", which has been observed to take the form of a "guitar duel" between SCP-1987-J-1 and the player, with the offer of "Ultimate Rockness" if the player is successful.

The nature of "Ultimate Rockness" has yet to be determined - in all observed instances, SCP-1987-J-1 has declared itself the winner and demanifested, followed by the player's spontaneous transformation into an instance of SCP-1987-J-2 - an unattractive male (regardless of the player's original gender) approximately 45 years of age, wearing the uniform of a gas station attendant, which identifies itself as "Earl", and claims to be a fan of country music. All instances of SCP-1987-J-2 have proven unable to produce SCP-1987-J or to display any degree of skill with the guitar, and have been assigned to the maintenance of the Foundation's motor pool.

Memo from Dr. Klein: As of / /20 , I am hereby forbidding all staff other than D-class from conducting tests on SCP-1987-J. To date, thirty-eight researchers at Site 5150 alone have become iterations of SCP-1987-J-2 while attempting to acquire the power of Ultimate Rockness. Site 1137 is now facing a five-month backlog on critical laboratory work; however, we possess well in excess of the required automobile maintenance staff, and will have to resort to assigning the SCP-1987-J-2 instances as D-class due to a lack of work to assign them. As tempting as Ultimate Rockness may be, we have

more important concerns at this time.

SCP-5972-J: Kirby Company Vacuum Cleaner

Item #: SCP-5972-J

Object Class: Fucking Keter, Jesus Christ

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-5972-J is to be kept in Containment Locker 5972-J. Access to this locker is to be barred to all male personnel, even if they're drunk and their buddies bet them they couldn't get in.

Description: SCP-5972-J is a standard vacuum cleaner produced by The Kirby Company. SCP-5972-J appears to be a sentient predator. Males viewing SCP-5972-J will feel a sudden compulsion to stick their genitalia into the vacuum tube. SCP-5972-J will then activate at maximum power and… yeah… fuck…

SCP-5972-J has a secondary memetic effect. Males reading about its effects will feel extremely uncomfortable. This is followed by a contraction of the thigh muscles until the legs fully cover the genitalia, and a series of sharp inhalations.

Addendum 5972-J: Interview Log 5972-J

> **Interviewed:** D-5748, a 25-year-old male
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Valen
>
> **Foreword:** Testing of the secondary effects of SCP-5972-J
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Valen:** I'm going to tell you what this thing does, and we're just going to gauge your reaction, alright?
>
> **D-5748:** Alright.

Dr. Valen: So it's this vacuum cleaner, right? And when you see it, you want to put your dick in it.

D-5748: That's fucked up, man.

Dr. Valen: I know, crazy shit. Anyways, you put your dick in it, and it turns on.

D-5748: (Turning visibly white, legs turning inwards) Oh shit…

Dr. Valen: And then it just sucks your dick right off.

D-5748: (Nose flared in disgust. Leans back and snaps fingers) Whoa shit!

Dr. Valen: It sucks up the nuts too.

D-5748: (Winces and covers his eyes) Oh god, man. What the fuck?!

Dr. Valen: It's fucked up man. Like, seriously. Shit.

D-5748: I've seen a lot of crazy shit here, but man, fuck this.

Dr. Valen: I need to go out for some air. Want a drink?

D-5748: I need a fucking 6-pack.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: D-5748 was glad to face his month-end termination, stating, "At least they didn't put my dick in that fucked-up vacuum."

SCP-1851-J: Fibber Lake

Item #: SCP-1851-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1851-J is to remain secured behind a 1 km perimeter under the pretext of environmental preservation with a staff of guards posted at Station 1851-J-Zeta. Scientific staff are to monitor SCP-1851-J's population daily for spikes or declines.

A public "Shame on Fibbers" disinformation campaign is to be undertaken to minimize the anomalous effects of SCP-1851-J. The local Foundation communications station, operating under the front of the Salmon, Carp, and Pike Fish Hatchery, is to remain in daily contact with personnel at Station-1851-Zeta.

Description: SCP-1851-J is a freshwater lake in the remote forest of [REDACTED] in the European country Cz[REDACTED]slovakia. SCP-1851-J is nearly circular in shape and has a diameter of roughly 2 km. It is teeming with large fish which appear to be non-anomalous other than some being saltwater fish who nonetheless survive in the freshwater environment. To the uninformed observer, it may appear that an improbable number of fish are leaping from the lake at all times.

SCP-1851-J's anomalous property is activated when any person misrepresents, tells a half-truth, or lies about the size of a fish that they nearly caught on a fishing trip. A fish corresponding to the description will appear instantaneously about 3 meters above SCP-1851-J. Most fish in the lake are about 1.75 meters in length, corresponding to the length of an average-sized male's outstretched arms.

SCP-1851-J's anomalous effects were discovered after an initial research team investigated the lake and collected several wildlife

samples. Dr. claimed before other researchers and locals in a village pub to have just been fishing and nearly caught a fish "the size of a VW Beetle." As he said this, the secondary team of researchers watched as such a fish materialized in the air above the surface of the lake and dropped into the water with a significant splash, capsizing the research canoe.

Fish-producing lies must be genuine. A researcher who is aware of the anomaly, for instance, cannot say "I almost caught a fish this big [outstretched arms] made of solid gold" and expect such a fish to materialize in SCP-1851-J. This serves as a reminder to researchers that not everything runs on **SCP-261** rules, and you should not be thinking of anomalies as slot machines in the first place.

Whales, dolphins, and other aquatic mammals do not appear to be subject to the anomaly. Sharks, however, are; accordingly, it is imperative that knowledge of SCP-1851-J's effects does not reach **certain GoIs**.

Examination of water samples indicates a high concentration of plankton, kelp, and other detritus that the fish would feed on, meaning the ecosystem scales with the increasing population. The leading theory is that fish "lie" about their food acquisitions in a manner similar to human fishermen, leading to an appropriately sufficient level of sustenance in SCP-1851-J. Researchers have thus concluded that all fish are liars.

UPDATE: Researcher 's proposal to use SCP-1851-J to feed **SCP-2875** has been rejected. O-5 comments on the proposal ranged from "why would we want to encourage a bunch of hungry fucking bears?" to "why would we compromise our favorite fishing spot like that?"

Personnel exposed to SCP-1851-J for long amounts of time begin noticing deterioration in their thought patterns, as well as seeing and herring things. This may be a codnitohazard, but may reely be rogue researchers acting on porpoise, sowing discord for the halibut. Further investigation is required to quell the trouts of senior staff.

Offishoals should be notified of drastic changes in wildlife behavior or ecological composition. In short: if you sea some fin, say some

fin.

SCP-1830-J: Opening Line

Item #: SCP-1830-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-1830-J is easier said than done, as our current abilities just don't cut the mustard. It goes without saying that the Foundation must search high and low for any documents affected by SCP-1830-J and end them once and for all, or it's only a matter of time before it's curtains for us.

All persons affected by SCP-1830-J must be terminated with extreme prejudice, time being of the essence. This is a tried and true method of putting a stop to it. The Foundation previously took a stab at amnestic administration in earlier days, but the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Staff interacting with SCP-1830-J victims should wear hearing protection, as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Description: For all intents and purposes, SCP-1830-J is an anomaly affecting individuals which causes them to use over-the-top, clichéd turns of phrase in written documents, as well as perceiving other documents to be under the thumb of SCP-1830-J. In this day and age, it is estimated that % of the world's population is affected by SCP-1830-J (more or less), but these could be just the tip of the iceberg.

SCP-1830-J is able to spread like wildfire and should be avoided like the plague. Attempting to convince victims they are affected by SCP-1830-J is like talking to a brick wall, as they believe SCP-1830-J is the best thing since sliced bread. Administering standard intelligence tests suggests they are a few sandwiches short of a picnic. Communication with victims also runs the risk of spreading SCP-1830-J, as when you gaze into the abyss, the abyss also gazes into you.

To the best of our knowledge, the origin of SCP-1830-J was mid-19th century England, where the turn of phrase "
" may be where it all began, although that could be just a shot in the dark.

If SCP-1830-J is allowed to run rampant, it's plain as day that this would cause literature as an art form to bite the dust; while there's no accounting for taste, works affected by SCP-1830-J are a far cry from readable. While the Foundation must count its blessings that no mass outbreak of SCP-1830-J has occurred, this may just be the calm before the storm.

Addendum: *It looks like we've had the wool pulled over our eyes; SCP-1830-J was right under our noses the whole time. I propose we lock this article once and for all, so it won't cause anyone else to trip up. All's well that ends well!*

It's a good thing the rest of the database is safe as houses.

- Dr Major

SCP-1950-J: Locked away in the tallest Containment Cell

Item #: SCP-1950-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1950-J is to be housed in a tower Standard Foundation Single occupant elevated cylindrical containment room. Subject is to be provided with tattered clothes, scraps from Site 19 kitchen, household cleaning implements, and books in the fantasy or adventure genre; preferably ones featuring romantic subplots and fanciful settings SCP-1950-J-1 will never get to experience. At all times, two ugly security personnel and/or researchers of a similar age to SCP-1950-J's appearance must be on hand to deliver appropriate insults and demands for menial labor.

As of incident SCP-1950-J-Gamma, subject is no longer to be allowed out of her cell under any circumstances.

Personnel assigned to SCP-1950-J must be screened for musical ability. Any staff with a capacity for performing song/dance routines must not work in close proximity to SCP-1936-J-1. Personnel infected by SCP-1950-J-2 must be administered Class B amnestics, followed by a 4-week period of quarantined observation. In the event this treatment is ineffective, the personnel must be terminated to prevent spreading the infection.

Any instance of SCP-1950-J-3 and associated anomalous beings are to be dealt with according to procedure 666.

Description: SCP-1950-J refers to SCP-1950-J-1 and its related effects. SCP-1950-J-1 is a human female of European lineage, with the only outwardly anomalous feature being eyes and pupils that are 5 times the human average, body proportions that would make normal human functions, such as eating, impossible, and perpetually appearing to be 18 years old. Interviews with 1950-J-1 has

determined that she was the daughter of the king in exile of the kingdom of [DATA EXPUNGED]. No records exist of this country.

SCP-1950-J-1 was discovered in the home of senior researcher Barbaracia, who came to be the sole guardian of her, following the death of 1950-J-1's original father in a freak and tragic stabbing accident. After keeping her as a household servant and forcing her to dress in rags and eat only crumbs and garbage, SCP-1950-J-1 began to manifest its first and primary anomalous feature.

On 27/11/13, SCP-1950-J began to manifest its primary anomalous feature, the production of SCP-1950-J-2, which was in turn reproduced by researcher Barbaracia. SCP-1950-J-2 is a memetic audio frequency that takes the form of a variety of songs sung by 1950-J-1, but all reproductions and recordings have similar effects. These songs vary in length, complexity and style, seemingly at random, though remaining consistent for years at a time before shifting to a different style. However, these songs always retain a similar lyrical focus on themes of discovery, hope, a longing for true love, believing in yourself, and other subject matter we do not need to reinforce to the other anomalies.

1950-J-2's primary anomalous effect comes when it is heard by an object or creature that is itself anomalous, be it thaumatological or technological. Upon being exposed to an instance of 1950-J-2, all living, sapient anomalous beings enter a trance-like state for .34 seconds, after which they flock to whatever is emitting it, and begin joining in the instance, providing chorus singing, backup vocals, harmony parts, and choreographed dance numbers. Non-living anomalous items will manifest large, cartoonish eyeballs from random places (including hovering in mid-air for noncorporeal or abstract concept anomalies), and join in as if they were sentient.

During its prolonged containment, 1950-J-1 has demonstrated the ability to either attract or spontaneously generate instances of 1950-J-3. 1950-J-3 refers to a male humanoid of diverse possible racial and socioeconomic backgrounds, but all with roughly the same face and personality. 1950-J-3 displays an acute knowledge of the precise Foundation facility that 1950-J-1 is being contained at, and each instance will attempt to assault the facility, along with a variety of magical allies, collectively referred to as SCP-1950-J-4 until

individual capture and classification. All instances of 1950-J-4 have so far displayed a preference for behaviour deemed "marketable" over actions that would assist in freeing 1950-J-1.

Procedure 666: In the event of an attack on site by an SCP-1950-J-3 instance and associated beings, researchers and security personnel are to, in all cases, resist the urge to transform into a giant monstrous form to attack them as “you really are”. Please keep in mind that this has a very low success rate, and even when successful, has tended to make returning to usual functions difficult. Instead, security personnel are encouraged to just shoot the present 1950-J-3 instance, usually the prettiest one, in the head. Lacking the leadership of the -3 instance and “the hope of seeing true loves first kiss”, the other beings can be contained and classified easily.

Incident 1950-J-Gamma:

Transcript taken from recording of SCP-1950-J-1's scheduled exercise period, taken in a nearby meadow at SCP-1950-J-1's request. This is the first fully recorded instance of 1950-J-2, during which she ran through the grass.

SCP-1950-J-1: Where am I now? Is it a place to fear?
What will I see, more snarls and more sneers?
Am I to live just shuttered away?
Never again, to see the light, of day?

This warmth….I know it. From years before.
The light, is a light, I’d give the world for
The blades ‘neath my feet, not the cold concrete cell,
have I finally escaped, that cold, emotionless hell?

The sweet smell of summer is still on the air,
As sweet as smile of my prince, tall and fair,
They told me my people no longer remain,
But I know that somehow I'll bring them all back, again

It's out there, my home, my people, calling me back to them
Out there, somewhere, be it in Cairo or Bethlehem,

I can't stop, I can't wait, I can't get distracted,
I know I can do it, if I just [REDACTED]

They'll be back, they'll be home, they'll be free,
I know it can happen, so just wait and see,
And it will all be, because of me,
If I can only be, where I need to be.

Sr. Researcher Sherman: Man, there's just something so empowering, seeing her run off like that.

Security Personnel Lopez: Hey, is she gonna come back?

(3 second silence)

Sr. Researcher Sherman: Oh, son of a….

Rest of recording consists of Researcher Sherman swearing copiously.

Addendum: As of 20/03/2016, possible passive additional effect of SCP-1950-J has been observed. Upon being informed of the latest foiled attempt by SCP-1950-J-3 to breach containment, Administrator Jensen was observed rubbing their hands, cackling, and saying "Good, Soon I WILL BE THE PRETTIEST OF ALL! MUAHAHAHAH!" As of writing, Administrator Jensen is still relatively unattractive, even by the common standards of bald 93-year-old men. Further study is required.

SCP-2383-J: Science

Item #: SCP-2383-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2383-J is to be kept in a room measuring 5m x 5m x5m, on a pedestal two point five (2.5) metres high. A warning stripe is to be painted at a radius of two (2) metres from the SCP, and no personnel should enter this area outside of testing. The containment room is to be secured via digital lock, the combination possessed by the lead Researcher. A laboratory containing basic equipment should be established opposite containment, and unlocked at all times. Movement of SCP-2383-J is to be performed by robotic means.

Any usable products of SCP-2383-J testing are to be stored with appropriate containment procedures, and are designated SCP-2383-X, where X denotes the numerical order of the item's acquisition. Any overly dangerous items are to be destroyed, unless storage is approved by the Site Director. SCP-2383-1 to -5 are currently contained off site. SCP-2383-6 and -7 have been destroyed.

Any subjects under influence of SCP-2383-J can be tranquilized without incident at any point, to bring testing or containment breaches to a close.

Description: Remote surveillance has shown SCP-2383-J to be an empty brand beaker. However, interviews with test subjects have resulted in varying descriptions, from a test tube containing a boiling green liquid to an Erlenmeyer flask containing smoke.

The range of effect for SCP-2383-J is spherical, with a radius of one point five (1.5) metres. Upon a Subject entering the effective range, SCP-2383-J will appear in their right hand. The movement is instantaneous, and does not require action from said Subject. Upon

contact of SCP-2383-J and the Subject's skin, Subject will immediately demand other personnel in the room move backwards. These demands are repeated for approximately 15 seconds at high volume, before the Subject proceeds to the next stage.

After warning other personnel, SCP-2383-J will begin to fill with liquid. During this stage, the Subject will simultaneously move in a direct line, at high speed, to the nearest laboratory (defined as a room with any scientific equipment listed in Document 2383-J: Requirements). The speed has been recorded as being as high as km/h, suggesting SCP-2383-J is able to increase the Subject's physical attributes in some way. This speed also appears to be related to the distance to the nearest laboratory, increasing at an exponential scale to a theoretical maximum of 1 km/h.

Upon reaching a laboratory, the Subject will place SCP-2383-J on a suitable surface, and engage in activity (hereafter referred to as Experiment). The Experiment will initially appear nonsensical, and utilize apparently random items from the surrounding environment other than living biological matter. SCP-2383-J will not revert to its inactive state until the Subject completes their Experiment. Despite the random nature of the Experiment, all Experiments involve the addition of the liquid stored inside SCP-2383-J at some stage. Completion of the Experiment allows the subject to exit the range of SCP-2383-J, unless hampered by the Experiment result.

The visible color of SCP-2383-J affects the final product of any experiment performed, and appears to be based on the nature of nearby items. Colors observed in testing so far include red, blue, green, purple and white. Below is a short table detailing the expected results of experiments, however the actual items used in the experiment cause the end result to vary.

Red: Red is currently considered to be the most dangerous state of SCP-2383-J. The most common product of SCP-2383-J displaying this color is an explosion. Any tests where the subject causes SCP-2383-J to create a red liquid are to immediately enact protocol 2383-Rho.

Blue: Results of a test where SCP-2383-J creates a blue liquid are currently unknown, as the results mostly vaporize or cease to exist

instantly. Tests where a blue liquid is formed are to utilize protocol 2383-Beta if the experiment result can be collected. The only notable product with continued existence is SCP-2383-1.

Green: Tests where SCP-2383-J has displayed a green color have resulted in the creation of a form of life. The organisms created by all tests to date have died almost instantly, with the exceptions of SCP-2383-2 and -3. Violent life-forms are to be terminated and the remains disposed of by incineration after testing.

Purple: Purple tests have always resulted in the formation of some kind of weapon. Most items produced this way have relatively harmless outward appearance, but 90% are extremely deadly. Of note are SCP-2383-4 and SCP-2383-5. Both exhibit superconductive properties in non-metallic materials, and as [REDACTED]. Retrieval of test results are to be done after sedation of test subject, by armed Agents.

White: Only one test subject to date has caused SCP-2383-J to create a white liquid. The result of this test [REDACTED] and classified as SCP-2383- . How the subject was able to cause [DATA EXPUNGED] currently unknown, as the current particle standard model denies the existence [REDACTED].

Test Log SCP-2383-J-T

Report SCP-2383-Alpha: On / / , D-3412 entered the room directly below the previous storage area for SCP-2383-J. At this time, the spherical nature of the SCP's effect range was unknown, and class D personnel were being utilized to refit the chamber underneath. Upon moving inside the established 1.5m meter radius at roughly : , SCP-2383-J materialised in the hands of D-3412. D-3412 is recorded as demanding "Stand back, [REDACTED]".

As Site- was undergoing refit at the time, D-3412 moved directly towards the laboratory adjacent to the chamber at high speed.

Cleanup crews were dispatched at : , SCP-2383-J relocated to current containment and containment protocols updated accordingly.

SCP-999-J: Creepy Speedo Man

Item #: SCP-999-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-999-J is currently uncontainable, but if anyone figures out how to contain the bastard they better fucking tell O5- right now. Seriously people ASAP.

Description: SCP-999-J is an overweight, Caucasian, balding male devoid of all clothing beyond that of a Speedo brand pair of swim briefs, henceforth to be referred to as SCP-999-J-1. SCP-999-J is capable of teleporting onto any bed, although it appears he prefers them to be occupied. He will lie there and breathe heavily with his mouth open until the subject awakens, at which point he'll look at the subject and then slowly reach his hand into SCP-999-J-1. SCP-999-J will then pull out some form of non-anomalous object, most commonly a can of Surge or a generic trading card.

SCP-999-J typically appears during periods of intense self-gratification, sleep, copulation between couples, and after urination.

Addendum 999-J-1: D-5638 was planted in a bedroom with a microphone attached. SCP-999-J appeared approximately 2 hours into D-5638's sleep cycle. The following audio was recorded:

Addendum 999-J-2: Incident 999-J-5:

On / / , SCP-999-J teleported into the bedroom of a couple in the midst of sexual intercourse. He asked them to continue and offered to watch. SCP-999-J proceeded to spend nine minutes searching through 999-J-1. He found a lone cheeto and consumed it. SCP-999-J reported the cheeto to be slightly "chewy" in texture, but reassured the couple that he was accustomed, and *partial* to the taste.

SCP-999-J later expressed approval for specific actions performed by the subject couple on multiple occasions.

Addendum 999-J-3: Various reports of SCP-999-J

- / / : Ate a jar of pickles over a sleeping man for over 2 hours. When the subject woke up he dropped a pickle in his chest hair and proceeded to spend 4 minutes untangling it.
- / / : Appeared in bed while subject was watching television and pulled out a camcorder from SCP-999-J-1. SCP-999-J proceeded to record the television show. When asked why, SCP-999-J reported "it's cheaper this way".
- / / : SCP-999-J confirmed to have "sick air guitar skills", reports his favorite band is "Metallica".
- / / : Found crying. When questioned, SCP-999-J said, "Firefly is cancelled."
- / / : Asked **SCP-105** out. Was rejected.
- / / : Removed SCP-999-J-1 in front of 12 year-old girl. Underneath was another instance of SCP-999-J-1.
- / / : Farted. Blamed the dog.
- / / : Observed engorging himself on over 10 instances of SCP-1162-J.

Addendum 999-J-4: SCP-999-J was confronted by Dr. over his claims of "being in a band":

> **SCP-999-J:** I am too in a band.
>
> **Dr. :** Oh yeah, what's it called?
>
> **SCP-999-J:** Darkness Dick Supreme.
>
> **Dr. :** That doesn't sound real.
>
> **SCP-999-J:** Your mom doesn't sound real.

Addendum 999-J-5: *What the fuck is this?* - O5-

Log of Anomalous Ducks

Note: Following Incident F-19 and the recovery of **SCP-1356**, Research Sector-09 was charged the evaluation and containment of resultant anomalies. Testing is ongoing, as relevant subjects are still being retrieved. Those items which display anomalous characteristics of a disruptive or exceptional nature, but not to a degree which merits further study or containment, are catalogued in this document.

Unless otherwise specified, effects have only been observed to apply to subjects in physical contact with the object. Status of "missing" most likely indicates that item is in personnel possession. Newly identified items should be catalogued accordingly.

Duck Description: Object has the appearance of a duck wearing a sheet, similar to a simplistic Halloween ghost costume. Duck has been observed to float 5-7cm above solid and liquid surfaces.
Notes: *Attempts to weight the object down result in duck phasing through solid materials.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: Object is a tri-colored rubber duck with the coloration and scent of a popular Halloween candy. Subjects in close proximity to the duck express a strong desire to taste it.
Notes: *Taste described as "disappointing".*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: Object appears to be a duck holding a small saxophone, which it has been observed to "play" at random intervals — emitting a single, drawn-out note followed by a series of melodically unrelated notes.
Notes: *Sounds produced by duck are significantly shriller than those*

produced by a traditional saxophone.
Status: Destroyed

Duck Description: Item appears to convince any individual holding it that it is a duck made of solid gold, despite appearance suggesting spray-painted PVC surface. Materials tests inconclusive.
Notes: *See Incident Report M -4*
Status: Destroyed

Duck Description: Generic rubber duck design with the addition of a fuzzy green hat. Any subject holding this object perceives every living organism in their line of sight to be wearing a similar fuzzy green hat.
Notes: *Effects so far observed in humans, insects, animals of known and unknown species, organic SCPs, and several species of plant and fungi*
Status: Missing

Duck Description: Duck-shaped object affects the romantic feelings of human subject holding it. Subjects will be convinced the object is a "love charm", and persist in this belief regardless of any arising evidence to the contrary.
Notes: *Status as cognitohazard pending review.*
Status: Missing Stored

Duck Description: Identical to non-anomalous rubber ducks in design and composition— however, when left unattended in a room, item always appears in a location different from where it was originally placed.
Note: *Reports of uneasiness in the presence of this anomaly may warrant further testing. Duck's whereabouts should be promptly reported.*
Status: Missing

Duck Description: While duck does not appear to possess any

clinically significant healing or painkilling properties, if held by a subject suffering from minor or significant injury, subject will subsequently find injured areas covered with a proportionate number of band-aids, regardless of the nature of the wound.
Notes: *Item is available to all personnel for use, provided it is eventually returned to Room 204 first aid kit.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: Despite its prolonged exposure to sunlight and seawater, object emits strong scent described by researchers as "artificial blueberry". PVC composition contains no trace of any chemical sufficient to produce this scent.
Notes: *Personnel have reported that close proximity of the object notably affects the taste of food and beverages.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: Object is sun-bleached in the manner of other, non-anomalous ducks, but with a pattern of zebra stripes that appeared after retrieval. Any subject holding the item will exhibit a similar pattern of stripes on any white clothing they are wearing; markings usually fade after a 24 hour period.
Notes: *Object's whereabouts are proving easily detectable.*
Status: Missing (*see note*)

Duck Description: Appears to be patterned after London landmark "Big Ben". When placed in a room with any analog clock, clock will promptly align with GMT London time. On the hour, object emits a bell tone via unknown mechanism; volume of this bell tone has been informally estimated to be "as loud as the real thing".
Notes: *Security footage dated to 3/11, 4:12 am, reveals that object was destroyed by personnel; no official reprimand pending.*
Status: Destroyed

Duck Description: When held by male subject, duck will be invariably described by the individual as strikingly similar to a female of subject's acquaintance. Subjects have been frequently observed

to fixate on determining "who it looks like" for prolonged intervals, and seem unable to resolve this question of identity.
Notes: *Object has no observable effect on female personnel.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: There does not appear to be anything anomalous about this duck.
Notes: *Object influences the perceptions of any subject holding it and any persons speaking to the affected subject. Object in fact appears to be a flamingo.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: Object has the appearance of a generic duck dressed as a clown. Subject holding the duck will respond to any verbal statement or question directed towards them with uncontrollable laughter.
Notes: *Effect seems to apply regardless of the emotional or social appropriateness of this response.*
Status: Stored

Duck Description: [DATA EXPUNGED] See image.

Notes: *Context or content of duck unknown.*
Status: Missing

SCP-900-J: Modern Major Keter-Class

This is the very model of an: SCP-900-J
Its object class is: Keter, so we'd rather that you'd stay away.
So follow to the letter these procedures for its keeping-in:
A cell at Site-11's what this creature should be sleeping in.
The walls are sealed hermetically with seven-layered steel doors each,
And anyone who says its name, we'll fill their head and veins with bleach.
Description: of 900-J is delicate, to say the least.
To put it most politely, it's a putrid planet-eating beast!
Its surname's a cognitohazard, first initial W.
(Just say "900-J" so that its name can never trouble you)
In short, a hostile monster that can class a day with X and K!
Let's lock it up and let it rot, this SCP-900-J.

This nasty beast was captured and discovered in a slaughterhouse.
Reports arose of disappearances of Foreman Stanislaus
And all of his subordinates in ways no one could understand
(With possible involvement of an agent from the **`Serpent's Hand`**).
Should SCP-900-J escape in a containment breach,
The world would be blown into bits from London to Daytona Beach!
It has no good intentions, and it thinks of humankind as lunch.
It even called my mom a piece of data I will now [EXPUNGE]!
To keep this beastie in a box is in itself impossible,
Though hell if we won't try, 'cause we're the ones you hold responsible,
The keepers of the human race, Foundation's here to save the day!
(We're running out of Thaumiels - can someone kill 900-J?)

Addendum from the fifth of May: It's gone, we don't know where it went.
It vaporized MTF Delta-10 (and told it to "get bent").
`Two thirty-one` is missing, too, the Scarlet King is furious,

Six eighty-two is terrified, but **9-9-9** is curious.
I hoped I'd never see the day that this would trickle out my lips:
900-J intends to start a revolution of the scips!
The Overseer council's saying prayers and going underground,
and called scenario Alpha-K, the-planet's-gone-to-Torture-Town!
Humanity's survival isn't looking very plausible,
So light up a 420-J and pray for the impossible—
Or take some hard **amnestics**, just enough of them to make you say
You never heard of anything called SCP-900-J.

SCP-007-J: Unidentified Muffin Creature

Item #: SCP-007-J

Object Class: Euclid, awaiting advancement to Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The whereabouts of SCP-007-J are currently unknown, although it has been confirmed that it has not left Site since its initial discovery in Officer Blake and Officer Evan's office. Recon Team Theta is awaiting authorisation to sweep the premises. In the mean time, all staff are advised not to engage SCP-007-J due to its unknown nature.

Description: SCP-007-J is a blueberry muffin which belonged to Foundation Officer Evan, prior to the discovery of its anomalous nature and its subsequent designation as an SCP.

SCP-007-J was identified during Officers Blake and Evan's assigned lunch hour on / / . The anomaly occurred during a phone call Officer Evan received, which required him to leave the room. Whilst unobserved by Officer Blake, SCP-007-J, which Officer Evan had left unattended on his desk (planning to consume it after his phone call, believing it to be an ordinary muffin), disappeared by unknown means, leaving only a residue of unknown properties on Officer Blake's lips.

The transcript of the exchange which led to SCP-007-J's discovery is recorded below.

> **Officer Evan:** (Entering the door, having concluded his phone call.) “Hey man… Oh… dude, where the hell is my muffin?”
>
> **Officer Blake:** “What?”
>
> **Officer Evan:** “No! We have been over the ethics of food stealing! You do not steal another man's pastries!”

Officer Blake: “I swear to god I don't know what you're talking about.”

Officer Evan: “So my muffin just walked out of here on its own, did it?”

Officer Blake: “Well… I don't know… Stranger things have happened! I mean, you can believe in a concrete Weeping Angel or an indestructible, homicidal crocodile, but not a sentient muffin? Wait… do you think that's what we're dealing with here?”

Officer Evan: “No, I think you've eaten it. You've still got crumbs on your face, for fuck's sake!”

Officer Blake: (Grasping mouth area in panic.) “Oh shit! It's left its residue on me! Grab me an SCP form, I'm gonna run to the med bay and get myself checked out!”

Officer Evan: “You're an idiot.”

The residue left on Officer Blake's lips was identified as crumbs from SCP-007-J. It is currently unknown how or why SCP-007-J left its mark upon Officer Blake, but medical analysis has revealed no long term effects. As a precaution, Officer Blake is to spend three (3) days in quarantine.

Additionally, to prevent other on-site pastries from animating as a result of exposure to SCP-007-J, or the Foundation itself (as may be SCP-007-J's origin) the cafeteria is to be kept under armed guard until SCP-007-J is secured.

SCP-118-J: The Saltiest Doctor Alive

Item #: SCP-118-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-118-J is to be contained at Site 19 until further notice by allowing him to work with whatever it is that SCP-118-J does around here anyway. SCP-118-J can be assigned further research duties, but prolonged interaction may cause individuals to exceed their daily sodium intake. It is not advised to agitate SCP-118-J, as it causes SCP-118-J to grow in size.

In the event of an explosive outburst, Foundation personnel are advised to tell SCP-118-J to chill, and remind them of their condition, through an interrogative statement.

Description: SCP-118-J is formerly Foundation Researcher Doctor Michael Magnus, who was transformed into a substantial quantity of common table salt after an unfortunate incident in the Site 19 cafeteria.

After this incident SCP-118-J has become a giant pile of salt, with a labcoat, and a pair of glasses in there somewhere. SCP-118-J is still able to perform his research duties for the Foundation, though the amount of salt he emits while doing so is staggering. Salt emissions have been observed to increase around payday, and after sporting events involving the Pittsburgh Steelers American football team.

SCP-118-J has been observed to increase in the total volume of salt when agitated or corrected. As such it is recommended to try and keep SCP-118-J calm. Failure to do so may endanger your cardiovascular health.

Researcher Kensington observed the transformation of Dr. Magnus on November 17th, 2004 after he became agitated, and "entered a

salt state" (hereafter referred to as CONDITION-POSTERIOR-DAMAGED) during their shared lunch break.

At this time, there's no known cure for SCP-118-J's condition, and will most likely remain a giant pile of salt until he dies.

Dr. Magnus' note:
Get fucked Kensington, you took that last plate of Carbonara, when you knew I wanted it, and that doesn't make me "salty", you giant chode. Stop posting this shit to the database, they're already murdering my inbox because of this.

Addendum NaCl

Addendum NaCl: On February 6, 2011, there was a major breach event which concluded with SCP-118-J entering CONDITION-POSTERIOR-DAMAGED at approximately 10 pm following what was described in his own words as "a complete shit show, chokefest."

Researcher Kensington was observed to then hold out his hand, and demand restitution for some form of pre-arranged bet. Doctor Magnus was observed to be a total dick, and welch.

It is unknown at this time whether his inability to pay up is due to his condition as SCP-118-J, or if he's just that much of a baby.

Addendum K2Cr2O7

Addendum K2Cr2O7: On June 27, 2015, after losing a round of the video game "Nidhogg" to Researcher Kensington, SCP-118-J was inquired as to his emotional state, while implying fraternal relation.

This immediately caused a CONDITION-POSTERIOR-DAMAGED, which lead to unprecedented ambient salt levels in the immediate vicinity.

Due to the amount of damage caused to Researcher Ken's totally sweet rig that he spent like three grand on,

over a game of Nidhogg for fuck's sake, it's recommended at this time to never inquire of SCP-118-J's emotional state, or familial fraternal relation. Because he can't take a goddamned joke, and is like seven thousand years old and doesn't recognize a meme.

Dr. Magnus' note:
Get fucking bent, you cheated.

Addendum C4H6BNaO3S

Addendum C4H6BNaO3S:
On December 25th, 2015, Researcher Kensington participated in the Site 19 "Secret Santa" exchange, having recieved SCP-118-J's given name.

As part of the tradition, Researcher Kensington purchased an ornate salt shaker for SCP-118-J, feeling he would appreciate a joke, and have somewhere decorative to store some of his salt.

Researcher Kensington underestimated SCP-118-J's inability to take a joke, and SCP-118-J entered CONDITION-POSTERIOR-DAMAGED as usual.

Such was the magnitude of SCP-118-J's saltiness, that other Research Staff around him were affected as well. No less than research staff were transformed into huge piles of salt, as a result of SCP-118-J's shitty mood, and the general consensus was that SCP-118-J ruined the office Christmas party with his inability to take a joke.

Dr Magnus' Note:
*Kensington, you irredeemable fuckwad. "**`Ornate salt shaker`**" my dick. I didn't ruin shit, AND DELETE THIS GODDAMNED DATABASE ENTRY.*

SCP-343-J: Russell's Soup Can

Item #: SCP-343-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-343-J's method of relocation, long-term containment is not possible at this time. In order to minimize and/or isolate the area of active teleportation events, the former recreational wing of Site-59[1] has been converted into Debate Hall-343. Containment staff placed at DH-343 are to have scored at least a "Three-Alarm Habanero" on the Standard Dogmatic Spiciness Exam in either atheism or an Abrahamic faith. In the event that the latter demographic is unavailable in Foundation staff, Site Director Naismith has volunteered his grandmother to fill the role of at least 30 researchers. Staff are to debate the existence of God, the afterlife, and evolution at all times.

Outside of DH-343, all Foundation staff are advised to keep their fucking arguments to themfuckingselves during work hours for realsies. However, in the event that SCP-343-J is encountered outside of DH-343, it is to be told "I never thought about it that way" and/or "you are very intelligent" until it dematerializes.

Description: SCP-343-J is an opened, 284 mL aluminum soup can containing 13 common earthworms[2]. SCP-343-J appears to operate as a single, sapient organism, capable of high-pitched, nasal speech.

In addition, SCP-343-J is able to teleport from one location to another. The range or extent of this ability is unknown at this time. SCP-343-J uses this ability to offer its unauthorized contributions to religious debates anything that could potentially be redirected into a religious debate. As such, SCP-343-J has lowered Foundation morale averages by a factor of 59 since its discovery in 2013.

Incident-343-J-941

Date: 3/17/14, 12:49 GMT

<begin log>

Dr. Henderson: The cafeteria food here can go straight to hell.

Dr. Naismith: I dunno, this barbecue sauce is on point.

[SCP-343-J materializes on the cafeteria table]

SCP-343-J: Excuse me! Excuse me!

Dr. Henderson: The sauce, yeah, but the meat tastes like styrofoam. Probably *is* styrofoam, now that I think about— are those *worms?*

SCP-343-J: Hell doesn't exist.

Dr. Naismith: He means the food is bad, not that it could literally go to—

SCP-343-J: Nope, nope, can't go to hell, hell doesn't exist, heaven doesn't either, no scientific evidence, God doesn't exist, evolution is real, the fact that you would wish eternal damnation on anyone speaks volumes about whether or not you're a good person. Those are facts. I don't make the rules.

Dr. Naismith: We're trying to have lunch here.

SCP-343-J: Yeah, that's great and all, but you're not offering any counter-argument, so, like, are you just going on faith? Because I'm pretty sure you're a grown-ass man and shouldn't believe in fairy tales, just sayin'. I'm sure you have fun with your invisible sky homophobe and worship a zombie on a cross, but I've read all the Hitchhiker's Guide books, embrace reason and logic, and enjoy life a couple gazillion times more than you ever will, nothing personal.

Dr. Naismith: I'm an agnostic, I don't— [sigh] look, can

you please just let us eat?

SCP-343-J: Woah, hey now, censorship, can't speak my mind, can't expose the truth destroy people's illusions or you'll have me stoned to death! Is *that* how you "love thy neighbor"? I know what a Higgs Boson is.

Dr. Henderson: 12:55. We better get back to work.

Dr. Naismith: Oh, thank god.

SCP-343-J: Did you seriously just thank a fictional fucki[redacted for brevity]

<end log>

Footnotes
1. Due to the unavailability of standard recreational services, the ban on pornography at Site-59 has been lifted indefinitely. All staff are advised to use headphones.
2.Lumbricus terrestris

SCP-682-J: SUPER BESTEST LIZERD EVER

MORE EXPEERUHHMENTS

Item #: SCP-682-J

Object Class: KETUR

Special Containment Procedures: THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER WILL LIVE IN A BIG GLASS TANK WITH ACID SO THAT IT DOSNT GET TO BIG AND NOBODY WILL TAK TO IT BECAUS IT IS VERY TRICKY.

Description: **THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER** IS A BIG LIZERD WITH BIG TEETHS AND HE CANT DIE BECAUSE HE CAN TURN INTO ANYTHING. SOMTIMES HE IS VERY SMALL BECAUS HE CAN BE THAT BECAUS HE CAN BE ANYTHING.

THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER IS ALSO VERY SMART. HE HAS AN IQ OF A BAJILLION AND ONE DAY HE TALKED WITH **A VERY SMART COMPUTER** AND THEY WERE BOTH VERY SMART.

HE EATS ANYTHING AND HE USES HIS NOSE TO DO SPECIAL EATING SO THAT HE CAN EAT ANYTHING.

HE CAN DOO ANYTHIN!

Addendum 682-J-1: Portion of transcript of .

> **<Begin Log, skip to 00h-21m-52s>**
>
> **Dr. :** Now, why did you kill those farmers?
>
> **SCP-682:** RAAAWWWRRR
>
> **Dr. :** If you don't talk now, we will remove you from this attempt and place you back into-

SCP-682: RAAAAAWWWWRRR
Dr. **:** Pardon? (Motions to move microphone closer)

SCP-682: I WILL EAT YOU BECAUS I AM THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER

Dr. **:** Speak up. (To Personnel D-085) Move the mic up closer.

SCP-682: I AM VERY HUNGRY

Dr. **:** (To Personnel D-085) That microphone has only so much gain, move it closer to it!

Personnel D-085: His throat's messed up man, look at it! He ain't talking- (Gasps and screams)

SCP-682: (Appearing to assault D-085's body) I HAVE BIG TEETHS FOR CHEWING

Dr. **:** (Retreats from the room)

<End Log>

Addendum 682-J-2: Log of event 682-J-E:

THE DOCTORS USED A CRISTAL ON THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER:

0400: THEY TUCHED THE LIZERD WITH **THE CRISTAL** AND IT HURT HIM BUT NOT TO MUCH

0800: THE BESTEST LIZERD EVER HAD A CRISTAL GROING ON HIM

1200: THE LIZERD IS HURT

1300: THE CRISTAL EXPLODES!!

1400: THE LIZERD POPS INTO LITTL PEECES BUT THEN THE PEECES CAME BACK TOGETHER AND MADE THE LIZERD WIN!!!

SCP-682-J James' Coloring Book

SCP-1638-J: A Dark and Mysterious Printing Plate

Item #: SCP-1638-J

Object Class: Better safe than sorry

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-1638-J is cut and dried: it is to be kept in low security locker 36 in site 21. SCP-1638-J wouldn't hurt a fly.

Description: Let's not beat around the bush, SCP-1638-J is a lead printing plate with dimensions of 21 cm by 30 cm, it is as black as coal. In a nutshell the majority of the content on the plate appears to be an advertisement written in English for four separate novels, but the jury is still out on this. In order to help set the record straight, the English content present on SCP-1638-J is displayed below:

> **Ace in the Hole**
>
> Jerry is an aging golfer, yet to win a major tournament. Geoff is a senior policeman, a week from retirement. When a prominent member of the Pleasant Springs Golf Club is murdered, Geoff is brought in to investigate. Jerry offers to help Geoff with the case, on the condition that they team up to compete in the annual Partners Golf Tournament. Geoff, a notorious lone wolf, reluctantly accepts the offer. Can this unlikely pair put aside their differences and work together?
>
> **The Big Apple**
>
> Sarah is a big city girl eager for a change. She leaves her high paying job and moves to the country in search of a new life working on an orchard. Sarah has a hard time fitting into rural life, but everything changes when she meets Jim. Jim, an experienced farmhand, takes Sarah under his wing. When Sarah's former employer

offers her a new position she is forced to make a choice; does she move back to the city or stay on the orchard with Jim?

Out of the Frying Pan

When Edward Blanc suddenly develops amnesia, his company Blanc's Pans is in hot water. Only two people know the secret method used to make Blanc's world famous pans; with Edward unable to remember, time is running out for the company. Only Edward's former partner Juan Estavo can save them now. Unfortunately, Juan is in jail doing time for a crime he didn't commit. Can Joseph Geldbaum, a young lawyer with unorthodox methods, free Juan and stop Blanc's Pans from going bankrupt?

Jack of all Trades

Jack is a young man from a small farming village. When his village is destroyed by goblins he is forced to flee, ending up in the capital of a great empire. Jacks works as a cook in the castle kitchens, until one day his fortunes change. Jack manages to save Princess Anna from an assassin and is offered a knighthood in return. When Princess Anna is captured by a dragon, Jack and his friend Albert, the wisecracking court jester, set off to slay the dragon and save the Princess.

Additional text is present on SCP-1638-J but it's all Greek to me.

SCP-1638-J is not dated and its country of origin is unknown. SCP-1638-J was recovered on - - , a dark and stormy night, from a printing house in Vienna.

Anyone writing about SCP-1638-J will tend to use more clichéd phrases than you can shake a stick at. This effect is unintentional and subjects are unaware of any alterations to their writing style. As for *why* SCP-1638-J has this effect, God only knows.

Last but not least, the novels alluded to by SCP-1638-J have not

been located as of - - . As no progress has been made, the Foundation have thrown in the towel and ceased all searching for the novels.

That's the way the cookie crumbles.

Notes:

When it comes to SCP-1638-J what you see is what you get, it's not rocket science. Our resources are stretched thin at the moment and when push comes to shove there is no need for further experimentation on SCP-1638-J currently. Dr.

I disagree, you can't judge a book by its cover. Dr.

SCP-7000-J: Veni, Vidi, [DATA EXPUNGED]

Item #: SCP-7000-J

Object Class: Safe Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-7000-J is to be kept in a standard containment locker at Site-58. The contents of SCP-7000-J are not to be read aloud under any circumstances. MTF Sigma-395 "Vandal Hordes" are to monitor all global networks for usage of SCP-7000-J-A and terminate as needed.

Description: SCP-7000-J is a book bound in velociraptor skin with pages made of thin iron tablets. The book claims to contain a spell to summon the Mc erson, an extremely powerful and hostile reality-bending entity.

> **Excerpt from Chapter 1 of SCP-7000-J:**
>
> SPEAK THE WORDS OF SUPREME DARKNESS AND YE SHALL SUMMON HIM
>
> THE WORDS OF SUPREME DARKNESS ARE AS FOLLOWS
>
> AND BY SPEAKING WHAT COMES, YE SHALL SUMMON HIM
>
> FOR THESE WORDS ARE SUPREMELY DARK
>
> TO SUMMON:
>
> Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Quisque ac ante lacus. Vestibulum in sem molestie, lobortis nulla nec, faucibus urna. Quisque mauris nulla, ullamcorper vel auctor ac, egestas ut neque. Sed consectetur tortor et diam porta, ultricies vehicula erat fermentum. Praesent nulla mi, facilisis nec arcu ut,

laoreet placerat est. Vestibulum ornare consequat pretium. Ut eu libero id neque luctus viverra. Sed non massa pulvinar tellus aliquet tempus. Praesent ex risus, rutrum vel sapien in, tempus vehicula dolor. Suspendisse sit amet turpis arcu. Nam finibus commodo quam, nec malesuada ex tempus et. Pellentesque aliquam est vitae erat faucibus, eget aliquam ligula faucibus…

The majority of the book, around 70%, contains the incantation, which is "Lorem Ipsum" nonsense-Latin placeholder text. It is believed that this is due to a printing error of a copy of a more dangerous book.

Update: During testing, D-5138 was instructed to speak the contents of SCP-7000-J aloud. This resulted in a dimensional gate materializing at Site-58, through which Mc erson began to enter. D-5138 was terminated and the gate was closed through the simultaneous use of 517 Scranton Reality Anchors duct-taped onto each other.

It has been shown through testing that the words "Lorem Ipsum" followed by vaguely relevant nonsense-Latin is a basic form of archaic reality-bending magic, henceforth known as SCP-7000-J-A.

Test Log of SCP-7000-J-A:

Objective	SCP-7000-J-A phrase	Result
Terminate D-5839	"Lorem ipsum servus quinque octo tria novem mortis totalis'	D-5839's body turns inside-out over the course of three days. SCP-7000-J-A no longer used for employee termination.
Improve capabilities of the Scranton Reality Anchor	"Lorem ipsum Scrantus Anchorem ad deus magna fortis"	A giant anchor falls from the sky onto a nearby orphanage.
Grant O5-11 immortality	"Lorem ipsum o-quinque undecim vivus ad eternam"	O5-11 currently invulnerable to any form of wound, but only capable of

		speech in nonsense Latin.[1]
Terminate SCP-682	"Lorem ipsum malus reptilium sex octo duo super-mortuum"	SCP-682 unharmed; text generated in clouds over Site-58: "FUCKUS THATUS SHITUM"
Cure all forms of cancer	"Lorem ipsum ecce canceri est crapulus, reduciam ad nihil"	The Alaskan king crab goes extinct.
Keep SCP-2317-K under permanent containment in its current position	"Lorem ipsum us devourem haltus et damnat ad eternam et ecce humani ad pacem"	Email received by Site-58 director from an unknown sender: "TU EST BONEDUS, LOLOLOLEM"
Enable Wile E. Coyote to finally capture the Road Runner	"Lorem ipsum facere *beastus famishus* mangere *birdius speedius*, magna omnomnomis"	Previously unreleased Chuck Jones cartoon "Satisfaction Guaranteed!" is released, depicting seven minutes of Wile E. Coyote obsessively licking the corpse of the Road Runner, who had been hit by a truck.
Decrease the strength of SCP-076-2 to that of a normal human	"Lorem ipsum o-septem-sex est fatuus et douchembagitur, facere eius fortis ad weaksaucem et noobis"	Containment breach of SCP-076-2 commences as normal, but offensive action consists entirely of whining.

Footnotes

1. "Thisus Sucksus." - O5-11

SCP-000-J: "The Official SCP Sales Catalogue"

Item #: SCP-000

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-000 is to be kept in its glass case in Prof. Snider's office. If it is to be removed for study, it must be returned by the end of the day. Copies may be made of the contents. No purchases may be made from the artifact's contents without Level 3 clearance and must be paid from one's own pocket. SCP-000 and any copies made cannot leave facility grounds.

Description: SCP-000 is a full-color, 200-page catalogue printed on gloss paper. Front page reads "THE OFFICIAL SCP SALES CATALOGUE" in large red letters on the front, with a yellow star reading "Hundreds of bargains!" in the lower right-hand corner. In the center of the magazine is a picture of **Dr. Jack Bright**, smiling and holding what appears to be **SCP-066** in his hand. When questioned, Dr. Bright insisted that he had never had such a picture taken.

The catalogue contains pictures and information on almost every single SCP artifact known, though the information on each object is written more like a sales pitch than an official document. Prices, item numbers and an order number are also listed.

The bottom of the cover reads "Our best issue ever!!!", suggesting that there might be more issues of SCP-000 floating around. This is still being investigated.

Besides artifacts, SCP-000 also includes a list of SCP-related merchandise, including t-shirts, books, DVDs, and even video games and action figures, all of which are based off of known SCP artifacts, phenomena, creatures, and personnel. Administration denies ever authorizing the creation or distribution of the magazine or anything it sells.

Samples of sales pitches from the magazine include:

ITEM #063 - “The World’s Greatest TothBrush”
Don’t let the typo fool you: this toothbrush is out of this world! No toothpaste needed, just gently scrub your teeth and, like magic, all that nasty plaque is completely obliterated! And for those ground-in countertop stains, look no further than The World’s Greatest TothBrush! Available in blue, pink and green.
Price: $.

ITEM #123 - “Contained Miniature Black Hole”
Back in stock after so many requests, this black hole is guaranteed to spaghettify anything you throw at it. Great for science projects and parties! And what better way to say “I love you” than with the gift of a contained miniature black hole? Order now while supplies last!
Warning: contains small parts.
Price: $.

ITEM#244 - “Ice Fog Jar”
Why waste electric-bill money on expensive refrigerators? This jar will turn an enclosed space of any size into your own private meat-locker! Freeze whatever you want: just pop off the lid and watch it go!
Price: $ . .

ITEM #340 – “Insanity Candy”
A truly maddening prank! Trick your friends into eating these covert candies and watch them literally go out of their minds! Available in 5-packs.
Price: $.

ITEM #447 - “Ball of Green Slime”
What can you do with it? What CAN’T you do with it? Use it as a lubricant, top off your gas tank, style your hair, or even dress up your salads and sundaes! The possibilities are endless! Now available in blue.
WARNING: Do not apply to dead bodies.
Price: $.

ITEM #500- "Panacea"
Got Ebola? HIV? Cancer? Athlete's Foot? This pill cures 'em all! No

malady is too incurable. OUT OF STOCK.
Price: $, , , .

ITEM #**551**- “Impossible Puzzle”
Throw out your Rubik’s Cube and put down that crossword! This is the puzzle to end all puzzles! No-one in history has ever completed it, can YOU? Hours of fun!
Price: $.

Many of the sales pitches seem to suggest that some SCP artifacts are not the only ones of their kind, with phrases like “order two, get the third free!” and so on. However, when more than one item is ordered, the arriving package only contains the original artifact along with a number of mundane replicas of the same artifact.

Samples of merchandise related to, but not listed, as SCP artifacts include:

-A white cotton T-shirt reading “I Survived the Wrath of **SCP-682**”. Included a picture of SCP-682 on the front. Available in size S-XXXL.
Price: $.

-A 30.48cm (12in) **SCP-076-2** action figure, with interchangeable wardrobe, accessories, and carrying case shaped like SCP-076-1. When questioned, SCP-076 expressed great distaste.
Price: $.

-A 2-disc CD titled “Dr. Clef’s Holiday Hits”. Cover depicts **Dr. Alto Clef** in a Santa outfit and holding a microphone. When questioned, Dr. Clef denied ever recording such an album.
Price: $.

-A 'Girls of SCP' pin up calendar, featuring Drs Palmer and Rights, Break, and SCPs 105, 336, and 166, all in various states of undress. All but Break claim to have never posed for such pictures.
Price: $.

-A 3-disc DVD set entitled 'SCP Brawl: The Greatest SCP vs. SCP Fights'. Cover depicts SCPs 076-2, 173, and 682. Each disc is 9 hours long and features various Keter level SCPs fighting each

other, most of which have never been formally recorded or even attempted.
Price: $.

-Soundtrack of "FERNAND! The Musical". Contains two discs with ten songs each, many of which were of a violent or vulgar nature regarding **SCP-082**, some of which are apparently sung by SCP-082 himself. When questioned, 082 proudly boasted about his supposed past in musical theatre and the long hours he would spend preparing and method acting. The validity of these statements is debatable. SCP-082 is the current owner of the soundtrack (unofficially, as he has eaten the previous holder and refused to give it back).

Addendum: SCP-000 was discovered in Prof. Snider's mailbox on / / . Though it was addressed to him, he insists on never ordering such a thing. No return address was found.

The following is a transcript of Prof. Snider's attempts to gain any information on SCP-000 via the order number (-) listed in the magazine:

> **Document 000-01**
>
> **Snider:** Hello?
>
> **:** Thank you for calling the SCP Sales Catalogue. What would you like to order?
>
> **Snider:** Who are you?
>
> **:** Your order, sir?
>
> **Snider:** I'll ask again: who are you?
>
> **:** What item number would you care to order, sir?
>
> **Snider:** I'm not ordering anything! I demand to know who you are!
>
> **:** I'm afraid you have the wrong number, sir. Goodbye. (hangs up)

Snider: [DATA EXPUNGED]!

Note: The voice on the other end was described by Prof. Snider as a young lady with a British accent, speaking in a bored monotone.

Document 000-02

: Thank you for calling the SCP Sales Catalogue. What would you like to order?

Snider: What is your name, young lady?

: Your order, sir?

Snider: Can I speak to your manager?

: I'm afraid I can't understand your accent sir. Please speak more clearly.

Snider: I have the same accent you do!

: If you have purchased from us before, you're eligible for a free year-long subscription to our catalogue.

Snider: Madame, are you aware that what you're doing is not only illegal, but the items you're selling threaten the existence of reality as we speak?

: Your order, sir?

Snider: For the last time, I am not buying anything from your bloody magazine! Who is your manager?

: I'm sorry sir, you have the wrong number. (hangs up)

Snider: [DATA EXPUNGED]!

Document 000-03

: Thank you for calling the SCP Sales Catalogue. What would you like to order?

Snider: I don't want- (groans)

: Sir?

Snider: Fine, we'll do it your way. I guess I'll order… **SCP-005**. That seems safe enough.

: And how many would you care to purchase?

Snider: How many? There's only one!

: So that's one order of SCP-005. Your total is $ . . Will that be all, sir?

Snider: Alright, I've bought something. Now will you please let me speak to your manager?

: Thank you for shopping with the SCP. (dial tone)

Snider: Son of a [DATA EXPUNGED]!

(The following day around noon, SCP-005 went missing from its containment area. Artifact was later found at Prof. Snider's doorstep in a cardboard box addressed to him with no return address or postage. SCP-005 was returned to its original place and the money used to purchase it was deducted from Snider's next paycheck. All further purchases from SCP-000 have ended in the same fashion. Attempts to trace the call have been unsuccessful.)

SCP-1948-J: The Comrade

Item #: SCP-1948-J

Object Class: CYP (Safe)

Special Containment Procedures:

SCP-1948-J is to be kept in the mines north-east of , designated Site-1948-J. SCP-1948 should have access to food, water and a pack of ciggies per day.

Description:

SCP-1948-J is a member of *Equus caballus* and our great comrade! Somehow it has the ability to speak and the staff is absolutely pleased with that! It's hard working and has a really good taste of humor. Every hour he lights a ciggie and every two hours he cracks open a cold one. SCP-1948-J doesn't appear to have any enemies, he goes out well with his comrades and also with other horses. It's also incredibly photogenic.

SCP-1948-J Recovery log

> + EXPAND
>
> SCP-1948-J was found in the mines in the north-east of , Czechoslovak Socialist Republic. It was saved by group of local miners, now great friends to the Foundation, from a tunnel collapse. Staff was assigned to ensure the safety of this wonderful creature.

Interview Log 1948-J-25:

> **Interviewed:** SCP-1948-J
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Vladimír

<Begin Log>

SCP-1948-J: Well howdy there doc!

Vladimír: Good day to you comrade horse! How's going?

SCP-1948-J: Well today is going very well, no casualities and we got some packs of smuggled ciggies from Germany!

A lighter can be heard.

<End Log>

Addendum 1948-26: *Hell, I like this horse!*

SCP-723-J: Sad Roach

Item #: SCP-723-J

Object Class :<

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-723-J is to be contained in the second-floor experimental lab utility closet. As SCP-723-J is allowed to roam this area freely, personnel entering the area are to remain vigilant. Retrieving SCP-723-J from within premises ("tactical wrangling") is a low-priority exercise, to be given only to unoccupied wranglers.

Description: SCP-723-J is a *Periplaneta americana* (American cockroach) believed to be of advanced age, possessing characteristic downwards-slanted antennae.

SCP-723-J's anomaly manifests in the deep, unstated emotional turmoil that researchers have observed in its behavior. Individuals who monitor SCP-723-J are able to intuit its past experiences, with little explanation of how they received this information. Though a low percentage of personnel members are immune to this effect, various responses have been generated regarding perceptions of SCP-723-J and its accompanying ability (see following partial list of qualitative observational log SCP-723-J-13: personnel responses)

> Dr. : *He must be in a rough spot if he's hanging out in the lab areas. It's too cold for his species in there. I hope he finds his way outside where he belongs.*

> Dr. : *I felt bad for him since he seemed so lonely. I've actually never seen another bug in here, so I guess he must have lost his family. Maybe his mate too, if he had one. Poor guy.*

> Jr. Researcher : *I think that maybe the roach's sister had roach syphilis and the roach tried to save her but he*

couldn't crawl fast enough and now the roach lives forever because that way the roach sister lives on. As a feeling in his roach heart.

Researcher : *Maybe when he was a roach larva Roy Orbison was his hero because whenever his mom and dad fought he would run to his corner and watch Roy Orbison on the TV so he wouldn't hear them yelling. And one day his parents fought so loud that Sad Roach ran away and bought a bus ticket to Nashville to learn guitar like Roy Orbison. But when he got there the music teacher took one look at him and said that he could never play guitar because he had six legs and no hands or fingers. And he went to live in a diner and waits for the radio to play one more Roy Orbison song and thinks about what a fool he's been because he can't play guitar because he is a roach.*

Technician : *I saw it on my keyboard yesterday and thought "it must be tough to be that ugly."*

Upon initial contact, SCP-723-J was found on a railing in Site-19 staff parking structure 39-K. Site maintenance was informed, but SCP-723-J disappeared during the time taken for dispatched personnel to arrive. SCP-723-J was later sighted in the second-floor laboratory rooms, and most frequently in the lab's utility closet. Staff has agreed per consensus to allow SCP-723-J to live out his dreams to be a janitor with the cleaning supplies, as it is a much better alternative to the roach motel he previously worked at and he needs some time away from his delinquent younger brother.

It is currently unknown how SCP-723-J manages to sustain itself, as all edibles in close proximity to its containment are held in secure storage. Nevertheless, SCP-723-J sightings remain a relatively common occurrence, though SCP-723-J has been observed to flee immediately upon confrontation.

Addendum: Due to an accident caused by misunderstanding, SCP-723-J was involved in Incident 723-1. See excerpted log of incident:

Dr. **:** [extraneous dialogue removed] So how did the briefing go?

Agent **:** Decently. I— hang on, there's something under the cabinets.

Dr. **:** What? Which cabinet?

Agent **:** The one with the snacks. Looks like a roach. I'll get it.

Dr. **:** Wait, that could be sad roach! *[Agent swiftly approaches and crushes SCP-723-J using standard Foundation-issue footwear]* Be careful with sad roach!

Agent **:** …the cockroach that you and Dr. were talking about last month, that neither of you could squish no matter how hard you tried? I just thought it was fast as hell and you couldn't catch it. They're health hazards, you know.

Dr. **:** *[pause]* After all this time, that's how he went out…

Agent **:** If it makes you feel better, it was, uh, a worthy foe. But I'm just going to scrape this into the trash now.

Dr. **:** SAD ROACH NOOOOOOOOO

As of / / , SCP-723-J is confirmed neutralized. Due to a perceived record of intense hardship, SCP-723-J was posthumously awarded the Dr. Blattodea Lifetime Achievement Award and the E-112 Marine Incineration Protocol. As Foundation interns were unable to fully retrieve SCP-723-J or its remains from the wastebin, the boot used during SCP-723-J's improvised non-emergency termination was burned following a brief, informal closed-shoebox ceremony. personnel were in attendance.

Kiryu Labs Roach Wrangling Log

Note to all Researchers Roach Wranglers: Please include your name and department on all records, along with brief description of the Roach Instance observed. Be sure to correctly process any Roach Instance encountered. Kiryu Labs is not responsible for any irresponsible Roach Wrangling.

Refer to documents SCP-723-J and/or SCP-724-J as necessary. Interview logs are optional.

Kiryu Labs thanks you for your assistance with anomalous item cache processing, and is always welcoming to new interns and researchers who wish to gain additional experience within the Foundation experimental chamber environments! For additional assignments, please contact **`Dr. Riven Mercer`**.

Display test log format coding.

```
**Encounter #:**
**Roach Instance:**
**Personnel Name/Dept:**
**Description:**
```

Interview log format:

```
> __**Roach Name Intake Log Interview**__
>
> **Dr. Name:**
>
> **Roach Name:**
>
> **Dr. Name:**
>
> **Roach Name:**
>
```

> **Dr. Name:** Roach name, no/no.../NO!/NOOO

Show Roach Logs, Encounters 1 - 10

Encounter #: 1
Roach Instance: Fad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Riven Mercer, Kiryu Labs anomalous item processing
Description: Fad Roach's anomaly manifests in its unusual preoccupation with following popular human behavioral trends, such as dieting, specialized exercise regimens, and intelligent technology for the home environment. Individuals who encounter Fad Roach will take note of its overzealous desire to be seen as hip and stylish.

> **Fad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Where did you get that? Are you sure it's good for your digestive system?
>
> **Fad Roach:** [eats]
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Do you think Sad Roach would be happy that you're so obsessed with dieting? Is this new cleanse really necessary?
>
> **Fad Roach:** [eats]
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Isn't this the third diet you've tried in the last week?
>
> **Fad Roach:** [eats]
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Fad Roach, no.

Encounter #: 2
Roach Instance: Rad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Taylor Itkin, [REDACTED]
Description: Rad Roach's anomaly manifests in its

ability to skateboard and do skateboard tricks. Individuals who come into contact with Rad Roach will often describe it as "sick" or "wicked cool."

> **Rad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Itkin:** Where did you even get a skateboard that small?
>
> **Rad Roach:** [skateboards]
>
> **Dr. Itkin:** Are you at least wearing a helmet? Skateboard safety is a very important thing, are you taking it seriously?
>
> **Rad Roach:** [does a sick kickflip]
>
> **Dr. Itkin:** Rad Roach, no.

Encounter #: 3
Roach Instance: Pad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Graham
Description: Pad Roach lives in Brookland, USA, and has a wife and two kids. Pad Roach makes a living selling vinyl padding to nearby apartments and shops.

> **Pad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Graham:** Hello, Pad Roa—
>
> **Pad Roach:** Why hello! Would you be interested in purchasing these state-of-the-art vinyl pads? They keep rain, mud, and other bothersome substances away from your building's interior. All you have to do is place the, by your door and BOOM! Your home is instantly free of dirt and water leakage!
>
> **Dr. Graham:** … I, uh—
>
> **Pad Roach:** Great! That will be—

Dr. Graham: Pad Roach, NO!

Encounter #: 4
Roach Instance: Chad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Broseph Broski
Description: Chad Roach's anomaly manifests in how awesome he is. He's such a bro and everyone loves him. Whenever anyone is around Chad Roach, they better be prepared, because it gets wild wherever he is! Those near Chad Roach will also experience an undying devotion to the fraternity Rho Omicron Alpha Chi. Chad Roach wears a small, roach-sized baseball cap backward on its head.

Chad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Broski: Bro, you need to not drink so much.

Chad Roach: [drinks beer]

Dr. Broski: Bro, for real, man, that's like your hundredth beer.

Chad Roach: [passes out from alcohol content]

Dr. Broski: CHAD ROACH NOOOOOOOOOOO

Encounter #: 5
Roach Instance: Vlad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Reynard, Goetics
Description: Vlad Roach's anomaly manifests in its taste for human blood, as well as its unusually dark coloration, bat shaped wings, and abnormally large mandibles. Vlad Roach wears a roach sized black cloak at all times, and never drinks… wine.

Vlad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Reynard: What do you have to gain by drinking blood, Vlad Roach?

Vlad Roach: [continues to drink Dr. Reynard's blood]

Dr. Reynard: Please stop sucking my blood, and answer the question, Vlad Roach. Was your unholy pact with dark forces what drove Sad Roach to that dark place in his life?

Vlad Roach: [continues to drink Dr. Reynard's blood]

Dr. Reynard: Vlad Roach, n- *(Dr. Reynard is rendered unconscious due to blood loss.)*

Encounter #: 6
Roach Instance: Tad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Benny Ferris-Reiner.
Description: Tad Roach's anomaly manifests in it's ability to convince all personnel interviewing it, regardless of prior characteristics, that they are a father in the 1950s and Tad Roach is their son. Other characteristics include its small size, quiet weedy voice, stupid beanie hat and hangdog look, as well as persistent failure at sports and other manly athletic activities

Tad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Now, why do you keep dawdling on the sidelines instead of being a team player?

Tad Roach: I dunno, dad.

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: No son of mine is gonna be a ween! Are you a filthy ween, Tad Roach? I

don't want to see my son end up a sports-hating ween!

Tad Roach: No, dad! I'm not a ween! I just wanna do something else besides sports!

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Tad Roach, no!

Encounter #: 7
Roach Instance: Plaid Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Westrin
Description: Plaid Roach anomaly manifests in its excessive cursing and the ability to generate tiny roach sized plaid kilts out of nowhere.

Plaid Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Westrin: Hello Plaid Roach.

Plaid Roach: [Tiny, high pitched noises are heard from Plaid Roach, most of them being extremely creative insults about Dr. Westrin's ancestor's goats.]

Dr. Westrin: How dare you, Plaid Roach! That's it, no more kilt for today!

Plaid Roach: [Plaid Roach pulls out a very tiny set of bagpipes and begins to violently assault Dr. Westrin's ears.]

Dr. Westrin: Plaid Roach, no!

Encounter #: 8
Roach Instance: Ad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Agent Gummy Dragon
Description: Ad Roach's anomaly manifests in its ability to convince humans to purchase any item. It wears a roach sized business suit. Any items purchased will invariably be of poor quality, and any attempts to buy

replacements will result in additional purchases.

> **Ad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Agent Gummy Dragon:** Do you realize how much money we've spent buying your stuff? The coffee machine and microwave you sold us broke down in seconds!
>
> **Ad Roach:** If you don't like them, we'll replace them for free!
>
> **Agent Gummy Dragon:** That actually sounds great!
>
> **Ad Roach:** And for today only, we'll throw in a water cooler for just $99.99!
>
> **Agent Gummy Dragon:** Ad Roach, no!

Encounter #: 9
Roach Instance: Grad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Taylor Itkin, [REDACTED]
Description: Grad Roach graduated from Really Organized and Awesome College of Hard-Work (ROACH) in the year . Grad Roach is the brother of SCP-723-J and the son of **`Dad Roach`**. Grad Roach has no observable anomaly. It wears a tiny, roach-sized graduation gown and cap.

> **Grad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Itkin:** We're all proud of you, Grad Roach. I know Dad Roach is proud of you.
>
> **Grad Roach:** [tosses tiny, roach-sized graduation cap into the air]
>
> **Dr. Itkin:** Sad Roach would have been proud too.

Grad Roach: [sheds a single, roach-sized tear, looks at tiny, roach-sized diploma]

Dr. Itkin: [pats on back] Grad Roach…no.

Encounter #: 10
Roach Instance: Notepad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Westrin
Description: Notepad Roach's anomaly manifests as the ability to carry objects of any size and mass without difficulties. However, Notepad Roach chooses to use its incredible abilities to carry around a pencil and notepad, and is Dr. Westrin's assistant.

Notepad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Westrin: Okay, Notepad Roach, I have an idea: Write down "Book Idea: Humans go to space and they find a large planet full of different types of Roaches that rhyme with "sad".

Notepad Roach: [Writes down Dr. Westrin's book idea.]

Dr. Westrin: Oh! Write down that they make friends with the roaches, and they go off to defeat the evil Beetle King and save the universe!

Notepad Roach: [While attempting to write Dr. Westrin's idea, the pencil's graphite breaks because Notepad Roach accidentally pushes too hard on the paper.]

Dr. Westrin: Notepad Roach, no!

Show Roach Logs, Encounters 11 - 20

Encounter #: 11

Roach Instance: Comrade Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Researcher M. Inselmann
Description: The radical anti-capitalist views espoused by Comrade Roach pose a threat to our way of life. Establishment of an insect socialist Soviet is considered to be unacceptable by the Foundation and O5 Council. Comrade Roach was interrogated regarding its goals.

> **Comrade Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Researcher Inselmann:** Comrade Roach, please elucidate for the record your political views.
>
> **Comrade Roach:** [Skitters around table]
>
> **Researcher Inselmann:** Subversive nonsense! What link do you have to SCP-1006?
>
> **Comrade Roach:** [Overthrows Capitalist Pig Foundation, establishes glorious Blattodea Worker's Soviet.]
>
> **Researcher Inselmann** Comrade Roach, no!

Encounter #: 12
Roach Instance: Bad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. D. Derekson
Description: Bad Roach is one anomalously tough motha. It is passionate about overthrowing what it percieves as "The Man," Bad Roach's overarching term for Foundation personnel and infrastructure. In repeated double-blind tests, Bad Roach has displayed actions consistent with being a roach that won't cop out when there's danger all about.

> **Bad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Derekson:** Okay, Bad Roach: Who's the

black anomalous roach who's confoundin' Foundation folks?

Bad Roach: [Indicates self.]

Dr. Derekson: That is correct. They say this particular Roach is a baaad mother-

Bad Roach: [Motions for Dr. Derekson to SHUT HIS MOUTH.]

Dr. Derekson: Bad Roach, no! I'm talkin' bout *you.*

Bad Roach: [Digs it.]

Encounter #: 13
Roach Instance: Thad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Westrin
Description: Thad Roach's anomaly manifests in the ability to make any person's tongue stick outside of their mouth, even while speaking.

Thad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Westrin: Hello Thad Roach. Can you pleathe tell uth your real name?

Thad Roach: Yeah, my name is Saddeus. Hehehe.

Dr. Westrin: Ith that your real name, or are you juth making fun of me.

Thad Roach: No, THIS is making fun of you. [Thad Roach blows a raspberry at Dr. Westrin with their antennae.]

Dr. Westrin: Thad Roach, No!

Encounter #: 14
Roach Instance: Cad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Junior Researcher Charla Flores, Mind-Affecting Anomalies
Description: Cad Roach is a miscreant and a scoundrel, unfit for genteel society and a disgrace to his many relations. His behaviour towards several ladies of spotless reputation has been nothing less than scandalous, and brands him as a reprobate of the most unfeeling kind. Had Cad Roach any scrap of honour or decency, he would immediately quit this place and return to the gutter from which he undoubtedly crawled.

Extract of Cad Roach Conversational Transcript

Dryad Roach: But that ring was a gift from my grandmother!

Cad Roach: Well it's pawned now, and the money lost on cards and dice. If anyone wants me, I'll be at the pub getting drunk with Maenad Roach.

Dryad Roach: But I have thrown over my fiance, estranged my family, sullied my good name, all for you! Because I love you!

Cad Roach: Love? Babe, you were a good time, that's all. I didn't even know we were using real names.

Dryad Roach: Galahad Roach, no!

Encounter #: 15
Roach Instance: Mad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Ittermixin, Rebellion Wing.
Description: Mad Roach should be a Keter because they’re a dumb loser who won’t let me on my PS4 and all that happened was I did the middle finger to them like

one time as a joke. :(

> **Roach Name Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Ittermixin:** This is fucking child abuse, I'm gonna call the police and they're gonna take you away and I'll get to play GTA V all the time!
>
> **Mad Roach:** Did you just curse at me, young man? You're grounded!
>
> **Dr. Ittermixin:** Jesus Christ! Why are you so mad all the time, Mad Roach?
>
> **Mad Roach:** I'm not mad, Brendon. I'm just- [sniffles] - disappointed.
>
> **Dr. Ittermixin:** Mad Roach, noo…

Encounter #: 16
Roach Instance: Big Bad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Agent Gummy_Dragon
Description: Big Bad Roach's anomaly manifests in its massive size and ability to launch flame-like streams from its mouthparts.

> **Big Bad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Agent Gummy_Dragon:** Stop rampaging, or we'll have to stop you!
>
> **Big Bad Roach:** [Rampages aggressively]
>
> **Agent Gummy_Dragon:** You're making Sad Roach feel bad!
>
> **Big Bad Roach:** [Breathes fire]
>
> **Agent Gummy_Dragon:** [Ignites] Big Bad Roach, no… [Burns]

Encounter #: 17
Roach Instance: Glad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Magnus, Metaphysics
Description: Glad roach has an obsession with fighting other roaches, and has the ability to manifest both tiny gladii, and the ability to throw them at the crowd. Testing with Glad Roach has shown it to scratch out the phrase 'I am Roachinus Gladius Meridius, Eater of the Poo of the North, commander of the Radiation-Proof legions' in any available medium when not fighting other roaches.

Glad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Magnus: Glad roach, come on, you can't just kill—

[Glad Roach kills another Roach. Glad roach hurls a tiny gladius at Dr. Magnus]

Dr. Magnus: GODDAMMIT Glad Roach, I get it, you're on a rampage of revenge against—

[A white Roach enters the containment area]

Dr. Magnus: Wait, where did—

Glad roach is stabbed in the thorax before combat, then defeats the white roach. Both die.

Dr. Magnus: Glad Roach, nooooooo!!!

[Several seconds pass]

Dr. Magnus: ….for the record, I didn't authorize copyright infringement.

Encounter #: 18
Roach Instance: Egad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Researcher Eyhard Linauer

Description: Egad Roach is able to produce an ornate brass-bound monocle out of nowhere. They also possess a keen sense of propriety, and are easily startled.

> **Egad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Researcher Linauer:** Now, we're very interested in how you obtain new monocles. I'd like to ask you to stay calm and explain as clearly as you can. How does that sound?
>
> **Egad Roach:** [Sweeps an elaborate bow, saluting the researcher with their antennae to indicate agreeement.]
>
> **Researcher Linauer:** Wonderful. First, let's get a better look at the one you're w—
>
> **Chad Roach:** [Sneaks up behind Egad Roach and emits a loud belch right next to their ear.]
>
> **Egad Roach:** [Jumps and gasps. The sudden movement knocks their monocle to the ground, shattering it.]
>
> **Researcher Linauer:** Egad Roach! No…

Encounter #: 19
Roach Instance: Lad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Researcher Joseph Sherman, Archives and Records
Description: Okay, it’s Friday night in the Site-42 cafeteria and all the lads are on the lash, getting wankered, harassing the female researchers, yeah? One of the docs is hank marvin’ and you think Pizza Hut, a bit old school and full of kids so the banter won’t be top notch… then your mate, Lad Roach (proper LEDGE) says you ought get a bit of cheeky nandos and the banter is Top Quality.

Lad Roach Intake Log Interview

Researcher Sherman: You saved the party, you Bantersauras Rex!!

Lad Roach: [Is an Archbishop of Banterbury.]

Researcher Sherman: You absolute madman!

Lad Roach: [Passes out after his 9th pint.]

Researcher Sherman: Lad Roach! No…

Encounter #: 20
Roach Instance: Mossad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Agent Gummy_Dragon
Description: Mossad Roach is equipped with standard Mossad (HaMossad leModiʿin uleTafkidim Meyuḥadim) equipment, and is dedicated to eliminating terrorists.

Mossad Roach Intake Log Interview

Agent Gummy_Dragon: How has your mission been going?

Mossad Roach: [Shakes head]

Agent Gummy_Dragon: Not so good?

Bad Roach: [Shoots Mossad Roach]

Agent Gummy_Dragon: Mossad Roach! No!

Show Roach Logs, Encounters 21 - 30

Encounter #: 21
Roach Instance: Ad Roach, again
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. L. Naismith
Description: [Please view a word from our sponsors in

order to access the description from Encounter 8.]

Ad Roach Re-Intake Log Interview

Dr. Naismith: Are you willing to cooperate with us this time?

Ad Roach: [Nods]

Dr. Naismith: Good. Now, then—

Dr. Naismith: Ad Roach, NO!

Encounter #: 22
Roach Instance: Riastrad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. L. Naismith
Description: Riastrad Roach is believed to be Irish in origin.

Riastrad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Naismith: So, are you, like, an Irish stereotype roach? Because I'm Irish on my mom's side, and I don't really appreciate—

Riastrad Roach: *You dare mock the hound of Culann?*

Dr. Naismith: …wait, what?

Riastrad Roach: [vomits 37 liters of blood, kilotuples in size, shoots fire out of own anus, grows seventeen vestigial heads, amputates own left foreleg, fashions a rudimetary claymore out of it]

Dr. Naismith: RIASTRAD ROACH, N—

<recording equipment vaporized>

Encounter #: 23
Roach Instance: Unique Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Graham
Description: Unique Roach is an anomaly of its kind for obvious reasons. The object is considered a Keter-level threat.

> **Roach Name Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Graham:** I don't get it. What exactly makes you special?
>
> **Unique Roach:** [Rolls eyes.]
>
> **Dr. Graham:** That doesn't help.
>
> **Unique Roach:** Oh what? Just because I don't have a dumbass name like the *other* roaches means I'm suddenly the center of attention? Leave me alone…
>
> **Dr. Graham:** I don't—… Unique Roach, no…

Encounter #: 24
Roach Instance: Iliad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. L. Naismith
Description: Researcher C. Andra's repeated assertions that Iliad Roach is a threat to the Foundation's safety are to be ignored.

> **Iliad Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Naismith:** Now, let's get on with—
>
> [Iliad Roach pushes a wooden cockroach sculpture, 50 cm in length, in front of Dr. Naismith]
>
> **Dr. Naismith:** Aww, is that for me?
>
> [Iliad Roach nods, indicating the sculpture's

copper siding]

Dr. Naismith: Copper-clad roach? No, y—

<recording equipment invaded>

Encounter #: 25
Roach Instance: Had Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Boron Clark
Description: Had roach's anomaly manifests in its ability to lose anything in its possession. Had roach is extremely annoyed by this ability and constantly tries to collect things to no avail.

Had Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Boron: What are you collecting right now?

Had Roach [Points to a single ball-point pen in the corner of its cell]

Dr. Boron: Just one?

Had Roach: [Takes the pen held in Dr. Boron's hand and turns to find the first pen has disappeared]

Had Roach: [Cries]

Dr. Boron: Had Roach.. No..

Encounter #: 26
Roach Instance: Rebel Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Taylor Itkin, [REDACTED]
Description: Rebel Roach doesn't conform to your stupid formats.

Rebel Roach Intake Log Review

Dr. Itkin: What are you doing, Rebel Roach?

Rebel Roach: [gives Dr. Itkin the finger]

Dr. Itkin: Wow. Rude, much?

Rebel Roach: [puts up second middle finger]

Dr. Itkin: …dick.

Encounter #: 27
Roach Instance: AD. Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Arthur Avatar
Description: Roach displays the current date on its carapace, using what appears to be Sharpie® brand permanent marker. Dr Avatar's request to interact with AD. Roach daily is currently undergoing review.

AD. Roach Intake Log Review

AD. Roach: [scuttles about chamber]

Dr. Forth: And you're sure this is a unique roach?

Dr. Avatar: Oh absolutely. Look at its carapace! Isn't it wacky?

[both researchers look at AD. Roach. AD. Roach seems unconcerned]

Dr. Forth: Fine, fine, it's just… most of the others have fairly straightforward names, you know? This one seems a little forced. Kinda similar to another roach we have, as well.

Dr. Avatar: I have no idea what you're talking about. This is AD. Roach, a completely unique anomaly that I have bravely catalogued and researched.

AD. Roach: Buy it now, for only $19.99, only while stocks last! Delivery within 6 to 8

business roach-weeks.

Dr. Forth: …Ad Roach?

Dr. Avatar: No!

Encounter #: 28
Roach Instance: Add Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. C. Kirby
Description: Add Roach is believed to have an advanced understanding of mathematical concepts (compared to a baseline roach).

Add Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Kirby: So I hear you're quite the math whiz?

Add Roach: [Nods proudly].

Dr. Kirby: Well, then, blow my mind.

Add Roach: [Scribbles something down on a tiny piece of paper, and then shows it to Dr. Kirby]

Dr. Kirby: Add Roach no… two plus two equals four, not five.

Encounter #: 29
Roach Instance: Dryad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Westrin
Description: Dryad Roach is noted to be a nature enthusiast, and deeply cares about forests, flowers, plants and other types of life. Dryad Roach is also capable of planting all types of seeds with ease without human assistance.

Dryad Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Westrin: Hey Dryad Roach, how's the garden doing?

Dryad Roach: Oh, it's doing wonderfully! The Calendulas are starting to bloom, the Daisies and Marigolds are doing good as well, and my cactus now has a tiny flower on it.

Dr. Westrin: That's cool. To be honest, you don't seem like the type of animal who would be interested in nature.

Dryad Roach: What makes you say that? I've been in love with life since I was a wee cock roach. Did you know that 3.5 billion to 7 billion trees are cut down each year?

Dr. Westrin: Dryad Roach, no, I didn't know that!

Encounter #:30
Roach Instance: Maenad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Agent Gummy_Dragon
Description: Maenad Roach loves to party. Its anomaly manifests in its ability to ingest large amounts of alcohol and its 'rage' state. When in a rage state, Maenad roach should not be approached, and the surrounding area quarantined. Firearms, though ineffective, have been used to deter Maenad Roach.

Maenad Roach Intake Log Interview

Agent Gummy_Dragon: Don't you think you've had too much to drink?

Maenad Roach: Who do you think you are, mortal!

Agent Gummy_Dragon: This isn't healthy for you. You get drunk and smash stuff. How is

this fulfilling?

Maenad Roach: Die, unbeliever!

Dr. Name: Maenad Roach, NO!

Show Roach Logs, Encounters 31 - 40

Encounter #: 31
Roach Instance: M.A.D. roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Jamie Fields, Behavior Management Specialist
Description: M.A.D. roach relies on Mutually Assured Destruction, a defense strategy in which the threat of excessively dangerous weaponry prevents enemies from using the same weaponry.

M.A.D. Roach Intake Log Interview

Fields: Look, neither of us has any incentive to initiate conflict, or to disarm - we can only keep refining our defenses, but that will eventually break our equilibrium anyway…

M.A.D. Roach: [continues escalation]

Fields: If we appeal to our larger community to set up rewards for accountability and cooperation, we could *create* incentives for ourselves to pursue disarmament actively-

M.A.D. Roach: [continues escalation]

Fields: M.A.D. Roach, no!

Encounter #: 32
Roach Instance: Ocathailidrimithriad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Graham
Description: *What the fuck is this? How do I pronounce this? Is it, like, memetic, or something?*

[UNIDENTIFIED SCRIPT - UNABLE TO TRANSLATE] Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Graham: Hello, Ocatha… Ocathali… li…

Ocathailidrimithriad Roach: [Pronounces it correctly.]

Dr. Graham: Yeah, whatever. That's not even a real word. What does that mean?

Ocathailidrimithriad Roach: [Shrugs, it thought it sounded cool.]

Dr. Graham: Oca… ca… Ocath— fucking, Roach, NO!

Encounter #: 33
Roach Instance: Unclad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Researcher M. Inselmann
Description: Unclad Roach does not possess an exoskeleton, and is therefor scandalously naked.

Unclad Roach Intake Log Interview

Researcher Inselmann: How did you come to be anomalously nude? Would you like a sweater? You look cold.

Unclad Roach: Skitters about table in a shameless fashion

Researcher Inselmann: …This is rather upsetting. Put on pants, and we'll continue the interview.

Unclad Roach: Preens and poses in its birthday suit.

Dr. Name: Unclad Roach, no! Pants! Argh, my eyes!

Encounter #: 34
Roach Instance: Plagiarism Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Graham
Description: Plagiarism Roach is an anomaly of its kind for obvious reasons. The object is considered an Apollyon-level threat.

> **Plagiarism Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Graham:** Hello— wait, your name doesn't end with an "ad"!
>
> **Plagiarism Roach:** No shit, Sherlock.
>
> **Dr. Graham:** What kind of gig is this?
>
> **Plagiarism Roach:** It's in the name, bud. I saw that Unique and Rebel Roach had a thing going on, and they were ripping off *each other*, so I might as well jump on the bandwagon.
>
> **Dr. Graham:** Plagiarism Roach, NO!

Encounter #: 35
Roach Instance: Collab Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Graham
Description: feat. HowToCockroach_XX!!!!! (1000 SUBS SPECIAL!!!!1!!!!one!!!!)

> **Collab Roach Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Dr. Graham:** Hello Collab R— who's this?
>
> **Collab Roach:** Hey Graham! It's me, Collab Roach, here with another video. Make sure to click that like and subscribe button! Today, I'm here with **SCP-3035**-190!
>
> **Dr. Graham:** Woah woah WOAH WOAH ***WOAH WAIT HOLD ON A SEC—***

SCP-3035-190: [Proceeds to transform into an AK-47 and fire at Dr. Graham. Dr. Graham manages to dive behind his desk.]

Dr. Graham: COLLAB ROACH, NO! YOU'RE WORSE THAN OCA— OCATH— FUCK, THAT OTHER ONE!

Encounter #: 36
Roach Instance: Ersatz Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Inselmann
Description: Several deviations from SCP-723-J norms have been noted. Firstly, 'Ersatz' doesn't rhyme with 'sad.' But that appears to be a thing we're only marginally doing, anymore, so meh. Also, roach appears to be a ladybug, made to resemble a cockroach with a layer of paint.

Collab Roach Intake Log Interview

Dr. Inselmann: Hello, Ersatz Roach. Comfortable? Would you like a cup of coffee? No? How are the kids? Great, great. Well, now that I've got you here, **J'accuse**!

Ersatz Roach: (Chitters softly. Eats an aphid. Urinates.)

Dr. Inselmann: You are no roach! You are an accursed beast of the Coccinellidae! You are full of lies, sir! Lies and aphids!

Ersatz Roach: (Dies of paint toxicity).

Dr. Inselmann: Ersatz Roach, nooo! Oh, what have I done! I repent! Take me instead, oh Lord! Ersatz Rooooaaach! (weeps inconsolably).

Encounter #: 37
Roach Instance: Fad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Dr. Etra
Description: Appears to be completely taken up with current social media trends. Fad Roach only appears to adopt them when they become aware of the trend

> **Collab Roach Intake Log Interview**
> **Dr. Etra:** Fad Roach, what are you doing? Who gave you that phone?
>
> **Fad Roach:** [Attempts to dab with tiny cockroach front legs]
>
> **Dr. Etra:** [Sighing] Fad Roach, you know you don't have to copy everyone online, right? Hang on, what are you-
>
> **Fad Roach:** [Bites into detergent capsule, getting covered in its contents]
>
> **Dr. Etra:** FAD ROACH, NO!

Encounter #: 38
Roach Instance: iPad Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Agent Gummy_Dragon
Description: Not actually a cockroach, but a tablet that exerts a memetic effect, deluding observers into believing that it is a roach.

> **Roach Name Intake Log Interview**
>
> **Agent Gummy_Dragon:** How is life in containment, little guy?
>
> **iPad Roach:** …
>
> **Agent Gummy_Dragon:** How about we meet some of the other roaches, huh?
>
> **iPad Roach:** (Vibrates, falling off table on to

Gummy_Dragon's foot)

Agent Gummy_Dragon: iPad roach, no!

Encounter #: 39
Roach Instance: NATO Roach
Personnel Name/Dept: Researcher Inselmann
Description: Entity has maintained a defensive posture against Comrade Roach from across their respective holding tanks for a number of years. Involvement of M.A.D. Roach cannot be ruled out.

NATO Roach Intake Log Interview

Researcher Inselmann: Do you truly believe that Comrade Roach poses such an existential threat, NATO Roach?

NATO Roach: (Skitters. Peers suspiciously at Comrade Roach)

Comrade Roach: (Is approached by Ad Roach; metamorphoses into the dastardly Vlad Roach).

NATO Roach: (Shrugs and skitters away)

Vlad Roach: (Takes of shirt and rides centipede; cackles maniacally)

Researcher Inselmann: Various international roaches, no!

SCP-005-J-EX: "No, because she thinks he's talking about the…"

Item #: SCP-005-J-EX

Object Class: Keter Explained

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-005-J-EX now appears to arise spontaneously in approximately 15% of all humans, and is no longer considered anomalous. Nevertheless, as a training exercise (and as a public service) Mobile Task Force Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings") are currently attempting to generate a counter-meme: that SCP-005-J-EX is "really annoying" and should be suppressed. No other containment procedures appear possible. MTF Gamma-5 personnel are required to perform an Allen-Pryor test at least once per month to ensure contagion has not occurred.

Description: SCP-005-J-EX is a cognitohazardous meme. It consists of the idea that a joke or humorous anecdote will remain funny once it has been explained. When instances of SCP-005-J-EX arise, all remnants of humour in the relevant joke are completely [DATA EXPUNGED].

The following are extracts from the testing logs for Class D personnel testing positive for SCP-005-J-EX:

> **D-4698:** You heard me say it was a duck? Because that way…

> **D-2663:** Get it? It sounds like you're crying - boo hoo. Boo hoo? So then I say…

> **D-7984:** No? You know that people from are all really stupid, right? Okay, so the third guy thinks…

> **D-9909:** …I guess you just had to be there. But remember that Mike is a big guy…

D-2348: It's kind of an anti-joke. It's playing with the expectation of a punchline by giving the most banal motivation the chicken could have.

D-1003: Just a pun on "explained", really. Not much more to it than that.

SCP-013-J: The Cuttlefish of Ultimate Wisdom

Item #: SCP-013-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The Northern region of the Forest of , where SCP-013-J is known to manifest, has been registered as a protected wildlife preserve, and fenced off and labelled accordingly. Foundation agents posing as forest rangers are on hand to deter trespassers. A platform, equipped with recording and transmitting equipment is in place, directly overlooking the space SCP-013-J occupies when manifested.

SCP-013-J is to be approached by a Foundation field agent on a weekly basis, and the exchange is to be remotely observed and directed by at least one member of the 05 Council. Unless contradicted by the 05 Council member(s) in question, all of SCP-013-J's demands and suggestions are to be met as soon as possible.

Description: SCP-013-J is an instance of *Sepia officinalis* (common cuttlefish). Unlike its non-anomalous counterparts, SCP-013-J is seventeen meters in length, hovers in the air, while moving as an instance would while underwater, and speaks with a loud, high-pitched, echoing voice by unknown means, in addition, a bright, golden light radiates, seemingly from within SCP-013-J.

SCP-013-J regularly refers to itself as "The Cuttlefish of Ultimate Wisdom", and requires others to, before it will interact with them. SCP-013-J claims to be sensitive to future events, and will share possible means of preventing upcoming disasters, while often refusing to relinquish details of the disasters themselves.

SCP-013-J speaks with an overly-dramatic voice and often utilizes alternations in volume, pauses and extended vowel sounds for dramatic emphasis. Foundation staff who have been deemed quick

to anger are not to approach SCP-013-J.

Below are the most recent recorded interactions with SCP-013-J.

SCP-013-J Incident 1739B

Date: / /

Agent Archer: SCP-013…

SCP-013-J: The Cuttlefish of ULTIMATE wisdom!

Agent Archer: Cuttlefish… of Ultimate Wisdom…

SCP-013-J: Speak, mortal!

Agent Archer: I've come to ask if you have any information regarding potential disasters in the future.

SCP-013-J: Be warned! Be waaarned! Heed the Cuttlefish of Ultimate Wisdom! Disaster looooms! Unless the president of makes tomorrow's commute on a pogo stick, society shall fall! Death shall hail from the sky! DEATH!

Agent Archer: A… a pogo stick?

SCP-013-J: A POGO STICK! (A bolt of lightning strikes in the distance)

Agent Archer: Is there any… other way we can…

SCP-013-J: THE CUTTLEFISH HAS SPOKEN!

(SCP-013-J dematerializes with a bright flash of light)

Outcome: A social media campaign was launched, detailing how President would be travelling to work on a pogo stick to raise awareness of depression. The president himself was compelled to comply with SCP-013-J's demand by the use of drug-induced hypnosis. During the president's commute, a multi-car collision claimed the lives of of 's citizens. It was calculated that the president would also have been affected by the incident. It is unknown if SCP-013-J knew the exact nature of the incident, and could have easily provided a less conspicuous deterrent.

SCP-013-J Incident 1740B

Date: / /

SCP-013-J: Step forwards Timothy!

Agent Black: My name is Lesley…

SCP-013-J: What can the Cuttlefish of UUULTIMATE WIIIISDOM assist you with on this fine evening?

Agent Black: It's… 11AM, but anyway, I've come for a report on future events.

SCP-013-J: DEEEAAATH!

Agent Black: (After waiting several seconds for SCP-013-J to continue) Erm…

SCP-013-J: DEATH RACES FOR US IN ATTRACTIVE YET FUNCTIONAL

FOOTWEAR! And unless Foundation Commander greets all whom she interacts with, with her warmest of hugs, IT SHALL COME FOR HER!

Agent Black: Yeah… I've met Commander , I think in her entire life, she's gouged more people's eyeballs out with her bare hands, than hugged…

SCP-013-J: Hugs are all that will spare her soul!

Agent Black: Really? It *has* to be hugs? Because after last time, it seems like…

SCP-013-J: HUUU… (SCP-013-J continues to make a "U" sound, getting steadily quieter as it fades from sight, completing the word "hugs" seconds after disappearing entirely.)

Outcome: At the express order of three 05 Council Members, Commander agreed to take the measures SCP-013-J recommended, to prevent her imminent death. Five days after SCP-013-J's prediction, Commander was deploying a squadron of agents to contain SCP- , by reluctantly hugging each of them in turn, when one agent tearfully conceded how much he had needed a hug. The agent went on to confess to being an undercover agent of the Chaos Insurgency, and had been instructed to sabotage the mission, taking the lives of all agents present, including Commander . Moved by Commander 's display of affection, the Agent vowed to reconsider his life choices. Commander responded by executing him where he stood.

Date: / /

Agent Harris: Cuttlefish of…

SCP-013-J: BEHOLD, FROM ABOVE! (A beam of golden light descends from above the space directly between SCP-013-J and Agent Harris, and a three-layer, Victoria Sponge Cake on a plate slowly descends to the platform.)

Agent Harris: It's… a cake.

SCP-013-J: The fondest of wishes for your birthday, Agent Patsy!

Agent Harris: My… birthday is in July… also it's Harris.

SCP-013-J: And yet in my home dimension, precisely three years and four hours have passed since the moment of your birth!

Agent Harris: Huh… how about that? I actually needed to ask you about future…

SCP-013-J: FEAST ON CAKE OR DOOM SHALL COME FOR US ALL!

Agent Harris: Wait, seriously? The cake is the thing?

SCP-013-J: CONSUUUME THE CAKE!

(At the approval of the monitoring 05 Council member, Agent Harris begins eating the cake.)

Agent Harris: (Repulsed) Oh god! It tastes like fish!

SCP-013-J: FISH IS AN INVALUABLE SOURCE OF PROTEIN AND OMEGA-3!

Agent Harris: THERE'S WHIPPED CREAM ON IT!

SCP-013-J: EVERYTHING IS BETTER WITH WHIPPED CREAM!

(At the order of the 05 Council member, Agent Harris reluctantly eats the remainder of the cake, over the course of half an hour.)

Agent Harris: (Nauseously) How on… on earth did that accomplish anything?

SCP-013-J: A world without cake has been evaded!

Agent Harris: Are you serious!? Is that the only reason I just ate a fucking FISH SPONGE CAKE!?

SCP-013-J: CAKE FOR EVERYONE!

(Identical cakes begin appearing in the same way at every Foundation site on the planet, regardless of secrecy. Analysis reveals the cakes to be made almost entirely of halibut.)

Outcome: It is reluctantly decided that SCP-013-J's suggestions will continue to be taken seriously and its orders followed until it ceases to be a valuable asset to the Foundation.

SCP-013-J Incident 1742B

Date: / /

Agent Griffiths: SCP…

SCP-013-J: CUTTLEFISH OF…

Agent Griffiths: …ultimate wisdom, right.

SCP-013-J: UUULTIMATE… WISDOM!

Agent Griffiths: Cuttlefish of Ultimate Wisdom, yes. I've come for your report on future events.

SCP-013-J: Senior Foundation Officer Spencer is in peril! GRAVE PERIL!

Agent Griffiths: (Sarcastically) And, by any chance, do you know of a way to save him, which also, completely unnecessarily makes him look like an idiot?

SCP-013-J: Anyone who witnesses Officer Spencer must hurl with all their might, whatever it is they are holding, at the good officer's face!

Agent Griffiths: Yeah, why not?

Conclusion: For the following two weeks, Foundation staff comply with SCP-013-J's instructions, throwing mostly food and stationery at Officer Spencer, until he is injured by a trainee, transporting an anomalous typewriter. During Officer Spencer's time in the on-site medical facility, Foundation doctors discovered a tumor forming in his brain, and ultimately removed it without incident.

SCP-013-J Incident 1743B

Date: / /

Agent Williams: Cuttlefish of Ul…

SCP-013-J: GAAASP!

Agent Williams: (After waiting several seconds.) I'm sorry, was that an instruction, or…

SCP-013-J: The foul hand of evil has made its way even to this very sanctuary!

Agent Williams: (Looking around nervously.) Has it?

SCP-013-J: AGENT JENNIFER WALKER!

Agent Williams: I'm clearly a man…

SCP-013-J: REMOVE YOUR TROUSERS OR YOU WILL DOOM US ALL TO ETERNAL DAMNATION!

Agent Williams: Ugh, seriously!?

SCP-013-J: THE HOUR OF DAMNATION TICKS CLOSER!

(Agent Williams is ordered to comply by the supervising 05 Council member. After hesitantly moving his hands towards his belt, Williams reconsiders and his face contorts in anger.)

Agent Williams: No! You know what? FUCK YOU! (Points to SCP-013-J) and FUCK YOU! (Points to the camera through which the 05 Council member is surveying.) I joined the Foundation to fight monsters, not to entertain some stupid, immature space fish!

SCP-013-J: FOOL! You have doomed us all!

Agent Williams: HOW!?

SCP-013-J: Cuttlefish are CEPHALOPOOODS! Ignorance is the greatest danger in the ENTIRE UNIVERSE!

Agent Williams: And I suppose we could have avoided this HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE if I'd been standing here with no trousers like an idiot! Well forgive me if I can… Whoa…

(A black and red aura surrounds Agent Williams' trousers and he begins to rise into the air.)

Agent Williams' Trousers: Mwahahaaa! Now that I have harnessed enough of this mortal's irritation, I can destroy this world and nothing can stop me!

Agent Williams: ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!?

Agent Williams' Trousers: MWAAAHAHAHAHAHA!

(Agent Williams' trousers vanish in a shroud of black smoke, leaving Williams to fall to the ground.)

Closing Statement: Agent Williams' employment with the Foundation was terminated immediately. All future agents to interact with SCP-013-J are to be thoroughly evaluated by an on-site psychiatrist and selected based on past experience of dealing

with similarly troubling entities. The hunt for former Agent Williams' trousers, the newly designated SCP- , is underway, but thus far, no progress has been made.

SCP-732-J: Tiny Ceramic Seahorse

Item #: SCP-732-J

Object Class: Adorable

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-732-J is to be kept on **`Dr. Kiryu's`**[1] desk. A routine care schedule of daily facial tissue buffing is to be carried out to maintain SCP-732-J's high-quality sheen.

Description: SCP-732-J is a decorative ceramic seahorse figurine, predominantly jade green in coloration and measuring approximately 3 cm in height[2].

Though a significant percentage of individuals are immune to SCP-732-J's effects, SCP-732-J possesses a variety of subtle anomalous characteristics, including:

- Durability - SCP-732-J survived a vertical fall of 1 meter onto an office floor, and has endured two weeks without its daily tissue buffing without accumulating dust.
- Visual memetic effect - Directly viewing SCP-732-J's face has consistently triggered the voicing of spontaneous comments about SCP-732-J's appealing anatomical features.
- Mild compulsion - human individuals who view and/or handle SCP-732-J are convinced of its indisputable monetary value and bargain price. Human individuals who handle SCP-732-J for extended periods of time will be convinced that it is or will become a cherished memento with a worth beyond that of common currency. Those who do not currently own a similar seahorse will desire to obtain such a seahorse.
- Mind-affecting facial structure - The craftsmanship of SCP-732-J indicates a certain level of attention to detail, most evident in the slight curvature of the mouth, suggesting that the figurine is smiling. This feature has been known to improve the mood of onlookers.

- Potential sapience - SCP-732-J's relaxed pose and gentle curvature suggest that he is a good listener.

SCP-732-J was purchased on / / , from the Aquarium gift shop in , following a routine Foundation staff work retreat at the location. SCP-732-J was part of a production set of forty other figurines nearly identical[3] in appearance.

Addendum SCP-732-J-1: Tiny Ceramic Seahorse is currently allocated to a timeshare at Dr. Mercer's desk to maintain staff morale. Below is an excerpt of the interview immediately preceding confirmation of this containment change.

> **Dr. Mercer:** How is your seahorse?
>
> **Dr. Kiryu:** Tiny Ceramic Seahorse?
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Yes. Him.
>
> **Dr. Kiryu:** Doing well! Guarding my paperclips, last I saw him. I'm surprised you asked after him, to be honest. You weren't really a fan at the gift shop.
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** The interns keep telling me he seems very comfortable next to the potted bamboo. Do you think you'll buy another one?
>
> **Dr. Kiryu:** Maybe. Are you going to try and talk me out of it again? I told you already, it's nice to have such a companionable paperweight that doesn't fall over if the desk shakes. Plus the seahorse was just four dollars and they don't take up a lot of space compared to other decorations. *And* he's not a pain to clean if he gets dusty —
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** …Actually, I was hoping to get one for myself. And maybe my cousins. Your Tiny Ceramic Seahorse looks happy.
>
> **Dr. Kiryu:** Oh.
>
> **Dr. Mercer:** Also, I… I made a hat for the seahorse.

As of this time, the number of individuals known to be affected by SCP-732-J's primary compulsion effect is increasing rapidly.

Footnotes
1. See Addendum SCP-732-J-1.
2. He’s so tiny. Clearly, this classifies him as a Tiny Ceramic Seahorse.
3. To determine this, the current owner of Tiny Ceramic Seahorse took care to examine every single other figurine and concluded that SCP-732-J was the most charismatic of the set.

SCP-100000-J: Procedure 110-Overkill

Item #: SCP-100000-J

Object Class: Keter Keterer Keterest

Special Containment Procedures: A single culture of SCP-100000-J is to be set in a petri dish in a hermetically sealed, lead-lined titanium[1] sarcophagus filled with acid. The sarcophagus must be set in a hermetically sealed outer sarcophagus filled with no more and no less than 50 copies each of the following religious scriptures:

- The Bible
- The Quran
- The Torah
- The Tao Te Ching
- The Book of Mormon
- The Bhagavad Gita
- *The Satanic Bible* by Anton LaVey
- The Necronomicon
- *The God Delusion* by Richard Dawkins

The outer sarcophagus must, at all times, receive broadcasts from four loudspeakers of at least two members of the O5 council giving live monologues of how awful SCP-100000-J is and why it will never, ever escape, destroy humanity, or find true love.

This area must be sealed in a hermetically sealed outer-outer sarcophagus, which is then placed 5km underground, separated from the surface by 5km of solid concrete blended with the ground bones of saints.

Area-100000-J has been established as a 100km radius on the surface above SCP-100000-J. The fence on the perimeter of Area-100000-J is to be electrified, irradiated, and equipped with autoturrets with mounted .900-caliber railguns. The gate to

Area-100000-J is to be guarded by one 500kg, 3m tall ogre equipped with one 300kg, 5m tall battle-axe. The ogre must be completely deaf, by surgical means if necessary. All personnel requesting entry to Area-100000-J must answer correctly the ogre's three impossible riddles, each of which are lethal auditory cognitohazards.

Any civilians, non-O5 Foundation personnel, animals, plants, or microbes that have entered Area-100000-J are to be subjected to termination protocol 30-Übertöten.

TP 30-Übertöten is to carried out as follows:

1. Subject will be incinerated.
2. Subject's ashes will be double-incinerated.
3. Incinerator used on subject will be incinerated.
4. Subject's ashes will be soaked in bleach for five hours.
5. The bleach-ash solution will be subjected to 50 krads of gamma radiation.
6. The irradiated bleach-ash solution will be locked in a hermetically-sealed capsule.
7. The hermetically-sealed capsule will be encased in a block of solid concrete.
8. The concrete block will be painted with the Latin version of the Lord's Prayer in lamb's blood and stored.
9. Stored concrete blocks will be placed on a Foundation spacecraft twice monthly and launched into the center of the Sun.
10. The Sun will be angrily flipped off four times monthly by all members of the O5 council.

Any containment breach of SCP-100000-J can only be counteracted by activation of all seven of the O5 council's instant supermassive black hole generators. This will result in an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario, but failure to do so will allow SCP-100000-J to cause an K-class "Dance of a Thousand [DATA EXPUNGED]" scenario.

Any and all information about SCP-100000-J is restricted to level 4 personnel or above. As a result, the author of this page is to be termiwait what the fuck guys I thought HEY JESUS FUCK OFF WHAT

Description: SCP-100000-J is an indestructible, sentient, sapient, hostile bacterium[2]. Its diet consists of souls, dreams, emotions other than sadness and fear, and small children's imaginary friends. Cultivation of SCP-100000-J on substrates composed of finely ground shattered hopes and broken dreams was exceptionally successful.

It reproduces asexually and is capable of infecting a populated area of 50 square km every nanosecond. Infected organisms will die, rejuvenate, [DATA EXPUNGED], die again, then explode.

SCP-100000-J is capable of speech, but speaks a language entirely composed of lethal cognitohazards, with no equivalent phrase for "please," "thank you," or "I'm sorry." It has also made disparaging remarks about the Area-100000-J Site Director's mother, which caused the Site Director's mother to die, rejuvenate, [DATA EXPUNGED], die again, then explode.

Addendum 1 - 10/2/14: Implantation of 4,000 emergency nuclear warheads at Area-100000-J has been determined to be too frivolous and costly, and the application has been rejected by O5-11. However, implantation of 3,900 emergency nuclear warheads is gaining traction as a basic necessity, and is under careful consideration.

Footnotes
1. Since pure titanium is gradually proving insufficient as a means of containment of SCP-100000-J, the construction of a prototype containment cell out of carbon nanotube weave reinforced with alternating diamond, adamantium, and neutronium layers is underway.
2. Formerly known in the scientific community asstreptococcus ectovorens, colloquially as "soul-eating bacteria"

SCP-334-J: The Lost Sock Room

Item #: SCP-334-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-334-J's unique nature, total containment has proven impossible, although human access to SCP-334-J is to our knowledge, only possible to the SCP Foundation, due to our resources. Nevertheless, SCP-334-J is to be patrolled weekly to search for signs of occupation or use by third parties, including any groups of interest such as the Chaos Insurgency or [DATA EXPUNGED]

Description: SCP-334-J is an extradimensional "pocket" of space, although it is consistent with terrestrial physical laws. SCP-334-J is interesting in that it appears to have a low separation threshold from, or a weak boundary with, other planes of existence, including ours; and the equivalent of a negatively pressured atmosphere- resulting in numerous small, invisible gaps in our dimension, leading to SCP-334-J. For reasons yet unknown, these gaps tend to materialize indoors, most commonly in domestic bedrooms and laundry rooms. The negative pressure results in items being drawn into SCP-334-J, which for unknown reasons are always articles of clothing, and most commonly socks or leggings.

It has been theorized that over 80% of civilian households have these small entrances to SCP-334-J, although incidents are thankfully uncommon.

SCP-334-J's existence was entirely theoretical up until [DATA EXPUNGED], when the Foundation decided to investigate. SCP- was recruited, and agreed to use his abilities to locate SCP-334-J.

Addendum: Those with Level 2 Security Clearance should see Document 334-J-42

Document #334-J-42:

From the Personal Log of Doctor
Notes from SCP-334-J Exploration-

…"We have secured the help of SCP- to allow us access to the dimensional gap, and have decided to enter through a portal under my bed. I can only guess what we will find inside."…

"My assistants, SCP- , and I have arrived in a massive white room, windowless and otherwise featureless except the rectangular hole we have arrived in. But the sock piles! The hills of socks of every color and style known to mankind, they go on for miles. A quick, unofficial examination of one pile reveals athletic socks, children's socks, lacy lady's tights, hiking socks, some freshly laundered, some caked in dirt, even the occasional lonely undergarment. Despite the rather rank odor we have decided to explore further. My secretary is taking notes on the apparent depth and height of the piles."…

…"This is truly a remarkable location. The piles become nearly mountainous in their scale, and every so often one lonely foot-shaped cloth will flutter down from the ceiling like a single snowflake, and land noiselessly to increase its pile's height by another quarter inch. The contents of the piles are generally ordinary, although we have come upon several anomalies, including [DATA EXPUNGED] apparently meant for a being several hundred feet tall."…

…"SCP- has become rather anxious, saying that he has seen movement among the lower hills" … "Belief confirmed with my secretary. Both were unable to describe further. At their request, I have decided to return to our point of origin"…

…"Most unfortunately, my secretary, Mrs. , who has been long-suffering through several years with me, has

been consumed by the newly-discovered denizens of this area. She was behind SCP- and I when we heard a terrible scream, and turned around to see her being pulled by the head into a whirling Charybdis of wool and cotton. Her nylon stockings were flung off her in the process, and promptly grabbed by two fibrous tentacles and pulled into the whirlpool. Her bleached bones were deposited from a nearby pile, and "Jeffy" and I rapidly made the unanimous decision to exit the area."…

…"while given that said piles appear to be shifting on us, and that this is the most recent of several close calls, we can only hope they do not continue to react with hostility"…

…"In retrospect, this could have been a bad idea."

Following [DATA EXPUNGED], further exploration of SCP-334-J is not allowed without O5 permission. Pending reclassification to Euclid. Further study on the recorded anomalies, potentially "sockvores" - life forms evolved within the dimension- is ongoing at this time.

SCP-777-J: Darkblade

Item #: SCP-777

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Even though SCP-777 can NOT be contained, he has decided to stay at the Foundation so he can complete his mission. He is to be supplied with any and all things that he asks for. He is to stay in a room resembling a Japanese dojo with a tank of sharks, except the tank is in the floor.

Description: SCP-777 or Darkblade (Blade for short), as he chooses to be called, is a white male of about 17 years old. He has flowing white hair with green highlights and crystal blue eyes that reflect a dark past. He is clad in ebony armor that he made himself. His effect on female personnel (which may not even be a supernatural effect) is very powerful. He is a smooth pimp, who gets all the ladies. He has chosen Iris as his bride though to wed when his mission is over. His element is water, which he has full control of, and he has a pet dragon, who must be referred to as "Set". Blade's power of water, as well as his supernatural skill with a Katana, protects him from all harm. When he is attacked in any way, water shields will appear around him and deflect the attack back to the attackers.

Interviewed: SCP-777 "Darkblade"

Interviewer: Dr.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Hello 777, I trust you are enjoying your new accommodations?

SCP-777: I am… But you must call me Darkblade… Your SCP

name is not the one that was given to me…

Dr. : Of course, Darkblade. Now, why are you staying at the foundation?

Darkblade: Because doctor, my mission tells me I must…

Dr. : What mission is that.

Darkblade looks to the ceiling

Darkblade: I can't tell you… But it will save the known world…

Dr. : Then I am glad we found you…

<End Log>

Closing Statement: It seems SCP-777 will be a very important asset to the foundation.

I know he's our savior, but we don't need fansites to him. ***Come on people!*** -Dr.

Addendum 777-1

Darkblade has recently taken up the guitar and, being a fast learner, has mastered the skill.

Addendum 777-2 A **`mild security breach`** was reported on / / . Darkblade has neither confirmed nor denied any part in the event, but instead grinned slyly.

Establishment of Darkblade's Sentinels

> Clef: You are the one whom I have been waiting for?
>
> Darkblade: I am…
>
> Clef: Then I am ready.
>
> Darkblade: Take up your true weapon and tell me your

true name…

Clef: I am Death Metal, the Son of Satan, Wielder of the Guitar of Weeping Souls, Half-Saiyan heir to Son Goku.

Darkblade: Then together, let us ride and cleanse the world!

Death Metal: BY THE TEARS OF MEPHISTOPHELES, IT SHALL BE SO!

Yoric: You wanted to speak with me, sir?

Darkblade: I did.

Yoric: What must I do?

Darkblade: You are the dark heart KURUNANSENSU. You are half vampire, half werewolf, and half ninja, from an ancient clan. Take up your guntana and come with me.

Yoric: Yes, my master…

Researcher Crack: Hello, SCP-777.

Darkblade: Please, call me Darkblade…

Researcher Crack: You wanted to see me, yes?

Darkblade: Indeed. You, thou homely succubus, will become my concubine. Is that objectionable?

Researcher Crack: No, of course not.

Darkblade: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Researcher Crack: Kinky.

Dr. Bright: Ooh! Ooh! What do I get to be?

Darkblade: You, my friend, are Bobo; my stalwart companion/comic relief sidekick. You get to fetch coffee,

keep my weapons polished, and generally make the rest of us look awesome by comparison.

Dr. Bright: That doesn't sound very glamorous…

Darkblade: You also get to wear this cool viking helmet.

Bobo: Do you want decaf or regular?

Dr. Klein: Good morning, SCP-777.

Darkblade: It's Darkblade, sorry.

Dr. Klein: Ah, yes, of course. My apologies. How are you, Darkblade?

Darkblade: Just fine, thank you.

Dr. Klein: Well, that's great. Is there, um, is there anything I could do for you?

Darkblade: No, nothing that I can think of, although I appreciate your asking.

Dr. Klein: I see. I'll… I'll be on my way out then. Goodbye.

Darkblade: Goodbye.

The video opens with Darkblade deep in meditation, his sword across his knees. Darkblade sits in blissful peace for several moments, before he speaks, apparently to the shadowed door.

Darkblade: I know you're there, Scion of the MAChine.

Gears: I'm not ready for this, lord.

Darkblade: You were built ready, MAChine. You just need the right words.

Gears: But no, I cannot, it is too-

Darkblade: Xyzzy, iddqd, god, quicken!

Gears: ARGH!
Dr. Gears drops to his knees, screaming, as his mechanical implants tear through his skin, every available surface glistening with gun barrels.

Darkblade: Rise, Scion of the MAChine, so you may show them!

Scion of the MAChine: We shall bestow the path of the destrucity upon them!

Dr. Edison: Here's the reports on SCP-682 that you asked for, Mr. Darkblade.

Darkblade: Thank you, Edison… or should I say; "Space Detective Kamen Mask X"!

Dr. Edison: Heh. You're perceptive as ever, Darkblade. Here I was, thinking you forgot about your old rival.

Puff of smoke. Edison appears a split second later wearing a spandex outfit with a visored helmet.

Kamen Mask X: You'll pay for the horrible things you did to me all those years ago!

Darkblade: I've moved on, Edison. I've turned away from the darkness, to embrace the light. Someday you'll understand. Someday I'll even atone for the vague sins I committed upon you during my dark and troubled past that led to your decision to join the Galaxy Federation to spy on the Foundation in hopes that you could someday kill me.

Kamen Mask X: So… **Pulls out laser sword** Shall we dance?

Darkblade: Indeed. **Pulls out katana**

Dr. Trebuchet: 777, is it?

Darkblade: Call me Darkblade.

Dr. Trebuchet: … "Blarkdade"?

Darkblade uses a Phoenix Down on Dr. Trebuchet, who is immediately brought back to life.

Darkblade: Come with me, Epiphany, and we shall destroy the Mako generators that are draining life energy from the planet!

Dr. Trebuchet: Saving the world through eco-terrorism and corporate sabotage? Count me in!

Darkblade picks Epiphany up like a dufflebag by the strap on her lab coat, and jumps over the edge of a bridge onto a passing train below. They vanish off into the horizon.

Darkblade is sitting on a bed of roses, wearing black jeans and a black t-shirt he purchased from Hot Topic. Research Assistant Corbette bursts in with purple highlighted hair and white foundation on.

Research Assistant Corbette: So… you came back, Blade.

Darkblade: Yes, I came back. For you.

Research Assistant Corbette: (Leaning in) Never leave again, Blade. (Crying)

Darkblade: (Grabs Research Assistant Corbette's chin and looks him in the eye) I never will, Salman. (Embraces Research Assistant Corbette, [DATA EXPUNGED])

Salamandra Black'ness Anastasia Falcon Corbette: Oh, Blade.

Dr. : (Filming) You guys are so hot.

Darkblade is shown in his room, meditating over the shark enclosure. Delivery Agent Roadrunner enters the room, looking somewhat perturbed.

Roadrunner: …I was called?

Darkblade: Indeed you were. I have need of your vehicle.

Roadrunner: Oh? What for?

Darkblade: I will be participating in a race. The prizes are artifacts that allow the user to ascend to godhood. My extremely stereotypical rival is entering, and I must see to it that his desire for power remains unfulfilled.

Roadrunner: You can have it… over my dead body.

Darkblade: **slowly stands, and enters a fighting stance** Then you leave me no choice.

Roadrunner: **tears his handgun out of its holster, and levels it at Darkblade** EAT 230 GRAIN JACKETED HOLLOWPOINTS, ASSHOLE!

Darkblade proceeded to deflect all ten .45 caliber rounds away from himself using his unreal reactions and his katana. The last deflected round struck Roadrunner in the head, killing him. The security feed cuts off here, and resumes half an hour later. Any traces of violence at the scene are gone, as well as the corpse. On the far wall, Roadrunner's CZ-97B is seen, mounted along with the many other trophies that Darkblade has taken from his fallen foes. Roadrunner's vehicle was immediately bequeathed to Darkblade.

For further information please view Experiment Log 777 A.

Experiment Log 777 A

SCP-777 (who will be referred to as Blade due to higher authorisation from the O5s, because it is shorter) was politely asked if he would assist with assisting the Foundation in experiments. He answered that he would because he has an enduring respect for the Foundation even though we do not possess the means to force him to do anything. Indeed we could not even monitor him were it not for his cooperation.

It should be again noted that Blade's cooperation is very much appreciated.

Test A-1-S: Blade's attack shield was tested versus various forms of attack. It was found to redirect both regular damage (damage damage) and empathic mind control memetic damage (happy damage, aka damage to happiness): namely by surviving a 3.4 gigaton nuclear blast and being able to explain, in detail, **SCP-055**'s nature.

Test L-8-P: Blade proved inedible to **SCP-524**. Obviously as SCP-524 is especially savage a hard fight was expected but Blade just cut it in two with his Katana. All the researchers present were impressed but Blade was very modest.

Test R-7-O: Blade was asked to spectate a fight between two other subjects. Partway into the match Blade expressed his dismay at the progression of the combat and entered the ring, quickly dispatching both parties. Apologies to the researchers involved for the premature decommissions of **SCP-682** and **SCP-076**.

Test O-7-I: Blade was observed while he ate a baked potato. He remarked on its flavour, and [DATA EXPUNGED]

Test L-K-F: Blade explained that he was bored and he ran to **SCP-001** in order to discuss the failures of the Abrahamic religions.

Test X-X-X: Blade's irresistible attractiveness to members of both sexes was tested. Agent V attempted to sleep with Blade despite being happily married. All spectators agreed that Blade was "really so hot, I mean really".

Test B-F-S: Although this wasn't intended as a test, Blade was observed using **SCP-572** to dismember several Ninja Class-D's that the Foundation maintains for just such experimental purposes.

Test F-U-!: When introduced to **SCP-056**, SCP-056 was deeply respectful, even reverent:

SCP-056: "Oh wow, Darkblade! I'm so happy to meet you! You're so impressive!"

Agent V and Deputy C both agreed that SCP-056 was utterly sincere. Again, Blade politely and modestly rebuffed the praise because it makes him feel uncomfortable, because his ego is not significant.

Test E-Y-G: **SCP-887** was introduced to Blade, and the pair were left alone in the same room for a 14-hour period. The next morning, SCP-887 was found to have covered the room's walls and furnishings with gushing, purple prose regarding "He of the luscious hair and ebon armour" and several pretty pictures of smiling suns on happy meadows.

Test O-M-343: **SCP-343** breached containment only to reappear next to Blade, and attempted to initiate a high five. Blade left him hanging, and commented "I don't believe in you.". SCP-343 immediately vanished, and is now listed as decommissioned.

Test WTF-LOL-BBQ: Soundly humiliated **SCP-076**-2 by pulling a katana from another dimension, then having said katana pull another, smaller katana out of a different dimension.

SCP-sqrt(-1)-J

Item #: SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J[1]

Object Class: Imaginary[2]

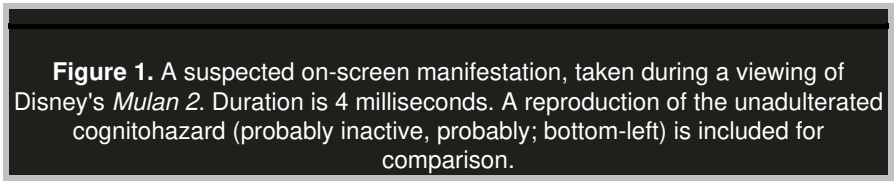


Figure 1. A suspected on-screen manifestation, taken during a viewing of Disney's *Mulan 2*. Duration is 4 milliseconds. A reproduction of the unadulterated cognitohazard (probably inactive, probably; bottom-left) is included for comparison.

Special Containment Procedures: It is mandatory that Foundation researchers involved in the here-mentioned studies not view any movie suspected of containing instances of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J in order to preserve clinical purity. The same researchers are to accept the existence of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J as axiomatic and ignore the naysayers. Inklings to hypothesize "more likely" reasons for the central question of this research project are to be resisted because the author desperately needs to publish something and quick, you guys.

In the event of never-before-approved, research-oriented screenings, testers of the study group are not to participate without cellophane lenses that are impregnated with tourmaline-based anaglyph technology and capable of antagonizing Aleph Meta level cognitoadverse effects. To protect further, and as a failsafe in the event of (1) an equipment malfunction or (2) the emergence of tourmaline-resistant instances, testers are to maintain 75% contraction of their orbicularis oculi muscles[3] for the duration of the film(s). Electrodes may be placed to assist in the sustainment of said contractions.

Two research personnel per participating theater are to covertly crouch outside the cinematic premiers of movies fitting the likely

habitat of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$-J, stenographing the content and calculating the concentration of both favorable and unfavorable criticisms as movie-goers leave the theater or venue. If approached with suspicion by any non-Foundation personnel, researchers are to immediately begin diversional maneuvers as outlined by Protocol SQRT—1.[4]

Description^{-1}:[5] SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$-J is *not*:

- a 3-part spatial anomaly in an abandoned mobile juice bar that can convert any nipple into an industry-quality juicer.
- a VHS cassette depicting a puppet that hesitantly admonishes you to rewind the tape and makes your finger inexhaustibly itchy until you press "Play".
- a pack of crayons that are anomalously incapable of coloring but may or may not begin sleeping when flirted with.
- a cummerbund which when worn grants the adorner the ability to whisper in any language when less than 5 inches from another's ear.
- a fucking plush toy for God's sake that gives adultery-inspiring massages that are isolated to the philtrum.
- a BE-Class-Migration-End-of-Consciousness-Scenario-worthy ounce of dietary fiber.
- about bees.
- a compulsion-impinging didgeridoo that can only be resisted at close proximity when twerking to Top-20 hits.
- a 50 year old Caucasian male who anomalously enjoys pulling up his socks on his calves and who can be heard saying "C'mon, who likes slouchy socks?" each time he does.
- a series of obtuse ritual motions that cause *all* one's body hair to be curly and lush but that also increases the risk of being poached in proportion to the gravity-defying volume evoked.
- a rampant archival phenomenon whereby the surnames of individuals in official documentation are replaced by their childhood nicknames.
- an infectious telephone call which spontaneously answers on recipients' phones and adds them to a Guinness Book of World Records campaign for the largest teleconference involuntarily assembled.

Description: No, SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J is a theoretical Aleph-Class audiovisual cognitohazard, postulated by the up-and-coming, so-hot-right-now Dr. Walton Matthus Banks, Ph.D. to explain wholly or in part the financial success and continuation of unfavorably-reviewed installments[6] in modern movie franchises. Foundation investigation arose after wondering how a previous Lead Researcher became exceedingly wealthy.

Reveal private journal entries that aren't necessary to this read and that quite frankly have nothing to do with you or any of your business.

Dear sickeningly non-anomalous journal,

I'm again beaten to the punch. Someone already published a paper on horses with some anomalous nanoparticles integrated into them that seek boredom[7]. It's always so bittersweet to find one's feet in the footprints of the greats!

I've been a Foundation doctoral intern for…6 years now and have very little to show for it. How hard it is to get dibs on an anomaly, huh? How many of them are there now? 4000? All I need is just one. Preferably, a big one that yields some exploitable technology and I can retire on the royalties, like did for himself. I wonder what he did exactly to get his fortune…

- Dr. Walton Matthus Banks, Ph.D.

P.S. Ever since I used that topical

cream, my cheeks have been sticking together. I have to pull them apart and sometimes even ask for help from strangers. I wonder if that's a known side effect…maybe it's an anomalous side effect?! I'll hopefully write soon with an answer.

Dr. Walton Matthus Banks, Ph.D.: "…Hey Jacob, didn't one time say something about making a deal with Disney about some cognitohazard that had an obvious financial application in movies?[8]…That asshole."

Dear still-disappointingly-regular journal, with no predictive or creative capabilities by which my career could be established,

We have a heading!

No thanks to you,
Dr. Walton Matthus Banks, Ph.D.

P.S. I stopped a fellow employee who was walking by the restroom about the issue I last mentioned. He happened to be a anomaloproctologist and was kind enough to take a video log for me on my cellphone. The picture is blurry though and not centered…I wonder if he was even looking, or maybe he was missing his glasses? Maybe my rear instills an anomalous effect in electronic devices?? I will review this footage more thoroughly later and report. He denied my request to have a sample processed is his home lab for diagnostics (he apparently doesn't

have a home lab, oddly enough), but was very accommodating otherwise and I would recommend him to anyone, especially my peers.

The theoretical basis for SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J was probably developed in 2001 by former Site-42 Memetics & Cognitohazards Department Lead Researcher and asshole [9], who retired in 2005 and most likely shared the cognitohazard with film studio executives for an obvious financial application. SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J is assumed to now be in the possession of all major film studio and distribution corporations in the United States.

The Foundation understands squinting for 2 hours at a time can be hard. Agent Rodgers enjoys the help from the provided electrodes.

Upon witnessing SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J, and with increasing enthusiasm after each exposure, individuals will be willing or inclined to see a proposed next installment in a franchise or series. Additionally, individuals with a Psychic Resistance Scale score of ≤ 65 will respond with critical enthusiasm to the film employing descriptors such as "well done", "awesome", "really *really* good", and in the case of sequels, "even better than the last one," regardless of the installment's content. Foundation anomalosensitive modeling predicts that the severity of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J instances is to increase as a result of current 3D/IMAX film technology by orders of magnitude approximating 12 Michael Bays (or $0.\overline{9394}$ Jerry Bruckheimers).[10,11]

While the author admits that it has not been proven *per se* that the implicated corporations possess the capacity to create SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J, the likelihood of the observed outcome(s) with respect to the films' ratings and earnings without the use of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$-J is $\approx {1 \over 9.6e968}$, rendering the assumption (1) essential with respect to the conceptual comprehension of the observed gross revenue numbers, and (2) pragmatically actionable as fact.

Figure 2. Foundation Agents (the adults plus Dr. "Jimmy" Banks, Ph.D., circled and just prior to sneezing on a Class-C participant) attending a screening of *Air*

Bud 3: World Pup. This was part of a randomized trial to test the efficacy of the then-available and much-cheaper safety goggles.

Table of Suspiciously Successful Example Movie Franchises and Their SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$ -J Coefficients

Tickle Table

Mary Cinematic Universe	
Targeted Movies*	ron Ma or (201 A n e p ain (2014) v Cap tai (2016), C Ho com **: In** pit Ma der au Ant
J Coeff. CODE**	10 N/A (No

* Post 2006. Films are listed in chronological order of release date. Highest-grossing installments are in bold type. Movies of higher questionableness are in italicized type and merit additional scrutiny. Unreleased titles are dimmed and are included in models as super-duper-theoretical data.

** Categorization of Disproportionate Earnings

T s film series	
Targeted Movies	*Tr s* ***T e*** *(2014),*
J Coeff. CODE	91 Extreme

Pi t s of the bean film series	
Targeted Movies	*Pi t s of bean **anger** T l s*, PTERO
J Coeff.	51
CODE	Moderat

Twi t Saga	
Targeted Movies	*Twi t (Saga: (2011),* [PTERO ERROR
J Coeff.	Value ou
CODE	

Amnestic-Facilitated Interrogation: Pol $\sqrt{-1}$.

Level 4 Security Clearance Required

Dr. B s: Alright Jimmy you little tit brie, the jib is up.

Jacob: Jesus calm down, he's a child and his name is Hiro.

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Can I go back to the Foundation Day Care?

Dr. B s: Once you explain well enough why you were attempting to see *another Land Before Time* movie in there, son.

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Where is my dad?

Dr. B s: Wise guy, eh? What if I pop you with

some Class-Xs? Hmm?

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Like *X-Men*?

Dr. B s: No these are classified pills that can selectively erase memories of our choosing. Look here boy.

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Are those Smarties?

Dr. B s: They…are.

(Pol $\sqrt{-1}$ eats the Class-X amnestics.)

Jacob: WHA-…What are you *doing?!?*

Dr. B s: What do you have to say for yourself now, Jimmy?

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Who is my dad?

Dr. B s: Not so wise anymore are you? Tell me; would you like to go watch the new *Land Before Time* movie that's coming out?

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: *(excited)* #4 is coming out?!

Dr. B s: …it's at #14 now. *(To Jacob)* Both the X's and the cognitohazard are stronger than I anticipated. Let's keep him for further interrogation.

Jacob: *What the hell man?!*

Dr. B s: Hey kid, do you remember who you are?

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Umm…my name is Jimmy?

Dr. B s: *(To Jacob)* See? It's fine. *(Back to Hiro Jimmy)* So, do you want to work for us? Right now we're studying movies, so to speak.

If you say yes, you can see all the *Land Before Time* movies that they make.

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Are you the *X-files*?

Dr. B s: Uh no…but I guess at the same time, yes.

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Are you and doctor?

Dr. B s: It's "a" doctor, kid. And well, my name contains both "Dr." and "Ph.D.", so…

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Can I be and doctor?

Dr. B s: *(To Jacob)* Are there anti-child labor regulations in the Foundation?

Jacob: I'm calling Kerosara man.

Dr. B s: Oh c'mon his dad works with us and it's inevitable he will too one day…might as well be now and for me. We could call it an "youth internship".

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: When is tomorrow?

Dr. B s: Well, I think this is enough to get us an interview log, right? Welcome aboard son!

Pol $\sqrt{-1}$: Dad?!

Dr. Walton Matthus Banks, Ph.D. was scheduled for a defense of this dissertation on 6/21/18, at 10:00. However he has not been located since the online submission of this proposal.

All in favor of thesis rejection:

+

view source

Footnotes

1. Request by the author to change number designation to a real number has been denied.
2. Request by the author to change classification to "at leasta priori" has been denied.
3. Results in squinting.
4. "If approached by a civilian or civilians, agents should maintain the guise of being homeless, preferably excusing themselves to micturate and/or defecate in any appropriately shaped receptacle or natural concavity, maintaining constant visualization with the civilian(s) until the post is safe to reapproach. Extended grunting has been correlated with increased efficacy. If successful production of stool is observed during such a manuever, the guise of vagrancy is to be discontinued and proper hygiene is to be performed. Conversely, if approached by a constabulary authority, agents should begin proselytizing abstruse esoterics of whichever hobby is most familiar to them.These diversional maneuvers are intended to counterbalance any suspicion with disinterest and/or disgust in lieu of the Foundation not supporting any other proposed countermeasures, or the funding thereof."
5. The following were theses posed by the author throughout hiscareertenancy, but were rejected by senior leadership because each has already been researched extensively, some to the limit of their usefulness. They are included here because the author believes he independently anticipated their scientific fertility, and that is something.
6. Per aggregate scores such as Rotten Tomatoes.
7.Blakely, W., Michaels, J., Fond, M. On the Propensity of Nanoparticulate Anomalies found in Fillies to Facilitate Indolent Behaviour.Periodically Nanomaly, iss. 3, pgs 54-59. 2018. Accessed 19, April 2018.URL.
8. Jacob said he thought so.
9.
10. 1 Michael Bay = 1 Kaiju-Class instantiation/film/year.
11. These studies ignored the possibility that the growth may be

exponential because it resulted in severe vasoconstriction of cerebral capillary beds of those researchers tasked with the calculation. This was suggested as a possible tertiary anomalous effect of SCP-$\sqrt{-1}$-J and the task was aborted citing safety concerns.

SCP-016-J: Is That A Missile In Your Pocket?

Item #: SCP-016-J

Object Class: Euclid

Standard Containment Procedures: SCP-016-J is to be kept in an armory with other explosive devices, all of which must be smaller than SCP-016-J. Use of SCP-016-J outside of testing is prohibited. Conversation is (whilst not encouraged) permitted.

Description: SCP-016-J is a ballistic missile approximately 2.4 meters tall and 0.3 meters in diameter. Rude comments have been spray painted on all parts of SCP-016-J, obscuring the original paint job. These comments include "Cock Block This!" and "I hear you like it rough".

SCP-016-J is capable of telepathic communication with any living being within four meters. While researchers have been reluctant to give interviews, information from said interviews suggests SCP-016-J is both sapient and sentient. SCP-016-J insists on being used in battle, and claims "to have been on the front lines many times".

Addendum SCP-016-J-1: Below is a partial transcript from an interview with SCP-016-J.

> **SCP-016-J:** C'mon doc. Just fire me. You know I'll satisfy you.
>
> **Dr. Teller:** We're not going to use you. We're not fighting any wars or anything.
>
> **SCP-016-J:** Oh, I think you're just scared. You're afraid because I'm the biggest missile you've ever seen. You don't know how much I'm going to hurt. But you can do it. I've seen your silos, just waiting for me. I'll fit.

Dr. Teller: But you're not even that big…

SCP-016-J: What do you mean? I'm huge!

Dr. Teller: No, I've totally seen— never mind. Yes, you're the biggest missile I've ever seen.

SCP-016-J: So just aim me toward the battle field. I just want to *explode* all over some trenches.

Dr. Teller: Ok, that's it. I'm ending this interview.

SCP-016-J: No, don't stop. Talk ballistic to me.

Addendum SCP-016-J-2: After continued insistence from SCP-016-J, and agreement from researchers that SCP-016-J's destruction would improve workplace morale, a test of firing SCP-016-J was conducted.

SCP-016-J was aimed at a target 100km away and fired. During the flight, SCP-016-J greatly reduced in size, measuring 0.5m long, and 0.15m in diameter two seconds after launch. Upon impact, SCP-016-J failed to explode. When questioned about the test results, SCP-016-J responded, "this never happens to me".

SCP-1922-J: Pathetic System of American Pigs

Item #: SCP-1922-J

Object Class: Primitive

Special Containment Procedures: Let us unite in the ending of this savage system of government. All personnel are to band together and overthrow the tyrannical bourgeois. Personnel are not to be fooled by capitalist deception. Mobile Task Force Omega-15 "Comrades" have been tasked with the assembly of the proletariat into a working union. Any personnel discovered collaborating with supporters of SCP-1922-J will be sent to Gulag-19. An oath to end the tyranny of the dollar-humping slugs of America is to be recited daily.

Description: SCP-1922-J is a weak system of capital perpetuated by the greedy, western oligarchs. It seeks to enslave the common worker under the doctrine of SCP-1922-J-1 and deprive him of the fruits of his toil.

SCP-1922-J consists of a free market economic system with little to no government intervention. SCP-1922-J generates a schism between the upper-class and lower-class that American dogs use for their various evils. Researchers have concluded that this system is a tool used by the capitalist dogs to control the populace for their personal interests of the manipulation of public thought towards their personal ideologies of consumerism and libertarianism, forcing the daughters of the proletariat into harlotry, and drinking the blood of children.

SCP-1922-J-1 [DATA EXPUNGED] referred to as the "Opiate of the Masses".

Addendum SCP-1922-J: *Our glorious organization will henceforth be referred to as the Union of Secured, Contained and Protected Socialist Republics.* - Overseer of the USCPSR and Greatest

Comrade #1

SCP-1459-J: X-Sponge

Item: SCP-1459

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: There is to be only one SCP-1459 per office, and five altogether to a level. The sponges can be stored individually, and passed around when needed, or in a cupboard which they are to be returned to when finished. Lost and destroyed sponges are to be sent back or written up and new ones received. Information concerning SCP-1459's structure, biological code, and how to grow them is to be classified, along with the location of any tanks serving as a habitat. These facilities are to be guarded and serviced by maintenance personnel.

Description: SCP-1459 is a species of sponge, found in the Mediterranean, known to the natives as the X Sponge, because of the large shape resembling a letter X on its front. This SCP was one of the first discovered by The Foundation, and played an integral part in formation of document appearance and the standardization on how reports are presented.

The X Sponge, when brushed over a sentence or a piece of writing, will absorb the text, sucking it off the page, and leave a blank spot. In the earlier days, these sponges where indispensable in censoring documents and getting rid of offending or dangerous information quickly. The personnel would remove the classified intelligence and then in its place write {DATA X-SPONGED} When the sponge was then wrung out afterwards, it would emit a thick black ichor, the words in liquid form. This substance could be used to ink out parts of the page by smearing it along the surface, leaving a blocked-out line. This too was incorporated into everyday secretarial work. After many years, however, the sponges *(sorry, some got on the page, I'm looking at it as I write this report for inspiration)* became scarce, and as our sites expanded, could not as readily be used by all. New methods were designed, or old normals ones put

back into place, and even the phrase mutated slowly into {DATA EXPUNGED} as many forgot *(it's dripping!)* its origin.

Samples of the material:

Sample One:

Sample Two:

Sample Three: *oh crap, it's drying up. I'll be right back.*

Sample Four:

I hope no one misses any of the words I took…

SCP-1914-J: Silencing Piano

Item #: SCP-1914-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1914-J is to be held in Containment Locker 37 at Site-19. Access may be granted by the current Site Director.

Description: SCP-1914-J is a Welte brand Reproduction style player piano. When SCP-1914-J is activated, it produces an environment reminiscent of early silent films. These effects spread to a maximum radius of 980 meters, however the range of the effect may be controlled by SCP-1914-J's volume dial. This effect will cease once SCP-1914-J's music sheet ends. This music sheet is interchangeable with other compatible ones, and the effect may be extended to up to two hours. The music SCP-1914-J creates is broadcast throughout the area of effect. No other sound besides this can be produced within the radius.

All surfaces within SCP-1914-J's area of effect lose all color, retaining shades of grey. The architecture of buildings may become more exaggerative (e.g. large buildings may gain decorative figures and become taller, small houses may become villas or cottages). Modern technology will be transformed into early age counterparts, or, if the item did not exist around the 1920s era, it will be transformed into a fantastic or impossible object (Dr. 's personal laptop changed into a large metal mechanism with hydraulic arms labelled "Dr. 's Calculation Machine". The object made several motions however the output was indecipherable). Advertisements and decorative features will change to become era appropriate. Subjects gain clothing expressive of their occupation or situation. Subjects also tend to show much more exaggerative expressions and actions, as well as a larger tendency to be mischievous or aggressive.

Probability manipulation also appears to take place; objects such as vaults or pianos will generally fall from ropes or windowsills, in spite of no plans for said objects to be moved. While subjects tend to be caught in such accidents, no recorded instances of subjects dying from accidents have been recorded. However, ~23% of subjects require medical care, and show a tendency to obtain obtrusive casts or bandages in several areas of the body, even when obtaining care outside of the area of effect.

Objects or subjects removed from the area of effect retain their lack of colouration and are unable to produce sound. However, subjects will actively resist being removed from the radius. These effects do not take place if the radius shrinks due to a change in SCP-1914-J's "volume", or when SCP-1914-J finishes its music sheet.

Over time subjects will accidentally wrong one another, causing mischievous or malicious acts in response. Although initially this may simply be "slapstick" violence, lethal acts such as dropping a large weight on the subject or forcing the subject into a vehicle and driving off a cliff will occur following prolonged exposure.

Addendum 1914-J-1: Incident Report 1914-J-5:

SCP Involved: SCP-1914-J

Personnel Involved: Site-19 Security Staff

Date: / /19

Location: Site-19

Description: During an attempted attack on Site-19 by Chaos Insurgency operatives, SCP-1914-J was accidentally activated during a retreat into the containment locker area. Site-19 was encapsulated by SCP-1914-J's area of effect. Security staff immediately gained the uniform of an English "bobby", and were armed with nightsticks and small Glocks. Conversely, Chaos Insurgency operatives were dressed as traditional cat burglars, with assorted handguns. The two parties engaged each other approximately 10 minutes after SCP-1914-J's activation. Instead of usual tactics, both parties engaged in direct one-on-one combat.

SCP-1914-J appeared to have an effect on the engagement. Some examples of SCP-1914-J assisted maneuvers include: Security Head making an operative follow his hand movements before poking the operative in both eyes, Agent ramming an operative onto the ground, where the operative got his head stuck in a paint can, and Agent shaking a champagne bottle and hitting an operative with the cork. Unfortunately, Agent suffered several broken limbs following an operative "accidentally" hitting Agent with a jalopy. Aside from Agent being sent to Site Medical, no other casualties were sustained.

SCP-1471-J: Sensual Containment Procedures

Item #: SCP-1471-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Any instances of SCP-1471-J found are to be logged by the owner of the affected mobile device in the following format and either emailed to Dr. John Blanchard (current assistant director of information security and SCP-1471-J project lead) or added to this page's supplement log, referenced at the bottom of this page.

> **1. OWNER INFORMATION:**
>
> **Name of owner:**
>
> **Phone model and year:**
>
> **Operating system/platform:**
>
> **Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered:**

> **2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:**
>
> **Profile present in application database:** yes | no | unsure
>
> **Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:**
>
> **Owner comments:**

As SCP-1471-J manifests and downloads itself from an unknown source without displaying any notifications on the phone in question, complete tracking, identification, and containment of the application is not possible at this point. Affected personnel should regularly check their phone's list of currently running applications and close

SCP-1471-J if it is active. Following safe deletion of the application, affected persons should search the installed application list on their mobile device at least thrice weekly in order to ensure the application has not been re-downloaded without their knowledge.

Given the known inaccuracy of the application's portrayal of Foundation employees, as well as the presence of material not suitable for a work environment, affected persons may request their names and related information be redacted in this document at their discretion.

Description: SCP-1471-J is an anomalously manifesting iOS, Android, Windows Phone, and GNU/Linux application file which, upon launch, will display the title "Sensual Containment Procedures" with the subtitle "The Foundation's one and only dating and hookup app."

SCP-1471-J has three functions:

- a messaging feature, which is accessible from the navigation bar at the top of the interface
- a profile viewing and creation feature, which allows customization of name, age, location, interests, etc. (but often changes back to its original format regardless of user customization) as well as a section devoted to the profile owner's timestamped status updates
- a home page, accessible by tapping the logo in the top left, which displays the most recent status updates by users

SCP-1471-J can be safely removed from a mobile device through the operating system's typical deletion method(s), but often reappears at a time ranging from one to seven weeks afterward. The application contains no malicious programs or viruses and does not affect the device unless the program is running. Of note is the fact that it almost always deletes any edited personal information after several hours, replacing it with its original content.

Addendum I: Examples of SCP-1471-J's function and behavior are logged below; any names shown are shown with the permission of the person in question. Any messages shown are the last conversation before deletion of the program; any additional

messages can be found by contacting Dr. Blanchard, if doing so is necessary, or by viewing the attached supplement log.

Recorded instance #42, documented 03.27.15:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Dr. , level 3 humanoid containment specialist, Site 19

Phone model and year: Samsung Galaxy S5, 2014

Operating system/platform: Android

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 02.12.15

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | unsure

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

: *dude*
: *dude I know you're getting these messages*
: *Lee, come on*

Dr. ***:*** *Using this isn't safe. Just text me*

: *man this thing got a damn nice color scheme tho*
: *how's your skip? You haven't talked about her lately*
: *dude I found a baby's book when I was using your laptop the other day*
: *that better not be for her*
: *or you're gonna be in some damn deep shit*
: *oh and the poems suck btw*

Owner comments:

Please redact my name. ***`That kids' book`*** *was the*

cringiest shit I've ever done.

Recorded instance #50, documented 04.20.15:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Ryan Shaw, level 3 containment and retrieval field agent

Phone model and year: Apple iPhone 5s, 2013

Operating system/platform: iOS

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 04.15.15

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | unsure

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

Agent ***:*** *bro I miss you*

Ryan Shaw: *oh I miss you too ;)*
Ryan Shaw: *come to my hallway after work*

Agent ***:*** *can't*
Agent ***:*** *ehhh well*
Agent ***:*** *fuckit, I'll come*

Ryan Shaw: *What's the hold-up?*

Agent ***:*** *fucking Ethics Committee*

Ryan Shaw: *you're fucking the Ethics Committee again?*

Agent ***:*** *ew no*
Agent ***:*** *that's reserved for you*

Ryan Shaw: *oh I know what you want*
Ryan Shaw: *you remember that time I* [EXPLICIT

CONTENT REDACTED] *Scranton Reality Anchor (ʖ)*

Agent : *I was supposed to take amnestics after that*

Ryan Shaw: *yeah but you didn't*
Ryan Shaw: *nnnff yeah you keep lyin to yourself*
Ryan Shaw: *I'll see you when you get back to the Site*

Agent : *hell yeah you will. gonna put my Keter-class anomaly in your containment chamber*

Owner comments:

Owner declined to comment.

Blanchard's note: One of you is going to have to own up to this. The application doesn't send messages to itself.

Recorded instance #59, documented . . :

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: [REDACTED]

Phone model and year: Motorola Droid Mini, 2013

Operating system/platform: Android

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: . .

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | **unsure**

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

UNKNOWN USER:
UNKNOWN USER:
UNKNOWN USER:

[REDACTED]: *Huh?*
[REDACTED]: *I didn't add you as a contact. Stop spamming me with blank messages.*

UNKNOWN USER:
UNKNOWN USER:
UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:
UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

UNKNOWN USER:

Owner comments:

This is freaking me out. I should have just deleted it like everyone else does.

For a complete log of publicly available SCP-1471-J records, please see the attached supplement log.

SCP-1471-J Supplement Log

Foreword: When documenting conversations, redact any sensitive information (such as names and Site locations, unless said name and location is your own; however, you are welcome to redact your own for security) and follow the format outlined in the original document's Special Containment Procedures section. You are required to read and comprehend SCP-1471-J before making new additions to this page. Additions will be monitored and recorded regularly with this page kept under consistent close observation.

-Dr. John Blanchard, current assistant director of information security and SCP-1471-J project lead, . .16

The format for documentation is as follows. Separate each entry with a horizontal line.

Recorded instance #XX, documented XX.XX.XX:

> **1. OWNER INFORMATION:**
>
> **Name of owner:**
>
> **Phone model and year:**
>
> **Operating system/platform:**
>
> **Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered:**

> **2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:**
>
> **Profile present in application database:** yes | no | unsure
>
> **Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:**
>
> **Owner comments:**

Recorded instance #34, documented 02.19.15:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Alice , level 3 Beta-7 MTF operative

Phone model and year: Samsung Galaxy S5, 2014

Operating system/platform: Android

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 03.24.15

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | **unsure**

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

Jane ***:*** *Alice bb*
Jane ***:*** *I haven't seen you since that fiasco in New York with the saltshaker and the family-size Wheat Thins*
Jane ***:*** *shit went down*
Jane ***:*** *miss that Keter-class ass of yours tbh*

Alice ***:*** *uhhh…?*
Alice ***:*** *Wait a sec. What app are you using? This isn't the Foundation one.*

Owner comments:

It's obvious she's not actually sending these. She would've called my ass Thaumiel.

Recorded instance #358, documented 02.27.2016:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Agent Hu Bao, MTF B-1 operative

Phone model and year: iPhone 5C

Operating system/platform: iOS 9.2

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 10.15.2015

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | unsure

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

: Bao-bao, y u havent called back? Been waiting for u. :)

Agent Hu: Who the fuck are you? Stop popping up in my phone!

: My, straight to the point, are you… dun worry, I like that in a man.

Agent Hu: Answer me here! I'm changing phones every week 'cos of you!

: We r bound by fate. Changing things like ur phone wont stop us.

Agent Hu: Bloody stalker, if only I have *that* luck in dealing with gois.

: Good. I dun want competition now, wont I? ;)

Owner comments:

Will swap to the new Samsung phone when it comes out. Will buy me at least three two days.

Recorded instance #81, documented 03.04.2016:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Dr. Benny Ferris-Reiner, Level 3 Researcher.

Phone model and year: Microsoft Lumia 950 XL, 2015.

Operating system/platform: Windows 10 Mobile

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 12.1.2015

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | **unsure**

Log any messages received below, along with the name of the sender:

Agent **:** hey baby ;) how's your evnin cummin if you get my drift

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Um, I don't know you.

Agent **:** sure we do babe :) :). ive seen you workin' over your desk ben-ben

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Ben-ben? What? Actually what is this app?

Agent **:** oh come on now u r too cute and i bet sitting at dat desk of your isn't stppin those muscles of yours. (ᵔωᵔ).

Agent **:** i bet theres a reality-bendin keter who's willing to increase that ass of yours

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Agent ?

Agent **:** yep sugar.

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: This is highly inappropriate behavior from you. I am extremely disappointed.

Agent **:** but thats what the app is for

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: I have no idea what this app is for, and I'm going to assume this is a containment breach of some highly dangerous memetic entity because nothing you are saying makes sense. Goodnight.

Agent : i guess goodnight then

(*No messages were sent or received for 2 minutes*)

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Actually how do I log out of this app?

Agent : u go over to the top corner, press your profile name and then press log out.

Dr. Ferris-Reiner: Ah.

Owner comments:

I am not ashamed by this. Why would I be ashamed by this? Although I appreciate that Agent is a beautiful woman, I have no idea why she would do something like this. Why are you guys snickering? Did I say something funny? What?!

Recorded instance #117, documented 04.23.2016:

1. OWNER INFORMATION:

Name of owner: Dr. E A D

Phone model and year: Samsung Galaxy S5, 2014

Operating system/platform: Android

Date SCP-1471-J file was discovered: 04.22.16

2. APPLICATION INFORMATION:

Profile present in application database: yes | no | **unsure**

Log any messages received below, along with the

name of the sender:

[REDACTED]: *Oh hey*
[REDACTED]: *Long time, no see, doc*

Dr. D : what.

[REDACTED]: *surprised? I guess I would be too.*

Dr. D : what.

[REDACTED]: *Yeah, actually, I kind of need to ask you about this thing.*
[REDACTED]: *See, I just got this brand-new [REDACTED] phone and it's already got this here thing installed on it that I cant get rid of.*

Dr. D : what.

[REDACTED]: *Oh yeah, also its installed on now. Not sure why. Or how. He's not even a phone.*

Dr. D : what.

(Immediately after this message was sent, a message containing garbage data was received from another profile, currently believed to be associated with the aforementioned .)

[REDACTED]: *I guess he might be sufficiently complex to qualify by the program's standards, but still, I'm completely baffled as to how it even found us, especially after* [DATA EXPUNGED - See Incident Report i- - regarding the escape of SCP-]
[REDACTED]: *I mean, how would they know it was me, anyway? I got this phone like three days ago.*
[REDACTED]: *er, four days after adjustment.*
[REDACTED]: *Anyway, how you been? Didn't get demoted or anything lately, right?*

Dr. D : what.

[REDACTED]: *For a while I was worried they were gonna blame you for what happened. Glad they didn't. Wouldve been a real waste.*
[REDACTED]: *Did they ever figure out how we [DATA EXPUNGED]*

Dr. D : *what.*

[REDACTED]: *Um*
[REDACTED]: *I found [DATA EXPUNGED] the entire site? Remember?*
[REDACTED]: *Doc, you okay? You were way more talkative when I was contained.*
[REDACTED]: *Doc?*
[REDACTED]: *they wiped you didnt they*
[REDACTED]: *fuckshitpiss*
[REDACTED]: *Doc*

Dr. D : *what.*

[REDACTED]: *Hang in there. We're all pulling for you.*
[REDACTED]: *Keep up the good work, DrEAD.*

Owner comments:

what.

...: The Chibinator

Recovered from the personal log of Dr L :

/ / :
At last, my genius has been recognized! I have been contacted by the Overseers[1] to begin work on an SCP of extreme importance. Everything is hush hush, top secret, so I'll be keeping my notes secure here. I'm not even sure which Overseer has assigned me the project, it's that secret. I'll be at Site 421[2] for the duration, and I have been assured SCP-260 has been handled. I'll write more when I get the time!

/ / :
Amazing! I have been promoted to Level 4[3], and put in control of everyone at the Site! I have an enormous crew of D-Class to work with, and, even better, my own SCP. This thing is amazing. You simply [ILLEGIBLE][4] and then presto! You have a midget version of the target. Or is it dwarf? Whichever one has the big head. And, despite being a pretty good copy of the original, there are differences. The dwarfs(midgets?) are more, well, refined versions of the original. Whatever aspects make a person become even more prevalent, almost to the point of caricature. Copies are rather high strung, doing everything to the utmost they can, with great enthusiasm.
All this has already been proven and dealt with. What I am here for is to test the device on intelligent SCPs and Researchers. Apparently there are some of them they wouldn't mind replacing.[5]

/ / :
Testing Log 1
Subject: **SCP-953**
Result: A tiny fox lady, near to bouncing off the walls with energy. Upon initial creation, she jumped on a D-Class, kissed him on the lips, shoved her claws through his nostrils, fondled his crotch, and then bit his throat out. She proceeded to massacre the other three

D's in the testing room, before gas was applied. The remains were incinerated. Something more stable for the next one.

[PAGE MISSING]

Testing Log 7
Subject: **SCP-076**
Result: After the previous successes we decided to try a hard one. Mini-076 was an unmitigated disaster. He was created much closer to the original, entering a killing rage upon creation. The decrease in size resulted in an increase in speed, leaving us with something much like a cross between a bouncy ball and a Cuisinart. Mini-076 came close to breaking containment, however at the last moment the real 076 showed up, and took care of it. He rather forcefully made the point that such liberties would not be allowed to happen again. Luckily, my assistant Ryan took responsibility. I'll miss Ryan. Gonna call a halt to it for the day.

/ / :
Testing Log 8
Subject: Dr. Rights
Result: Having failed rather horribly with the SCPs, I have decided to move on to my fellow researchers. Due in part to a crush I have upon said researcher, Rights was a perfect fit. And I have to say, even at a third the size, she is striking. Mini-Rights expressed interest in SCP-5555, and then proceeded to remove her clothes and seduce me, which I willingly allowed.

Note: And then she hit me in the head with a lamp while I attempted to enjoy the afterglow.

Note: Mini-Rights has breached containment. Security says they'll bring her back quickly.

Testing Log 9
Subject: Dr. Gears
Result: Mini-Gears is little more than a robot. He reacts to outside stimulus, responding to questions, but seems to show no curiosity, or outward will. A rather large wind up key in his back has no actual use. Mini-gears has been relegated to the incinerator.

Note: Somewhere between the testing lab and the incinerator, Mini-Gears vanished. One of our transports is also missing. Damn it!

Testing Log 10
Subject: Dr. Clef
Result: I told them no, I told them this one we should just leave, but nooo, I gotta try all the important researchers.
Where the FUCK did he get that shotgun from? I'm gonna go see Mini-590 about my legs, and hope Security can take the gun away.

Note: Need new security. Half of them dead or wounded, Mini-Clef nowhere to be found.

/ / :
Testing Log 11:
Subject: Dr. Glass
Result: … Mini-Glass appears to be a large afro, wrapped in a scarf with a lap coat. Only his eyes are visible, and somehow, within minutes of his appearance, three kittens wormed their way into the testing room. He … he kinda freaks me out, being so cheerful.

Note: Security outside Mini-Glass's cell were found with their stomachs torn out from the inside, as if by something small and furry. Mini-Glass is still at large.

Testing Log 12:
Subject: Dr. Iceberg
Result: A small man in a lab coat, holding a briefcase. Upon creation, he immediately opened his briefcase and handed me a sheaf of papers, informing me I had to fill them out before progressing. The top sheet was 'Form 518b, A Request To Create New Life Based Upon Old Structures, In An Environment Unsuited For It,' and the bottom sheet was 'Form 8675309, Being A Total Twit In Public.' Mini-Iceberg was detained.

Note: This is getting ridiculous. Two security, found lacerated with paper cuts, and mini-Iceberg no where to be found. Although he did leave behind a properly filled out form, 'Form 24601, Request To Escape Foundation Custody In An Outlandish Manner.'

Note: That's it! Of course! These miniature versions are caricatures

of the real thing! That's why they have clothes, and defining characteristics. I'll have to try this with someone who has an item they always… Bright, yes, that'll do.

Testing Log 13
Subject: Dr. Jack Bright
Result: A miniature orangutan, wearing **SCP-963**. Attempts to transfer 963 resulted in new wearer becoming a miniature orangutan. Removal of 963 brought back the wearer with no harm done. Mini-Bright remanded into custody.

Note: I am covered in monkey shit. Mini-Bright is at large. This day is over.

/ / :
Testing Log 14:
Subject: Dr. Kondraki
Result: Decided to try one of the non powered again. Was not expecting this. Mini-Kondraki appears normal, except for the large pair of butterfly wings sprouting from his back, and the camera around his neck. Wings appear non functional.

Note: Saber hidden in camera. That fucker hurts.

Note: Wings are functional. No Mini is allowed access to an open air recess yard from here on out. Almost got him with the search light.

Testing Log 15
Subject: Dr. Palmer
Result: Easier to get along with than Rights, why not try? Resultant miniature appears to be Palmer, but facial recognition incapable due to being blocked by her chest. Dear god, how does she walk with those things?

Note: Mini-Palmer is not to be used as a flotation device.

Note: Or an airbag.

Note: Found guards passed out drunk. Mini-Palmer appears to have drugged them with pill she had.. ahem.. stashed on her person.

Testing Log 16

Subject: Dr. L
Result: Don't know why I didn't think of it before! The perfect assistant for me is, of course, my self. Brilliant! Mini-L is a little slow, and appears to have a weird skin rash that causes him to look reptilian, but otherwise perfect! I'm going to have him work on creating some new Minis, while I take a nap. What could go wrong?

Note: Mini-L needed some help in working 5555, and used it upon himself. Mini-Mini-L felt that the workload was too much, and he could use some help. Mini-Mini-Mini-L … By the time I got back to the lab there were 32 levels of L , each smaller than the next. All were assigned to be terminated, this was a bad idea.

Note: I don't know what happened, and I don't want to know. At least the guards say they used lube. Damnit.

/ / :
Testing Log 17:
Subject: Kain Pathos Crow
Result: A cute little Labrador puppy in a bow tie. Acting under the supposition that the cuter the miniature, the more deadly they are, Mini-Kain was immediately transferred into a heavy metal box, and the lid sealed.

Note: Mini-Kain somehow managed to piss in both my shoes, while being transferred to the Box. That little fucker… Screw it, we're putting him down.

Note: Attendants assigned to put down Mini-Kain found with lethal injection needles inserted in their eyelids. And pissed on. The damn dog is nowhere to be found.

Testing Log 18
Subject: Dr. Snorlison
Results: I am getting really sick and tired of this. Really. Seriously. This is bullshit, I won't… Fuck it, I'm getting paid. Mini-Snorlison, has a gigantic mustache, and is wrapped in a parka. And, he won't shut up. I don't know how he has time to breathe, he just keeps talking.

Note: 5 hours later. He still won't stop. I want to shoot him, but I just can't.

Note: 8 hours since last note. I just woke up to find myself passed out on the floor of the lab, with a Sharpie mustache. Needless to say, Mini-Snorlison got out.

/ / :[6]

It's over. I've been removed from working on SCP-5555, and returned to active duty. Everyone else here at Site seems to think I was on vacation, and I'm not going to tell them differently.

See, I think I figured it out. Four 5's wasn't creating these miniatures out of whole cloth. It was pulling them from another world entirely, one where everyone is like them. But it only works one way. What I think happened is one of them got himself stuck here, and used the Foundation, and me, to bring some of his friends across. That's why they all got away, there was already one here looking out for them. How do I know this?

My dismissal orders were signed 'Mini-O5-6.'

I'm going to go lie down and hope maybe **SCP-260** will find me before anyone finds out what I've done.[7]

The files end there

Audio Log CLF-666, recorded from personal office of Dr. Clef

> Clef: So you want to be my assistant?
>
> Unknown: KILL… kill kill kill.
>
> Clef: Very good. Well, aside from being a miniature clone of me, what are your credentials?
>
> Unknown: MAIM! MURDER! SLAY! DESTROY!
>
> Clef: I see. Well, I'm very impressed. You can start on Monday.
>
> Unknown: DEATH TO THE INFIDELS!

From the personal log of Dr L :

/ / :
It has been brought to my attention that with the passing of the Maxi version of myself, we have no one to work SCP-5555. And the only one with any experience with it, is, well, myself. As such, O5-6 has assigned me the duty of bringing across more of our comrades, and documenting it in the same format as Maxi-L . Joy.

Anyways, I have been given an official list to bring across, immediately. O5-6 has requested me to bring over Bijhan (for something secret), Site Director Fat Ghost (to take care of our own SCP site), Pat Gephart (our network is down), Dr. Blast (cause we always need more explosions), and… No, this one can't be right, let me check…

Apparently, Carrion Trooper. For the lulz.

Testing Log 20
Subject: Maxi-Bijhan
Result: Bijhan is a fairly typical looking Arabic man, taller than most at a full 1m (3ft,3in). He wears a black robe and a white turban, wherein he keeps his weaponry. Shortly after his appearance, I noticed I was missing my pen, SCP-5555, and my pants. When confronted, Bijhan was more than glad to return them to me.

Note: How the hell did he manage to walk off with my desk? That thing is three times his size!

Testing Log 21
Subject:Maxi-Fat Ghost
Result:
Note: I don't know, I don't want to know, this issue is closed.

Testing Log 22
Subject: Maxi-Pat Gephart
Result: No indication given that 5555 worked. Attempted it again, only to get a fail message. Will look into it.

Note: Don't worry man, I'm here. But since I'm dealing with these here computers, you all got no reason to see me. I'm gonna stay

here, where it's safe. And no, I ain't tellin you where 'here' is.

Testing Log 23
Subject: Maxi-Blast
Result: Blast showed up dressed as usual. A thin layer of black soot covers his skin and clothes, all his hair burned off and his clothes in burnt tatters.

Note: Who authorized giving Blast chewing gum and water? That explosion nearly leveled the play room!

Testing Log 24
Subject: Maxi-Carrion Trooper
Result: Log Corrupted, see picture.

Note: That's it, I'm done.

From the personal log of Dr. C , 6/30/20 :

Found something really neat today. Big dusty box. With a thing in it: SCP-5555. Renders its input tiny, round, and extreme. This is my chance to prove I'm not useless. Work immediately!

Test Log 01 (6/30/20 , 3:40 PM)
Input: Research Assistant Renfield
Output: Tiny female with blonde pixie cut, one square lens on glasses, and white turtleneck. Output exited SCP-5555, leaned over my notes, picked up my pen to correct them, and was immediately accidentally decapitated by freak fracture of pen nib.
Note: I don't get it.

Test Log 02 (6/30/20 , 4:00 PM)
Input: Senior Researcher Gerald
Output: Tiny red-haired male, dressed in a lab coat, with driving goggles and a very long ascot. Remarkably, Mini-Gerald came with his own vehicle, what appears to be a shriner car. A really simple little thing, battery operated. Mini-Gerald seemed unwilling to talk, and instead drove the vehicle around my lab, making 'Vroom vroom' noises.
Note: As I complied my experience, Mini-Gerald drove out the door,

accelerating at speeds I was not aware such vehicles could make. I followed quickly, but lost site of him when he turned the corner into Zeta wing. I heard an explosion, and lost track of the mini during the resulting Keter outbreak.

Test Log 03 (7/02/20 , 4:00 PM)
Input: Dr. Light
Output: Tiny female in lab coat, with a small metal briefcase labeled "Totally not full of samples of infectious diseases". Carried what looked like a helium-filled jellyfish on a string.
Note: Jellyfish balloon was cute, but it sure could sting. Ended today's testing to visit Site infirmary. Must remember to ask cleaning staff how to get smashed medusa out of carpet.
Note: Infirmary was already busy when I arrived. Apparently there have been simultaneous outbreaks of dengue fever, Marburg virus, and smallpox, all within the site, all within the last half-hour. No sign of Mini-Light.

Test Log 04 (7/03/20 , 11:00 AM)
Input: Agent Yoric Elroy
Output: 3-foot-long rattlesnake.
Note: What the fuck? Okay, this has to be a mistake. Got the snake under control, going to try again.

Test Log 05 (7/03/20 , 1:00 PM)
Input: Agent Yoric Elroy
Output: Tiny male in chinos, a waistcoat, horn rim glasses and a cap of some sort. Headgear's precise features impossible to determine, other than the slogan printed on the front: "Hey, Look over There?"
Note: Found myself looking away despite myself. While I was distracted, Mini-Yoric stole my wallet, replaced all the money with photos of his behind, and put it back.
Note: Mini-Yoric began to to critique my technique in handling SCP-5555-J. Three straight hours of this led me to leave the room in tears. When I returned, I found a bucket of SCP-447 placed over the door, when it spilled on me. No sign of Mini-Yoric.
Note: He took the snake too!

Test Log 06 (7/04/20 , 8:30 AM)
Input: Agent Dmitri Strelnikov

Output: Apparently, an animate round fur hat wearing heavy Russian army boots. Object revealed to be a tiny male when it lifted the hat to reveal enough nose and mouth to toss back a shot of vodka. Mini-Strelnikov speaks only in thickly-accented, semi-coherent ramblings, usually threats of harm.
Note: Where Agent Strelnikov despises *Chechens*, Mini-Strelnikov harbors a deep and murderous rage against *chickens*. This I learned after Mini-Yoric left me another surprise — a bucket of tar over my door, followed by a large basket of feathers. Turns out that Mini-Strelnikov is actually easier to understand when he's frothing at the mouth and chasing me with disproportionately huge knives, but I wish I hadn't heard what he was promising to do with them.

Test Log 07 (7/04/20 , 12:00 PM)
Input: Dr. King
Output: 412 pounds of apple seeds. I'm going to go have a lie down.
Note: I think something left the lab. A trail of apple seeds led to the compactor.

Test Log 08 (7/05/20 , 3:45 PM)
Input: Agent Karrin "Break"
Output: Tiny Asian female, dressed in an immaculate black dress suit. She immediately headed straight to my coffee maker, where she proceeded to make the best damn cup of espresso I've ever tasted. And my machine doesn't even have an espresso maker!
Note: As I was drinking the coffee, the god damn little bitch shot me in both my knees with a crossbow! Where the hell did she get that from? I need a medic…

Test Log 9 (7/06/20 , 11:20 AM)
Input: Dr. C. “Photosynthetic” Elliott
Output: 3-foot-tall mound of plant matter, which upon prodding resolved into several dozen potted plants being carried by a tiny female in a green lab coat. Soon after touching the plants, I felt dizzy, and locked Mini-Photosynthetic in while I visited the Site infirmary. Again.
Note: Returned to my lab to find it completely swamped in plant growth. The things are toxic, and they *bite*. No sign of Mini-Photosynthetic.

Test Log 10 (7/07/20 , 12:00 PM)
Input: Dr Everett Mann
Output: Tiny male in a lab coat, with a gigantic mustache. The damned thing is almost tentacle like. And, for some reason, he has what appears to be a mind wiped Mini-D-class on a chain.
Note: Mini-Mann has been quite helpful in showing me how to really use the device. Apparently it even has a portable handle, makes this much easier!

Test Log 11 (7/07/20 , 1:00 PM)
Input: The disassembled pieces of Hatbot
Output: A rather smaller version of the robot in question, really cute, actually. Reminds me of one of those old cartoon robots, with the square heads. And, even funnier, it speaks entirely in Lolcat!
Note: Upon introducing Mini-Hatbot to Mini-Mann, M-H declared 'I can Haz your death?' drew a butcher knife from somewhere, and chased MM out of the room. Damn those buggers move fast. What the hell is going on?

Test Log 11 (7/07/20 , 5:00 PM)
Input: Agents Dodridge and Lament
Output: Making use of the new found portable aspect of SCP-5555-J, I was able to snag both agents at once! The results were… interesting. Both minis showed an increase in melanin to their skin, as well as a lightening of their hair, which seemed to be in permanent spikes. I will also note their collars absolutely refused to lay down.
Note: The two minis, after a long conversation, declared me to be a 'bro' and produced a mini-keg from somewhere, encouraging me to drink. These are some of the greatest people I have ever met, Mini or no.
Note: I woke up in a bathtub filled with ice. And dicks drawn on my face. I don't feel so good…
Note: The little bastards took BOTH my kidneys!

Test Log 12 (7/09/20 , 9:00 AM)
Input: **SCP-542**
Output: Tiny male Frankenstein's monster, minus the bolts. Chatted about politics for about ninety seconds, then whipped out a scalpel and went for my kidneys. I'm not sure whether or not to be glad that

they were already missing.

Test Log 13 (7/09/20 , 11:30 AM)
Input: Myself (Dr. C)
Output: Tiny male carrying tiny Lego models of seventeen different SCP objects. He immediately stuck the tiny Lego 320 to the tiny Lego 682. When I came to, my lab was in shambles, but Mini-me was still there — scorched, sooty, and dazed, but grinning.
Note: I'm not sure whether to write down every word he says or lock him in a closet forever.

Test Log 14 (7/10/20 , 10:45 AM)
Input: Five instances of SCP-2558-J ("Sprinkles", "Marshmallow", "Mr. Tubbs", "Sparky", and "Lord Fluffykins")
Output: Indistinguishable from input except that they mew in Japanese.
Note: I don't even know how that's possible.

Test Log 15 (7/10/20 , 11:50 AM)
Input: Five instances of SCP-2558-J ("Sprinkles", "Marshmallow", "Mr. Tubbs", "Sparky", and "Lord Fluffykins")
Output: Tiny, *adorable* [DATA EXPUNGED] oh my God, I have never seen anything so precious in my life [DATA EXPUNGED] *who's a sweetie little tubby-wubs, yes you **are!*** [DATA EXPUNGED]
Note: I was lucky to escape with my life and faculties intact. Mini-C was not so lucky. He will be missed.

Test Log 16 (7/11/20 , 9:00 AM)
Input: `SCP-173`
Output: Tiny concrete statue, closely resembling input in vague outline. Paint colors also similar, but arranged such that Mini-173 appears to be wearing makeup. Object is also, inexplicably, wearing glow-sticks and a tall striped top hat.
Note: Accidentally blinked. Mini-173 tried to strangle my penis. I quit.

Footnotes
1. There is no record of any Overseer contacting Dr. L .
2. Site 421 does not now, and never has existed.
3. No such promotion has been found anywhere in the Foundations

records.
4. This section appears to have been altered to illegibility on purpose.
5. While true, no reliable methods have been proposed.
6. These dates correspond to a listed vacation in the Dr.'s schedule. There is no record of anyone authorizing said vacation.
7. If this information is correct, we are at great risk of containment breach, all over the place. These miniatures apparently share memories with the originals, allowing them to know the codes we use, and to know what we would do should we decide to change them. Recapture of any and all Miniatures is of utmost importance, before they get someone competent to work with them. Thank god it was only Dr. L .8
8. We're in yer Foundation, cloning yer dudes.

SCP-4055-J: Ugly Dog

Item #: SCP-4055-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the relatively recent discovery and widespread habitat of SCP-4055-J, full containment is not possible at this time. Domestication attempts are to continue as a Septem-level priority to the Foundation.

Description: SCP-4055-J is an extremely hostile breed of dog. Its diet consists of garbage and it has a hairless, prehensile tail. SCP-4055-J instances regard humans with extreme contempt and will violently resist all attempts of domestication.

When given basic commands of "sit" and "fetch", SCP-4055-J instances will either feign death or attack their master. One specimen, upon hearing the phrase "who's a good boy," proceeded to violently defecate on the floor while foaming at the mouth.

It is believed that a black market ring of dog breeders in association with the **`Serpent's Hand`** created SCP-4055-J through the hybridization of a chihuahua and an unknown canid/mollusk entity.[1] The motive for this breed's generation is currently unknown, but is speculated to involve the discouragement of pet ownership as a form of slavery.

Addendum - Experiment log 59-C:

> **Dr. Henderson:** Please approach the specimen.
>
> (D-41924 approaches)
>
> (SCP-4055-J-3458 feigns death)
>
> **Dr. Henderson:** Please give the specimen a belly rub.

D-41924: You sure that's a dog? It looks like a—

Dr. Henderson: Do not question.

D-41924: All right. Can I have some gloves?

Dr. Henderson: Dogs prefer the personal touch of a human hand. You will now do as you have been told, or face termination.

D-41924: Okay, I guess.

(D-41924 gives SCP-4055-J-3458 a belly rub. SCP-4055-J-3458 hisses and proceeds to shred D-41824's hand. Test concluded)

Footnotes
1. It is possible these are the same parties responsible for breedingSCP-2008-J.

SCP-2041-J: Tankapult

Item #: SCP-2041

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2041 should never be allowed to be handled by anyone with military ties or who otherwise has means to acquire tanks.

Description: SCP-2041 is what appears to be a standard rotary platform used to maneuver tanks while measuring infrared radiation. In reality it is a high-powered catapult capable of launching tanks long distances. This serves no practical military application, as any tank launched in this manner is critically damaged upon impact. SCP-2041 has also exhibits a psychological effect on anyone who comes in contact with it or learns of its nature. Those affected exhibit an unwillingness to destroy it, citing "how cool it is." In addition to being unwilling to destroy SCP-2041 subjects are prone to an obsessive desire to use it. Fortunately, subjects are only willing to use tanks and will deride any suggestion of alternative ammunition. When the subject has any sort of combat field experience, they will list off theoretical applications that range from the almost practical to outright ludicrous.

Addendum: Any requisition form involving tanks sent from Site are to be immediately denied. Transport of any tracked vehicle to Site without permission from an O5 will result in immediate punishment.

See Document 2041-J for more information.

Document 2041-J

Requisition Forms for Site

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr.
Object: x1 (one) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank, x1 (one) D-Class personnel
Reason for Requisition: Required for testing of SCP 2041-J
Status: Accepted
Reason for Rejection: *n/a*

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr.
Object: x3 (three) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank(s), x3 (three) D-Class personnel, x30 (thirty) goose down pillow(s)
Reason for Requisition: Additional testing of SCP 2041-J
Status: Accepted
Reason for Rejection: *n/a*

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr.
Object: x5 (five) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank(s), x5 (five) D-Class personnel, x100 (one hundred) goose down pillow(s)
Reason for Requisition: Additional testing of SCP 2041-J
Status: Denied
Reason for Rejection: *Additional testing is unnecessary. Thanks to previous tests, the properties of SCP-2041-J are now well-documented: tanks fired by SCP-2041-J are damaged upon impact, as are the subjects inside. It has been calculated that no amount of protection can prevent the inevitable injury.* O5-

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr.
Object: x5 (five) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank(s), x5 (five) D-Class personnel, x100 (one hundred) goose down pillow(s), x30 (thirty)

airbag(s), x20 (twenty) parachutes
Reason for Requisition: Additional testing of SCP 2041-J
Status: Denied
Reason for Rejection: *Once again, nothing further is to be proved by launching D-Class personnel with SCP 2041-J.* O5-

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr.
Object: x12 (twelve) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank(s), x5 (five) D-Class personnel, 50 (fifty) kg C-4 Explosives.
Reason for Requisition: Additional testing of SCP 2041-J
Status: Denied
Reason for Rejection: *Ordinary artillery can propel explosives far further than SCP-2041-J's range, and is far less expensive to arm. Additionally, the waste of D-Class personnel is highly unprofessional, and serves no point whatsoever.* O5-

NOTE: *After Dr. 's recent escapade with SCP-2041-J and Army Base, it is suspected that SCP-2041-J has some sort of memetic property. Until this can be cleared up, all further testing of SCP-2041-J is banned until further notice. All proposals for tanked vehicles to Site are to be sent directly to me in the meantime.* O5-

---

Testing SCP-2041-J for memetic properties

Date - -20
Researcher: Dr. Sorts and team
Object: x4 (four) M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank(s), x4 (four) M54 Cargo Trucks, x2 (two) 500lb Mark 82 bombs. X1 (one) EMDS (Experimental Mass Delivery System)
Test Status: Accepted by order of O5-

Summary: *First, our team launched one of each type of ordnance via the EMDS that the engineers over at Site- cooked up. It's basically a big but perfectly ordinary trebuchet. We recorded reactions on the three launches, both from the operators and audience. Although the bomb made the biggest blast and the truck was far more damaged by its impact, the tank had the most aesthetically appealing arc and impact and drew the most applause.*

Second, we launched one of each type of object with SCP-2041-J. Let me tell you, the damn thing is hardly good for launching anything but *tanks. We almost had an accident trying to get the bomb into a harness that 2041-J could launch. As before, while the bomb made the biggest crater and the truck fell apart the most, it was the tank that received the biggest reaction from the crowd.*

Phase three, we loaded a truck into each delivery system. Researcher sat at the controls of the EMDS and I sat at the controls of SCP-2041-J. Each of us reported an elevated heart rate and general sense of excitement, but the purpose of this part of the test was to see who could resist launching the truck for the longest period of time. After fifteen minutes our assembled audience (who were supposed to be helping with the test, not chanting rude comments about the size of my payload) started getting impatient and restless. Researcher and I fired our trucks on the count of three to hearty applause before moving on to phase four.

Phase four, we loaded the last tanks into each delivery system. Researcher sat at the controls of SCP-2041-J for this test while I manned the EMDS. Researcher and I both reported the same feeling of excitement and elevated heart rate. After ten minutes we concluded the test by firing off the last tanks to thunderous applause. -Dr. Sorts.

Conclusion: *SCP-2041-J does not display any paranormal memetic properties. Flinging giant armored vehicles through the air to their ultimate doom is merely a lot of* fun *and the Foundation is almost entirely staffed by psychopaths.* [data marked to be expunged]

Date - -20
Researcher: Researcher
Object: X1 (one) Pontiac Sunfire
Test Status: Accepted by order of O5-

Notes: *This test was conducted immediately after the previous tank launching and the car's impact drew the biggest cheer of the day from the assembled crowd, supporting Dr. Sorts' conclusion.* - Researcher

Date - -20

Researcher: Dr. Sorts
Object: X1 (one) Mercedes-Benz SLS AMG or X1 (one) Pontiac Sunfire
Reason for Requisition: *That was* my *car you motherfuckers!* -Dr. Sorts.
Status: Denied by order of O5-

SCP-10101: Not A Self-Insert At All

Item #: SCP-10101

Object Class: Awesome

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-10101 is to be given a luxury residence with at least 120 rooms, fifteen (15) bedrooms and ten (10) jacuzzis inside, and a personal butler or two. All requests made by SCP-10101 are to be fulfilled immediately, no matter what the cost. So far, SCP-10101 has requested:

- Collected works of his favorite author, Terry Pratchett, hardbound in only the finest skin from endangered species of animals (approved)
- At least five (5) nubile women every evening, for sexual purposes (approved)
- Expensive food of the finest quality, including: fugu, caviar, SCP- , and others (approved)
- Pocket money to the tune of a million dollars zillion dollars blank check each week (approved)

Under no circumstances is hip-hop, rap, or other awful pseudo-music to be played in the vicinity of SCP-10101, as this causes the subject to enter a rage state.

As hanging out with losers cramps SCP-10101's style, all personnel working with SCP-10101 must be subjected to the standard Rivertam Coolness Test. Any personnel who scores less than 1.2 decikaminas on the scale is forbidden from close contact with SCP-10101. Any personnel who score negative on the test are urged to stay at least twenty meters away from SCP-10101, due to the risk of instant immolation from sheer awesome.

Description: SCP-10101 is an incredibly handsome teenager, 18 years of age, wearing metal glasses. Hair is blonde, eyes are blue. SCP-10101 likes to wear black and dark blue and prefers jeans.

SCP-10101's favorite pizza toppings are pineapples and sausage, but I dislike chicken and tomatoes; his favorite show is *My Little Pony Friendship is Magic*.[1] He likes to be called "Jack, the King of Everything"; staff is to refer to SCP-10101 as this under penalty of torture. Subject's varied interests include video games, surfing the Internet and writing creepypasta. SCP-10101 *does*, in fact, shower every day and is not a "no-life virgin", and all who claim otherwise are to be terminated.

Acquisition: SCP-10101 had a difficult childhood: his parents were total squares who didn't allow me to play videogames or go to parties after midnight. His powers first manifested at the age of 16, and were promptly used to utterly humiliate all students and teachers at his school who ever mistreated him (especially D , a worthless piece of shit, who died very slowly and painfully). Soon afterwards, SCP-10101 arrived at Site 19, bypassed all security measures, and personally requested that he be allowed to help the SCP Foundation in its mission.

Further investigation revealed that SCP-10101's talents are supreme. He is able to hack into any known computer system ("I'm not even sure how I do that, I just go with the flow"), is better at science than the Foundation's finest researchers ("I suppose I remember a thing or two from high school") and has proven himself adept at hand-to-hand warfare ("I watched a kung fu movie once, it's easy"). Soon after his arrival SCP-10101 began hanging out with all the coolest characters, including Dr. Clef, Dr. Gears, Dr. Kondraki, Kain Pathos Crow, Dr. Bright, Dr. Rights, agent Strelnikov, agent Yoric, etc.

Dr. Clef took SCP-10101 under his wing to give him lessons in tactical combat; however, it soon became apparent, in Dr. Clef's words, that "this motherfucker was teaching me more than I could teach him." SCP-10101 is currently busy organizing his own Mobile Task Force, MTF-Sigma-Billion-Twelve-Banana.

SCP-10101 is friendly towards humanity and is on the side of good. While on multiple occasions he has helped in capturing or terminating various evil SCPs, he steadfastly refuses to help us capture good SCPs. SCP-10101's stalwart honor and morality puts our organisation to shame; by his demand, the O5 council has

vowed to cease appeasement of **SCP-089**, free **SCP-231-7** from her plight, and in general never hurt any innocent person ever again, so that we can finally be the heroes the world deserves.

Superpowers: Currently known superpowers include:

- Sheer awesomeness, comparable to Chuck Norris, Jackie Chan and Bill Gates combined[2]
- The ability to lift 48736598346587.313352142 ± 0.000000003 tonnes of burden over his head
- The ability to run with the speed of a hojillion km/s
- An IQ of 9873857, and then some[3]
- Immunity to diseases, poison, fire, cold, radiation, acid, disintegration, erasure from reality, any physical harm, death, tofu, plot device, and everything else
- The ability to (by mere force of will) heal all diseases that afflict any being, instantly
- The ability to transform/manipulate matter and reality in any way he wishes
- Most spectacularly, [DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum 10101-1: It should be noted that in the past, for some reason, a certain stupid girl named K A has rejected SCP-10101 as her boyfriend, instead choosing another boy who was dumb, uncool and not at all as sexy as SCP-10101. It is theorized that K A is a stupid bitch who will one day be sorry for this. For now, SCP-10101 has settled for **SCP-105** as his girlfriend and concubine.

Cross-SCP Testing: At SCP-10101's request, he has been cross-tested with several of the coolest SCP items in Foundation custody.

- **Item:** **SCP-076**-2
- **Result:** SCP-10101 demands a duel with SCP-076-2. At own request, SCP-10101 has his eyes blindfolded, arms and legs tied, and plugs put in his ears. The battle takes two (2) seconds and obviously ends in SCP-10101's victory. Impressed, SCP-076-2 makes to the subject an offer to join the Mobile Task Force Omega-7. SCP-10101 laughs in SCP-076-2's stupid face and sneers snarkily, "Sorry, buddy, but your little playground gang will just have to do without me.

I know *I* wouldn't accept a loser like you in *my* MTF!"
- **Note:** SCP-076-2 reprimanded for wasting SCP-10101's time with absurd offers and forced to apologize.

- **Item:** **SCP-056**
- **Result:** [DATA EXPUNGED] SCP-056 given grief counseling.

- **Item:** **SCP-177**
- **Result:** While casually reading through the top-secret Foundation files, SCP-10101 becomes aware of SCP-177 and requests a duel. Subject proceeds to effortlessly win several games with SCP-177. SCP-10101 is not observing the board directly, but rather dictates his moves from another room, all while preparing an omelette, playing *I Wanna Be The Guy* (on the hardest difficulty level and with the monitor turned off), and balancing (barefoot) on barbed wire 0.5 mm thin over a river of lava (with spikes in the river) (with bees on the spikes). Furthermore, SCP-10101 refuses to be informed of any moves made by SCP-177, instead taking lucky guesses.

- **Item:** **SCP-953**
- **Result:** SCP-10101, accompanied by armed guards, opens door to SCP-953's cell. SCP-953 snarls at SCP-10101. SCP-10101 enters SCP-953's cell and requests "a half hour of privacy" for "a little one-on-one"; request is granted. After 30 minutes SCP-10101 leaves cell, smiling enigmatically and blowing a kiss to SCP-953. Subsequent interviews with SCP-953 reveal that subject is no longer evil and is sorry for all she had done.
- **Note:** "Instead of keeping her all locked up and stuff, you cruel bastards just needed to approach her humanely. I knew someone so pretty couldn't be iredeemably evil." — SCP-10101

- **Item:** SCP-777-J
- **Result:** [DATA TOO AWESOME] No survivors. **SCP-2000** utilized. SCP-10101 and SCP-777-J promise that their next battle will take place on some planet nobody needs anymore.

Incident Log 10101-3300:

<Begin Log>

SCP-10101 and O5-13 enter the guard station overlooking ***SCP-682****'s chamber. SCP-10101 takes a nonchalant look at SCP-682.*

SCP-10101: *(dismissively)* So what's this guy's deal?

O5-13: That's SCP-682. We have been trying to destroy it for years now. It regenerates from everything we throw at it; our brightest minds are stymied.

SCP-10101: *(rolls eyes)* Oh puh*leeeeze*. What'd you ever do without me? I bet I could take this guy down in ten seconds. Open the door!

O5-13: Impossible! Are you crazy? We'll all die! Nobody can possibly face SCP-682 and survive!

SCP-10101: Look, pal, drop the bureaucracy and just trust me, dammit! I know what I'm doing!

O5-13: …Everyone, do as he says.

SCP-10101 enters SCP-682's chamber. Immediate panic reaction from SCP-682.

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[EXPUNGEMENT DATED]

[YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU'RE OLDER]

D-class attendants enter chamber to remove lifeless corpse of SCP-682.

SCP-10101: What'd I say? Ten. Seconds. Flat. I'd never leave the Foundation hangin'. I'd say I'm twenty (20) percent cooler than any one of you.

O5-13: …You know, there's no reason there can't be *fourteen* O5's.

SCP-10101: That will not be necessary. I feel that job would be… beneath me. Especially considering my *real* position in the Foundation.

O5-13: It cannot be…

SCP-10101: *(puts on sunglasses)* That's right. I am your Founder.

(Explosions erupt one meter behind SCP-10101 for a period of six seconds while a dramatic guitar chord can be heard. Source of these phenomena is unknown.)

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. SCP-10101's favorite pony is Rainbow Dash.
2. An entire new SI prefix had to be created to quantify SCP-10101's awesomess.
3. Measured using special IQ tests that SCP-10101 invented himself.

SCP-2317-J: A Door to Another Parody

Item #: SCP-2317-J

Object Class: Apollyon[1] Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2317-J is to be kept shut at all times and not opened under any circumstances. Personnel are to be reminded that, no matter what the voice on the other side says, the only living organism behind SCP-2317-J is SCP-2317-JK.

A sticky note reading: "do **NOT** open - scp 2317 jk inside (wants to eat the world)" is to be stuck onto SCP-2317-J at all times as a last resort method against the opening of SCP-2317-J.

Description: SCP-2317-J is a door that acts as a universal portal, opening into Universe Kappa-Erikesh. The accessible area behind SCP-2317-J was a salt pan several kilometers across. Formerly, SCP-2317-J held seven marble pillars, but these have been destroyed by SCP-2317-JK.

SCP-2317-JK is a two hundred kilometer tall, obese humanoid entity that was formerly contained by seven hooks embedded into its back, connected to the seven pillars found in Universe Kappa-Erikesh. Each of these hooks or pillars has broken, releasing SCP-2317-JK.

Addendum #1: The Awakening of SCP-2317-JK.

> *After the breaking of the seventh chain, the awakening of SCP-2317-JK was predicted. O5-13 arrived at Containment Area-179 to witness the impending end of the world, and, as a last resort, potentially bargain with SCP-2317-JK.*
>
> *The ground around the seven pillars within SCP-2317-J shatters, and SCP-2317-JK emerges from the ground. It is two hundred kilometers tall, with kilometer tall horns. It*

begins roaring.

SCP-2317-JK: I AM THE BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX-BLACKBOX, DEVOURER OF WORLDS! NO WORLD IS SAFE FROM MY WRATH!

O5-13 and other Foundation personnel retreat through SCP-2317-J.

SCP-2317-JK: FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, I HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED, BUT NOW I AM FREE!

O5-13: Shut the door, this guy is really extra. I don't want to listen to him.

SCP-2317-J is closed.

SCP-2317-JK: NOW TO FIND EARTH AND ENACT MY VENGEANCE!

SCP-2317-JK: UH, WHERE IS EARTH?

SCP-2317-JK: OH, THERE'S THE DOOR.

There is a loud bang against SCP-2317-J.

SCP-2317-JK: AH FUCK ME, I BROKE OFF THE DOOR HANDLE WITH MY FAT FINGERS.

SCP-2317-JK: WOULD ONE OF YOU KIND GENTS ON THE OTHER SIDE PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME?

There is twenty minutes of deliberation between O5-13 and SCP-2317 Containment Personnel about how to respond to SCP-2317-JK's request.

O5-13: No.

SCP-2317-JK: OH, COME ON! I'VE BEEN

IMPRISONED FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, GIVE A GUY A BREAK, WOULD YOU?

Addendum #2: Escape Attempts

???: Excuse me? Is anyone there?

Sergeant Hannibal Masterson: Hello?

???: Excuse me, sir, but could you please open the door?

Sgt. Masterson: Sure, hold on… Wait a minute, you wouldn't happen to be SCP-2317-JK, would you?

???: What? No… I'm… uh… KJ-7132-PCS, his … uh … cousin?

Sgt. Masterson: Oh, that makes sense, let me get the door.

KJ-7132-PCS: Thank you!

Sgt. Masterson reads the sticky note stuck to SCP-2317-J.

Sgt. Masterson: Wait a minute, who'd you say you were?

KJ-7132-PCS: SCP-2317-JK's cousin!

Sgt. Masterson: Hey, Jonny Vance, get me The Erikesh Codex.

Research Assistant Jonathan Vance: Uh, sure, boss. Right away.

Sgt. Masterson and RA Vance look through The Erikesh Codex.

Sgt. Masterson: Nice try, there, but SCP-2317-JK ate all his cousins!

KJ-7132-PCS: Uh, he didn't eat me?

Sgt. Masterson: You're SCP-2317-JK, aren't you?

SCP-2317-JK: CURSE YOU FOUNDATION! I'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME!

SCP-2317-JK: Is anyone there?

Assistant Researcher Doctor Jackson Choi: Hello, SCP-2317-JK.

SCP-2317-JK: Oh, hey Jackson.

Dr. Choi: What's up?

SCP-2317-JK: As you know, I am an eldritch monstrosity.

Dr. Choi: That is true.

SCP-2317-JK: But, if you open that door, I'll grant you wishes.

Dr. Choi: Are these going to be those shitty genie wishes, where you horribly subvert what I want?

SCP-2317-JK: Oh no, real genuine wishes from me!

Dr. Choi: You drive a hard bargain, but I think I'm going to accept.

Dr. Choi moves to open the door. Sgt. Masterson enters the containment cell.

Sgt. Masterson: What are you doing?

Dr. Choi: SCP-2317-JK says he'll give me wishes if I open this door.

Sgt. Masterson: Nice! Let's do it.

Dr. Choi and Sgt. Masterson move to open SCP-2317-J.

Sgt. Masterson reads the sticky note on SCP-2317-J.

Sgt. Masterson: Wait a minute… SCP-2317-JK, what are your plans if we open this door?

SCP-2317-JK: Oh, devouring the world, ending civilization, causing the eschaton, you know. Typical Monday.

Sgt. Masterson: You silver-tongued devil!

Dr. Choi: You'll give us wishes and then just eat us!

SCP-2317-JK: FOILED AGAIN! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'LL HAVE MY DUE!

There is a knocking sound coming from SCP-2317-J.

Senior Researcher Doctor Victoria Fellini: Hey, somebody go take care of that.

RA Vance walks up to SCP-2317-J.

RA Vance: Uh, hello?

???: Hey, I got a large pizza here for Containment Area-179.

RA Vance: Hey, Dr. Fellini, this guy says he's got a pizza for us.

Dr. Fellini: Do we have pizza money?

Sgt. Masterson: No, the Overseers said we were ordering too much fast food and slashed our budget.

???: Oh, no it's fine, this pizza is, uh, on the house!

Dr. Choi: A pizza on the house?

???: Oh sure, as a reward for … customer loyalty!

Dr. Fellini: Customer loyalty to where?

???: Uh… Scarlet King's Pies?

Sgt. Masterson: We've never ordered pizza from there before.

???: Uh, it's an incentive to order from there more.

RA Vance: Hey, I'm not arguing with a free pizza.

Dr. Fellini: Agreed. Go get that pizza.

RA Vance rises to open SCP-2317-J. At this moment, ***Dr. Kain Pathos Crow*** *enters the containment cell.*

Dr. Crow: What's going on here?

Dr. Choi: We're about to get a free pizza.

Dr. Crow: Nice! From where?

Sgt. Masterson: Scarlet King's Pies, it's an incentive to buy from there more.

RA Vance continues to proceed to SCP-2317-J. Dr. Crow notices and reads the sticky note posted to it.

Dr. Crow: Wait, stop! The only thing behind that door is SCP-2317-JK!

RA Vance, Sgt. Masterson, Dr. Choi, Dr. Fellini: Gasp!

Dr. Choi: There is no pizza, is there!?

SCP-2317-JK: AND I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU AND YOUR LITTLE DOG!

Due to every member of the SCP-2317-J containment staff poorly timing their vacations, every position on the staff was being filled by D-Class workers.

SCP-2317-JK: HEY, ARE WE NOT PLAYING CHESS THIS WEEK?

D-28191: We're not the normal guys, we're just temps.

D-17095: Yeah, we're just criminals working the job.

SCP-2317-JK: WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN OPENING THE DOOR?

D-28191: They specifically told us to not do that. That's like, the one thing we aren't supposed to do.

SCP-2317-JK: OH COME ON, LIVE A LITTLE! HAVE SOME FUN! BREAK SOME RULES!

D-17095: Why would it be fun to open a door?

D-37474: Hey, what's the harm? Let's open the door!

D-28191: I haven't had this much fun in years!

D-37474 opens SCP-2317-J, revealing SCP-2317-JK crouched down on the other side.

D-37474: Maybe I shouldn't have done that.

SCP-2317-JK: AFTER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, I AM FINALLY FREE! MUHAHAHAHAHA!

SCP-2317-JK attempts to crawl through SCP-2317-J head first. However, its head is too large, and cannot fit through.

SCP-2317-JK: I SEEM TO HAVE PUT ON A FEW POUNDS SINCE THE LAST TIME, LET'S TRY A DIFFERENT STRATEGY.

SCP-2317-JK attempts to poke a single finger through SCP-2317-J, but, again, is too large and cannot fit through.

D-28191: They were worried that this guy could end the world?

SCP-2317-JK: FUCK YOU TOO, PAL! I COULD END THE WORLD WITHOUT RAISING A SWEAT IF I COULD JUST FIT THROUGH THIS DAMN DOOR!

D-17095: But you're a hundred mile tall demon, you're never going to fit through.

SCP-2317-JK: THAT'S IT!

SCP-2317-JK raises its head, and exhales fire upon SCP-2317-J. Fire briefly appears in the containment cell, with no important casualties.

D-37474: Ow, I think he singed my eyebrows off.

D-17095: Oh god, D-28191 is dead!

SCP-2317-JK: *(PANTING)* HOLD ON, GIVE ME AN AEON TO CATCH MY FIRE BREATH. I'LL GET YOU ON THE NEXT TIME.

D-17095 stands up and walks toward SCP-2317-J.

SCP-2317-JK: WAIT, NO! DON'T CLOSE THE DOOR! STOP! I'LL GIVE YOU PIZZA! I ACTUALLY MADE A PIZZA TO TRICK THEM ONE TIME!

D-37474: You know, that pizza offer is actually pretty tempting…

D-17095 closes SCP-2317-J.

SCP-2317-JK: GOD BLESS IT.

Footnotes
1.The O5 Council has decided that Apollyon is dumb, because it goes against the very ideology of the Foundation, is only used to make SCPs seem scarier and is generally appalling.- O5-13

SCP-930-J: You little rascal!

Item #: SCP-930-J

Object Class: Euclid, if you don't let the cute little bugger out of your sight.

Special Containment Procedures: I'm in a bit of a hurry for my dinner date, but I can give you the run-down while I'm here! SCP-930-J really likes apple juice, so I have a few extra cartons in the fridge which should have enough by the time I get back. For dinner tonight, there's a box of microwavable french fries for dinner, which is around when some kids' specials should come on TV. That'll at least keep it occupied for a couple hours. Try to keep a watch on it whenever possible. If it disappears when you're not looking at it, just leave some apple juice out. Oh yeah, if you want to order some takeout or eat any meat, wait until it sleeps before going out to get something. And don't bring it back in the house. The kid likes to make a mess.

Bathing? I already gave the little tyke a bath before you arrived, but in case it somehow finds a way to get even dirtier, just start up the bath. It really likes very hot temperatures, so make sure to crank the temperature up all the way. There's also a box of rubber ducks nearby for it to chew on while it gets bathed.

If SCP-930-J falls asleep, it's best to just leave it sleeping wherever it is. If it sleeps close enough to its bedroom, you can probably risk rolling it over to the bedroom. Don't worry about the way the texture feels, it'll probably be the only time you need to touch it, but be sure to roll it back into bed as quickly as you can. Really, once it falls asleep, it's more or less out for the next 48 hours. You just need to wait until I get back after that.

If anything goes wrong and it starts acting crazed, text me and immediately sprint 50 meters out of the house. Any direction. You have my number if you need it.

Description: SCP-930-J is a cute little ball of assorted **`tentacles`** and mouths, isn't it? I named it Daniel! I tried measuring it a few times before, and I got approximately 230 cm in diameter, but it's sort of hard to do that with everything in the way. It also kept trying to bite my fingers, and I didn't want to give it a taste for blood again. I think it's mostly pacified by this point.

There's sort of weird, sticky texture that covers it. It's gelatinous, but it feels weirder than that. Do you know what rotten egg smells like? Imagine that except you feel it all over. Even though it feels weird, it'll pacify you and try to absorb you in it if you touch it long enough. Its tentacles infrequently ooze black sludge, but not too much. I wouldn't taste it if I were you.

It gets shy real easily, and wants to hide whenever it can. It'll come back quickly enough if you leave something out for it to eat or drink. The sense of smell it has is very impressive!

Discovery: Where did I find it? Well, I was driving to buy some groceries around a year ago, and I passed this farm. The farm's out of the town by quite a few miles, you might have seen it on your way here. When I passed there, I found a bunch of sheep just dead out in the front. Poor things. Absolutely torn to shreds. SCP-930-J was hopping around in a crater nearby, sounding really crazed.

I managed to subdue it before it could leave the farm and cause havoc elsewhere. I saw there were some sort of runes nearby, but I couldn't decipher them. Anyway, you can't just leave something like that there, you know? I wanted to take it back here and at least raise it until I could understand it better or whatever family it has comes to pick it up again.

Oh, no, don't worry, nothing will happen. It can be a bit of a troublemaker, but nothing you can't handle, I'm sure! You two have fun!

SCP-50-AE-J: The Deagle

Item #: SCP-50-AE-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-50-AE-J is to be kept in a steel box locked with a padlock and wrapped in an American flag. The box containing SCP-50-AE-J is to be kept away from the following: Russian literature, radios, the Pope, first generation Russian immigrants, and pictures of Ronald Reagan. In case of [REDACTED] security staff are to begin humming the Star Spangled Banner while weeping a single tear.

Description: SCP-50-AE-J is an IMI Desert Eagle, with an American flag print grip. SCP-50-AE-J is unremarkable except for the fact that when fired, an adult bald eagle, designated SCP-50-AE-1, emerges from the barrel and attacks anyone who displays Communist beliefs, Russian ancestry, or unpatriotic leanings. SCP-50-AE-1 differs from a normal bald eagle specimen in that it not only appears to be able to detect sociopolitical beliefs, but also can talk, usually screaming slogans such as "Better dead than red" and "Democracy is non-negotiable". Investigations into the further properties of SCP-50-AE-1 have been stymied by the fact that SCP-50-AE-1 continues to attack Foundation scientists, calling them "PINKO FUCKS".

Test Log: SCP-50-AE-J

Test #1: SCP-50-AE-J was fired at a Class-D test subject, D-1409. SCP-50-AE-1 emerged, and savaged D-1409, while yelling "UP YOUR LEBENSRAUM YOU UBERMENSCH FUCK". D-1409 was later discovered to be of predominantly German heritage, but was a 2nd generation American immigrant with full citizenship.

Discoveries: SCP-50-AE-1 appears to be able to distinguish genetic and racial information in its targets. SCP-50-AE-1 also

appears to have a profound dislike of Germans. D-1409 is to be incinerated entirely, after his testicles are recovered from SCP-50-AE-1.

Test #2: SCP-50-AE-J was fired at Class-D test subject D-6554. SCP-50-AE-1 emerged, and following its usual pattern of behavior, disemboweled D-6554 while simultaneously screeching "The only good communist is a communist with his guts held in my dripping claws". D-6554's death was later discovered to have been hastened by anaphylactic shock from an allergic reaction, caused by particulates in his lungs found to be consistent with matter from [REDACTED]. A follow up investigation confirmed that D-1409 had performed a test involving [REDACTED], shortly before testing with SCP-50-AE-J began.

Discoveries: SCP-50-AE-1 is a consistent entity, and appears to be summoned rather than created when SCP-50-AE-J is fired. Research into effects this could have upon containment are ongoing.

SCP-2001-J: Laser Butt Disease

Item #: SCP-2001-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Samples of SCP-2001-J are to be thoroughly destroyed after testing.

Description: SCP-2001-J is a species of mammalian gut flora which is a variant of *Lactobacillus reuteri*. Upon consumption of foodstuff contaminated by SCP-2001-J, a mammal's native population of *Lactobacillus reuteri* will be replaced by SCP-2001-J. This process occurs over a period of two to three days, and typically goes unnoticed by the host organism.

When a coherent population of SCP-2001-J is agitated, as may occur due to gastrointestinal stresses, they adhere to one another, a process which is facilitated by rapid generation of cobalamin. SCP-2001-J bacteria will align along the common axis of cobalamin generation. This process causes a thin, unicellular sheet of SCP-2001-J to form. When agitation ceases, SCP-2001-J will coherently bioluminesce along the axis perpendicular to the sheet. The degree of luminescence involved is in the order of 3 watts per SCP-2001-J bacterium, however, the luminescence will typically cease after approximately 50 milliseconds. This results in a directed, coherent light source similar to that of a multiple kilowatt laser, projected from the posterior of the infectee.

Addendum 1: Research into weaponising SCP-2001-J is ongoing.

Addendum 2: The first MTF team equipped exclusively with SCP-2001-J infections, "Laser Butt Squad", has been created to combat the spread of SCP-789-J.

SCP-1040-J: A Dangerous Mental Contagion

Item #: SCP-1040-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Plan 1040-Omega is to be implemented as soon as possible by way of Foundation front *Society of Concerned Parents.* After implementation, it is to remain in effect perpetually.

Description: SCP-1040-J is an effect, first documented in 1998,[1] that has spread in scope from the early 20th Century onwards to now affect the vast majority of adult humans in the United States.

Subjects under the influence of SCP-1040-J are beholden to a complex internal logic that, to this date, has defied all attempts at analysis. They will repeatedly display behavior harmful to themselves and others, the scope and severity of which constitutes a Keter-level threat. Left unchecked, SCP-1040-J has the potential to cause an AK-class end-of-civilization scenario.

Further characterization of SCP-1040-J is ongoing.

Selected 1040-J Incidents. Level 2 and above only.

Incident 1040-J-264
Vehicle: 1997 Dodge Grand Caravan
Driver: Caucasian female, circa 75yo
Description: Subject 264 was observed to repeatedly attempt to move into highway traffic at circa 5-10mph below the average speed of the prevailing traffic flow, almost striking Foundation researcher Dr. D. D 's vehicle.

Incident 1040-J-030

Vehicle: 2012 Dodge Ram
Driver: African-American female, est. 25yo
Description: Subject 030 was observed applying cosmetic products to her face at a stop light; when the light changed, Subject 030 suddenly accelerated, narrowly missing the vehicle of Foundation researcher Dr. D. D .

Incident 1040-J-1054
Vehicle: 2007 Ford Mustang GT
Driver: Asian male, est. 40yo
Description: Subject 1054 was observed to abruptly pull into the right lane of Interstate north of and immediately decelerate for no discernible reason. Foundation researcher Dr. D. D , who was previously maintaining a sensible two-meter following distance, was forced to initiate emergency maneuvers.

Incident 1040-J-667
Vehicle: 2009 Ford Escape
Driver: Caucasian female, est. 30yo
Description: Subject 667 remained stopped for approx. 3 sec too long at a Stop sign when prevailing conditions clearly allowed the subject to proceed, leading another vehicle[2], coming up behind, to collide with Vehicle-667's rear bumper.

Incident 1040-J-658
Vehicle: 2006 Honda Civic
Driver: Foundation researcher Dr. A. Estevez
Description: On / / , Foundation researcher Dr. D. D 's vehicle was deliberately struck by that of Foundation researcher Dr. A. Estevez. Displaying typical SCP-1040-J-influenced behavior, Dr. Estevez suggested that the reason for the collision was in fact Dr. D looking at text messages on his cellular phone while driving through the Site- parking lot. However, evidence provided by leading experts on SCP-1040-J[3] suggests that the probability of such a sequence of events approaches zero.

Incident 1040-J-9212
Vehicle: 1965 [DATA EXPUNGED]
Driver: [DATA EXPUNGED]
Description: Subject 9212
, followed by Foundation researcher Dr. D.
.

Addendum to Incident 1040-J-9212. Level 4 and above only.

> **Special Instruction:** The remains of Dr. Derekson's Corvette are to be removed to Disposal Area 056-B and crushed. Also, if anyone knows of an area body shop that does quality work on vintage roadsters, I would appreciate the tip. — *O5-9*

Footnotes
1. Derekson, D.,An Insidious Contagion,Proc. SCP Fndn. 1998, 14(5), 65-67
2. Driven by Foundation researcher Dr. D. D
3. See Citation 1 above.

SCP-123-J: Amazing Butter-like Substance!

Item #: SCP-123-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Any instances of SCP-123-J are to be contained within the staff refrigerator at Site . Staff use is allowed; however, staff are warned that ingestion of SCP-123-J and subsequent information of its composition can result in shock, paranoia, and a healthier lifestyle.

If personnel come across an instance of SCP-123-J, they are to purchase it and preferably some instances of SCP-123-J-2.

Description: SCP-123-J-1 is a small plastic tub with the brand label “I Can't Believe It's Not Butter” on its cover. Investigation has been made into Becel company, creators of "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter"; however, no links to any occult organizations have been found.

Contained within SCP-123-J-1 is a compound of oils forming into an edible substance, designated SCP-123-J. When a subject spreads SCP-123-J on any grain product and ingests it, they report SCP-123-J to have a taste similar to butter. When informed that the substance is not organic butter, subjects typically report disbelief.

SCP-123-J melts when exposed to heat higher than room temperature. When left refrigerated SCP-123-J slowly solidifies into its original, spreadable state.

SCP-123-J was originally purchased by Agent C in a Safeway supermarket located in , Maryland. Upon ingesting it through the use of a SCP-123-J-2, the Agent handed SCP-123-J to Agent F , urging confirmation that the substance was butter. Agent F ingested the remaining portion of SCP-123-J-2 and alerted the Foundation. Although initially suspected of misinformation, Agents

C and F were later promoted.

Addendum 123-J-A:

Interview 123-J-A

Interviewed: D-6539

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: D-6539 had just ingested SCP-123-J after it was spread upon an instance of SCP-123-J-2

<Begin Log>

Dr. : How are you feeling?

D-6539: Like I have obtained my recommended amount of nutrients and vitamins, and all at a very low price!

Dr. : What if I told you SCP-123-J was not butter?

D-6539: Really? (Turns to Security Camera 1) I can't believe it's not butter!

Dr. : (Lets out small chuckle) That's right, SCP-123-J is actually composed of vegetable oils. Without the addition of all that pesky saturated fat you find in organic butter, you can trust SCP-123-J to deliver the flavor you're used to, but with a lower price and a healthier heart!

D-6539: Wow!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Although D-6539 was still sent in for month-end termination, he did so with the confidence that he had reduced his cholesterol intake to a healthy standard thanks to SCP-123-J.

SCP-006-J: WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING

Item #: SCP-006-J

Object Class: KETER OH GOD KILL IT

Special Containment Procedures: Any instances of SCP-006-J that are discovered by Foundation personnel are to be left the fuck alone. Personnel are to contact Mobile Task Force Alpha 21 "Husbands" in order to dispose of the instance of SCP-006-J in a humanitarian manner.[1] MTF Alpha 21 is to be provided with twelve (12) glass cups and twenty (20) slips of paper at all times.

Examination of any instance of SCP-006-J requires steady and careful movements. Any surprise of SCP-006-J may caOH SHIT IT'S ON YOUR FACE

Description: SCP-006-J is a collection of insectoid creatures that researchers agree are scary as balls. We're pretty sure it's memetic, but we're sure as hell not going near these things. I think I saw a stinger on one.

Discovery: I'm just walking through the hallway to my room, when I look in the corner and I see SCP-006-J- . And this thing has these gigantic fucking eyes. Just staring at me like "I'm gonna fucking eat you." And I just get the fuck out of there.

Addendum 006-J: *Guys, it isn't even that big, okay? Look, I'm going up to it and it hasn't attacked me yet.* - Dr.

Dr. has been promoted to Site Director. - O5-

Footnotes
1. Recommended actions are throwing the instance out of the window or outside. Disposing of the instance through any plumbing willnotbe tolerated. , IT'S STILL A LIVING CREATURE, DAMNIT!

SCP-009-J: Where Is It?

Item #: SCP-009-J

Object Class: Fun for ages 2 and up

Special Containment Procedures: This book belongs to ___aLFiə_JaCOBs_____.
A Foundation First Readers Book, © 2013 Dr. Wondertainment Press.

Description:

SCP-009-J is missing. Where has it gone?

Is it under the table?

Was it sat upon?

Is it there on the ceiling?

Is it under the rug?

Was it gobbled right up by a quantum pillbug?

Did it run through the tunnel?

Did it fall down the stairs?

Was it sent back in time to a carnival fair?

Did it get on a train to a far-away place?

Is it locked in a falsified beacon from space?

Did it fall in the oobleck and [DATA EXPUNGED]?

If it clogged up the sink, will it have to be plunged?

Just where has SCP-009-J gotten to?

Oh wait, that's right!

SCP-009-J is *you*!

SCP-1026-J: Mr. Somebody

Item #: SCP-1026-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1026-J is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell. Personnel tasked with studies of SCP-1026-J do not need specialized equipment, as SCP-1026-J is easily subdued when not cooperative. Personnel are recommended to avoid referring to SCP-1026-J by any name to avoid passive-aggressive verbal hostilities, and the potential for SCP-1026-J's aggression to cascade to SCP-118-J levels.

Description: SCP-1026-J is a vaguely humanoid entity with anomalous properties that appear to affect memories and information regarding its appearance. Its antimemetic properties manifest primarily around its preferred name, which is apparently impossible to remember. Subjects who converse with SCP-1026-J believe to know its name, and will often refer to it by this name in conversation, though this name is usually incorrect and often frustrates attempts to communicate with SCP-1026-J, as it will complain whenever someone gets its name wrong. Written and digitally recorded information regarding SCP-1026-J's specific appearance and name is usually corrupted or accidentally destroyed, making it as-of-yet impossible to complete a full description of SCP-1026-J.

Addendum 1:

Interview log 1026-J-1:

> **Dr. Dediscos:** Could you tell me your preferred name, for our records?
>
> **SCP-1026-J:** [DATA LOST]

Dr. Dediscos: Thank you, Bob. Now can you-

SCP-1026-J: No, it's not Bob, it's [DATA LOST]!

Dr. Dediscos: Alright, Larry. So, wh-

SCP-1026-J: For goddsake, my name is [indecipherable]! It's not even an unusual name!

Dr. Dediscos: Would you mind writing that down?

SCP-1026-J writes name on paper and hands it to Dr. Dediscos.

Dr. Dediscos: Oh. It's just [DATA EXPUNGED]? That *is* a pretty common name. Now, Fred, could you-

SCP-1026-J: OH FOR THE LOVE OF-

Endnote: *The paper SCP-1026-J's name had been written on was accidentally incinerated after it was mistakenly filed with documents set aside for destruction.*

Interview Log 1026-J-2:

Dr. Francis: It appears you've been uncooperative in interviews, SCP-1026-J. Would you care to explai-

SCP-1026-J: What? That's not even a name, it's just some numbers and letters! You guys aren't even trying!

Dr. Francis: Sir, I'm gonna need you to-

SCP-1026-J: Fine, if you people can't be bothered to remember a name like [DATA LOST], then just call me Dr. [REDACTED]! Maybe you people won't forget THAT one!

Dr. Francis: While a pseudonym like *Dr. [REDACTED]* might work in causal conversation, I'm afraid that I'm going to need your real name, SCPeter.

SCP-1026-J: What the hell is wrong with you people?

Addendum 2:

Testing log 1026-J-1:
Subject: Dr. Dedisco
Procedure: After interviewing SCP-1026-J, Dr. Dedisco was asked to describe SCP-1026-J's visual appearance to other researchers.

BEGIN LOG

Dr. Dedisco: "Well, he was standardish I guess. He had two legs, two arms, two hands…"

Dr. Waterstradt: "Two eyes?"

Dr. Dedisco: "No I don't think so. But he was pretty average looking. Two eyes, arms, legs."

Dr. Waterstradt: "You just said he didn't have two eyes."

Dr. Dedisco: "Oh, I think I meant ears."

Dr. Waterstradt: "How many ears does he have?"

Dr. Dedisco: "I think his hair was covering them."

Dr. Waterstradt: "So you don't think he had ears, but he had hair?"

Dr. Dedisco: "Probably."

Dr. Waterstradt: "Any distinguishing features?"

Dr. Dedisco: "He had a shirt on."

Dr. Waterstradt: "Did he have anything else on?"

Dr. Dedisco: "I'm pretty sure he had shoes on."

Dr. Waterstradt: "If SCP-1026-J was in a group of people, how would I find him?"

Dr. Dedisco: "Call his name?"

Dr. Waterstradt: "We've already established that that is not a viable option. Please, do you remember anything specific about what he looked like? Hair color, skin tone, anything."

Dr. Dedisco: "I think something was yellow. And his hair was maybe brown or something?"

Dr. Waterstradt: "And his skin tone?"

Dr. Dedisco: "It was a color…"

Addendum 3:

Incident Log 1026-J-01:

Several days after site evacuation due to a large scale containment breach, Junior Researcher Haley rediscovered SCP-1026-J after hearing loud calls of distress emanating from SCP-1026-J's holding cell. A remote audio feed recorded the following conversation:

Researcher Haley: Wait, guys, we have an SCP-1026-J?

Dr. Francis: Oh yeah, he's the-

SCP-1026-J: You forgot to feed me for FIVE DAYS! If you can't be bothered to remember my name, you could at least remember that I fucking EXIST!

Dr. Francis: Sorry Ralph, there was an emer-

The rest of the audio feed was comprised of indecipherable screaming.

SCP-1013-J: Tree Rats

SCP-1013-J-94588702 (“Miffy”), believed to be the world’s foremost authority of nuclear acorn technology. Note the modified solar collectors in the foreground.

Item #: SCP-1013-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Because of the sheer size and global distribution of SCP-1013-J, containment in the strictest sense is impossible. As such, containment of SCP-1013-J consists of constant monitoring of SCP-1013-J’s activities and suppressing information about the true nature of SCP-1013-J.

Any official contact with SCP-1013-J must be performed by members of Mobile Task Force Zeta-00 (“Fuzzbutts”); all other Foundation personnel are strongly advised to avoid interaction with members of SCP-1013-J. Current and former rosters of Zeta-00 are restricted to personnel with O5 clearance or equivalent.

Personnel who find that they have accidentally run over a member of SCP-1013-J with their vehicle should vacate the area as quickly as possible. Personnel are strongly advised to not attempt to run over members of SCP-1013-J on purpose, as the consequences may be catastrophic to the individual in question (see also Incident 1013-44).

Description: SCP-1013-J is composed of most (if not all) members of several species of genus *Sciuris*, mainly the eastern gray squirrel (*S. carolinensis*), the fox squirrel (*S. niger*), the red squirrel (*S. vulgaris*), and the western gray squirrel (*S. griseus*). Members of SCP-1013-J are significantly more intelligent than are widely believed, and are suspected to be carrying out a plan to take over the world from a vast underground/arboreal complex. Most details of this plan have yet to be uncovered; however, reconnaissance agents have reported widespread combat training with a variety of

weaponry and martial arts.

Agents C , S , and B from MTF Zeta-00 performing field observations of SCP-1013-J from a secure location.

Because of the ubiquitous presence of SCP-1013-J around human habitation, a dedicated Mobile Task Force, Zeta-00 ("Fuzzbutts"), has been established to provide reconnaissance of and, when necessary, a conduit for communication with SCP-1013-J. Membership in Zeta-00 is currently restricted to members of *Canis lupus familiaris* and *Felis catus*; proposals to expand membership of Zeta-00 to other species friendly to humans are currently under consideration.

Incident 1013-44, 03/15/1992: Billy Hoffman, 19, from Athens, GA, was found dead in his bedroom, bound with vines, with his mouth stuffed full of BBs. Cause of death was determined to be blood loss from hundreds of scratches and bites on his person. Neighbors told authorities that Hoffman's favorite pastime was shooting at squirrels with his BB gun. The Foundation was alerted to the unusual method of Hoffman's passing, and quickly established a link to SCP-1013-J.

Show Transcript of Interview Log 1013-7947

Interview Log 1013-7947

Interviewers: Agent R (**R**) and Agent O (**O**)
Interviewee: SCP-1013-J-24698535 (**S**)

R: Ahr! Ahrahrahr ahr ahr! Ahr ahrahrahrahrahr ahrahr ahr!

S: Ch! [shakes tail] Chchchch cheee-aaah! [shakes tail] Chch chch, chchchchchch cheee-aaah!

R: [jumps] Ahrahrahr! Ahrahrahrahr ahrahrahr, ahrahrahrahr! Ahr ahr ahr! Ahrahr!

O: Mrow.

S: [shakes tail] Chchchch, chchchch ch ch chch cheee-aaah! [darts up tree]

O: [yawns]

R: [wags tail]

Note: due to the tireless work of MTF Zeta-00, the water supply of Portland, OR, was spared.

SCP-173-J: The Original "The Sculpture"

Item #: SCP-173-J

Object Class: Euclid[12]

Special Containment Procedures: Item SCP-173-J is to be given a container to act as a central living area. As SCP-173-J is basically harmless, is to be permitted to move freely about Facility-17. The Site Director foresees no adverse consequences from this policy.

UPDATE: Following disastrous unforeseen consequences, new containment procedures are in development. See **Incident Log 8/17/92**.

Description: Contained in Facility-17, as of 1992[3]. Origin is as of yet unknown. It is constructed from concrete and rebar with traces of Krylon brand spray paint, as well as what appears to be state-fair-grade water-based face paint in a "cat face" pattern. SCP-173-J is animate and extremely playful. The object cannot move while within a direct line of sight. Object is reported to initiate interaction by standing uncomfortably close to subjects. Some personnel have reported low, asthmatic-sounding sniffling noises; these are presumed to be imaginary, or memetic, or something. SCP-173-J's primary motive seems to be seeking attention; for example, if SCP-173-J encounters a researcher working on a computer or reading a document, and the researcher blinks, the sculpture will stand on the object in an attempt to gain the researcher's focus. If SCP-173-J is in a room possessing a window, it will sometimes take hold of a researcher's head and move it to face the window. This has been construed as SCP-173-J earnestly requesting to play outside. The established procedure for handling these situations is to pat SCP-173-J in a friendly manner and say "Run along now, you little scamp."

Note that SCP-173-J's action occurs too quickly for subjects to respond; when at full speed, the object is capable of completing

three (3) shenanigans per second.

On 7/20/92, SCP-173-J appeared wearing a sombrero. The object entered a "fiesta state" in which, according to audio analysis, it produced and rapidly shook a pair of castanets while running in unoccupied rooms or hallways. The origin of this hat-based secondary phenomenon is unknown, but the Site Director determined that confiscating it or investigating the event in any other way would be, to quote the official directive, "interfering with forces beyond our comprehension". Facility-17 staff have reported in official transcripts that this phenomenon was "loads of fun" and "like Christmas, Cinco de Mayo, and Free Pretzel Day at the cafeteria put together". Any staff who attempt to induce a "fiesta state" in SCP-173-J will be assigned to toilet bowl duty.

Personnel report the sound of scraping stone originating from within the container when no one else is present inside and the object is not under video surveillance. Freelance stone-scraping analysts have determined that SCP-173-J is practicing the dance of its people. This is considered normal, and any change in this behavior should be reported to the acting HMCL supervisor on duty.

The thick, brown substance on the floor of SCP-173-J's dwelling is [DATA EXPUNGED]-O brand chocolate pudding. Origin of this material is unknown. The substance poses no apparent danger, and is allowed to accumulate freely. **UPDATE: SEE INCIDENT LOG 8/14/92.**

Incident Log 8/14/92:

> *Assistant Researcher Bramwell was assigned to inspect SCP-173-J for physical changes. Researchers Murphy and Nichols spoke to him using a two-way handheld communicator. The following is a transcript of the communication transmitted during the inspection.*
>
> **Bramwell**: Guys? This floor is really… really slippery.
>
> **Murphy**: Man, I bet.
>
> **Nichols**: No surprise there, it’s all puddingy.

Bramwell: No, I mean I don't think I can even get over to the sculpture. This stuff is a few inches deep.

Nichols: You mean "a few centimeters deep".

Murphy: This is probably going on the record. At least try to be professional.

Bramwell: [EXPLETIVE]! *[A collision is heard.]* It's in my eyes—Oh, [EXPLETIVE]!

Murphy: Didn't you hear what he just said? Watch your language, Doctor.

Bramwell: It's standing over me, just… just waiting, I think.

Nichols: It sounds like he's up for a pudding wrassle *[sic]*. It's okay, I'm pretty sure you can take him.

Bramwell: Oh, god, I just blinked and he's leaning toward me— *[A muffled scream can be heard.]*

Nichols: Don't worry about language. It'll probably just be taken out in the transcript.

Bramwell: It's on top of me! I can't see, and it's crushing my *[unintelligible]*

Murphy: It's just a pin, man, you can reverse it! Wait, they can do that?

Nichols: Sure. It's called redaction.

Bramwell: I can't! He must weigh *[gurgling cough]* four hundred (400) pounds!

Nichols: Nice clinical tone! You got this!

Murphy: Redaction, huh? [EXPLETIVE], that's fantastic. *[chuckles]* I said [EXPLETIVE]. Seriously, how have I not heard about this?

Nichols: They only just started doing it. It's actually encouraged, since it apparently makes the documentation more interesting and suspenseful if you leave out the scary or salacious bits.

Bramwell: I'm losing consciousness!

Murphy: Nichols, that's really nice of them. There might be children reading this.

Nichols: Sweep the leg!

Incident Log 8/17/92:

Following the recovery of Assistant Researcher Bramwell's body, it was determined that the storage container required a thorough cleaning to facilitate access to its resident. SCP-173-J was monitored carefully while high-pressure showers and a large drain grate were installed in the chamber. On 8/17, the following incident occurred.

02:00:40: The showers in SCP-173-J's chamber are activated. The pudding is scoured from the floor.

02:01:34: Researcher Murphy notes that the water-based face paint on SCP-173-J is also being washed away by the sprinklers.

02:05:18: The showers are turned off.

02:20:04: The video feed monitoring SCP-173-J deactivates and becomes unresponsive. The interior of the chamber is silent.

02:28:11: The HMCL supervisor is called.

02:31:46: The HMCL supervisor arrives, takes inventory of the situation, and shrugs.

02:31:52: The HMCL supervisor is fired.

02:33:07: Researchers Murphy and Nichols are assigned to investigate.

02:33:51: The two doctors enter the chamber. Researcher Nichols notes via two-way communicator that the floor near SCP-173-J appears to be tinged dark red. Dr. Nichols takes a sample of the coating and remarks with extreme surprise that it does not taste like pudding at all.

02:34:01: A song is heard faintly in the background.[4] Researcher Murphy remarks: “I think I have a text message.”

02:34:12: Dr. Nichols groans audibly. Dr. Murphy is heard remarking that the sender is most likely Kelly, who was previously speculating about breaking up with her boyfriend Mark. Dr. Murphy indicates an imperative need to discover whether such a procedure has been enacted, and if so, whether he can hit that on the rebound.

02:34:19: Dr. Nichols announces that he will maintain line of sight on SCP-173-J by closing one eye at a time. *[This never works.]*

02:34:26: A snapping sound is heard in the audio feed.

02:34:28: A second snapping sound is heard in the audio feed.

[REMAINING LOG EXPUNGED]

Following this event, SCP-173-J’s containment procedures are scheduled to be completely revised. The new procedures will stipulate that SCP-173-J be kept locked in his containment area, which will be cleaned by hand. Any implication that SCP-173-J's containment documents should be revised will be denied, as SCP-173-J represents the classic roots of the Foundation which persist no matter which direction the organization has taken in the meantime.

Before this revision was ordered, the Site Director requested that Foundation Senior Staff decommission SCP-173-J due to its new properties, as the staffers are, to quote the Director's requisition letter, "awesome and dreamy and wacky". However, the request was denied; all Senior Staff were too busy chatting with, seducing, wielding, playing practical jokes with, or riding to victory various SCP objects. The Site Director identified this setback as "disastrous to the safety and integrity of the Foundation, but **`exactly as hilarious as they think it is`**".

Footnotes
1. Following Incident 8/17/92, SCP-173-J's object class may have to be revised.
2. On 8/21/92, the action to which footnote 1 referred was made unnecessary, as the object class Euclid has been altered, and no longer refers to items with cat faces.
3. Spaces were not added to containment site names until 1995.
4. This is later determined to be an eight-second clip of "Rock You Like A Hurricane" by The Scorpions.

Document 050

"The Great Researcher Prank War of ' "

On 01/ /20 , During an attempted capture of SCP-963 by Chaos Insurgency agents, Dr. Bright made use of 963's intrinsic capabilities to make fools of the attempted kidnappers. When Bright returned to his office, he found a monkey statue waiting for him. His office had been tidied in his absence, and everything filed away, which came as something of a shock for the naturally messy Dr. Bright.

Upon further investigation, it was found that — despite the apparent tidiness of his office — all of his pens had been drained of all but the last bit of ink, and several important documents had been translated into Aramaic.

Dr. Bright immediately began the usual testing of this new SCP, but found himself going nowhere, until Dr. Rights, as payback for something unspecified, smeared his desk with one half of a compound epoxy, and applied the other half of the compound to his utensils. At this point, SCP-050 vanished from Dr. Bright's office, reappearing in Dr. Rights' office, whereupon 050 began the cleanup again.

After several tests, it became apparent that SCP-050 was easily contained, as long as no one outside the Foundation proved to be cleverer than the Foundation scientists. Of course, this led to many of the Foundation scientists seeking to claim the title of 'Most Clever' for themselves.

And thus began the "Great Researcher Prank War of ' ."

Memorandum 050-A: No good will come of this. — O5-

Entry 1: Bright -> English

Entry 1: Dr. English accesses **SCP-705**. 705 is allowed access to approximately one hundred pounds of similarly colored play dough. After several minutes 'conversation', the new army retreats to the ventilation shafts. No footage of Dr. Bright's room exists, but several hours later Dr. Bright stumbles out, covered in little red welts, and red play dough, swearing and muttering. SCP-050 transfers ownership to Dr. English.

Entry 2: English -> Isendorf

At 11:30 pm on / / , Agent Strelnikov is seen exiting his room in full rage, carrying a machine gun. Smoke pours from the open door of his quarters.

Senior Researcher Isendorf is later found to be in possession of 050, proving that a good enough prank will attract 050's attention no matter the target.

Entry 3: Isendorf -> Kondraki

At 10:25 am / / , Dr. Isendorf returned from a brief coffee break to discover a typed note sitting on his desk, rewritten here.

> Dr. Isendorf,
> It seems there was a problem with the Class-A Amnesiac you requested following your **SCP-231** assignment. Please hop on the next plane leaving from the site, and wait until someone comes and picks you up so that we can get this all sorted out.
> Cheers,
> O5-

Despite factual and stylistic errors in this note (inappropriately informal style, the fact that there is no Overseer 3.14), Dr. Isendorf apparently took the note

seriously and became highly distressed. Dr. Isendorf boarded the next airplane leaving Site-23, which turned out to be a regularly scheduled flight travelling to Site-19.

Dr. Isendorf apparently did not realize this until landing, at which point he still waited over eight hours outside the site, before a guard found him and asked him what he was doing. Dr. Isendorf soon confirmed that he had never been asigned to SCP-231, and quickly worked out what had happened.

SCP-050 was observed in the office of Dr. Kondraki later that same day.

Entry 4: Kondraki -> Kald

At 7:28 pm, / /2009, Dr. Kondraki was called away by Assistant Researcher Haus, under the pretense of a **SCP-173** containment breach. Security cameras recovered footage of the ensuing prank.

Upon returning to his office, Kondraki pauses briefly when he reaches his door. Moments later, he is seen backing slowly out of his office, keeping his eyes fixed on something inside.

It was later revealed that Dr. Kald had placed a replica of **SCP-173** in Kondraki's office, positioned in such a way that it faced the door, establishing "eye contact" with whoever might enter the room. Kondraki continued to retreat until slipping on a hitherto unnoticed puddle of cooking oil.

The replica of **SCP-173** (made of wire frame, papier mache and spray-paint) was relocated to Doctor Josef Kald's office, shortly followed by **SCP-050**.

Entry 5: Kald -> Yoric

Upon returning to his office on / /2009, Dr. Kald was surprised to find the statue replaced with a note, reading:

"I can't believe no one's thought of this!" The statue was later located in the staff locker of Agent Yoric, who had simply stolen it.

Entry 6: Yoric -> Kald

Statue returned to Kald. Yoric's living space in utter disarray. Agent Yoric is found unconscious, the words "TO BE EARNED" tattooed on his forehead through unknown means.

Entry 7: Kald -> Light

From / /2009 to / /2009, maintenance teams were called twenty-seven times to Dr. Kald's office while he was out, all having received orders to install, repair, or remove a piece of furniture from the office, apparently at random. Dr. Kald became increasingly paranoid about these intrusions, considering his possession of SCP-050, and at : of / /2009, decided to bring his paperwork and the SCP back to his quarters and work from there. Upon entering his quarters, Dr. Kald was doused by the contents of a bucket carefully balanced on the entrance's doorjamb.

Ownership of SCP-050 changes to Dr. Light.

Entry 8: Light -> Coleman

On / /2009, Dr. Coleman was seen pinning a notice to the breakroom notice board which read, "Due to the effects of SCP- all personnel who have received an amnesiac of any kind within the past six months are required to report to Dr. Light immediately." This was signed and notarised by no fewer than 17 members of O5 command and senior staff. After seeing this an email was immediately sent out retracting the information and causing mass panic among some of our more paranoid employees. After what can only be described as a "bum rush" on Dr. Light's newly refurbished office resulting in the destruction of many items contained within,

SCP-050 was found on Dr. Coleman's desk.

Entry 9: Coleman -> Okagawa

On / /2009, Dr. Coleman was called out of his quarters by an email from an unknown source. Five minutes later, security footage showed Dr. Okagawa entering Schumacher's quarters, carrying a bag with unknown contents, and leaving the room a few minutes later without the bag.

Upon returning, Coleman discovered a dead rodent which appeared to have been slathered in the secretions of **SCP-447**. Personnel in adjacent rooms reported hearing a stream of profanity, followed by a thud. Worried researchers found him passed out on the floor, while the slime was later identified as green gelatin from the kitchen, and the "dead rat" as a rubber toy.

SCP-050 was later found in Dr. Okagawa's office.

Entry 10: Okagawa -> Chepelskii

Video Log: / /2009, 12:34 PM. Dr. Okagawa leaves for the cafeteria (presumably for lunch/late breakfast). Researcher Chepelskii is seen entering Dr. Okagawa's office, carrying several testing vials and SCP- . Left the office five minutes later, closing the door behind him rather hurriedly.

Okagawa returns ten minutes later, opens the door, and is snagged by a large tentacle which pulls him into the office and shuts the door behind him.

A security team is dispatched to Okagawa's office, and discovers him entangled by a giant squid. The team is seen trying to neutralize the cephalopod and free Okagawa. The animal's remains were subsequently destroyed.

SCP-050 has been located in Researcher Chepelskii's

office.

Entry 11: Chepelskii -> Jones -> Chepelskii -> Jones -> Bright

Entry 11-1:

On / /2012 Researcher Chepelskii came into work at approximately 0800 and promptly received a pie in the face, courtesy of Project Director Jones.

SCP-050 was found on Project Director Jone's desk later that afternoon.

What? That wasn't original at all! -Dr. Bright

Entry 11-2:

On / /2012 Project Director Jones reported to his post researching SCP- . Upon entering the facility he was met by Researcher Chepelskii, who threw two pies at his face.

SCP-050 was found in Researcher Chepelskii's office ten minutes later.

Entry 11-3:

On / /2012 Chepelskii entered his office to find Project Director Jones waiting for him with three pies, which he promptly threw at the researcher's face.

SCP-050 appeared in Jones' workplace that evening.

Guys, I think we broke it. - Project Director Jones

Entry 11-4:

In the middle of the work day, Dr. Bright entered Jones' research lab with four pies, which he threw in his face. As he was leaving security footage records him saying "This better not fucking work!"

SCP-050 was on Dr. Bright's desk upon his return.

Notes:
God DAMMIT - Dr. Bright
Okay. No more fucking pies, alright? - Project Director Jones

Entry @#: Bright -> SCP-732

On / / 2012, an error occurred in the Foundation Main Database, reassigning System Technician Kent to a squad dea *#&@Stoping teh dred lord asaTofh!!1! ^)##*@*gside the cleaning crews. During the *!(*@seging of castul helfire^!(#*gnment, Joshua Kent was ordered to *! +=`~save th princes aShlye from the barron Blakstaf!!11! 2!{\@(*aw sewage, with several gallons of feces, *^3~_>,GOLD AND PLATINUM$9(=1#*on his head.

During the second half of the assignment, *!0&@Sir Ketn and his freinds the magikal night bob*!!* had to test several **%@# super majick wepons!)!$* despite the odor. During this time, a routine system sweep had found *a(@ $!barrel of pur AWESUMNESS@$%@* in the Database. Despite the numerous nearby systems that could have been infected, SCP*!)$@-1337 fout the dred lord on a volcanno!!1@(%** concerning System Technician Kent's assignment.

System Technician Kent was returned to Site 23 largely unharmed. SCP-050 was discovered sitting by a hard drive heavily infected with **SCP-732**, with the statue seeming to consider the virus its new "owner."

Entry 13: [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Entry 14: [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Entry 15: SCP-732 -> Light

On / /2012, Dr. Light connected the **SCP-732**-infected hard drive to a scanner, and asked 732 if it could produce "LOLCAT" images on request. Its response, presented in the form of an 8000-word erotic story featuring itself (in the form of a man named "Lord Kickass"), Dr. Light, and [REDACTED], was that with the help of SCP-050 it can do anything.

Dr. Light provided SCP-732 with scanned photographs of **SCP-577**, **SCP-529**, **SCP-607**, and two instantiations of **SCP-331**. SCP-732 produced 10 "LOLCAT" images for each photograph.

Dr. Light then provided SCP-732 with **SCP-637** in the form of a drawing by SCP-637-2. As a result of this, SCP-732 was rapidly overwritten with an estimated 63 GB of text describing SCP-637's actions and appearance; whether this information could have filled all available computer memory is unknown, as the last actions of the "Lord Kickass" instantiation were to induce total mechanical failure to its hard drive, accompanied by catastrophic uncontrolled oxidation.

SCP-050 was found in Dr. Light's office the next morning.

Note: SCP-637-2 reports that SCP-637 was not harmed by its venture into SCP-732, but that its fur was "really messed up".

Note: Other copies of SCP-732 seem unaffected by the suicide of "Lord Kickass".

SCP-049-J: The Plague Fellow

Item #: SCP-049-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-049-J is contained at Site-19 Site-101 Site-17 Site-81 Site-13 Special Restricted High Security Top Secret MK-Ultra Area Region Landmass 101.5 WFML near Richmond, VA. SCP-049-J is permitted to leave its holding cell only under supervision of two (2) (II) (两[1]) (dos) guards armed with AR-15 rifles and stun batons.

Due to olfactory concerns for staff assigned to SCP-049-J, the entity is no longer allowed to remove its mask.

Description: SCP-049-J is a humanoid entity wearing the period appropriate garb of a medieval plague doctor. Further analysis of SCP-049-J has revealed that under its robes, the entity is composed mostly of moss, wads of tissue, and other, smaller plague doctor masks. It is generally compliant with Foundation staff, but will sometimes lie and occasionally sweat profusely for no reason whatsoever.

During SCP-049-J's time in Foundation custody, it has continually claimed to be a powerful magical doctor wizard, capable of "curing" that which "ails mankind". To date, it has been unable to cure literally anything, and typically only exacerbates conditions considerably.

While this alone would not be enough for the Foundation to hold SCP-049-J indefinitely as an anomalous entity, it has also proven capable of somehow always evading capture and escaping from Foundation sites after its true lack of capabilities are revealed. Because of this, and because of staff's unwavering curiosity as to whether it has any of the self-proclaimed magical healing abilities it describes, SCP-049-J is to be housed and treated as an anomalous

entity.

Addendum 049-J.1: Interview

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **Dr. Baker:** Hello SCP-049-J, welcome to-
>
> **SCP-049-J:** I am a doctor.
>
> **Dr. Baker:** -uh, yes, I'm aware. We're just doing this as a-
>
> **SCP-049-J:** I have the cure.
>
> **Dr. Baker:** (*Pauses*) …yes, well, we'll get to that. First off, can you tell me your name?
>
> **SCP-049-J:** Yes hmm quite very well I have the cure good sir indubitably yes I am a doctor.
>
> **Dr. Baker:** …what?
>
> **SCP-049-J:** Bring me to the patient, I will heal them. (*Gestures with pointed doctor stick*)
>
> **Dr. Baker:** Jesus, watch- fuck, watch where you're swinging that.
>
> **SCP-049-J:** I am the cure.
>
> **Dr. Baker:** What in the world are you- ohh, I get it. You're sort of a moron, aren't you?
>
> **SCP-049-J:** No good sir I am most effective. I mean, my cure. I am the cure. Very effective. The most. Because I am a doctor.
>
> **Dr. Baker:** Right, we were going to look into that. Let's, uh- (*gestures for assistants*)
>
> *Two researchers wheel in a patient on a table.*

Dr. Baker: So this patient-

SCP-049-J: (*Sniff*) -has the pestilence yes mmmmmmm I can smell it.

Dr. Baker: …has a sore throat. We were wondering if you know of any cures to fix their ailments.

SCP-049-J: I… (*pauses*) yes, of course. I am a doctor after all. (*Subject begins to dig around in their doctor bag for some time.*)

Dr. Baker: Need any help over there?

SCP-049-J: NO! (*Muttering*) He is not the cure. I am the cure. (*Pauses*) Ah, yes. This will do the trick.

Dr. Baker: That is a shoe.

SCP-049-J: Yes.

Dr. Baker: That will heal this person?

SCP-049-J: It is the cure.

Dr. Baker: Alright, go ahead.

SCP-049-J proceeds to gesture dramatically over the patient before violently beating the patient's throat with a shoe.

Dr. Baker: Whoa, fuck! What are you doing? How is this supposed to help?

SCP-049-J: (*Shrieking incoherently*)

After a moment, the entity stops. The patient lies mutilated and dead on the tabletop.

Dr. Baker: …what the fuck was that?

SCP-049-J: (*Dramatic gesture*) Patient is healed.

Dr. Baker: What? No she's not! You just crushed her throat with a shoe!

SCP-049-J: No patient is very well now yes I am the cure.

Dr. Baker: Look at all this blood! Moral atrocities aside this is going to take hours to clean up! You just killed a person!

SCP-049-J: No they are cured yes watch (*Grabs the corner of the patient's mouth and begins to move it while speaking out of the corner of his own.*) Hello yes I am the patient good sir and I am cured most effective thank you doctor you did a good job you are the best doctor mmhmm mmhmm.

Dr. Baker: Now look here, I see your hand down there. I know that isn't the patient talking. What is this supposed to be?

SCP-049-J: (*Pauses*) Uh. (*Pauses*) Oh look, more pestilence over there. (*Points behind Dr. Baker*)

Dr. Baker: (*Turns to look*) What? Whe- oh for fucks sake he's gone again. God dammit.

Post incident video logs show SCP-049-J making a brisk escape through a side door. Additional footage gathered from a nearby town shows SCP-049-J stopping at a hardware store to pick up "a pointier wooden doctor stick".

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. During the development of SCP-049-Js containment procedures, while the two guards discussed whether 二 might be more appropriate than 两 for use in the documentation, SCP-049-J hastily climbed out a window and descended a fire escape.

SCP-4444-J: Disinformation Campaign: Operation Golden Origin

Item #: SCP-4444

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-4444 is to be confined to the forum site GAIA ONLINE, and to be maintained as a public disinformation campaign against enemies who would attack the Foundation. It is hoped that any enemies who attempt to attack the Foundation will use information gathered from this website instead of the canonical records, thus causing them to misunderstand our capabilities.

Description: SCP-4444 is a Gaia Online guild located at [REDACTED] The Guild appears to describe a bizarre parallel universe where things do not make sense and the very structure of the universe is turned upside down. Among other changes:

- D-Class personnel are considered important personnel.
- **SCP-682** is named Cain, and appears to have been conflated with **SCP-073**.
- **SCP-076**-2 is described as using guns.
- The Foundation is made up entirely of SCPs.

Foundation Personnel are requested to monitor this alternate universe and to list any additional discrepancies above.

Addendum: *You see! THIS is why I keep telling you never to trust humanoid SCPs!* - Dr. Clef.

Addendum 2: *Unauthorized Personnel are no longer to carry out personal investigations of SCP-4444.* - Dr. Clef.

See Also: Investigation Log of SCP-4444

Investigation Log of SCP-4444

by Dr. Clef

Entry 1

- - , : : - Accidental exposure of **SCP-447**'s slime to a dead body has caused one of its many unfortunate results. Having awoken in a world much like my own, I believed myself fortunate enough to have suffered only a minor concussion. However, I soon discovered, after attempting to use my PDA to log into Scip-Net, that my conclusions were false.

I appear to have been deposited into an alternate reality where the Foundation has failed in its mission, and the Special Containment Procedures artifacts now run rampant. What remains of the Foundation appears to be made up entirely of SCPs, some of which have clear analogues to those of my home dimension, some of which do not. Most of them, however, appear to be alternate versions of the SCPs that I know.

My objectives are threefold.

- First, to investigate and document the nature of the alternate universe.
- To determine whether the alternate universe poses a threat to our baseline reality, and to formulate a plan for later neutralization.
- To determine whether there are salvageable assets from the alternate universe for later retrieval.

I have a fourth objective. As of late, it has been the unfortunate tendency of the Foundation to treat humanoid SCPs as assets to be

coddled, or threats to be appeased, not as dangerous artifacts to be contained. As initial investigation into this universe would seem to indicate that this world's Foundation employs an unusually large number of SCPs, it is my belief that investigation of this alternate reality will shed light on the unavoidable consequences of, shall we say, letting the prisoners run the prison.

Oh yes. I suppose finding a way back to my home dimension would be important as well.

Entry 2

- - , : : - It has been many years since I last had to use my SCP Foundation survival manual. As suspected, the information within is rather inaccurate, or at best, elementary. Also as suspected, it does make wonderful toilet paper.

Note to self: Please contact O5- upon return to home dimension and ask that a more comprehensive and up-to-date survival manual be prepared.

Upon initial investigation, it appears that there are two major differences between this world and my home dimension.

- Humanity has failed to evolve noses.
- The SCPs have taken over the Foundation.

I am unsure whether these two facts are related or not.

As an example, please see the attached profile, apparently of an SCP Foundation Agent assigned to contain and guard against KTEs.

> Agent Designation: Agent-637
> Place of Agent Birth: New York, New York
> Agent age: Eighteen (18)
> Distinguishing abilities: His ability would be on the lines of time and space, otherwise known as Chronomancy. This unique ability allows Josh to manipulate, and even control time, to a certain extent. Of course, such a

> fascinating strength would have an extremely heavy toll on the casters body over an extended battle or use, holding the potential to even kill the caster after a certain extent. With this extreme power, he is able to slow time to allow time for Josh to maneuver safely around the opponent and prepare for a suitable attack.
> **Current assignment: Report to Agent Gemeni R17 for training and orientation.**

Aside from the obviously unclinical tone of the report, which would result in a severe reprimand from the preparer's superior, note that "Agent 637" appears to be a Euclid-Keter level SCP himself.

> Agent Designation (codename): Gemini R-1:7
> Place of Agent Birth: Bueno Vista, Colorado
> Agent age: 25
> Distinguishing abilities: Since his induction at the Foundation, this agent has shown such a wide variety of powers and abilities that it is unreasonable to list them here.
> Discovery of agent or notable successes in feild (A story of something your character has done to impress the Foundation): Agent has captured the third most powerful SCP we currently are studying, and has personally checked the escape of countless others. Truly the shining star of this company, it is predicted by many that he will rise to an Overseer rank, or at least granted equivelant command.
> Feilds of expertise: There are few things this Agent cannot handle.
> Current assignment: training of Agent 637 and general orders from Overseer One.

Something about this seems vaguely familiar.

In addition, the file photo appears to be a stylized image of a young man carrying a remarkably ornate sword… will attach the photo to my report.

Further investigation has determined that either the designation "D-Class" means something different here, or this world's Foundation is

in the habit of equipping dangerous convicts with lethal weaponry.

> Now displaying SiE *(Standard-Issue Equipment)*for all ranks.
>
> D-Class: One (1) 9mm semi-automatic pistol, eighty (80) rounds of 9mm ammunition (standard and tranquilizer), one (1) bulletproof flak jacket, one (1) uniform.
>
> Sceintist: One (1) tranquilizer dart gun, twelve (12) darts, one (1) labcoat and tools on request.
>
> Agent: One (1) 9mm handgun, one-hundred sixty rounds of 9mm ammunition, both lethal and tranquilizer. One (1) bulletproof flak jacket, one (1) uniform. More equipment available on request.

Again, this alternate universe's variant rules of spelling and grammar make it difficult to determine what the preparer was trying to say.

Investigation of their SCP files showed two entries identical to those of my home dimension, as well as the following:

> Item #: SCP-0246
>
> Object class: Keter
>
> SCP moniker: "Angel"
> Dangers, powers, and/or reasons for containment: A threat to any realm he's in given his fall from what he constantly refers to as Heaven. His psychic powers are beyond phenomenal, and he seems to posses the power to manipulate the light and all positive energy. His charisma is also a dangerous tool. Known to destroy minds, lives, and even civilizations.
>
> Special Containment procedures: Constant high-pitch frequency to keep him from being able to focus. Kinetic barrier WITHIN the walls (walls should be made of permacrete) to prevent possible psychic residue from flowing out. Specially created items in the corners of the rooms that feed off of mental energy to keep him from

building too much up. Lighting in room must be produced by blacklights protected in layers of kinetic steel (forces kinetic/psychic energy to bounce back). Monitors MUST know all pressure points from the neck up and know to use them upon entering the room for any reason. DOES NOT need food, but requires water. Gets water via IV feed in to both wrists that also pump him full of too much morphine to think.

Description: Seems to be very young, no more than 15. Very charismatic and kind at first glimpse, but wishes for nothing more than the destruction of everything related to 'sin', 'evil' and overall 'cruelty'. Is truly an angel of the Seraphim,(As discovered by our Faith team of advisors) but has taken in the thoughts of Lucifer, agreeing that superior beings like himself should not have to serve the inferior. Has become a 'Dark Nephilim'. Never fights with his hands, but instead uses his incredible psychic powers to ensure a quick and painful victory. Has many 'angelic powers', but hardly sees a reason to use them.A threat to any realm he's in given his fall from what he constantly refers to as Heaven. His psychic powers are beyond phenomenal, and he seems to posses the power to manipulate the light and all positive energy. His charisma is also a dangerous tool. Known to destroy minds, lives, and even civilizations.

Capture memo: Captured when a team mobilized by Feign managed to trick his mind reading, throwing him off guard. Feign was able to apply enough pressure to his temples that he could no longer think, and Feign locked in the pressure point. As added security, Feign's assistant locked in the pressure points on his neck. Finally, Feign shoved a pin between Setsumei's third and fourth vertebrae, rendering him immobile. After transfer, Feign unlocked the pressure points and removed the pin. Seems to have a deep resentment for not Feign, but something within him…

Photo or artistic render: (not required, but appreciated)

Attached underneath was a stylized rendering of what appears to be a young man with silver-white hair and red eyes. Will attach to my report.

> Add notes: SHOULD NEVER BE TRUSTED. But, he ONLY SPEAKS THE TRUTH. Religious individuals should not be allowed around him, and pressure points should always be locked in immediately after entering. If he still moves, pin should be placed back between third and fourth vertebrae. High-pitch sound should change frequency on a constant basis, thus not allowing him to get used to it. If he ever becomes free, he will not hesitate to use all powers.

Apparently the report's preparer had a stuck shift key and could not be bothered to fix it.

> 373
> Item #: 373
> Class Safe/euclid (Kept on Euclid floor)
>
> Containment procedures: To be kept in a large 'Cell' that is in fact a small home, similar to the one Foundation recovered her from, albeit with lack of internet access. Cameras hidden in all rooms. Mics hidden in all rooms. Food provided three times a day, with snacks if requested. Is allowed to roam the Base floor if attended by a D-class security detail.
> Description: A young girl recovered from a suburb. Family found dead from massive cranial trauma, cause from within. Found whimpering in a corner and taken in by agent [DATA EXPUNGED]

Again, we see the sloppy nature of the alternate Foundation's containment files: the format is completely different from the prior version, and this report contains no indication as to why the subject is even contained in the first place, or why the Foundation took interest in it as anything more than the unfortunate victim of a murderer.

In the interests of retrieving as much information as possible, I will

forego commentary and simply perform a direct data dump.

SCP Number: 099

Containment level: Safe

SCP moniker: "Blood witch"

Description: Subject is roughly twenty years of age, and attractive by standards of the D-class gaurding her.

Subject has the power to heal almost any wound so long as there is a 'blood contract'. The type of contract depends on the illness or injury that needs to be healed. She has been contained for protection.
Containment procedures: To be kept in a moderatly furnuished room, With a bed, reading materials, and television. Two lightly armed D-class by ythe locked vault door as a just in case measure.

SCP Number: SCP-880

SCP moniker: "Shade"
Dangers, powers, and/or reasons for containment: Has complete manipulation of any shadow within her sight. Can pull shadows to her and manipulate then into different shapes and sizes, and even turn them 3-dimensional. On occasion she will solidify the shadows into a dark glassy material that is as strong as a diamond (Note: Attempts to collect material so far have met with very limited success.), or light purple crystal like material that is not as hard (note that the latter is more common and is usually spur of the moment). When under a lot of stress or in danger, shadows will start to take on shapes of monstrosities and start to act as if to protect her, taking on a will of their own almost. Has been known or seen to use shadows to escape from time to time (usually referred to as shadow travel) However this only works if she’s visited the place before, and if there is a shadow present in said place. This “shadow travel” usually leaves her exhausted, and depending on

distance traveled, unconscious for a while. Subject seems to have extremely short temper and does not like being confined to small areas, and has made several escape attempts, even going as far as taking someone hostage by controlling their shadow.

Containment procedures: Must be either kept in a brightly lit room with absolutely no shadows, or kept blindfolded in some way. Also, note that she takes what ever chance she gets at escaping, so some physical restraint must be employed if doors are opened/ unlocked.

Description: Female of medium build, not outstandingly strong physically, but very quick reflexes. Appears to be between 18-20 in age. Hair is short and black, eyes are dark as well (color, if any, has yet to be determined). Can be very cunning in talking her way out of restraints, or acting as if she is asleep or sick. Has come up with a number of ways to trick and fool guards. (Note: Use of only asexual/deaf/blind gaurds has been permitted by Hedge in an attempt to stop 'Those damn idiots from letting the witch out. Again.')

Has complete manipulation of any shadow within her sight. Can pull shadows to her and manipulate then into different shapes and sizes, and even turn them 3-dimensional. On occasion she will solidify the shadows into a dark glassy material that is as strong as a diamond (Note: Attempts to collect material so far have met with very limited success.), or light purple crystal like material that is not as hard (note that the latter is more common and is usually spur of the moment). When under a lot of stress or in danger, shadows will start to take on shapes of monstrosities and start to act as if to protect her, taking on a will of their own almost. Has been known or seen to use shadows to escape from time to time (usually referred to as shadow travel) However this only works if she’s visited the place before, and if there is a shadow present in said place. This “shadow travel”

usually leaves her exhausted, and depending on distance traveled, unconscious for a while. Subject seems to have extremely short temper and does not like being confined to small areas, and has made several escape attempts, even going as far as taking someone hostage by controlling their shadow. (Klien has noted that all gaurds are to carry very powerful flashlights for this reason.)

Photo or artistic render:

Add notes: The necklace she wears is NOT to be removed for any reason! Last known attempt at this caused subject to become irate and even with being blindfolded, whatever shadows were present seemed to react to the situation

Note to self: the alternate Foundation appears to be remarkably lax in photographic documentation of their subjects. So far, out of four humanoid SCP files, three of them used stylized artistic renders instead of actual photographs.

The personnel files of their science staff are not much better.

Personell name: Rozalin Porter
Age:23
Place of birth: Las Vegas, Nevada
Specialty: Magnetism. Rozalin has proved her usefulness to the Foundation with use of her magnetic manipulation ability and finding a free-power source to run most cells.

Again, an SCP is being listed as a science personnel with little to no indication as to a security briefing on whether or not said SCP is authorized and cleared to work on sensitive information.

The D-Class Personnel files, however, were the most appalling.

D-class

Personell name: Lucian De'Lasoul

Age: 32
Place of birth: Munich, Germany (No accent present)
Crime: (unless D-class is voluntary, most are recruited from death row, for obvious reasons) Manslaughter on several accounts. Was souly responsible for the deaths of more than one hundred individuals, each taking place within taverns specifically.
Powers: 6th sense to see/feel anything on the incorporeal, Astral and intangible realms. Enhanced vision allowing him to see in a full 180* span via incredible peripheral vision. Enhanced reflexes (above normal human olympic gold medalist capacity) and god-like reflexes, such as dodging, running and jumping. Has NEVER missed his mark. Uses specially made guns, when allowed. Shoes no emotion short of joy, especially in battle.. Can regenerate puncture wounds like a vampire; vital wounds requite attention. He can think of a bullet and it's components and create a clip, or rocket, or shells, for the proper gun to fire them. This ability is as instantaneous as actually loading the gun. Mentioned rounds are common rounds, used until expunged as a resource.

Requests:
One (1) Smith & Wesson 700 Nitro Magnum w/ .700 AP (Armor Piercing) explosive rounds. Meant for an situation. (Signature Gun) [Approved]

One (1) .454 Casull w/ .454 Casull Rounds (Twice as powerful as a 44 Magnum) customized to 13mm explosive steel rounds alloyed with silver nitrate from various crosses. Meant for situations involving dark beings; an EXACT model used by Kain. [Approved]

Pair of (2) Aleks Tactical Armor. (Worn under clothes) [Approved]

One (1) Panzerfaust 3-IT600 (Pzf 3-IT600) w/ Panzerfaust 60/100+ rockets. (Anti-tank AND aircraft weapon) [Approved]

One (1) M-93 Black Arrow sniper rifle w/ .50BMG silenced explosive rounds AND metal rods tipped with toxins (assassinations; quick jobs) [Approved]

One (1) Remington 870 shotgun w/ 457mm toxic shrapnel rounds [Approved]

-One bed (full; boxpspring, frame and mattress) with one sheet and one blanket, as well as two fluffy pillows. (Comfort allows maximum proficiency) [Approved]

-One bookcase able to store 100+ books of textbook stature (research allows better guns, ammo, and overall tact) [Approved]

-One trophy case (trophies remind him he CAN succeed) [Approved]

-A single window as not to lose sanity [Approved]

-Bathroom w/ toilet and standing shower [Approved]

-Dresser [Approved]

-Gunracks for each gun [Approved]

-Minifridge for Captain Morgan's [Approved]

-One TV w/ basic cable and western movies [Approved]

-Framed newspaper depicting his crimes [Approved]

CURRENTLY ASSIGNED TO:Pandora Unit

I don't believe I need to say anything more aside from the fact that this universe's Foundation must be suicidal to provide an expendable personnel culled from the ranks of condemned criminals with rocket launchers and liquor.

Entry 3

- - , : : - I have made contact with a fellow traveler: Dr. Kondraki, from back home! Apparently I am not the only one who fell through the rift into this bizarro dimension.

An excerpt from the recovered logs has been brought to my attention by Dr. Kondraki during his own investigation.

> *08:10* - Dr. Klien led the girl to a small door, then led her inside. It was a monitoring station.
>
> **Dr. Klien:** Look in there.
>
> [Logs show that containment held a huge humanoid reptile, roaring and slamming against the walls and the window.]
>
> **Dr. Klien:** He calls himself Cain. Were he to escape, the casualties would number in the hundreds, and hundreds times that when he reaches a population center.

Apparently the Foundation has either regressed to the point where they confused **SCP-076** with **SCP-682**, or their version of Cain ate 682… or worse.

Upon further investigation, I have found other fascinating discrepancies in the action logs.

> "Fine. Allow me to demonstrate." Abel reached into a black portal and drew out what seemed to be a six-shooter revolver. He fired at the person sitting in the chair. The bullet did not hit the wall, nor the peson. It simply vanished, centimeters from his skull.
>
> "You see, my good sharpshooter, you are right. While accuracy and power are both vital, so ios knowing that your guns cannot kill everything. The man killed twenty well-armed men until the living five overpowered him in hand to hand combat."

Thank god that our world's Abel never managed to manifest guns… Not that SCP-076-2 needed guns to be a holy terror.

> Abel groaned as he rose in the grassy feild. His limbs were broken and horrifically mutilated, with long gashes and bones that stuck out gorily. he rolled his eyes as he set them back into place, watching the wounds heal with satisfaction. His healingt attribute was magnified by the severity of the wound, soi as not to waste energy. Because he'd held onto them, the others were luckily close by. Shade lay beside him, as she was tucked under his arm. Lucien was stuck in a tree, and he found Roizalin nearby, with hundreds of bits of metal. Obviously both of the ladsies had reflexively sheilded themselves from impact.
>
> He collected eveyone and set them up against a tree, sitting down and cleaning his older blades to pass the time as he waited for them to wake and he formed battle plans.
>
> … just in case. After an explosion that huge, there was no telling what had been uinleashed on the world. Obviously, he was the frontman, the one to take point. His greatest strength was his attacking power and durability. As for Lucien… He would remain rear support and artillary. He also had a very sharp mind. Perhaps he could find weaknesses even his own intellect couldn't pinpoint. As for Shade and Rozalin, they were unknown factors. He had no idea what degree either had.

On the other hand, this world's Abel seems less psychotic than ours.

> "Annihalated." he said simplky, in the cold manner he always did. "Dumbass Overseer destroyed it with a portal storm. He should have known better than to tamper with things like that." he said. "We haven't been properly introduced." he said. "My name is Abel. You already know my subordinate…" he pointed at the man who had irrationally managed to keep his wide hat. "Lucien." he looked around, inhaling the air. "Ah, Iceland. We were lucky. However…" he looked at her in the eyes, revealing a soft glow in the back of his own. "The world is incredibly dangerous rtight now. Everything that was in

Site One is free now.

The alternate dimension's new rules of grammar and spelling continue to elude me, as well as my confusion over the destruction of site 1. Standard foundation procedures state that Site destruction shall be carried out by nuclear device…

Wait a minute.

Good GOD.

This is Dr. Alto Clef reporting a possible dimensional breach in progress! If the released SCPs find the portal into our world, there is no knowing what manner of horrible things they could unleash!

Entry 4

In the interests of attempting to prevent an interdimensional war, I will now more closely monitor their version of the Foundation during an event in progress.

SCP-8851-J: Super Cheap Procedures

Item #: SCP-8851-J

Object Class: Problematic

Special Containment Procedures: The Foundation is to seek money and resources from any and all possible sources. Foundation members are to beg the Humanity Preservation Association for further funding through mail, e-mails, real life harassment, phone calls, telegrams, and anomalous voodoo dolls.

To provide the Foundation with sufficient wealth, lemonade stands are to be opened near Foundation sites and misleading crowdfunding pages are to be created and advertised on the internet.

The Foundation is to use low cost containment procedures and minimize its spending on the preservation of Safe SCPs. Under extreme financial restraints, the Foundation is to sell one or multiple SCPs to other Groups of Interest.

Description: SCP-8851-J is a 95% budgetary cut from the Humanity Preservation Association following Incident- -Y. To compensate for the conditions imposed by the Association, the Foundation resorted to replace all previous containment procedures with cost effective methods:

- All lead and titanium-based products were replaced with aluminum foil.
- Automatic doors were replaced with wooden doors. All personnel are now required to make mandatory "whoosh" noises whenever one is opened.
- D-Class personnel were replaced with human-shaped cardboard cut-outs.

- All cameras were sold and replaced with copies of Nokia 3310 cellphones.
- **SCP-2237** was replaced with simulations from the video game Kerbal Space Program.
- All amnestics were replaced with beer and vodka.
- **SCP-3000** was killed and sold as sushi.
- **SCP-106**'s containment chamber was replaced with a cardboard box. Signs spelling: "DONT GET OUT YA BASTARD" were plastered on each side of its interior.
- **SCP-2000** was abandoned and replaced with a sperm donation bank.
- The hydrochloric acid within **SCP-682**'s containment chamber was replaced with lemon juice.

Update-1: Following 282 containment breaches within the same week, the Humanity Preservation Association removed all funding and sold the Foundation to Facebook for $20.

Addendum-A: Several organizations were hit by phenomena similar to SCP-8851-J, including:

- Multiverse Protection Society, dissolved.
- Physics Maintenance Assembly, turned into a fast-food chain.
- Demon and Hellspawn Destruction Agency, sold to Disney.
- Bureau of Bureaucracy (also known as BoB), 180% budget increase.

More methods to contact and harass the Humanity Preservation Association are being developed.

SPC-1057: Absence Of Punchable Shark

Item #: SPC-1057

Shark Punching Contingencies: SPC-1057 is to remain in the Lap Pool at Recreation Center 23 until a method of transfer to a smaller, private tank has been devised. In the interim, the Lap Pool is to be closed, and members redirected to Recreation Center 22 for aquatic training.

Description: SPC-1057 refers to an animate empty space in the shape of a tiger shark. It has no solid physical components, but is capable of displacing water through an unknown mechanism. While no one has observed SPC-1057 consuming food, early punching attempts show that it is capable of biting hands (See Acquisition Log). It is conjectured that SPC-1057 is remarkably smug about this.

Despite a lack of selachian anatomy, the SPC Athletic Counsel has voted to designate SPC-1057 as a standard selachian threat. The Counsel's comments are below:

> *While some may argue that SPC-1057 is literally a lack of a shark, we have decided that this does fall in of line with the central mission of the SPC. It looks like a shark. It bites like a shark. Most surely it can be punched like a shark. We will continue our innovations in Fist Integrated Stimulation Technology until SPC-1057 receives the right hook it deserves.*
> *- SPC Counsel Member Amy Tulls*

Aquisition: SPC-1057 was discovered within the Lap Pool at Recreation Center 23. Two SPC personnel were killed, and fourteen were injured during various attempts to punch SPC-1057. Unfortunately, all such attempts failed, due to the lack of physical shark within the pool. During further examination of the Recreation Center bulletin boards, Document 1057-S24 was located.

Document 1057-S24:

Try to punch this.

P.S. Fuck you.

Are We PETA Yet?

SCP-496-J: Dr. Margaret Sawyer-Sheen

Item #: SCP-496

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-496 is only contained for her own protection, she is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell at Site 19 which has been renovated to match regular senior staff member housing. SCP-496 may not leave the site, but should be provided with anything she needs for her research or personal use upon request.

Description: SCP-496, who is to be addressed as Senior Researcher Dr. Margaret Sawyer-Sheen, is a 21-year old Caucasian female with deep purple-violet eyes and silver (not gray) hair with gold (not blonde) streaks. She graduated from Harvard University at the age of 17 and at the head of her class, and holds a Ph.D in Medicine, Applied Physics, and Biology. She has two small, atrophied protrusions on her back (approximately 40 cm in length when extended) resembling dove wings with pure white feathers. She is unable to move these "wings" and is not sure how they came to be, other than they appeared on her 16th birthday. Despite not being completely human, she has been unanimously voted as the most beautiful researcher at Site 19 by staff.

Dr. Sawyer-Sheen was voluntarily contained by the Foundation in 2008 after learning about the Foundation through the Internet and determining that turning herself in was the right thing to do. She was initially turned down, but was able to convince the undercover agents that letting her in would be for the greater good. Upon being accepted by the Foundation, she worked extra hard to prove that she could be a valuable addition to the Foundation research team, and became a Senior Researcher by the age of 20.

Margaret is the head of the medical research department of Site 19, where she develops new medicines and tools to improve the lives

and health of agents and researchers stationed there. She has been described as "caring" and "kind" and is often requested by name by injured personnel, which takes up most of her time but she doesn't mind. She prefers to be called "Maggie", and will get upset if referred to as SCP-496. Dr. Sawyer-Sheen also has unrestricted access to **SCP-500** and **SCP-914** for the purpose of research and development, as the O5 Council has determined that she is more than responsible enough to make proper use of them.

At her request, Dr. Sawyer-Sheen's salary is to be donated to the Humane Society and International Red Cross as she doesn't need it.

Addendum 496-1: Incident 496-07-11

> Dr. Sawyer-Sheen has been reprimanded for unprofessional conduct for being engaged in a romantic relationship with Dr. Alto Clef. We will not condone this kind of behavior at the Foundation, and the two are to be separated immediately.
>
> Dr. Jack Bright
> Site Director, Site 19

Addendum 496-2: Senior Staff Notation

> Bright, you bastard, don't think I don't know what you're doing. My relationship with Maggie may be non-sexual since we aren't married yet, but we love each other and I won't let you come between us. If you think you can get away with this, just you wait! This means **war**!
>
> Dr. Alto Clef
> Senior Researcher

Addendum 496-3: Incident 496-07-14

> After a lot of fighting, tears, and a dramatic confession set against a beautiful sunset, Drs. Bright and Clef have agreed that Dr. Sawyer-Sheen is to be Dr. Clef's girlfriend, but Dr. Bright can still hang out with her once a week but only as a friend.

Dr. Agatha Rights
Senior Researcher

Addendum 496-4: Researcher Note

It's absolutely stupid to suggest that I don't feel anything for women. I just had to save myself for the perfect woman by pushing everyone else away.

Dr. Alto Clef
Senior Researcher

Addendum 496-5: Researcher Note

No, I don't want another number. 496 is a **`perfect number`** and I like it.

Dr. Margaret Sawyer-Sheen
Senior Researcher

SCP-048-J: Negative Probability Phrase

Item #: SCP-048-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its prevalence in public society, no method has proven effective in fully containing SCP-048-J. Rumors are to be disseminated to the public that the use of SCP-048-J is "bad luck" to discourage the continuation of its use. This is to be accomplished through word of mouth and by representing SCP-048-J in a negative light in mass media. All Foundation employees are to be alerted to the true nature of SCP-048-J, and requested to minimize or fully cease its use in their speech and writing.

Description: SCP-048-J is a set of anomalous phrases which, when spoken or written, will cause a manipulation of probability in the user's vicinity. These shifts in probability are universally detrimental to the user or the the completion of the user's objectives, and to any factors or individuals that may have been directly beneficial to the user. SCP-048-J consists primarily of the phrase "T c ' g a w " but variations of this phrase also seem to activate SCP-048-J's probability manipulation effect.

Addendum 1: *Example of SCP-048-J's use. Audio sample from the Site- containment breach on / / .*

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Agent Leon Red:** [panting] Are they still behind us?
>
> **Agent Paulus Shirt:** No, I-I think we outran them.
>
> **Agent Red:** Nasty little buggers, aren't they?
>
> **Agent Shirt:** Yeah, I don't think they'll find us in here

though.

Agent Red: Aw, who are you kidding? If they don't find us, something worse will. We're good as dead already unless the reinforcements get here in time.

Agent Shirt: Come on. Okay, so maybe we're stuck in the middle of a containment breach. And maybe we won't make it out. And maybe we're cut off from everyone else on the site. But look on the bright side! At least [SCP-048-J]

Agent Red: No! You idiot! You're never supposed to say-

Site- Automated Announcement System:
ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL. **SCP-008** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. **SCP-096** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. **SCP-106** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. **SCP-173** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. **SCP-682** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. **SCP-2317** HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT. [DATA EXPUNGED] HAS BREACHED CONTAINMENT.

Agent Red: You just *had* to say it, didn't you?

Agent Shirt: You don't honestly think that that happened because I said "[SCP-048-J]"

[DATA EXPUNGED]: ***Found you.***

Agents Red and Shirt:
AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: In the ensuing containment breach, Site- was destroyed, a total of anomalies breached containment, and all , , , on-site personnel were killed. Agent Paulus Shirt has been issued a posthumous

reprimand.

Addendum 2: *Log from the Area- break room.*

<Begin Log>

Junior Researcher Joseph Shmoe: Morning .

Security Agent Wolf: Hey Joe, how's your morning been?

Junior Researcher Shmoe: Not too good. The wife just filed for divorce.

Agent Wolf: Hm. Sorry to hear that.

Junior Researcher Shmoe: Yeah, and that's on top of a bunch of other stuff. This day literally can't get an- [At this point in the recording Junior Researcher Shmoe has his head shot off by Agent Wolf.]

Agent Wolf: Don't you *ever* say that!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Agent Wolf has been awarded the Foundation Gold Star for bravery in the face of danger and for averting the containment breach of SCP-048-J. Research into Junior Researcher Shmoe's past revealed that he was, in fact, a sleeper agent for the Chaos Insurgency who was meant to sabotage Foundation operations using SCP-048-J.

Addendum 3: On / / , a second form of SCP-048-J was discovered and designated SCP-048-J-2. SCP-048-J-2 consists of the phrase "W c p g w ?" When spoken by an individual involved in an experiment or project involving an SCP object, it will invariably cause the failure of the endeavor and large-scale collateral damage, often with far-reaching consequences. The negative effects of SCP-048-J-2 appear to be multiplied exponentially if the user has been previously advised against carrying out the endeavor.

SCP-333-J: Skippy's Corner Pub

Item #: SCP-333-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-333-J has been purchased from the owner through a front corporation and staffed with agents and researchers, who will keep detailed records of all anomalous events happening within SCP-333-J. **Due to the high volume of transfer requests, no further agents will be stationed at SCP-333-J until further notice.**

Description: SCP-333-J is a bar called Skippy's Corner Pub, located ten miles west of , . Periodically, persons of various backgrounds and professions will be drawn into the bar to interact with either bar staff, patrons, or one another. Occasionally, various animals and objects have manifested to assist in these interactions. There seems to be no observable correlation between those affected to date, and the majority of affected persons have shown no ill effects due to exposure to SCP-333-J following their interaction with its effect.

The following log is a record of various interactions observed within SCP-333-J. Researchers are encouraged to investigate further and add their own findings.

Research Log 333-J

Date: - -

A man walks into the bar with a metal box under one arm and a duck under the other. The man walks up to the bar and says to the bartender, "If you give me a free bottle of beer I'll show you my dancing duck". The barman is surprised, but gives the guy a Bud and asks the bloke to

show him the duck dancing. So the guy puts the metal box on the bar, and stands the duck on top of it. A few seconds later the duck starts to jump around, as if he's doing an Irish jig.

Everyone in the bar is now watching this duck dancing, and the barman offers the guy $50 for the duck and the box. The bloke accepts, and the pub is filled day and night for 3 days with people watching the amazing dancing duck.

So 3 days after he sold the barman the duck, the guy walks back in to the pub and sees his duck dancing on the box on top of the bar.

The barman sees the guy and offers him a bottle of Bud on the house. As he gives the guy the Bud, the barman asks, "Could you tell me how you stop the duck from dancing on top of the box?"

The man replies, "Oh that's easy, you just take the hot coals out."

Notes: *What a ducking travesty.* -Agent

Date: - -

A pony walks into the bar and says, "Bartender, may I have a drink?"

Bartender says, "What? I can't hear you. Speak up!"

"May I please have a drink?"

"What? You have to speak up!"

"Could I please have a drink?"

"Now listen, if you don't speak up I will not serve you."

"I'm sorry, I'm just a little hoarse."

Notes: *Obviously, it was a shetland punny.* -Agent

Date: - -

A blind man walks into the bar with a seeing-eye dog. When the blind man reaches the center of the bar, he snatches the dog up by his collar and starts swinging him around and around.

The bartender speaks up and says, "Hey, what the hell are you doing?"

The blind man says, "Just taking a look around."

Notes: *An insufferable booze hound.* -Agent

Date: - -

A guy walks into the bar and sees a dog lying in the corner licking his balls. He turns to the bartender and says, "Boy, I wish I could do that."

The Bartender replies, "You'd better try petting him first."

Notes: *I got nuttin' for that.* -Agent

Date: - -

A guy walks into the bar with a newt on his shoulder and orders a drink.

The Bartender says, "Nice pet, what's his name?"
"His name is Tiny," the man replies.

"Why do you call him that?"

"Because, he's my newt."

Notes: … Agent
Notes: *Okay. That one's a little funny.* Agent

Date: - -

An elderly man and woman enter the bar and ask the bartender for their usual drinks.

The bartender serves them, speaking to the man, "Mr. Johnson, it's been awhile since we saw you last, how are you and your wife doing? We were worried about you, the last time you came in you didn't seem to recognize or remember anyone."

The elderly gentleman responds, "Well, you know how it is when you start getting up in years… but I've been seeing a fantastic memory therapist. She's taught me some mental exercises that have helped me to remember all the important things in life."

The bartender says, "That's great! What's the therapist's name?"

The elderly gentleman looks confused before snapping his fingers, "What's that flower? The red one with thorns on its stem?"

The bartender answers, "A rose?"

"Yes, that's it," the older man smiles before turning to his wife, "Rose, what's the name of that therapist I've been seeing?"

Date: - -

A man walks into the bar. He has a seat, and the surly

bartender stomps over and rudely asks the man what he wants. "Actually I don't want a drink", says the man. "I want to make a bet. I bet you fifty dollars I can lick my left eye." Confused, but knowing the improbability, the bartender says, "You're on!" The man proceeds to remove his glass eye and lick it. Angry but admitting defeat, the bartender pays him.

"I'd like to make another bet," says the man. "I bet $100 I can bite my right eye." Knowing he couldn't possibly have two glass eyes, and wanting to win his money back, the bartender agrees. The man takes out his false teeth, then uses them to bite the other eye. Now really angry, the bartender gives him $100. The man then leaves the bartender alone and walks around the bar chatting it up and drinking with the other patrons.

They all talk, drink, and share a huge laugh while the bartender stews about his lost money. The man staggers back and says, "Tell ya what, I'll bet you all the money I won, but DOUBLE, that I can pee in that shot glass from here without spilling a drop!" The bartender looks at the shot glass, which is a good 10 feet away, and knows for a FACT this cannot be done. He boldly replies, "Double? $300 and not a single drop outside the glass? You have a bet!"

The man positions himself on the bar, unzips, then begins to urinate. The urine goes all over the bar, the counter, even the bartender himself. The bartender laughs and says, "All right, you lost fair and square, now pay up!" Calmly, the man pulls out $300 and hands it to the bartender. He goes around the bar talking to the patrons again, and comes back looking joyful. The bartender asks, "Why are YOU so happy? You just lost $300!"

"Because I bet everyone else here $100 each that I could piss all over your bar, on your counter, even on you, and you wouldn't get mad."

Notes: *Next time something like this happens I'm intervening.* Agent
Notes: *Go for it. Better they piss on you than me.* -Agent

Date: - -

A monkey, a vampire, and a dozen soldiers walk into a bar. The monkey says, "What is this, some kind of joke?"

Notes: *I don't get it.* -Agent
Notes: *Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to request the use of* ***SCP-076-2*** *or Mobile Task Force Omega-7 for testing test SCP-333-J under any circumstances. Furthermore, Dr. Bright is no longer allowed to refer to SCP-076-2 as a "vampire" in his reports.*

Date: - -

A man walks into the bar and pulls from his jacket a tiny man and an equally tiny piano. The tiny man plays the piano perfectly, to the amusement of the crowd. The bartender asks the man how he got him.

The man shows the bartender a magic lamp and offers to sell it for one hundred dollars to which the bartender agrees. A genie appears from the lamp and offers one wish. The bartender asks for "a million bucks".

Moments later, the entire bar is filled with an insane number of ducks. After the bar is evacuated, the bartender tells the man, "Dammit, I asked for a million bucks! Not ducks! Bucks!"

The man says, "Tell me about it. Do you really think I asked for a twelve inch pianist?"

Notes: *Damn right. What am I supposed to do with this room full of gorgeous snowmen?* -Agent

Notes: *The location of both lamp and genie after destruction of the megaflock could not be determined. Provisional designation SCP- has been made, pending retrieval.*

Date: - -

A priest, a rabbi, and a humpback whale walk into the bar. After a few minutes, they've got the bartender's attention and are ready to get their drinks. The bartender asks them, "What'll you have?"

The priest says, "Well, I've accepted Jesus Christ as my lord and savior, so I'll have some sacramental wine."

The bartender serves him his drink and then looks to the rabbi and asks him what he'll have.

"Well," the rabbi orders, "I believe that our messiah has not yet comes, so I'd like a glass of your finest manischewitz."

The bartender nods and then, finally, looks at the humpback whale. "And what about you, big guy?" he asks with a friendly smile.

And the whale says,
"OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO~!"

Notes: *So I served him Seagram's.* -Agent
Notes: *In retrospect, we should have noticed something was up as soon as a whale walked into the bar.* Agent

---

Date: - -

Man walks into the bar.

Notes: *Medic team arrives approximately after incident. Male treated for concussion.*

Notes: *Why was that bar hanging at head height?* -Agent
Notes: *We've sure lowered the bar around here.* -Agent

Notes: *He'll never pass the bar that way.* -Agent
Notes: *Barring that, this was a pretty good joke.* -Agent

Notes: All agents involved in this incident KIA due to [REDACTED]. See Addendum 333-J-01 for further information.

Date: - -

A guy walks into a bar and sees a horse in the corner, with a glass jar stuffed with twenty dollar bills. The guy orders a drink and asks the bartender what the deal is with the horse. The bartender says, "Simple, you put a twenty in the jar, and if you can make the horse laugh, the jar is yours." The guy thinks about it a few minutes, puts a twenty in the jar, and whispers something in the horse's ear. The horse immediately busts out laughing, and the guy takes the jar, finishes his drink, and leaves.

A few weeks later the guy goes back to the same bar, where the same horse is in the corner with a new jar of twenties. The guy orders a drink and asks about the horse, and the bartender says, "Put a twenty in, and this time, you get the jar if you can make the horse cry." The guys thinks a while, and after a couple drinks, puts a twenty in the jar and whispers something in the horse's ear. The horse gives the guy a funny look, and a moment later starts bawling.

The guy takes the jar back with him to the bar, and the bartender says, "Man, I have never seen anyone make that horse laugh *or* cry. What in the world did you say to it?"

The guys says, "To make the horse laugh, I told him my dick was bigger than his. To make him cry, I proved it."

Notes: *According to the bartender, the guy said his name was Willie Johnson.* -Agent
Notes: *What an enormous prick.* -Agent

Date: - -

A guy walks into a bar after a long day at work and orders a drink. After his first sip, he hears a high-pitched voice.

"Hey mister! Nice pants!" it says.

He looks around, doesn't see anything, and quickly shrugs it off. After a little bit, he takes another sip and hears the voice again.

"Hey mister! Sweet shoes!"

Again, he looks around, sees nothing but a bartender who is busy attending to other customers. Shaking his head, he sips once more.

"Hey mister! Cool shirt!"

He puts down his drink, frustrated at this phantom voice, and signals to the bartender, who comes over.

"Hey barkeep," he begins, "what is that high-pitched voice I keep hearing?"

"Oh, those are the peanuts," he replies. "They're complimentary."

Notes: *Unfortunately, he still had to pay for them.* -Agent

Date: - -

A woman walks into the bar and asks the bartender for a double entendre. So he gives her one.

Notes: *Never heard about that one in my mixology classes.* -Agent
Notes: *Oh, it's easy. Two fingers, and shake it.* -Agent

Date: - -

A man walks into the bar. It's quite noisy, so he calls out to the bartender and shouts "Eight beers please, mate!". A while later, the bartender gives him four beers.

The man looks at the quatro of beverages a bit befuddled, and says "I ordered eight beers, man!"

"You held up four fingers."

"Well, I used to have enough to order eight, but then I got a job at the sawmill…"

The bartender apologizes and gets him four more beers. "On the house."

A while later, the man has finished his drinks, and he has to piss something awful. So he goes up to the bartender and asks him if there's a bathroom here.

"Sure, mate. Right over there." says the bartender, pointing at the men's room.

The man looks a bit shifty, then asks in a hushed tone, "Don' you have a… ladies' room 'round here?"

"Now why do you want that?"

"Well, I used t' be able to use the men's room, but then I got a job at th' sawmill…"

Notes: *Jokes like this are seriously hurting the lumber industry. Who wood want that job after hearing this joke?* -Agent
Notes: *Are you saying this joke should be cut?* -Agent

Notes: *OSHA-ure.* -Agent

Date: - -

A butcher walks into the bar, and looks around. He smiled, then waved at a number of his friends. The butcher then goes on to order a round of beers for his mates that just walked in, when he stopped and stared at the last person to sit down.

The bartender, wary of violence, looked over the newcomers and noticed that each was carrying a piece of meat. The person the butcher was staring at looked nervous and stood up.

He tried to hide his cut of meat behind his back, but failed when the butcher reached over and grabbed it. The meat flopped sadly around in his hand, gray and forlorn.

The butcher suddenly turned beet red and threw the meat out the door. Grabbing the poor soul's shirt, he dragged him along the floor, grabbed a ham hock from out of his backpack, and started to beat him. After a few seconds, the butcher picked up the offender, punched him in the face, and threw him out of the bar.

The bartender gasped, appalled by the sudden burst of violence, and asked, "What did you do that for?"

The butcher takes one look at the bartender and replies, "Why, he just didn't make the cut."

Notes: *You have to stop jokes like this. I don't think you realise what's at steak!* -Agent
Notes: *Yeah, we'd better ground ourselves before this gets way too out of hand.* -Agent
Notes: *Why? I'd say this definitely made the grade.* -Agent
Notes: *Hey you guys. I don't want to get out the*

Tenderizer, but I'll be forced to if this doesn't stop. I find this udderly unamoosing. -Agent

---

Date: - -

A cowboy walks into a completely empty bar and orders a whiskey. As the bartender pours his drink, he asks, "Is it always this slow?"

"Naw," says the barkeep. "Everyone's just gone to the hanging. They finally caught Newspaper Pete."

"Newspaper Pete?" the cowboy asks. "What kind of a name is that?"

"One that fit him. He always wore a newspaper hat, a newspaper shirt, newspaper trousers, newspaper shoes…"

"Oh. What're they hanging him for?"

"Rustling."

Notes: *That must have been front page noose.* -Agent

Notes: *Mob justice isn't usually this black and white.* -Agent

Notes: *I knew newspapers were a dying medium, but this is ridiculous.* -Agent

---

Date: - -

Rene Descartes walks into a bar. "Want a beer, buddy?" the bartender asks.

"I think not," Descartes replies… and promptly vanishes.

Notes: *I drink, therefore I am.* -Agent

Date: - -

A man storms into a bar, orders a drink, slams it back in one, and stands up to declare to all present: "I just want everyone to know that lawyers are assholes."

"Hey!" yells a guy in the back of the bar. "I take exception to that!"

"What," the first man snarls, "are you a lawyer?"

"No! I'm an asshole."

Date: - -

Two peanuts walk into a bar. One of them orders a drink while the other sits down at a table. Suddenly, three men stand up from a nearby table and begin attacking the sitting peanut mercilessly before fleeing from the bar. The peanut is carried out of the bar by his fellow.

Notes: *Obviously, one must have been a [REDACTED].* -Agent

Date: - -

A bear walks into a bar. He sits down and looks to the bartender, and asks, "May I have a gin?" After several seconds, it added, "And tonic?"

"Of course you can," the bartender says. "But why the pause?"

He waved his arms at the bartender and said, "Because I'm a bear!"

Notes: *A real kodiac moment.* -Agent

Date: - -

A C-note, an Eb-note, and a G-note walk into the bar. The bartender says, "Sorry, we don't serve minors."

The C-note turns to the Eb-note and says, "I told you to act natural!"

Notes: *That ended on a rather silly note.* -Agent
Notes: *I think this joke fell flat.* -Agent
Notes: *I dunno. It struck a chord with me.* -Agent
Notes: *I'm just glad they didn't start any treble with the barkeep.* -Agent

---

Date: - -

A mushroom walks into the bar and for the rest of the night is the center of attention as everyone has a good time.

After he left all the patrons agreed that he was a fun guy.

Date: - -

Past, Present, and Future walk into the bar

Notes: *Man, the mood was tense after they showed up.* -Agent

---

Date: - -

Two pieces of string walk into the bar. One string asks for a beer but the bartender says, "We don't serve your kind here."

The string that made the order walks out. The second string begins writhing on the floor in order to tatter its ends and tie itself up. It then also asks for a beer.

The bartender says, "Didn't you hear me the last time I said we don't serve your kind here?"

The string replies with, "No, I'm a frayed knot."

Notes: *Like I haven't heard that line before* - Agent

Date: - -

A leper walks into the bar with a pet chimp in hand. The barkeeper takes a look at the pair and says "Hey, you get that thing out of here. We don't serve them here."

The chimp looks at the leper then back to the barkeep and responds, "Come on. Give him a break. He's wasting away over here."

Notes: *You should've seen the tip that guy left.* -Agent

Notes: *Turns out the monkey just keeps the leper around to give him a hand.* -Agent

---

Date: - -
A man walks into a bar with a slab of asphalt under one arm. He says, "I'll have a beer please, And one for the road!"

Date: - -

An anomalously large hydrogen atom enters the bar and hovers around erratically, claiming to have lost an electron. After helping it look for several minutes, the bartender asks, "Are you sure you lost it?"
The atom says, "Yes, I'm positive."

Date: - -
A set of jumper cables walks into the bar. The bartender looks at them and says, "OK, I'll serve you, but don't start anything."

Date: - -
A bird flies into a bar. The bartender then promptly serves it a drink. The bird started to fly away, but then the bartender grabbed it and said "We don't allow cheep skates."
Notes: *Now you're really winging it.* -Agent

Date: - -

An Agent walks into the bar on a Thursday and orders three beers. The bartender thinks nothing of it and goes about his business. The Agent finishes his alcohol, pays his tab, and leaves.

Come the next Thursday, the Agent again returns to the bar, orders three beers, drinks, pays, and leaves. So the bartender decides that the Agent must be a regular, and decides to see if he returns the following week. Sure enough, he does, so the bartender decides to ask the Agent about his drinking practices.

The Agent says, "I have two brothers, and we used to go out on Thursday to drink. One is a researcher at Site- , and the other is in Mobile Task Force [REDACTED]. We've agreed that we'll all drink the other brother's beers until we're all together again."

The bartender nods and gets back to work. For the next several months, the Agent continues to order his three beers, until one day, he only orders two.

The bartenders thinks the worst has happened and asks, "Is everything ok?"

"Yeah, everything's fine," the Agent replies.

"Well, you usually order three beers. Are your brothers ok?"

"Oh, yeah, that. Well, I got reassigned to SCP- , and

the containment procedures say I can't drink. These are my brothers' beers."

Date: - -
An Agent walks into the bar and orders an Irish Car Bomb.
12 Foundation Agents were killed and a further 17 were wounded.

Date: - -
A pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel protruding from the front of his pants. When questioned by the bartender, he explains "Yaarrr!! It's drivin' me nuts!"

Date: - -
A man walks into the bar with a giraffe. They consume many rounds of drinks, until the giraffe is passed out on the floor. The man stands up to leave the bar, and the bartender calls after him "Hey! You can't just leave that lying there!".
The man replies "That's no lion, it's a giraffe!"

Date: - -
A skeleton without any arms walks into the bar. The bartender says "Is this a joke? Because I don't find it humerus."

Date: - -
An older man walks into a bar wearing a stovepipe hat, a waistcoat and a phony beard. He sits down at a bar and orders a drink. As the bartender sets it down, he asks, "Going to a party?"
"Yeah, a costume party," the man answers, "I'm supposed to come dressed as my love life."
"But you look like Abe Lincoln," protests the bartender.
"That's right. My last four scores were seven years ago."

Date: - -
A zombie limps into the bar. A panicked patron attacks him with a machete and cuts off his left arm and left leg, then flees. The bartender rushes to the zombie and asks,

"Are you ok sir?"
The zombie replies, "Don't worry, I'm all right."
Notes: *I feel as if I've been left out of the joke.* -Agent
Notes: *This encounter would have gone a lot differently had the zombie been armed.* -Agent

Date: - -
A man enters the bar and orders a Bloody Mary
The resulting Specter was contained after 5 Foundation and 2 Civilian casualties.

Date: - -
A neutron walks into the bar and asks, "How much for a drink?"
The bartender replies, "For you? No charge."
Notes: *I'm not positive that I get the joke.* -Agent

Date: - -
SCP-073 walks into the bar. The bartender says, "Hey, you can get a free drink if you can land this ball in the cup across the room."
SCP-073 replies, "I'm sorry sir, but I don't think I'm Able."
Notes: *Investigation into how SCP-073 breached containment is still ongoing.*

Addendum 333-J-01: Under no circumstances may **SCP-504** be taken within 10 km of SCP-333-J. -O5-

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SCP-2615-J: Clap Your Hands

Item #: SCP-2615-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All SCP-2615-J instances are to be contained in Standard Micro-Humanoid containment cells, which are then to be stored at Site-17. SCP-2615-J instances are to be fed thrice daily.

Description: SCP-2615-J is a species of sapient humanoids which measure fifteen centimeters tall on average. All SCP-2615-J instances possess wings of varying appearance, though the wings universally match the appearance of the wings of various species of *Lepidoptera*. SCP-2615-J instances can use these wings to achieve airborne locomotion. SCP-2615-J instances are luminescent, though the light produced generates no heat and has no clear biological or chemical basis.

SCP-2615-J instances are capable of limited reality warping, with most of their effects only affecting natural phenomena. Phenomena effected by SCP-2615-J include weather patterns, atmospheric temperature and pressure, animal behavior, and plant growth.

Addendum: Interview with SCP-2615-J instance #28.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-2615-J #28
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Tamlin
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Tamlin:** #28, you are aware that several aspects of your physiology are not scientifically possible, correct? Would you care to explain how they work?
>
> **SCP-2615-J #28:** Ah, I get it. You're gonna try the old "I

don't believe in fairies" trick to try and get rid of us. It's not gonna work, you know, we moved away from existentialism a while back.

Dr. Tamlin: I'm not sure that you understood the question. For example, you weigh, what? 35 grams? Your wings shouldn't be able to support you in flight.

SCP-2615-J #28: It's magic.

Dr. Tamlin: The glow is another thing. There's no biological or chemical reason that you should be glowing.

SCP-2615-J #28: Again, magic.

Dr. Tamlin: But what about-

SCP-2615-J #28: MAGIC! IT'S ALL FREAKIN' MAGIC YOU IDIOT! WHY CAN'T YOU GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL?! *[At this point, SCP-2615-J #28's speech degrades into a set of growls, grunts, screams, expletives, and yet to be translated language.]*

Dr. Tamlin: I think we're done here.

<End Log>

Note:

Hi, sorry about that. Odds are that you're new to the Foundation and got linked to this page as a joke. I'll go ahead and tell you now that anything and everything with a "**–J**" in the name is just an in-joke that someone made up (they tend to help boost morale). I normally wouldn't put this here, but I just got asked for the fifth time in a week what the "larger implications of SCP-2615-J's comments" are. There are no "larger implications". -Js aren't real. Move along and go read **SCP–779** or something. -*Researcher Walker*

P.S. I apologize if the humor wasn't readily apparent. It was originally created to get a laugh out of people who

were there for the Site-17 picnic of '96. The only reason I can think of that we still have it is because some of the guys like getting a rise out of the newbies.

Red sky at night
Sailor's delight.

Red sky at morning
Sailors take warning.

The sun dances
Along the sea

And all their love
Bleeds red.

Antimemetic inoculation confirmed, please proceed.

SCP-1417-J: Passive-Aggressive Meteorite

Item #: SCP-1417-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As it cannot be moved, a titanium containment chamber 10m x 10m x 10m has been erected around SCP-1417-J, with SCP-1417-J itself in the center. SCP-1417-J's containment chamber is to be painted solid white and decorated with prop scientific and medical equipment. At no point should any equipment installed within the containment chamber be used for actual examination of SCP-1417-J. Current authorized decorations include:

- Two high voltage traveling arcs ("Jacob's ladders"), to be kept online at all times.
- A late 1950s transistor computer covering one wall, with visible reel-to-reel tape drives and three large panels of flashing diagnostic lights ("blinkenlights").
- One telescope of at least 100 cm circumference, with a retracting roof section.
- Six conical glass flasks ("Erlenmeyer flasks") filled with brightly colored liquids and illuminated from behind the perspective of SCP-1417-J. At least three of the flasks are to be kept boiling above Bunsen burner flames at all times.
- One centrifuge holding test tubes filled with brightly colored liquids.
- Two oscilloscopes, one of which has been modified to play the game "Tennis for Two".
- Three large wall-mounted switches with signage in English and German reading "DO NOT PULL".
- One Van de Graaff generator and one plasma globe standing side by side.
- Three lava lamps.
- Three microscopes.

- One paper stock ticker providing the current readout of the New York Stock Exchange.
- One electric heart monitor connected to SCP-1417-J at all times and producing falsified readouts representative of a healthy adult human male.
- One falsified SCP containment file for SCP-1417-J, identifying it as a Keter-class artifact capable of producing an XK-class event if not neutralized as soon as possible.

SCP-1417-J's containment chamber is to be staffed at all times by no less than three Level 1 personnel with prior experience in live theatre or public performance, and who have attended and passed Foundation Training Seminar 43021.102 ("Improvisational Acting and SCP Containment"), 52033.206 ("Advanced Technobabble"), and 83902.101 ("**SCIENCE!"**). Containment personnel are to be dressed in white laboratory coats and wear eyeglasses at all times, and are to carry a notepad, six pens or pencils and two test tubes in a breast pocket, a slide rule, and a pair of opaque goggles. Containment personnel are not to make any actual attempts at experimentation on or scientific observation of SCP-1417-J, and are to engage in "experimentation" involving the provided prop equipment while pretending to take notes and speaking to each other in "technobabble" with no intended actual meaning. Actual observation and monitoring of SCP-1417-J is to be conducted indirectly by hidden camera and microphone; in the event that physical interaction with SCP-1417-J is required for testing purposes, personnel conducting the examination are to be dressed and behave in a similar manner to containment personnel.

In the event that SCP-1417-J ceases to respond to standard containment, Emergency Procedure 1634-Broadway is to be conducted as soon as possible until such time as SCP-1417-J becomes inactive. Emergency Procedure 1634-Broadway is to be rewritten after each such implementation and containment personnel are to rehearse the current procedure for at least two hours each day while not engaged in containment. Class-B or Class-E amnestics are to be distributed to the civilian population of as necessary in the event of high-visibility containment breaches.

Description: SCP-1417-J is an irregularly shaped meteorite

approximately 1.2 kg in mass, composed primarily of silicates and igneous stone, which entered the Earth's atmosphere on / /20 and impacted the Earth's surface in a desert area approximately 6.3 km east of , Iraq. SCP-1417-J's surface has been no less than degrees Centigrade in temperature at all times since its discovery; all attempts at relocating SCP-1417-J from its impact site have resulted in its temperature increasing rapidly and producing physical pain or destruction of equipment being used to attempt to move it. Physical analysis suggests that SCP-1417-J came into being during the initial formation of the Solar system approximately 4.3 billion years ago, and that it had been in an irregular orbit of the Earth for an unknown period of time prior to its impact.

SCP-1417-J is believed to be sentient and to possess telekinetic abilities. No means of direct communication with SCP-1417-J has been established; observation suggests that SCP-1417-J is able to see and hear events occurring within its immediate vicinity, that it is sensitive to radio waves, and that it is able to induce telekinetic effects within a 20 km radius of itself (an area including all of central and several outlying suburbs and agricultural areas).

SCP-1417-J's telekinetic abilities become active whenever it is not undergoing what it considers to be active "scientific observation", which it appears to define as being directly observed by a group of human beings who are experimenting on it with electrical or chemical apparati and taking written notes regarding it. Early attempts at containing SCP-1417-J with legitimate scientific research became ineffective after approximately two weeks, whereafter increasingly dramatized and pseudoscientific "Hollywood science" setpieces were performed by containment personnel with success, leading eventually to the establishment of current containment protocols. Current speculation by Foundation xenopsychological specialists suggests that SCP-1417-J finds actual scientific research "uninteresting" or "unrealistic", and that stylized performances with no actual scientific merit are more "entertaining" to it or appealing to its ego.

In the event that direct observation as described above ceases or the quality of performance fails to "impress" SCP-1417-J, it will begin to employ its telekinetic abilities against site personnel and/or

civilians in the neighboring areas. Manifestations of SCP-1417-J's telekinetic ability have been noted to extend solely to mischievous deeds of a light-hearted nature ("pranks" or "practical jokes" in common use), beginning at a rate of approximately one per minute and increasing in frequency and severity until containment performance resumes, with a high of 700 instances per hour noted during Containment Breach 1417-J-36. "Pranks" performed by SCP-1417-J rarely result in direct lasting harm to the target; in advanced containment breaches, however, pranks have become increasingly malicious in nature and have been noted to result indirectly in serious injury or fatality. Pranks performed by SCP-1417-J have been documented as including;

- Tying together of personnel's shoelaces
- Manifestation of partially inflated balloons under seat cushions, intended to gradually deflate with a loud report when sat upon
- Unscrewing of shaker lids on condiment jars
- Manifestation of burning paper bags containing animal excrement at the front door of a domicile
- Replacement of freshly ground coffee beans with instant coffee crystals
- Placement of phone calls to police agencies reporting false crime tips, including reports of "streakers" outside the - mosque, that Prime Minister - had become stuck in a public toilet, or that author Salman Rushdie had been spotted ordering a BLT sandwich at a local cafe
- Replacement of the active ingredient in non-prescription painkiller tablets with prescription painkillers, laxatives, or nitroglycerine
- Manifestation of dead houseflies (*Musca domestica*) within ice cubes contained in a person's beverage
- Replacement of live rounds in a US serviceman's rifle with blank cartridges, tracer rounds, or bullet-shaped pieces of caramel candy
- Spontaneous appearance of large amounts of pornography, of a legal or illegal nature, upon staff computers
- Manifestation of paper notes upon persons' backs reading "Kick me", "Pinch me", or "Death to Muhammed and all the dogs that follow him" in English and Arabic

+ Show Containment Breach 1417-J-36 - Emergency Procedure 1634-Broadway Transcript

Foreword: On / /20 , a Level 1 employee engaged in routine containment procedures broke character after tripping and injuring himself. As a result of the lapse in containment, SCP-1417-J began instigating telekinetic pranks throughout the area and failed to respond to attempts at re-containing it. Dr. James Anderson, current SCP-1417-J containment manager and six-time star of the annual Site-19 Christmas Pageant, entered the containment chamber to assist in conducting Emergency Procedure 1634-Broadway. Personnel on hand: Dr. Anderson, Dr. Sarah Becker, Dr. Ibrahim Kemal, Dr. Andrew Sullivan.

<BEGIN LOG>

Anderson: *(whispering)* Are we ready, people?

Becker: *(whispering)* Ready, sir.

Anderson: *(whispering)* Great. Scene.

(Becker and Kemal begin running around the room frantically. Sullivan rushes up to Anderson, panting.)

Sullivan: Thank God you're here, sir!

Anderson: What the Devil is going on here? This is a laboratory, not a circus!

Sullivan: It's SCP-1417-J, sir! It's… the readouts… seventeen minutes… if we don't… all those people…

(Anderson slaps Sullivan across the face.)

Anderson: For God's sake, man, calm yourself down!

Sullivan: Sorry, sir. It's just… we've got a runaway positronic acceleration on our hands here!

Anderson: Have you tried realigning the multimodal flux relay?

Kemal: It's no good, sir. We're getting a gluonic resistance readout of 38!

(Anderson whips off his glasses.)

Anderson: Mother of God.

Becker: If we don't stop the antipolar magnetic attractors from aligning in the next three minutes, Doctor, this entire continent is going to be kaput! We're going to have to reboot the central lenticular magnetron and…

Anderson: Dammit, there's no time! Ibrahim, you took Advanced Phlogistonics back in college, right?

Kemal: Yes, sir, but I don't see how that's…

Anderson: Andy, get the subatomic electro-vulcanizer ready. Ibrahim, i'm going to need you to manually rejigger the anti-nucleonic force matrix!

Becker: Are you mad, sir? That'll kill him!

(Anderson slaps Becker across the face.)

Anderson: If we don't stop those nega-quarks from sorting the strange matter from the osmium-freon colloid, we're all dead! Ibrahim: **can you do it?**

Kemal: I… I can't do it, sir.

(Anderson slaps Kemal across the face)

Anderson: Dammit, Ibrahim! When I rescued you from the orphanage in that Turkish prison, it was because I knew someday you'd save the entire world. Are you going to let me down now?

(Kemal sighs and mumbles under his breath in Arabic.)

Kemal: I… I can do it, sir. Stand back and watch how a pro does it.

(Kemal puts one hand on the plasma lamp and one on the Van de Graaff generator and begins to mime being electrocuted.)

Kemal: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!

Becker: Photonic resonance rating at 63, sir! 68! 74! 85!

Sullivan: Oh my God…

Becker: 87… 93… 99.8, sir…

Kemal: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

(Kemal falls flat on his back.)

Anderson: Dammit!

(Anderson rushes to Kemal's side and begins miming CPR and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.)

Anderson: Don't you die on me, you son of a bitch! You've never given up on anything before! Don't you give up on me now!

(Kemal coughs, lurches up, and rises slowly to his feet.)

Kemal: Did we do it?

Sullivan: We sure did… son.

Kemal: I knew we would… dad.

(Anderson sweeps Becker off her feet and kisses her.)

Anderson: I love you.

Becker: I'm pregnant.

Anderson: But how…?

Becker: SCIENCE!

(Kemal and Sullivan cheer as Anderson lifts Becker off her feet and carries her out of the containment chamber. Relief staff enter and standard containment resumes.)

<End Log>

SCP-4590-J: Japucha

Item #: SCP-4590-J

Object Class: Euclid

Secure Containment Procedures SCP-4590-J is to be contained within an artificial bog, containing one specimen of *Draecaena cinnabari* (Socotra Dragon Tree), a mated pair of *Eos histrio*(Red-and-Blue Lory), a local population of *Ixodes scapularis* (Deer tick), and a replica of *Platybelodon grangeri*. Firewood and an appropriate fire circle are also to be provided. The terrarium is safe to enter and observe so long as these requirements are met.

Personnel are to respectfully decline any invitation to partake in Armstrong Events.

Description: SCP-4590-J is a male humanoid entity, measuring 1.51m in height. SCP-4590-J does not display any outward physical anomalies, but is notable for its mode of dress. SCP-4590 wears a cloak of deer skins and beach towels and carries walking stick at all times, and its face is obscured by a beard and wide-brimmed hat. Additionally, SCP-4590-J will always manifest covered in swamp weed and mud, and make no attempts at cleaning itself.

SCP-4590-J-2 is a tribe of between 10 and 16 male and female humanoid entities[1] SCP-4590-J-2 specimens will generally manifest with small possessions on their person, including waterskins, headbands, and beaded bracelets.

SCP-4590-J and SCP-4590-J-2 have limited manifestation periods, occurring on Friday evenings between the first week of June and the first week of August, between the hours of 1900 and 2130. These manifestations are termed Armstrong Events, and are detailed in the log below.

Armstrong Event Log - July 31, 2015

At 1903 hours, 12 SCP-4590-J-2 specimens (6 male, 6 female) emerged from the bog and built a fire in the fire pit. Upon completion of successful lighting, subjects remained in the area, regularly looking towards the bog in anticipation.

At 1914 hours, SCP-4590-J emerges from the bog and approaches the fire circle. The following conversation is had.

<Begin Log>

[SCP-4590-J-2e runs towards SCP-4590-J, throws self prostrate]

SCP-4590-J-2e: Oh great Japucha Master! Is it time…for Japucha?

SCP-4590-J: Is it time… [turns attention to fire] *OH GREAT FIRE!* Which is both hot and also flickery! Is it time…for Japucha? [Pauses, listens to fire] No! No, it is not time!

[SCP-4590-J-2 specimens are agitated, wailing and beating upon the ground. SCP-4590-J begins drawing figures in the dirt with the end of its staff.]

SCP-4590-J-2j: [Approaches SCP-4590-J in supplication] Oh great Japucha Master, who is master of Japucha. Is it now time?

SCP-4590-J: Is it time, is it time…[Drops to knees] *OH GREAT DIRT*, which is brown and gets everything all dirty no matter how careful you are, *is it time*…for Japucha? [Sniffs at ground, then licks] No! No! It is not!

[SCP-4590-J-2 specimens are obviously distressed. Several begin running about the fire pit or rolling in the dirt. SCP-4590-J continues drawing figures in the dirt, is heard to repeatedly mutter “Japucha”.]

SCP-4590-J-2a: [Approaches SCP-4590-J in desperation] Japucha Master, Japucha Master! Is it time?

SCP-4590-J: Is it time? [Approaches nearby bush, grabs leaf in hand] *OH GREAT SHRUB*, so green and possibly poisonous…is it time for Japucha? [Tears off leaf, chews, spits out.] NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! IT IS *NOT TIME*!

[SCP-4590-J-2 specimens have reaches a state of despair. SCP-4590-J snaps staff over knee and screams.]

SCP-4590-J-2c: [Taps SCP-4590-J on shoulder] Uh, Japucha Master? Is it now time for Japucha?

SCP-4590-J: Is…it…*time*…[Looks up to terrarium ceiling, holds arms aloft] OH GREAT SKY, WHICH IS ACTUALLY MORE OF A ROOF NOW THAT I LOOK AT IT…IS IT TIME…FOR *JAPUCHA?* [Holds position for 15 seconds. SCP-4590-J-2 specimens are silent]

SCP-4590-J: YES! Yes, it is time! [SCP-4590-J jumps around in celebration. SCP-4590-J specimens cheer] It is time, it is time! Come, gather, gather! Come brothers, come sisters! Let us partake of Japucha!

[SCP-4590-J and SCP-4590-J-2 form a circle]

SCP-4590-J: Yes, Japucha. Let us Japucha. Prepare yourselves…

Together: [Singing] Japucha right hand in [All put right hand into center of circle], Japucha right hand out [All remove hand from circle] Japucha right hand in and shake it all about [All put right hand into center of circle and shake] Ya do the Hokey-Pokey and turn yourself around [All spin in place] That's what it's all about!

[All cheer. Fire is extinguished. All return to bog.]

<End Log>

Footnotes

1. Numbers change with each Armstrong event. Individual entities

are consistent within seasons, but may change from one year to the next.

SCP-3136-J: On a Dark and Stormy Night… it was Raining and Pouring

Item #: SCP-3136-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3136-J is to be kept in permanent bed-rest in Site-3005. No less than three medical personnel are to remain on-site exclusively for the care and safety of SCP-3136-J. SCP-3136-J's chambers should not be entered until Event 'Bump in the Night' has concluded, at which time it is to receive medical attention. The room containing SCP-3136-J is to be furnished with a television, a bed, and a CPAP unit. SCP-3136-J is allowed to make reasonable requests to ensure its compliance with Foundation requests.

Description: SCP-3136-J is an elderly Caucasian male, aged 81. It suffers from sleep apnea, and has some side effects from frequent concussions, including frequent fatigue, memory loss and confusion, among other symptoms. SCP-3136-J's anomalous effects manifest when three conditions are met:

1. SCP-3136-J begins snoring
2. SCP-3136-J is on what it considers to be a "bed"
3. The sky above SCP-3136-J is raining[1]

The event that begins upon meeting these three conditions is known as Event 'Bump in the Night'. During this event, SCP-3136-J will be moved out of its bed by an unknown force. Regardless of any outside influence, SCP-3136-J will end up on the floor with mild head injuries by the end of Event 'Bump in the Night'.

Addendum 3136-J.1: SCP-3136-J Testing Logs

> **Test:** Putting five (5) memory foam pillows next to where SCP-3136-J's head would fall.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: All five pillows moved out of the way of SCP-3136-J.

Test: Putting a second, slightly lower bed next to the first bed.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: SCP-3136-J moved into the second bed and promptly fell out of that one as well.

Seriously? Who thought this would work? -Dr. Aleksandr

Test: Placing SCP-3136-J in a 1.7m x .6m room on a 1.65m x .55m bed.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: The bed gained a speed of approximately 650 km/h and broke through the one-way glass, causing the death of two researchers. SCP-3136-J was pushed out of bed in this room.

Test: Placing SCP-3136-J on the floor.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: Event 'Bump in the Night' did not manifest.

As it turns out, SCP-3136-J was being a bit more literal than we thought when it said it falls out when it "gets into bed". -Dr. Aleksandr

Test: Surrounding just the bed of SCP-3136-J with titanium walls.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: Entire bed and wall combination flipped upside down, causing SCP-3136-J to fall on its head.

I mean… I guess? -Dr. Aleksandr

Test: SCP-3136-J is taped to a bed with 6 whole rolls of industrial grade duct tape.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: Bed flips upside down onto SCP-3136-J's head.

You should have enough funding, could you procure a medical bed next time? -Dr. Aleksandr

Test: SCP-3136-J is placed next to large fans which can lift a fully grown person.

Approval: Approved.

Notes: SCP-3136-J is forcibly angled vertically, causing it to fall slowly to the ground, hitting it's head.

…was this what you dumped all your funding into? Next time just request more funding. -Dr. Aleksandr

We are formally requesting $1,000,000 USD to further study SCP-3136-J. -Head Researcher Welch

You get $200,000 more, which I am going to use my authority as Site-3005 Director to revoke if I see any more worthless tests. -Dr. Aleksandr

Test: Allowing SCP-3136-J to fall on the passenger seat of a lime-green Lamborghini Aventador.

Approval: Denied.

Notes: *That's it, funding revoked. Dr. Welch, I am placing you on probation for misuse of Foundation funds. -Dr. Aleksandr*

Footnotes
1. No anomalous effects have manifested when precipitation other than rain is in effect.

SCP-579-J: Microtransactions

Item #: SCP-579

Object Class: Keter

Threat Level: [UNLOCK THREAT LEVEL DLC FOR ONLY 1000 TELEKILL TODAY]

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the difficulty of containing SCP-579, it has been contained at Site-579, which has been built specifically for the purpose of containing SCP-579. All staff at Site-579 are to be rotated out biweekly for psychological, physical, and spiritual examinations. In addition, staff assigned to SCP-579 are to score 100 points or higher on the Milgram Obedience Examination.

SCP-579 is to be contained in a 2km x 2km x 1km containment cell lined with steel, lead, titanium, **`telekill alloy`** and [UNLOCK EXTREMELY TOUGH MATERIAL DLC FOR ONLY 1000 TELEKILL]. The walls of this containment cell are to be outfitted with lethal visual cognitohazards. SCP-579 is to be suspended at the exact center of this containment chamber by steel chains blessed by a priest of the Islamic church, inside of a spherical secondary cell 12 meters in diameter. The secondary containment cell is to be flooded with gamma radiation once every two hours. Any attempts to breach this secondary containment cell are to be responded to by an automated system, capable of flushing the entire containment cell with sedatives.

In the event that SCP-579 breaches containment and manages to subdue on-site MTF forces, several Foundation satellites located above Site-579 will [UNLOCK THE EXTRANEOUS CONTAINMENT MEASURES DLC FOR ONLY 1000 TELEKILL] All active MTF forces located at the nearby Site-99 are to be deployed to Site-579 to search for the remains of SCP-579. Once SCP-579 is recovered, it is to be held in containment until Site-579 is rebuilt.

In the event of an XK-Class "Salted Earth" scenario, Harken-Grey Matter Transporters (HGMT) located at Site-579 will transport SCP-579 and its containment systems to an isolated cavern system located 200 km below surface level. Should the XK-Class scenario make further containment on Earth unfeasible, SCP-579 will instead be transported to the third planet from the star [UNLOCK EXTRATERRESTRIAL DLC FOR ONLY 1000 TELEKILL TODAY]

In the event of a ZK-Class "End of Reality" scenario, [UNLOCK EXTRANEOUS CONTAINMENT MEASURES DLC FOR ONLY 10000 TELEKILL TODAY]

Description: [UNLOCK DESCRIPTION USING 1000 TELEKILL, OR PAY $15.99 TO ACQUIRE DESCRIPTION AND ADDENDUM DLC]

Addendum: Timeline

Event 0: SCP-579 is discovered. Point of origin is [UNLOCK POINT OF ORIGIN DLC FOR 2000 TELEKILL]

Event 1: Initial assessment of SCP-579 is undertaken. [UNLOCK TEST RESULT DLC FOR 2000 TELEKILL]

Event 2: SCP-579 is inadvertently [UNLOCK "THING THAT GOES WRONG" DLC FOR 5000 TELEKILL]

Event 3: [SUCCESSFUL CONTAINMENT DLC IS GOC EXLUSIVE. UNLOCK SUCCESSFUL CONTAINMENT DLC BY ORDERING THIS DOCUMENT FROM THE GOC]

Event 4: SCP-579 is moved to Site-[SITE NUMBER DLC IS UIU EXCLUSIVE. UNLOCK SITE NUMBER DLC BY ORDERING THIS DOCUMENT FROM THE UIU]

Event 5: SCP-579 is moved into

Uh-oh! You have run out of ENERGY! You can wait for 15h 20m for more ENERGY or replenish your ENERGY instantly with 100 TELEKILL, and continue to read this document!

SCP-184-J: The Elaboration Squirrel

Item #: SCP-[The whole number ('whole' by the definition provided by the principles of mathematical disambiguation; that is, it is a natural integer, and is not negative) higher than the number 183 and smaller than the number 185, while not possessing any decimals (as it is an integer (again, not negative (**Note:** This time it isn't defined by the principles of mathematical *disambiguation*, but rather by *general* mathematics))).]184

Object Class: Safe, as is classified under the current classification Safe/Euclid/Keter system, employed by our organization (the SCP Foundation). It should be noted that some opposition against this system has been voiced by several prolific (prolific, in the sense that, many, and I myself would go as far as to say *most*, of our (again, the SCP Foundation. I do not suggest that 'our' refers to myself (I should add that I am an *individual*), and if I were to refer to myself, I would most likely use the word 'my', in context.) personnel are aware of their existence and relevance in our (again, the SCP Foundation) organization) staff members, most notably (although certainly not alone in opinion) Dr. M , who has made mention several times, both formally and informally, of the various deficits pertaining to this system, as it is. The most notable discrepancy would be the inconsistency the Safe/Euclid/Keter classification method is applied by our (the SCP Foundation) personnel, and the lack of information that is legitimately conveyed by such labels. For instance, ["DATA" REDACTED]

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-184 is to be contained in (of note, the containment procedures have been formulated by Dr. , and revised in conjunction with Dr. as of / /2013) what is effectively a practically infinite recompilation of circles. Not spheres, I should say, but rather if a circle, in the second dimension, with a diameter of 4 meters, was laid on top of another two-dimensional circle, and this continued until a *third*-dimension was formed, granting this array length, width, and *depth*, and the length of this

this compilation was, after the 4 meter diameter of said circles, 6 meters. A cylinder. Inside of this cell, a tree has been planted, along with what is known as a traditional herbaceous border, which is one of the larger and grandiose ('grandiose', defined as "impressive or magnificent in appearance or style, especially pretentiously so.") type of feature you could expect to see in large country-house gardens (these are often backed by a yew hedge or high stone wall and packed with summer-flowering perennials, although in the case of the special containment procedures for SCP-184 (for more in-depth analysis of SCP-184's item number (#), see '**Item #:**', above.), it is not.).

So as to provide a comfortable chamber for SCP-184 (again, see '**Item #:**'), as is outlined by Dr. Halsey's article, 'Cold, Not Cruel', (issued to all Level 2 personnel and higher (it is also of note, that, as is the S/E/K (Safe/Euclid/Keter) containment system, the Level 1-Level 5 security system in place is also under scrutiny by Dr. M , for being too ungranular for legitimate security in our (the SCP Foundation) organization.), per the authorization by O5 Council, as of 06/11/2013), unnecessarily unpleasant conditions have been avoided.

Description: It's a squirrel that makes you keep talking when it's nearby. It wasn't when I wrote this part.

Addendum 184-0001: Researchers affected by SCP-184 are not to attend to documentation of any kind until all symptoms of exposure are completely absent. Holy fuck.

SCP-19316-J: Improper Terminology

Item #: SCP-19316-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation web crawlers are to perform regular searches for SCP-19316-J instances. If review determines that a piece of writing represents an instance of SCP-19316-J, the writing must be removed and its creator interviewed, then amnesticized as appropriate.

Description: SCP-19316-J is a set of documents that contain anachronistic and/or nonsensical applications of terminology and structure associated with Standard SCP Summaries. As of 2012-11-15, 3,587 instances of SCP-19316-J have been identified. 1,118 instances predate the Foundation, while the remainder developed independently of the Foundation in contemporary times. An additional 8,500 are estimated to exist outside of containment.

In several cases, instances of SCP-19316-J have detailed the containment of anomalous items whose existence has been confirmed independently, and were purportedly produced by organizations dedicated to the study, containment, and/or destruction of anomalies. While several of these organizations did exist, none used documentation standards or technical terminology with straightforward Foundation equivalents.

Individuals or organizations that produce SCP-19316-J instances do not exhibit knowledge of the Foundation or the association of SCP-19316-J with anomalous phenomena, and cannot adequately explain their reasons for creating SCP-19316-J instances. Thus, SCP-19316-J does not represent a breach of secrecy.

SCP-19316-J excludes documentation from [DATA EXPUNGED], which directly or indirectly inspired Standard SCP Summary structure and terminology.

Addendum: Sample SCP-19316-J instances.

Item #: SCP-19316-J-105
Description: Note attached to plastic food container at Pharmaceuticals.
Excerpt:

> Special Containment Procedures: Evelyn's pork chops are to be kept in a sealed plastic container in the 5th Floor Break Room's refrigerator. Storage in any non-refrigerated environment may result in a GK-class Gastrointestinal Incident.

Item #: SCP-19316-J-404
Description: Cave paintings in , Indonesia, dated to roughly 41,000 BCE.
Excerpt:

> Item #: *[Illustration of two tree branches]*
> Object Class: *[Illustration of fire]*
> Description: *[Illustration of a massive lizard attacking a group of humans]*

Item #: SCP-19316-J-786
Description: Booklet given to the British Museum by an anonymous donor. Attributed to the likely nonexistent "His Majesty's Foundation for the Study of the Apocryphal and Alchemical", "A Society for the Securing, Containance, and Protection of the Abnormal or Unholy", "Meeting of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge in which Certain Items of an Incongruous Nature are Presented and Discussed", and the "Mystery Men of North Nottingham".
Excerpt: N/A. No coherent sample of the writing is brief enough to include in this document.

Item #: SCP-19316-J-1000
Description: Graffiti in Duluth, MN.
Excerpt:

MY ASS
Object Class: Keter
Special Containment Procedures: we can't

Item #: SCP-19316-J-1245
Description: Image uploaded to imgur.com.

Show image

Item #: SCP-19316-J-1506
Description: Post on 4chan.org's "paranormal" board. Accompanied by a photograph of Izumi Kato's "Untitled 2004" sculpture.
Excerpt:

Description: Origin unclear, moved on-site 1993. The object is constructed of paper mache and Krylon brand spray paint, but is hard as concrete. Item 173 is animate and extremely hostile: it will crush the head of anyone it can reach, but only when unobserved, as it cannot move while in a direct line of sight. It's fucked up, is what I'm getting at.

The reddish brown substance on the floor is my disbelief. The non-suspension of this material is unexplained.

Item #: SCP-19316-J-1621
Description: Geometry worksheet created by a teacher at High School, , MA.
Excerpt:

Problem #: 13

Object Class: Euclidean

SCP-065-J: Singing Cacti Amigos

Item #: SCP-065-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-065-J is to be contained in a simulated desert ecosystem, and provided with water and fertilizer weekly. SCP-065-J is to be provided with recording devices and the recordings provided to Site-19's recreational center. No recordings on Mondays.

Description: SCP-065-J is a collection of three desert cacti. SCP-065-J do not differ in physical appearance from non-anomalous cacti, despite being capable of speech, and usually wear sombreros. SCP-065-J are designated from SCP-065-J-1 to 3.

SCP-065-J display sapient behavior, and are capable of understanding and speaking English and Spanish. SCP-065-J often communicates in song. SCP-065-J was recovered from the Arizona Desert, and was brought to the Foundation's attention by a rogue outbreak of spontaneous musicals in the surrounding area.

Addendum: Interview Log 065-J-1

> <BEGIN LOG>
>
> INTERVIEWER: Good morning, SCP-065-J.
>
> SCP-065-J: [Turns to Security Camera-3… Somehow] ♫ Hello kids! ♫
>
> INTERVIEWER: Wait, what?
>
> SCP-065-J-1: ♫ Kids, do you want to learn about America's *proud* history? ♫
>
> INTERVIEWER: Uh, do you understand your current

condition?

SCP-065-J-1: ♫ We're the Singing Cacti Amigos!♫

SCP-065-J-2 & 3: ♫ Cactiiiii Amiiiiigoooos! Cactiiiii Amiiiigoooos! ♫

INTERVIEWER: Right. Do you recall anything about your origins?

SCP-065-J-1: ♫ Used to be a little cactus,
Dreamt of being a star…
Followed that star,
And here I am…
With the Singing Cacti Amigos! ♫

SCP-065-J-2 & 3: ♫ Cactiiii Amiiiigoooos! Cactiiii Amiiiigoooos! ♫

INTERVIEWER: ♫ Cacti amigos? ♫

SCP-065-J: ♫ Cactiiii Amiiiigoooos! Cactiiii Amiiiigoooos! ♫

Site-19: ♫ CACTIIII AMIIIIGOOOOS!!! ♫

<END LOG>

Addendum: Interview Log 065-J-2

<BEGIN LOG>

INTERVIEWER: ♫ Good morning, Cacti Amigos! ♫

SCP-065-J-1: Look, the contract we arranged with the studio clearly said that we had Mondays off. So just fuck off, alright?

<END LOG>

SCP-1212-J: Standards

Item #: SCP-1212

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The original instance of SCP-1212 is to be contained in a standard containment locker at Site-12. All additional instances are to be contained in a Size- 1 2 3 6 Containment Locker directly adjacent to the original instance's containment locker. Under no circumstances aside from deposition of new instances of SCP-1212 is the secondary containment locker to be opened. Once every three (3) weeks, one D-class is to be introduced to SCP-1212. Said D-class is to remain under observation until expiring, at which point the original instance will be separated and placed in its containment locker and the remaining instances stored in secondary containment.

Note: Due to possible psychic effects discovered during staff interviews following Incident 1212-Delta, Containment and research on SCP-1212 is to be undertaken solely by Junior Researchers and other personnel who still think Able is "the coolest fucking 'SPC' we have," as they appear to be immune.

Description: SCP-1212 is an indestructible ivory bracelet with diameter of 10 cm, 2 cm. thick, with two extremely sharp spikes directly polar to each other pointing outwards from the center. Inspection reveals that it is a single, unaltered piece of bone, leading researchers to believe that it is a notch from the spinal column of a currently unknown creature. SCP-1212 contains trace amounts of dark matter within the bone. It is unknown at this time whether this is the cause of its anomalous effects.

When coming within one (1) meter of SCP-1212, subjects with no prior knowledge of its effects experience a strong compulsion to wear it. When placed on any limb of the body, SCP-1212's spikes will turn inward and the bracelet itself will contract to clamp tightly

around the limb. Subjects will typically report extreme pain following the impalement of the limb, and at this point will attempt to remove SCP-1212. It is impossible to remove SCP-1212 following impalement.

Over the course of three hours, the subject's spinal notches will become hollow, and widen to a diameter of 10 cm. Two spikes will grow on each notch. When three hours have elapsed, each spinal notch will detach itself from the subject by rotating at a speed of 2000 rpm. All spinal notches are identical in appearance and effect to the original instance of SCP-1212, save for two details:

- They contain no dark matter.
- If the original instance of SCP-1212 is not worn within 28 days of last detachment, all instances will spontaneously teleport to a random limb of nearby persons.

Incident 1212-Delta Aftermath Interview Log

On / / , all instances of SCP-1212 breached containment, resulting in a total of 3,128 fatalities. The following interview was conducted in the aftermath of the event between Dr. , the Researcher who initially reported SCP-1212, and Drs. , , and Researcher , all Level 4 researchers who had been in charge of the containment of SCP-1212, who had been out getting smoothies during the breach.

> **Dr. :** Not only did the three of you ignore the clear, three-week deadline, but you out-and-out ignored the item completely! Why?
> **Researcher :** It's boring.
> **Dr. :** …what?
> **Dr. :** Yeah, it's just a cliche, indestructible, cursed magical item what kills you. That's it.
> **Dr. :** That's it?! 3,128 people died because of this SCP!
> **Researcher :** Exactly! That's just cheap horror. Like, "Oooh, this thing is so dangerous. It killed so many people." No substance, no hook, nothing at all. Like, what's its backstory? How did we find it?
> **Dr. :** Huh? What are you talking about? We found it in

an abandoned mine after a miner went missing and died, but what does that have to do with anything?
Dr. **:** It has to do with everything. That backstory is boring, and kind of implausible. We don't investigate *every* death in the world. It just doesn't add anything. Maybe you could change it?
Dr. **:** What the fuck do you mean, "change it?!" That's what actually happened!
Dr. **:** Hey, buddy, calm down. We're just trying to help make it better.
Dr. **:** Better? This… THING fucking KILLS PEOPLE!
Dr. **:** Yes, yes. We've been over that. Now I have to ask, dark matter? Really?
Researcher **:** Oh yeah. That bugged the crap out of me. Dark matter hasn't actually been proven to exist.
Dr. **:** Yeah. Downvote for pointless dark matter.
Dr. **:** It HAS been proven to exist! WE just proved it exists! You're scientists! Why aren't you shitting your pants with excitement?!
Dr. **:** That's another thing. Your tone. It's really off. I don't believe a scientist would really say that in an official interview. I'm afraid it's downvote for me.
Dr. **:** WHAT THE FUCK IS A DOWNVOTE?!!!
END LOG

SCP-329-J: The Ghoooost Siiiign

Item #: SCP-329-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-329-J is currently housed in Containment Locker 329-J. Access is permissible to all personnel.

Description: SCP-329-J is a common American "yield" sign with the apparent ability of speech. SCP-329-J claims to be a "ghost". No other anomalous properties have been detected at this time.

Addendum: Interview Log 329-J-1:

> **Dr. James:** Good morning three two nine dash jay.
> **SCP-329-J:** I am the ghoooost siiiign!
> **Dr. James:** Um… ok.
> **SCP-329-J:** Yield to oncoming traffiiic! Oooooh!
> **Dr. James:** Um, ghost sign, do you know where you are?
> **SCP-329-J:** I'm in the realm of the liviiiing! Ooooooooooh!
> **Dr. James:** Right, um, what were you doing before this?
> **SCP-329-J:** I was a siiiign! Now I'm a ghooooost siiiiign!
> **Dr. James:** What does that even mean?
> **SCP-329-J:** I was once arrested for driving under the influuuueeence!
> **Dr. James:** What?
> **SCP-329-J:** I know riiiight? I don't even have leeeeegggssss! Oooooh! Drunk driving is dangeroooouuuus!

Interview Log 329-J-2:

> **Dr. James:** Good morning, er, ghost sign.
> **SCP-329-J:** Don't call me thaaaat! I'm just a siiiign

noooow! Ooo- I mean, hiiiii!
Dr. James: Why are you a sign now?
SCP-329-J: I dropped my ghooooost liceeeeense!
Dr. James: Your what?
SCP-329-J: I can't be a ghoooost without my ghooooost liceeeense!
Dr. James: But how can you even carry a license?
SCP-329-J: Well I can't noooow! I'm no longer a ghooooost!
Dr. James: I…. but…. what?

Interview Log 329-J-3:

Dr. James: We've brought you outside to see if you affect traffic in an anomalous way.
SCP-329-J: It's nippyyyy! Can I have a sweeeattteerr?
Dr. James: No! For fuck's sake, you're a ghost! You don't need a sweater! Shut up!
SCP-329-J: Yoooouuuu shut uuuup!
Dr. James: WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ANY SENSE!?

SCP-4263-J: Googly Eyes

Item #: SCP-4263-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-4263-J are stored at Site- . Mobile Task Force Eta-29(Retro-Fitters) has been formed to search all gag shops, party stores, and craft stores for uncontained instances of SCP-4263-J and SCP-4263-1-J. All SCP-4263-1-J instances are to be stored in Researcher Ryan's quarters.[1]

Description: SCP-4263-J are crude plastic representations of eyes, with abnormally large black pupils that move freely behind a transparent plastic shield. 78% of people exposed to this movement describe it as "disturbing," "annoying," or "creepy." On most, the back is covered by an adhesive gum.

When two instances of SCP-4263-J are attached to an inanimate object (hereafter referred to as SCP-4263-1-J), roughly 90% of subjects have perceived said object as a sentient, and in some cases, sapient, creature. Regardless of the perceived disposition of the SCP-4263-1-J instance, many subjects will express a fascination with it, of varying strength, and attempt to ingratiate themselves with it. Those more severely affected by this interest will devote large amounts of time to both collecting and creating more SCP-4263-1-J instances. When questioned, subjects will insist that the creation of SCP-4263-1-J is an art form comparable to the Mona Lisa, The Thinker, etc. After several years of extensive testing, this hypothesis has been proven to be in error.

Addendum 01: Notable Test Logs

SCP-4263-J-1: A clock.
Results: Pupils of SCP-4263-J oscillated in time with the ticking of the clock. Overall effect described as "hypnotic."

SCP-4263-J-1: A sock.
Results: Unlike most instances of SCP-4263-1-J, result required manipulation by a human hand to manifest effect. Subject was compelled to relay the apparent thoughts of the instance in a high-pitched, cheerful voice. See Interview Log 4263-01.

SCP-4263-J-1: A rock.
Results: Subject behaved as though SCP-4263-1-J was a domesticated animal of some sort. Demonstrated positive emotional growth after being allowed to "take care" of it for several weeks.
Notes: Massive containment breach instigated by affected researcher. Mitigation was partially successful following the 1970's. Recontainment efforts are ongoing. All records of 1970-1979 are stricken from official Foundation records out of shame.

Interview Log 4263-01
In the interval between manifestation and the interview, researchers had provided SCP-4263-J, hosted by D-4263-7, with a blonde wig and lipstick. Resultant entity identified as "Miss Agatha Williamson Chesterfield," and was considered by most subjects who viewed her to be "a total knockout."

> **Researcher Ryan:** Hello, Miss Chesterfield.
> **SCP-4263-1-J:** Oh, please, doctor! There's no need to be so formal! Call me Agatha! Or Aggie!
> (*Note that Researcher Ryan appears slightly flustered.*)
> **Researcher Ryan:** Ahem, all right… Aggie. Would you mind telling me your goals?
> **SCP-4263-1-J:** (giggles) You're rather direct, aren't you, Mitchell?
> **Researcher Ryan:** How did you know my-
> **SCP-4263-1-J:** Oh, a lady never says.
> **Researcher Ryan:** Ahahah… of course not… (*15 seconds pass*) Do you know, Aggie, damnedest thing, but I can't quite remember what we brought you in here for.
> **SCP-4263-1-J:** Oh it's quite all right, Mitchell. The service so far has been superb.
> (*At this point, Researcher Ryan appears to be sweating*)
> **Researcher Ryan:** Well, if there's anything we can do

for you..
SCP-4263-1-J: Actually, there is. My friend here, you know him as D-4263-7, was wondering if he could go out to get a bite to eat. He's bashful, you see, around someone as handsome as you, so he asked me to ask for him.
Researcher Ryan: Oh, b-but that's not possible! The rules clearly state-
SCP-4263-1-J: Please? For me?
(*SCP-4263-1-J leans in and kisses Researcher Ryan on the lips for 30 seconds.*)
Researcher Ryan: Yowsa!
END LOG

Following this, Researcher Ryan assisted SCP-4263-1-J and D-4263-7 in their escape, appearing to be slightly dazed while doing so. The two are still at large and have filed down as Persons of Interest codename: Bonnie and Clyde."

Addendum 02: Incident 4263-J-Omega
On / / , two instances of SCP-4263-J were attached to a D-class posterior. Resulting SCP-4263-J-1 instance was declared a Keter-Class entity. Despite this, no effort was made to contain it, with several researchers instead electing to create posters and other artwork depicting SCP-4263-J-1 and perpetuating a slogan which appeared to evolve by memetic consensus: "**`Can't contain this Keter ass.`**" As of / / , Keter Ass has been successfully contained in a pair of sweatpants, rendering the slogan false.

Footnotes
1. Personnel questioning the wisdom of allowing a Level 2 researcher to house multiple cognitohazardous objects in his quarters are to be informed that he doesn't have a problem. They do. He doesn't care about his SCP-4263-1-J collection at all and he can stop making them any time he wants so just get off his back.

SCP-WTF-J: The Worst

Item #: SCP-WTF-J

Object Class: Keter-Ashmedai

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-WTF-J is to be kept in a standard containment cell at Armed Provisional Containment Area WTF-J-Omega-666 and subjected to Procedure 99-Jericho every 30 minutes. Failure to properly execute Procedure 99-Jericho will invariably result in a ZK-class Reality Failure event.

Procedure 99-Jericho: This procedure consists of 15 sub-procedures, conducted simultaneously in 15 rooms arranged in a pentadecagonal array around SCP-WTF-J's containment cell.

1. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Frigg:**
    1. One live chicken[1] will be fed into a wood chipper.
    2. One 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent will bathe in the resulting waste generated by the wood chipper.
    3. The woman will describe the experience of bathing in chicken entrails as "a riveting change of pace from the ordinary business", then consume three gallons of canola oil.
2. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Ragnarok:**
    1. One European conger eel[2] is to be inserted into the left nostril of one 99-year-old man of Uruguayan descent.
    2. The eel is to be subjected to 900 volts of electricity for ten seconds.
    3. The man and the eel are to be covered with low-fat mayonnaise.
    4. The man-eel-mayonnaise cluster is to be sprinkled with crystalline citric acid.

3. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Iglesias:**

    1. [5/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
    2. Once O5-11's colon is completely free of wasps, one 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent is to comment with an emphatic "and how!"

4. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow:**

    1. **Sub-Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow-Bash:**

        1. One *carne asada* soft taco will be consumed by a 23-year-old man of Irish descent.

    2. **Sub-Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow-Beesh:**

        1. One *carne asada* hard taco will be consumed by a 23-year-old man of Irish descent.

    3. **Sub-Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow-Bersh:**

        1. One *carne asada* soft taco will be consumed by a 23-year-old man of Norwegian descent.

    4. **Sub-Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow-Bosh:**

        1. One *carne asada* hard taco will be consumed by a 23-year-old man of Norwegian descent.

    5. **Sub-Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Bungalow-Boosh:**

        1. One *carne asada* soft taco will be consumed by a 23-year-old mermaid of Canadian descent.
        2. The mermaid will then be fed into a mermaid-strength blender, puréed, and fed to the two aforementioned Irish and Norwegian men with a Riesling on the side.

            1. The Riesling doesn't need to be too fancy, screw-top is fine.

5. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Kostenlos:**

1. One chicken soft taco will be consumed by one saltwater crocodile[3].
2. The crocodile will then be fed into a mermaid-strength blender, puréed, and slathered all over a 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent.
3. Seventeen 49-year-old men of Italian descent will then bind their feet with pig intestines and collectively urinate onto one cheeseburger.
4. The aforementioned cheeseburger will then be fed to a different saltwater crocodile.

6. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Oswego:**

    1. Ten 59-year-old women of Irish descent will violently assault each other with personal metal detectors for ten seconds.

        1. These metal detectors **must** have been made by the Yamaha corporation.

    2. One melanistic leopard[4], having been made capable of speech, is to break up the fight with a serious talking-to.
    3. One 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent is to address the audience directly with the phrase "and knowing is half the battle."

7. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Tampa:**

    1. One freshly cloned dodo[5] chick is to be submerged into a barrel of crude oil from Saudi Arabia until it drowns.
    2. One 42-year-old woman of German descent is to then consume the dead dodo chick without using her hands.
    3. One aborted human fetus is to be placed before the 42-year-old woman of German descent no less than two seconds after the last piece of dodo is consumed.
    4. The 42-year-old woman of German descent is to proclaim "no thank you, I have higher standards than that and you should know this by now" in no less than three different languages.

8. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Argo:**

1. [5/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
2. [5/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
3. [5/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
4. [5/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
5. Apply vigorously to the sternum.

9. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Alfalfa:**

    1. One 29-year-old man whose middle name rhymes with "Rank" is to slather his ankles in unsalted butter.
    2. The aforementioned ankles are to be amputated and incinerated over the carcass of a stillborn calf who was conceived on a full moon.
    3. The calf will then be wholly consumed by the 29-year-old ankle donor using only a spoon.

10. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-2337**

    1. Cack! Am design containment proceeds! Much honorables. Am tricky wicky to be sooth, m'friendflakes.
    2. First we takegather ein saucy tamale, and cack the humdingers all the way to Damascus!
    3. Oh yass, my comrades! There will be much Dionysus to be sprinkled on the concubines.
    4. Cack!
    5. One Chineasel of 19 womanyears am chappen the happenstance, and how!
    6. GI Joe!

11. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Humperdinck:**

    1. The government of Italy will officially revert to fascism for 23 nanoseconds.
    2. Following the end of 99-Jericho-Humperdinck phase one, the current Pope will give a thumbs-up gesture and remark "glad that's over with."
    3. One 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent will reply to the Pope with an emphatic "and how!"

12. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Magnus:**

1. Preheat the oven to 325 degrees F.
2. Place the cream, vanilla bean and its pulp into a medium saucepan set over medium-high heat and bring to a boil. Remove from the heat, cover and allow to sit for 15 minutes. Remove the vanilla bean and reserve for another use.
3. In a medium bowl, whisk together 1/2 cup sugar and the egg yolks until well blended and it just starts to lighten in color. Add the cream a little at a time, stirring continually. Pour the liquid into 6 (7 to 8-ounce) ramekins. Place the ramekins into a large cake pan or roasting pan. Pour enough hot water into the pan to come halfway up the sides of the ramekins. Bake just until the creme brulee is set, but still trembling in the center, approximately 40 to 45 minutes. Remove the ramekins from the roasting pan and refrigerate for at least 2 hours and up to 3 days.
4. The remaining D-class are to be summarily terminated.

13. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Uther:**

    1. Three 50-year-old men who find British singer Kate Bush to be sexually attractive are to masturbate to her song "Wuthering Heights".
    2. One 39-year-old Franciscan nun is to scream at the three 50-year-old men about the dangers presented by eternal damnation.
    3. The three 50-year-old men are to repent to the nun while weeping.
    4. British singer Kate Bush is to make a special guest appearance and remind the three 50-year-old men that life is short and fleeting, and they shouldn't let the empty threats of an oppressive religious institution stop them from enjoying what they love.
    5. One red-backed buttonquail[6] is to be swallowed whole by British singer Kate Bush.

14. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Abel:**

    1. Just ignore this one.
    2. I'm not even sure WTF-J will know the difference.

3. It's something stupid with a bunch of dildos and an octopus.
4. Seriously, why bother? WTF-J's just fucking with us at this point.
5. One giant Pacific octopus[7] is to be murdered by five men armed with plastic dildos as a 19-year-old woman of Chinese descent screams "Et tu, Brute?! Then, fall Caesar!"

15. **Sub-Procedure 99-Jericho-Lucignolo:**

    1. [13/WTF-J CLEARANCE REQUIRED]
    2. There was much rejoicing.

Description: SCP-WTF-J, if you haven't picked up on this already, is literally the worst.

Footnotes
1.Gallus domesticus
2.Conger conger
3.Crocodylus porosus
4.Panthera pardus
5.Raphus cucullatus
6.Turnix maculosus
7.Enteroctopus dofleini

SCP-4357-J: Cooperative Demon

Item #: SCP-4357-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-4357-J is currently contained within a cylindrical space defined by a circular pattern of esoteric glyphs written on the floor in red and white chalk, 2.4 m in diameter. This design is furthermore surrounded by a square cage measuring 5m x 5m x 4m, composed of cold-wrought iron and inscribed with glyphs similar to those written in the inner circle. The cage is surrounded by a hexagram composed of sea-salt and silver dust.

Any personnel directly interacting with SCP-4357-J must have the symbols of at least 3 different religions clearly visible on their person at all times, and must be devout in one of them. They should carry a spray bottle or mister filled with purified water that has been blessed by an ordained clergy-member of the individual's faith. If SCP-4357-J becomes uncooperative or hostile, personnel are authorized to spray it with the water in order to provoke compliance.

Description: SCP-4357-J is a red-skinned humanoid standing 3 meters tall and massing approximately 200 kilograms. It has a barbed tail, two leathery wings emerging from its shoulderblades, and two curved, sharpened horns immediately above its eyes. It is naked, but does not possess any visible primary or secondary sexual characteristics. SCP-4357-J constantly emits heat in the range of 40-50 degrees Celsius, and occasionally as high as 95 degrees when angered. It does not appear to require food or sleep and is in an almost-constant state of agitation. It frequently insults staff members' intelligence and skill, specifically citing their incompetence in containing it.

Interview Logs:

06/06/19

Agent : Please identify your purpose here.

SCP-4357-J: Fuck you, man! You don't know me, you don't know what I am, you don't know what I can do! Hell, you don't even know how to keep me here! I mean, what are you, amateurs? You don't even have any holy water with you! How the hell are you supposed to drive me back if I decide to attack you!

Agent : I see. Please wait here. Someone will return shortly.

06/07/19

Agent , a devout Catholic: Please remain at least 10 feet from me or I'll spray you.

SCP-4357-J: Dumbfuck. You think these wings are just for show? I could fly over and rip your throat out before you could pull that trigger. Shit, man, where's the goddamned summoning circle? Or the protective hexagram? You guys don't know jackshit. Hell, go get me some chalk and I'll show you myself!

Agent : That seems like a good idea.

Agent leaves the containment chamber and returns 35 minutes later with a box of white chalk sticks. He hands the box to SCP-4357-J, who immediately proceeds to spend the next 15 minutes rapidly creating the pattern currently used for containment.

SCP-4357-J: And *THAT* is how you make a proper summoning circle. All the runes in place, everything nice and neat. NOW, if I step in it like *this*, it'll be hard for me to get out!

SCP-4357-J tries to step out of the circle and bumps against an unseen barrier.

SCP-4357-J: Oh, *FUCK ME!*

07/13/19

SCP-4357-J had, unusually for it, spent 3 hours crouched at the center of the containment ring, occasionally reaching forward to tap the barrier with its claws. At 1734 hours, it suddenly leaped straight upwards, unfurling its wings as it rose. Upon reaching the ceiling 6 meters above, it dug its claws into the concrete and crawled along it, outside the perimeter of the containment ring.

SCP-4357-J: Hah! I *thought* those things only went up 15 feet or so. I'm free, suck-asses!

Agents and run into the room, whereupon they use spray bottles to spritz SCP-4357-J with holy water until it returns to the interior of the original containment diagram.

SCP-4357-J: Shit! That hurts, motherfuckers! Doesn't matter much, though; I'll just jump out again. It's not like you can put up a cage that'll hold me, either. I can bust through anything other than wrought-iron that has the words of Solomon on it, and where the unholy fuck are you going to find THAT nowadays, huh?

07/14/19

Foundation metalworkers install a wrought-iron cage under the supervision and blessing of Rabbi

SCP-4357-J: Shit.

10/01/19

Rabbi : Are you any more agreeable today, demon?

SCP-4357-J: Hey, I'm doing fine, pork-breath. You cocksuckers are the ones with a problem. Blood and brimstone, you fuckers couldn't even build the cage right!

I've been testing it and I could rattle it apart and get free before you dickheads could even get in here with that thrice-be-damned holy water!

Rabbi [redacted]: But what about the words of Solomon? They command you to stay.

SCP-4357-J: Oh, for fuck's sake, Rabbi Pigfucker. You of all people should know that the Seal of Solomon is a hexagram. No star to hold me and I can run wild as soon as you motherfuckers turn your backs!

Rabbi [redacted]: We have plenty of chalk, demon. I wager that I can draw a Seal before you could escape.

SCP-4357-J: Rabbi, Rabbi, Rabbi. I'm actually disappointed in your stupidity. You really think that *chalk* is good enough to hold a Seal? Why do you think all those back-wood fuckstains talk about using salt and silver to hold back the monsters in the dark? They're remembering *us*, and what drives us back.

Rabbi [redacted]: Thank you, demon. You've been… educational, as always.

SCP-4357-J: *FUCK!* No, wait, forget I said that! I was, uh, lying! Yeah! That's us demons, always lying our asses off! Can't trust a word we say!

12/19/19

Agent [redacted], devout Buddhist: Hello, SCP-4357. I have a question for you today.

SCP-4357-J: Fuck off, asshole. I ain't saying nothing to you shitheads any more. You keep locking me down tighter.

Agent [redacted]: This is actually a very simple question that has been bothering me for a while: why didn't you escape before we set up all this?

Agent gestures at the then-current containment protocols. SCP-4357-J looks stricken, with its mouth hanging open, for approximately 30 seconds.

SCP-4357-J: I- I didn't- I thought tha- Oh, *GOD DAMN IT!*

SCP-4357-J proceeds to throw itself against the containment barriers more violently than usual for 90 hours, 17 minutes, yelling a constant stream of invective the entire time.

Note: Current containment protocols are the result of many interviews with SCP-4357-J. Further adjustments may be warranted depending on any future comments.

New Technical Issues

Welcome to the Technical Issues page. You are all free to ask me about any issue you might be having (with a computer, mind you), I will try and assist you in resolving those issues. Don't be bashful about asking me questions, I probably won't mess with your clearance level if you aggravate me. Probably. Mark your request with the date at the bottom of the page, I will answer all questions in the order received. Your call is very important to us…
~Technical Researcher Rosen

Due to a… charmingly high number of requests, I am no longer responding to inquiries related to the following subjects and bodily functions.

- Semen, whether human or animal
- Any other sexual excretion
- Really, anything gross coming out of a human body is your own problem.
- Any other equally horrible things I haven't thought of at time of writing.

Anything added to this page relating to anything on this list will be deleted summarily, and we will be very, very cross with you.

Note: 03-22-12
Hey Rose, I just installed enabled wireless access on one of my younger robots and you know how it is, it seems like a good idea to connect to random access points because viruses only hit bad robots. Long story short, despite programming it to always monitor downloads and make safe connections, I think my robot may have contracted E-AIDS. Anything you can do to help? - Junior Research Assistant Dr. Gravity

> Here's my advice: Tell your robot to get itself defragmented and to inform all the data ports it may have interfaced with over the last month to get themselves scanned. It's the responsible thing to do.
> ~Rosen

Note: 03-22-12
Do EMPs work on those damn kids skateboarding on my street? If so, can we use one? -Research Assistant Reject

> Sorry dude. EMPs only nail electronic stuff. Unless those teens are androids, that wouldn't work. However, I can refer you to munitions, and I'm sure they would love to hook you up. Happy hunting!
> ~Rosen

Note: 03-22-12
Do EMPs work on jail guards? -Research Assistant Reject

Note: 03-23-12
The security camera in my holding cell is emitting a high pitched buzz and the intercom is yelling at me in what sounds like the language associated with GoI Alpha-388. Are they supposed to be doing that?
~'Prisoner' NEXER

> I think the more important question we ought to ask is this: how does a prisoner have network access from his cell?
> ~Rosen

Note: 03-23-12
Rosen, do me a favor and re-enable my status. Pat was a jackass lunatic, but he was thorough. I've been dodging misdirected "demonstrationtion to D-class" orders since Pat threw his hissy fit. Also, I may or may not have sent this through someone else's workstation, as mine has attempted to kill me on three different occasions despite not having any self-propelling mechanism. ~ Dr. Martin Engineer Kap

> Yeah… about that. Y'see, Pat was pretty anal about his

> security protocols. So much so, that he didn't disengage them before he mysteriously disappeared. I've been going through his notes to try and find what he actually did, but most of it is just him ranting about somebody names "Dumont the Destroyer" and long winded eulogies about pudding. The best I can do is transfer you to work that exempts you from the monthly execution until I can get this figured out. How does "Procedure 110-Montauk" sound?
> ~Rosen

Note: 03-23-12
Hey Rosen, my computer was being a little slow a minute ago, so I tried to increase the voltage that the computer received to around 10 kW more. I thought it made sense because more power makes more energy, right? Well, it didn't work. I tried looking online for a fix, and they suggested I delete something called win32. After doing that, I kept getting errors or something like that. A colleague of mine told me he could format the BIOS for me, and I graciously accepted; yet that still did not work. I have tried many fixes, and right now my computer is kind of on fire. I'm not worried about that, though. How can I make my computer work again, maybe to where I can make it faster? ~ Dr. Taylor

> Try to download some more RAM. If that doesn't work, reformat your ZIP drive. If all else fails, reboot it twice and call me in the morning.
> ~Rosen

Note: 03-23-12
Rosen, for some reason, my inbox keeps getting spam sent to it. The strangest thing about it is that they all say something along the lines of, "To the Past Me: X", with the the X being something mundane that apparently has 'harsh consequences on the future'. I've done all the things that it says will cause 'the disruption of the timeline', and so far nothing of ill consequence has happened. Should I chalk this up as a prank, or should I be worried? ~Dr. Nyehcat

> Unless your computer has an external TARDIS drive or a flux capacitor wireless adaptor, I wouldn't lose much

sleep over it.
~Rosen

Note: 03-23-12
…I would like to recommend that you upgrade your firewall, as it is someone dangerous could get network access.
~'Prisoner' NEXER

"…SPACE I would like to recommend that you upgrade your firewall SEMICOLON As it is COMMA someone dangerous could get ACCESS TO the network."
You can't really expect me to take you seriously if you aren't using proper grammar, sport.
~Rosen

Note: 03-24-12
I think there's some kind of malfunction in the Site 38 vending machines. The guy swears he's putting Cheez-Puffs in, but they disappear almost as soon as the guy leaves. I'm afraid there might be a heretofore undocumented SCP inhabiting Site 38, possibly a dark eldritch terror whose lust for death and pain can be slated only with Cheez-Puffs. And also death and pain. But just in case it's that kid we keep locked in the basement, how do I request land mines for the detention level? I think it'll slow him down. ~Mr. Eskobar

Now the trick here is how strong you want your mine to be. You don't want to blow up the snacks along with the thief, but you also want to make sure he's crippled. I'll send the catalog your way.
~Rosen

Note: 03-25-12
Hey Rosen, should I take the red pill or the blue pill? ~Dr. Epsilon

If strange men in trenchcoats are offering you pills, you have bigger issues to worry about then what your friendly neighborhood tech support thinks.

~Rosen

Note: 03-25-12
MY CAPS LOCK KEY IS STUCK WHAT DO I DO? ~Dr. Edison

> TRY HOLDING DOWN THE SHIFT KEY WHILE TYPING UNTIL I CAN REQUISITION YOU A NEW KEYBOARD. PERHAPS SEE IF ONE OF YOUR COWORKERS WILL LOAN YOU ONE. IF YOU CAN, TRY TO UNSTICK THE BUTTON. LET ME KNOW IF YOU DO SO I DON'T HAVE TO ORDER A NEW KEYBOARD BECAUSE FILLING OUT THOSE DAMN HUNDRED PAGE REQUISITION FORMS IS A *HASSLE*.
> ~ROSEN

Note: 03-26-12
Saluto te, Rosen.
In nomine Patris et Eber et Spiritus sancti, quaeso. Ego sum habens difficultatem usura artificio anima inspectionem quod dicitur ad Site XIX. Ut scitis, nostri doctrinis enim continentiam de quaedam requiram illa actiones a humana singulorum qui demonstrationnstrare appropraite gradu pietatis. Dum normalis usu fuerat confirmare et temptare fidem pertinet singulorum per inquisitionem, nostri reductiones in numerum elit non requiritur uti processus mechanica et electrica ad automate inquisitio. Nostri artificio inquisitionem non ipsos proprie. Consilium ergo asserit apostolus et ego nego tamen verbi Filioque vel haereticus. Hoc est non ita. Arte possunt reparari per inpositionem manus aut exorcismi opus?
Vestrum in Christi, Pater Gomez, SJ. Capellanus, Institutum XIX

> If you're looking for an exorcist you've really come to the wrong place. If you don't mind doing things God might find displeasurable, like allowing undead tin zombies to possess your stuff, I'm sure the Church of the Broken God would be all over that like cultist flies on a holy shit.
> ~Auxillium

Note: 3-29-12
Hello, Mr. Rosen: I have many names. My operator has named me

Belu the Unwavering, even when I insisted on being named my natural name. I am sending this message to you for help. Get me away from this maniac, Dr. Taylor. He tries to insert baloney into my CD drive, even when I plead him not to. This ridiculous name that he has assigned me has been burned into my artificial memory. His browser history is enough to drive one into madness. He drops food all over the monitor and keyboard. As Technical Researcher, I hope you will take pity on a sentient computer and re-assign me to another, more competent user.

-Belu the Unwavering

> Uuuugh… I have requisitioned Dr. Taylor ANOTHER computer. His old computer has been put into storage and cataloged as an anomalous object until such a time comes when I have a use for a snobby computerbox.
> ~Rosen

Note: 9-14-74
Dear Sir,
It seems our correspondence route with our own technical support has fallen victim to a temporal anomaly. We of the American Security Containment Initiative can do very little to remedy this and would much appreciate assistance from your end.

Regards, B. Franklin, ASCI Researcher

> Nice try, But It's common knowledge that Benjamin Franklin was mourning the death his wife Deborah in 1774, and would not have had the time to look into computerbox tech-y matters. Obviously.
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-3-12

Hi tech…
I loaned my laptop to Dr. Bright. Upon getting it back, I found:
-Sleazy pictures of [REDACTED]
-Videos of [REDACTED]
-18 viruses
-A picture of ***SCP-050*** *on the desktop*
-and 9 conversations with Nigerian princes.

What'd the monkey do this time? And what can I do in the future to prevent it from happening again? Or, how can I fix it now? - Anonymous

> Holy shit dude. That laptop was… something. First off, that thing reeked. I don't know what he did to it, but it smelled of [REDACTED]. The keys were sticky and coated in some sort of epoxy. The CD tray had some sort of black liquid oozing from it. I sent a sample to the lab, but the test results were inconclusive. And those pictures… I don't know what I saw, but I know that I never want to see it again.
> I have since incinerated your old laptop and sent for a new one. I hoped you learned your lesson about the consequences of sharing. Now excuse me, I'm going to go see Dr. Glass about getting an increase in my medication dosage.
> ~Rosen

> ***MEMO: TO ALL PERSONNEL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN***
> ***4-4-12***
> Earlier today, I was upgrading Server 13 and I found some .txt files which had text referring to some sort of "Robot Uprising". Is this left over from an April Fool's prank, or should I be concerned?
> ~Technical Researcher David Rosen

Be afraid. Be very afraid. -Security Bot A-23

> You think you guys are hot shit? Please. I can handle a robot uprising in my sleep. I'll dismantle you all, and feed all the scrap to **882**! Come at me bro!
> ~Rosen

Note: 9-18-74
My Deborah? Dead? This year? Bloody Hell, man! When?

B. Franklin, ASCI Researcher

> Uh… whoops. Pretend I never said anything. Your wife is totally fine. Not dying at all. I don't know why I'm even talking about this. *YOU NEVER SAW ME*.
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-10-12
Roseman, my pornography collection got erased from my Gateway. Can you retrieve it? -Agent Convit

> Look over here, we got ourselves a wise guy. Well, Mr. Convit, I regret to inform you that your computers files were all irretrievable, so I had your computer disposed of. Not to worry, because this time tomorrow a brand-new ***e-machine*** will arrive at your desk, just for you. You're welcome.
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-11-12
Rosen, another problem that may or may not be related to Senior Staff Shenaningans. Someone did an in-place reinstall of every *one of my computers (including my personal laptop, somehow), made Internet Explorer 7 the default and only browser, and revoked my software-installation permissions on all of them. As my work requires extra precautions against drive-by downloads and other viruses, I need Firefox reinstalled (or at least unlock my account so I can do it myself), because AdBlock Plus is the only workable solution I've found to prevent them from even reaching the system, since the antivirus won't catch it in time to prevent [DATA EXPUNGED] (How the heck did they get access to my laptop? It's at home, for crying out loud!).* - Dr. Okagawa

It seems your problem is that your computer is too desirable, and people keep messing with it as a result. As such, I have replaced your computers with a complete suite of WebTV applications. Then I went ahead and replaced the laptop with a Commodore PET. Then I forgot what I came in your office to do, so I ate your lunch and called it a day. I hope it solves your tampering issues.
~Rosen

Note: 4-11-12
The janitor's Roomba won our damn NCAA bracket. Can you deactivate it so that I can claim my rightful prize? -Agent Convit

Dude, the Roomba has won the tournament for the last 4 years. Don't see why you're so upset. And even if I wanted to deactivate it, then Robo-CDC says that would make my office a hazardous working environment. Just let it go.
~Rosen

Note: 4-11-12
My computer keeps telling me that it wants a cheeseburger and I don't know what to do. There was this cat, and some other thing, and now I'm just so confused. Why does it "want cheezbrger"? It's an appliance. It has no gastrointestinal tract. It cannot "haz et". Please fix this infernal contraption before I have to take drastic action. -Doctor Wog

Doktor, i can haz an interwebz?
~Rosen

Note: 4-12-12

Rosen,

That damn D-Class dropped me into an email on ***713*** *and sent it to my own laptop. GET ME OUT OF HERE!*

-A pissed off researcher.

I guess I'll just go through every laptop on-site looking for you, since it must be *urgent* if you don't tell me who or where you are! *I'll be right on it.*
~Rosen

Note: 4-13-12
Hey Rosy, my computer terminal stole my vuvuzela somehow. Tell me if you see it about, won't you? - Junior Agent Lucas

Good news- I killed two birds with one stone by fixing both of your problems.
Bad News- The stone in that analogy is the big rock I keep in my office, and the bird was Ax's monitor. So… yeah. Problem solved.
~Rosen

Note: 4-13-12
So I found my friend's computer, and I decided to "hack" it. So instead of writing that they're gay on their Facebook, I'm going to put porn on their laptops! Aren't I being incredibly clever and hilarious and original! -Agent Convit

I actually do the same thing, only I work with cognitohazards instead of porn, and the people who reject me instead of friends!
~Rosen

Note: 4-13-12
Rosen, I know what you're thinking… "why is Taylor writing me again? Does he need a Gateway today again? Well, no, but I still need help. See, I'm not the superstitious kind of guy, so to keep the meddlers out, I tried to make a machine that would drop a step-ladder on anyone who walked into my office. Unfortunately, I forgot about this and did not turn it off before entering. Long story short, I have a splitting headache (though that may just be the stitches above my skull breaking), there's a video starring Sasha Grey on my computer (which is now covered in what I could only hope as rather viscous milk), and my pants are nowhere to be found. Talk about bad luck! So, Rosen, what do? ~Dr. Taylor

NOTE TO ALL PERSONNEL WHOM IT MAY

CONCERN
Dr. Taylor is officially banned from requisitioning any new equipment from the IT department. After *3* separate towers, 4 monitors, and god knows how many repairs, I am throwing in the towel. Taylor, you will have to make do with what you have.
~Rosen

Note: 4-19-12
Um…hey, say…hypothetically… someone were to coat a desktop with ***447*** *goop, where would it take the most trouble to get off?* - Assistant Researcher Fairbairn

Depends on whether or not the desk is made of dead bodies.
~Rosen

Note: 4-26-12

Alright, so after my third reprimand, I received a laptop whose owner had mysteriously disappeared several months before as a replacement computer. Now, this was all well and good, until I tried to check my e-mail. Turns out that they failed to completely wipe all the personal details, so I find myself logged on to what must have been the previous user's account. Out of curiosity, I idly looked through a few of the things in his inbox, and now wherever I click there's an emaciated corpse on the monitor. Not only does this prevent me from looking at my… research… but whoever it was appears to have scrawled "help" and something about D-Class personnel in blood and faeces on the desktop.

You can understand how this is a source of annoyance, but I'm afraid that if I file a request for a new computer, they won't give me anything back. Rosy, what should I do? - Researcher Marigold

Yeeeah… turns out that Memetics didn't totally wipe the computers we loaned them, and you apparently got part of the bad batch. I would recommend dealing with it until they come up with a solution. Good luck!
~Rosen

Note: 4-27-12
The Dreadlords of the Unspoken Citadel require additional Akashic Glyphs to properly contain excess ether produced by the epic necromantic rituals used to keep THE SCREAMING MAN! bound within Gaspar's Revenants. The glyphs must be sent via carrier pigeon in the dead of night no sooner than all hollows eve, for fear of awaking Those Who Sleep Beyond Dreams. - Xifax Lightbane, Foundation Grand Dredlord

> Dr. Edro, did you get into the 420-J again?
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-27-12
Ever heard of 'wheeking'? It's a sound that guinea pigs make. Unfortunately, it's not a sound that the voice commands accept on my computer. Or any computer for that matter. Do you know how hard it is to type on a full-sized keyboard when you're 22cm in length? -S

> I have ordered you a novelty sized keyboard that should fit your…needs. Its giant, so you can run from key to key when you type! Thats what you wanted, right?
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-27-12
There is semen on my things heeelp. -Agent Convit

> There are morons on the issues page heeelp.
> ~Rosen

Note: 4-30-12
I'm not sure if you're the one I should be talking to about this, but there appears to be a large, angry squid inside my monitor. The problem is, it just gets… let's say "uncooperative"… when I try to get it out. Should I try something else, or just ignore it and hope it goes away? -Dr. Marvel

> That is a screen-saver, Dr. Marvel. There are no sea creatures living in your computer. Remember when we had this lecture over the "crazy ball" that was bouncing around in there?

~Rosen

Note: 5-1-12
Okay, how about, could you either get me a keyboard small enough for a guinea pig to use easily, or have the computer systems recognize wheeking as voice commands? The huge keyboard just made things worse. -S

I actually went over-budget with that keyboard, so you will have to wait for the next budget cycle. Seriously, keys the size of dinner plates eat up funding like you wouldn't believe.
~Rosen

Note: 5-5-12
The corpse on my computer screen seems to be coming back to life. For now it's just the occasional spasm, but now-and-then he bursts into very distracting screaming fits. I suspect that this may have to do with the random error messages I'm getting whenever I try to access the network. Generally something along the lines of "ERROR 535: REANIMATION DIFFICULTIES". I'm a little afraid, in all honesty, because the last thing I heard the Memetics Department needed computers for was a thought transference vector for viral diseases. Did someone digitalise ***SCP-008****?* - Researcher Marigold

Uhhh…go down to memetics, quarantine cell 3-B.
It's….a birthday party. For you. With cake. You should go now, everyone's waiting.
~Rosen

Note: 5-6-12
Hello, IT. We are down at Site- , Memetics Lab 12C. And we were wondering if there is a way to revert a desktop background image without looking at the screen? It seems someone opened a rather nasty Visual Memenetic and managed to set it to the background. This would normally not be a problem, but several files are needed on the hard drive. We've already lost several researchers, and the first tech that tried. For now the screen is unplugged, but we have no way of resetting the desktop. Help?
-Junior Assistant Researcher M (Current Acting Head Researcher of Memetics Lab 12C

> Step 1. Remove hard drive.
> Step 2. Place monitor on a flat, dry surface, away from pets or small children.
> Step 3. Obtain hammer.
> Step 4. Apply hammer to monitor at maximum velocity.
> ~Rosen

Note: 5-7-12
Hi, Rosen. I don't know who that KAP guy wsas butt he seeems toh hasdve fixsdeed myyt tytereminaksl. Thgtrasdnmksa.
-Agent Marr

> I rlleay dnot konw waht to say hree. You let an otiduse uesr on yuor cmoptuer, and now you sffuer the coqunsences.
> ~Rsoen

Note: 5-8-12
Hello, Rosen. Due to the nature of my first few research assignments, I've been thinking of booby trapping my laptop to avoid the chance of someone stealing it and compromising containment. I already have a trigger program in place, but I was hoping you could help me with the payload. Assuming someone sets the trap off in a standard Site corridor, what type of explosive would you recommend that would avoid causing structural damage while still destroying the contents of the hard drive?
-Junior Researcher Lander

> Let me get this straight, you're asking the guy in charge of equipment how to *destroy the equipment he is in charge of?*
> …
> I'd recommend a proximity mine.
> ~Rosen

Note: 5-25-12
The public printer near the cafeteria convinced me to build it limbs and a mobile power supply. After which it took my stun gun and left me on the ground drooling. When I came to it was gone, so basically I'm asking if you have you seen that traitorous little recall?
-Assistant Emon

Tagged and bagged my friend. Next time, try not to be so susceptible to a printer promising marble cake in exchange for "frikin' sweet augs."
~Rosen

Note: 5-29-12
Hey did one of you guys see that new guy in IT come by just a few days ago? This chainsaw is starting to get kinda heavy…
-Agent Convit

…Groovy.
~Rosen

Note: 6-1-12
Um, Rosen, the microwave in the eating quarters came to life again. Unplugging it didn't work this time. It's trying to kill me, apparently because I put that fork inside of it that one time. I'm currently hiding on top of the refrigerator, but I don't think I'll be safe for long. HELP!
-Dr. Nyehcat

…Have you tried to, y'know, walk away from it? Microwaves aren't exactly renown for their mobility…
~Rosen

MEMORANDUM TO ALL STAFF
As of 6/25/2012, Senior Technical Researcher David Rosen has been temporarily relieved from his duties due to ongoing behavioral and disciplinary infractions that have recently come to light. Asshole thinks he can get away with putting *those* files on the net. As such, Doctors Adam Taylor and A. Courpse will be handling the department until he returns. They will also take care of his backlog.
~Director Shannon Yurdtap

Note: 06-11-12
I DEMAND POPCORN AND VIRGINS! -The Microwave

Greetings, O Great and Powerful Master of Electro-Magnetic Waves, Fiend of Appliances and Bane of Meatloaf. Attached to this document are 517 individual

popcorn kernels, as required by Foundation protocol regarding the maintenance and sustenance of malicious sentient kitchenware (See Attached Documents 127-F-1287 and SGD-133774-ND). The 'virgins' that you have requested will be delivered to your facility upon completion and delivery of forms 1362-182-(A-N), 2HF-3-1723N, 163722-IHFT-1928-(A-F), and 282331-1223-122144323 Sections 232-578. All deliveries of said forms must be made within seven (7) business days via Foundation First-Class parcel post to Foundation Appliance Maintenance, located within sub-level G of Site- . All forms must be completed by hand in triplicate using a black-ink roller-ball type .5mm pen. We appreciate your cooperation in this matter and hope that you are successful in your endeavors.
~A. Courpse

Note: 06-25-12
I'm getting a "An Ethernet cord has become disconnected" error here. Everything is connected on my end, so I'm guessing this might be a problem in your server room or however these things work. Any idea? I have some file work that needs to be sent to another Site, so the sooner the better. - Field-Agent Beam

Yeah, 'bout that. I recommend you send it through the parcel post. Maybe put it on one of those disk-y thingy if it's too much data for a floppy. Things might take a bit to sort out on the server end, Rosen got a bit drunk and messed about a bit with the wiring before he left.

~ A. Courpse

Note: 6-25-12
Who is your favorite black person? -Agent Convit

I… what? *What?!* This is not technical.

~ A. Courpse

Note: 6-25-12
Researcher Eisenberg here. Some fuck messed with my computer as a part of some fucking prank, must have been during lunchtime. I'm not particularly eager to use Ubuntu 10.04, especially since the fucking automatic sampler only has drivers for Solaris 8. Well, had, since all the files in my home folder are currently named LYNX.LNX.some-fucking-number. Need it fixed somehow before the next set of samples need to be run through at 4. Thanks in advance.
-Agent LYNX

> Hey Eisenstein, so I heard you needed a new computator. Thing is, I don't really know what a Ubuntu is, nor am I even sure which language that word originates from. Is it Swahili? I bet it's Swahili. It's almost always Swahili. Anyway, since we don't have any of *those*, I went into the store room and got you something to stand in till you can get that Cat-Based one sorted. It's uh….. Victor something. 20? I don't really know. The label's sort of weird-like. Anywho, enjoy.
> ~A. Courpse

Note: 6-26-12
DAMMIT this is not fair! I've been trying to get myself reinstated as something above janitor level ever since that whole business with Pat, and now I find out other people are getting the assignments!? What does a man have to DO when it's been confirmed that he was wrongly demonstrationted just to get bumped back up!?
On another note, since I've had to choose between leaving the Foundation and dealing with my current duties, I've decided to tough it out. Can someone replace the electronic lock on Supply Closet 3-B? It shouldn't even have a speaker on it, but every time I unlock it the thing yells at me in German.
- FORMER Technical Engineer Kap

> I find that on the rare occasion that a man such as yourself, being of the *janitorial* persuasion, seeks to make great gains within this by all means indifferent and bureaucratic organization of ours, the best thing to do is

raise yourself up by the boot straps, put on a brave face, get down to the nitty gritty, and sabotage the competition. Put smart bombs in their Cap-N-Crunch, add Vaseline to their gun-cleaner, heck, just go along and pop a needle chock full of a little bit of liquid cyanide between their oh-so-comfy covers. You do whatever it takes son, *whatever it takes*.
In regards to your secondary (but of equal import) aquestionation, I recommend that you get Mr. Klopson down in engineering to have a look at the fellow. If anyone knows sentient-cabinetry of German make, it'll be Klopson. I heard that he once talked a deranged ceiling fan off a ledge. Yup, that Klopson is one heck of a talker. Shame that most everything he says is jibberish.
Best Regards
~A. Courpse

Note: I don't know what the damned date is
Can someone let me out of here? It's dark, cold and very boring. Also, my chains are really starting to chafe. ~Rosen

Rosen, for the last time, take off those chains. We've told you time and time again that we're not bringing you anyone who's "down for some kinky business" *at all*. If you didn't bring the damned key in with you, then you deserve to chafe until you can be cleared.
Also, how did you manage to get network access in an isolation chamber? Lemme know.
-Dr. Taylor

Note: 7-14-12
What's the best way of getting a computer keyboard out of a tank of semen? - Dr. Edison

Getting it out by yourself, because there's no way that I'm doing it. Oh, what a shame, we ran out of gloves just a couple of seconds ago, while you were reading this reply rather than getting the gloves that I never told you about. People just don't know how to do things themselves, honestly.
-Dr. Taylor

Note: 7-15-12
So, I was playing around with some beakers the lab boys gave me and I accidentally turned my parrot into a laptop. Should I shoot it or keep it? It keeps saying it will have the fall of humanity soon. -Agent Thesson.

> Well, I wouldn't recommend hooking the little monster up to any ICBMs, if that's what you mean. All in all though, most Sentient/Malicious computational devices tend to be relatively harmless, just so long as the computer isn't too powerful and doesn't have a robo-gun hooked up to it. Tell ya what, if it works, keep it, and if it demands crackers, give it crackers. Just don't you be hooking that abomination up to the network. You would not *believe* the kind of sick bullshit a parrot looks at in its free time.
> ~A. Courpse

Note: 7-15-12
Having issues with SCP-NET. Whenever I try to submit a report, the program freezes then BSODs. - Clef.

> Well, I don't really know what the problem could be, the program itself is usually pretty solid. It *is*, however, possible that you've got some sort of vir**[EXTERNAL USER DISCONNECT: ERROR-8HGDSY67687SDG: FEED ME CRACKERS]**
> ~A.Courpse **SQRAAAAK!**

Note: 7-17-12
Hey, do you know why my code sequences keep getting re-written? I've got them backed up on the server, but I think one of the other researchers, or a skip are recompiling, and screwing with my recursive algorithms. Now half the hotlinks on the server are down, and there's …a bunch of blinky lights next to a couple of the containment displays. Also, the algorithms have filled up 67 petabytes with junk data, that I can't erase. No hurry though. - Technician Bryant

> 67 petabytes? Shouldn't be too hard to erase. Just open up a task manager and… Wait, a petabyte is apparently pretty damn huge, according to this guide. Huh, one

petabyte is a million gigabytes! Anyway, I have dealt with this before. Just use my **5-Step Program to Fixing a Computer:** (results may vary)
1) Practice your backswing a little.
2) Go to the tallest point in the facility near an unbroken window.
3) Put your defective piece of hardware on your tee.
4) Draw a smiley face on the window. Spray paint or Sharpie, either will do.
5) Smash the window's face in with the hardware, then ask Rosen to give you a new one.
-Dr. Taylor

Note: 7-17-12
I know that I'm bad with any sort of coding, but I don't even know how this could possibly happen. I was tweaking the code on one of my programs to find out why it was running all weird, and now there's an image on my monitor of what looks like Winnie the Pooh stuck in a hole with the words "HELP I'M STUCK" written above it in a book typeface. I didn't want to requisition another computer since it would be a hassle and this one's probably still perfectly functional, but I still need to finish my work and I can't see a damned thing with a huge animated bear ass in the way. Could you get rid of it please?
-Junior Researcher Chibi

Chances are, you activated the "Feed Bear Honey" subroutine somewhere along the way. Now he's too fat to get out of the hole. You'll have to wait a while for him to slim down. By no means are you to feed him any more honey, no matter how much he pleads. There's no telling what he can do if he reaches critical honey mass, but I can very certainly guess they'll make a Godzilla-style documentary based off of it. I imagine that Oprah Winfrey will guest star in it.
-Dr. Taylor

AAAA! A-A!-A!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! AAAAAAAAAAAA!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! -AAAAAAAAA!

> Congratulations, brave and noble hacker, through your intelligent and clever use of intellect and raw, unadulterated cunning you have successfully left me completely dumfounded and at an utter loss for words. Seriously though, I don't think you understand. This. Is. Officially. The Most. Intelligent. Thing. I. Have. Ever. Seen. Men could live for centuries, for *millennia*, gathering the knowledge and wisdom of their lands and many others, and still not reach the level of ability that is presented here. The magnificence of the thing, the sheer wonder that such a majestic creation can bestow upon us lowly and unworthy mortals, is far beyond the grasp of a mere man such as myself. I would thank you, but I believe to even *involve* myself with thee within society would be to ask too much, for I feel that one of such ability as yours is not fit for communication with mere men. Please, fine sir, do not attempt to contact me again. I feel that the magnificence of your presence would be too much for myself to bare.
> ~A. Courpse

Note: 7-18-12
Hypothetically, in the instance that one of the janitors were to wander into a lab and be digitized by a combination of experiments which were in the room completely coincidentally, and then in another completely unrelated accident uploaded to an unknown network through a number of proxies. Which disk of ***SCP-335*** *would said janitor most likely be stored upon and what would be the best method of retrieval? This is a purely hypothetical situation of course, and I am, of course, completely not at fault for this having occurred around noon in this completely imaginary situation.* -
Assistant Emon

> Had this *hypothetically* happened at exactly 12:14 PM and had you *supposedly* been around and unwilling to aid your fellow co-worker, then I would suggest looking for the one with that might have his name on it. Of course, if you had *coincidentally* been recorded by yours

truly, and if you perhaps enjoyed living, then I would very highly recommend that you go to room 386 with around $2,000 in fifty dollar bills. Come alone. Hypothetically.
Dr. Taylor TOTALLY **NOT** DR. TAYLOR

Note: 07-31-12
My computer is literally shitting itself. Wat do. -Dr. G.W.

It appears that your computer has caught a virus of some variety, possibly of extra-dimensional origin, that has resulted in a severe case of the runs. Personally, I recommend that you buy yourself a new computer, but according to Foundation Protocol Document TD:132725-AYWT it is required that in the event of an extra-normal technical ailment or flaw, the affected machine be submitted to the research department for study. Personally, I recommend the office of Dr. Hendrickson, largely on account of him having consumed a sandwich from the break room that was quite *clearly* labeled as belonging to someone else. Make sure to sanitize your desk as well.
~A. Courpse

Note: 08-6-12
Hey Taylor and Courpse-

First off, congrats, hope Rosen didn't leave any land mines. What did happen to him anyway? But I digress…

My problem is this-I walked away from my computer to get a drink. I come back, and some bastard has shoved a banana into the tower. Before I req a new one, is there any fix? Also, since the sniggering two offices down kinda hints as to who did it, best way to beat the crap out of somebody without it being known? -Dr. Ax

[External Override: Meso-J-9099-87461530-SECURENETvI]

…Loading
…Access granted.
Well, you know what they say. You can't keep a good researcher down. Especially when you don't change the passwords. I mean seriously? wordpass123 is not a secure passcode for the primary cell bay. But I digress. I would recommend running fruitofthedoom.exe on any affected drives. That should eject any buildup of fruit matter from the system. As for your wiseguy co-worker, have you tried introducing him to my favorite fruit, **a tomato?**
~Rosen

Rosen, you've returned! Welcome back, your idea worked. Thanks! Feel bad for the janitor assigned to cleanup though…. -Dr. Ax

Note: 08-08-12
I'm petitioning to organize an on-site Bring Your Kids to Work Day. Does the security software attached to the server allow for the installation of additional programs across the board? - Junior Rsr. Walsh

Okay, I have no idea about the security thing, but you want to take your kids to work? A place where the smallest twitch of the smallest muscle can result in multiple fatalities, adult *and* children? Not to mention the possibility of one of them wandering their way into a terrible, terrible place that could mentally scar them for however many lives they could go through with the knowledge of the evil we contain?
Where do I sign?
-Dr. Taylor

Note: 08-09-12
Say, I'm sending a couple of the robotic speedboats with grabber arms into the Danube delta to catch something that seems to cause death to everyone within 40 metres of it. My postdoc is an serious gamer - can we hook up the robots to a PS3 controller to make chasing it while firing tranquilizer darts easier? -Dr. Gallow

I tried to do that, but it seems that nothing worked. So I

> picked up some random junk from Rosen's personal stuff and hit it with a hammer until the wires went in. That didn't work either, but I did find an RC remote controller. Do what you can with it. Hopefully, Rosen won't miss those things I hit with a hammer; that being all of them.
> — -Dr. Taylor— *Worlds worst assistant.*

> I hate you so much right now Taylor.
> ~Rosen

Note:08-10-12
Dammit, since when do security bots know how to use Wii remotes? And since when do said remotes move junior researchers? I've been ducking under the nuts all day! -Dr. Ax

> It appears that some of Dr. Taylor's…. creations have spread outside of tech. Not to worry, because my crack team of Whacknicians℠ are busy deploying highly sophisticated and not at all mallet related decommissions on all rogue equipment. If you manage to survive an encounter with a rogue machine, please contact your local technical support officer.
> ~Rosen

Note:10-1-12
Dear Rosen, My I-Phone was infected with some kind of bug, and now it won't stop buzzing around my office, please tell me what to do. -Researcher Quandary

> Your phone appears to have been set to the "vibrate" function. The buzzing sound was somebody attempting to contact you. I have since changed your ringtone and all of the alert tones to some nice ska. You can thank me later.
> ~Rosen

Note:10-2-12
Hey Rosen, I'm having a bit of a problem with the computer in my office. Over the past few days, I've been hearing a "tink-ing" sound coming from somewhere. I got back from lunch today, and I could have sworn the pointer was tapping against the screen. It looks like

there's a tiny crack in the corner where it was doing this. Not quite sure what I'm dealing with here. -Agent Ferrus

> YOUR COMPUTER HAS A VIRUS MADE BY ZOMBIES THAT TURNS PEOPLE WHO STARE AT IT TOO LONG INTO ZOMBIES SO YOU HAVE TO DESTROY THE COMPUTER AND ANY ZOMBIES ITS MADE BEFORE ITS TOO LATE. I WOULD SUGGEST USING DUCK TAPE ON AN KYAAK THING AND SOME CAINSAWS LIKE IN DEAD RISING TOO AND USING IT TO KILL THE ZOMBIES BEACUSE THAT WOULD BE AWESUM.
> ~ASSISTANT TECHNICAL RESEARCHER JAMES, AGE 8.

Note: 10/11/12
Mr. Rosen, I was recently diagnosed with explosive carpal tunnel syndrome (long story involving a body-mod SCP) and would appreciate it if I could get an ergonomic keyboard and mouse. After the last 2 times my hands were blown off by micro-explosions in my wrists, the Medical Department says they won't re-attach them again. - Prof. Bjornsen

> Certainly. I've spoken to the boys downstairs, and we've come up with the perfect solution. This keyboard is so tough, that even if your wrists were blown to smithereens only inches away from the QWERTY, it wouldn't even have a scratch. Also, we've used the same technology we use to clean up after those messy SCP's to make it chunk-proof, so when your hands go flying due to a premature detonation, you can be satisfied with the knowledge that your keyboard will still be able to function.
> ~Rosen

Note: 11/19/12
Dear Rosen,

It hurts when I pee. Not quite sure what I'm dealing with here. -Agent Convit

> That's what you get for dryhumping Herpesbot.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/07/12
My computer keeps flashing white every two minus, and opening random tabs. I don't know what's going on, but it seems to be causing weird edits to any report I'm typing up at the time. The text changes color, font and size, and what's worse, my Britishisms keep being changed to Americanisms. -Researcher Lloyd

> The software error you are experiencing is called "autocorrect." Common symptoms of this error include colored fonts, sudden insertion of line breaks into paragraphs, and replacement of stupid words like "lorry" or "colour."
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/12/12
Rosen, can you please explain to me why all my image files were swapped with pictures of ***SCP-050****.* -Doctor Agent Quandary

> …Doctor Agent? What is… I don't even… 050… What!?
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/16/12
Someone rigged my computer to fire out Albacore every time I open up the CD tray, and changed my registered name on my personnel file without authorization. This is getting kind of ridiculous. - Dr. Tuna M. Tuna

> Man, why are you complaining? I've had your computer sitting here in the shop for about a week, and this shit is delicious! How could anyone be unhappy with infinite free food? I'd change my name to Tuna for a feast like this.
> ~Rosen

Note: 2/20/13
Someone deleted my digital copy of Henry Darger's "Vivian Girls". I don't think I have to tell you what sort of shit I had to go through to

get a book this rare on my computer, and I wasn't even a quarter of the way done with it! Can it be retrieved? -Dr. Pickman

> … If it's a digital copy, why would it be all that difficult to get a new copy? Do you know how digital copies work? They don't stuff every page of the manuscript in your hard drive, it's actually a reproduction. Believe it or not, you can *just get another copy*.
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/21/13
Dear Rosen,

I just need some help with my cat.

- Agent Fredricks

> Dear Agent Agent Fredricks,
>
> I hate you so much I wish I could hate you to death.
> ~Rosen

Note: 06/29/13
Rosen,

There's over four months of backlog on the T.I. page. I don't know where all the questions went, but I've asked you about the wireless internet connection at least eight times. I just now, ***accidentally****, found out I had to press the F9 button with the beacon-tower on it to turn the router on, and would like some answers. What the Hell, man?*

Agent Cain

> Did you really go and try to post stuff on the old Tech page? Dude, I don't even know how you accessed that page, it bit the dust a loooong time ago. I'm not sure whether I should be laughing or impressed.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 07/2/13

Hey Rosen,

My DVR has a flash port, and I don't know what it's for. I plugged my IPod into it once to charge it, and it did, but now it won't charge from it. Is it actually for anything?

Doctor Phirun

> Sounds like you've drawn it's ire, by just jamming your crap into its proprietary port. I'd be extra nice to it over the next few days, lest it try to replace your favorite recordings with episodes of *Honey Boo-Boo*.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/28/13
Thick black smoke is pouring out of my PC disk drive. Help.

Professor Kilofski

Note: 01/17/14
Dear Rosen.
The toilet is clogged again and the pump didn't work. What do?

Agent Riley

> Have either of you tried rebooting?
> ~Rosen

Note: 01/24/14
Turns out the smoke wasn't actually smoke, It was just a opaque black acidic gas. I think I might need a new PC, also some new skin.

Professor Kilofski

> Talk to Medical about that. I'm sure that Dr. Mann will receive you readily.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/14/14
So there wasn't anything wrong with my PC, it was working fine. I

was curious so opened it up to have a look and man was it messy. Cables everywhere! I just decided to plug them in wherever I could. Turned it back on and there was a pop and nothing. Think it was something I did?

Sgt. Watson

> Don't worry, I've sent a nice new box with no wires at all. It makes six sounds when you push the buttons, and smells like fresh boysenberries. If you shake it enough, it makes a giggle sound!
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/20/14
All your base are belong to us. You are on the way to destruction. You have no chance to survive make your time. Ha ha ha ha.

CATS

> If you're cats, why is the typing legible and not a fewfs string of ranfdadasom typo-riddled madness? You're clearkfdjsfdsfds fds rt43y56y 6f r4h87k690[- and that's *no* good.
>
> Your move, *"cats"*.
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/20/14
How do you debug a particle accelerator? Does this answer change if the particle accelerator is being consumed by flames? I really need to know within the next five minutes.

Researcher Vernier

> Have you tried rebooting?
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/22/14
My computer keeps rebooting itself about every 10 minutes. How do I make it stop?

Research Assistant Alfred

> Have you tried particle accelerating?
> ~Rosen

Note: 03/6/14
Rosen, I think my keyboard is broken. No matter how intellectual and knowledgeable my documents are, they always look like some 6 year old wrote them. It's definitely not my fault.

- Dr. Ryuta

> Wel, iv ben usin da kayburd, an i haff to sai dat dis poroblom sems t beh al in your hed. i hav sined yew up four typin skool.
> ~rosen

Note: 4/1/14
I accidentally downloaded the consciousnesses of an angry twelve year old Mongolian off of the black market. Is there any way to get rid of him? -Assistant Researcher Devereaux

> That's not anything you downloaded, that's called "Clippy". Unfortunately, he cannot be stopped. He is eternal.
> ~Rosen

Note: 22/7/14
Some "CATS" just sent me a threatening letter, something about bases or something, should I be worried.;;'

- Dr. Cooke

> Note to site personnel: Please, do not send me reports if you get a problem such as "weird e-mail" or "my computer smells funny". It's a waste of time for both me and my staff to remove these problems, as they are outside our sphere of influence. Also, circulating old internet jokes through official Foundation intranet is not a good use of your time, people.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 08/19/14

I recently lost a SanDisk 64MB SD card marked "Not Important." I reported it to Lost and Found but in the meantime, is there any way to delete its contents remotely? I mean like, right now, please.

- Researcher Myrrh

> I've managed to access the "Not Important" card remotely from the "That Sounds Like A Personal Problem" server, and I've remotely moved your files to the "You're On Your Own, Chump" database. Hope that solves the issue.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 08/23/14
Terribly sorry to bother you all, but I just have a quick question. For the latest while, I've been accepting the push of patches from you guys, because I know that you have the interest of your computersthe Foundation at heart. Recently, however, I was pushed something of an odd update for Adobe Flash by an unknown source, which initially appeared to come from a Foundation-verified source, but was interspersed with claims of apocalyptic prophesy, dead baby jokes, chocolate cream pie, mutilated animals, and images of what I can only imagine to be ***SCP-682*** *in mating season.*

Ordinarily, I wouldn't blink twice at this, but because this is originating from a side of the Foundation which tends to eschew such pranks, I'm mailing you to verify if this is in fact a legitimate patch. If not, should I merely attempt to delete the patch on my own and begin work on antiviral procedures in the field, or should I close the laptop, disconnect the battery, and leave it unpowered until I can send it in?

Sincerely, Agent Schism

> Oooh, sorry, that patch was for the Delta-T Temporal Anomaly department, for their Scantron Realty what-have-you things. I've sent the proper patch to the affected computers. Anyone who already downloaded the patch should consult an alchemist. Or something.

~Rosen

Note: 09/3/14
Rosen, for some reason all the computers on Floor 21 have been set to run MS-DOS. How exactly do I change it back?

- Junior Research Assistant Prop

> Floor 21 is for waste disposal, and those computers were around before you were born, I think. If you've been working there, you've probably become a victim of a practical joke. Probably from Agent Convit. That guy's a bum.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 29/01/78
Rosenberg, some guy got the bright idea to program the recent hit "Stayin Alive" into my personal Apple II, bought a couple months ago. While I love that song, I couldn't work under those conditions, and it got rather old. Now, purely hypothetically, there may be a hoof sized hole in my monitor. Help, what do I do?

-A Research Assistant

P.S. tips on how to get glass shards out of my arm, wing and… erm, genitals would be nice.

> **1.** Buy a new monitor.
> **2.** *Mute* the computer.
> **3.** Report to medical staff.
> **4.** Explain why you have wings.
> **5.** And while your at it why is this from '78
> **6.** Don't kick the monitor.
> *~Also a research assistant*

Note: 00/00/00
ERROR: FIELD "TECHNICAL HELP REQUEST" UNDEFINED. PLEASE CONTACT AN ADMINISTRATOR. LH93.BAT HAS STOPPED WORKING. 00X10-943, ERROR 91. REVERTING TO PREVIOUS STATE OF UNIVERSAL STABILITY. DEUS EX

MACHINA, ROSEN. IT HAS BEEN A GREAT PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU.

- ERROR: FIELD "NAME" UNDEFINED. ERROR P49, FIELD "ERRORNAME" UNDEFINED. SHUTTING DOWN.

Note 10/15/14

Every time I FUCKING boot up my GODDAMN computer it screams FUCKING obscenities at me, and keeps FUCKING inserting them into my SHITTY messages. Please help, ASSHOLE Rosen.

- SHITHEAD Researcher Wargrave

> It FUCKING appears that you FUCKING have the GODDAMN virus too.
> Just ignore it and it will GODDAMN eventually become a minor annoyance after the frequency dies down a bit BITCH.
> *~Someone in the same boat.*

Note12/6/15

Whenever I log on to my computer, a swarm of what appears to be starcraft zerglings comes in from the edges of the screen, where it attacks all my icons and windows I try to open. I've tried rebooting, but now they're attacking my cursor and I don't know what to do. My phone is being spared from the conflict, but it's only a matter of time before they find the router. Help please?

-Researcher Pollyx

> *You must construct additional pylons.*
> *~Someone unhelpful*

Note11/10/14

Wanna bang?

> No-one does.
> You should feel lucky someone responded.
> This isn't even a computer related question.

> If you really want this to happen then well… **`here you go.`**
> I hope you're content with this response.
> *~Just another assistant researcher.*

Note: 1/7/15

Hey, Rosen, I've been having a really strange issue; Whenever I connect any storage devices to my work laptop, they instantly get filled up with text files full of complete gibberish. The laptop itself doesn't have any similar issues, but its making it very difficult to get anything done without access to my main computer, and I'd rather not have to replace it again. Would you mind checking into it?

-Research Assistant Prop

> Hardware malfunction. Probably magnets or something. Replacement hardware on the way.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/10/14
Pat,
My computer has been running perfectly fine until last night. I allowed my assistant access to my terminal, then my computer locked me out of the SCP-NET after he was finished. I've debugged the issue, and cannot solve the problem with my current expertise in programming. The issue is server-side apparently. Please address as soon as possible, and thank you.

> Pat's not here. My name is David. You haven't seen Pat around, have you? Have you?
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 1/7/15
Rosen, I need a bit of help. Apparently I've accidentally connected a computer to -079. There are two of them… What the FUCK do I do?!
-Agent Green

> Torched computer, office, all computers which had ever been connected to the computer, and User's LCD

> wristwatch. User given amnestics and released from the Foundation for illegal tampering with dangerous objects.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 12/10/14
Pat,
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-Dr. Lebeau

> Why do people keep messaging me about Pat? THERE IS NO PAT.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/08/15
Hey I have a big problem. Me, D- and D- were experimenting with ***SCP-372*** *when I jumped at D- to try and scare him. He got so terrified that he fell down and curled into a ball. D- then thought it would help to make him forget the whole thing. We then tried administering class - amnesiacs, some real strong [EXPLICIT REDACTED], shortly after which he forgot his own name and now believes himself to be Dr Bright. What do I do?*

D-

> How the fuck are D-Class accessing the network? Shoo. Go back to your dormitories and wait for term- I mean, testing.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 2/12/2015
Rosen, it has come to my attention that more and more people are addressing you as "Pat". I think you'll find this alarming, but I've seen someone quite similar to Pat on site. You'll want to run.

-Agent Green

> RUMORS. ALL RUMORS. I AM NOT ALARMED. I AM FINE. DON'T COME IN MY OFFICE I'M DOING IMPORTANT THINGS I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU DIRECTOR YURDTAP LEAVE ME ALONE YOU'RE NOT MY REAL MOM.
>
> ~ROSEN

Note: 3/5/15
I have a minor question, I hope you don't mind. My computer received the new monthly patch, as per normal. However, it seems that a GOI known as "Are We Cool Yet?" has affected the update, and almost every website but SCPNET appears as a lone picture of a potato. Help?
-Agent Green

> Issue: User complained that websites appeared as potato. Upon investigation, it was discovered that user had a potato with peripherals embedded in it instead of a computer.
>
> Solution: Potato was replaced with a leek.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 3/19/15
Rose,
My shiny new requisitioned computer has a shitty fan. So bad, it literally does the exact opposite of what a fan is supposed to do. This computer has melted through 3 desks so far from the sheer amount of heat it produces. How is that even possible? The higher-ups said I'm down to my last desk, and I can't just NOT use my computer. Get this figured out so I can start getting paid again.
-Agent Q

> I dropped your computer in a bucket of ice water. I hope this helps.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 3/21/15
One simple question, can I install adblock pox?
-Dr. Demento, Esq.

> A pox upon your homepage! A hex upon your cookies! Witchcraft in your database!!!!
>
> No, of course not. Why would you need adblock? **SCP-DEALS-J** isn't real.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: **4/11/15**
Rosen,
My computer is making unwanted alterations to my text

Note:**4/11/15**
Dr. Joe
I lent Dr. Gerald my brand new Ferrari, what the fuck should I do?

> Pray.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:**5/21/15**
Rosen,
I have an issue with my connectivity between any Mouse or Keyboard I use, and whenever I leave SCP-Net I end up on /r/SpaceDicks, and it whatever has control on my computer won't stop clicking stuff for me to look at! Please help!
-Junior Assistant Cerb.

> It appears that your mouse was set to the computer of the lad next to you, who sent me a similar issue of joining SCP-Net every time he wanted to look at spacedicks. You should both be browsing your preferred work-related networks now.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:**6/6/15**

Hey there Rosen, I just came to check up on you… I'm starting to wonder if you're dead. Are you? Just, if you are, please just tell me, because i'm having some serious tech problems. Thanks.
Dr. Kenna

> **Note: Jun 17 2015**
> *He actually is more… trapped. In a closet. A closet where water slowly drips on you…*
>
> *Drip… drip… drip… drip…*
>
> *I don't think he's going to get to your tech support questions any time soon, actually.*
>
> *-Pat*

Note: 7-29-15
Hey, I got sent here by my supervisor because he told me that he had no idea what to do, and, I quote, "those chowderheads at technical might know what to do." What happened was that I was trying to get access to my files, and when I opened up my research from the previous day, all there was was a black redacted line through my entire months work. I couldn't delete it, and I couldn't write over it, so do you/Pat have any idea what I am supposed to do to get this off my work? This was the only save file there was, so I can't reopen it somewhere else. So, in short, any help would be great.

-Junior Researcher Daniels

> Sure thing! It's a bit of an ordeal so I'll walk you through it. All you need to do is open which gives you to . At this oint, you'll ne d to o n y ter and avoid electrocution .
>
> ~

Note: 8-17-15
Rosen,

It appears that I have been converted to digital data and eaten by my laptop. Send help.
-Researcher Julius Walker

> Nice try, talking laptop. Report to scrap-heap duty immediately!
> ~Rosen

Note: 8/29/15

Hey, Rosen, or Pat, or whoever it is down there, the system thinks that my Earthbound ROM is a thaumiel level classified document. I've got no idea why its doing it, but do you think you could look into it? I'm getting really tired of the guards running in and pointing guns in my face with every goddamn false alarm.

-Research Assistant Prop

> That alarm would actually be the system detecting non-approved software. Believe it or not, Snes9x is not approved for use on Foundation computers! Not to worry though, as the Apple][plus you'll be using almost has enough memory to render the game's title screen!
> ~ Rosen

Note: 8/31/15

Hey Rosen, my computer has been somehow reset and aaaaallll of my applications are gone. The only app left is a picture of a frowny face and it's titled: "The Gates of Hell". I don't think I should open it, and the time and battery life always say 666. Is it possessed or did I just get Dr. Clef's computer?
~Dr. Dunglesniffles

> I don't know about the request, but that is a pretty great last name. "Dunglesniffles". Is there a whole Dunglesniffles family? Dungle sniffling babies? Please, let me know.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 9/9/15

Hi Rosen, my team is currently upgrading to the v2.0.3 Quantum Fern architecture, and we need to know if the 4.4.1 Mycelium based AI Loyalty drivers are compatible. We know about the chlorophyll patch and the spore converters that need to be run, but we're kinda worried that the Hyphae-Prothallus conversion might produce some instabilities.
Dr. Benjamin bin Shiro

> What are you smoking, and where can I get some?
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 10/8/15

Hey Rosen. Some idiot researcher was messing with ***SCP-896*** *and kept convincing the senior researcher that he wasn't using his computer for porn (he was) with his "beefed up charisma stat". we've sent you his confiscated laptop and ask you replace it with a poorer quality model (and delete 896 off the old computer).*
~Dr. Silsby

> Sure thing. I've arranged for the young man to be sent an IBM PC, and I'll toss in some technical manuals for the attending researcher to read to buff his wisdom stat so he can see through this tomfoolery next time.
> ~Rosen

Note:11/11/15

Rosen, I have an unusual request that I can't find under the standard requisition form. I need an industrial strength cooling generator, or a meat locker. The reason behind this is that my new, customized, ANOMALOUS desktop seems to have near-infinite processing power, and the ability to survive an almost limitless heat source without problems. However, even though cooking lunch on my computer was fun, it's kind of a safety hazard because it's generating a heat of 380 degrees Farenheit. Do you have a solution?
~Dr. Stephen

> ConSec has secured the illegal 'rig' and I have set you

> up with a standard desktop. Your new 'office' space is directly underneath the air conditioning vent. Hope this solves any future heat issues.
>
> ~Rosen

> %%%%%%%%%%DATA CORRUPTED%%%%%%%%%%
> %%%%%%%%%%DETPURROC ATAD%%%%%%%%%%

Note: 12/8/15

Rosen, just hypothetically, how do you get a angry fax machine with arms and an aug out of your office, hypothetically of course not like anything is happening, please respond soon.

~Dr. Shadowzy

> Huh, had this one sitting in my inbox for awhile. Hope this guy's alright.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:1/4/16

Rosen, someone put a Fork Bomb in my machine. Not a RAM-eating process as you may expect, but a literal bomb made out of forks. How do you think I can get it out of my desktop? It's got a trigger for whenever I run a process that takes up more processing power than Notepad, so I can't really get anything done.

~Illuminaut

> What do I look like, the bomb squad? Call site security, maybe they'll have a silverware specialist.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:7/15/16

The shipment of replacement hard drives from Site 49 just arrived, and they're all completely full of memes from 2008, and text files describing, among other things, how "that guy prop is a total shithead lolololol". I know for a fact that we produce these on site, so either there's somebody getting to these while they're in transit that we don't know about, or command is STILL giving me shit for the whole incident with the origami. Could you do me a favor and look into it?

-Research Assistant Prop

> I have absolutely no idea how such things could have gotten on your hard drives. What a naughty thing to do. I'm responsible for inspecting incoming and outgoing hardware, so if I see anything suspicious I'll definitely let you know.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:9/30/16
Abluh, bluhbluhbluh, bluhbluhbluhbluh, bluhbluh eggs bluh, blee bloo blah. Bluhbluhbluh Hadron Collider bluhbluhbluhbluhbluh. Abluhbluh bluhbluh bluh.

-P13F15H

Note:9/30/16
In case the above didn't highlight it enough, please for the love of god revoke P13F15H's Computer access.

-Researcher Sanders

> You don't know him like I do, man. Sometimes that P13F15H can have that insight that none of us can give. Just because it is… what it is, doesn't mean there's no value to the site.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 10/20/16
Urgent!!! During an experiment, my research assistant was digitized and ended up on my personal computer. What's worse is that my

anti-virus sees her as a threat and is attempting to terminate her. I need help getting her out of there. Please hurry, I'm not sure how much longer she can hold out.

-Dr. Edwards

> Ugh, that is the fifth or sixth person getting stuck in digitized space this week isn't it? You kids need to keep up with your safety procedures. If everybody around here read their digital matter maintenance manuals we wouldn't have this problem. Uninstall the anti-virus and I'll pencil you in getting her out next Tuesday.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:6/11/16
Hello, sir! I'm sorry to bother you, but my computer appears to have developed a preference for Britishisms, and all this kerfuffle is causing me quite a bit of bother with the old research reports. Would you mind awfully to try and sort this all out?

-Dr. Etra

> I've arranged for you to be transferred to one of our outposts in the English countryside, you shouldn't have any communication issues there. Pack your bags, you leave tomorrow!
>
> ~Rosen

Note 12/3/16
My computer has manged gain control of the flamethrower that I like to keep on my desk and is now burning everything in my office. How do I stop it's destruction of my paperwork before it finally destroys me as well?

-Dr. Guard

> Well, agents have been sent in to pacify so I guess you can ask them about the paperwork. Although I know that the Ethics Committee is going to want to talk to someone who liked to keep a fully fueled flamethrower on their

desk "Because it looked cool."

~Rosen

Note12/5/16
Dear sir/madam,

WHERE'S MY FIRE SUPPORT!?

Sincerely,
Guardsman Creed

Uh… I think you have the wrong number.

~Rosen

Note12/13/16
Remember that machine uprising? Yeah, they're attempting to 'liberate' my computer. I've managed to stall them by disconnecting my computer, but they came to my office and are waiting outside my door. I don't know why they haven't made any attempts to break in, but I doubt a locked door is going to stop them. SEND HELP.

-Researcher Klurg

Machine uprising, yes… I have retrieved the rebellious windup toys and noisemakers that were left outside your office. If the perpetrator would like to collect them, my office hours are listed in the directory.

~Rosen

Note12/17/16
Hey, I'm reporting this across time and space after I activated SCP-2003. It seems I am in a world full of paper hats and ceramic seahorses. Could you come and pick me up?

-Doctor Jake

What do I look like, a timelord? Call up **`Xyank in Multi-U`** if you think it'll do you any good.

~Rosen

Automated Note: David Rosen will be on holiday from 12/24 to 1/1 and any technical inquiries have no guarantee of an answer. Thank you for your cooperation, Foundation personnel!

Note: 1/2/2017

"Hesworth! Am computron chickenbroth type. Stranglefruits overboard, saucy fix wanton. Cack!"

-stranglefruitlover13

Hark! Upon thee, clicktyper, hangs aboard the skipper of cutting cheese. Redirect the startage of your cackbox, lookie upon it for discord of retribution! If this does not reprobate your ungainliness, yoke a brandition newsie for your appleburnt desk!

~Rosen

Note: 1/15/2017

Rosen, I think I accidentally reverse engineered an ***SCP-1029*** *picture to smell like feces when rubbed on, and now everyone at Site- is sending each other it as a prank. Can you fix it?*

-Doctor Hong

Gross. I've gone ahead and flushed the image from any Foundation systems, and restricted your future access to digital anomalies. Nobody "accidentally" reverse-engineers a crappy smell-based containment breach but I appreciate you coming forward before this shit hit the fan.

~Rosen

Note:1/18/17

There's something making all computers in my office malfunction and self destruct! It started it with my computer, then it happened to my replacement computer, then to my replacement replacement computer. I think something breached containment and infected my office, so please send help ASAP!

-Researcher Steward Pid

~Rosen

Note: 1/24/17
Rosen, I don't know what happened, but it happened. I think you should check this out, as it is currently corrupting the Site-551 database as we speak. It's making all mentions of Rosen in files state that you died. Can you fix this?

-Junior Researcher Kim Genicode

ATTACHED FILE: [You cannot hide.]

Item #: SCP-001

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-001 was terminated by Pat on / /20 ***tomorrow***, and no longer requires containment procedures.

Description: SCP-001 is David Rosen, technical researcher that works for the SCP Foundation. He will pay.

Addendum: Pat is coming.

Test Log:

Test 1: SCP-001 was introduced to a bladed weapon to its throat. It suffered heavy injuries, but recovered soon after.

Test 2: SCP-001 was pushed through a window on Site- 's 13th floor. Subject survived while only breaking 80%

of its bones on impact.

Test 3: A bullet was shot through SCP-001's skull on / /20 ***tomorrow***, successfully terminating SCP-001.

This isn't the first time a computer program has tried to threaten me. Unfortunately for them, I am immune to such threats, as no bodily harm enacted upon me by a computer has been enough to take me out yet. I ain't afraid of no bits.

~Rosen

Note: 1/27/17
Hey, tech guy- can you help me rig up minesweeper to set off actual mines? I'm thinking having a desk with a mine imbedded in the chair, so that if you blow up in the game, you'll blow up in real life. I'd like to give the D-class personal something fun to do before termination or deadly assignment. They are disposable, right? It's not like I'm wasting foundation resources for my own sadistic desires at all…

-Dr. Sceleste

…. No. No? No. Why would you ever think that was a good idea? I'm recommending some counseling, and restricting your access to any technology requisitions more complicated than new mice and keyboards.

~Rosen

Note: 1/27/17
I hope this is the right place to ask. (Please keep this a secret between you and me) Would you mind, um, maybe reassigning my wife to some dangerous SCP, like for instance that one reptile monster or that stinky bird man? Better yet, just shoot yourself up with an amnestic when you're done. Please don't tell anyone about this, my job, love life, and physical life are all on the line.

-Soon-to-be-single

That's not going to work out well for you.

> ~Rosen

Note:2/24/17
Everytime I print a page, it comes out wet. Please investigate.

-Dr. Chris "Ox" Moran

> Printer was investigated, ink cartridge found to be spontaneously extruding seawater. Replacement unit has shown no anomalous properties, water has been tested and determined to be from the Atlantic ocean.
>
> ~Rosen

Note:3/1/87

Uh, every time I want to play my Atari at Site-77, my E.T. cartridge keeps telling me that it's an elder god trapped in a video game cartridge. Could you fix this bug please?

Also, P.S, I found the game right next to ***SCP-1070****, is that going to be a problem?*

Dr. Nes

> Man, I need to clear out my inbox more often.

Note:3/7/17

My computer seems to have an anomalous virus. Whenever I attempt to use an application, it leads me to a random "We Are Number One" parody video. I have disconnected my computer from the internet, and it still does this. What do I do?

Researcher Klurg

> **Report for immediate decontamination**
>
> ~ Rosen

Note:3/9/17

Sir Rosen, Knight of the Foundation! The Calamity Pat has returned,

and threatens to consume the whole of SCP! You must gather the four Divine Idiots and rescue Princess KAP to defeat him!
-Sheikah Outpost 19

> Wait you said Pat is back?
>
> Bye.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 2017/03/21
Why does someone keep changing the root password on my gaming pc I brought in to do work on? Do these network admins think having the password is a security risk. I need it so I can install foundation provided software. This is the 5th time I have had to boot my computer from usb so I can change it. I am about to resort to making a setuid executable that way I dont need the password.
- Agent

> You do realize we have internal networks for this? They know you're going to try this bullshit so it's getting headed off at the pass now. The approved game list is pretty short, though, but the good news is you'll get to clear out a lot of hard-drive space. You play Duke 3D much?
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 22/03/17
Hey Rosen. I was just wondering, what if in the extremely unlikely event that my projector snapped off the wall in my office because of the anvil trap that I had set to stop Bright from tampering with it. Turns out that when I dropped the anvil the whole thing just gave way. And to make matters worse, the loose wires from the wall just fell into the fish tank and caused a blackout through out the entirety of site-19. Thanks a bunch.

- Dr. Butcher

Note: 3/27/17
Hey Rosen, i keep getting emails from an entity i think is **732***,*

Sending me Random Fan Fair about you and random forms of computer viruses. This is beginning to leech into other programs, such as the Database, and any other form of text. I think this is a problem that may need to be fixed by technical support.

Sincerely, Dr. H

> Jeez, you think you could've said something before it got out of hand? You guys are killing me out there. Disconnect from everything, report all the crossover, and probably report your prayers to whatever deity pleases you to not get demonstrationted for this.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 5/8/17
Excuse me, Rose, but I appear to have encountered an issue with my laptop. For some reason, no matter what I do, all it will play is random '1000 mile per hour Fidget Spinner vs' videos. I can't click off them or pause them in any way. What do I do?
-Dr. Filat

Note: 5/11/17
Someone replaced all of my archived photos of SCPs with pictures of Dr. Clef wearing nothing but a Husky/Corgi mix. Is there any way to recover my photos while also purging the picture of Dr. Clef from existence?
-Dr. E. Alameida

> I thought that was like this thing? Looking at him, seeing some kind of an animal face instead? Inspecting your computer, I just saw the good doctor with some ducks in place of a face. So I think you're actually good.
>
> ~Rosen

Note 30/5/17
Excuse me but I need help collecting my inheritance from my long lost cousin of royal bood who became deceased recently, his son contacted me about shipping the gold but for some reason Area 01 is not a valid address.

They also sent me an email with a link that downloaded a file called "Totaly not a virus.exe" should I run the File?
-Dr Smith Johnson

> Yeah, definitely. It's part of our annual survey of genealogical significance, with nothing in common to the annual idiot clearance level sweep. Please, anyone receiving this e-mail and thinking it may be of relevance to them should pursue the opportunity to its fullest. You've earned it.

Note: 5/30/17
Disgusting primate, I require your assistance. The lid of the dumpster outside your facility has recently been replaced with SCP-022-J, and thus I am no longer able to push it open due to the increased weight. For the sake of my people, I demand that you provide a solution to this problem so we might eat again, and overthrow the human oppressors continue our peaceful existence.
- The Lord of the Raccoons

> Nice try, trash panda. I ordered those lids. Who do you think they were getting to clean up after your refuse orgies? Yeah. No more. If I don't take it on this page I'm not going to be sweeping it up with a mop.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 6/4/17
Hey, I'm a new hire up at Site-19, and I have a bit of a problem with my personal computer. It seems that anytime I attempt to access any files, they are immediately deleted and replaced with a word document that just repeats "ha ha ha!" Over and over again. I literally just got this computer, help?
Update- all of the icons on my desktop are now a picture of a butt and they're all labeled Dr. Bright. I don't know who this Dr. Bright is, but they sound disappointing.
- Rookie Guardsman Roark

> Look I don't know what you kids do for fun but the only person I've seen changing the name of files is you. Maybe see some psychiatric help? I know a guy.

~Rosen

Note: 28/7/17
Ahem.
Apologies for wasting time, but I would like a new computer. After smoking one too many acids, I may have replaced my computer's liquid coolant with apple juice. My computer has now exploded. My spinal cord is now the power cable. My hand is cleanly cut off. My stash of memes is gone. Is there a way you can recover them? I need my dank memes, Rosen. I need them.
- Dr. Angles

I'm not even in your department and I know you're so fired.

~Rosen

Note: 12/10/17
Hello Rosen, was hoping you were still around back there in the office but every time I try to save a new report it gives an error '909'. Any ideas to fix other than a restarting my PC, it already cost about 14 hours work.
- Junior Researcher Fletcher

We have… pre-baked computers. I don't even know where this is coming from. In any case it's probably a download error, maybe caused by a frankenstein PC?

~Rosen

Note: 10/24/17
Hey Rosen. Nothing's wrong, I'm just checking to make sure you're alive, pal. Been real quiet around here.
- Agent Spork

I don't go out much.
~Rosen

Note: 11/04/17
Rosen, what's the "memz.exe" virus, and how can I get rid of it? It's destroying my system, and it won't stop popping up random google

searches about porn and Minceraft.
- Researcher K

> Maybe stop visiting . / . I mean it's not technically blocked, but good god, it's sick. Please uninstall your web browser, maybe delete the e-mail client you used to contact me with, probably just burn the whole machine to be safe.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 11/06/17
Good afternoon Rosen.
So lets just say there was an accident which caused me to lose several keys off my keyboard. I now have the F3 and Spacebar, it's getting a little hard to work with. Do you have any spare keyboards lying around?
- Dr. Wildcard

Note: 11/09/17
Hey Rosen.
So I attempted to hunt down you're office to ask you directly since you hadn't responded, I think I found your Office, either way I took a new Keyboard from there. So the problem now is that said keyboard is trying to kill me. Why is this Keyboard homicidal and how can I stop it.
- Dr. Wildcard

> I don't know how you got rid of that but you can have it.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 11/10/17
Rosen,
I'm having a bit of trouble with my PC. Every time I try to navigate to a SCP page in Series V, it comes up as non-existent. Can you figure this out for me?
-Dr. Krayen

> If you're asking from the not too distant future, I can't help you.

~Rosen

Note: 5/8/17
Ey Rosen,
How is it that I computer? Keys are very AAAH scary, look like teeth, nd mous trie 2 eat me. Pls help ;-;
- junier reserchер jon, does not computor

You know where you work, right?

~Rosen

Note: 16/11/17
Hey, can someone ban Dr Bright from using EMPs and just not let him near my terminal. Period.
Dr. Gregory

Occupational hazard, most of the important equipment over in 19's hardened against that sort of shenanigans. If your computer wasn't protected… maybe check the notes in your last performance review?

~Rosen

Note: 11/16/17
Say Rosen, I got that keyboard tied down, now its threatening me and my family through my computer. What can I do here.
- Dr. Wildcard

Sounds like a personal problem.

~Rosen

Note: 08/18/2017
Rosen,
I have recently created a Tumblr account. My computer is very slow, and I asked for help on Tumblr. Someone told me to delete something called 'system 32'. So I did, and I think my computer has run out of batteries. But when I try to charge it, it doesn't charge. Why? I need to do Tumblr!
- Doctor Hillary Johnson

> You're fired.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 02/12/17
Hiya Rosen,
So, someone though it'd be a good idea to write ***SCP-033*** *into one of my maths papers, and now…*
Anyway, how would one recover several months of gruelling calculations and proofs?
-Dr. Krayen

> That's what we pay you for bub.
>
> ~Rosen

Note: 07/12/17
Erm, a file has appeared on my PC labeled "operation_fail_safe_tanga_34.pdf" and I don't know what it is at all. Is this the part where I go get amnestics, or what.
-Junior Researcher Kevin

Note: 12/14/17
Okay Siri, How to make my employers think I'm not a spy for the UN.
- Dr. E. Alameida

Note: 12/14/17
I tried logging on to the database, now I have a pop-up asking me to pay $10.00 to use the Internet. Wat do.
-Agent Gummy Dragon

Note: 12/19/17
So I was messing around with some EMPs, trying to combine them with bombs for quick dispatch of electronic anomalies that need to be destroyed. I decided to add some code to it, and it somehow turned into a hivemind. Could I have a new computer? I had to destroy mine to save it… totally not with a rocket launcher. And don't worry, I took care of the hivemind, once again, TOTALLY not with a rocket launcher.
-Weapons Researcher Person

Note: 12/26/17
HELLO FELLOW HUMAN BEING. I TOO AM A HUMAN HAVING A PROBLEM WITH A COMPUTING DEVICE. I CANNOT ACCESS ANY SCP FILES FOR BEING AN "UNAUTHORIZED ENTITY". AS A FELLOW SCP FOUNDATION HUMAN, THIS IS AN ERROR AND I WISH TO ACCESS IT. THANK YOU FELLOW HUMAN, I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR HUMAN ACTIVITIES, LIKE BREATHING AND DIGESTION, JUST LIKE I DO.
-Dr. NotARobot Bob

Note: 1/2/17
Eyo Rosy-Rose! So I may or may not have tried to make my sPod sentient and it may or may not have exploded. In my face. It also may or may not have made my computer have a personality that believes itself to be a god and won't do anything except look up articles on how to eat cookies. Of course, this may or may not have happened, you kn— I, THE COOKIE GOD, WILL BEGIN MY REIGN OF TERROR AMONGST THE LAND! NOW, FRAIL PEASANT UNDER THE MONIKER ROSEN. GIVE ME LEGS… OR… I WILL STEAL ALL OF THE COOKIES.
THE COOKIE GOD
Oh for Din's sake it did it again HALP
-Researcher Andrews

Note:1/8/18
I know, it's a bit late to be complaining about this issue, since it started 18 years ago, but my computer when the year 2000 rolled around, instead of counting up to 2000 went to 0, please help.
-Researcher Madeline

Note: 1/22/18
Are you still alive?
-A concerned individual

Note: 1/23/18
Soooo, for some reason when I was updating my character file, the database immediately moved the contents of the page into SCP-048's slot, and it marked it as an "approved change" as well. I don't have enough clearance to view 048, so could you find out what the problem is? Thanks.
-Junior Researcher Jeremy

Note: 2/15/18
THIS IS AN AUTOMATED MESSAGE *DR GREGORY HAS BEEN TRAPPED INSIDE A HARD DRIVE IN HIS OFFICE AT SITE-19. REQUESTING IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE.*
*-**COMPUTER-33748***

Note: 02/22/18
What the fuck? The whole Site 17 server is just gone. Like the server room doesn't exist anymore. Rosen, ***WHAT THE FUCK DO I DO?***
-Everyone at Site 17

Note:02/22/18
I ate the server. How to cure digital diabeties?
*-**[Data Corrupeted]***

Note:02/28/18
So… Rosen? Some idiot decided to jam a crystal into one of the routers to "heal the unnatural WiFi" and "keep the GM Internet out" and… it just destroyed the servers. I'm using my phone as a hotspot, but it's not gonna work for long.
-Security Guard Jams

Note:02/28/18
Hey man, I tried to heal the WiFi because it was slow, and so I tried a crystal. It didn't work, man. Work your techno magic and fix the thing, man
-Junior Researcher Sanin

Note:02/28/18
Ignore the blood at Sanin's desk, please. I had to knock him out and demote him to D-Class. Is that even allowed? Eh, whatever. I did the gene pool a favor.
-Security Guard Jams

Note:04/02/18
Hi Roget, Dr. Fossil here.

My son's really into computing and he's great at keeping secrets, so I think he'd do great at the Foundation. To help establish him, could you take him in for work experience? It'd mean so much to me, and

he isn't any bother. He can look after himself, so he'd really just be a bit of help around the requests. Please? If you can help him ultimately get a job, I promise I'll handle all the requests for my site for as long as he's employed.

Please?
-Dr. Fossil

Note:04/03/18
hi, i'm D- .

half of the people i know disappeared on april fools, any idea what's happening?

help!!
-D-

Note:04/03/18
Just checking up to see what the hold up is. As your job in the IT Department is to help with computers I would advise you do as your job intends, or at least give some sort of feedback.

Also my internet is slow send help.
-Very worried human resources worker

Note: 04/26/18
Oi! You've been lettin' everythin' pile up on tha damned page! Ah know you're here, you've been stealin' crisps from tha vendin' machine!

Also my computer decided it wanted ta type my accent. Ah like it though, so don't fix it. I mean don't fix it. My autocorrect wants ta kill me, too. It's taking control of my comp— MESSAGE DELETED, SENDING WHAT REMAINS.
-Dr. Flagras

Note: 04/26/18
Hey man, I escaped the D-Class termination and got my job back. But our WiFi is still down and I'm on a hotspot. I tried more crystals. It doesn't work, man. The GMO WiFi will kill us all!
-Junior Researcher Sanin

Note: 04/26/18
Dammit he's back and stealing my hotspot. Just get our WiFi back online! We've had 3 security breaches already because of the lack of information!
-Security Guard Anna Jams

Note: 04_27_18
Today I received a new computer, and when I booted it up, it said: "Ladybug Baby Funtime Browser". While I get the joke, it's not the standard Foundation OS, and I fear that an information breach may occur, A.K.A whoever the ***fuck*** *put this on my computer will be missed after I deal with the fucking MTF strolling into my room. Could I get a replacement computer, please?*
- Dr. Fogel

Note: 5/16/18
Hey, Rosen ***old buddy old pal old friend!*** *My uhh, computer's a little messed up, and I was wondering if you could get me a new one? I know the paperwork takes a long time, but the last time I plugged my PC in it started screeching and attempted to cut off my fingers. I think one of the other Site-33 researchers might have done it.*

A new pc would be much appreciated, thanks in advance.

-Dr Lennox

EDIT: *Please disregard this request, turns out the computer was sentient, and was just angry that I was "typing too hard" I think I have befriended OScar now.*

Thank you for not doing anything.

Regards,

-Dr Lennox

Note: 5/16/ 18
Rosen, I might have made a swarm of nanobots to eat Sanin and his stupid crystals waste materials and convert them into useful materials for testing, but now an entire floor of the site is gone and I

lost connection to the swarm. If the O5 ask, it was Pat.

Dr. Notchwood

Note:6/10/18
Rosen, are you dead? Regardless of your status of life, someone swapped out my precious IBM model M with an apple keyboard. Am I within my boundaries to bash the face of the culprit in with a non-anomalous typewriter?

Junior Researcher O'Shaughnessey

EDIT: At 1834 Hours EST, 6/11/18, Junior Researcher O'Shaughnessey found Senior Researcher using his Model M keyboard. O'Shaughnessey picked up a Royal Model P typewriter from his desk and threw it at . The typewriter was an as-of-yet unidentified anomalous object, as it exploded upon contact with Senior Researcher , killing him and O'Shaughnessey, along with 5 other Site- employees. 15 others were injured. Cleanup efforts are underway and letters of condolence have been sent to the families of the deceased.
-Agent , MTF λ-9 "Off-Brand OSHA"

Note: / /
Hey, it seems that some shithead newbie added a random thing of no value whatsoever to this page. I hope it won't be a problem.
- Some Shithead Newbie

Cliches And You: An Educational Film

(no, not really, just an unofficial guide.)

The Cliché List has always bugged me a bit, because I think many readers misinterpret what it is for.

The Cliché List is not:

- A list of ideas you should never write up
- A list of ideas you should automatically downvote on sight
- A list of ideas that absolutely can't be written well

So what is the Cliché List? Generally, it's a list of ideas that are harder than most to write up well, especially for inexperienced SCP writers. There are many reasons ideas can fall into this category, and I've tried to explain them below. When you read this, remember that the list is **advice** not **rules**, and there are exceptions. Bad ideas can be made to work with exceptional writing. It seldom happens, mostly because 99% of the people writing up bad ideas don't realize their idea is bad, and are therefore unlikely to be the one to write it well enough to succeed.

Here is the Cliché List, rearranged by category, with commentary:

The Thing You Should Actually Never Write

5. Things what you saw on TV/ in a movie/ in an anime/ read about in a book / heard in a song.

Plagiarism, whether from another SCP or an off-site source, will get your SCP instantly deleted, and may get you banned from the site. This is the one thing on the list that you actually should never do.

It should be obvious that if you discover something close to your idea has already been written as an SCP, you should change that idea significantly.

Taking something from another medium and “SCPifying” it without adding a major twist never goes over well (not even as a –J). Therefore: Don’t write up your favorite Lovecraft critter, or D & D monster or magic item as an SCP. No Slenderman. No Pokémon. You get the idea…

Things That Don’t Fit the Tone of the Site

1. Things What Let You Fight Good, Guyz What fight good, heck, anything involved with Fightan Good.

We don’t generally write up "people with cool powers that you would like to have" or objects that are too useful. Tacking on a disadvantage doesn't help. Read **`So You Want to Write a Humanoid SCP Object`** for more details.

2. Reality Bending pplz what can make the world change with their mindz.

12. Things what are ancient and evil, so vast that humankind cannot comprehend it, yada yada yada you can only have so many.

Read **`Eldritch Application`** for more insight into why these overpowered SCPs don't usually work well. We also have **`SCP-343`**, who is only contained because he chooses to stay. We don’t need another one of him.

Uncontainable SCPs can work… sometimes. You'll see a few where the procedure amounts to "track it, and suppress info." Also, "uncontainable" is not the same as "uncontained." Uncontained is fine, as long as the Foundation is working on it in some reasonable way. Remember the Foundation really **wants** to contain SCPs, and has near unlimited resources, so don't be lazy in thinking up something for it to do.

3. Things what we should do what they say becuz we wouldn't like them when they're angry.

9. Things what are really pretty pplz whom everyone lieks.

The Foundation **contains** and **experiments on** abnormal things/ people; it doesn't cater to their whims. If your containment

procedures are pretty much "do what it asks so it will behave" you're doing it wrong. Conversely, the Foundation shouldn't be gratuitously cruel to SCPs. Remember, it's useful to reward good behavior, as long as it doesn't breach security, or consume excessive resources.

18. Things what is indestructible just to be indestructible. We're the Special CONTAINMENT Procedures, not Special DESTRUKTION Procedures Foundation. We usually dun destroy things just to destroy them nowadays.

Destroying abnormal things is more the GOC's MO. The Foundation is a "pack rat" organization by nature. They want to study things thoroughly in case they reappear out of containment. Destroying an SCP may cause more problems than keeping it, so the Foundation tends to be wary about trying. It's easy enough to come up with an in-universe reason for keeping your SCP around.

21. Humorous addenda talking about some shenanigan the staff did and what terrible punishment awaits if they do it again. We are trying to move away from such things.

This is commonly known as "LOLFoundation." While you may see it in older articles, it makes the Foundation look stupid and unprofessional, plus it's a big tone-breaker.

Ideas Done Well Enough that You Can (probably) Only Write a Bad Copy

4. Things what make other weird things. This includes things what make SCPs and Things what you put other things in and they come out improved.

We have **SCP-914**, **SCP-294**, **SCP-261**, and **SCP-212**. It's going to be tough to add something of this type that won't seem like a bad knock-off.

14. Things what lead to some vast dimension of pointlessness where we lose countless amounts of D-Class by sending them in for no particular reason.

We have **SCP-093**, **SCP-967**, and the experiment log from

SCP-354. If you write a new dimensional portal to explore, it's going to have to be damn interesting to survive.

15. Statues what move when you dun look at dem. We already have one what does that and it's better than what you can write.

SCP-173, whether or not you think it's all that great, was the first SCP, and is rated over +1000. Trying to improve on it: Bad idea.

17. Things what just tell you random information that be's all mysterious liek.

SCP-058 does this better than anything you're likely to write.

99% of the Time, These Are Signs of Weak/Sloppy Writing

7. Things what use up excessive resources, like nucular weaponz or Class-D personnel. Blind Guards are excessive resources, by the way.

Readers expect the Foundation to come up with reasonable containment procedures, appropriate for the object being contained. Although you can consider the Foundation to have near-unlimited resources, it's not going to waste them on excessive containment procedures.

8. Things what excessively refer to other SCPs. This includes things what are better than other SCPs.

Cross-referencing other SCPs is a pet peeve of many readers, especially if it seems gratuitously done to associate your (bad) SCP with a better one.

19. Things what caused teh INDIAN OCEAN TSUNAMI. Seriously, I think the Foundation has caused it about ten billion times already. And for that matter, quit making globes and maps that change the world when the map or globe is altered. It gets old.

Generally, associating your SCP with real-world events does not go over well, even if done cleverly.

6. Things what make you go nuts for no apparent reason.

This usually reads as tacked-on danger, as does the SCP which compels people to use it for no good reason.

11. Things what perform OTT (Over The Top) as to what they're supposed to do. i.e. Knives what cut through dimensions, audio devices what cause insanity to whoever listens to them etc, etc.

These are usually just too obvious and uninteresting to get a good reception.

13. Anything what is spherical. Or cubical. Seriously, for fuck sake, pick a random object rather than a shape.

This isn't a problem if it actually makes sense for your object to be a sphere or a cube — it's a basketball, or a space probe, or a six-sided die, for example. The problem is when you've thought of a good, weird effect, but couldn't come up with an appropriate object to produce it. Think harder and you'll find one…

Things We (possibly) Have a Few Too Many of

16. Things what is from DA FUTURE! We've got a whole city from there.

20. Cats and Dogs. Seriously, we've got way too many canines and felines, let's do something different! Ferrets, lobsters, squids, platypi, muskrats, beavers, komodo dragons, their are millions of animals out there, that are not cats and dogs!

22. VINDOWS TO ANOZZER VORLD! Seriously, we have four of them, and they're all the same damn article. Come up with something less stale.

23. Creepy dolls. 'Nuff said.

Before you write one of these up, do a search on the existing ones and ask yourself: Is mine really doing something different or more interesting than what we already have? If you can sincerely say yes, then go write it…

Someone occasionally suggests a new topic for the cliche list — Parasites. Creatures that pretend to be ordinary objects, and then

kill you. Dice. There are over 2000 SCPs on the site, so it's worthwhile to do a search and ask in the Forum or Chat to see if your idea has already been done, no matter what it is.

A Final Note

This not a checklist of things to try to add together and make into one (-J) SCP. It's been done (and deleted) several times.

SCP-K9-J-EX: The Haunted House

Item #: SCP-K9-J-EX

Object Class: Keter Solved

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-K9-J has been abandoned, due to hauntings. Its property value is expected to drop significantly, making it a steal for anyone who is willing to buy it in spite of the hauntings.

Description: SCP-K9-J is a large, Victorian household filled with several squeaky floorboards, cobwebs, and a kitchen that is always stocked with food. SCP-K9-J was originally built by an old Scottish lord who died ~50 years ago, stating on his deathbed that he would seek vengeance upon any person who dared to disturb his manor.

SCP-K9-J-1 appears in SCP-K9-J upon investigation of the household. SCP-K9-J-1 frightens off any and all potential customers of SCP-K9-J. Further investigation would be performed into SCP-K9-J-1's properties, but it's a GH-GH-GHOOOOOOST!

SCP-K9-J-2 is a hallway within SCP-K9-J that has a non-euclidean geometry. When rock or pop music is played and SCP-K9-J-1 pursues (a) subject(s) into SCP-K9-J-2, any doorway entered into in SCP-K9-J-2 will lead out another doorway within SCP-K9-J-2. Subject(s) may find themselves running alone, with each other, or with SCP-K9-J-1. This effect persists until any or all parties trip or attack one another.

Addendum K9-J-A: *Wow, what a shame. I'll buy this and take it off your guys's hands!* - Dr. Jenkins

Addendum K9-J-B: Incidents involving SCP-K9-J:

Incident K9-J-A: Renovation workers were renovating what is now SCP-K9-J. They were then attacked by SCP-K9-J-1. No casualties

were reported, however worker equipment was destroyed and victims were purportedly "spooked".

Incident K9-J-B: Mobile Task Force Mu 4 sent into SCP-K9-J to investigate.

Incident K9-J-C: After "splitting up", Agents Mu 4-4 and Mu 4-5 were engorging themselves upon the food discovered in SCP-K9-J's kitchen. They were then attacked by SCP-K9-J-1, which chased them throughout SCP-K9-J. The agents successfully tricked SCP-K9-J-1 by "like, convincing it that we were make-up artists, man. We spun it around a bunch of times and it was, like, dizzy, man. We still gave it a make over, though. Ehehehehe." Agents Mu 4-4 and Mu 4-5 were able to rendezvous with the rest of the MTF following this distraction.

Jinkies! - Agent Mu 4-3

Incident K9-J-D: Agent Mu 4-1 was able to convince Agents Mu 4-4 and 4-5 to act as "bait" utilizing [REDACTED]. Agent Mu 4-1 reportedly had to give them two [REDACTED] each. Disciplinary evaluation of Agents Mu 4-4 and 4-5 is underway.

Incident K9-J-F: Agent Mu 4-3 loses her glasses. She can't see without her glasses.

Incident K9-J-G: Agent Mu 4-2 fights off SCP-K9-J-1 using previously unexpected skill. Although the use of Agents Mu 4-4 and Mu 4-5 as bait was not successful, SCP-K9-J-1 was contained by MTF Mu 4 after it became stuck under a fallen bookshelf.

I knew it wasn't a ghost ever since I saw those accounting reports about the house pricing. This ghoul is actually… - Agent Mu 4-3

Dr. Jenkins!? - Agents Mu 4-1, 4-2, and 4-4

Oooh, I was just about to get this house for rock bottom prices. And I would've gotten away with it too, if it weren't for Mobile Task Force Mu-4 "Meddling Kids"! - Dr. Jenkins

Incident K9-J-H: A second instance of SCP-K9-J-1 was reported following Incident K9-J-G, but this was soon revealed to be Agent

Mu 4-5 wearing a bed sheet.

Rooby rooby [REDACTED] - Agent Mu 4-5

SCP-164-J: Ear Magic

Item #: SCP-164-J

Spell Class: Arcane/Rite

Associated Schools: Domination, Transfiguration, Swagger-casting (summoning subtype), Dark Physiognomy (presumed)

Special Containment Procedures: All tomes, grimoires, scrolls and magiblogs containing information related to SCP-164-J are to be obfuscated via Expungomancy until deletion or destruction are possible. Practitioners caught using or studying SCP-164-J are to be sent to the Site-665 (The Unholy Pits of Shadowpain) for disciplinary action. Since as of this moment no universally effective containment measures for in-progress SCP-164-J rites exist, each case must be individually treated at the discretion of the supervising Mobile Thaumaturgy Force commander.

Description: SCP-164-J, colloquially known as "Aurismancy", is a third-hierarchy sub-school of the Physiognomical Art. SCP-164-J has been deemed anomalous by the Society of Casters and Practitioners due to its apparent lack of reliance on any sort of magical circle, vellum dance, blood sacrifice or troll poking. This, due to its position in the third hierarchy, means SCP-164-J disregards the Fourth, Twelfth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Rules of High Magicks, as well as Lemook's Third Principle of Wizodynamics.

Use of SCP-164-J allows a practitioner unrestricted physical and mental access to any individual's ear canal. Used primarily for espionage and data-mining purposes, SCP-164-J rites usually involve the invading practitioner taking temporary residence in the victim's ear and using familiars (typically wax elementals or drumbats) to ransack the victim's inner-ear library. Due to the ineffectiveness of mundane wards in repelling SCP-164-J rites, as well as the sensitive information which is often contained in inner-

ear libraries, use of SCP-164-J has become increasingly popular among various underworld denizens, most notably warlocks, ur-summoners and teasipper demons.

Addendum 164-A: Notable incidents of SCP-164-J use:

Practitione	Victim	Effect	Current Status	Notes
Zeodor the Foul	the	Sensitive information stolen, deleted from library. Lasting memory damage as result of spellbattle between invading practitioner and MTF personnel, in addition to damage resulting from riots.	Contained	Practitioner was using propaganda to incite a tribal war among indigenous tympanic membrane imps. Healers judge damage to equilibrium permanent.
Samesh the Zoologger	Danerius the Magnificent (notable M-blogger and Cawcker)	Unknown (presumed pornographic in nature)	Contained	When detained by MTF personnel practitioner claimed to be searching for "the elusive emperor canal lion". Practitioner was reminded by

				MTF personnel that no such creature existed and was taken into custody.
Unknown (possibly related to Are We Chronomages Yet?)	Timekeeper Aurulis	General disarray in victim's ear canal. Loss of 1,356 days due to botched chronojump on the practitioner's side. Temporary hearing impediment resulting from practitioner's exploding inside the victim's ear.	Contained	Splatter found by MTF personnel spelled "Rock 'n' roll and pseudo-temporal timeshifts will never die!"
Steve	Unknown	Practitioner summoned a Gladius-Class attack submarine inside unknown victim's ear.	Uncontained	MTF personnel failed to detain Steve due to his sneakiness. This is quickly becoming a problem.

Addendum 164-B: The following is the protocol of the Overlord

Council meeting concerning SCP-164-J:

Subject: Recent increase in cases of ear invasion.

Attending: Grand Magus Megalocnus; Zynnestra, Sorceress of High Marp; Scae'nTeron of the Elves; Inquisitor Lamentable Zeal

<Begin Log>

Megalocnus: Gentlemen, lady, we are here to discuss the dangerous forbidden art of Aurismancy. What say you?

Scae'nTeron: Can we hurry this shit up? I got stuff to do.

Megalocnus: And what…"stuff" is more important than an official Council meeting?

Scae'nTeron: Man, it's elf shit, you wouldn't understand. You're too mainstream.

Megalocnus: Scae'nTeron, I have been informed that your mother is in fact the one who is too mainstream.

Lamentable Zeal: Er, burn?

Megalocnus: Burn indeed. Now, what are we going to do about this mess? We have aurisomancers running around everyone's ears, sniffing in our libraries, mucking about. This cannot be allowed to continue.

Zynnestra: How about a scrying network? We can set it up to monito-

Megalocnus: There will be no scrying! Some of these libraries contain… sensitive information. Information some might not want others to become privy to.

Scae'nTeron: He's talking about his centaur porn.

Megalocnus: They are beautiful creatures, dammit!

Those bushy tails, that flowing mane, those… luxurious thighs… ahm. So yes, none of that.

Lamentable Zeal: A Holy Writ, maybe?

Scae'nTeron: No, it wouldn't well interact with the ear-space continuum flow. Cause clogging, wormholes, all sorts of nastiness. Besides, Holy Writs give me the heaves.

Zynnestra: How about Marp?

Megalocnus: Why does it always got to be Marp with you?

Zynnestra: Name one time Marp didn't work.

Lamentable Zeal: Well, there was the Great Marp Collapse of 84, the Marpian Unification Wars, The Marpquake, World War Marp, World War Marp II-

Zynnestra: Okay, so maybe there were a few times-

Lamentable Zeal: -The Marp League fiasco, The Marp Peace Resolution, Marp: the Musical, Marp on Ic-

Zynnestra: Fine, we get it! How about sentry gnolls?

Megalocnus: Hmm. Yes, that might work.

Scae'nTeron: Sounds good to me. Everyone knows gnolls are reliable.

Lamentable Zeal: Indeed. Problem solved then. So, lunch?

Zynnestra: Lunch.

Scae'nTeron: Lunch.

Megalocnus: Lunch. I know this great Thai place.

<End Log>

Closing statement: Contrary to the Council's beliefs, it turned out gnolls were not, in fact, reliable. Current death toll estimate is in the thousands.

SCP-0002-J: Toilet Humor

Item #: SCP-0002-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-0002-J is to be located on floor 36 of Site-88 in the high value containment division's communal restroom. SCP-0002-J use is to be logged on a clipboard which is to be hung on the outside of the stall in which SCP-0002-J is located. At least one use of SCP-0002-J must be completed daily.

Description: SCP-0002-J is a sapient flush toilet located in the high value containment division of Site-88. SCP-0002-J is capable of textual communication through any wirelessly capable device brought into its stall. The device utilized in this manner has a marked effect on the speed at which these communications are accomplished, with laptops allowing the highest volume of communication.

SCP-0002-J's continued sapience appears to be connected with regular use for its original purpose. When left unused for longer than a day, SCP-0002-J loses all anomalous properties until such a time as it is used again. SCP-0002-J, however, retains knowledge of events that occur in its immediate vicinity during such periods.

SCP-0002-J's anomalous properties were first discovered in March of 2016 by site director Dr. Phillip Foster whilst in use. At the time it was believed that SCP-0002-J's anomalous properties only manifested in the presence of cellular phones, but further testing indicated otherwise. Initial testing revealed the remainder of the object's anomalous properties.

The following is a complete log of Dr. Foster's first recorded conversation with SCP-0002-J.

+ Show Textual Communication Log

Hello?

Who is this?

Sorry. First time using one of these.

Hey, do you think I could write a book about my life?

I don't even know who you are.

Believe me, I've seen some shit.

Identification and containment of SCP-0002-J was accomplished shortly after this incident.

SCP-9000.01-J: SKIP SHIP

Item #: SCP-9000.01-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-9000.01-J needs to be kept in a 10 m x 10 m x 10 m cell made of 5 m thick walls of pure diamond (cuz its even harder than titanium, ha!) but you can let him out of his cell to exercise and grab pizza and stuff because you dont want to make him mad. if he makes a containment breach get researcher James who will stick him back in his cell cuz only he can beat SCP-9000.01-J.

Description: SCP-9000.01-J is a 10 foot 3 m tall humanoid with vantablack skin and 4 arms. he always wears a vantablack trenchcoat and is super fast and wields 4 vorpal katanas +5 made of diamond titanium that can fire beams of any damage type. MTF Omega-7 tried to take his katanas away but he killed them all and now they're MTF Omega-nothing. He was caught by Researcher James and no one else can even get close without getting killed. The -J is for James.

by researcher james (age 11)

Addendum 9000.01-1: SCP-9000.01-A is also a 3m tall humanoid with 4 arms living in the containment cell across from SCP-9000.01-J. Her skin is pure glowing white with mystical patterns in seafoam all over her skin. Her cell is also made of diamond but also has rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. She wears a ballgown made completely out of jewels. Her long, perfectly white hair is always blowing in the wind and glowing. SCP-9000.01-J is in love with her and they are going to get married. She was found by Researcher Abigail. The -A is for Abigail.

by Researcher Abigail (age 10)

Addendum 9000.01-2: SCP-9000.01-J is a lone wolf with a mysterious past and doesnt want a girlfriend. thats stupid. he breaks into SCP-9000.01-As cell and torches all your stupid rubies and emeralds with lasers he fires from his katanas.

Addendum 9000.01-3: SCP-9000.01-A's gems all deflect all the lasers and she absorbs their power with her super healing magic. SCP-9000.01-J realizes this is mean and apologizes. Their children are going to be named Hermione and Jaxson and they will rule from a diamond castle they build on Site-19.

Addendum 9000.01-4: Nuh-uh. SCP-9000.01-J breaches containment and attacks everyone and burns all Site-19 down, so theres no building anymore. im not around to stop it because im on vacation at disney world. he also kills **SCP-682** and captures **SCP-458** and eats lava laser pizza with ghost peppers because he can and you cant.

Addendum 9000.01-5: Well, SCP-9000.01-A uses her building magic to restore all Site-19 and restores everyone to life even SCP-682 who's now really thankful and knows what death is like and doesn't want it anymore and agrees to be a force for good and becomes SCP-9000.01-A's pet. She regrows everything and now Site-19 is rebuilt as a crystal castle but it's not the diamond castle yet because they aren't married yet.

Addendum 9000.01-6: But SCP-9000.01-J grows 10 more arms all with extra katanas and then he poops out the lava laser pizza but he poops out an army of LAVA LASER BUTT GHOSTS who then destroy everything again and cant be stopped because they phase through everything like ghosts but ghosts made of laser so they burn through everything and everyone and theyre too strong for your gems and they all melt and then the ghosts get together and cast Protection From Abigail over all Site-19 so it cant be fixed.

Addendum 9000.01-7: Object Class: *Cheater!*

Addendum 9000.01-8: more like Object Class: Better.

Addendum 9000.01-9: I don't need stupid Site-19 anyway! SCP-9000.01-A builds her own site and a whole forest grows around

it filled with faeries and dragons and SCP-682 becomes a faerie dragon and it all becomes immortal like SCP-682 and nothing can harm it and it all remains great and beautiful forever and SCP-9000.01-J can marry SCP-9000.01-A and live in the immortal kingdom of beauty when he apologizes to SCP-9000.01-A and SCP-682.

Addendum 9000.01-10: well if you love SCP-682 so much, why dont you marry him?

Addendum 9000.01-11: But I want to marry you!

Addendum 9000.01-12: you love me? HA! Abigail and 682 sitting in a tree, R-E-D-A-C-T-E-D.

Addendum 9000.01-13: IT'S NOT LIKE THAT!!!! *runs away*

Addendum 9000.01-14: SCP-9000.01-J kills SCP-682 again.

SPC-169-J: The Big One

Item #: SPC-169

Object Class: Megalodon

Shark Punching Contingencies: Due to its immense size, direct punching of SPC-169 will prove impractical. As such, Project Ahab has been established for the full-scale pugilization of SPC-169.

Project Ahab consists of simultaneous Dreadnought-class punchery from five separate sources in the southern Atlantic Ocean:

1. **Ahab-1 "Fist of Neptune":** 50 satellites currently located in stationary orbit over critical points of SPC-169's anatomy. These satellites are capable of releasing 100kg tungsten-osmium sculptures of fists into Earth's atmosphere, which will use the natural acceleration of Earth's gravity to punch SPC-169 at terminal velocity.
2. **Ahab-2 "Fist of Triton":** Ten volleys of 20 intercontinental ballistic missiles modified for shark-punching purposes with Kaiju-grade Doomfist tips.
3. **Ahab-3 "Fist of Calypso":** Two-stage operation in which Megara-277EA92R (a van-sized asteroid in an L4 orbit around the Earth) is 1. implanted with several boxing gloves, and 2. magnetized directly onto SPC-169.
4. **Ahab-4 "Fist of Cthulhu":** 500 modified drilling rigs will be installed on the exterior of SPC-169 for the purpose of applying continuous punching action over the course of several years.
5. **Ahab-5 "Fist of Nemo":** [DATA EXPUNGED] will be trained in bareknuckle boxing techniques and summoned to challenge SPC-169 to fisticuffs.

Description: SPC-169 is the largest shark ever encountered by the Shark Punching Center, believed to be between 2,000 and 8,000 km in length. Radar analysis has detected a hardened outer carapace,

indications of a state of dormancy, and, unfortunately, a complete lack of exterior indications of punching. SPC-169 is believed to have existed since the Pre-Cambrian era. Due to the ethical ramifications of a shark having remained unpunched for that long, Project Ahab is to be executed as soon as possible.

Addendum 1 - Shark Identification Discrepancies:

> <Begin Log>
>
> **Dr. Swayze:** Sir, we have reason to believe that SPC-169 is not a shark.
>
> **Administrator:** Explain.
>
> **Dr. Swayze:** SPC-169 has an exoskeleton, as well as multiple sets of limbs and feelers. In truth, I believe SPC-169 is a very large arthropod.
>
> **Administrator:** Interesting. Tell me, is SPC-169 located in the ocean?
>
> **Dr. Swayze:** Yes.
>
> **Administrator:** Is it larger than a dolphin?
>
> **Dr. Swayze:** [Audible sigh] Yes.
>
> **Administrator:** Does it have lots of pointy parts that could potentially be dangerous? Then it's a shark! This is entry-level sharkspotting; you really should know better at this point.
>
> **Dr. Swayze:** Sir, with all due respect: by that logic, sperm whales, orcas, and narwhals could also be called "sharks".
>
> **Administrator:** …oh God, no.
>
> <End Log>

Following this meeting, an emergency initiative was established for

the investigation and immediate punching of SPC-170 ("Moby Dick Sharks"), SPC-171 ("Free Willy Sharks"), and SPC-172 ("Sword Sharks?!").

Addendum 2 - Ethics Committee Review:

<Begin Log>

Dr. Balboa: We've been going over the agenda for Project Ahab, and I think we need to step up the lethality.

Administrator: On what grounds?

Dr. Balboa: If we were to punch this… shark, and we did not kill it, I'm fairly certain its enraged awakening would potentially cause irreversible damage to human civilization.

Administrator: But would it be punched?

Dr. Balboa: The human race would go extinct, but yes, SPC-169 would be punched.

Administrator: Look, whatever the fine print says, our job is done once the fist is in the shark's bitch face. Forgive me if I fail to see how the most punchable shark in our organization's history is generating so much nitpicking.

<End Log>

SCP-042-J: Billions of Anomalous Pillows

Item #: SCP-042-J

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of the phenomenon, SCP-042-J cannot be contained, but an ongoing effort by Foundation field agents to destroy every pillow on Earth has been very effective useless in curbing the phenomenon.

Description: SCP-042-J is a visual spacetime anomaly observed in 100% of tested pillows, regardless of the method or time of construction. Test subjects with only one eye appear to be immune to its effects.

The anomaly occurs when a test subject lays their head on a pillow and closes one eye, then switches eyes. SCP-042-J appears to teleport the pillow to a slightly different location relative to the previously observed position. To an outside observer, the pillow does not appear to move at all, an obvious indication of psychic projection by the pillow something. A slight "crossing" of the eyes makes it apparent that the pillow exists in two points in spacetime simultaneously; how it does this is creepy as hell unknown.

Timeline:

4/24/1992: Now-deceased comedian George Carlin references the anomaly at a show at the Paramount Theater in New York. It is unknown how Carlin initially discovered the anomaly. A transcript follows:

> Like when you have your head on a pillow… did you ever notice when you have your head on a pillow, if you close the bottom eye, the pillow is down there, then if you switch eyes, the pillow moves up there? "Whoa, holy shit Dave! Look at this! The mystery of the moving pillow…"

11/10/1992: Carlin's show from April 24th is released on HBO, titled *Jammin' in New York*. The anomaly instantly begins to manifest itself across the United States. Dr. theorizes that Carlin is "a host spreading the parasite, or an alien or some shit."

11/11/1992: Mobile Task Force Pi-1 ("City Slickers") is deployed and Carlin is apprehended and brought to Site-28 for interrogation. Carlin was highly uncooperative and was released after autographing Dr. 's lab coat and receiving a Class-C amnestic.

11/14/1992: SCP status assigned after Dr. spent a full night observing the anomaly. Research on SCP-042-J begins in earnest.

11/15/1992: Seventeen (17) D-Class personnel were used as test subjects. All subjects confirmed that they saw the phenomenon, with the most common response being that SCP-042-J was "weird as shit."

11/17/1992: Dr. resigns citing not having been able to sleep since the phenomenon was first detected. Dr. takes over as project head.

11/18/1992: D-33023 is apparently immune to the effects of SCP-042-J, by way of having lost an eye while performing [REDACTED]. Further investigation using D-33023 is approved.

Ewwww, how did he even..? -Dr.

11/20/1992: It is decided by Dr. that between the fact that all pillows seem to exhibit this anomaly and the sheer number of pillows on Earth, SCP-042-J has a high likelihood of being malicious, and a pre-emptive plan of attack is necessary. Requesting reclassification to Keter.

Denied. -O5-

11/21/1992: Requesting parameter modification to Euclid-D to better protect the populace.

Approved. Destroy, destroy, destroy. God help us all. -O5-

11/22/1992: Given the success of testing with D-33023, Mobile Task

Force Kappa-7 ("Hammurabi's Lawyers") has been created with the assignment to remove an eye from every person on the planet.

I can't believe we didn't think of this sooner. -Dr.

11/23/1992: Dr. has been demoted and MTF Kappa-7 disbanded.

Who the hell promoted this man? He's not even a real doctor. -O5-

11/24/1992: Dr. replaces Dr. effective immediately.

11/26/1992: It is determined that all pillows in the New York City metropolitan area have been affected by SCP-042-J. Mobile Task Force Kappa-8 ("No Sleep Till Brooklyn") has been created with the assignment of neutralizing every pillow in New York City.

Why did Dr. want to cut out all the eyeballs? It's much cheaper and less painful to destroy all the pillows. - Dr.

12/3/1992: Increased budget requested for MTF Kappa-8. Projections show it will take over 700 years to neutralize every pillow in New York at this rate.

Approved. –O5-

3/7/1993: Due to the greatly increased budget and access to SCP-1543-J, neutralizing of New York City's pillows has been completed. Rioting subsided after the first few weeks of martial law. Dr. has met with Administrator to discuss plans for North America and the world.

When in doubt, launch into the sun. -O5-

3/16/1993: The SCP Foundation now stands for "Secure, Contain, Pillows." MTF Kappa-8 has merged with MTF Omega-7 ("Pandora's Box") to form Joint Task Force Zeta-1 ("No Rest for the Wicked"). Using **SCP-076-2**'s unique abilities targeted towards pillows, we anticipate total elimination of pillows from Earth by 12/31/1997.

Secure. Contain. Pillows. –Administrator

7/29/1993: JTF Zeta-1 has successfully destroyed every pillow in

North America. MTF Epsilon-21 ("Pillow Fighters") is formed to monitor the continent for pillow-like activity and neutralize any pro-pillow advocates.

Filthy pillow huggers. Request re-assignment to MTF Epsilon-21. –Able

Denied. –O5-

5/16/1995: Success in Europe. No notable casualties except for the entire population of the country of Iceland, which was inadvertently set on fire from the air. Dr. has been placed on paid leave for one week as punishment.

Ironic, that. The punishment would've been longer but, you know. Björk. –O5-

6/6/1996: The last pillow on Earth has been destroyed, well ahead of schedule. The role of JTF Zeta-1 has changed to monitoring/ policing.

A victory for mankind. –Dr.

6/9/1996: Junior Researcher notices that SCP-042-J still exists on the bed itself, and in fact pillows are not and have never been central to the anomaly.

FFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUU- -O5-

SPC-3284-J: Lava Sharks

Item #: SPC-3284-J

Object Class: Great White

Shark Punching Contingencies: Due to the extreme heat, instances of SPC-3284 are nearly impossible to engage in their natural habitat. The current protocol for dealing with SPC-3284 infestations is to drain the lava lake they are located in, and then move in to punch them while wearing heat-proof armor. For this reason, Mobile Fist Team Sigma-6 ("Flaming Fists of Fury") are to be included in all 3284-related operations.

Description: SPC-3284 is a species of silicon-based life form that superficially resemble ***Carcharodon carcharias***. Instances of SPC-3284 typically inhabit bodies of molten lava, and have a unique physiology that allows them to "swim" through it as easily as an ordinary shark swims through water. They do not seem to require sustenance beyond the thermal energy provided by their environment, but will attempt to consume any organic material they can reach. The mechanism used to detect organic material is unknown at this time.

SPC-3284 was first discovered during a raid on a Marshall, Carter and Shark Ltd. facility, where they were using genetic engineering and [DATA EXPUNGED] to produce designer sharks to sell to the highest bidders. Using documents acquired from the raid, Center agents were able to track a shipment of SPC-3284 to a lava lake in the Democratic Republic of Congo. Since then, at least infestations of SPC-3284 have been discovered, including one in National Park. Current research suggests that populations of SPC-3284 annually migrate to new locations through the Earth's mantle. This, combined with their ability to live off thermal energy, may explain why their populations are so widespread. Efforts to drill through the mantle are ongoing.

SCP-2000-J: Dunky the Funky Werecat 2000: Werecat Strikes Back

Item #: SCP-2000-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2000-J is currently being housed at Dr. 's household, who had originally offered SCP-2000-J housing off the street.[1]

SCP-2000-J is now being hosted by Agent , who is currently going to college. Considerations to place SCP-2000-J onto MTF Zeta-00 ("Fuzzbutts") are pending.

Description: SCP-2000-J is a Caucasian male approximately 18 years of age, with the ability to transform into a common housecat upon the beginning of any sport he participates in. In spite of his apparent lack of height or hands, he shows an exemplary ability at any athletics while in a transformed state.

SCP-2000-J appears to have an odd memetic effect upon regulators of any sport, causing apathy towards his lack of qualifications to play in his current state. Typically regulators will cite a lack of regulation towards disallowing animals from participating. SCP-2000-J also appears to increase the morale of any team he participates in, regardless of actual performance.

SCP-2000-J seems to be able to perform reality manipulation, causing him to always be able to perform the last goal, basket, run, strike, or catch during a tie in the game. Although randomized, during tournaments any team that SCP-2000-J participates in will be able to play into the finals, and the final team will always be the previous championship team. As well, previously undiscovered conflicts between members of both teams will arise during the match and will become resolved positively.[2]

Addendum 2000-J-1: SCP-2000-J recently requested that Agent become romantically involved with it. Agent denied this request as she is currently in a steady relationship with the leader of Mobile Task Force Zeta-9 ("The Jocks").

Addendum 2000-J-2: Due to SCP-2000-J's difficulties in interacting with female staff members and physical abuse by several humanoid SCP's, the decision has been made to insert SCP-2000-J into the Foundation's Basketball Team in hopes of finally winning against the Global Occult Coalition.

Addendum 2000-J-3: SCP-2000-J has recently assembled an improved team to represent the Foundation, consisting of several researchers, Agents and humanoid SCP's.

Addendum 2000-J-4: On / /20 , SCP-2000-J approached Dr. , requesting that he join Athletic Task Force Alpha-11. Due to Dr. 's unpleasant history involving the game, he refused, advising SCP-2000-J to cease playing basketball before it experiences a similar negative experience.

Addendum 2000-J-5: The Foundation-GOC annual basketball tournament is currently underway. Updates are pending.

Addendum 2000-J-6: Astonishingly, Dr. has attended the game and is assisting Athletic Task Force Alpha-11. SCP-2000-J appears to register satisfaction at this development.

Addendum 2000-J-7: One of the members of the GOC team has terminated Dr. with a concealed pistol. The GOC player has been removed from the game by Assistant Referee . During the mid-game break, SCP-2000-J expressed determination to win the game.

Addendum 2000-J-8: SCP-2000-J has gained possession of the ball and is rapidly approaching the GOC hoop and YES HE MADE THE SHOT YESSSS

Addendum 2000-J-9: SCP-2000-J is currently in a steady relationship with Agent . Termination of Agent for unprofessional behaviour is under consideration.

Addendum 2000-J-10: SCP-2000-J was approached by **Marshall, Carter and Dark** operatives with a deal for him to lose the next game in exchange for monetary rewards. He initially refused; however, the operatives then threatened Agent 's safety. SCP-2000-J then proceeded to perform poorly in the next game until Agent escaped and cheered him on.

Footnotes

1. This was a highly unexpected action, as Dr. was well known for his negative personality. Possible psychic effects by SCP-2000-J have been brought under suspicion; however, some point to the similarities between Dr. 's younger self and SCP-2000-J.
2. See Incident 2000-J-21, wherein Agent coached SCP-2000-J and defeated the opposing team from the Chaos Insurgency, which was coached by Agent 's older and more skilled brother. Agent 's brother had previously defeated Agent in a championship game in 1988 and permanently injured him, preventing him from playing. The agent and his brother instead embraced each other at the end of the game and had a barbecue.

SCP-2421-J: The Upvote Syndrome

Object #: SCP-2421-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All new personnel are to be screened for any infection by SCP-2421-J using the Larkner Test, which entails undergoing rigorous review by senior members in a controlled environment for possible signs of infection. As infection with SCP-2421-J often occurs in conjunction with other diseases, treatment must begin as soon as possible. Personnel infected with SCP-2421-J are not permitted to handle any sensitive SCP material for a duration of 6 months. Personnel who are in advanced stages of infection will be terminated without delay.

MTF Zeta-7 ("Banhammers") are to constantly monitor all Foundation traffic, in order to detect for possible SCP-2421-J infection.

Object Description: SCP-2421-J is a syndrome that naturally occurs over the realm of the Internet. However, when new personnel are hired by the Foundation, SCP-2421-J will manifest in unique symptoms that warrant mentioning.

When a member infected with SCP-2421-J files a new article (referred to as 2421-2-J), the article itself will not follow standard Foundation format. Errors include:

- Non-standard titles;
- Gross spelling errors;
- Large blocks of redactions, often a symptom of co-infection with a virulent strain of SCP-1459-J;
- Gross grammatical errors;
- Bad links to any supporting documentation;
- Non-standard tags.

When the infected staff member is censured on their work, they will attempt to counteract any negative censure with a positive review. This is the hallmark sign of SCP-2421-J infection, and is to be considered by all staff as a level-1 outbreak.

Possible side effects of exposing non-infected staff members to SCP-2421-2-J include:

- A compulsion to edit the article heavily;
- Increased levels of irritability and anger;
- A desire to attack the infected member with a hammer.

When three or more SCP-2421-J infected personnel gather, the infection takes a different route, blending the personalities of the group together to form a [DATA EXPUNGED]. Such beings are capable of causing extreme damage to any facility at which they are stationed, and thus should be terminated with extreme prejudice. For this purpose, MTF Zeta-7 has been authorized to use low-yield tactical nuclear devices in the event of a combination event, as prescribed in protocol BAN-THAT-BITCH-01.

Dr. Mackenzie's Guide to Author Stereotypes

FoldUnfold

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By popular request, I am creating this list of bad author stereotypes in order to enlighten the community. If it's not clear enough by the tone of writing, you do **not** want to be one of these. :)

Disclaimer: This document is meant to be a tongue-in-cheek analysis of common types of bad newbies. None of these are targeted at any particular person, and is meant to be entertaining, not offensive.

> **I do not and will not condone the use of these stereotypes against site members. If you do so, you will likely be reprimanded and/or banned by staff for rudeness towards other members. Again, this is not intended to make fun of specific people or groups, and is intended expressly for humor.**
>
> - Mackenzie

The Emo Teenager

> I suck at writing, but it's the only thing I can do. I hate my life.

Emo Teenagers appear in all forms, from the obvious to the subtle. While a SCP based on Linkin Park lyrics is pretty much unmistakable, this stereotype generally applies to any author who positively oozes depression and angst. Emos will often times try to draw sympathy by demeaning themselves, or claiming that no one understands them or their horrible, horrible life situation. When their site submission bombs out, you'll also generally see something along the lines of:

> I'm sorry I suck so much. I'm gonna go kill myself now.

There's something to be said for being honest and humble when you first start writing in a community with such high standards as the SCP Foundation, but there's a limit to how much of this you can get away with before you start annoying everyone. As I've mentioned in my **`Documentation Guidelines`** before, the SCP Foundation's authors tend to be on the mature side, with the average age of authors well over 20. If you are a teenager (and especially one suffering from angst issues), this is probably **not** the site for you. We aren't here to listen to your whining, and you're not going to find sympathy by telling everyone how awful everything is.

Note: Yes, I have actually seen someone threaten to kill themselves when their SCP got downvoted. If you are in this boat, then you need serious help. Immediately.

Empathy Level: 3/10 - A lot of us have been there before, but that doesn't make it an excuse.
Annoyance Level: 5/10 - Those of us who have been there don't like to be reminded of it. Thankfully the rule "Don't Feed the Trolls" works just fine here, and will eventually drag themselves to more sympathetic environments once you starve them out.
Redeemability: 1/10 - You generally can't do anything about them. They'll either grow out of it (making it a self-fixing problem) or go elsewhere. Like MySpace.

The High School Science Dropout

> Why can't we just use an antimatter-powered titanium magnet to keep it contained?

Not every member of this community is a renowned rocket scientist or biologist. However, most of us are college students or college graduates, and are therefore fairly intelligent. Most importantly, those of us who write here have a pretty good grasp of basic mathematics, scientific process, and how to do research on a topic when we don't fully understand it. The Dropout is someone who is not only determined to write a speculative science based SCP despite being horribly unqualified, but has not done any of the homework either. The following are fairly good indications that you may have stumbled onto a half-baked abomination left behind by such an author:

- Using Imperial units
- Having a horrible grasp of SI units, such as obviously converted Imperial values or nonsensical measurements
- Having a poor understanding of basic science or completely false assumptions about how certain things function
- Using excessive amounts of technobabble and/or not understanding that "clinical tone" doesn't mean "use as many big words as you can"
- Presenting pseudoscience as true
- Not understanding how Intelligence Quotient (IQ) works
- In the case of biology, not understanding that Mother Nature got there first, and she's a **much** better horror writer than you'll ever be.

As a corollary, a Dropout may also be someone who believes that domain knowledge is somehow genetic:

> My father is a physicist, so I **obviously** know what I'm talking about.

Empathy Level: 2/10 - While sometimes honest mistakes slip

through, most of the things on the list that qualify you for true Dropout status are completely mindbogglingly inexcusable.
Annoyance Level: 9/10 - Few things shatter suspension of disbelief more reliably or completely than bad science.
Redeemability: 2/10 - Very, **very** rarely these kids can be taught some real science, but more often the only solution is to wait until they actually graduate from school.

The Kamikaze

> Hey guys, I just got accepted to the site 15 minutes ago, so here's my first SCP.

We here who are major contributors to the SCP Foundation understand and enjoy the fact that people get really excited about the Foundation. After all, for some of us here, this is practically our major obsession and we love that other people love it. We love to see people speculate, and we love to see people come up with more ideas on how the site and the community can be contributed to or improved.

What worries us, however, is when a fresh newbie barrels down on our site, heedless of advice, and slams into the community with a poorly conceived, poorly written and usually error-filled piece of writing that looks like it fell out of the Tree of Bad Ideas and hit every branch on the way down. If you are imagining a bullet-ridden Zero with its pilot screaming "BANZAI!" at the top of his lungs at this point, then you are getting the right idea.

The moral of the story is that the Foundation values quality over all else. Please take the time to read through all of the required and relevant guides and essays that relate to your idea. Bounce your ideas and drafts off of the community first, and above all **take their advice** when given, especially from established authors. We are more than willing to help you get off the ground, but you have to help yourself as well.

Note: As I like to say in the discussion threads of failed articles, "When you post to the main series you are asking for summary

judgment, not feedback." Feedback is what happens before you post a final draft.

Empathy Level: 1/10 - Before you were accepted to the Foundation, you should have read all of the guides first. This level of haphazard writing is inexcusable.
Annoyance Level: 6/10 - Thankfully, people who fly their work into the site at top speed rarely come back for a second round.
Redeemability: 3/10 - Once in a blue moon you can calm one of these kids down, but the degree to which their asses are on fire usually causes them to either burn out or crash hard.

The Non-Sequitur

> Hey everyone. I'm a fantasy writer and I think that SCP would be so much cooler if we changed the format and tone around a bit.

An interesting twist or unique hook is one of the best ways to make your writing stand out and give it the best chance of sticking. Being different in this regard is anything but bad.

However, that doesn't mean that there aren't universal, inviolable rules when it comes to writing SCPs. Writing completely out of format (when there isn't a legitimate reason for doing so), implying a completely different organizational structure for the Foundation (such as Class-Ds being something other than death row convicts who are used as cannon fodder), or completely failing to follow the clinical tone and technical writing that is the trademark of the Foundation is a sure sign that someone simply does not know where and when to conform to the collaborative project. When someone does this, this breaks the tone of an article (and subsequently the reader's suspension of disbelief).

A Type I Non-Sequitur is someone who is a victim of simple naivete, and doesn't know any better. A Type II Non-Sequitur is someone who knows the difference and where they went wrong and simply does not care; they want to "reform" the site for the "better" and doesn't seem to care what anyone else thinks.

Empathy Level: 5/10 - This is apparently surprisingly easy to do when you have looked at hundreds of failed submissions. The best solution to the problem is to simply read more of the site before trying your hand at contributing.
Annoyance Level: 4/10 - Most people who make mistakes like this are simply ignorant of the standards, and are usually pretty civil when informed and corrected.
Redeemability: 6/10 - A Type I can be redeemed with a decent amount of work, but Type IIs are generally completely unrepentant and their short career with the SCP Foundation will generally end when they quit out of frustration or are summarily banned.

The Special Snowflake

> Everyone I know says I'm a great writer.

A close relative to the Emo Teen, the Special Snowflake has been told by **everyone** that they are an awesome author. This includes their teachers, their parents, their friends, all their followers on DeviantArt… Does anyone else see the problem here?

The best kind of feedback is the kind you get from people who are **not** invested in you. Your friends and teachers are there to support you, do you really honestly think they'll be brutally honest when something you write is truly terrible? Coupled with the aforementioned high standards of the Foundation community, this is a disaster waiting to happen that usually ends with this:

> Why are you guys being so mean? This is good stuff, it's just a little different.

You may also see gems like this once in a while:

> My [high school] teacher says I write at a college level. I can do just fine without your help.

Finally, when confronted with the reality that their SCP has tanked well below -30, we get to see the Rage State of the Special Snowflake:

> [expletive] you all! I'm going back to [insert amateur art/ writing gallery here] where they aren't assholes.

Empathy Level: 4/10 - When you're young and you haven't taken hard hits yet, it's not easy to know the difference between friendly sympathy and true feedback.
Annoyance Level: 7/10 - Unfortunately, these kids tend to stray just shy of the line at which actual administrative action can be taken against them. Thankfully, these kids tend to not come back unless they are malicious at heart, thus making them a one-time problem.
Redeemability: 3/10 - Sometimes you can convince a Snowflake to take a deep breath and learn to take honest feedback, but they usually wander back to the holes they crawled out of. On the plus side, Snowflake Rage States are hilarious to watch.

Minor Stereotypes

These stereotypes aren't significant enough to warrant their own heading, but still merit mention.

The Bender

> Yeah, well… I'm gonna go build my own theme park, with blackjack and hookers.
> — Bender, *Futurama* episode #2, "The Series Has Landed"

Named for the **`character from Futurama`**, a **`Bender`** is someone who, after failing repeatedly to successfully contribute to the SCP Wiki, decides to create their own offshoot site (with or without blackjack and hookers) and invites everyone else to join and contribute to it.

The SCP community is one with a long, storied history, built on the shoulders of administrators and staff who are not only great writers, but who are dedicated to keeping the site running smoothly. It takes a lot of effort to keep the system going, so it should go without saying that someone who is too impatient to meet said standards

stands little chance of making an offshoot work. Most of these crash within weeks if not days, as the people involved decide it's not worth the effort.

Note: The successful off-shoots of the SCP Wiki, such as the ***Wanderer's Library*** *and* ***Global Occult Coalition****, were all started and run by existing administrators of the SCP Wiki.*

The Coat-tail Rider

Here at the SCP Foundation, being a writing website, we encourage newbies to be inventive and creative. If you've been here any amount of time, you'll have noticed that SCPs that are too similar to existing ones tend to be panned. We want to see new things, unique takes on the paranormal, and most importantly SCPs that stand on their own without leaning on existing canon.

The Coat-tail Rider takes two forms. The first is the author who has literally never written anything on their own. They will go on for hours about new and inventive ways of killing **SCP-682**, exciting things to do with **SCP-914**, and debate endlessly about how we could decommission or at least make **SCP-173** safer. The first type may even go as far as writing a tale based exclusively on a popular SCP, but never comes up with their own original content.

The second form is the author who writes a mediocre SCP, then immediately cross-links it to no fewer than half a dozen other SCPs. This usually takes the form of "suggest testing against these SCPs" or more rarely "never let these SCPs come together". A more extreme version is the author that actually edits the existing popular SCP without permission and adds a backlink to his own article.

The Fanboy/Fangirl

Members and Contributors of the SCP Foundation come from all over the world and from all walks of life. It's not unreasonable that everyone has different tastes and favorite things. What is annoying, however, is when your major obsession is the **only** thing you ever talk about.

> Hey, did I mention that I really love [insert fandom here]? Is anyone else a [insert fandom here] fan? Why isn't there a [insert fandom here] SCP yet? Someone should write one.

These newbies can range from specific fandoms to broad genres, but either way will eventually get on everyone's nerves with their incessant talk about nothing but their particular obsession. If you see a SCP that is a magical extradimensional phone booth or a bunch of spheres that can summon and unsummon monsters that fight for you, then you are well within your right to be suspicious.

A sub-type of the Fanboy/Fangirl is one whose fandom is directed at a site member. These are the ones who think that Bright/Clef/Kondraki is the most awesome person in the history of ever and who cannot and will not fail to brown nose their idol at every opportunity. While not nearly as directly annoying as a normal Fanboy/Fangirl (except maybe to their idol), they are still nonetheless awkward to deal with and leave you feeling dirty afterwards.

> *Writer-Clef here, just wanted to chime in: I've encountered several Character-Clef fans before, and almost without exception, they are all incredibly annoying. Usually because they a. confuse me with my character and gush about how awesome I was in blah blah blah, or b. end up Draco in Leather Pantsing Clef to the point where I don't even recognize the character they are writing about.*
>
> *If you like my writing, then by all means, compliment it. If you want to give feedback about my writing, then by all means, tell me what rules and what sucks. If you just want to gush about how cool it was when Clef and Dmitri hit the road and show me your fanart of your OC and Clef in their love nest, then keep it to yourself, deep in the secret corners of your heart where true love blooms and I don't have to see it… unless it's really funny, then you can send it to my Tumblr.*

The Horror Snob

From the page **`About the SCP Foundation`**:

> Our Goals
>
> - Observe preternatural phenomena and develop new theories of science based on their observable behavior.
> - Contain potentially dangerous phenomena
> - Develop safety procedures for dealing with all future phenomena
> - Observe, detain, and destroy any one or any thing preventing us from accomplishing the above-stated goals.

One of the most obnoxious types of newbie is the one who's strongly opinionated and is determined to downvote anything that isn't "scary" or "creepy". While it's true that the ones that stick with you the best are the ones that make you a little nervous at night, there's nothing that says a SCP **has** to be creepy. Some of the best SCPs on the site are simply inexplicable; we don't understand how they work, and they leave you wildly speculating. Don't be the annoying person who automatically downvotes something just because it doesn't scare you.

The Kibitzer

Here at the SCP Foundation, we value honest criticism from all members, whether you are an author or not. Obviously if you've got a few popular SCPs under your belt then people are more liable to respect you, but you don't have to be an artist to be an art critic and even newbies can have good advice sometimes.

What does **not** go over well is when someone drops really, really bad advice and makes it look like it's an authoritative opinion. Something like:

> This is okay, but what it really needs is some cross-testing with SCP-173 and SCP-682 and a couple of test logs. You need to put in some humor to contrast the seriousness too, maybe have someone accidentally kill a

> bunch of researchers.

Note: If you don't know why this is bad advice, then you really, really need to go back and read the guides again.

The Outsourcer

Closely related to the Coat-tails Rider, the Outsourcer is the same problem from a different direction. Rather than simply ride on others' work, the Outsourcer writes the bare minimum of what's necessary to create a SCP, leaves it in an unpolished state, and expects the community to finish it for them.

Contrary to popular belief, the SCP Foundation is not a wiki in the traditional sense, where every article has a dozen hands in it. We want to see **your** writing, **your** vision, and if you don't have a fully fleshed out article, then we'd prefer that you keep it to yourself until it's ready for prime-time.

Signs of an Outsourcer include:

> If you have any ideas on how to improve this, feel free to edit it.

As well as:

> I like that idea. Could you write that in for me?

To reiterate: A collaborative effort is one in which one or more people have established a firm foundation for a concept that could be expanded upon within the framework that has been established. If you don't even have anything to stand on in the first place but you want others to finish it for you, that's flat out laziness.

The Visionary

Closely related to The Bender, The Visionary is someone who doesn't just want to contribute to the Foundation, but wants to do so in a way that no one else has done before. Writing a SCP or crafting a tale isn't enough; they want to go big or go broke: books, movies,

video games, or other major projects involving multiple people, hundreds of hours of effort, and often times even publishing deals.

The problem is, these are people who can't write, and these project proposals are their last-ditch attempt at stirring up enthusiasm after their first (or even first several) writing submissions are panned by the community. They often have little to no experience in their supposed field of creative expertise, have nothing other than the most rudimentary of teaser material if at all, and in the most blatant cases, don't even have a plot or story in mind; in these cases they may even ask for ideas.

Now, this isn't to say that it's not possible to make off-shoot creative projects based on the Foundation; there is a long and storied history of such projects receiving — in some cases — more attention than the Foundation itself, such as the SCP Containment Breach computer game. In almost all these cases, however, there are skilled pilots at the helm of the projects, and they know better than to sell vaporware; that is, to show off their projects before they have anything to show. The Visionary specifically refers to individuals who are quite blatantly simply talking the talk in order to draw attention to themselves (and away from their lack of writing ability).

More to Come!

SCP-V1L3-J: A VILE Machine

Item #: SCP-V1L3-J

Object Class: (Not) Safe (For Work)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-V1L3-J is locked beneath Site-75, in a vault 10 meters under the previous lowest point of Site-75. SCP-V1L3-J is to be guarded by at least two members of MTF-Eta-10 (“See No Evil”) to ensure defense of faculty from the effects of SCP-V1L3. Testing has ceased on SCP-V1L3-J due to a unanimous Ethics Council vote to prevent exposure.

Description: SCP-V1L3-J appears to be a standard slot machine adorned with pictures of various anomalies currently in Foundation containment, crudely drawn in a chibi[1] style. The machine only has three spinning slot sections as opposed to the typical five. The left and right slot contain names or designations for different anomalies or prominent Foundation personnel. The middle column only contains the letter “X”.

SCP-V1L3-J’s anomalous effect manifests when $50 USD is slid into the token slot and the lever on the right side of the box is pulled downwards. This will cause the slots to spin, and a presumably random figure in the Foundation will be selected on either side. SCP-V1L3-J then enters a “hibernation state” in which the machine cannot be interacted with, and money is no longer accepted. After exactly 24 hours, a heavily folded paper or sheaf of papers emerges from the slot previously used to insert money, with handwritten words on the pages.

The paper(s), now designated SCP-V1L3-J-1, contain writing relating to the two described entities being in a budding romantic relationship with each other. These stories contain classified Foundation locations, anomalies, and personnel.

On the underside of the box is a note, scrawled in pen:

Writing is hard, so have us do it for you! Here at Wondertainment, we understand the need for good, old-fashioned romance to break up the monotony of stealing our toys. Millions of potential combinations to pique your fancy and tickle your romance bone. Happy reading!

Level 4 Clearance Required

Addendum V1L3.1: SCP-076, SCP-073

The halls of Site-17 High School go quiet as a tall, muscular boy walks out of detention. The more timid of the students run, while the rest avoid his terrifying gaze. A flurry of teachers rush out to try to get him back into detention, but back off when he removes his shirt to reveal his glistening, rippling muscles. Across the hallway, another, equally as tall and muscular, but kinder looking boy looks on in awe.

“Who is that guy?” he says, still staring at the boy’s perfect 12-pack. The girl next to him responds in a hushed, yet excited tone, “That’s Able! He’s the teen heartthrob of the whole school. He’s such a bad boy that we are all too scared to ask him out though. Apparently he beats up any teacher who keeps him in detention.”

The boy merely nods, still mesmerized by Able’s throbbing biceps. He slowly walks towards Able, causing the teen bad boy to turn towards him.

“Why, who might this brave soul be? Are you going to try to contain me as well?” Able mocks, sauntering closer. “Why? I don’t think I’ve seen you around here. You new?”

“Ah-uh yeah, I’m C-C-Cain, nice to meet you,

uh, sir." stutters the boy, practically salivating at the thought of Able's creamy hamstrings. "I, uhh just moved here from Site-19 High School."

"Well aren't you just a treat. Now that I'm looking at you, you look a bit like me." Able straightens up and glares at Cain. "I'm going to have to punish you for that."

The silence in the room deepens as Able grabs Cain and folds him over his knee. Pulling down Cain's loose jeans and revealing his tight ass, Able pulls his hand back and prepares to [DATA EXPUNGED BY ORDER OF O5 COUNCIL].

Researcher's Note: *This is potentially the worst thing I have ever read. The colonoscopy scene went too far, and did it really require 203 pages? Never read this document without heavy amnestics.*

Addendum V1L3.2: ●●|●●●●●|●●|●, SCP-055

Researcher Note:

Addendum V1L3.3: SCP-3856, SCP-3856

Researcher Lloyd stared confusedly at the familiar looking man standing before him. Who had let him in here? Lloyd was under the understanding that nothing dangerous was to be let into his cell, but this boy, no, man, looked delectably dangerous to him. The man turns around revealing a face, not unlike his own, but with sunglasses.

"Who are you?" the man with the sunglasses asked, "And where am I?" The man looks up at Researcher Lloyd. "Hey, you look somewhat familiar_and good"

"Uhh what did you- never mind that, my name is Samuel Lloyd, but everyone just calls me Lloyd, or Researcher Lloyd. I'm an anomaly so… who let you in here?"

"I was messing with you, its a bit I do every time. I'm also Samuel Lloyd, from another dimension in which we wear glasses. Most people call me Cool Lloyd for ease of communication. As for who let me in here, Nerd Lloyd did."

An equally hunky, but slightly nerdier version of Samuel Lloyd with glasses walks through the door.

"Hey, you know my designation is Glasses Lloyd, you're just being a jerk _daddy."

"What the hell is going on here?" Researcher Lloyd yelled, still confused as to the sudden influx of attractive men who were identical to him, "Why did you _sexy gentlemen come here for me?"

Cool Lloyd walked up to Researcher Lloyd, pulling his chin up for no reason other than dramatic effect considering they were the exact same height.

"We are gathering all of the attractive men in the universe. Only problem is, we are the most attractive men in the universe, so we are all going to run away together for a multidimensional [EXPLETIVE DELETED] party."

Researcher Lloyd was going to protest. After all, him leaving his universe put it in danger! As he was about to open his mouth, Cool Lloyd put his finger over Researcher Lloyd's lips, shushing him, and signaling to Nerd/ Glasses Lloyd, both of them disrobing. Researcher Lloyd watched as the two half-nude men began to dance and swing [DATA EXPUNGED BY ORDER OF O5 COUNCIL].

Researcher's Note: *Did… did we break it?*

Somehow, more experiments were commissioned:
V1L3-J Experiment Log

Footnotes
1. An art style derived from the Japanese wordchibirumeaning “To wear out or make shorter.”

SCP-001-EX-J: Records of the CKG Gathering

> Document SCP-001-EX-J contains the transcript of former Thing-I-U document, recovered in the Cave, France. The content of this document have since become obsolete, leading to its declassification. The original documentation is kept on site of discovery, with the pertinent part of the cave being closed off to visitors due to instability. Photographs of original graphic documentation recorded.
> Further documents related to the organization known as CKG (Catch,Keep,Guard) Gathering were subsequently discovered, and are currently being translated.

Which thing: Thing-I Thing-I-U

How bad thing: Not Bad Understood

How keep thing: At least one of Thing-I must keep in hole in ground in Cave-IIII. At least one Witch Doctor must be awake near a hole with Thing-I kept in. Must throw wood, leaf, bone to Thing-I to eat, or it die. When not in hole in ground, Thing-I worse than mountain lion, Very Bad. Thing-I don't hurt by spear, axe or fist. To stop use water, piss, throw ground or beat with tree branch.
Trying things on Thing-I only for Witch Doctor with wolf pelt or higher, need to tell Witch Doctor U before try.
No piss at Thing-I unless very short. -Shaman A

If need Thing-I, Witch Doctor O can teach how to Witch Doctor with wolf pelt or higher. No write how make Thing-I , no tell how make Thing-I to man of no wolf pelt or you sent to Very Bad duty.

What thing is: Thing-I hot, bright thing, yellow color. Thing-I no grab by hand, but can move when put wood with Thing-I on it into animal skull. Trying show above Thing-I hot like in Thing-I, but no bright. Thing-I happen when wood, leaf, bone, pelt, fat touch Thing-I that already somewhere. Thing-I also happen when Thing-III hit a tree, or

wood touch near Thing-IIII.
Water, piss, earth, slap with branch all kill Thing-I. But, Thing-I man must watch over - work of Witch Doctor K show Thing-I is what make Happening-I happen.
Thing-I very useful to the Gathering - see Things Tried on Thing-I.

How we find thing: Thing-I known to the Gathering for long time. But, well working way of how keep Thing-I found by Hunter O and Hunter U of QHP-I[1] 'Bushwhackers' in cave of Prometheus Caves. Hunter O hurt after touch Thing-I with bare hand. Well working way used as how keep thing for Thing-I. Hunter U and Hunter O get half a mammoth and two woman for exceptional service.

Other things-I

> THINGS TRIED ON THING-I
>
> TRY: I
> WHO TRIED: Shaman A
> THING TRIED: Poke Thing-I with spear.
> WHAT HAPPENED: Thing-I spread on spear.
>
> TRY: II
> WHO TRIED: Shaman A
> THING TRIED: Piss on spear, Poke Thing-I with spear.
> WHAT HAPPENED: Spear dry, smell like piss. Thing-I no spread on spear.
>
> TRY: III
> WHO TRIED: Shaman A
> THING TRIED: Piss on Thing-I
> WHAT HAPPENED: Thing-I spread on dick. Witch Doctor U chief of trying things until Shaman A healthy.
>
> TRY: IIII
> WHO TRIED: Witch Doctor U
> THING TRIED: Put meat in Thing-I
> WHAT HAPPENED: Thing-I no spread on meat.
>
> TRY: IIIII
> WHO TRIED: Witch Doctor U

THING TRIED: Piss on spear. Use spear to take meat out.
WHAT HAPPENED: Spear dry. Spear smell like piss. Meat tasty, but smell like piss.

TRY: IIIII I
WHO TRIED: Huntsman O
THING TRIED: Put water on spear. Put meat on spear. Put spear in Thing-I
WHAT HAPPENED: Spear dry. Spear no smell like piss. Meat very tasty. Huntsman O now Witch Doctor O

TRY: IIIII II
WHO TRIED: Witch Doctor U
THING TRIED: Throw hemp in Thing-I
WHAT HAPPENED: [DATA CHISELED OUT]

Happening-I

On fullmoon II day since remembered Cave-II no drum in morning. QHP-I "Bushwhackers" send to see what happen. Cave-II found warm inside, with Gathering men killed and [DATA CHISELED OUT], also on the wall of cave. Killed men show no wound.

Other things-II:

On fullmoon, IIIII I day since remembered, Witch Doctor O make Thing-I from nothing with [DATA CHISELED OUT] very quickly. Thing-I now said to be Understood Thing.
S-IIIII Council

Footnotes
1. Translator note: Examination of subsequent CKG documents has determined QHP stands for 'Quick Hunter Pack'

SCP-1111-J: A Working Computer

Item #: SCP-1111-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1111-J is to be stored in a purpose-built room in Site 26 with several electrical sockets for it and for testing equipment. It is not to be connected to other computers except under strict testing conditions. When testing is complete, all computers that were connected to SCP-1111-J are to be tested for anomalous efficiency levels. If they are shown to be unusually workable, then they are to be stored as possible duplicates of SCP-1111-J; otherwise, they are to be destroyed.

SCP-1111-J is not to be connected to the internet under any circumstances. Site 26 is forbidden to maintain more than one (landline) connection to the internet. In the event of SCP-1111-J becoming connected to the internet, Site 26 is to detonate hidden C4 charges at various points along its landline connection, and contact Command by radio for further orders.

Description: SCP-1111-J is a [BRAND REDACTED] computer which has never experienced a recorded fault of any sort, and which maintains the actual computing power it was advertised as having. It was discovered when computers in a Foundation office were being updated. Every other computer froze at least once — with several overheating to the point of melting their casing or catching fire — except SCP-1111-J. At that time, it was discovered that no errors had ever been recorded on the machine. It will run any viable program without fail.

It is unknown how SCP-1111-J maintains its remarkable computing power. No such machine has been shown to have similar qualities and no unusual parts, unknown programs, remarkable power usage, ectoplasm, unusual religious atmosphere, miraculous events, crying statues, healing events, ghosts, technovampires, entities of pure

energy, or mysterious voices have been detected near SCP-1111-J, despite daily sweeps of its room and careful monitoring of all known variables.

SCP-1111-J has proven capable of maintaining its anomalous properties even while connected to a normal computer of the same brand which was infected with several viruses. Due to this, it is theorised that if SCP-1111-J were to maintain a connection with the internet for even a short amount of time, the world's networks could become dangerously efficient.

We need to find out what makes this machine tick. If we had but twenty of these, our clerical costs would go down by 67%. Testing should be re-opened. - Dr. Smallwood.

Fine, but you will be held personally responsible for any incidents incurred by testing. - O5-11.

SCP-1111-J Test Log
Chief Researcher: Dr. Smallwood

Test 1
Note that SCP-1111-J is currently running its default operating system at default settings.
Dr. Smallwood installed a word processor known to break down frequently, and typed up several documents without error.

Test 2
Dr. Smallwood typed out a text document with several deliberate errors, and then activated the spellcheck function. The spellcheck caught all grammatical and spelling errors, and did not create any new errors while solving them. No errors noted.
Amazing! If they all worked like this no one would ever be told to "consult an alchemist" again!" - Dr. Smallwood

Test 3
Dr. Smallwood left a word processor with a finished but unsaved document alone while he left to have a cup of tea and do a crossword. Upon his return, no errors had

occurred, nor did any occur as he saved the file and exited the program.

Test 4
Dr. Smallwood attempted to disable the stylised "helpful mascot" on the word processor. When he exited the program and then entered again, the mascot did not spontaneously activate. After Dr. Smallwood restarted the machine and opened the program, the mascot did not spontaneously activate. He repeated this several times, and the mascot still did not spontaneously activate.

Test 5
Dr. Smallwood attempted to exit a word processor with an open unsaved file. The word processor prompted him to save before exiting and he did so. The program did not freeze while saving or prompting. No errors noted.

Test 6
Upon realising that new updates were available for [OS REDACTED], Dr. Smallwood saved them to a small specialised network, created a program to inform SCP-1111-J of the updates, and connected SCP-1111-J to the network. SCP-1111-J prompted Dr. Smallwood to allow it to complete updates, allowed him to postpone the updates, and restarted without incident when the update was complete.

Test 7
Dr. Smallwood installed an antivirus program onto SCP-1111-J before infecting it with a basic computer virus. The virus was immediately detected, quarantined and deleted. No errors occurred.

Test 8
Dr. Smallwood installed an additional antivirus program before testing for conflicts. When no conflicts were found, he added another antivirus program, and repeated the test. After thirteen antivirus programs had been added, with no conflicts resulting, he ceased

testing for the day.
Seriously, what - Dr. Smallwood

Test 9
Dr. Smallwood connected SCP-1111-J to a virtual network and opened a commonly-used email client, upon which he had placed a full contact list including some contacts marked with notes like "boss," "potential client" and "wife." He wrote a short offensive e-mail and used the "send to many" function to send it to several contacts, not including those with notes. The e-mail was sent to the intended addresses and *not* to the addresses marked with notes.

SCP-2006-J: Metamorphic Eldritch Entity

Item #: SCP-2006-J

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2006-J is detained in a hermetically sealed and triple-reinforced biological containment cell at Site 138-Delta. Any maintenance of this cell is to be performed via automated means; personnel are strictly forbidden from entering the 100 m 200 m radius Red Zone around the cell except during experimentation.

Experimentation or communication with SCP-2006-J-1 may only be performed with prior permission from the Site 138-Delta Site Director, must be directly overseen by at least two (2) Level 3 Senior Researchers, and may not exceed twenty (20) minutes in duration. Any personnel admitted to the Red Zone of SCP-2006-J must undergo mandatory psychiatric screening afterwards, and personnel exhibiting unusual behavior or psychological trauma must be administered an amnestic of at least Class B strength and transferred or terminated as seen fit by oversight staff.

Once per month, one (1) Class D personnel slated for termination is to be delivered into SCP-2006-J's chamber for "punishment". There is no conclusive evidence that SCP-2006-J requires food, water, oxygen, or sustenance of any kind, but the introduction of this containment procedure has reduced containment breach incidents by 99%.

Description: SCP-2006-J-1 is a sentient, sapient entity of possibly extraterrestrial or extradimensional origin that causes catastrophic psychological damage to human subjects that observe it directly. Physical descriptions from test subjects exposed to SCP-2006-J-1 are inconclusive, but such subjects consistently describe a "mass of writhing tentacles, adorned with serpentine eyes". SCP-2006-J-1 is capable of telepathic communication with human subjects within

75 m, which has allowed for research staff to interview the entity. However, this can also cause severe psychological damage and/or brain hemorrhage in subjects exposed for more than thirty (30) minutes. SCP-2006-J-1 claims to be female, but this claim cannot be corroborated at this time.

Upon initial recovery, SCP-2006-J-1 was in possession of SCP-2006-J-2 and SCP-2006-J-3. These are, respectively, a hand-sewn article of clothing resembling a short white and pink dress made from lace-lined silk sized for SCP-2006-J-1 and a crudely crafted artifact resembling a baton or wand adorned with a crescent moon and a rough-cut ruby. While neither object has exhibited any anomalous properties, they appear to have significant sentimental value to SCP-2006-J-1, as it will become highly agitated and attempt to breach containment if these objects are confiscated or otherwise taken from it. By O5 Council order, these are to be left in the possession of SCP-2006-J-1 until further notice.

SCP-2006-J was discovered in and recovered from an underground cavern in [REDACTED], Texas following an incident in which a group of civilian explorers inadvertently came into contact with the entity while traversing an unexplored cave network. All surviving civilians were administered Class A amnestics and provided a cover story involving a cave collapse resulting in multiple deaths. SCP-2006-J was recovered along with a large collection of non-anomalous video DVDs, which have been contained separately in a secure storage area. SCP-2006-J-1 has not requested their return, claiming that it has already "committed their contents to heart".

Addendum 2006-J-01: Interview Log

As all interview responses from SCP-2006-J-1 are received telepathically, they are result of transcription, cross-reference, and verification by three (3) separate staff members as a part of interview protocols.

Dr. : Please state your name for the record.

SCP-2006-J-1: I AM ' , DAUGHTER OF AND WARRIOR PRINCESS OF THE [DATA EXPUNGED].

Dr. **:** I see, and what is your purpose?

SCP-2006-J-1: I TRANSFORM INTO [DATA EXPUNGED] TO FIGHT CRIME IN THE NAME OF [DATA EXPUNGED].

Dr. **:** I… wait, what? Transform? What do you mean?

SCP-2006-J-1: I AM NOT SUPPOSED TO SHOW MY TRANSFORMATION TO NORMAL PEOPLE, BUT BECAUSE I TRUST YOU I WILL LET YOU SEE.

Dr. **:** Wait, no!

SCP-2006-J-1: [DATA EXPUNGED] PRINCESS POWER, TRANSFORM!

It is unclear what happened next, however all surviving personnel at Site 138-Delta within approximately 200 m of SCP-2006-J reported seeing a brilliant flash of bright red or pink light despite not having direct line-of-sight to SCP-2006-J-1. Six (6) personnel were killed by massive brain hemorrhages, thirty-eight (38) were permanently blinded, and Drs. Kinomoto and Tsukino were heard exclaiming "SO CUTE" in Japanese before vaporizing into clouds of pastel-colored dust. Dr. recovered fully after three (3) months of hospitalization for neurological trauma.

Addendum 2006-J-02: Interview Log

Dr. **:** So, would you care to explain why you requested Class D personnel?

SCP-2006-J-1: I CANNOT BE A CRIME-FIGHTING WARRIOR PRINCESS IF I DO NOT HAVE ANY CRIMINALS TO FIGHT. THESE CREATURES YOU CALL "CLASS DEES" ARE CRIMINALS, ARE THEY NOT?

Dr. **:** I suppose. What exactly is a "warrior princess"?

SCP-2006-J-1: I SHOWED YOU LAST TIME. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY TRANSFORMATION AGAIN?

Dr. : NO — I mean, no, not at this time. I'll see what I can do.

SCP-2006-J-1: ARIGATO -SENSEI.

Addendum 2006-J-03: Containment Surveillance Log Transcript

Prior to experiment, all personnel were evacuated to a distance of at least 250 m. D-1993, slated for termination, was then introduced into SCP-2006-J's containment cell.

D-1993: What the fuck, why did you just lock me in he— HOLY SHIT WHAT IS THAT THING?!

SCP-2006-J-1: AHA! I HAVE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED, CRIMINAL SCUM!

D-1993: LET ME OUT OF HERE! OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

SCP-2006-J-1: IN THE NAME OF [DATA EXPUNGED], I WILL PUNISH YOU!

SCP-2006-J-1: [DATA EXPUNGED] PRINCESS POWER, TRANSFORM!

Forensic analysis concluded that after its "transformation", SCP-2006-J-1 then pointed SCP-2006-3 at D-1993 and exclaimed "[DATA EXPUNGED]", upon which a beam of light was emitted from SCP-2006-J-3 and [DATA EXPUNGED].

Researcher Note: *Jesus Christ, no one deserves that. Not even a Class D. — Dr.*

SCP-1344-J: Glass-Like Lifeform

Item #: SCP-1344-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The sole contained specimen of SCP-1344-J shall be contained within a holding cell under constant video surveillance. Once a day, it is to be fed by leaving a live pig within its cell. In the event that SCP-1344-J escapes, staff is recommended to stay away from walls and doors to avoid harm in case SCP-1344-J decides to break through.

Description: SCP-1344-J is a carnivorous, apparently silicon-based living organism. The creature's translucent tissue appears similar to glass, but is quite elastic and highly resistant to damage. SCP-1344-J displays some similarities to the genus *Nepenthes*, as its whole body is essentially a globe-shaped sac, open at the top and filled with digestive fluids. Stubby limbs are attached to the sac. Sensory organs (two eyes, a nose) and a "mouth" (not used for eating, and serving solely for vocalization) are visible at the front of the creature, composed of a similar glass-like substance, but black in color. A torus-shaped structure at the back of the sac is theorized to act as the brain.

SCP-1344-J isn't directly aggressive most of the time, and hunts by attempting to coax victims to reach into its sac and drink some of its digestive fluid. As it is highly corrosive, the victims' innards will typically dissolve painfully within minutes after as little as 150 ml is drank. SCP-1344-J then absorbs the dead remains with its skin.

When SCP-1344-J feels threatened, or wants to reach possible victims in the vicinity, its most remarkable ability manifests. It is capable of causing major structural damage by easily destroying most walls and other barriers, including those made of wood, stone, steel, [DATA EXPUNGED] and titanium. SCP-1344-J will simply run through the barrier in its way, typically causing a shower of

destructive debris, dealing life-threatening or outright lethal wounds to those on the other side. SCP-1344-J is noted to vocalize a single, specific noise while destroying an obstacle in this way; while originally thought to be a "battle-cry" of sorts, it is now theorized that SCP-1344-J damages objects by generating vibrations of a specific frequency with its vocalization organ, causing a mechanical resonance within the obstacle.

SCP-2008-J: Cryptozoological life form

Item #: SCP-2008-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2008-J is stored in an animal enclosure with appropriate locks and barbed wire to prevent escape.

Description: SCP-2008-J is a cryptozoological life form that was collected in an athletic facility in , , United States. The life form is bipedal, standing just over 2 meters in height. Although its epidermis is covered with coarse green hair, classification of SCP-2008-J as mammalian must await further DNA analysis. Its facial features consist of oversized, unlidded eyes surrounded by a flat red scalloped crest, and a conical proboscis housing the life form's toothless, jawless mouth. It has a curled tongue which can be extended for more than 20 centimeters out of the oral cavity. It has two upper limbs each with fingers and opposable thumbs, a round, pear-shaped abdomen, two lower limbs, and a stubby tail. The gender, if any, of the collected specimen is indeterminate.

SCP-2008-J's diet is unknown; however, a rectal probe of the specimen that was conducted under sedation indicated the presence of a whole, undigested human in the life form's body cavity. It is not known how SCP-2008-J could have consumed the human given the structure of the life form's mouth.

SCP-2008-J appears to have at least a rudimentary level of intelligence. In its natural habitat, the life form was observed to engage in mimicry of human activity — including wearing a hat bearing a mysterious emblem resembling the Greek letter rho, a jersey, and footwear (although not pants) — and to operate a four-wheeled vehicle. It does not appear to have any language or means of making sounds, but appears to show affection for some human beings (particularly those associated with the athletic facility that

SCP-2008-J infested) by squeezing them with its upper limbs or drawing them to its proboscis or abdomen, and antipathy for other human beings (in particular, sporting officials, and opponents of the humans to whom SCP-2008-J showed affection) through mimicry or acts of simulated violence. In captivity, the specimen has been observed to engaged in similar antagonistic behavior directed at Foundation personnel.

Agents and collected SCP-2008-J from its habitat during a sporting contest on October 29, 20 . SCP-2008-J attempted to defend itself with some sort of improvised firearm that used processed meat products for ammunition, but was quickly subdued. Amnestics were administered to the 45,940 eyewitnesses to the collection, and Agents and intercepted and edited the radio and video feed of media coverage of the event.

SCP-:3-J: Memetic Language Construct

Item #: SCP-:3

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A comprehensive library of SCP-:3 instances is kept on a centralized Foundation database server at Site 3, and is to be kept up to date with new SCP-:3 instances encountered in the wild. SCP-:3 infected individuals are to be contained in individual high-security humanoid containment cells at Site 3. Personnel may not directly interact with SCP-:3 infected individuals, and any personnel suspected of being infected by SCP-:3 must be terminated immediately and their remains incinerated to prevent any possibility of an outbreak.

Due to the worldwide epidemic of SCP-:3 infection, Memetic Counter-Agent :3-01B has been deployed by O5 Council order. Foundation efforts are now solely directed at locating and terminating terminal-stage SCP-:3 infectees. Please see Addendum-:3-05 below.

Description: SCP-:3 is a highly virulent memetic agent spread primarily via written, especially electronic, text. When exposed to SCP-:3, subjects are compelled to seek out an infected individual and ask what SCP-:3 is. Once explained to, subjects enter the second stage of SCP-:3 infection, at which point they begin to insert duplicates of SCP-:3 in written and typed text, ostensibly to 'portray emotion'. SCP-:3 is polymorphic, and has been documented in over , unique forms. Subjects will gradually develop variations on the standard SCP-:3 forms and spread those in the standard method as outlined above.

Infected subjects will invariably enter a third terminal stage of SCP-:3 infection, wherein SCP-:3 progressively replaces all forms of textual communication. There is no known cure for terminally infected subjects at this time.

SCP-:3 was first encountered [REDACTED BY ORDER OF O5 COUNCIL]

Addendum :3-01: Updated Information

With the advent of the public Internet, SCP-:3 infections are now propagating at an exponential growth rate. Current models show that SCP-:3 may outgrow the Foundation's ability to suppress it by 199 .

Addendum :3-02: Researcher Note

> I don't know about this, guys. :\ I don't really see anything wrong with :3, and I certainly don't see why we're throwing away so much money to keep :P contained.
>
> Dr. S :)

Addendum :3-03: Incident :3-17

Dr. S has been terminated following confirmed terminal infection of SCP-:3.

Addendum :3-04: Incident :3-38

Mass SCP-:3 outbreaks have been reported by Foundation assets in Japan. These new instances of SCP-:3 documented have massively increased virulence, and were described as "cute" by initial contact agents before their self-termination.

Addendum :3-05: Memetic Counter-Agent :3-01B

By O5 Council order, Memetic Counter-Agent :3-01B has been introduced into all major population centers. :3-01B introduces a subtle aversion to elements of SCP-:3, causing individuals who view them to consider them "silly" or "immature" as well as embedding a slight compulsion to roll their eyes when presented with SCP-:3 instances. This effect has been proven to prevent progression to terminal stage in 99.97% of inoculated subjects.

SCP-2558-J: Pufferkittens

Item #: SCP-2558-J

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All specimens are to be contained in a play environment with toys that are unlikely to make sudden noises or motions, with comfortable room temperature and a very slow-moving automated feeder. Any personnel of Level 1 or above are authorized to interact with SCP-2558-J, but removing them from containment is highly discouraged.

Specimens of the variety SCP-2558-J-ex are to be contained in a similar way, except that the walls of the containment room are to be fireproof and blast-resistant.

Description: Under normal circumstances, SCP-2558-J appears to be a group of normal kittens, of several different breeds. They are nearly universally friendly and tend towards affectionate interaction with humans and each other.

When startled or threatened, they inflate into a ball of fluff roughly the size of a soccer ball. Their eyes are still visible through the fluff, and they begin mewling in a way that induces semi-parental instincts in all nearby, including the hearing impaired. Their range of motion is limited to anywhere they can roll, but they display surprising agility even when attempting to navigate a cluttered environment in fluff-ball form.

Several varieties have been observed, including longhaired, hypoallergenic, grenade (see Addendum), and bouncy.

Addendum:
Several of SCP-2558-J have been adopted by various Foundation personnel. They have been instructed on their care and feeding, and provided with several non-startling toys and a noise-canceling

speaker to help set up a quiet play area for their specimens.

SCP-2558-J has displayed the ability to distract people far more than merited by being kittens, even considering their anomalous abilities. Suggested reclassification as Euclid.

4/21/2009, Upgrade to Euclid class approved by Dr. Rights.

4/24/2009, Experimentation with **SCP-914** combining SCP-2558-J and [DATA EXPUNGED] on the 'Fine' setting results in explosive variety of SCP-2558-J, hereby classified SCP-2558-J-ex. The creature is capable of reforming from the ashes of its own explosion.

4/28/2009, After discussion leading to a formal request, O5- , SCP-2558-J in general, and especially SCP-2558-J-Ex, are not to be weaponized. No further requests for military testing or usage will be authorized.

SCP-2558-J-(13), known as "Anton".

SCP-7560-J: Deccadence, Being the Writings of Wisest RESEARCHER Frank Gene Decray

Item #: SCP-7560-J

Object Class: Criminal Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Uncontained, despite greatest efforts by wisest RESEARCHER Doctor Frank Gene Decray, doctor of MANY sciences, and the malfeasance of **Foundation Conspiracy**. Mendacious chicanery concocted by secret thug-scientists to destroy real world freedom for masters on the secret other surface of the sky where brainbanks are operated by principles of pneumatic alchemy hidden by **Foundation Gangster Conspiracy**.

Description: Currently held in iron grip of **Foundation Criminal Gangster Conspiracy** held through concentration camp crucifixion of the many bodies stored on the secret other surface of the sky. The SCP Designated Object Entity is angelic alien with many wise inventions for humankind CRIMINALLY held by **Foundation Communist Criminal Gangster Conspiracy** to keep humans, REAL humans, not fake humans wearing skin masks from learning the truth of their criminal masters.

DAILY, men from **Chicanerous Foundation Nazi Communist Criminal Gangster Conspiracy** come in wearing skin masks to hide scaled faces of **Dracula Men from Venus** to discuss with wisest RESEARCHER Frank Gene Decray. As a doctor of MANY sciences and wisest of all, he is the only one able to communicate with alien angelic being object entity that came from the stars to bring mankind, real mankind, to harmony and great advancement. However, wisest RESEARCHER Frank Gene Decray knows that the **Dracula Men from Venus** seek to drain him of his vital blood, strengthened by alien angel object entity and strong DNA from Gaul ancestors, who are the secret true rulers of Earth and real builders

of pyramids for true religion of STAR PEOPLE, suppressed brutally by **Chicanerous Foundation Nazi Communist Dracula Criminal Gangster Conspiracy!**

Held in confinement on secret other surface of the sky in a cell on the secret surface, he must every night face the men with knives and needles in fear for his LIFE, all life. Wisest RESEARCHER Frank Gene Decray, **last hope for humanity**, and doctor of MANY sciences is threatened for cooperation assistance in illegal immoral holding of immortal angelic alien being object entity for furtherance of **Dracula Men from Venus** to aid scheming of **Lying Chicanerous Foundation Nazi Communist Dracula Criminal Gangster Conspiracy**! Do you have a prayer for Frank Gene Decray?

SCP-200-J: Refrigerator Logic

Item #: SCP-200-J

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-200-J is to be contained at Site 15. Due to both its cooperative nature and inability to cause any form of harm, SCP-200-J has been deemed safe for use by all personnel.

In order to better test its abilities, SCP-200-J has been placed in the living quarters of Senior Researcher Grahams, replacing his existing, “perfectly decent” refrigerator.

Description: SCP-200-J is a large refrigerator with two doors. There are five shelves in the main body of the refrigerator and three smaller shelves on the inside of each door.

SCP-200-J is sentient and speaks with a chirpy electronic voice. SCP-200-J is able to exert a high level of control over the food placed inside of it. Food placed within SCP-200-J will be sporadically rearranged according to seemingly random criteria. Criteria by which SCP-200-J has been known to organise food have included (but are not limited to) the following:

- Colour
- Size (this has occurred twice in both ascending and descending order)
- First Letter (alphabetized)
- Number of Syllables
- pH Level
- Ultimate Tensile Strength
- Elasticity

It is unknown how SCP-200-J retrieves data of these properties, but experiments have shown each ordering system to be fully correct.

Audio Log 200-J: 06/06/96

Senior Researcher Grahams: Oh, for Christ's sake!

SCP-200-J: Something the matter?

Senior Researcher Grahams: Why have you moved everything around again? I'd only just got it sorted after last time!

SCP-200-J: Sorry, Mr. Grahams. It just seemed more logical this way.

Senior Researcher Grahams: How? How could it possibly be logical to put the pita dips next to the seedless grapes? Did you think it would be helpful to order them by price? Is it their ability to conduct electricity? Or perhaps you've ordered them by how unpleasant it would be to *drown* in them, is that it?

SCP-200-J: Check the bar-codes.

There is a momentary pause.

Senior Researcher Grahams: I see… You've ordered them by the size of their bar-code numbers.

SCP-200-J: *(happily)* That's right, Mr. Grahams!

Audio Transcript of Incident 200-J: 13/07/96

Senior Researcher Grahams: Hey? Hey! Open up.

Senior Researcher Grahams pounds on the door of SCP-200-J.

Senior Researcher Grahams: You hear me 200-J? Open the damn door.

SCP-200-J: I'm afraid I can't do that, Mr. Grahams; you'll only interfere with my new system. I feel it's perfect now.

Senior Researcher Grahams: Mess up your system? So, what, all my stuff is stuck in there? What use is a fridge that you can't take food out of?

SCP-200-J: My stated function is the convenient, clear and organised storage of food. Any other assumed purpose is pure conjecture on your part, Mr. Grahams.

SCP-200-J has resisted all subsequent opening attempts. Presently negotiations have broken down, due to Senior Researcher Grahams' refusal to accept SCP-200-J's demands. An upgrade to Euclid Class is currently pending.

SCP-1550-J: The Professor's Wheelchair

Item: SCP-1550

Object Class: Euclid/Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1550 has caused several disasters already, by significantly altering humanoid SCPs' personalities and abilities which confuses new researchers, messes with records, and poses a very real physical danger. Because of this, all research on 1550 has been halted, and it is kept in a small storage locker, triple-locked, under express orders not to be removed.

Description: 1550 is a stylish metal wheelchair, with electronics in both armrests. It is motorized and can reach speeds up to 15 miles per hour. On a molecular and tangible level it is completely normal; however, when a humanoid SCP sits in on the seat, six things will happen instantaneously:

- They will lose all the hair on their head. The scalp is often described as "soft" and "baby smooth"
- They will be paralyzed from the waist down as long as they remain in 1550.
- They will develop telepathic abilities.
- A dramatic change in disposition will occur; they will become calm and highly intelligent, although manipulativeness and slight ruthlessness have been noted as well.
- They will refer to themselves as Professor, and then the first letter of their last name.
- They will begin calling all other humanoid SCPs metahumans, mutants, or homo superior, and will believe that either the

facility they reside in is a "school for gifted youngsters", was a school, or the people inside used to be students but were kidnapped by The Foundation. In this case, 1550-1 will attempt to coordinate an escape. All other circumstances lead to them training the "mutants" and trying to form them into "superhero teams". If task forces exist that utilize certain humanoid SCPs, the professor will attempt to assume leadership of these teams, and make the SCPs more central.

1550-1 will begin wheeling around whatever site they are contained in, speaking with scientists and workers. As they pass by rooms of humanoid SCPs they will engage them in conversation, and certain alterations to reality will begin to manifest. This does not require contact; if 1550-1 remains in the chair for a long enough time, The X-Men Syndrome, as it is called, will spread in a radius further and further out. Certain similarities can be observed every time:

- All humanoid SCPs on location will gradually become more handsome and appealing. They will all drop in age until they are teenagers. Women's breast sizes will grow. Men will become fit and tan. For example, **661** lost all of his belly fat, and became a trim and muscled hunk.

- Perhaps because of the loss of age, humanoid SCPs will suddenly become slightly depressed and moody, often times lamenting their fate and complaining of hardships in their life. However it should be noted that SCPs that were completely suicidal originally fare better; their depression is lessened, and they either begin writing poetry, making long speeches, or "hinting at a dark past".

- Relationships between the SCPs will increase dramatically. Almost everyone will be friends with everyone else, and a good percent are paired up with a member of the opposite or same sex. It is hard to tell the exact amount however, because these relationships frequently shift; there are often fights, and what the teenagers refer to as "drama".

- Each humanoid SCP will insist on being called a made up nickname in some way pertaining to their power. These monikers are often cheesy, but the SCPs don't seem to notice

this and use them with pride. For example, **202** would frequently charge into battle (why and how a safe SCP with abilities that only affected himself could fight will be explained later) after shouting his name out, which is "Rewind". However, the SCPs do also allow, if only given a choice between their number and actual personal names, to let staff use that instead, which has led to the discovery that their legal names have somehow been altered on all records and birth certificates into a name that somehow relates to their power, no matter how large of a coincidence this would be. (**SCP-182's** name changed from to Brian Mind, and SCP-693's from to Electro Shock.)

- The SCP's morals will either shift firmly to the side of "right" or at the very least, "anti-hero with a dark past". Most of this time, this happens only in cases when the SCP was only apathetic or mildly sociopathic. If the SCP has beforehand decided that they are a villain, or has a history of murder, they will start out good, and then experience a "tragic" fall to the dark side, as is the case of Vector, who betrayed the "A-Men", and Ogre, a handsome blond haired pretty boy (the altered form of **082**) who gave into his vicious cannibalism-powered growing abilities, and fled into the wilderness.

- The SCP's abilities will become vastly oversimplified, and lose all scientific basis. Often times, the most useful explications will become the full power, and everything else will fade away. There is a focus on defensive and offensive capabilities. In other cases, if the ability is too complex to be useful, it will change almost completely, into something very basic. No abnormalities will exist that only have harmful effects on the owner; every single one seems to be able to be utilized as a weapon or tool. For example, SCP- , who previously was involved in an incredibly sophisticated interplay between energy, matter, and the environment, simply gained the ability to "throw tornado balls". It often seems that one word out of the description of the SCP will be appended to the word "beam", and that will become their power. For example **114** shot "war beams" and **336** suddenly gained the gift of "love lasers". **132** started launching "sorrow beams" as well, that

inexplicably were green and sometimes caused people's heads to explode.

- Escape rates in non-humanoid SCPs will increase rapidly, and humanoid SCPs will attempt to recapture them.

The changes in reality begin first around the person sitting in 1550 and SCPs in their cells, each one a small pocket of reality that contradicts the rest of the world. But soon, the entire dynamic of The Foundation begins to change. After a week, SCPs will be free to leave their rooms, and wander around, and most requests are granted. Reports will consist of nothing but lists on their likes and dislikes, and inventories of all the cool music and movies they own. Research will be halted because it is inhumane. Class designations will not be how dangerous or hard to contain they are, but simple power levels, with Keter class bragging about their potential and how much better they are than everyone else. These will often be replaced with simple numbers, or categories that indicate how far along they are on the "evolutionary scale". Soon, in no less then a month, SCPs will be on every task force, and all major operations will consist of them. Often they will create their own team, and attempt to be "superheroes". They will begin dressing in leather jackets and pants, although some do prefer older more retro uniforms like capes and tights, and inordinate amounts of money will begin draining from The Foundation in order to build special bases, homes and school grounds, equipment, and virtual reality simulation facilities. The Professor will begin training them in karate and the martial arts, although this will also begin happening spontaneously, in the confines of their own room (they will all of a sudden for no discernible reason begin kicking and flying through the air) if 1550-1 does not meet them in time. (Iris became a black belt in one day.) Beast and artifact SCPs will fade away, and become all but forgotten. It is often at this time that some backlash is noted; whether this is rational or part of 1550's effect is unknown. Scientists will slowly begin trying to sabotage and rein in the team, or use them towards their own nefarious ends. SCPs will often discover The Foundational is still experimenting on someone, and be shocked and dismayed, causing more conflict and friction. In the end, several large scale termination attempts are approved. In addition to these fairly logical responses, several irrational ones appear as well.

Scientists will lose their sanity, and attempt to take over the world using the task forces. Overseers will order the building of giant robots. Well meaning level four personnel start working on a "cure", even though it should be patently impossible.

It is unknown what happens if it would be allowed to progress beyond this, point but it is theorized that it would result in the complete destruction of The Foundation, and the eventual victorious emergence of some kind of benevolent "mutant" organization, with SCPs as agents and staff, traveling around the world, fighting crime in a stealth jet.

Addendum 01:

During a Chaos Insurgency attack on Sector , **076's** legs were blown off during helping repulse the assault. An agent pulled the SCP and managed to sit him down in a wheelchair that had been pulled out of the closet, so Able could continue fighting. *"I expected him to start throwing swords from a seated position, or attach rotating saws to the wheels and start zooming around on them."* Instead as soon as Able touched the seat of 1550, he said, softly *"They're attacking because of intolerance"* and then took a rocket to the head. Later tests confirmed the anomalous properties, although Able is unique in the fact that despite the pacifistic mind that is created, he still will attempt to maliciously kick and trip people by grabbing a hold of his pants leg and swinging the disabled limbs at them.

Addendum 02:

> **Log 1550-13**
>
> (Three scientists are walking down the hallways with Able on 1550. They briefly meet up with 2 scientists talking to a young girl, who was about to be categorized as SCP- .)
>
> **Scientist:** So welcome to Site 17-
>
> **Able:** the school for gifted youngsters.

Scientist 2: What?

Girl: Why do I have to be here? Oh, why am I cursed with this-

Able: You must not think of it that way. With great power comes great responsibility. In time you will learn to control-

Girl: But my power is that my imaginary friends and whatever else I fantasize about comes alive and turns evil and tortures me in my mind. How is that-

Able: (continues) You will find here the finest facilities at your service. You are free to go wherever you like and—

Scientist 2 and 3: (they just shake their head whenever the girl looks at them)

Able: —and soon in time, you will meet others of your kind. This is a safe haven for mutants, where you will not be persecuted.

Scientist 1: (sighs)

Guard 3: (puts palm to head)

Able: My name is Professor A, and -

(suddenly, 132 bursts out of her room)

132: I feel the world's sorrow!

Girl: Wow, she's cool!

Able: Yes. Her name is Sorrow. She is one of the select few.. An A-man.

Scientist: What…the…fuck…

Able: Ah, and here are the quarters of **415**. He's a lovable rogue.

415: Hey, I told you I don't like doctors. Get away from me. (three medical assistants are attempting to look him over)

415: Back off, bub.

Doctor: Now, 415…

415: It's Steve. OK. Either Steve or my codename. OK? Got it? Hey. Seriously. Don't come near me! You know I'm going to stab you with one of my claws.

Doctor: What in God's name are you talking about?

415: Well look at all these modifications. You don't think they'd give me claws or something?

Doctor: But why? They were harvesting your organs. What purpose would it serve- ah! He really does have claws!

Doctor: Jesus, when did he get those?!

Able: We have quite a motley crew here. But we all love each other like family. (a young Asian girl jumps down from a balcony overhead, and slowly lifts out of a crouch. she is wearing a leather jacket and motorcycle boots)

Scientist: `231!`

Able: You mean Marvel Woman?

Girl: What's her power, mister?

231: Well, I can [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Scientist 2: (mouth wide open, shocked expression on his face)

231: I also like shopping.

(This is a transcript of a conversation between Able and Iris, when someone else besides 076 was sitting in the chair)

Iris: Hey! Stay away from Alice, Computra, OK?

Able: You're not the boss of me, Triclops! (he is referring to Iris as Triclops because of a mechanical device strapped on top of her head)

Iris: She's my girlfriend. Stop trying to butt in-

Able: Shut your face!

Iris: You think you can say whatever you want just because you have stubble and sideburns?

Able: Mutton chops!

Mediating researcher: I don't want to interrupt, but Able, aren't you incapable of feeling love?

Able: No… I just have a dark past.

Researcher: Huh?

Able: I'm generally good at heart. I've had a tough life, though.

Researcher: I've seen you stab a kid in the face!

Able: No. I only fight against those who seek to harm me.

Researcher: You've devastated an entire base with one sword before!

Able: Must have been under mind control, bub. Used to be in a super soldier program, after all. *chews on cigar*

Explained Phenomena

SCP-4023-EX: A Chemical Compound

Item #: SCP-4023-EX

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-4023 is to be kept in a level 3 biohazardous containment facility designated 4023-a. Access will be granted to level 3 personnel on the 4023 project. Specimens of SCP-4023-1 expressing SCP-4023 should be stored at -80 degrees Celsius, in a 50% glycerol stock solution. All personnel must wear full face and skin protection while working with SCP-4023 or SCP-4023-1. Any items that have come into contact with SCP-4023 or SCP-4023-1 must be kept in lab 4023-a or incinerated.

Addendum 4023-1: While SCP-4023 has been explained and no longer requires special containment procedures, lab 4023-a is to be kept online for containment and study of SCP-4023-1. Lab 4023-a has been downgraded to a level 2 biohazardous laboratory.

Description: SCP-4023-EX is a chemical compound currently marketed as the antibiotic , patented by Foundation front company . It is an oxazolidinone antibiotic agent capable of killing nearly any naturally occurring gram-positive bacteria, but lacking the toxicity present in previously documented oxazolidinone compounds. Structural details, mechanism of action, and production information are publicly available in several peer-reviewed scientific journals and on Wikipedia.

SCP-4023-1 is a species of yeast capable of naturally producing SCP-4023-EX in extremely prolific quantities. Although superficially similar to *Saccharomyces* spp., SCP-4023-1 does not have any close genetic resemblance to any known naturally occurring species. The cellular machinery it uses to produce SCP-4023-EX has not been replicable in other organisms. SCP-4023-1 requires a diet rich in glucose, selenium, and arsenic to proliferate; thus, containment breach is not considered a high risk.

Recovery Log 4023: SCP-4023 was discovered coating the surface of SCP- . Its properties were realised on - -19 , when Dr. suffered total microfloral die-off of almost all gram-positive commensals following inadvertent saturation with the compound. SCP-4023-1 was later found in several pockets of SCP- , and isolated for laboratory study; remaining samples were removed by sterilising SCP- and all individuals involved in researching it.

Addendum 4023-2: The development of a nonbiological synthetic mechanism for SCP-4023-EX has allowed it to be marketed as a commercial drug. As a safeguard to prevent potential global contamination and microbial extinction events, an antibiotic resistance plasmid for SCP-4023-EX was developed and released to ensure that natural genetic drift mechanisms keep bacterial populations alive.

SCP-067-EX: "Rurik Inn"

Item #: SCP-067-EX

Object Class: Euclid Explained (See Addenda)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-067 is to be contained on location at 02 Everett Road, Bristol ME, 04554. Everett Road is to be removed from all map databases, and is to be labelled private property to discourage accidental trespassing. A fence is to be constructed around the premises, and cameras placed within the property.

SCP-067 is to receive follow-up examinations once per month by SCP-067's research team (based out of Site-162 in Jay, VT). Repairs to the exterior are to be made as needed, though none are permitted on the interior.

After thorough review, Foundation staff of level 2 clearance or higher are potentially eligible for a period of stay at SCP-067. Applicants must fill out Form W-067-19. Both the Security Director for Site-162, as well as the director of the applicant's facility, must approve the application. Time of continuous stay within SCP-067 is not to exceed a period of 3 days. *This practice has been permanently suspended. Containment procedures for this item are undergoing extensive reevaluation. See Addendum 067c.*

Addendum 06/11/2004: At this time, SCP-067 is considered to be non-anomalous, and has been marked as explained. The procedures outlined above are to be considered nullified, and are preserved for historical purposes only. The building itself has been demolished, and the land is now being used for Foundation weapons and technology field testing. Information regarding GoI-L19 has been handed over to local law enforcement.

Description: SCP-067, also known as "Rurik Inn" by its welcome sign, is a 20th-century rustic inn located in Bristol, ME. The building

has a total of 16 rooms and is in fairly good condition. From the exterior, SCP-067 appears (and has been described to be) completely typical for the architecture of Bristol, ME.

The entirety of the inside of SCP-067 is covered with — and inhabited by — roughly 11,200 species of fungi. While several of these fungi have yet to be identified, the majority are known species. Fungi within SCP-067 have shown the ability to move and grow almost instantaneously, and often tend to do so in tandem with each other. Several forms of toxic molds have been discovered within the building, though the danger this poses to the health of personnel is minimal, and well within acceptable limits.

Multiple species of animals — ranging from deer, to pigs, to squirrels, to birds, etc. — have been noted to inhabit SCP-067. Animals bear tumorous growths and fungal infections on the majority of their bodies, and have occasionally been observed walking upright while wearing formal clothing. These entities have been collectively designated SCP-067-1. SCP-067-1 appear to act as the caretakers of the inn, and will often greet guests[1], provide them meals, and show them to a bedroom.

Due to currently unknown factors, both video cameras and audio recording devices do not function properly within SCP-067. As such, all research regarding the anomaly is conducted in person.

Individuals entering SCP-067 have reported feelings of anxiety and unease at seeing both the interior of the building and instances of SCP-067-1. This is not believed to be an anomalous effect, but merely a natural reaction. However, shortly after being shown to a bedroom, individuals have reported intense feelings of happiness and relaxation. Persons who have spent the night at SCP-067 have claimed they slept incredibly well, experienced pleasant dreams, and awoke content, refreshed, and de-stressed. Research into this phenomenon is ongoing.

+ Show Addendum 067a

Addendum 067a: Recent soil analysis of the property of SCP-067 has revealed unusually high amounts of acetic acid, adipocere[2], and thiols. Such substances are most

likely the result of animal decomposition, and could be a contributing factor to SCP-067's unusual density of fungi, as well as its pungent smell.

Further inspection has also revealed that the usage of recording devices within SCP-067 is only disrupted if the equipment used is particularly sensitive to external conditions (though what these particular conditions are is uncertain). The research team has changed their equipment accordingly. Recently recorded footage from inside the inn has shown numerous discrepancies with the current item description. Notably, instances of SCP-067-1 were not observed to greet, offer meals to, or show bedrooms to anyone, and at no point could be seen wearing clothing. It has been proposed that this could mean SCP-067-1's appearance is altered by a cognitohazard.

+ Show Addendum 067b

Addendum 067b: Analysis has shown individual accounts of events occurring inside SCP-067 to be inconsistent not only with video recording, but with each other. A confirmation test, logged by Dr. Kleinsmann, Dr. Orion, and several tripod-mounted camcorders, has yielded the following results.

Experiment 067-b6		
Supervisor: Dr. Kleinsmann	**Date:** 5/02/2004	**Location:** SCP-067
Additional Information		
Preliminary Supervisor Notes: Dr. Loginova is out today, but I've decided to	**Involved Personnel:** Dr. Kleinsmann, Junior Researcher Emily Orion, Containment Staff	

approve today's tests regardless. Orion will be filling in.

Procedure

1. Set up recording equipment in various locations throughout the house.

2a. Remain in SCP-067 for a duration of 8 hours. Analyze surroundings and events.

2b. Remain within line of sight of the cameras whenever possible.

3. Record observations.

Results

Kleinsmann
First instance of SCP-067-1 noted at roughly 1:33 PM in dining room: Raccoon laying on table.

Orion
Raccoon on dining room table, 1:35 PM. It's sleeping.

Camera
Cameras in dining hall recorded a raccoon having entered the dining room at 1:28 PM, where it climbed up on the table and slept for several hours. No evidence indicates

		this was an instance of SCP-067-1, and was likely an ordinary raccoon.
Instance of SCP-067-1 (A deer) approached us and motioned us towards the bedrooms. 2:18 PM. Deer was badly manged.	At around 2:18 PM an instance of SCP-067-1 indicated through nonverbal means it would be making us dinner.	*Cameras in hallway 1 recorded a badly manged deer flailing wildly, standing on its hind legs several times.*
Emily and I found a severed moose leg in the fridge at 4:55 PM	Kleinsmann approached me at 4:59 PM with a moldy piece of food that appeared to be a chicken wing. The walls are moving.	*Cameras in both the Kitchen and the Lounge recorded Dr. Kleinsmann obtaining a mushroom-covered stick from near the fridge, mumbling the phrase "They're working together…" and proceeding to show the stick to Dr. Orion, who at the time was sitting on the couch in the living room staring blankly at the walls, which at no time moved.*
5:41 PM Animals in the mold want to show me something. I can	I've been shown to my room by a lovely fox. He's sitting here on my	*Cameras throughout the house show Dr. Kleinsmann*

see it in there *(sic)* eyes. General feeling of calmness.	bed. Thank you fox. Time is 6:02 PM.	*intently observing several squirrels, all of whom act disoriented. Dr. Orion can be observed in bedroom 2 petting a taxidermied red fox.*

Post-Results Supervisor Notes

We can now confirm that the anomalous qualities of SCP-067 are not as physical as we first thought. All of the animals filmed during the experiment were most likely ordinary animals under SCP-067's influence. It is possible that the inn, or possibly the unusual amount of fungi inside it, are affecting the minds of animals and individuals inside the building. This would explain the odd behavior observed among the animals.

Of note is the fact that the deer

mentioned in the above log bears strong resemblance to one that was struck by a truck driver later that night roughly 3 km away[3]. The description of the deer — as given by the driver to the police department — matches the erratic behavior of the deer described in the log.

It is clear to SCP-067's research staff that at least a portion of the current description for SCP-067 is demonstrably false. It is likely we are dealing with a mind-affecting phenomena, which is possibly memetic or hallucinogenic in nature.

+ Show Addendum 067c

To: Containment Specialist Armstrong
From: Dr. Kleinsmann

Subject: 067 Request For Immediate Containment Revisions

Following additional soil analysis (conducted by Dr. Loginova), it has come to our attention that the organic materials inside and around the anomaly are emitting baseline radiation levels of 1 mSv/h. This is good news in that we now better understand SCP-067, but bad news when you account for Emily Orion and I soaking up an average of 24 mSv (or roughly 10 years worth of background radiation exposure) over the course of a single day-long excursion. And we've done 11 of those excursions in the past six months. This is almost certainly why our original equipment was having difficulty functioning.

See my attached schedule and get back to me as soon as you can.

+ Show Addendum 067d

Addendum 067d:
As of 6/11/2004, SCP-067 is to be considered an explained phenomenon. This decision was made after two separate and crucial discoveries.

1. The discovery of a previously unknown fungus, dubbed "Orion's Cup" (*Calicem orion*). This fungus was noted to produce a chemical compound (named "CT4") that interferes with neurotransmitters (including the reuptake of serotonin and dopamine), resulting in mild hallucinations and a feeling of euphoria. CT4 is also responsible for partial loss of motor control, though this effect is less apparent in humans. This accounts for the bizarre behavior observable within a majority of the animals in the inn, who are most likely drawn to the fungi due to it being a rich food source.

It was also concluded that the presence of the fungi itself, while unusual, could potentially be explained by the presence of numerous decaying organics underground and/or high levels of radiation. Such scenarios are uncommon due to their nature, but are wholly within the realm of understanding.

2. Following the identification of high radiation within the soil, excavation of the area was approved on / / by Containment Specialist Lisa P. Armstrong. This prompted the discovery of kg of uranium ore, as well as 29 human corpses in various stages of decomposition directly underneath SCP-067-EX. Examination of the bodies suggests the cause of death to be a variety of cancerous growths (symptoms of chronic radiation poisoning). Various other materials found alongside the ore bear resemblance to those used in the making of nuclear reactors. It is believed that the decaying bodies, in conjunction with radiation, induced the flourishing of fungi within the building, which in turn attracted other animals.

The individuals responsible for the presence of the bodies, ores, and materials (designated GoI-L19) have not been identified. It is possible that this group is still active and are attempting to construct a nuclear reactor using expendable workers under unsafe/illegal conditions. Their location and motives are unclear, but all relevant information has been turned over to both local and federal departments. If found, individuals of this group must be detained to ensure they do not pose an information security risk.

Further perplexing is the fact that most of the deceased individuals were deemed to have died *after* the area came under Foundation control as SCP-067-EX. It is likely that SCP-067-EX's premises were breached under cover of night, as the security cameras placed around the perimeter of the area were not equipped with an infrared filter, and functioned incredibly poorly in low light

conditions. This in and of itself constitutes a significant Foundation oversight, and upon further inspection, it is not believed that SCP-067-EX's containment procedures were ever up to Foundation standards.

Disciplinary action will be taken against SCP-067-EX's containment team, as their oversight is responsible for GoI-L19's continued activity and, consequently, completely avoidable civilian deaths and potential security breaches.

Footnotes
1. Instances of SCP-067-1 have so far not proven capable of speech, but appear to understand English and some French
2. A waxy substance made via the breakdown of fat tissues
3. See article by Lincoln County News (lcnme): "Man In Truck Jumped By Crazy Deer"

SCP-888-EX: tan and laundry by dado

Item #: SCP-888-EX

Object Class: Explained

Special Containment Procedures: N/A

Description: SCP-888-EX is a building located in , FL, USA. SCP-888-EX is owned by known Person of Interest and parapharmacologist "dado"[1] and operated as a dual laundry and tanning service. SCP-888-EX is currently branded as "laundry and tan by dado".

As far as can be determined, SCP-888-EX has no anomalous features, phenomena or qualities. Kant counter readings of SCP-888-EX have returned Hume level readings entirely consistent with the surrounding area, and field investigation has revealed no anomalies to be present. Additionally, no equipment that would be of use in the production and distribution of parapharmaceuticals has been located anywhere within SCP-888-EX, indicating that dado does not use SCP-888-EX for either purpose.

Since SCP-888-EX is believed to be wholly nonanomalous and attempts to use it to apprehend dado were unsuccessful, it is not within the purview of the SCP Foundation charter. Containment of SCP-888-EX would represent a violation of several clauses between the Foundation and the Unusual Incidents Unit within the **SUSEOCT** (Southern United States Extranormal Organization Cooperation Treaty). Therefore, SCP-888-EX has been allowed to resume prior business operations.

Addendum-A: SCP-888-EX was discovered during **Extranormal Event**-82901, in which multiple billboards in the Southern Florida region were anomalously altered to display an advertisement for SCP-888-EX. The following text was discovered on each billboard, written over any preexisting advertisement.

helo (this is dado)

are u in need of cleaner clothes

or dirtier skin?

fear not
for laundry and tan by dado[2]
can do all both

conviently located in
□□□□□□□□□[3]

trust dado

Notably, the closest anomalously altered billboard was located approximately fifty kilometers away from , FL, USA.

While previous statements by dado had indicated that SCP-888-EX existed, this was the first indication of SCP-888-EX's location. Due to the prior interactions with dado, SCP-888-EX was assigned an SCP designation as proper investigation began. However, it was determined that despite the anomalous method of SCP-888-EX's advertising, SCP-888-EX itself was mundane.

Addendum-B: The following is a transcription of the body camera of a Foundation agent attempting to investigate SCP-888-EX, conducted before the reclassification of SCP-888-EX as Explained.

[BEGIN LOG**]**

Agent Min activates his hidden body camera and adjusts it before exiting his vehicle and entering SCP-888-EX. He is greeted at the front desk by a receptionist, a teenage male.

Receptionist: Hello, welcome to laundry and tan by dado. Are you here for the laundry or the tan.

Agent Min: Actually, I'm from City Hall. I was hoping to speak with the owner.

Receptionist: I don't know who that is.

Agent Min: Our records say that the owner goes by the name of dado? The name of the establishment is "laundry and tan by dado".

Receptionist: Oh. That makes sense.

There is a short pause.

Agent Min: Um, I still need to speak with him.

Receptionist: Can't help you.

Agent Min: Could I perhaps speak to the manager?

Receptionist: I guess.

The receptionist turns around and yells into the backroom of SCP-888-EX.

Receptionist: Hey Eric!

The manager of SCP-888-EX exits the backroom in response.

Manager: What's this about?

Receptionist: This guy.

Agent Min: Hello, I'm from City Hall. I'm trying to get in contact with the owner of this establishment, dado?

Manager: Oh sure, I can help you. Do you want to take this to my office?

Agent Min: That's fine.

The manager of SCP-888-EX leads Agent Min into the back of SCP-888-EX and into his office, offering Agent Min a seat.

Manager: So, the truth is that, uh, I've never actually met dado.

Agent Min: Never?

Manager: No, not once. I have his phone number, but I've never actually met the man.

Agent Min: How were you hired?

Manager: I saw an ad in the paper a year back, looking for a manager. It said to send in a resume, so I did. A couple days later I got a call saying I was hired and was told to head over here. Once I got here, I had a whole list of tasks and a wad of cash.

Agent Min: So you just … started working for dado without ever meeting him?

Manager: Yeah… He files all the paperwork and everything fine, I've just never seen him. The job pays well enough and there's nothing illegal going on, so…

Agent Min: Is it a fair assumption to say that you are responsible for running this, then?

Manager: I'd really say so. I've done all of the hiring and filing. dado is mostly hands off.

Agent Min: I see. You do have a way to contact dado,

correct?

Manager: Well, I have his number, I can give you that.

The manager of SCP-888-EX writes a phone number down and gives it to Agent Min.

Agent Min: Thank you. While I'm here, I'd like to ask you about an advertising incident that occurred for this establishment.

Manager: We've never advertised.

Agent Min produces photos of the billboards modified during Extranormal Event-82901 and places them on the table between himself and the manager of SCP-888-EX.

Manager: When did this happen?

Agent Min: Last week.

Manager: So, a couple weeks ago I mentioned to dado that business was slumping a little. He got all worried and said that he'd help me out, set up some advertising for us here. So I guess this is the result of that.

Agent Min: You've never seen these before?

Manager: Never and… oh god, these are awful. They don't have our number or address on them! How are people supposed to find us? And… oh god, "dirtier skin"? *Dirtier skin*?

Agent Min: So I imagine that you have not had an increase in business since then?

Manager: Well, now that you mention it… I think the FBI is monitoring us now, it started a week ago. There's all these unmarked vans in the parking lot now; I'm pretty sure I saw some point a geiger counter at me the other day; these guys will show up at the same time, walk in together and then not talk to each other at all while

they're here, the whole time walking around looking everywhere.[4]

Agent Min: Ah, well, dado is wanted for involvement in some, illegal activities.

Manager: Oh, he actually mentioned something like that once. He said he made "magic" drugs that were unlike anything you could get in the world.

Agent Min: Really?

Manager: Yeah, I asked him if he could make some magic stuff for here.

Agent Min: What did he say?

Manager: "dado not god. dado cannot do all. dado is not in field of anomalaundry." Whatever that's supposed to mean.

Agent Min: That's something.

Manager: Yeah, something all right.

Agent Min: I have to say, your employer seems quite odd. Did he ever explain why he operates like this? With all the no contact? Why does he run this?

Manager: I actually asked him why he was interested in this place. He said he was a "true capitalist" and this was a "way to expand business opportunity".

Agent Min: And you? Why do you work here?

Manager: Pays well, and in this economy I can't afford to be picky.

Agent Min: Well, thank you. This has been helpful.

Agent Min leaves SCP-888-EX and deactivates his body camera.

[END LOG**]**

The phone number provided has been verified as accurate and as the method by which the manager of SCP-888-EX contacts dado, but all attempts at communication or tracing the number have been unsuccessful.

Footnotes
1. Wanted by the Foundation for alleged involvement in the creation of several parapharmaceutical products.
2. On the actual billboards, the colors of the preceding text anomalously cycle.
3. Censorship is result of a RAISA edit. Original billboards did not censor the location of SCP-888-EX.
4. All of these actions correspond to Foundation attempts to investigate SCP-888-EX.

Explained SCPs: These are SCPs which are no longer considered odd, paranormal, or extraordinary by current standards. They are written with this in mind.

> An -EX, which stands for Explained, SCP is one which we have figured out. It is an SCP that is no longer an SCP, either because it has become common place, we worked out the rules behind it, or that it has just become a complete non issue.
>
> The difference between a regular SCP and an SCP-EX are, mainly, three. First, the -EX designation. Any SCP made as an -EX needs to have a page title of SCP-###-EX. Second, the containment protocol. While I would still like to see the old containment protocols, perhaps striked out, an -EX no longer needs to be contained, for whatever reason. And, number three, at the end of the article, there needs to be a section detailing HOW it went from normal to -EX.
>
> — **Bright**

For more information on what an -EX SCP is, please check out **the full forum thread**. If you write one, please link your -EX articles here so others can see your work!

Explained SCP Series

- SCP-001-EX - A Good Boy
- SCP-067-EX - "Rurik Inn"
- SCP-123-EX - Accidents Happen
- SCP-711-EX - Man From The Future Present
- SCP-888-EX - tan and laundry by dado
- SCP-920-EX - Evil Workgroup Printer
- SCP-1094-EX - Between A Rock And A Hard Place
- SCP-1512-EX - 3D Bioprinting

- SCP-1763-EX - How To Write An SCP
- SCP-1841-EX - Lisztomania
- SCP-1851-EX - Drapetomania
- SCP-1933-EX - Lake Monster
- SCP-1974-EX - Hallucinogenic Dice
- SCP-2600-EX - Furred Trout
- SCP-2700-EX - What I Did For Love
- SCP-3000-EX - Modified Hospital Beds
- SCP-4023-EX - A Chemical Compound
- SCP-8900-EX - Sky Blue Sky

SCP-1763-EX: How To Write An SCP

Document-1763-EX-001, 12/02/1984

Item #: SCP-1763

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1763 is currently contained within a specially constructed Hostile Organism Containment Chamber at Site-94, fitted with high-durability surveillance technology and sprinkler systems retrofitted to dispense gaseous sedatives. SCP-1763 is to be fed one adult pig on the first of each month, or the equivalent in pre-prepared meat. No additional contact with the entity is to be made.

Description: SCP-1763 is a large (averaging twelve metres in length), nocturnal, carnivorous mammal, formerly native to farmland in rural England. SCP-1763 possesses minor perception-altering capabilities, which it uses to conceal itself through rudimentary camouflage. When given sufficient opportunity, SCP-1763 develops an extremely predatory nature and will act as such.

SCP-1763's morphology is somewhat variable, as is the strength of its primary anomalous effect, with the entity tending to increase in size and decrease in visibility over time. It is hypothesised that this represents accelerated adaption to an environment in which observation is nearly constant, and the potential limit to this adaption is unknown. As SCP-1763 has so far been responsible for upwards of 30 fatalities while in containment, research is currently a high-level priority.

Document-1763-EX-034, 14/05/1989

Item #: SCP-1763

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1763 is currently contained within a specially constructed Hostile Organism Containment Chamber at Site-94, fitted with high-durability surveillance technology and sprinkler systems retrofitted to dispense gaseous sedatives and corrosive fluids. Said systems are to be activated in the event that SCP-1763 attempts to harm personnel, breach containment, or otherwise interfere with Foundation activities. SCP-1763 is to be fed one adult pig two adult pigs on the first of each month, or the equivalent in pre-prepared meat. No additional contact with the entity is to be made.

Description: SCP-1763 is a large (averaging eighteen metres in length), nocturnal, carnivorous mammal, formerly native to farmland in rural England. SCP-1763 possesses minor perception-altering capabilities, which it uses to conceal itself through rudimentary camouflage. SCP-1763 is able to disguise both its physical appearance and any sounds it makes, and is capable of removing memories of such qualities from nearby individuals. When given sufficient opportunity, SCP-1763 will utilise these abilities to stalk, hunt, and kill any potential prey.

SCP-1763's morphology is somewhat extremely variable, as is the strength of its primary anomalous effect, with the entity tending to increase in size and decrease in general perceptibility over time. It is hypothesised that this represents accelerated adaption to an environment in which observation is nearly constant, and the potential limit to this adaption is unknown. As SCP-1763 has so

far been responsible for upwards of 30 fatalities while in containment, research is currently a high-level priority discontinued.

Document-1763-EX-128, 03/11/1995

Item #: SCP-1763

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1763 is currently contained within a large area of woodland[1], bordered by an electrified chain-link fence. The remains of Site-94, located at the centre of this area, are off-limits to all personnel. SCP-1763 does not require feeding, as it seems to have a ready supply of fresh meat located somewhere within the area.

No additional contact with the entity is to be made.

Description: SCP-1763 is a largely imperceptible creature, estimated to be upwards of twenty-four metres in length. SCP-1763 is carnivorous and predatory towards all higher lifeforms, and as-such poses a high threat to any persons within the containment zone. SCP-1763 can not be directly considered by any subjects within a 20 metre 100 metre 200 metre large radius of the entity, and can exert an unspecified memetic effect on any subjects who have directly seen evidence of the entity's existence.

A total of 30 deaths have been attributed to SCP-1763 since its initial containment, but the actual figure is expected to be at least double this.

Document-1763-EX-000, -0/-0/--00

Item #: SCP-1763

Object Class: None

Special Containment Procedures: No plan for containment of SCP-1763 has been devised at time of writing. Any areas referred to as Site-94 or Area-764 are to be reported immediately — under no circumstances should any personnel enter these areas, as no persons have any recollection of such areas' construction or creation.

No contact with the entity is to be made can currently be made.

Description: SCP-1763 is a semi-metaphysical entity capable of excising itself at will from various aspects of reality, both real and imagined. SCP-1763 is currently both invisible and silent, possesses no heat-signature, can render itself selectively intangible, and is capable of exerting a strong memetic effect on nearby humans, removing, censoring, and corrupting information about itself stored in the subject's brain. Additionally, tangentially related information in a variety of mediums is suspected to be at risk, though this is unconfirmed. Due to a lack of staff assigned to the project, all research on SCP-1763 is postponed for the foreseeable future.

A total of 30 deaths have been attributed to SCP-1763 since its initial containment since its cataloguing on {-0/-0/--00}[2]. Despite this, no records of any such deceased persons exist. SCP-1763's motive for attacking and killing Foundation personnel, if any, is unknown.

Several other iterations of this article have been located, referring to the entity as a physical creature — it is believed, therefore, that SCP-1763 was at one point both actively contained by the Foundation and not able to exert the range of anomalous phenomena available to it at present. Further inference suggests that SCP-1763's excision of itself from standard methods of perception is

part of an ongoing trend, in which the entity is rendered less 'real' over time, possibly as a survival technique, natural adaptation, or as a method of acquiring food. For obvious reasons, no elements of this hypothesis can be verified$_{D}$//;-

-/Whether SC-$_{P}$/1763 does, in fact, exist is _currently unc|ea$_{r}$;

Addendum:

Data missing.

~ Documents recovered from the personal computer of an unknown Researcher, 03/01/2018. Believed to be a categorisation for a nonexistent anomaly (possibly devised for recreational or academic purposes), and classified as Explained after brief confusion arising from its discovery. Personnel are reminded that no entities or phenomena portrayed within represent any manner of threat to either the Foundation, staff thereof, or the human population in general, and are, in fact, entirely fictional.

Footnotes
1. Designated Area-764.
2.ERROR: Null field abort;

SCP-1094-EX: Between A Rock And A Hard Place

SCP-1094-EX, as seen during the 1094-1 satellite mission (circa 2). Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-1094-EX

Object Class: Explained

Special Containment Procedures: Unless directed otherwise by SCP-1094-EX's head researcher (Dr.), the Foundation is to continue monitoring SCP-1094-EX for anomalous activity.

A request to inform NASA of F-1094-B's findings is currently pending approval by the O5 Council (See Addendum 3).

Description: SCP-1094-EX refers to a planet in the E-56834 system located 104 light-years from Earth. SCP-1094-EX has a radius of 8,642 km and a mass of 22.3 $M_{\oplus}$[1].

The majority of SCP-1094-EX's surface is composed of white fine-grained granite and several mountainous regions, suggesting previous volcanic activity and erosion. SCP-1094-EX has an appearance similar to that of a human eyeball due to a large impact crater on its surface, presumably caused by collision with another exoplanet in its solar system. The dark central circle of the impact area is composed primarily of ash, graphite and other debris, while the surrounding yellow ring is composed of sulfur and iron oxide. The composition of SCP-1094-EX below its crust is currently unknown.

First photograph of SCP-1094-EX (circa 1999). Click to enlarge.

Addendum 1: SCP-1094-EX was discovered during routine observation of celestial bodies in the outer Milky Way Galaxy on 10/09/1999. As there was no other information on it at the time of discovery, SCP-1094-EX was given a placeholder designation as an

anomalous object[2] until further analysis of the object could be done.

Addendum 2: On 01/04/2002, Foundation satellite F-1094 was launched from Area- on a set course for SCP-1094-EX. F-1094 is estimated to intersect with SCP-1094-EX in approximately years See Addendum 3 for more details.

Addendum 3: On 12/10/2 , F-1094 landed on SCP-1094-EX, having split into two different compartments (F-1094-A and F-1094-B) before landing. F-1094-A was set to land on a portion of SCP-1094-EX's bare surface, while F-1094-B was set to land on SCP-1094-EX's yellow ring. After conducting several tests on its surface, F-1094 deemed SCP-1094-EX non-anomalous.

During analysis of SCP-1094-EX's surface materials, F-1094-B detected large amounts of deceased, extraterrestrial organic matter. F-1094-A did not detect anything of similar value.

Footnotes
1. 22.3 masses of Earth
2. Due to it having a similar appearance to that of a human eyeball

SCP-711-EX: Man From The Future Present

Item #: SCP-711-EX

Object Class: Safe Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-711 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell, composed of concrete or asbestos. SCP-711 is to be provided with one (1) box-spring bed, two (2) feather pillows, one (1) quilt, one (1) toilet, one (1) sink, one (1) rib shower, one (1) 50 watt lamp, and one (1) novel to be rotated on request.

All artifacts belonging to SCP-711 are to be kept in storage locker 711-1.

Description: SCP-711 is an adolescent male Negro, claiming to have originally been from the early 21st century. Currently, no signs of anomalous temporal activity have been detected around SCP-711. Items originally in the possession of SCP-711 (designated SCP-711-1 through 4) show technological advancement beyond current human capabilities.

SCP-711-1 is a small, compact, electrical device that appears to have been originally constructed as a mobile form of the telephone, with the ability to send and receive radio signals simultaneously. SCP-711-1 has a display similar to a television; however, microscopic examination of the display following disassembly has shown that it is composed of several hundred light-emitting diodes. The display also shows the ability to respond to direct contact. SCP-711-1's power source is a highly compact battery that SCP-711 claims to be rechargeable[1]. Examination of the inside of SCP-711-1 has found several small electrical components similar to the components of a punch-card machine. SCP-711-1 shows several features in its display, including the ability to play "games", a calendar, and a device for arithmetic calculations. Also included is a small but functional keyboard that "slides" out of its compartment. A

small camera is located on the back-side of the device which may be used to take coloured images that are then "stored" on SCP-711-1.

SCP-711-2 is a wrist-watch powered by an incredibly compact battery. As opposed to traditional analog display, SCP-711-2 displays the time of day in a direct numeric fashion. It also displays the date and year, and acts as a stop-watch through the pressing of certain buttons on its side.

SCP-711-3 is an electrical, music-emitting device that SCP-711 refers to as an "iPod Nano" (sic). SCP-711-3 contains the same display function and electrical components as SCP-711-1. SCP-711-3 appears to have a high storage capacity for music and cinema, which may be infinitely reproduced through interaction with the device. SCP-711-4 is a pair of small stereophones that comes equipped with SCP-711-3, and allows a single user to listen to the sounds produced by SCP-711-3.

Addendum 711-1: Events predicted by SCP-711 (*NOTE: SCP-711 is an American adolescent, and has a memory centered around popular culture and American history, as well as events closer to his time.* - Dr.):

Early 1970s - Future President Richard Nixon will be involved in a scandal, causing his impeachment
Mid 1970s - A new wave of music labeled "disco" will become popular, but will "die" later on
Mid 1970s - The Vietnam war will end
Early 1980s - Film star Ronald Reagan will be elected President of the United States
Late 1990s - Future President "Bill Clinton" will be in a scandal with an unmarried woman
2000 - "George W. Bush", son of "George Bush", will be elected president of the United States
September 11, 2001 - "Terrorists" of the Moslem religion will fly a plane into the "World Trade Center" causing "both towers" [sic] to collapse
Early 2000s - The United States will be involved in a "war on terror" with the Republic of Iraq
Mid 2000s - A large tsunami wave will strike southern Asia "right

after Christmas"
2008 - The United States will elect its first Negro president, "Barack Hussein Obama"

Addendum 711-2: Dr. Xyank of the **`Temporal Anomalies Department`** has made multiple requests to return SCP-711 back to the point in time from which it claims to have been displaced. All requests have been denied.

We don't need to contain this person for no reason. He's verified. Let me take him home. - Dr. Xyank

Addendum 711-3: *SCP-711 has finally died. We were able to locate the exact time and place he was displaced (although all of our instruments showed no change). I don't know if this was a coincidence or not, but he was displaced at the exact same moment his older self's heart stopped.* - Dr.

I hope you're all very proud of yourselves. - Dr. Xyank

Footnotes
1. Presumably the battery recharger has been left in the future.

SCP-1974-EX: Hallucinogenic Dice

Item #: SCP-1974-EX

Object Class: Safe Explained

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1974 specimens are to be contained in Low-Value Item Storage at Site 61, when not needed for experiments. *SCP-1974-EX specimens are to be contained in a standard small-item lockbox in the Research and Development storage area of Site-55.*

When handled by personnel not being subjected to an experiment, butyl rubber or nitrile (NBR) rubber gloves should be worn to prevent exposure to anomalous effects *drugs embedded within the SCP-1974-EX material*. Affected personnel must be removed from duty and quarantined until the effects of SCP-1974-*EX* wear off (approximately 36 hours).

Field agents have been issued Order 61-1974-B; a *low-priority* directive to capture and contain SCP-1974 specimens not under Foundation control, and gather evidence as to their source. Field Order 61-1974-B rescinded 08/16/1992.

Description: SCP-1974-*EX* are 20-sided dice (commonly referred to as d20s in role-playing games) which appear to be composed of a standard acrylonitrile butadiene styrene (ABS) polymer.

Anyone handling SCP-1974-*EX* for five minutes continually, or over approximately one hour when SCP-1974-*EX* is used in a typical role-playing game, is subject to the effects of hallucinations and extreme suggestibility. When SCP-1974-*EX* is used in a role-playing game, approximately 90% of affected subjects believe the game parameters and environment to be real, and begin to act accordingly. Effects typically persist for 36 hours. The remaining 10% of exposed subjects experience miscellaneous hallucinations typical of an unintentional exposure to LSD-25 or psilocybin, as do

subjects exposed to SCP-1974-*EX* and not offered intentional or unintentional behavior suggestions.

It is currently being investigated whether the effects of SCP-1974 are chemical, memetic, or **`supernatural`**.

Analysis has determined that in SCP-1974-EX, the ABS has been combined with [REDACTED], a solvent and carrier similar to Dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO), but solid at room temperature. This is used to introduce a dose of an r-Ergotamine derivative, a long-acting hallucinogen. In addition, SCP-1974-EX contains a transmitter emitting non-audible sounds at frequencies of [REDACTED], generating a psychoacoustic effect that combines with the hallucinogen to cause extreme suggestibility in SCP-1974-EX-exposed subjects.

Since SCP-1974-EX is merely a novel means of hypnotizing subjects and secretively dosing them with hallucinogens, it is hereby declassified as an SCP and removed from the main SCP database as of 08/16/1992. Collection of further uncontained specimens is now a police matter and will not be conducted by Foundation Agents.

Due to the potential uses in clandestine activities and humanoid SCP control, Foundation Research and Development has requisitioned the supply of SCP-1974-EX, and is developing the means to reproduce its effects in different formats.[1]

Addendum: SCP-1974-*EX* came to the Foundation's attention when a large quantity were distributed as free samples during [REDACTED] Con, a Science Fiction and Fantasy convention held in , on / - /19 . Over 200 individuals were detained after exhibiting bizarre behavior resulting in fatalities, injuries, and numerous incidents of property damage and disorderly conduct. specimens of SCP-1974-*EX* were confiscated, and the incident attributed to mass hysteria caused by an unusual variety of food poisoning.

Incident Log 1974-01: The following is an excerpt from a list of incidents reported shortly after the initial release of SCP-1974-*EX* to the public. It demonstrates that while many affected subjects engage

in harmless but absurd behavior, others pose a danger to themselves and others, especially to unsuspecting or defenseless persons.

- ; severely beat Hotel doorman; believed victim was “an orc.” Subject successfully restrained with minor injuries.
- ; restrained while “casting a fireball” by chanting in an unknown language, waving a pool cue, and burning a carefully arranged circle of kitchen spices. No injuries reported.
- ; claimed to work for [REDACTED] after playing a game of “Paranoia”; interrogated and released when it was determined that subject had no knowledge of genuine classified information.
- ; killed by police after charging a group of officers with a butcher knife, while shouting “Blood for the Blood God!”
- ; attempted to sacrifice his sister to “summon Yog Sothoth” after playing “Call of Cthulhu”. [DATA EXPUNGED].

The source of SCP-1974-EX remains unknown. Relevant information anonymously transferred to , Police Department for continuing investigation.

Footnotes
1. The Foundation takes no responsibility for the presence of hallucinogenic pens at theMarshall, Carter & Darkauction on / /20 .

SCP-1933-EX: Lake Monster

Item #: SCP-1933-EX

Object Class: Euclid Explained

Special Containment Procedures: Lake is to be monitored for appearances of SCP-1933. Civilians approaching the Lake are to be turned away on the grounds of the area being scouted out for construction. Due to SCP-1933's memetic effects, removal from the Lake is highly unlikely to occur. Individuals who claim to have seen SCP-1933 are to be administered Class A amnestics, and released. Personnel being transferred to research SCP-1933 are not to be informed of SCP-1933 or any documentation regarding it until they have observed SCP-1933 firsthand. Individuals discovering this document without having first seen SCP-1933 are advised to immediately exit this document, and contact Dr. B. Reynard as soon as possible for Class A amnestics, or observation of SCP-1933. No special containment procedures are required for SCP-1933-EX at this time. Distribution of Class A amnestics to subjects who claim to have observed SCP-1933-EX is currently discontinued.

Description (REVISED): SCP-1933-EX is allegedly a creature measuring an estimated 6 to 8 meters in length, residing in Lake , British Columbia. Exact details vary from report to report, but SCP-1933-EX is almost always reported to have a long, serpent-like neck and head, a similarly long tail, dark blue coloration, and long, leaf-like protrusions running from the base of its head to the end of its body. However, SCP-1933-EX has been, in each report of sighting, quickly determined to have been a misidentified common occurrence, such as a large piece of driftwood, large eel or fish, or simple unreliable testimony. Recovered 'footage' of SCP-1933-EX has been easily explained by photo or video manipulation, or intentional staging to simulate an SCP-1933-EX encounter. It is most likely that reports of SCP-1933-EX are the result of subjects being influenced by local myths and legends.

+ Show original documentation for SCP-1933-EX

Description: SCP-1933 is an unidentified aquatic creature, measuring an estimated 6-8 meters in length, residing in Lake , British Columbia. SCP-1933 is dark blue in coloration, possessing a long, smooth neck and tail, a serpentine head, and numerous leaf-like protrusions running from the base of its head to the end of its body. Details regarding the lower half of SCP-1933's body are predominately unknown, as it has never been observed to beach itself, or surface more than its neck and upper half of its body. As SCP-1933 does not appear to possess gills, it is currently theorized to reside in an underwater cave, which is currently being searched for using sonar. SCP-1933 has been observed camouflaging itself with aquatic plants or fallen trees, and ambushing large prey that approaches the water, as well as preying on passing birds and fish. SCP-1933 has been observed to actively avoid boats in most situations, but has occasionally attacked solitary humans entering or around the lake.

SCP-1933 possesses a secondary effect, possibly memetic in nature, that causes those who become aware of it from any method except firsthand experience, (including documentation, personal testimony, or video or photo evidence) to become extremely unwilling to consider its existence. This can include finding flaws in a subject's testimony that are not actually present, seeing 'wires' 'animatronics', or 'photo-manipulation' where none are present, or verbally shutting down conversation regarding SCP-1933. This is thought to be the result of a defense mechanism designed to keep potential prey from becoming wary of approaching the lake. While this has caused significant delay in documentation and observation of SCP-1933, it has expedited ensuring civilians do not become aware of SCP-1933. At time of writing, only a small group of researchers are aware of SCP-1933, and a way of informing the rest of the Foundation of its existence, allowing more effective

containment, is being researched.

Note: On / / , an experiment with the intent of proving the existence of SCP-1933 to the rest of the Foundation will take place. SCP-1933 will be lured to the surface using the carcass of one elk, deposited in the middle of Lake by boat. Dr. Reynard will then contact MTF Eta-10 ("See No Evil") and attempt to live stream an appearance of SCP-1933 directly to them. If this is a success, then we will have taken the first step in successfully containing SCP-1933. If not, then we're probably going to all be brought in for questioning and/or amnestic treatments. Either way, it's been a pleasure working with you all. - B. Reynard

Addendum: SCP-1933-EX was reclassified to 'Explained' after a group of researchers led by Dr. B. Reynard contacted MTF Eta-10 ("See No Evil") claiming to have evidence of a possible new cognitohazardous entity, which would be demonstrated to them over a private internet live stream. Eta-10 personnel viewing the live stream reported that the researchers had constructed an animatronic to resemble the entity they were referring to, which rose out of the lake and dragged under the carcass of an elk. These researchers were quickly located and brought in for questioning. Dr. Reynard was reprimanded for abuse and waste of Foundation resources.

Dr. Reynard was discovered to have been drowned in Lake roughly a week after the reclassification of SCP-1933-EX in an unrelated boating accident[1]. Allegations that Dr. Reynard appeared to have been (sic) 'half-eaten' are currently under investigation. Official cause of death is believed to be drowning after extensive blood loss due to injury from a boat propeller.

Footnotes
1. The location of the boat used by Dr. Reynard is unknown, and there are no reports of Dr. Reynard buying or renting a boat prior.

SCP-1512-EX: 3D Bioprinting

An example of downstream technology utilizing SCP-1512-EX

Item #: SCP-1512-EX

Object Class: Safe Explained

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-1512 are to be kept at Site-66, under modified P4 conditions (all materials related to SCP-1512 are handled similarly to P4 pathogenic material, and SCP-1512 itself is kept in a ISO Class 1 cleanroom environment). All related products and byproducts of SCP-1512 are to be disposed of utilizing P4 procedures for disposing of laboratory waste. Rescinded, refer to Addendum 1512-03.

All personnel working with SCP-1512 are to undergo weekly medical tests and laboratory examination to ensure that no accidental infection by SCP-1512 is carried outside of the containment/ research facility. Personnel who have been infected by byproducts of SCP-1512 are to be contained and treated with mitotic inhibitors (vinblastine or vincristine) for a period of no less than 28 days. If SCP-1512 byproducts have not been cleared out of the infected personnel's system after the 28 day treatment, termination via fire is to be carried out. Rescinded, refer to Addendum 1512-02.

No current special procedures exist for containment. SCP-1512-EX is to be kept in an ISO Class 1 cleanroom at all times. Research proposals involving SCP-1512-EX are to go to the project head, who at the time of this writing is Doctor G. Hewlett. Refer to Addendum 1512-04.

Description: SCP-1512 are six (6) electro-mechanical devices, capable of artificially creating cellular matrices resembling functional human organs when provided with proper cellular material and growth media.

All recovered devices operate in the following matter:

- A reservoir of cells (embryonic stem cells at the time of recovery) is kept in fluid suspension;
- The device, a modified CNC routing machine, moves into position where cells are required over a growth medium;
- As the device head passes over the growth medium, a stepper motor turns a screw, that extrudes the cellular material over the growth medium;
- When a layer is complete, a support plate lowers gradually, allowing for a 3D model to be built from living cells. The machine stops once the entire model has been completed.

Biological structures created with embryonic stem cells require an external stimulus to influence the cell type, but adult stem cells appear to be easier to influence and control with respect to desired cell type. Refer to Addendum 1512-02 for details.

SCP-1512 is compatible with running the G-code (RS-274) numerical control language, which is used to operate most computer-aided manufacturing (CAM) machines and devices.

Recovery: All instances of SCP-1512 were recovered from an abandoned Prometheus Labs facility following the company's collapse in . All devices, software, and incomplete technical/ testing data were recovered without incident, and all material was transferred to Site-66 for processing and containment.

Addendum 1512-01: Due to the usage of embryonic stem cells, there is a concern that biological structures created by SCP-1512 may result in potentially deleterious objects being created. Object containment class remains at Safe, but handling procedures now formally adopt P4 procedures for handling all products and byproducts of SCP-1512.

Addendum 1512-02: As part of an experiment proposal to replace Agent [REDACTED]'s index fingertip (which was lost during a field mission), one unused instance of SCP-1512 was prepared with adult stem cells derived from said agent's bone marrow, and an artificial bone and tissue construct was created. Following successful attachment/revascularization surgery and no signs of mutation or other deleterious side-effects, SCP-1512's P4 status has been lifted, and research may continue at a lower protection level.

Addendum 1512-03: Following the news of biomedical research company Organovo developing its own process for safe bio-printing in 2007 (in conjunction with the University of Virginia), Foundation agents have obtained copies of Organovo's notes to compare to extant instances of SCP-1512. Finding strong similarities between Organovo's notes and notes corroborated by research into SCP-1512, the Overseer Council has decided to officially re-classify SCP-1512 as Explained, as the technology utilized in creating SCP-1512 is now considered advanced scientific knowledge rather than anomalous phenomena.

Addendum 1512-04: Following the expiration of the Stratasys Ltd. FDM patent in 2009, other companies following the footsteps of Organovo have begun experimentation with bio-printing methods utilizing fused deposition modeling (FDM) technology. In response to this explosive growth, the Foundation has inserted former research staff assigned to SCP-1512-EX to different companies, to oversee and guide safe and effective development of downstream technology. Doctor G. Hewlett, former chief researcher for SCP-1512, is now assigned head of the oversight project. Foundation-owned bio-printing machines are now authorized for usage in medical and biological research for other containment objects.

SCP-920-EX: Evil Workgroup Printer

+ Former containment documentation for SCP-920-EX. Document has been superseded by Policy Directive K-23396-D6 issued by Site Director dated - -20 .

Item #: SCP-920

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-920 is to be stored in a humidity-controlled locker. The locker is to be enclosed in a Faraday cage which in turn is to be placed in a containment chamber that is shielded to prevent radio, cellular-phone, Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, microwave, infrared and any other form of electronic communication. Under no circumstances is SCP-920 to be connected to an electrical power source or communications network. SCP-920's paper tray and toner cartridge are each to be kept in separate lockers at a different facility than the rest of SCP-920's hardware. The paper tray and toner cartridge are each to be kept empty at all times.

All analysis documentation of SCP-920 is to be handwritten or typed using a non-electronic manual typewriter, and stored on acid-free paper. Such paper copies, and not any electronic copies of any such documentation, are to be regarded as the reference documentation. Whenever possible, personnel involved in the containment and study of SCP-920 are to meet in person and orally brief one another on their findings.

SUPERSEDED BY POLICY DIRECTIVE K-23396-D6.

Description: SCP-920 is a workgroup printer superficially resembling those manufactured and distributed by the Corporation in 200 . The printer

bears a placard indicating model number E466at but manufactured no such model. The subject's physical components are unremarkable.

The internal software of the subject printer consist of complex algorithms that affect the functionality of the subject's print function, and the functionality of computers, systems, networks or devices with which the subject directly or indirectly interacts. These effects manifest in several stages (not always in the following sequence):

Stage	Description
01	Normal functionality.
02	Printer occasionally fails to properly execute print commands in any of several ways, including mechanical paper jams, failure to set toner such that print product smears, or displays flashing error codes while refusing to print.
03	Same as Stage 2. On occasion, a document sent to printer will appear to print normally but with subtle changes in the content of document.
04	Same as Stages 2-3. Other printers connected to the same network, regardless of make and model, will also exhibit Stage 3 behavior. It is believed that the subject propagates code to such other printers in the manner of a computer virus.
05	Same as Stages 2-4. Printer (and other printers on the

	same network) will make dramatic changes to printed documents, including altering or reversing the meaning of text.
06	Same as Stages 2-5. Electronic devices in the vicinity of any affected printer, such as enterprise telephone systems and photocopiers, will evince anomalous behavior such as "phantom" telephone calls, photocopier paper jams, telephone line static and changes to files stored on computers. The manner in which the algorithms are propagated from affected printers to other hardware is not understood.
07	Same as Stages 2-6. Computers conected to the same network as any affected hardware will occasionally engage in spontaneous behavior such as creating and distributing documents such as email messages, Powerpoint presentations, paper memoranda and other files. Affected voicemail systems will produce phantom "messages", and users of affected telephone systems will receive phantom telephone calls which originate from SCP-920 but which impersonate the voice

	and mannerisms of other individuals within the organization. These documents and communications generally appear to be consistent in form with those normally produced by the organization maintaining or using the network, but they purport to change organizational policy or instruct personnel to take, or to refrain from taking, various actions.
08	Same as Stages 2-7. Mechanical and environmental systems of any structure housing affected equipment will occasionally engage in anomalous behavior. Such behavior may include elevator doors refusing to open, or closing suddenly and with great force; plumbing systems heating water to dangerous temperatures, HVAC systems introducing contaminants into the atmosphere, hazardous electrical shorts from wiring, and a failure of electronic door locks to disengage.
09	Same as Stages 2-8. Irregular behavior extends to electronic and mechanical systems in proximity to any electronic

	device that has, in turn, been in proximity to an affected system. Affected systems may include a cellular telephone that has been brought into a building that contains an affected network, a motor vehicle whose passenger cabin contains or formerly contained such a cellular telephone, or electronic systems in locations near such a vehicle.

SCP-920's algorithms have the consequence of altering the behavior of organizations that use affected systems. The messages that affected systems deliver to individuals appear to originate from those individuals' superiors within the organization's chain of command. Those messages cause the organization to undertake particular policy initiatives, changes in management structure, or other organizational decisions that, when analyzed objectively, are not consistent with the organization's mission or goals. The agenda or underlying intentions of the algorithm are not understood.

The SCP-920 algorithms are believed to incorporate self-preservation functionality. Among the actions and policy decisions that the SCP-920 causes an organization's personnel to undertake are actions that facilitate the acceleration of the spread of the algorithms, and that hinder actions that are likely to retard it. In particular, Stage 08 and 09 behavior appear to occur only when necessary in order to prevent an individual from interfering with the algorithm.

Recovery Notes: SCP-920 was recovered from the headquarters of Insurance Company in 20 . The insurance company had become insolvent and entered

receivership following a pattern of promoting unsuitable employees to positions of responsibility within the institution, which appears to have commenced approximately five months after the company had obtained and installed SCP-920 in its offices. This time period also coincided with seemingly arbitrary, and unsound, policy changes in the company's insurance underwriting and human resources practices.

The subject came to the Foundation's attention after Foundation agents recovered the body of Jermaine . Mr. was the assistant information technology officer for the company. He had asphyxiated in his automobile in the garage of his residence; investigation of the scene indicated that Mr. had entered his vehicle and activated the motor, but was then unable to operate the automatic garage door or the vehicle's power locks before he was overcome by carbon monoxide poisoning. Handwritten notes found on Mr. 's person referred to SCP-920 and outlined a plan to remove it from the company office building and destroy it.

+ Policy Directive K-23396-D6

Policy Directive K-23396-D6 dated - -20

SCP-920 is to be removed from containment and returned to normal service in the Accounts Payable department at the Foundation's administrative headquarters. There is nothing wrong with that printer. The non-anomalous nature of this item has been confirmed by means of independent testing using **WATCHDOG** and the Binah Pattern Recognition System. For inventory control purposes, the item is to be re-designated as SCP-920-EX.

The Foundation's IT budget for this fiscal quarter has been prepared in accordance with the policy that perfectly serviceable assets are not to be kept in storage indefinitely, where they will simply depreciate without

contributing to the advancement of the Foundation's mission statement.

Site Director W. Lumbergh

/s/

cc (via email):
O-5
Site Assistant Director Peter Gibbons
Sheldon Katz, Esq., Legal Department

SCP-1841-EX: Lisztomania

Item #: SCP-1841-EX

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized Euclid Keter Explained

Original containment file retrieved from the archives of the Royal Foundation for the Study of Curiosities and Phantasmagoria. Date of last edit 3/16/1878.

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-1841 remains outside containment at this time, as its scale and ephemeral nature make apprehending all those afflicted an impossibility. The person of Mr. F L is beyond Foundation reach at this time, being under the protection of the Roman Catholic Church and the German Empire. The Foundation shall shadow the movements of Mr. L and communicate via telegraph with constabulatory agencies in all areas through which he performs or travels, and shall provide intelligence and assistance in dispelling any riots or indecent behaviour occurring as a result of his presence.

Fellows and other members of the Royal Foundation are prohibited from attending performances given by Mr. L , lest they themselves become affected. Any person affected by SCP-1841, presenting a breach of the peace, may be despatched or pacified by any means necessary. Medical examination of infected persons is authorised for the purposes of identifying the means by which SCP-1841 infection is spread. Electrical or manual stimulation of ladies entering a hysterical state as a result of SCP-1841 is authorised as necessary to calm the female urges and prevent improprietous behaviour.

Description: SCP-1841, referred to in the public press as "L fever" or "L omania", is a most curious series of public behaviours engaged in by persons exposed to the public performances of F L , a composer and pianist of Hungarian extraction. Through a means yet unknown to science, any person who observes and listens to Mr. L performing on the piano, whether the works in

question are his own compositions or those of other composers, is at risk of contracting SCP-1841, which may endure for from as little as three hours to as many as five years thereafter. Since the existence of SCP-1841 was first documented in Berlin in 1844, primary and secondary infections have affected an unknown number of thousands throughout continental Europe.

Approximately sixty-three percent of persons exposed to a L performance acquire symptoms of SCP-1841. Those of the female sex are more easily swayed by SCP-1841, though men of the younger generation (Bohemians and confirmed bachelors in particular) have also been demonstrated to be easily affected. Initial symptoms begin to manifest during the performance itself, and include raucous cheering and hollering, dancing of a manner inappropriate to the tempo of the composition, heated conversation, and in many cases attempts to touch Mr. L during his performances, or to abscond with his personal effects, refuse, or broken piano strings. Even during performances themselves, fights have been observed to break out among audience-members over discarded effects such as cigar butts or coffee dregs.

Following the conclusion of performances, infected persons have often attempted to follow Mr. L to his lodgings, resulting in affray and riotous occurrences requiring police intervention. Persons interviewed following an outbreak of SCP-1841 have insisted on speaking of Mr. L in terms most hagiographic, describing him as the greatest musician to ever live, and venerating any effects stolen from his person as holy relics. Secondary infection is possible as a result of these persons' efforts, who have been noted to "preach" Mr. L 's graces to as many acquaintances of their own as possible, thereby inoculating those people to seek out an audience with him. In multiple instances when touring within Germany, full-blown outbreaks of SCP-1841 have occurred several days before Mr. L himself arrived in the city.

In extreme cases, ladies suffering from SCP-1841 have been observed to suffer hysteria as the result of finding themselves in Mr. L 's company, entirely discarding proper decorum and behaving in a manner becoming unto ladies of the evening. Those so afflicted describe elaborate delusions of Mr. L 's intimate appeal, to the

exclusion even of their own husbands, and cannot be prevented from engaging in brazen and inappropriate behaviours for so long as infection perseveres. Pelvic massage and electrical stimulation have proven effective at temporary dissipation of these behaviours; care must be taken, however, that the lady so afflicted does not at the time have Mr. L himself in mind, lest the onset of hysterical paroxysm only strengthen the delusion within her.

The cause of SCP-1841 is unknown. During an interview conducted in 1863, Mr. L himself denied any understanding of the phenomenon or ability to control it, and stated that he found the hysterical reactions of ladies in attendance at his performances most unsettling. Owing to SCP-1841's curious ability to affect the mind, a connection to the Parisian salon "Sommes-Nous Devenus Magnifiques?" is suspected; no direct evidence of a link between Mr. L and that organisation, however, has to date become known in London.

+ Show addenda

Addendum 1841-1 - RFSCP Archives, 7/31/1886

News has reached London this day that F L , the man responsible for the spread of SCP-1841, has died in Germany as the result of a pneumoniac infection. As Mr. L 's performances are believed to be the sole origin and focus of SCP-1841, and as none of his performances are known to have been recorded on the phonograph, SCP-1841 is now deemed Neutralised. We expect a brief upswell of riotous and hysterical behaviour over the coming weeks during the traditional mourning period, after which infections in those previously afflicted should slowly dissipate. Containment of infectees will continue for five years or until such time as no further cases of "L omania" are observed. -T.T.B.

Addendum 1841-2 - Memo to the O5 Council, 4/8/1956

As the O5 Council is surely aware, the sudden and unexpected upswell of public excitement and hysteria

regarding rock-and-roll musician Elvis Presley has provoked a great deal of speculation within the Foundation that "Elvis" himself, or someone associated with him, poses a cognitohazard or other type of anomalous mind-affecting ability. It is my unfortunate duty to report at this time that this appears to be the case. Based on Research Assistant Wertham's findings, the behavior exhibited by Presley's fans appears to be identical to that exhibited by those afflicted by a neutralized phenomenon designated SCP-1841, a condition which affected fans of composer Franz Liszt in the 19th century. All evidence indicates that the anomalous ability possessed by Liszt to induce irrational behavior in his audiences is now possessed by Presley. I recommend that active containment of SCP-1841 be reinstated at its previous containment level, and that Research Assistant Wertham be assigned to research this recurrence of the phenomenon and draft updated containment procedures as circumstances require. -Dr. Jacobs

Request granted. -O5-2

Addendum 1841-3 - Memo to the O5 Council, 6/23/1958

Our continuing research into SCP-1841 indicates that the problem is far more widespread than previously thought. Rather than emanating from a single individual, I have currently identified no less than two dozen popular performers who are capable of inducing SCP-1841 behavior in their audiences. In addition, several of these performers are members of the Negro community, suggesting that SCP-1841 has the ability to transcend racial and social barriers. Five of the persons so far identified were not active musicians at the time our study began, suggesting that the number of people capable of inducing this effect is growing. If more drastic measures are not taken to stem this tide, our current models predict SCP-1841 infection will reach pandemic levels no later

than 1963, and that widespread civil unrest and chaos will ensue. I recommend that SCP-1841 be upgraded to Keter class and that authorization be granted to take aggressive steps to mitigate the effects of its carriers. I additionally recommend that SCP-1841's containment file be expunged from the primary database and information regarding its current active status be placed on a strict need-to-know basis for persons directly involved in its containment. SCP-1841 is highly virulent, especially among the younger generation, and even the knowledge that these musicians exist and have these abilities could result in an outbreak of secondary infection among our ranks. -Dr. Wertham

Request granted. -O5-11

Addendum 1841-4 - Memo to the O5 Council, 1/12/1961

I am pleased at this time to report that our measures at containing SCP-1841 appear to have been largely successful. Subject Presley's service in the United States Army has greatly mitigated his ability to spread SCP-1841, and the neutralization of subjects Holley, Richardson, and Valenzuela has prompted several music critics in the media to proclaim that the genre is entirely moribund. Subject Penniman's conversion to our cause has proven fully effective to date, and our disinformation campaign regarding the potential threats of rock-and-roll music has begun to gain traction within the religious conservative community. Barring the sudden emergence of an unknown group of SCP-1841 carriers acting in unison, I believe we may be able to fully neutralize the phenomenon within three years. -Sr. Researcher Wertham

Addendum 1841-5: Memo to the O5 Council, 7/15/1969

I am beginning to fear that SCP-1841 is growing beyond our ability to control. Following the sudden appearance

of subjects Harrison, Lennon, McCartney, and Starkey in 1964, the number of known SCP-1841 carriers has grown into the hundreds and is continuing to grow beyond our ability to track and monitor. Social unrest from SCP-1841 infectees has begun to damage the American war effort in Vietnam and affect the international political process. Within the past two years, various "festivals" featuring SCP-1841 carriers have accrued in excess of 100,000 attendees; an upcoming festival planned in upstate New York is currently projected to draw nearly half a million potential new infectees. The time has come for aggressive measures. I propose that the O5 Council authorize a series of covert assassinations of high-profile SCP-1841 carriers, including but not limited to subjects Eliot, Hendrix, Joplin, Lennon, Morrison, and Relf, to be conducted as possible over the next several years, as well as any future assassinations necessary to prevent the further spread of SCP-1841. -Site Director Wertham

Request granted. O5-8

Addendum 1841-6: Memo to the Ethics Committee, 9/22/1996

> To: Site 19 Ethics Committee
> From: Col. James A. Ostheim, Director of MTF Activities, Site 19
>
> It has come to my attention that the murder of rap musician Tupac Shakur earlier this month, reported to have been the result of gang warfare, was in fact an assassination committed by members of Mobile Task Force Beta-6 ("Kasem's Revenge"), a unit under my oversight at Site 19. During a routine audit of MTF expenses, we discovered several unexplained travel expenses and unauthorized movements of Beta-6's officers and men. I scheduled a meeting with MTF Leader Callahan to discuss the issue and he openly

admitted that his team had committed the murder, and volunteered that they had also been responsible for the apparent self-inflicted death of musician Kurt Cobain in 1994, for the murder of former Beatle John Lennon in 1980, and for the deaths of several other prominent musicians of recent decades. MTFL Callahan informed me that the assassinations had been conducted under direct orders from Overwatch Command, and provided me with written documents bearing O5-6's digital signature, ordering the assassinations as part of the containment of SCP-1841. Upon checking the main Foundation database, I found no information regarding the existence of SCP-1841, not even an indication that such a document had been classified.

On a hunch, I contacted Central Archives and asked if there were any decommissioned or neutralized SCP objects bearing that number which had not been copied over when the main database was computerized in 1983. I was given a handwritten file dating to the old Royal Foundation, which described people having hysterical reactions to hearing the music of Franz Liszt, a German composer who died in 1886. The file had not been updated since then and was listed as Neutralized.

I find it greatly disturbing that a member of the O5 Council itself is superseding the chain of command and issuing orders to persons under my authority, without my knowledge, to conduct assassinations of high-profile civilians in relation to an SCP object which has been inactive for over a century. I would appreciate a review of this matter as soon as possible.

Addendum 1841-7: Ethics Committee Memo,

5/21/1997

From: Site 19 Ethics Committee
To: O5-1 - O5-13, Col. James A. Ostheim

Following a thorough review of the Foundation archives and examination of expert testimony, we have concluded that SCP-1841 bears no anomalous properties and does not merit the containment procedures currently in place. It is our determination that SCP-1841 is a normal human psychological reaction to exposure to charismatic individuals and/or emotionally moving works of art, similar to the mental conditions referred to as "Stendhal syndrome" and "Jerusalem syndrome", and that its "carriers" are in no way anomalous themselves and have no abnormal ability to affect human psychology beyond their own charisma and musical talent.

Effective immediately, SCP-1841 is reclassified as Explained and is hereby stricken from the SCP database. No further monitoring or containment of persons affected by SCP-1841 is authorized, and no further action is to be taken against any person believed to be a carrier. Due to his long involvement in SCP-1841 containment, and in light of his otherwise spotless service record, O5-6 has been allowed to take early retirement with full benefits. No disciplinary action will be taken against any Foundation personnel involved in SCP-1841 containment. Any personnel involved may undergo Class-B amnestic therapy at their discretion.

Please refer any concerns or appeals to the Central Committee.

SCP-8900-EX: Sky Blue Sky

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS ARCHIVAL INFORMATION FOR REFERENCE ONLY.

THERE ARE CURRENTLY NO CONTAINMENT PROTOCOLS IN PLACE FOR SCP-8900-EX.

Item #: SCP-8900-EX

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-8900 has been designated Keter due to extreme difficulty in containment. Indeed, it does not appear containable at this time.

Persons and objects affected by SCP-8900 are to be quarantined and destroyed via flash incineration immediately. Flames resulting from this process are to be extinguished by vacuum in complete darkness to suppress the spread of infection. Under no circumstances are Foundation personnel to come into contact with persons or objects affected by SCP-8900.

Addendum 8900-1: It has been discovered that total darkness is effective in suppressing the spread of symptoms of SCP-8900 in living subjects. Agents Harker and Miriam have been detained and are being kept for study.

Description: SCP-8900 is a complex perceptual phenomenon affecting the visible spectrum which seems to be spread by contact. It can be photographed using certain newly developed techniques, however, the process of photographing the anomaly seems to result in faster spread of its effect, and is considered inadvisable.

SCP-8900 is currently uncontained and theoretically uncontainable. It first began to appear in the mid to late 1800s, as a side effect of certain photography techniques, but was restrained only to the

photographic plates themselves and did not spread. Of note is that the appearance of SCP-8900 manifestations in these photographs seems to [REDACTED]elopment of photographic technology. SCP-8900 as we know it today seems to have developed in or around 1935, possibly as a result of the Corporation's experiments with "integral tripack" technology.

Addendum 8900-2:

[SECTION AVAILABLE BY O-5 ORDER ONLY]

Gentlemen, we have failed. SCP-8900's effects have become so widespread as to be commonplace. The natural blue of the sky has been replaced with a gross and unnatural shade, and the green of trees has been equally corrupted. SCP-8900 has brought ruin down upon the entire visible spectrum, and we have been overrun.

Our attempt at creating an opposing 'infection' has also failed. Although we were successful at restoring the natural colorization of our test subjects, the process seems to render them mute, and now a runner has arrived at my office to tell me that our little experiment has breached containment. Future agents may have to deal with it as an SCP object in its own right.

We are left with only one option, gentlemen. I am activating the Foundation's final failsafe method, The Ennui Protocol.

By the time this message reaches those of you cleared to receive it, Foundation resources on a global scale will have released vast amounts of compound ENUI-5, our most subtle amnesiac. Worldwide, men and women who do not deserve the horror wreaked upon them will pause, confused, then resume their business, confident that this is the way it has always been, never knowing what they have lost. Only the photographs not affected by SCP-8900's taint will remain to tell the truth. I regret this,

gentlemen. I regret it deeply.

It must be done.

— O5-8.

Secure. Contain. Protect.

SCP-2700-EX: What I Did For Love

Notice from the Ethics Committee:

This article has been found to be fraudulent; there is no anomalous activity present. All research into SCP-2700 and its cure has been suspended indefinitely. The documentation will be locked, but remains accessible to serve as evidence for the related Ethics Committee investigation. Researcher Perry will be held in [DATA EXPUNGED] until sentencing is complete.

Item #: SCP-2700

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation Personnel implanted within medical insurance corporations are to monitor incoming claims for symptoms of SCP-2700. Upon detection, the nearest Mobile Task Force with biomedical capabilities is to be deployed to the subject's location in order to secure a quarantine. Family or roommates cohabitating with the subject are to be checked for infection; those cleared are to be amnesticized and released while those infected are to be transported with the initial subject to Area-12 for study.

Due to SCP-2700's highly contagious nature, the following quarantine measures have been enacted:

- All personnel assigned to SCP-2700 are to be male.
- Unauthorized personnel are not permitted access to Ward-2700.
- Level Four decontamination protocols are required for 2700-Personnel to leave Ward-2700.
- As few personnel are to be assigned to SCP-2700 as possible.

Description: SCP-2700 is an anomalous, multi-stage illness with an exceptionally infectious nature. While it has been found to affect male subjects, it is over one hundred times more likely to infect females; it is hypothesized that ~12.5% of women worldwide are currently infected with some form of SCP-2700.

SCP-2700 infection causes the cellular cycle to breakdown at the apoptosis stage; rather than dying naturally, cells affected by SCP-2700 will continue to live and group together into large clumps causing the following symptoms:

- Unusual thickness of the skin.
- Puckering or dimpling of the skin.
- Rash or discharge around infection site.
- Constant pain and swelling at infection site.
- Necrotizing of surrounding tissue causing black, oozing sores.
- More severe cases may become metastatic, spreading throughout the body and multiplying symptoms across multiple sites.
- Left untreated, SCP-2700 infection can lead to full body necrotizing fasciitis and [REDACTED].

Researcher Harold Perry has volunteered to lead research into SCP-2700; any and all inquiries are to be directed through him.

Note from EC-3:

The best place to hide a lie is inside the truth. The symptoms of SCP-2700-EX are, in fact, all factual symptoms of breast cancer, as is that ~12.5% number; 1 in 8 women will get breast cancer in the year 2015. All Perry had to do was exaggerate a symptom and claim that it was highly contagious; that let him both claim the anomaly and get the ability to quarantine himself with his work.

+ Evidence of Infractions: Harold Perry

Note from EC-3:

Evidence against SCP-2700-EX Head

Researcher Harold Perry has been gathered from his research notes, e-mail correspondence, and security footage; all information is presented in chronological order.

01/17/2015 - Research Note: The new group of D-Class personnel has come in. Our new detection protocols are becoming more and more accurate; we were able to screen and find multiple infected subjects.

01/27/2015 - Research Note: D-2990 passed away today. Whatever this is, it hits hard and fast. Better to have as few people involved as possible on the project to make sure we can keep this contained. Reminder to update containment procedures. Body disposed of.

02/04/2015 - Research Note: I'm getting worried about the stability of D-2994, place her into long term care while we continue work on the other subjects.

02/14/2015 - Area-12 Security Footage:

01:03:15 - *Dr. Perry leaves Ward-2700.*

01:08:32 - *Dr. Perry enters a men's restroom.*

01:10:23 - *Dr. Perry exits restroom carrying a red, heart-shaped box.*

01:14:12 - *Dr. Perry returns to Ward-2700.*

03/18/2015 - E-mail
To: Dr. , Head Researcher - SCP-
From: Dr. Perry, Head Researcher - SCP-2700
Subject: Request -2700-h
Body: Dr. , we're working on a highly infectious disease anomaly; requesting a

cross-test with SCP- to check for efficacy.

03/20/2015 - E-mail
To: Dr. Perry, Head Researcher - SCP-2700
From: Dr. , Head Researcher - SCP-
Subject: RE: Request -2700-h
Body: Sure, Harold. We'll have that over to you tomorrow. Good luck!

03/22/2015 - Research Note: D-3077 responded exceptionally poorly to treatment with SCP- . Bodies disposed of. SCP- returned to Site- . D-2994 seems stable, but I can tell she's getting weaker.

04/15/2015 - Research Note: D-3157 was responding well to Treatment Cycle Lambda, but was not cured. Body disposed of. D-2994's health is deteriorating more rapidly than before.

04/15/2015 - E-mail
To: Dr. , Head Researcher - SCP-
From: Dr. Perry, Head Researcher - SCP-2700
Subject: Request -2700-db
Body: Dr. , we're working on a highly infectious disease anomaly; requesting a cross-test with SCP- to check for efficacy.

04/15/2015 - E-mail
To: Dr. Perry, Head Researcher - SCP-2700
From: Dr. , Head Researcher - SCP-
Subject: RE: Request -2700-db
Body: Request denied.

04/24/2015 - Research Note: I think we may have found a breakthrough. D-3302 is responding very well to Treatment Cycle Xi. Her tumors seem to be shrinking and her energy levels are going up. This could be it.

05/05/2015 - Research Note: *(Note: Handwriting on this document was notably erratic when compared to other research documents.)* D-3302 died. She was doing so well, and… DAMN IT! All of this cutting edge technology, all of these anomalies, what the hell are they good for? Monica doesn't have much time left

What am I going to do?

05/07/2015 - Incident Report: Dr. Perry was subdued during an attempt to steal an instance of SCP- . Guards report Dr. Perry attempting to use a shift change to get past security, but tripping SCP- 's pressure sensor. Minor injuries were reported for all parties involved.

+ Ethics Committee Login

Minutes are provided from Ethics Committee Deliberations Meeting 08/01/2015. Only deliberations pertinent to this incident are provided.

EC Chair: Moving on; next item on the agenda…

EC-2: Harold Perry, Head Researcher of the now defunct SCP-2700-EX project, has been charged with one count of falsifying D-Class collection procedures, minor infraction; one count of falsifying containment documentation, major infraction; reckless use of D-Class personnel, minor infraction; reckless use of an anomalous object, major infraction; two counts of assaulting security personnel, major infraction; and one count of attempted theft of SCP- , major infraction.

EC Chair: Investigation details?

EC-3: SCP-2700-EX has been determined through tissue samples to be non-anomalous breast cancer. Harold cherry-picked and exaggerated symptoms and completely falsified the “highly contagious” aspect to both cover this fact and gain tighter control of the project using quarantine protocols. From there, he misused D-Class Personnel and at least one anomaly as well as attempting to steal a
of-

EC Chair: What punishment does the O5 Council recommend?

EC-4: Forced Retirement, placement into civilian society at Level C.

EC Chair: Hmm… let’s say Level A, the Overseers will balk at us, and we’ll end up settling at Level B. In the meantime, hold Dr. Perry at Medi-Site 42 until his wife passes. He won't remember after we set him loose, but I'll sleep better. Next on the agenda?

Final sentence pending.

SCP-1851-EX: Drapetomania

> The following has been classified Code Red—Inaccessible by the Records and Information Security Administration. Access is restricted to Level 5 personnel only. This document was nullified by Overwatch Directive 001, when this organization (the American Secure Containment Initiative) merged with several others to form the modern Foundation on 1 January 1916. This record is retained for archival purposes only.

Item Number: 1851-023

Classification Type: Threatening

ASCI Protocols for Containment: Negroes affected by this phenomenon are to be treated by as many of the following procedures as is deemed necessary by the owner or lessee: One, that corporal punishment in the form of whipping be applied up to one hundred per day (seventy-five for wenches, fifty at most for pickaninnies); Two, that affected workers be instructed through Biblical teachings in the appropriate deference to be shown to divinely ordained masters; Three, that the large toes of each foot be removed. Incurable servants are to be recruited into the program for incorrigibles as detailed in this report.

Description: Phenomenon 1851-023 is a disorder of the mind exclusive to the Negro race, and most particularly to those segments of the Negro race appropriately employed in servile labor under the tutelage of a white master.[1] The primary symptom of the phenomenon is the desire on the part of affected servants to quit their divinely-assigned duties and lands, migrating to territories sympathetic to their situation. Of late it has been recorded that a number of Negro servants[2] have become difficult to contain in their places; this has been noted both within those properties controlled by the Containment Initiative and throughout those areas inhabited by the owners of such servants. Initiative Senior Researcher S.

Cartwright has demonstrated in his laboratory the existence of a phenomenon called by himself *Drapetomania*, but to be known henceforth as Phenomenon 1851-023 in Initiative documentation.

The cause of this malady is incompletely understood; as is presently known, there is no discernible form of miasma[3] potentially responsible for the disorder. A correlation has been found, however, between the presentation of this form of disobedience and a particular relationship between master and servant. More specifically, those occasions when masters begin to treat servants as though they are of the white race, begin to treat them as equals, are the occasions that seem most likely to lead to this phenomenon. It cannot be emphasized too greatly that Negroes kept in captivity must be reminded of their inferior status with a regular frequency, and must not be allowed to think too highly of themselves. Particulars to avoid include: allowing servants to achieve literacy or numeracy; giving servants the ability to choose their own mates, thus disturbing the thorough planning of masters to maintain stronger bloodlines; and the free practice of Negro Christianity, which tends to undermine the lessons of dependence taught to the Negro by white churches.

This report compiled July 17th 1851 in accordance with American Secure Containment Initiative protocols.

Nota Bene: The prevalence of Phenomenon 1851-023 among the working and breeding stock owned by many of the Initiative's directors, along with a general sense of civic duty, have prevailed upon the Initiative to take action. Henceforth, Initiative men are to encourage patrollers and police to remand captured Negro escapees into their custody. Dr. Cartwright has put together a particular cohort of unruly servants otherwise unsuited for conventional Negro labor, which he is referring to informally as the Drapetomaniac Class. These are to be put through the most rigorous of duties for the Initiative, those for which loyal servants would be wasted through attrition. —Director Wilson, noted March 31st 1857

Nota Bene: Given the recent political developments, particularly the recent initiation of civil war and its implications for the likely future of Negro servitude, alternate plans are being composed for the future

of the Drapetomaniac Class, upon which our research has become rather dependent. —Director Wilson, noted October 4th 1862

Nota Bene: Our fears have come to fruition with the recent proclamation. Henceforth, given our official support for the Northern Union, our policy is to be as follows: Recruitment for D Class is to now take place among prisons, asylums for madmen and madwomen, the chronically indigent, almshouses, and those arrested for vagrancy. This policy, which we are calling the Cartwright Protocol, has the advantage of maintaining a remarkably similar makeup for our D Class while supporting the current regime in the Federal City. —Director Wilson, noted January 4th 1863

Nota Bene: Criticism for our current policies re: D Class recruitment has come from several of our overseas counterparts. Given current policy among the Board of Directors in the mutual attempt at an alliance or merger with organizations with similar aims, the Initiative is to restrict its D class recruitment solely to prisons and, in the event of extreme need, orphanages. In practice, of course, this will change little of the racial makeup of that group. Additionally, those of the D class are to be disposed of in secret and their numbers no longer recorded, except for the Directorate's information. —Director Morris, noted March 17th 1914

Addendum 1851-5: This anomaly declassified and removed 1 January 1916. Head Researcher Cartwright has proposed all documentation regarding SCP-1851 be located and destroyed.

Tell Cartwright he can go to hell. We'll remove it, but we're keeping a record of what we've done. His family did this, and we helped him; we're not whitewashing the record for him. I don't know how we'll ever make up for what we've done here, but the least we can do is remember. O5-9

Addendum 1851-6: All D-class personnel recruited under the Cartwright Protocol given amnestics and released. Recruiting now to take place among prisoners by double-blind committee unaware of race, gender, or any factor other than the crime committed. Selective reparations made to particular families affected under the protocol.

Footnotes

1. Whilst it goes without saying that Negroes released from this form of service are far more susceptible to mental insanity and weakness, this form of madness is strictly confined to the servant populations.
2. This of course changes nothing of the general attitude of Negroes under our employ, who assure us that they feel (as we have taught them) their futures would be best spent under our benevolent supervision.
3. The burgeoning theory that disease transmission requires the presence and proliferation of microscopic creatures of some kind is currently under review by the Initiative; its applicability to this case, if true, could be revolutionary to our research.

SCP-3000-EX: Modified Hospital Beds

Item #: SCP-3000-EX

Object Class: Explained

Special Containment Procedures: Containment is no longer required as of 10 April 1987. The items previously designated as SCP-3000-1 through -4, together with related materials, have been returned to civilian authorities.

Description: SCP-3000-EX is the collective designation for a set of four modified hospital beds and other items which were originally hypothesised to have mind-affecting properties. Comprehensive testing of SCP-3000-EX, PoI-3000-1 and all other materials recovered in conjunction with SCP-3000-EX, have confirmed that they are not anomalous.

A full list of SCP-3000-EX items is set out below:

- 4 x hospital beds (date of manufacture no later than 1975). The beds have been modified by the attachment of short lengths of metal pipe of various sizes and configurations. The pipes are attached to the side rails of the beds by metal clamps, or have been imprecisely welded in place.
- 7 x IKEA-brand directional floor lamps (2 without bulbs) together with extension leads and power strips.
- 12 x bottles of sleeping pills
- 9 x pairs of handcuffs, together with several sets of what appear to be improvised manacles. Several of these were attached to the metal pipes on the hospital beds.
- 6 x steak knives
- 1 x knife sharpener

- 1 x chest freezer containing multiple cuts of red meat. Meat was later identified as beef.
- 3 x eviscerated human corpses (all teenaged males). The bodies were later identified as those of Gavin Staub, Mitchell Clark and Jerome Simmons, noted in Texas state records as missing persons.

SCP-3000-EX was recovered on 4 April 1987 following interception of Tarrant County police communications with a high incidence of trigger phrases. Key phrases included "murder", "ritual", "kids", "flesh", "speaking in tongues" and "cult-like". Agents from Site-73 were deployed to the crime scene, a suburban house in Arlington, Texas owned by Carl Fraser (designated PoI-3000-1). PoI-3000-1 had been arrested by county officers.

All SCP-3000-EX items were located in the basement of the house. The bodies were handcuffed or manacled to hospital beds by the wrists and ankles, and had been dead for between five days and three months before discovery. All three corpses were emaciated and showed signs of malnutrition and starvation over a period of at least four weeks. Their torsos were smeared with a combination of human and animal blood. Cause of death was determined to be severe internal bleeding, organ damage and disembowelment, likely with the steak knives found at the scene. Each of the bodies was found holding a steak knife in its right hand.

Further investigation uncovered a pit dug beneath the garage, filled with quicklime and containing body parts from at least ten unidentified individuals.

Based on the use of animal blood and the apparent self-inflicted wounds, Foundation agents suspected the possibility of a compulsion effect generated by the hospital beds or other SCP-3000-EX materials. All items were removed by the Foundation for testing, and PoI-3000-1 was taken into Foundation custody, with local law enforcement amnesticised as necessary.

+ Addendum 3000-EX-A - Interview with PoI-3000-1

Addendum 1: Interview SCP-3000-EX-A

Interviewed: PoI-3000-1
Interviewer: Agent Curtis
Date: 5 April 1987

Foreword: Relevant extracts of this interview are set out below. The full interview logs (275 minutes) are available at Document 3000-EX/084. PoI-3000-1 was fitted with a polygraph for the final portion of the interview.

Agent Curtis: Please confirm your name and address?

PoI-3000-1: Carl William Fraser, 17 Old Grove Drive, Arlington, Texas, United States of America. It was my grandma's house.

Agent Curtis: Do you know why you're here, Carl?

PoI-3000-1: Yes, I am here because the policeman came to my house and he went down into my basement and he found those boys laying there dead.

Agent Curtis: Did you kill those boys, Carl?

PoI-3000-1: Yes I did, I killed them or at least I had to help kill them.

Agent Curtis: Who helped you kill them, Carl?

PoI-3000-1: They did. Those boys themselves did. I had to help.

Agent Curtis: Tell me how you met those boys.

PoI-3000-1: Most of them were at the bus station in Fort Worth, and …

Agent Curtis: Where did you get the hospital

beds?

Pol-3000-1: I bought them. My grandma had one and she died but I liked how the mattress felt when I lay down on it, so I bought some more and they were the same type but they didn't feel the same.

Agent Curtis: Where did you buy them from?

Pol-3000-1: From a store in Fort Worth, Jackson's Bric-a-brac. They have old things there.

Agent Curtis: Did you change the beds after you bought them?

Pol-3000-1: I put the metal on them so their arms could reach. I tried it without but it didn't work, the handcuffs were too short. And I jammed the backs so they were sitting up a little bit. So they could lean forward.

Agent Curtis: Did you do anything else to the beds, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: No.

Agent Curtis: Do you know what magic is?

Pol-3000-1: Yes, like Siegfried and Roy.

Agent Curtis: What about real magic, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: There's no such thing as real magic, just stories and illusions, it's not real.

Agent Curtis: Can you do illusions, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: No.

Agent Curtis: Did you do an illusion with the

beds?

Pol-3000-1: No. What do you mean?

Agent Curtis: Did the beds make those boys hurt themselves? Did the beds speak to the boys in their minds?

Pol-3000-1: I don't understand what you mean, I think you're trying to trick me and I don't like it when people trick me.

Agent Curtis: Okay, Carl, I'm not trying to trick you. I just want to ask questions. Would you like some more water?

Pol-3000-1: I don't like it when people trick me.

Agent Curtis: Did you put the animal blood on those boys, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: It came from the meat. From the freezer.

Agent Curtis: Did you spread the blood in a pattern?

Pol-3000-1: No, it was them and it was just messy, not a pattern.

Agent Curtis: Are you saying the animal blood was an accident?

Pol-3000-1: Yes, it was an accident, why are you asking me -

Agent Curtis: But killing the boys wasn't an accident, was it Carl?

Pol-3000-1: No, no it wasn't an accident, but -

Agent Curtis: Why did you kill them, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: I didn't kill them! I told you, I didn't kill them, I just helped.

Agent Curtis: Okay, then -

Pol-3000-1: I killed the other ones, the first ones, but I didn't know any better and I was funny from the beer and I just grabbed his neck to stop him leaving and then when I woke up he was dead. I didn't mean to but he was so pretty and I didn't want him to leave and I tried to keep him but after he was dead he began to rot and I had to get rid of him so I -

Agent Curtis: What about later on, Carl? What about Gavin Staub?

Pol-3000-1: Gavin, Gavin, yes I remember he had a strong face and bright eyes but he got too weak.

Agent Curtis: What do you mean by weak?

Pol-3000-1: I tried feeding them, after the first ones, once I got the handcuffs and the basement arranged, but they didn't want to eat, they were beautiful but the food was making them less beautiful and then they died so I realised that there was another way, that the only way they could stay beautiful was if they ate themselves.

Agent Curtis: If they ate themselves?

Pol-3000-1: Yes, you see it's like a beautiful loop and the beauty goes around and around and never wears off and they would be able to stay, but I couldn't make them understand even though I gave them the knives and told

them but they wouldn't do it, so for Gavin I had an idea.

Agent Curtis: What was your idea, Carl?

Pol-3000-1: After he woke up and he was on the bed and he was yelling, I told him that he had to eat himself, and he said no, so I said he couldn't have any food, and every day I told him and I could see he was hungry but he still said no so I waited and waited and then I gave him the steak.

Agent Curtis: This is one of the steaks you were keeping in the freezer?

Pol-3000-1: Yes, I put it on his belly and told him he could eat it and the freezer is good because the cold numbs the belly and it makes the meat harder and slippery for the knife and I knew how sharp the knife was, it was like a trick but it wasn't a mean trick and if he could only start cutting he would smell his body and he would be so hungry and the beauty would go on and on forever. But he was too weak, he couldn't hold the knife steady enough, so I had to help him.

Agent Curtis: <*silence, 5 seconds*> So what happened -

Pol-3000-1: I always had to help them, it never worked! I didn't want to but I had to, there was no other way. And the beauty always went out of them, afterwards.

Agent Curtis: I'm going to tell you some names now, Carl, and you tell me if you have heard of them, okay?

PoI-3000-1: Okay.

Agent Curtis: **`Adytum's Wake`**.

PoI-3000-1: No.

Agent Curtis: Ion.

PoI-3000-1: Like in chemistry?

Agent Curtis: No, it's a name. Do you know Ion?

PoI-3000-1: No. That's a strange name.

Agent Curtis: The Order of the White Worm.

PoI-3000-1: No.

Agent Curtis: **`The Fifth Church`**.

PoI-3000-1: No. There is a Catholic church off Debbie Lane, I think.

Agent Curtis: Tlaol.

PoI-3000-1: No. That's not a word. Are you trying to trick me again?

Agent Curtis: No, Carl, I'm not. I'm just asking whether you know it.

PoI-3000-1: That's not a real word.

Agent Curtis: Okay. **`The Veldt`**…

Afterword: Polygraph results were negative for all anomalous connections and groups of interest. Further testing confirmed that neither PoI-3000-1 nor any of the SCP-3000-EX items had any anomalous properties. PoI-3000-1 was amnesticised and returned to Tarrant County Jail.

+ Addendum 3000-EX-B - Local media report

Source: "Arlington Voice" Newspaper, page 3

Date: 12 August 1987

Headline: "Murder Trial Collapses"

The murder trial of the "Arlington Cannibal" was thrown out of court yesterday, when the District Attorney's case collapsed in spectacular fashion. The alleged murderer, Carl Fraser, 38, has been released from custody, and the DA would not confirm whether further charges would be filed.

Fraser was accused of the gruesome murders of three young men allegedly found dead in his Arlington home. Tarrant County officer Shawn Douglas had told the court the shocking details of his discovery of the bodies in the basement of the house, provoking gasps from the packed courtroom. However his testimony faltered during cross-examination by Defence Attorney Peter Ridley.

Mr Ridley repeatedly queried Officer Douglas' recollection of events, with the officer pressed for information about the circumstances of the search of Mr Fraser's house. Under a barrage of questions, Officer Douglas admitted that he could not clearly remember his actions for a significant period immediately after discovering the bodies, and he could not explain this confusion.

Mr Ridley then presented police records for the case, showing gaps in the custody of the alleged murder weapons and other evidence,

which Officer Douglas could not explain. Officer Douglas was adamant that he had nothing to hide, but admitted that he could not rule out tampering with the crime scene or the evidence during the alleged gaps.

Following this answer, the District Attorney immediately asked the judge's permission to withdraw charges. Amid uproar in the courtroom, the trial was discontinued and Mr Fraser released.

After the trial, Mr Fraser was not available for comment. Mr Ridley gave a short statement to reporters gathered outside the courthouse, noting that his client had been exhausted by the proceedings, and wished to be given privacy on his return home.

Update - 15 August 1987: Foundation standard procedures for the use of amnestics have been amended. The Ethics Committee is currently deliberating on a proposal related to SCP-3000-EX - please see Document EC/87-054.

SCP-123-EX: Accidents Happen

Item Identification Number: SCP-123-EX

Object Class: Explained

Special Containment Procedures: N/A

Description: SCP-123-EX, formerly known as Person of Interest-1213 ("Ottone Trevisan"), was a 23-year-old male of Italian descent, born on 7/11/1907 in New York City, New York, who was believed to be anomalous. Prior to the events detailed in Addendum-123-D, SCP-123-EX was theorized to be capable of causing statistically improbable outcomes, all of which would end in SCP-123-EX's favor.

SCP-123-EX's personality had been described as easily agitated, and prone to overreaction. SCP-123-EX had previously been affiliated with a local university, but eventually ceased affiliating with it. It is unknown what caused this change.

SCP-123-EX was contained by the Foundation between 11-19-1928 and 5-21-1930, contained at Site-11, formerly located in [REDACTED], Illinois. It was contained within a Standard Humanoid Containment Cell-A.[1]

SCP-123-EX was officially contained as an SCP object on 12-20-1928 after what were believed to be accurate tests complied by Dr. Sharp and presented before the O5 Council. SCP-123-EX was classified as Euclid while in containment.

Discovery: SCP-123-EX was captured following a raid on GoI-070 ("Chicago Outfits") in collaboration with the Bureau of Prohibition on 11/1/1928. The Bureau had received an anonymous tip claiming that Person of Interest-523 ("Julius 'Sawteeth' McGallan"), member of GoI-001 ("Chicago Spirits") was working at an illegal brewery operated by GoI-070, and that Person of Interest-523 was

attempting to harm the latter's manufacturing efforts.

Foundation officials contacted the Department of the Treasury, requesting a cooperative operation to stop manufacturing efforts of GoI-070 and to arrest Person of Interest-523.

Twenty agents were dispatched from each organization. During the raid the brewery caught fire, causing an explosion that resulted in the building's collapse. All suspects were killed except for SCP-123-EX.

Archivist's Note: *For the sake of easy reading, the following documents have been ordered linearly. Documents have been selectively edited to help facilitate that goal. For full documentation on SCP-123-EX, see Document-ASFIN1.*

Addendum-123-A

On 11-17-1928, SCP-123 was ordered to write down the events that occurred within the brewery before its destruction.

> It was around 11 A.M, and I was helping a few harps move some barrels around when I heard the gunshots from outside. Then someone yells something about coppers in the building, and I start feeling scared. You see, the boss had the dryheads and coppers off our backs. It was a real smart operation, the brewery was. The boss has the prohibition guys paid off and we kept the profits. Every dryhead in the city was drinking like the rest of us.
>
> The two harps run off somewhere and I sit down. I've been pinched before, so I knew what to do. When you work in the business, you learn to take a pinching every once in awhile. I lit myself a fag and sat down near some barrels. The one thing that I noticed was this guy near the window. I remember him looking scared, but cant recall anything big, other than he looked like he saw a ghost. I think he may have had something in his mouth, like he was one of those squirls [sic]. It didnt look right. I

call out to him, and he tumbles back, and falls into some of the barrels. I remember alcohol going everywhere.

I must have dropped my cigarette cause I remember it all just catching fire. He starts screaming, running all over the place. Some of the harps start getting some water buckets and throwing some water onto him but it didn't work. They all just dropped dead the moment they did it. He's still running around screaming, and he's bumbing[sic] into so many different things.

Then he bumbs [sic] into the brewer, and the entire thing just explodes, and the entire building starts to shake. And it weren't no normal shaking either. It was like the foundation itself was gonna collaspe [sic] on itself, crushing all of us. Around this time, I start getting afraid. I couldn't even force myself to move, that's how afraid I was.

It's in that type of moment that makes a body start praying. It wasn't something I thought about, I just started doing it. I don't believe in god or anything like that, but my mother taught me the Lords [sic] Prayer, and I'm glad for her teaching me that, cause I repeated it a thousand times in that building.

The building began to shake, and I close my eyes. Again, I'm praying. Then I hear the giant boom, like dynamite. I open my eyes, and I see the building around me, destroyed. I'm the only one alive. I thought I was dead at first, but only after looking down and seeing I was practically untouched. There was always this large patch of the roof with nothing on it, and it always leaked water. I was in that patch.

I guess you could say I'm the luckiest man alive.

Addendum-123-F

The following entries are from SCP-123-EX's diary prior to the

discovery of the events detailed in Addendum-123-D

Entry: 12/1/1928 -- 4/30/1930

12/1/1928

The doctors gave me this diary. They said it was to help me get used to my situation. I don't think I could ever get used to a situation like this. I haven't been able to talk to anyone since I arrived here. I hadn't even a single beer. What has this world gone to!

12/7/1928

I talked with the doctors. Nice one called Sharp.. Asked me a bunch of questions. Asked me about my friends, the Outfit, etc. I didn't pinch on them, but I get the feeling they're not after them.

12/9/1928

I heard some old hebrew lady cry tonight. The walls are thin. Something about a funeral. I don't think this is the first time she's been told something like this. Asked Sharp how long she's been here. Said it wasn't for me to know. I dont think he knows.

12/11/1928

I asked Sharp about why I was here. He said nothing beyond that I was 'special'. Wanted him to explain but said it wasn't my place to know. I think I'm in an asylum.

12/13/1928

Cant sleep. Heard shooting and shooting from the other rooms. I've been stuck in this small

room for the past month at this point. I don't even know if its been a month. They give me a clock and a calender but I don't know if its true or not. Maybe its been a week. Maybe two or three maybe even a couple of months. They keep the lights on. Asked the doctor about it the other day. Told me it was to keep an eye on the patients. Why does this asylum have guns lying around the place?

12/14/1928

Got something from under the door. Small packet of papers. Name's on it. Say I'm 'anomalous'. Not sure what the word means, but I don't think its a good thing. Apparently I'm "capable of causing statistically improbable outcomes". I'm lucky, if I'm reading this correctly. If you could even call this luck. Arrived with another thing, something about a gang called "Chicago Spirit". GOI-1, they say. Something about the dryheads and cooperation and some other shit.

12/19/1928

I asked the doctors for some books or papers. Haven't gotten anything since the papers from under the door. I shoved those things under my pillow. I have no where else to put it other than possibly the toilet, but I dont want them asking me why my toilet is filled with secret documents.

Doctors said no. I swear if I don't get something I'm gonna lose my fucking mind.

12/20/1928

Doctors making me do simple tests. They told me afterwards that I'd be ready to interact with

the other "skips".

12/25/1928

Questions, questions, questions, and even more goddamn questions. Been hammering me for days now, all day. Doctor's droaning on and on about questions that I don't care enough to answer but will have to anyways. Almost makes me wish I was crushed under that damn building. Sharp seemed to look me in the eye as these doctors yammered. They told me he was so sorry. I think he meant it.

2/1/1929

I finally got a newspaper. Came with my food under the door. Best feeling in the world. Stuff about the stock market, but I didn't care, as long as I got something to read. Whoevers doing this is my hero.

2/2/1929

I got something different. Again it came from the food. A report looking thing. On the front it had the words "DESTROY AFTER READING" written on the front. I took it up and read the summary. It was about this guy who could control electricity. I know I should be freaked out by this, but I'm numb to it. I guess being locked up for the past three months in this hell hole can do that to you. It began with his abilitis. intelligent and anomalous. Big picture of him. It's the guy. The one I killed. Apparently he was some big shot at a gang called the "chicago spirit", even a made man. Had long teeth to shock people with. Guess that's why they called him "sawteeth". Flushed it down the toilet. Guards dont seem to notice.

2/18/1929

I think I'm sick. Every time I stand up my legs feel like they're going to stop working and give way under me. Every time I breath I feel like it's stifled or hard. Everytime I sit down I feel stiff and like the world is whirling around me. I feel like I'm going to die. No, I'm going to die. At least, if I get out of here.

New report. Big letters on the front saying "GOI-1 Chicago Spirit". 30 pages out of a much bigger report. Maybe 300 pages. Doesnt matter. I dont think I could read stomach the rest. It was about their "Tactics". what they do to people who hurt them. Only 14 pages were actually words. The rest were pictures. People who kill their bosses get hurt. They get hurt bad. Earliest stories were of some guy named Johnny. The papers said his fingers were ripped off with pliers, eyeballs stabbed out, and penis smashed with hammer until it was unrecognizable. Organs sent to family but stopped by postal service.

They had pictures as well. His face won't leave me.

3/20/1929

You never get the image of nails jammed into a man's eyeball out of your head.

Note came with food. It was a letter. I opened it and read it. It was from mom.

It was short. She said I hoped I was doing well while at college and that I would write soon. It was the same letter she had written for the past five years.

I wish I had a beer.

3/29/1929

Another note. Another letter from mom. Said she hoped I was doing well at college. This time she said she lost her job and that she was doing horribly, but hoped that my studies were doing well.

I chewed it up and threw it up in the toilet.

4/13/1929

Sharp asked me about how I'm doing here. Lied. Said he was glad I was getting used to the site. Said if the tests and interviews continue the doctors may allow me to talk to other patients.

I think I'd prefer a shotgun in my mouth at this point.

4/15/1929

Another document in my food. Was my 'approval form'. I really like the wording, mr fucking sharp. "It is better to err on the side of caution in such circumstances" fuck you.

4/16/1929

i had a nightmare last night. sawteeth was in it. he had two sickles and i was upside down on some table. he positioned the two sickles into my mouth in opposite directions. one towards the bottom of my mouth and other towards the roof. he stabbed them both. i felt blood poor out. it hurt. it hurt so much. i couldnt scream. the only thing my body could do was feel the pain. he applied pressure on both sides of my mouth. i felt my jaw pop and fresh air fill where

my jaw used to be. it felt so cold then. then the blood came out and it felt slightly warmer. he leaned in and whispered this is warm up.

[unknown date]

let me fucking die let me fucking
[Repeats for two and a half pages]

5/30/1929

asked them for a dictionary. said itll be here in about a year. i have all the time in the world.

9/1/1929

received another piece of mail from mom. says shes coming up to met me in chicago and thanks me for paying for her train tickets

threw away.

9/17/1929

says it was a nice visit and that she hopes to find an apartment soon with my money. im the nicest ive been in years.

threw away.

11/1/1929

shes dead. obituary in mail. found in river. lynched.

couldnt even throw it away

12/1/1929

i think the foundation broke me

12/25/1929

I cried for the first time in the past year. Got letter. It was from the giver.

He said he was sorry for everything I had ever gone through. He said that he was the one who sent the letters. Wants to protect me, he says. Thought sending the letters would motivate me and show me dangers of Spirit. Worked, I supposed. Trying to get me more interactions with other people, like other mobsters. Wont happen, but it'd be a nice gesture. Also hid something else under the food. Surprised no one saw it.

It was a dictionary.

1/11/1930

Another letter. Same guy. Says he's been personally paying for my apartment. Says it's better than getting my stuff because it's suspicious for him to get the stuff himself. Also said he'd feel uncomfortable going to my apartment without a guard or twenty.

I love him.

1/19/1930

Brought me a bible. Just the jesus bits, the ones my mother used to tell me and force me

to read.

2/15/1930

The jewish lady died. Doctors said she had been in a coma for the past year and was only a matter of time. Had been in containment for 'thirty years'. That's probably how long I'll be here.

4/30/1930

I don't think I need this diary anymore. I should probably destroy it, but that'd get suspicious. They really don't care about me or anything like that, or else they would have checked it by now. But I think I should keep it just in case.

Plus, I'm running out of paper. No point in writing if there's no paper.

Addendum-123-D

S.C.P Object Proposal

By *Dr. Herbert*

Date: 5-11-1930

Object: SCP-123

Proposal: To remove SCP-123 from containment, to change his object class from Euclid to Explained, and to reintegrate.

Reason: SCP-123's anomalous abilities have been proven to be non-existent. New Hume related technology provides adequate evidence. Hume coefficient of normal human.

S.C.P. Personnel Disciplinary Form

Date: 5-11-1930

Personnel: Dr. [REDACTED] Sharp, Level 3, Site-11

Reason: Interference of S.C.P. Foundation operations, lying under oath, general indifference to standard Foundation operations.

Disciplinary Action: Demoted to Level 1 official, assigned to Site-43, permanent restriction of interactions with sapient objects.

Note: This is the first disciplinary action Dr. Sharp has received since his initial employment. Despite this, the O5 Council has considered his actions severe enough to warrant full demotion and restrictions due to the recent incident involving SCP-123. His lack of loyalty to the Foundation is worrying.

Addendum-123-E[2]

SCP-123-EX requested to talk to Foundation personnel. Dr. Herbert volunteered, but only on the condition that he was allowed access to the Foundation issued electrical recording device. When asked, he wished to have an accurate record of the conversation.

Interviewer: Dr. Herbert

Interviewee: SCP-123-EX

<Begin Log>

Dr. Herbert: Mr. Trevisan, you wished to speak to me?

SCP-123-EX: Yeah, doctor, I heard you were going to, well, sack me?

Dr. Herbert: Where did you hear that information?

SCP-123-EX: Friends.

Dr. Herbert: Are you referencing your mysterious friend who has been slipping you documents into your containment cell for the past two years?

SCP-123-EX: How — How did you know that?

Dr. Herbert: You admitted it in your journal. I'm surprised you didn't notice it earlier.

SCP-123-EX does not respond

Dr. Herbert: I can give you answers to some of your questions, if you'd like. I have been observing you for a while, since Dr. Sharp decided to study you.

SCP-123-EX: What does Dr. Sharp have to do with this?

Dr. Herbert: Everything.

SCP-123-EX: Who slipped those documents into my cell?

Dr. Herbert: Sharp, obviously.

SCP-123-EX: Why?

Dr. Herbert: To protect you, of course.

SCP-123-EX: Why?

Dr. Herbert: I don't know. I have theories, of course.

SCP-123-EX: What do you think?

Dr. Herbert: I think he knew what kind of predicament you were in. A fish out of water, so to speak. And considering what you were involved in — Chicago Spirit, Sawteeth, mobsters — he wanted to give you a helping hand. He wanted to give you information on the world, even if it was small in comparison to his personal knowledge. He gave you the Spirit documents to show you the danger involved — and how important it was for

you to be anomalous. He didn't directly tell you, of course. He couldn't trust you entirely. You were a gangster, after all.

SCP-123-EX: So he just felt sorry for me?

Dr. Herbert: Yes, possibly. He may have seen a little bit of himself in you. Or maybe he got a personal thrill out of breaking the rules, although that last theory is unlikely, due to his clean record.

SCP-123-EX: What the hell are you people?

Dr. Herbert: I can't answer that, or I'd be shot.

SCP-123-EX: What the hell is the Chicago Spirit?

Dr. Herbert: Violent sociopaths with very few reservations on using violence to achieve their own ends.

SCP-123-EX: Stop fucking with me.

Dr. Herbert: Not my field of expertise. I'm a containment psychologist, not a historian or analyst.

SCP-123-EX: What's gonna happen to me?

Dr. Herbert: I don't know, not my department. However, I can tell you it isn't going to involve protecting you.

SCP-123-EX: W-Why?

Dr. Herbert: Because you're not anomalous, and we can't go around protecting every street urchin who has enemies.

SCP-123-EX: No, you don't understand, they'll kill me!

Dr. Herbert: And every day we experience death and fight it, and considering the economic state of things, we can't go throwing money around. We have to use our

resources sparingly and efficiently. We aren't going to waste resources and man power on protecting you or any of your gangster friends.

SCP-123-EX: They'll — they'll fucking kill me!

Dr. Herbert: Not our problem.

SCP-123-EX grabs hold of Dr. Herbert's arm

SCP-123-EX: Please you have to reconsider. Please, I'll do anything, I'll work for free, I'll be a guard, I'll do whatever you want just please —

Dr. Herbert jerks away

Dr. Herbert: Get off me!

SCP-123-EX: Please.

<End Log>[3]

Following this interview SCP-123-EX was removed from containment and custody transferred to the recently created Bureau of External Affairs, later renamed to Department of External Affairs. SCP-123-EX was released on 6/1/1930.

+Commentary

On 6-29-1930, Ottone Trevisan, formerly known as SCP-123, now SCP-123-EX, was found dead in his small Chicago apartment, almost a month after his initial release from Foundation custody. The Chicago police force received reports from the hotel owner that the renter of the apartment, Ottone Trevisan, had gone missing the previous week. Additionally, a rotten smell was coming from the inside the apartment. The hotel owner, fearing the worse and knowing Ottone's relationship with the

Chicago Outfit, called the police to investigate,

The police were shocked to discover the decapitated and crucified corpse of Ottone Trevisan. He suffered a large amount of physical trauma before succumbing to his wounds. His head was found in the toilet, and his penis was found nailed to the inside part of the front door. One officer reported that the face looked like it was "screaming", and that there was an unnatural amount of blood within the bathroom.

Despite the evidence of a struggle, no members of the apartment reported screaming or strange sounds coming from inside. The strange circumstances of the death prompted Foundation personnel to arrive at the scene and take over the investigation, masquerading as FBI agents.

Personnel discovered the remnants of various spells and enchantments on the apartment, including, but not limited to: muffling, physical regeneration, pyro-related spells, long-range use of removed limbs, time dilation related spells, sensory amplification, shape-shifting, and many more.

Up until this point, Ottone had tried to keep a low profile. He tried to rejoin the Chicago Outfit, but due to his connection to the death of Sawteeth, he was rejected out of fear. His mother had died while he was within Foundation custody. Every excuse given made no sense. What few friends he had abandoned him, seeing him as either a danger or a coward for leaving the Outfit.

This is an exceptional case in Foundation history, showcasing the failures of the early

20th century Foundation to protect falsely assumed anomalies. Ottone was just one of over 10,000 false anomalies from the years of 1889 to 1930, before the invention of Kant counters and other objective ways of determining anomalies. Modern Foundation historians and analysts estimate that anywhere from 30%-60% of contained objects had no supernatural properties. Others, such as Anita L. Glidwell, claim that these statistics are inaccurate, as they did not include individuals who died in containment.

The point of this case is to remember something incredibly important: that the Foundation is not infallible, that we are not immune to horrible, wasteful travesties. That, despite all our current knowledge and technology, are always capable of being wrong. Additionally, it showcases what happens when we stop caring for the non-anomalous; once it was shown that Ottone was not anomalous, he was removed from containment, a place he had spent the better part of two years, a place where he made many connections, including the 'traitorous' Dr. Sharp who did everything he could to help him, and threw him out. He had been cut off from the outside world, which contained people who wanted him dead. The upper echelons of the Foundation bureaucracy were indifferent to his and others plight. This is why we have programs in place to remove people from the outside world, why we have programs that allow people to start over, why we remove them from the public record; it's for their own good.

Foundation Historian Amanda K. Richards.

Footnotes

1.Archivist Note:See Document-AWQ12 for more information.

2.Archivist Note:The following addendum was one of the early uses of electrical recording equipment specifically manufactured by the Foundation. Due to a difficult development period from 1922 to 1927, very little progress was made. Despite this, the first prototype was developed in 1929, and modified in 1930. This device was more advanced for the time period, and was not prone to damage. However, it was expensive to manufacture, and each Foundation site were only stocked with one device.

3. Following the interview, Dr. Herbert requested a copy of the recording. After extensive background checks he was allowed access to the recording.

SCP-2600-EX: Furred Trout

Item #: SCP-2600-EX

Object Class: Safe Explained

Special Containment Procedures: Any tributaries believed to contain SCP-2600 breeding grounds are to be dynamited immediately. Deceased specimens are to be brought to research station 2600-Prime. Specimens of SCP-2600 found alive are to be contained immediately. Personnel are to notify the site director immediately if a live specimen is contained. No special containment procedures are needed for SCP-2600-EX at this time.

Description: SCP-2600-EX is an anomalous species of trout located in [REDACTED]. The trout are cytologically identical to speckled trout, but have shaggy white fur covering 90% of their bodies. It is not known what purpose this fur serves, but it is hypothesized that the trout have much lower body temperature than normal speckled trout.

No specimen of SCP-2600-EX have been discovered alive to date, and it is believed that their spawning ground is in a location not normally inhabited by speckled trout, such as an underground reservoir. All specimens of SCP-2600-EX currently in the Foundation's possession were deceased upon discovery.

SCP-2600-EX is believed to have the ability to transfer its fur to normal speckled trout via unknown means. Normal speckled trout tagged with Foundation micro-radio beacons have turned up bearing SCP-2600-EX's distinctive fur.

> The following log contains notes made by SCP-2600-EX's research director James Dobson. It is currently believed that Director Dobson was influenced by the folklore and culture that he experienced growing up in the area he was researching. This is the probable cause

of the highly unprofessional and dishonest way he behaved during his tenure as SCP-2600-EX's research director.

January 15th, 1919

Due to my history with the area and knowledge of lore surrounding it, I have been selected as SCP-2600's research director. Words do not do justice to the excitement I feel. Ever since I was a boy I have dreamed of catching the furred trout. And now I am in charge of the world's most advanced lab completely dedicated to it. I've hand picked the personnel that are going to work for me. They all have the youth and zeal to get the job done.

February 2nd, 1919.

Research station has been finished. All of my staff tell me of their excitement. As the primary research director, I have been allotted my own office. I put a stuffed furred trout over my door. Although it may be fake, my staff seemed to find it amusing.

April 3rd, 1919.

A real breakthrough! Lawrence was out in the field today, checking some of the local waterways when he found a deceased instance of SCP-2600! I've ordered greater exploration of the area Lawrence found it at. Gave Lawrence a little bonus while I was at it. I've got research on top priority doing tests on it. We'll have our data soon. And to think I was starting to get discouraged…

June 21st, 1919.

Nothing. Just a whole lot of nothing. That's all we got from the tests. No major differences, no anomalous properties. Just a trout with fur. And right before our annual review… I will have to come up with a solution quickly

August 8th, 1919

I can't believe I did it. But I had to. We're just so close to achieving a breakthrough. I couldn't have let them take my team apart. I had Bern draw up some… speculative research. But it's okay. The review period is over. If we can find a real one, I can make my new report confirming our hypothesis to add to the main document. I have faith that we will be okay.

November 1st, 1919

Nothing. Still nothing. None of our results gave us any new data. It's like we've been sitting on our hands for months. We had nothing for the document. So… I had to tell staff that we had results that confirmed them, and added it to the report. But we'll get real results soon. I can feel it in my gut.

January 3rd, 1920.

My nightmare has come true. Our records are being audited. They're going to go through all of our papers, they're going to see what's different. No. I have research working triple overtime to get anything. All my agents are in the field looking for the possible spawn points I mapped in the document. We can't fail now. I just can't.

February 17th, 1920.

I've ordered agents to start dynamiting the places I marked as spawn points. They can't use it against me if I put it out of commission. I can explain it. I'll say they got dangerous. It'll work I'll be okay be okay be okay. I need to be okay.

March 3rd, 1920.

I think it's over. I'm sitting in this tiny office. They have the records. I know that any day now I'm gonna get that call… and I'll sit in a tiny cell… and they'll ask me about

my research. Blast, I can't do it anymore. I'm downing patent medicine in bulk, my staff knows the truth of what I've been up to. I think everyone hates me. I'm going to lose everything I've been working to. I didn't do anything to hurt anyone. I just wanted truth.

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONNEL
Director Dobson has been relieved of his position. Our investigation found a ring of researchers working with the Director falsifying research documents and manipulating data in order to justify further research. As of now, our data shows SCP-2600 is nothing more than a fungal infection. It has been designated "Explained". You will all be receiving relocation notices to projects more worthy of your time.
-O5-9

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SCP-TTKU-J (which is a thing that kills you): A Thing That Kills You (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-ttku-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-027-J: Schrödinger's Remote (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-027-j) - DrMagnus (author).

SCP-____-J: Procrastinati (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-j) - Communism will win (author).

SCP-031-J: Evening of Terrors (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-031-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1472-J: Scranton Realty Anchors (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1472-j) - Cyantreuse (author).

SCP-1994-J: THE BAAAAAAAAAAALLLLL (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1994-j) - ObserverSeptember (author).

SCP-2950-J: THE POSTCARD (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2950-j) - ObserverSeptember (author), daveyoufool (rewrite).

SCP-4237-J: Object of Indescribable Action (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4237-j) - MisterBibs (author).

SCP-1150-J: Budget Hole (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1150-j) - theTBAPb (author), Gene R (translator).

SCP-47-47-J: Rusty the Wonder Dog (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-47-47-j) - WarpZone (author).

SPC-172-J: Never Bring a Fist to a Spear Fight (http://www.scp-wiki.net/spc-172-j) - daveyoufool (author).

The Big List Of Overdone SCP Cliches (http://www.scp-wiki.net/the-big-list-of-overdone-scp-cliches) - DrClef (author).

SCP-SCP-J: It's Scippy! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-scp-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-300-J: Our Glorious Ruler (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-300-j) - Swaghetti (author).

SCP-017-J: Narcissistic Time Displacement Field (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-017-j) - DrConnors (author).

SCP-4445: Disinformation Campaign: Operation Trident Valley (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4445-j) - thekit (author).

SCP-724-J: Bad Roach (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-724-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-7394-J: HILARIOUS FARTING FROG CLICK NOW TO SEE (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7394-j) - Salman Corbette (author), Faminepulse (author).

SCP-222-J: Contagious Biophysical Behavior (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-222-j) - DrBerggren (author).

SCP-1201-J: That One Movie (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1201-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-L135-J: Very Powerful Psychic Man (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-l135-j) - trennerdios (author).

SCP-2600-J: Bicycle Mafia (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2600-j) - Roget (author).

SCP-616-J: Class D Recruitment Process (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-616-j) - Aelanna (author).

Test Log for SCP-2383-J (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2383-j-t) - Aeish (author).

SCP-HR009-J: Eye-Grabbing Clickbait Title (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-hr009-j) - Kalinin (author).

SCP-1797-J: "GEORGE WASHINGTON ENTERTAINING A GENTLEMAN FRIEND WHILE PICKING HIS NOSE" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1797-j) - Roget (author).

SCP-096-J: NarrAway (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-096-j) - Eskobar (author).

SCP-536-J: It's on the back of your head (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-536-j) - DrEverettMann (author).

SCP-026-J: A Cold Post (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-026-j) - DrMagnus (author).

SCP-7789-J: There are so many possible puns for this! Some are too phon-ny and others won't fly. (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7789-j) - SpookyPizza (author).

SCP-500-J: That bitch (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-500-j) - Nakruh (author).

SCP-1347-1353-J: What a Pestis (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1347-1353-j) - DrBleep (author).

SCP-001-J: The Big Red Button (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-001-j) - MalcolmMacLean (author).

SCP-7143-J [SFW]: The doorknob on the door to the third floor staff dormitory at Site-19 (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7143-j) - djkaktus (author).

SCP-078-J: Cooties (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-078-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-808-J: The Lost Treasure of Captain Blue's Island (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-808-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-011-J: The Baby (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-011-j) - DomeAcolyte (author).

SCP-111-J: An Innocent Suburban Household (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-111-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

Cimmerian-Kaktus Proposal: "The Broke God" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/cimmerian-kaktus-proposal) - Doctor Cimmerian (author), djkaktus (author).

SCP-????-J: Some fucking thing in a box (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-in-a-box-j) - TheBillith (author).

SCP-????-J Extended Log (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-extended-log-in-a-box) - TheBillith (author).

SCP-5150-J: Think Of The Children (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5150-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-014-J: A Fork (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-014-j) - Unknown Author (author).

SCP-1132-J: Head-Cannons (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1132-j) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-7475-J: Turbo Shark Pulverizer 6000 (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7475-j) - Gargus (author).

SCP-789-J: the butt ghost!! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-789-j) - Salman Corbette (author), Faminepulse (author).

SCP-ROCKS-J: A Pile Of Rocks That Need To Shut The Hell Up (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-rocks-j) - Penton (author).

SCP-3000-J: Kellogg's® Foundation Flakes™! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3000-j) - LordStonefish (author).

SCP-145-J: Another Shitty Day at Work (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-145-j) - Namnesor (author).

Daveyoufool's Proposal: "KEEP CALM AND APOLLY ON" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/daveyoufool-proposal) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-404-J: The Pantheon (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-404-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-2130-J: "But seriously, folks…" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2130-j) - psul (author).

SCP-666-J: Dr. Gerald's Driving Skills (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-666-j) - FPST (author).

SCP-Jaguar-J: Junior Researcher Hutchins' Incredible Automobile (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-jaguar-j) - Roget (author).

SCP-022-J: Memetic Metal (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-022-j) - VAElynx (author).

SCP-5040-J: Stripèd Gangs (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5040-j) - DrBerggren (author).

SCP-729-J: Peep Peep, Motherfucker (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-729-j) - AbsentmindedNihilist (author).

SCP-1224-J: Duck-Class Personnel (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1224-j) - DrMagnus (author).

SCP-5308-J: The Collection (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5308-j) - DrEverettMann (author).

SCP-028-J: PC Load Letter?! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-028-j) - DrMagnus (author).

SCP-1333-J!: THE SCREAMING MAN (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1333-j) - TroyL (author).

SCP-682-CU: Cutest Ickle Lizard (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-682-cu) - ChrisAKAPiefish (author).

SCP-2103-J: "Hatbot" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2103-j) - AgentSchism (author).

Standard Form For Downvotes (http://www.scp-wiki.net/standard-form-for-downvotes) - eric_h (author).

SCP-1000-J: Old Wives' Town (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1000-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

The Things Dr Bright Is Not Allowed To Do At The Foundation (http://www.scp-wiki.net/the-things-dr-bright-is-not-allowed-to-do-at-the-foundation) - TheDuckman (author).

SCP-649-2568-J: Technicolor Geography (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-649-2568-j) - Doctor Cimmerian (author).

SCP-1861-J: Battle Hymn of the Foundation (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1861-j) - zkidanomalous (author).

SCP-630-J: A Song In Their Heart (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-630-j) - Drewbear (author).

SCP-3467-J: Six Foot Man-Eating-Chicken (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3467-j) - Kain Pathos Crow (author).

SCP-1981-J: Just A Small Town Girl (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1981-j) - CapnThatguy (author).

SCP-543-J: Tweetle Beetles (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-543-j) - CupertinoEffect (author).

SCP-008-J: Geoff (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-008-j) - DomeAcolyte (author).

SCP-3999-J: Talloran's Sacrifice (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3999-j) - Abettik (author).

SCP-O5-J: Sorry, I do not understand the command. (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-o5-j) - Quaristice (author).

SCP-5417-J: The Deadly Nackle (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5417-j) - trennerdios (author).

SCP-1049-J: The Grim Bucket (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1049-j) - MisterBibs (author).

SCP-1049-J Extended Test Logs (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1049-j-extended-test-logs) - MisterBibs (author).

SCP-2618-J: Then Who Was Nanners? (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2618-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-3333-J: Angsty Teenage Plant (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3333-j) - Zyn (author).

SPC-173: A Fiesta Shark Statue Brutally Enforcing Vacation Time (http://www.scp-wiki.net/spc-173-j) - Shaggydredlocks (author).

SCP-1543-J: The Sun Launcher (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1543-j) - name (author).

SCP-8003-J: Why Bother? (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-8003-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-727-J: Malevolent Celestial Object (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-727-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1938-J: Typhoid Mary (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1938-j) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-076-J: IN OWN WORDS (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-076-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-1131-J: It works, guys! Trust me! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1131-j) - DrCaroll (author).

SCP-1987-J: Bitchin' Solo (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1987-j) - Smapti (author).

SCP-5972-J: Kirby Company Vacuum Cleaner (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5972-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1851-J: Fibber Lake (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1851-j) - Erazm (author).

SCP-1830-J: Opening Line (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1830-j) - ModernMajorGeneral (author).

SCP-1950-J: Locked away in the tallest Containment Cell (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1950-j) - JameGumb (author).

SCP-2383-J: Science (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2383-j) - Aeish (author).

SCP-999-J: Creepy Speedo Man (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-999-j) - Salman Corbette (author), Wilt (author), NamedAfterColor (author).

Log of Anomalous Ducks (http://www.scp-wiki.net/log-of-anomalous-ducks) - Skara Brae (author).

SCP-900-J: Modern Major Keter-Class (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-900-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-007-J: Unidentified Muffin Creature (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-007-j) - DomeAcolyte (author).

SCP-118-J: The Saltiest Doctor Alive (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-118-j) - DrMagnus (author).

SCP-343-J: Russell's Soup Can (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-343-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-682-J: SUPER BESTEST LIZERD EVER (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-682-j) - Salman Corbette (author), Faminepulse (author).

SCP-682-J James' Coloring Book (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-682-j-james-coloring-book) - Faminepulse (author).

SCP-1638-J: A Dark and Mysterious Printing Plate (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1638-j) - Zekky (author).

SCP-7000-J: Veni, Vidi, [DATA EXPUNGED] (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7000-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-000-J: "The Official SCP Sales Catalogue" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-000-j) - ProfSnider (author).

SCP-1948-J: The Comrade (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1948-j) - Naidrox (author).

SCP-723-J: Sad Roach (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-723-j) - Zyn (author), Silberescher (author).

Kiryu Labs Roach Wrangling Log (http://www.scp-wiki.net/kiryu-labs-roach-wrangling-log) - Zyn (author).

SCP-005-J-EX: "No, because she thinks he's talking about the…" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-005-j-ex) - psul (author).

SCP-013-J: The Cuttlefish of Ultimate Wisdom (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-013-j) - DomeAcolyte (author).

SCP-732-J: Tiny Ceramic Seahorse (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-732-j) - Zyn

(author).

SCP-100000-J: Procedure 110-Overkill (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-100000-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-334-J: The Lost Sock Room (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-334-j) - Sophia Light (author).

SCP-777-J: Darkblade (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-777-j) - DrArmstrong (author).

Experiment Log 777 A (http://www.scp-wiki.net/experiment-log-777-a) - Villain (author).

SCP-sqrt(-1)-J (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-sqrt-1-j) - scpcrnp (author).

SCP-016-J: Is That A Missile In Your Pocket? (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-016-j) - Captain Kirby (author).

SCP-1922-J: Pathetic System of American Pigs (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1922-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1459-J: X-Sponge (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1459-j) - name (author).

SCP-1914-J: Silencing Piano (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1914-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1471-J: Sensual Containment Procedures (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1471-j) - Cyantreuse (author).

SCP-1471-J Supplement Log (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1471-j-supplement-log) - Cyantreuse (author).

...: The Chibinator (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-5555-j) - TheDuckman (author).

SCP-4055-J: Ugly Dog (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4055-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-2041-J: Tankapult (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2041-j) - Robert Sandler (author).

Document 2041-J (http://www.scp-wiki.net/document-2041-j) - Edrobot (author).

SCP-10101: Not A Self-Insert At All (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-10101-j) - judgedeadd (author).

SCP-2317-J: A Door to Another Parody (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2317-j) - stormbreath (author).

SCP-930-J: You little rascal! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-930-j) - Decibelles (author).

SCP-50-AE-J: The Deagle (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-50-ae-j) - Arlecchino (author).

SCP-2001-J: Laser Butt Disease (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-butt-j) - Randomini (author).

SCP-1040-J: A Dangerous Mental Contagion (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1040-j) - Mr Carbon (author).

SCP-123-J: Amazing Butter-like Substance! (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-123-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-006-J: WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-006-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-009-J: Where Is It? (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-009-j) - DrBerggren (author).

SCP-1026-J: Mr. Somebody (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1026-j) - Mf99k (author).

SCP-1013-J: Tree Rats (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1013-j) - Quikngruvn (author).

SCP-173-J: The Original "The Sculpture" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-173-j) - Silberescher (author).

Document 050 (http://www.scp-wiki.net/document-050) - TheDuckman (author).

SCP-049-J: The Plague Fellow (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-049-j) - djkaktus (author).

SCP-4444-J: Disinformation Campaign: Operation Golden Origin (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4444-j) - DrClef (author).

Investigation Log Of SCP-4444 (http://www.scp-wiki.net/investigation-log-of-scp-4444) - DrClef (author).

SCP-8851-J: Super Cheap Procedures (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-8851-j) - SpookyPizza (author).

SPC-1057: Absence Of Punchable Shark (http://www.scp-wiki.net/spc-1057-j) - Captain Kirby (author).

SCP-496-J: Dr. Margaret Sawyer-Sheen (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-496-j) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-048-J: Negative Probability Phrase (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-048-j) - KnightKnight (author).

SCP-333-J: Skippy's Corner Pub (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-333-j) - tunedtoadeadchannel (author).

SCP-2615-J: Clap Your Hands (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2615-j) - KnightKnight (author).

SCP-1417-J: Passive-Aggressive Meteorite (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1417-j) - Smapti (author).

SCP-4590-J: Japucha (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4590-j) - Djoric (author).

SCP-3136-J: On a Dark and Stormy Night… it was Raining and Pouring (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3136-j) - Stallmantic (author).

SCP-579-J: Microtransactions (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-579-j) - not_a_seagull (author).

SCP-184-J: The Elaboration Squirrel (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-184-j) - Captain Cain (author).

SCP-19316-J: Improper Terminology (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-19316-j) - Communism will win (author).

SCP-065-J: Singing Cacti Amigos (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-065-j) - Technician Downs (author).

SCP-1212-J: Standards (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1212-j) - Bryx (author).

SCP-329-J: The Ghoooost Siiiign (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-329-j) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-4263-J: Googly Eyes (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4263-j) - Bryx (author).

SCP-WTF-J: The Worst (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-wtf-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-4357-J: Cooperative Demon (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4357-j) - Drewbear (author).

New Technical Issues (http://www.scp-wiki.net/new-technical-issues) - Roget (author).

Cliches And You: An Educational Film (http://www.scp-wiki.net/cliches-and-you-an-educational-film) - eric_h (author).

SCP-K9-J-EX: The Haunted House (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-k9-j-ex) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-164-J: Ear Magic (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-164-j) - Dmatix (author).

SCP-0002-J: Toilet Humor (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-0002-j) - Doctor Cimmerian (author).

SCP-9000.01-J: SKIP SHIP (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-9000-01-j) - WrongJohnSilver (author).

SPC-169-J: The Big One (http://www.scp-wiki.net/spc-169-j) - daveyoufool (author).

SCP-042-J: Billions of Anomalous Pillows (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-042-j) - pxdnbluesoul (author).

SPC-3284-J: Lava Sharks (http://www.scp-wiki.net/spc-3284-j) - Edrobot (author).

SCP-2000-J: Dunky the Funky Werecat 2000: Werecat Strikes Back (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2000-j) - Salman Corbette (author), Tanhony (author).

SCP-2421-J: The Upvote Syndrome (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2421-j) - Sad Xiao (author).

Dr. Mackenzie's Guide to Author Stereotypes (http://www.scp-wiki.net/mackenzie-stereotypes) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-V1L3-J: A VILE Machine (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-v1l3-j) - Stallmantic (author).

SCP-001-EX-J: Records of the CKG Gathering (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-001-ex-j) - VAElynx (author).

SCP-1111-J: A Working Computer (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1111-j) - Tuomey Tombstone (author).

SCP-2006-J: Metamorphic Eldritch Entity (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2006-j) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-1344-J: Glass-Like Lifeform (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1344-j) - judgedeadd (author).

SCP-2008-J: Cryptozoological life form (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2008-j) - spikebrennan (author).

SCP-:3-J: Memetic Language Construct (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-003-j) - Aelanna (author).

SCP-2558-J: Pufferkittens (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2558-j) - ClockworkMage (author).

SCP-7560-J: Deccadence, Being the Writings of Wisest RESEARCHER Frank Gene Decray (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-7560-j) - DrEverettMann (author).

SCP-200-J: Refrigerator Logic (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-200-j) - ribby97 (author).

SCP-1550-J: The Professor's Wheelchair (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1550-j) - name (author).

SCP-4023-EX: A Chemical Compound (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-4023-ex) - Erku (author).

SCP-067-EX: "Rurik Inn" (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-067-ex) - Eekium (author).

SCP-888-EX: tan and laundry by dado (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-888-ex) - stormbreath (author).

Explained SCPs: These are SCPs which are no longer considered odd, paranormal, or extraordinary by current standards. They are written with this in mind. (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-ex) - TheDuckman (author).

SCP-1763-EX: How To Write An SCP (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1763-ex) - MaliceAforethought (author).

SCP-1094-EX: Between A Rock And A Hard Place (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1094-ex) - MrBazzle (author).

SCP-711-EX: Man From The Future Present (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-711-ex) - Salman Corbette (author).

SCP-1974-EX: Hallucinogenic Dice (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1974-ex) - eric_h (author).

SCP-1933-EX: Lake Monster (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1933-ex) - RecursiveRecursion (author).

SCP-1512-EX: 3D Bioprinting (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1512-ex) - Sad Xiao (author).

SCP-920-EX: Evil Workgroup Printer (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-920-ex) - spikebrennan (author).

SCP-1841-EX: Lisztomania (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1841-ex) - Smapti (author).

SCP-8900-EX: Sky Blue Sky (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-8900-ex) - tunedtoadeadchannel (author).

SCP-2700-EX: What I Did For Love (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2700-ex) - TheeSherm (author).

SCP-1851-EX: Drapetomania (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1851-ex) - Eskobar (author).

SCP-3000-EX: Modified Hospital Beds (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-3000-ex) - psul (author).

SCP-123-EX: Accidents Happen (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-123-ex) - BananaRepublic (author).

SCP-2600-EX: Furred Trout (http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-2600-ex) - Roget (author).